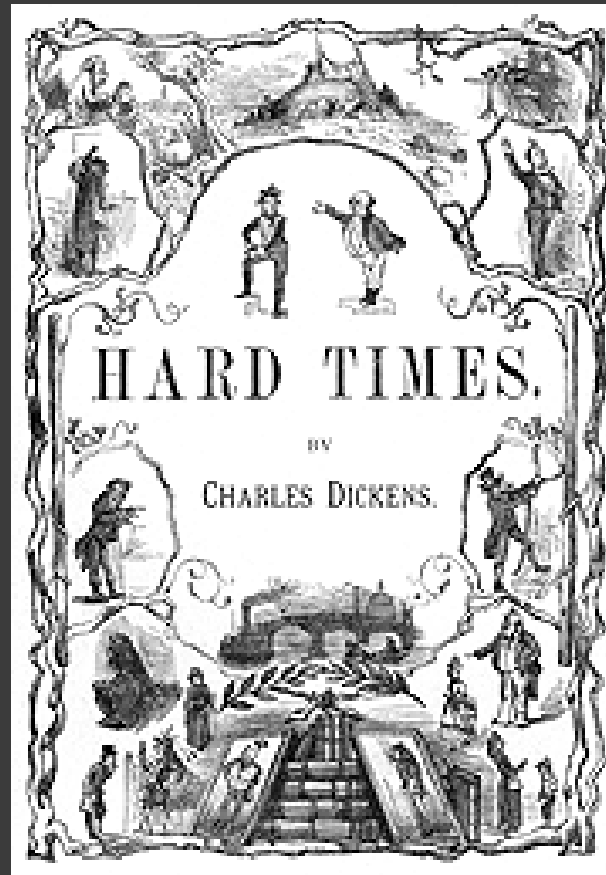


Dickens' Britain

HARD TIMES

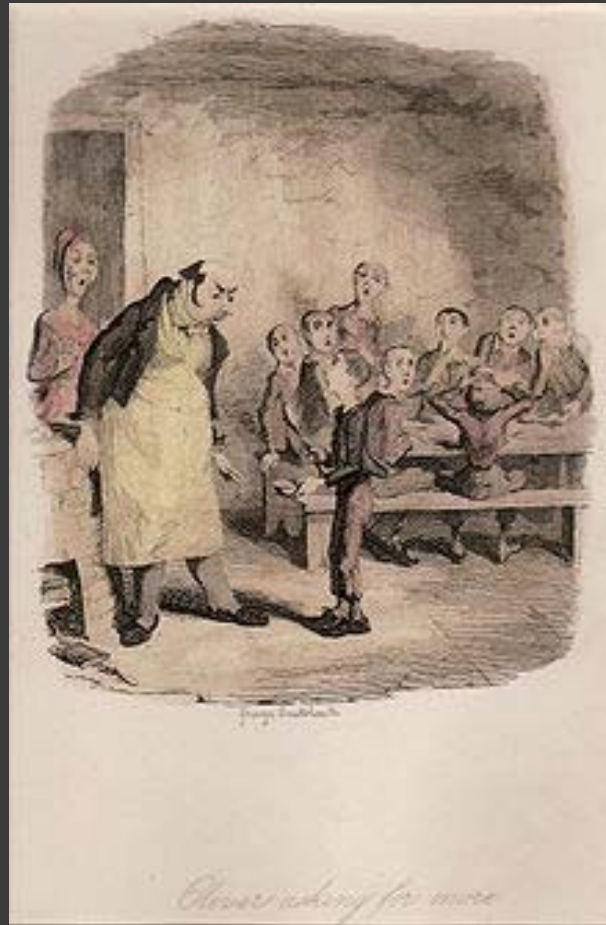
1854



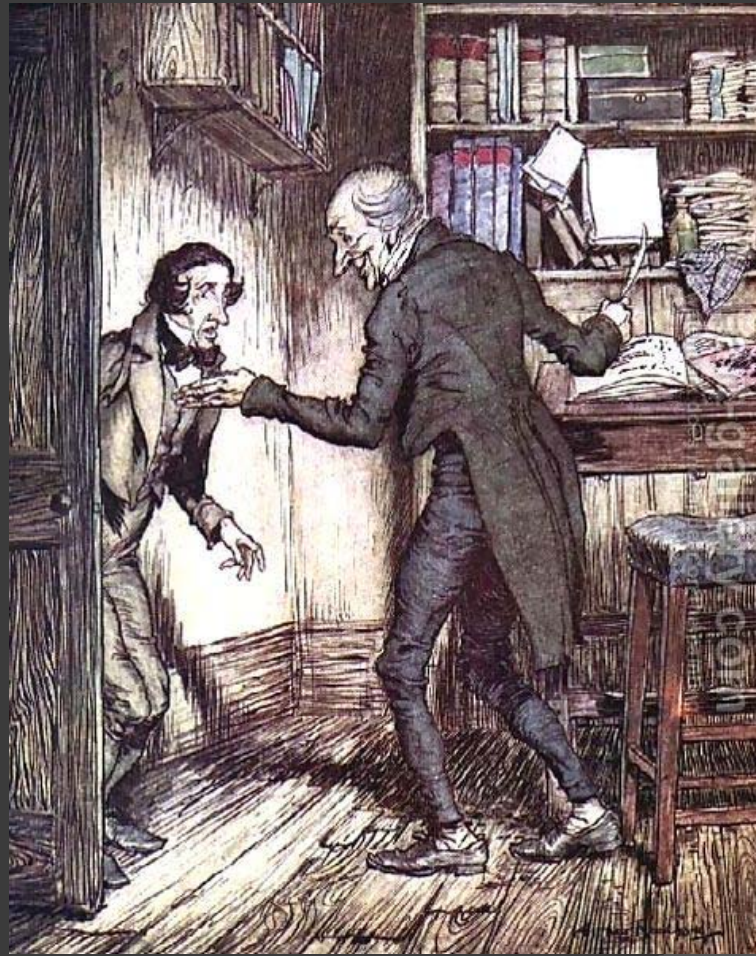
Charles Dickens (1812-1870)



Oliver Twist (1837-39)

