Hard Times: Part 06

Charles Dickens
Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS. —SHAKESPEARE.

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HARD TIMES.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XI.

The Fairy palaces, burst out into illumination, before pale morning, showed the monstrous serpents of smoke trailing themselves over Coketown. A clattering of clogs upon the pavement; a rapid ringing of bells; and all the melancholy-mad elephants, polished and oiled up for the day's monotony, were at their heavy exercise again.

Stephen bent over his loom, quiet, watchful, and steady. A special contrast, as every man was in the forest of looms where Stephen worked, to the crashing, smashing, tearing piece of mechanism at which he laboured. Never fear, good people of an anxious turn of mind, that Art will consign Nature to oblivion. Set anywhere, side by side, the work of GOD and the work of man; and the former, even though it be a troop of Hands of very small account, will gain in solemn dignity from the comparison.

Four hundred and more Hands in this Mill; Two hundred and fifty horse Steam Power. It is known, to the force of a single pound weight, what the engine will do; but, not all the calculators of the National Debt can tell me the capacity for good or evil, for love or hatred, for patriotism or discontent, for the decomposition of virtue into vice, or the reverse, at any single moment in the soul of one of these its quiet servants, with the composed faces and the regulated actions. There is no mystery in it; there is an unfathomable mystery in the meanest of them, for ever.—Supposing we were to reserve our arithmetic for material objects, and to govern these awful unknown quantities by other means!

The day grew strong, and showed itself outside, even against the flaming lights within. The lights were turned out, and the work went on. The rain fell, and the smoke-serpents, submissive to the curse of all that tribe, trailed themselves upon the earth. In the waste-yard outside, the steam from the escape-pipe, the litter of barrels and old iron, the shining heaps of coal, the ashes everywhere, were shrouded in a veil of mist and rain.

The work went on, until the noon-bell rang. More clattering upon the pavements. The looms, and wheels, and Hands, all out of gear for an hour.

Stephen came out of the hot mill into the damp wind and the cold wet streets, haggard and worn. He turned from his own class and his own quarter, taking nothing but a little bread as he walked along, towards the hill on which his principal employer lived, in a red house with black outside shutters, green inside blinds, a black street door, up two white steps, BOUNDERBY (in letters very like himself) upon a brazen plate, and a round brazen door-handle underneath it like a brazen full-stop.

Mr. Bounderby was at his lunch. So Stephen had expected. Would his servant say that one of the Hands begged leave to speak to him? Message in return, requiring name of such Hand. Stephen Blackpool. There was nothing troublesome against Stephen Blackpool; yes, he might come in.

Stephen Blackpool in the parlour. Mr. Bounderby (whom he just knew by sight), at lunch on chop and sherry. Mrs. Sparsit netting at the fireside, in a sidesaddle attitude, with one foot in a cotton stirrup. It was a part, at once of Mrs. Sparsit's dignity and service, not to lunch. She supervised the meal officially, but implied that in her own stately person she considered lunch a weakness.

"Now, Stephen," said Mr. Bounderby, "what's the matter with you?"

Stephen made a bow. Not a servile one—these Hands will never do that! Lord bless you, sir, you'll never catch them at that, if they have been with you twenty years!—and, as a complimentary toilet for Mrs. Sparsit, tucked his neckerchief ends into his waistcoat.

"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;" Mr. Bounderby always represented this to be the sole, immediate, and direct object of any Hand who was not entirely satisfied; "and therefore I know already that you have not come here to make a complaint. Now, you know, I am certain of that, beforehand."
"No, sir, sure I ha' not come for nowt o' th' kind."

Mr. Bounderby seemed agreeably surprised, notwithstanding his previous strong conviction. "Very well," he returned. "You're a steady Hand, and I was not mistaken. Now, let me hear what it's all about. As it's not that, let me hear what it is. What have you got to say? Out with it, lad!"

Stephen happened to glance towards Mrs. Sparsit. "I can go, Mr. Bounderby, if you wish it," said that self-sacrificing lady, making a feint of taking her foot out of the stirrup.

Mr. Bounderby stayed her, by holding a mouthful of chop in suspension before swallowing it, and putting out his left hand. Then, withdrawing his hand and swallowing his mouthful of chop, he said to Stephen:

"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 isn't been very high up the tree — ah, up at the top of the tree! Now, if you have got anything to say that can't be said before a born lady, this lady will stay where she is.

