

Gradgrind, Esq., who is a man of calculations, on introducing the teacher makes the following speech:—"Now, Mr McChockumchild, what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out every thing else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. 'This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to the Facts, sir! stick to facts!'" "The speaker's obstinate carriage; square coat, square legs, square shoulders,—nay, his very neck-cloth; trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact as it was, all helped the emphasis." "In this life, we want nothing but Facts!" He then turned to the children, who were ranged in a gallery, and to shew what kind of teaching was expected of him, asked a little girl to give her definition of a horse,—the girl having been only two days at school, had not learned the set phrases, and was silent and perplexed. "Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr Gradgrind. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts, in reference to one of the commonest animals! Some boy's definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours," pointing to a boy who was on an upper seat. Bitzer rose, and answered the question in the following words:—"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisors. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." Thus (and much more) Bitzer. "Now girl number twenty," said Mr Gradgrind, "you know what a horse is." A third party, a friend of the Patria, stepped forward to address the children. "Very well," said this gentleman, briskly smiling, and folding his arms. "That's a horse.—Now, let me ask you, girls and boys, Would you paper a room with representations of horses?" After a pause, one half of the children cried in chorus, "Yes, sir!" Upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that "Yes" was wrong, cried out in chorus, "No, sir!"—as the custom is, in these examinations. "Of course, No. Why

wouldn't you?" A pause. One corpulent slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured the answer, "Because he would not paper a room at all, but would paint it." "You *must* paper it," said the gentleman, rather warmly. "You *must* paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don't tell us, you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?" "I'll explain to you then," said the gentleman, after another and a dismal pause, "why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses wa king up and down the sides of rooms in reality—in fact? Do you?" "Yes, sir!" from one half, "No, sir!" from the other. "Of course, no," said the gentleman with an indignant look at the wrong half. "Why, then, you are not to see any where, what you don't see in fact; are not to have any where, what you don't have in fact. What is called Taste, is only another name for Fact." Thomas Gradgrind nodded his approbation. "This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now, I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?" There being a general conviction by this time that "No, sir!" was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of "No" was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said "Yes;" among them girl number twenty. "Girl number twenty," said the gentleman, smiling in the calm strength of knowledge. She blushed, and stood up. "So you would carpet your room—or your husband's room, if you were a grown woman, and had a husband—with representations of flowers, would you?" said the gentleman. "Why would you?" "If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers," returned the girl. "And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?" "It wouldn't hurt them sir. They wouldn't crush and wither, if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy—" "Ay, ay, ay! But you mustn't fancy," cried the gentleman; quite elated by coming so happily to his point. "That's it! You are never to fancy." "You are not," Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, "to do