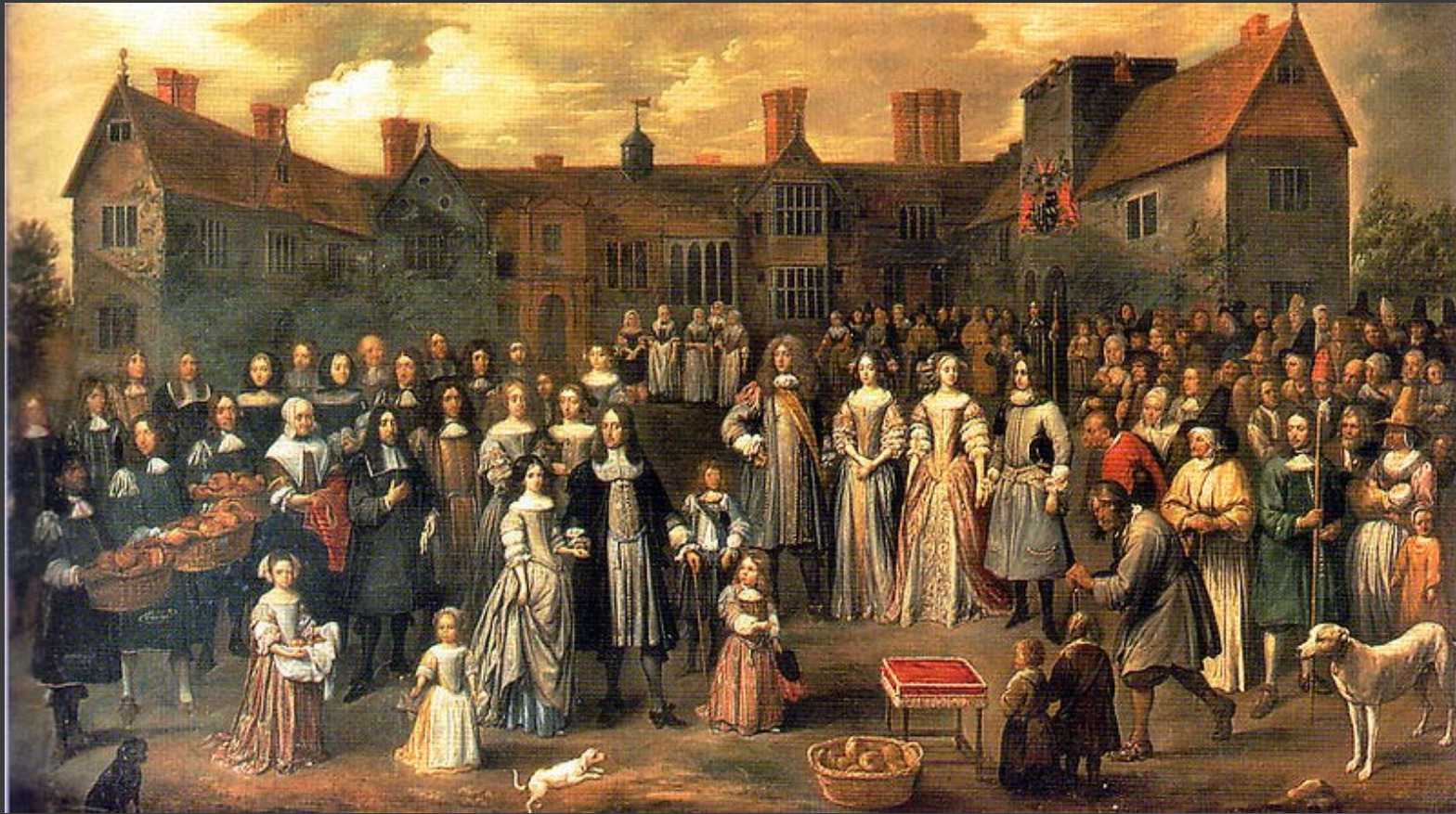


A Christmas Carol (1843)