"Sir, I hope I never had nowt to say, not fitten for a born lady to hear, sir! I were born mysen'," was the reply, accompanied with a slight flush.

"Very well," said Mr. Bounderby, pushing away his plate, and leaning back. "Fire away!"

"I ha' coom," Stephen began, raising his eyes from the floor, after a moment's consideration, "to ask yo yor advice. I need't overmuch. I were married on a Easter Monday nineteen year sin', long and dree. She were a younglass — pretty snow — wi' good accounts of hersen'. Well! She went bad — soon. Not along of me. Gonnows I were not a unkind husband to her."

"I ha' dun't not once, not twice — twenty years," asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"Indeed, sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit to her Chief, with great placidity. "I inferred, from its being so miserable a marriage, that it was probably an unequal one in point of years."

Mr. Bounderby looked very hard at the good lady in a sidelong way that had an odd sheepishness about it. He fortified himself with a little more sherry.

"Well? Why don't you go on?" he then asked, turning rather irritably on Stephen Blackpool.

"I ha' coom to ask yo, sir, how I am to be ridden o' this woman," said Stephen, infused a yet deeper gravity into the mixed expression of his attentive face. Mrs. Sparsit uttered a gentle ejaculation, as having received a moral shock.

"What do you mean?" said Bounderby, getting up to lean his back against the chim-
ney-piece. "What are you talking about? You took her, for better for worse."

"I mun' be ridden o' her. I cannot hearn't to battle, murder, and many common married fok (agen I say, women smaller wrongs than mine. So, I mun be t' know how I want—"

"He wishes to be free, to marry the female of whom he speaks, I fear, sir," observed Mrs. Sparsit in an under-tone, and much dejected by the immorality of the people.

"I do. The lady says what's right. I do. I were a coming to't. I ha' read i' th' papers that great fok (fair faw 'em a'! I wishes i' th' pool, "show me the law to help me!"

"Now, a' God's name," said Stephen Blackpool, "there's a sanctity in this relation of life," said Mr. Bounderby, "and—and—it must be kept up."

"No no, dumnot say that, sir. 'Tan't kep' that way. Not that way. 'Tis kep' down that way. I'm a weaver, I were in a fact'ry when a chilt, but I ha' gotten een to see wi' and eern to hear wi' me. I read in th' papers, every 'Sizes, every Sessions — and you read too—I know it!—with dismay—how th' impossibility o' ever getting un­chained from one another, at any price, on any terms, brings blood upon this land, and brings many common married fok (agen I say, women fur o'ner than men) to battle, murder, and sudden death. Let us ha' this, right under­stood. Mine's a grievous case, and I want—if yo will be so good—'kno' the law that helps me."

"Now, I tell you what!" said Mr. Bounderby, putting his hands in his pockets. "There is such a law. Stephen, subsiding into his quiet manner, and never wandering in his attention, gave a nod.

"But it's not for you at all. It costs money. It costs a mint of money."

How much might that be? Stephen calmly asked.

"Why, you'd have to go to Doctors' Commons with a suit, and you'd have to go to a court of Common Law with a suit, and you'd have to go to the House of Lords with a suit, and you'd have to get an Act of Parliament to enable you to marry again, and it would cost you (if it was a case of very plain-sailing), I suppose from a thousand to fifteen hundred pound," said Mr. Bounderby. "Perhaps twice the money."

"There's no other law?"

"Certainly not."

"Why then, sir," said Stephen, turning white, and motioning with that right hand of his, as if he gave everything to the four winds, "'tis a muddle. 'Tis just a muddle a' togethers, an' the sooner I am dead, the better."

(Mrs. Sparsit again dejected by the impiety of the people.)

"Pooh, pooh! Don't you talk nonsense, my good fellow," said Mr. Bounderby, "about things you don't understand; and don't you call the Institutions of your country a muddle, or you'll get yourself into a real muddle one of these fine mornings. The institu­tions of your country are not your piece­work; and the only thing you have got to do is, to mind your piece-work. You didn't take your wife for fast and for loose; but for better for worse. If she has turned out worse—why, all we have got to say is, she might have turned out better."

"'Tis a muddle," said Stephen, shaking his head as he moved to the door. "'Tis a' a muddle!"