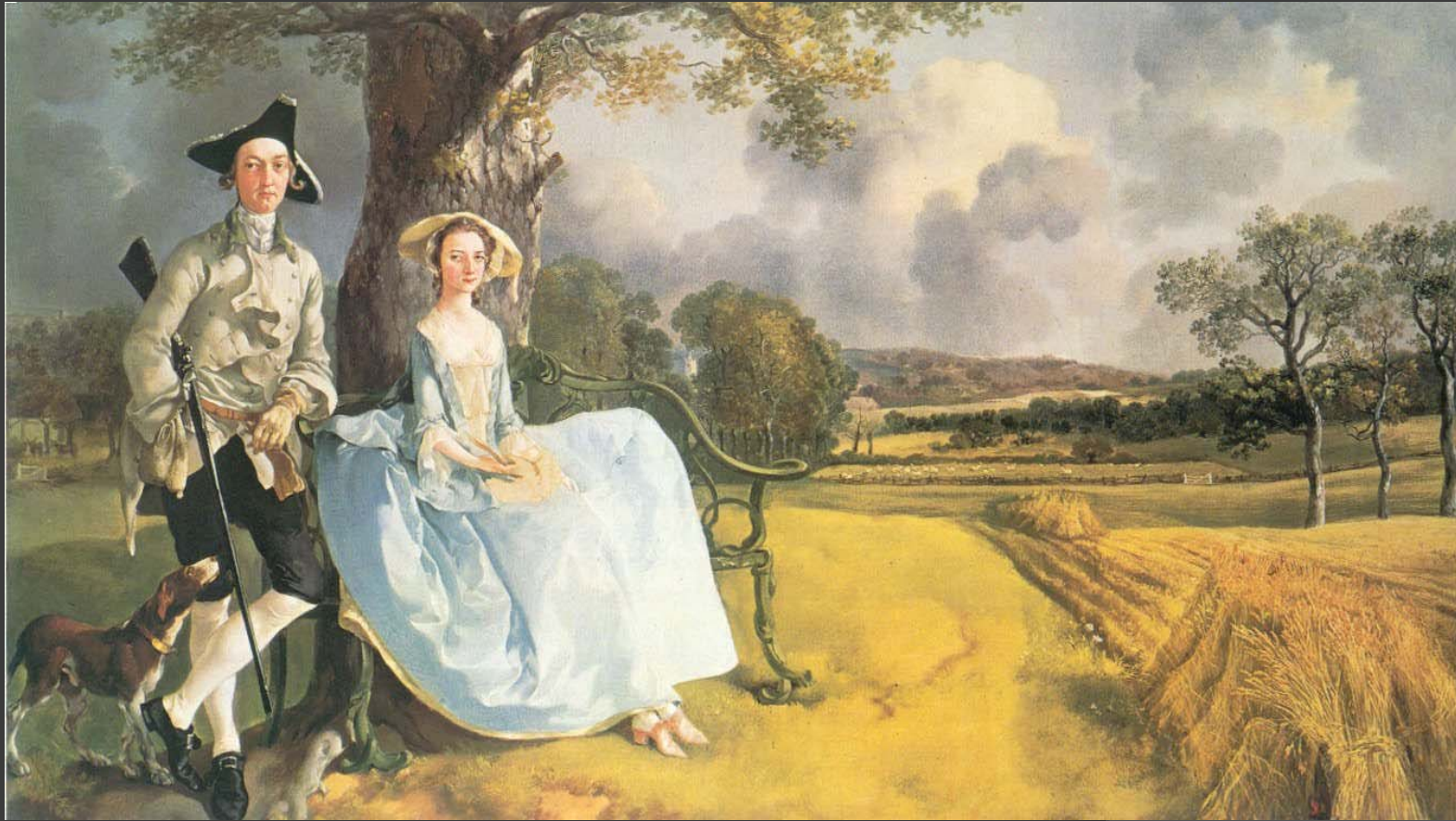


The Age

Gillis van Tilborch, *The Tichborne Dole* (1670)



Thomas Gainsborough, *Mr. and Mrs. Andrews* (1748-49)

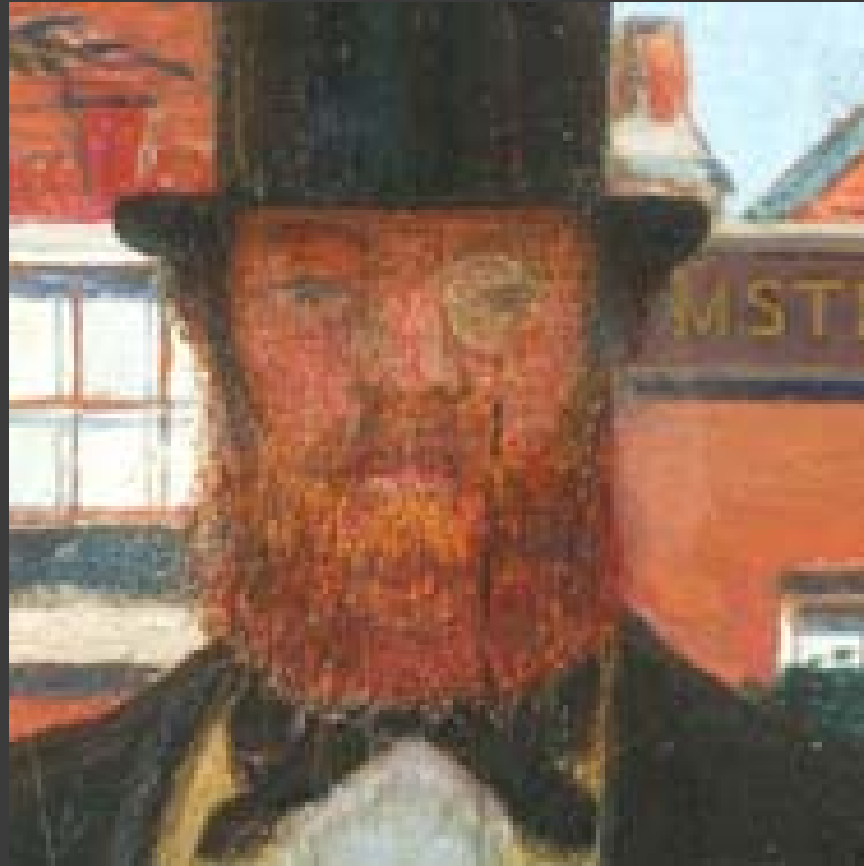


Ford Madox Brown, *Work* (1865)





The Characters



Hard Times (context)

- Factory reform
 - 1833, 1840, 1842, 1850– (Utilitarians)
- Sanitary reform
 - 1840s, 1850s. 1866 (Utilitarians)
- Marriage reform
 - 1857 Matrimonial Causes Act
- Education reform
 - No Education Act before 1870 (Utilitarians)
- Workers' rights?
 - Tolpuddle Martyrs, farm laborers deported to Australia for joining a union in 1834
 - 1868, birth of the Trades Union Congress

Hard Times (context)

Utilitarianism

- ⦿ The principle of utility
 - the greatest good for the greatest number of people
 - Quantitative rationality
- ⦿ Jeremy Bentham
- ⦿ James and John Stuart Mill
- ⦿ Thomas Gradgrind?

Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832)





HARD TIMES.

BOOK THE FIRST. SOWING.

The One Thing needful

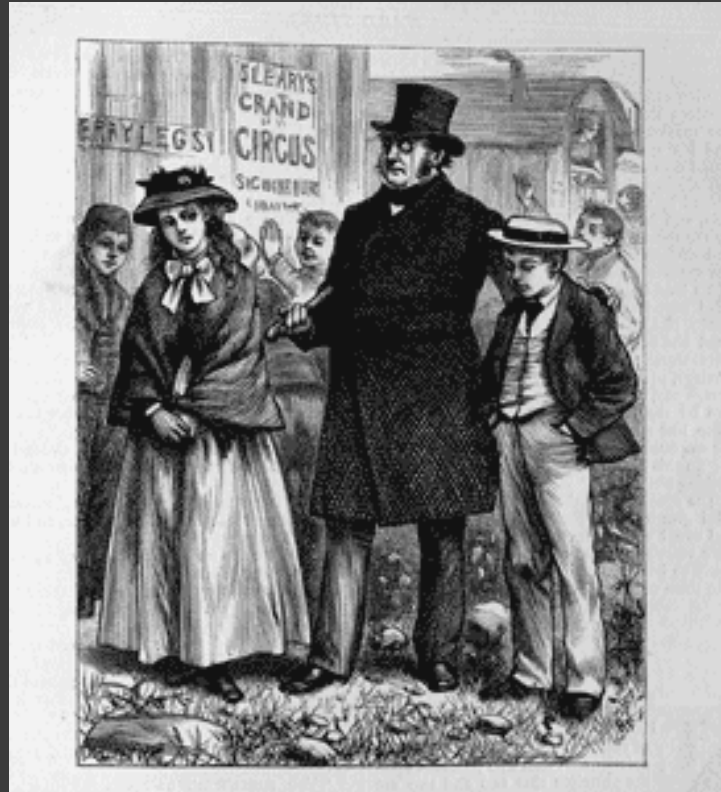
- Imperial Gallons of facts

Murdering the Innocents

- ◎ Thomas Gradgrind
- ◎ Bitzer and Sissy Jupe
- ◎ M'Choakumchild
- ◎ Factory for schoolmasters

A Loophole

- Stone Lodge
- Coketown



Mr. Bounderby

- He was a rich man: banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not.... A man made out of a coarse material, which seemed to have been stretched to make so much of him.... A man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self-made man. A man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking-trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty. A man who was the Bully of humility.

Bounderby (continued)

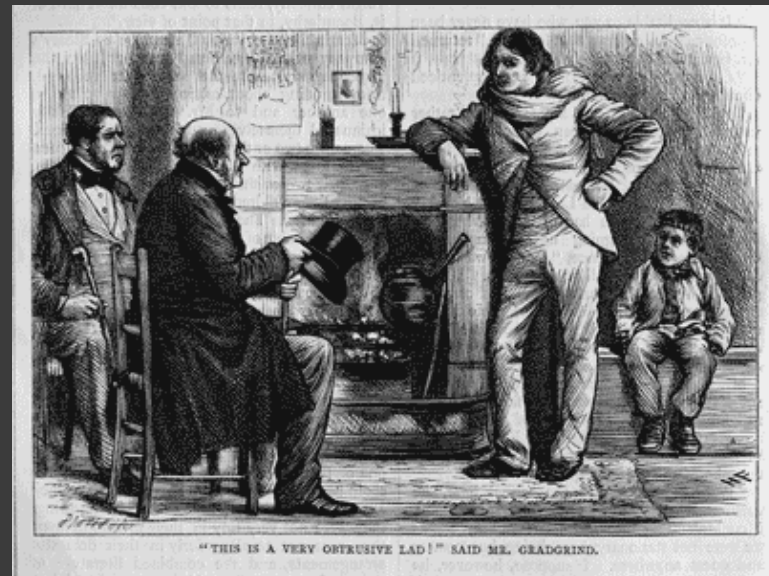
- ◎ 'I never wear gloves,' it was his custom to say. 'I didn't climb up the ladder in them. — Shouldn't be so high up, if I had.'
- ◎ Gradgrind's younger children
 - Adam Smith
 - Malthus

The Key-Note

- Coketown
- Reformers
- 'Serve 'em right,' said Mr. Bounderby, 'for being idle.'