"Now, I'll tell you what!" Mr. Bounderby resumed, as a valedictory address. "With what I shall call your unhallowed opinions, you have been quite shocking this lady; who, as I have already told you is a born lady, and who, as I have not already told you, has had her own marriage misfortunes to the tune of tens of thousands of pounds—tens of Tho­sands of Pounds!" (he repeated it with great relish). "Now, you have always been a steady Hand hitherto; but my opinion is, and so I tell you plainly, that you are turning into the wrong road. You have been listen­ing to some mischievous stranger or other—they're always about—and the best thing you can do is, to come out of that. Now, you under­stand?" here his countenance expressed marvellous acuteness; "I can see as far into a grindstone as another man; farther than a
good many, perhaps, because I had my nose well kept to it when I was young. I see traces of the turtle soup, and venison, and gold spoon in this. Yes, I do!" cried Mr. Bounderby, shaking his head with obstinate cunning. "By the Lord Harry, I do!"

With a very different shake of the head and a deep sigh, Stephen said, "Thank you, sir, I wish you good day." So, he left Mr. Bounderby swirling at his own portrait on the wall, as if he were going to explode himself into it; and Mrs. Sparsit still ambling on with her foot in her stirrup, looking quite cast down by the popular vices.

CHAPTER XII.

OLD STEPHEN descended the two white steps, shutting the black door with the brazen door-plate, by the aid of the brazen full-stop, to which he gave a parting polish with the sleeve of his coat, observing that his hot hand clouded it. He crossed the street with his eyes bent upon the ground, and thus was walking sorrowfully away, when he felt a touch upon his arm.

It was not the touch he needed most at such a moment—the touch that could calm the wild waters of his soul, as the uplifted hand of the sublimest love and patience could abate the raging of the sea—yet it was a woman's hand too. It was an old woman, tall and shapely still, though withered by Time, on whose forehead the full moon shone; and her eyes were not so bright as they had been.

"Pray sir," said the old woman, "did'nt you come out of that gentleman's house?"

"Yes, missus," returned Stephen, "it were me."

"Have you—you'll excuse an old woman's curiosity—have you seen the gentleman?"

"Yes, missus, but how did he look, sir? Was he portly, bold, outspoken, hearty?" As she straightened her own figure, and held up her head in adapting her action to her words, the idea crossed Stephen that he had seen this old woman before, and had not quite liked her.

"O yes," he returned, observing her more attentively, "he were all that."

"And healthy," said the old woman, "as the fresh wind?"

"Yes," returned Stephen. "He were ett'n and drinking—as large and as loud as a Hummobeer."

"Thank you!" said the old woman with infinite content. "Thank you!"

He certainly never had seen this old woman before. Yet there was a vague remembrance in his mind, as if he had more than once dreamed of some old woman like her.

She walked along at his side, and, gently accommodating himself to her humour, he said Coketown was a busy place, was it not? To which she answered, "Eigh sure! Dreadful busy!" Then he said, she came from the country, he saw? To which she answered in the affirmative.

"By Parliamentary, this morning. I came forty mile by Parliamentary this morning, and I'm going back the same forty mile this afternoon. I walked nine mile to the station this morning, and if I find nobody on the road to give me a lift, I shall walk the nine mile back to night. That's pretty well, sir, at my age!" said the chatty old woman, her eyes brightening with exultation.

"Deed 'tis. Don't 'doo too often, missus."

"No, no. Once a year," she answered, shaking her head. "I spend my savings so, once every year. I come, regular, to tramp about the streets, and see the gentlemen."

"Only to see 'em?" returned Stephen.

"That's enough for me," she replied, with great earnestness and interest of manner. "I ask no more! I have been standing about on the way to Dreadful busy!" Then he said, she had not seen this old woman before, and had not quite liked her.

With a large allowance for difference of tastes, and with all submission to the patricians of Coketown, this seemed so extraordinary a source of interest to take so much trouble about, that it perplexed him.

But they were passing the church now, and, as his eye caught the clock, he quickened his pace.

He was going to his work? the old woman said, quickening hers, too, quite easily. Yes, time was nearly out. On his telling her where he worked, the old woman became a more singular old woman than before.
"An't you happy?" she asked him.

"Why—there's—awmost nobody but has their troubles, missus." He answered evasively, because the old woman appeared to take it for granted that he would be very happy indeed, and he had not the heart to disappoint her. He knew that there was trouble enough in the world; and if the old woman had lived so long, and could count upon his having so little, why so much the better for her, and none the worse for him.