Sleary's Horsemanship

- 'You see, my friend,' Mr. Bounderby put in, 'we are the kind of people who know the value of time, and you are the kind of people who don't know the value of time.'



Mrs. Sparsit



Never Wonder

- ◎ “the eighteen denominations incessantly scratched one another's faces.... Still, although they differed in every other particular, conceivable and inconceivable (especially inconceivable), they were pretty well united on the point that these unlucky infants were never to wonder.... Body number two, said they must take everything on political economy. Body number three, wrote leaden little books for them, showing how the good grown-up baby invariably got to the Savings-bank, and the bad grown-up baby invariably got transported.”

Sissy's Progress

- “after eight weeks of induction into the elements of Political Economy, she had only yesterday been set right by a prattler three feet high, for returning to the question,
- 'What is the first principle of this science?' the absurd answer,
- 'To do unto others as I would that they should do unto me.’”



"IT WOULD BE A FINE THING TO BE YOU, MISS LOUISA!"

Stephen Blackpool



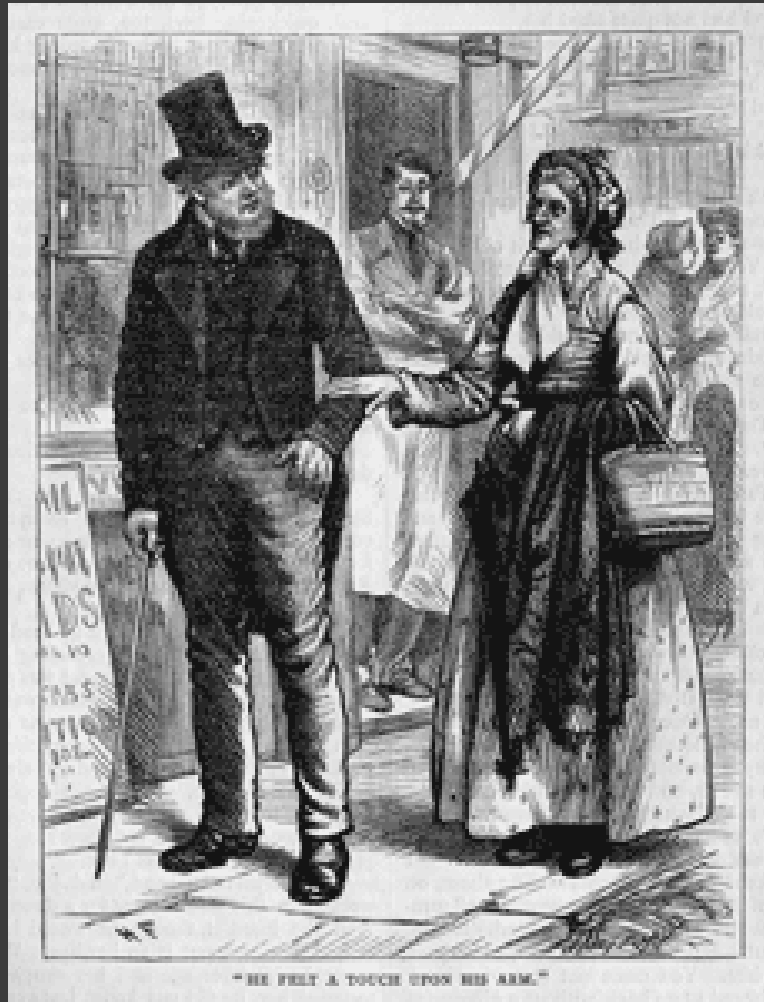


"HEAVEN'S MERCY, WOMAN!" HE CRIED, FALLING FARTHER OFF FROM THE FIGURE. "HAST THOU COME BACK AGEN?"

No way out

- ⦿ 'Now you know, this good lady is a born lady, a high lady. You are not to suppose because she keeps my house for me, that she hasn't been very high up the tree - ah, up at the top of the tree!'
- ⦿ 'Now, you know,' said Mr. Bounderby, taking some sherry, 'we have never had any difficulty with you, and you have never been one of the unreasonable ones. You don't expect to be set up in a coach and six, and to be fed on turtle soup and venison, with a gold spoon, as a good many of 'em do!'

The Old Woman



"HE FELT A TOUCH UPON HIS ARM."

Rachel



"HE WENT DOWN ON HIS KNEE BEFORE HER ON THE POOR MEAN STAIRS, AND PUT AN END OF HER SHAWL TO HIS LIPS."

The Great Manufacturer

- Time went on in Coketown like its own machinery: so much material wrought up, so much fuel consumed, so many powers worn out, so much money made.

Father and Daughter



Husband and Wife

- ① 'Yes, sir,' returned Mrs. Sparsit. 'I hope you may be happy, Mr. Bounderby. Oh, indeed I hope you may be happy, sir!' And she said it with such great condescension as well as with such great compassion for him, that Bounderby, -- far more disconcerted than if she had thrown her workbox at the mirror, or swooned on the hearthrug..."
- ① 'Sir,' returned Mrs. Sparsit. 'The proposal is like yourself, and if the position I shall assume at the Bank is one that I could occupy without descending lower in the social scale.'

Book 2. The Reaping. 1. Effects in the Bank.

- ‘And what,’ said Mrs Sparsit, pouring out her tea, ‘is the news of the day? Anything?’
- ‘Well, ma’am, I can’t say that I have heard anything particular. Our people are a bad lot, ma’am; but that is no news, unfortunately.’
- ‘What are the restless wretches doing now?’ asked Mrs Sparsit.
- ‘Merely going on in the old way, ma’am. Uniting, and leaguuing, and engaging to stand by one another.’
- ‘It is much to be regretted,’ said Mrs Sparsit, making her nose more Roman and her eyebrows more Coriolanian in the strength of her severity, ‘that the united masters allow of any such class-combinations.’
- ‘Yes, ma’am,’ said Bitzer.
- ‘Being united themselves, they ought one and all to set their faces against employing any man who is united with any other man,’ said Mrs Sparsit.

Mr. James Harthouse



The Whelp



Men and Brothers

- "O H, my friends, the down-trodden operatives of Coketown! Oh, my friends and fellow-countrymen, the slaves of an iron-handed and a grinding despotism! Oh, my friends and fellow-sufferers, and fellow-workmen, and fellow-men! I tell you that the hour is come, when we must rally round one another as One united power, and crumble into dust the oppressors that too long have battered upon the plunder of our families, upon the sweat of our brows, upon the labour of our hands, upon the strength of our sinews, upon the God-created glorious rights of Humanity, and upon the holy and eternal privileges of Brotherhood!`
- As he stood there, trying to quench his fiery face with his drink of water, the comparison between the orator and the crowd of attentive faces turned towards him, was extremely to his disadvantage. Judging him by Nature`s evidence, he was above the mass in very little but the stage on which he stood. In many great respects he was essentially below them. He was not so honest, he was not so manly, he was not so good-humoured; he substituted cunning for their simplicity, and passion for their safe solid sense. An ill-made, high-shouldered man, with lowering brows, and his features crushed into an habitually sour expression, he contrasted most unfavourably, even in his mongrel dress, with the great body of his hearers in their plain working clothes.

Men and Masters

- ◉ `I'll tell you something towards it, at any rate,` returned Mr. Bounderby. `We will make an example of half a dozen Slackbridges. We'll indict the blackguards for felony, and get `em shipped off to penal settlements.`
- ◉ Stephen gravely shook his head.
- ◉ `Don't tell me we won't, man,` said Mr. Bounderby, by this time blowing a hurricane, `because we will, I tell you!`
- ◉ `Sir,` returned Stephen, with the quiet confidence of absolute certainty, `if yo was t` tak a hundred Slackbridges - aw as there is, and aw the number ten times towd - an` was t` sew `em up in separate sacks, an` sink `em in the deepest ocean as were made ere ever dry land coom to be, yo`d leave the muddle just wheer `tis. Mischeevous strangers!` said Stephen, with an anxious smile; `when ha we not heern, I am sure, sin ever we can call to mind, o` th` mischeevous strangers! `Tis not by them the trouble`s made, sir. `Tis not wi` them `t commences. I ha no favour for `em - I ha no reason to favour `em - but `tis hopeless and useless to dream o` takin them fro their trade, `stead o` takin their trade fro them! Aw that`s now about me in this room were heer afore I coom, an` will be heer when I am gone. Put that clock aboard a ship an` pack it off to Norfolk Island, an` the time will go on just the same. So `tis wi` Slackbridge every bit.`



"HEAVEN HELP US AW IN THIS WORLD!"