"Ay, ay! You have your troubles at home, you mean?" she said.

"Times. Just now and then," he answered slightly.

"But, working under such a gentleman, they don't follow you to the Factory?"

"No, no; they didn't follow him there, said Stephen. All correct there. Everything accordant there. (He did not go so far as to say, for her pleasure, that there was a sort of Divine Right there; but, I have heard claims almost as magnificent of late years.)

They were now in the black by-road near the place, and the Hands were crowding in. The bell was ringing, and the Serpent was a Serpent of many coils, and the Elephant was getting ready. The strange old woman was delighted with the very bell. It was the most beautifullest bell she had ever heard, she said, and sounded grand!

She asked him, when he stopped good-naturedly to shake hands with her before going in, how long he had worked there?

"A dozen year," he told her.

"I must kiss the hand," said she, "that has worked in this fine factory for a dozen year!" And she lifted it, though he would have prevented her, and put it to her lips. What harmony, besides her age and her simplicity, surrounded her, he did not know, but even in this fantastic action there was a something neither out of time nor place: a something which it seemed as if nobody else could have made as serious, or done with such a natural and touching air.

He had been at his loom full half an hour, thinking about this old woman, when, having occasion to move round the loom for its adjustment, he glanced through a window which was in his corner, and saw her still looking up at the pile of building, lost in admiration. Headless of the smoke and mud and wet, and of her two long journeys, she was gazing at it, as if the heavy thrum that issued from its many stories were proud music to her.

She was gone by and by, and the day went after her, and the lights sprang up again, and the Express whirled in full sight of the Fairy Palace over the arched near; little felt amid the jarring of the machinery, and scarcely heard above its crash and rattle. Long before then, his thoughts had gone back to the dreary room above the little shop, and to the shameful figure heavy on the bed, but heavier on his heart.

Machinery slackened; throbbing feebly like a fainting pulse; stopped. The bell again; the glare of light and heat dispelled; the factories, looming heavy in the black wet night; their tall chimneys rising up into the air like competing Towers of Babel.

He had spoken to Rachael only last night, it was true, and had walked with her a little way; but he had his new misfortune on him, in which no one else could give him a moment's relief, and, for the sake of it, and because he knew himself to want that softening of his anger which no voice but hers could effect, he felt he might so far disregard what she had said as to wait for her again. He waited, but she had eluded him. She was gone. On no other night in the year, could he so ill have spared her patient face.

O! Better to have no home in which to lay his head, than to have a home and dread to go to it, through such a cause. He ate and drank, for he was exhausted—but, he little knew or cared what; and he wandered about in the chill rain, thinking and thinking, and brooding and brooding.

No word of a new marriage had ever passed between them; but Rachael had taken great pity on him years ago, and to her alone he had opened his closed heart all this time, on the subject of his miseries; and he knew very well that if he were free to ask her, she would take him. He thought of the home he might at that moment have been seeking with pleasure and pride; of the different man he might have been that night; of the lightness then in his now heavy-laden breast; of the then restored honor, self-respect, and tranquillity, now all torn to pieces. He thought of the waste of the best part of his life, of the change it made in his character for the worse every way, of the dreadful nature of his existence, bound hand and foot to a dead woman, and tormented by a demon in her shape. He thought of Rachael, how young when they were first brought together in these circumstances, how mature now, how soon to grow old. He thought of the number of girls and women she had seen marry, how many homes with children in them she had seen grow up around her, how she had contentedly pursued her own lone quiet path—for him—and how he had sometimes seen a shade of melancholy on her blessed face, that smote him with remorse and despair. He set the picture of her up, beside the infamous image of last night; and thought, Could it be, that the whole earthly course of one so gentle, good, and self-denying, was subjugate to such a wretch as that?

Filled with these thoughts—so filled that he had an unwholesome sense of growing larger, of being placed in some new and diseased relation towards the objects among
which he passed, of seeing the iris round
every misty light turn red—he went home
for shelter.

TROOPS AND JOBS IN MALTA.