Fading Away

- For the first time in her life Louisa had come into one of the dwellings of the Coketown Hands; for the first time in her life she was face to face with anything like individuality in connection with them. She knew of their existence by hundreds and by thousands. She knew what results in work a given number of them would produce in a given space of time. She knew them in crowds passing to and from their nests, like ants or beetles. But she knew from her reading infinitely more of the ways of toiling insects than of these toiling men and women.
- Something to be worked so much and paid so much, and there ended; something to be infallibly settled by laws of supply and demand...; this she knew the Coketown Hands to be. But, she had scarcely thought more of separating them into units, than of separating the sea itself into its component drops.

Gunpowder

- ◉ Mr. Bounderby had taken possession of a house and grounds, about fifteen miles from the town, and accessible within a mile or two, by a railway striding on many arches over a wild country, undermined by deserted coal-shafts, and spotted at night by fires and black shapes of stationary engines at pits' mouths. This country, gradually softening towards the neighbourhood of Mr. Bounderby's retreat, there mellowed into a rustic landscape.... The bank had foreclosed a mortgage effected on the property thus pleasantly situated, by one of the Coketown magnates, who, in his determination to make a shorter cut than usual to an enormous fortune, overspeculated himself by about two hundred thousand pounds. These accidents did sometimes happen in the best regulated families of Coketown, but the bankrupts had no connexion whatever with the improvident classes.



"MRS. BOUNDERBY, I ESTEEM IT A MOST FORTUNATE ACCIDENT THAT I FIND YOU ALONE HERE."

Explosion

- 'Well,' said Bounderby, stopping and facing about to confront them all, 'I'll tell you. It's not to be mentioned everywhere; it's not to be mentioned anywhere: in order that the scoundrels concerned (there's a gang of 'em) may be thrown off their guard. So take this in confidence. Now wait a bit.' Mr. Bounderby wiped his head again. 'What should you say to;' here he violently exploded: 'to a Hand being in it?'
- 'I hope,' said Harthouse, lazily, 'not our friend Blackpot?'
- 'Say Pool instead of Pot, sir,' returned Bounderby, 'and that's the man.'
- Louisa faintly uttered some word of incredulity and surprise.
- 'O yes! I know!' said Bounderby, immediately catching at the sound. 'I know! I am used to that. I know all about it. They are the finest people in the world, these fellows are. They have got the gift of the gab, they have. They only want to have their rights explained to them, they do. But I tell you what. Show me a dissatisfied Hand, and I'll show you a man that's fit for anything bad, I don't care what it is.'

Hearing the Last of It



"LEFT ALONE WITH HER MOTHER, LUCISA SAW HER LYING WITH AN AWFUL LULL UPON HER FACE."

Mrs. Sparsit's Staircase

- ◉ Now, Mrs. Sparsit was not a poetical woman; but she took an idea in the nature of an allegorical fancy, into her head. Much watching of Louisa, and much consequent observation of her impenetrable demeanour, which keenly whetted and sharpened Mrs. Sparsit's edge, must have given her as it were a lift, in the way of inspiration. She erected in her mind a mighty Staircase, with a dark pit of shame and ruin at the bottom; and down those stairs, from day to day and hour to hour, she saw Louisa coming.
- ◉ It became the business of Mrs. Sparsit's life, to look up at her staircase, and to watch Louisa coming down. Sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, sometimes several steps at one bout, sometimes stopping, never turning back. If she had once turned back, it might have been the death of Mrs. Sparsit in spleen and grief.

Lower and Lower



"MRS. SPARSH ADVANCED CLOSER TO THEM."

Down

- ◎ THE national dustmen, after entertaining one another with a great many noisy little fights among themselves, had dispersed for the present, and Mr. Gradgrind was at home for the vacation.
- ◎ He sat writing in the room with the deadly statistical clock, proving something no doubt - probably, in the main, that the Good Samaritan was a Bad Economist.