At anchor in the harbour of Valetta! I
wake in my berth, missing the usual lullaby,
the roaring of the waves, and thumping of
the engine, I heard the rain as it came patter-
ing down on the deck. There was clear sky
in the morning and a brilliant sun. The har-
bour was astr. Coldstream and Grenadier
Guards crowded the windows of the houses,
and the veranda of the Lazaretto, the decks of the
troop-ships recently arrived, were red, black,
and white with soldiers, in every state of
dress and undress; gay boats were at work,
dancing about upon the surf between the
shops and ships, carrying to land soldiers,
who stepped out in full parade dress, boat-
load after boat-load, from among the motley
crowds of their companions. There was much
cheering and laughter floating fitfully about.
I meant to make myself at home in Malta
for at least a fortnight, and was very much
discharged to do so. It was then Sunday morn-
ing, in March, and I said to myself; If I can
put on my boots and go ashore to break-
fast.

Let the geographer describe Valetta: to
do that is not my task. I went up the Stra- 

da Leuca to look for the Imperial Hotel—a
caravansarai beloved by midshipmen, and
therefore methought a very good place for a
gentleman unattached. Thither, accordingly,
I went, and there had breakfast in the coffee-
room, with half-a-dozen guardsmen and sea-
captains. All were possessed by a most
eager curiosity for news; and, as our vessel
brought none of importance, there was great
disappointment. Nobody knew when the
Russians were to be attacked. That being
settled, all joined in a general assault upon
the trenchers of eggs, fowls, ham, and legs of
mutton, served in London style, at London
prices. The Imperial Hotel might, for any-
things that I saw foreign about it, be the Cook
in Fleet Street.

I made haste out, therefore, into the
streets, and soon saw that it was not
England when I got into the bustle of the
Strada Reale. The whole pavement, and
portions of the road as well, were occupied
with people; the inhabitants of Valetta and
of the surrounding villages were there in
Sunday dress, going to mass, coming from
mass, or killing the time between one mass
and another; walking about, standing about,
leaning against walls or closed shop shut-
ters, very many of them busily engaged—
women especially—in looking at and talk-
ning about, the blue-coated, red-coated, and
gold-laced strangers. Broad-brimmed priests
walked to and fro like kings, parting the
crowds before them as they went, and as in-
dignant at the tokens which surrounded them
of a crusade in favour of the infidels, as the
old knights of Malta would themselves have
been, if they could have broken through
the mosaic floors of the churches in which
they lie, and had come out to see what
was almost under the sun. The female popu-
lation of the town and neighbourhood had
turned out, to a woman, for a good Sunday
inspection of the newly-arrived troops.
Maltese ladies of rank generally dress in or-
dinary European style, only with more decided
preference for warm and sombre colours.
Natives belonging to the middle and the lower
classes commonly adhere to the old island
costume, wearing black dresses, white collars,
and large black shawls, gathered into a great
many folds at one side, and drawn so far over
the head, as to throw the face into shadow.
The old women are quite interesting for their
ugliness; the young ones for their beauty, and
for exposing the English forces to considerable
peril; many of our soldiers will, I fear, leave
Malta vanquished men.

I have fairly fulfilled my design of spending
fourteen days in Malta, and at the end of them
I now set down my notes of Maltese experience,
and of the talk that I have heard commonly
amongst the people. I may repeat much that is
incorrect, for I am no more than a reporter
of opinions and tales that I found current in
the place. But, as they are opinions and
tales that I found universally accredited, I
think it proper to make them known.

Though the Maltese air seemed to me—
coming from a hospital—rather too genial and
bracing, the weather sunny and
most delightful, the Maltese themselves were
grumbling about cold. The winter had been
severe, and the spring they said was late;
then again, prices were so high that they
thought a famine was impending. I need
not give no details about the climate, for
I am not describing Malta. I did find the
nights extremely cold and damp; and, grant-
ing it to be true as everybody said, that there
was no necessity for such exposure, I did
think it a wrong thing that any of our
soldiers should be sleeping under canvas.
They will have plenty of unavoidable hardships
to endure, time enough hereafter for rough-
ing it." Why not let them be well lodged,
if good lodging exist? The fears of famine
are now over. An advance in the prices
soon allured to Malta, fowls and vegetables
from Sicily, and beef from Tunis. Some
fragments of the beef from Tunis are, I
believe, to this hour clinging between my
teeth, It was good wholesome beef, and
there was plenty of it, but its prime joints
had the texture of the toughest gristle. The
soldiers in Malta must take what provisions
they can get; but as to lodging accommoda-
tion, people want to know why the de-
mand does not produce a sufficient supply.
The material, it is said, exists. On a
former occasion, when a concentration of
troops took place at Malta, house-room was