HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Before the ring formed round the Old Hell Shaft was broken, one figure had disappeared from within it. Mr. Bounderby and his shadow had not stood near Louisa, who held her father's arm, but in a retired place by themselves. When Mr. Gradgrind was summoned to the couch, Sissy, attentive to all that happened, slipped behind that wicked shadow—a sight in the horror of his face, if there had been eyes there for any sight but one—and whispered in his ear. Without turning his head, he conferred with her a few moments, and vanished. Thus the whelp had gone out of the circle before the people moved.

When the father reached home, he sent a message to Mr. Bounderby's, desiring his son to come to him directly. The reply was, that Mr. Bounderby having missed him in the crowd, and seen nothing of him since, had supposed him to be at Stone Lodge.

"I believe, father," said Louisa, "he will not come back to town to-night." Mr. Gradgrind turned away, and said no more.

In the morning, he went down to the Bank himself as soon as it was opened, and seeing his son's place empty (he had not the courage to look in at first), went back along the street to meet Mr. Bounderby on his way there. To whom he said that, for reasons he would soon explain, but entreated not then to be asked for, he had found it necessary to employ his son at a distance for a little while. Also, that he was charged with the duty of vindicating Stephen Blackpool's memory, and declaring the thief. Mr. Bounderby, quite confounded, stood stock still in the street after his father-in-law had left him, swelling like an immense soap-bubble, without its beauty.

"Let me know," said her father, "if your thoughts present your guilty brother in the same dark view as mine."

"I fear, father," hesitated Louisa, "that he must have made some representation to Stephen Blackpool—perhaps in my name, perhaps in his own—which induced him to do in good faith and honesty, what he had never done before, and to wait about the Bank those two or three nights before he left the town."

"Too plain!" returned the father. "Too plain!"

He shaded his face, and remained silent for some moments. Recovering himself, he said:

"And now, how is he to be found? How is he..."
to be saved from justice? In the few hours that
I can possibly allow to elapse before I publish
the truth, how is he to be found by us, and
only by us? Ten thousand pounds could not
effect it."

"Sissy has effected it, father."

He raised his eyes to where she stood, like
a good fairy in his house, and said in a tone
of fatherly gratitude and grateful kindness.
"It is always you, my child!"

"We had our fears," Sissy explained, glance-
ing at Louisa, "before yesterday; and when
I saw you brought to the side of the litter
last night, and heard what passed (being close
to Rachael all the time), I went to him when
no one saw, and said to him, 'Don't look at
me. See where your father is. Escape at
once, for his sake and your own!' He was
in a tremble before I whispered to him, and
he started and trembled more then, and said,
'Where can I go? I have very little
money, and I don't know who will hide me!'

The two travelled all night, except when
they were left, for odd numbers of minutes, at
branch-places up illimitable flights of steps,
or down wells—which was the only variety of
those branches—and, early in the morning,
were turned out on a swamp, a mile or two
from the town they sought. From this dis-

tant spot they were rescued by a savage old
horse, who happened to be up early, kicking
a horse in a fly; and so were smuggled into the
town by all the back lanes where the pigs
lived: which, although not a magnificent or
even savoury approach, was, as is usual in
such cases, the legitimate highway.

The first thing they saw on entering the
town was the skeleton of Sleary's Circus.
The company had departed for another town
more than twenty miles off, and had opened
there last night. The connection between
the two places was by a hilly turnpike-road,
and the travelling on that road was very
slow. Though they took but a hasty break-
fast, and no rest (which it would have
been a pity to seek under such anxious cir-
stances), it was noon before they found the
bills of Sleary's Horseriding on barns and
walls, and one o'clock when they stopped
in the market-place.

A Grand Morning Performance by the
Riders, commencing at that very hour, was in
course of announcement by the bellman as they
set their feet upon the stones of the street.
Sissy recommended that, to avoid making in-
quiries and attracting attention in the town,
they should present themselves to pay at the
door. If Mr. Sleary were taking the money,
he would be sure to know her, and would
proceed with discretion. If he were not, he
would be sure to see them inside; and, know-
ing what he had done with the fugitive, would
proceed with discretion still.

Therefore they repaired with fluttering
hearts, to the well-remembered booth. The
flag with the inscription SLEARY'S HORSE-
RIDING, was there; and the Gothic niche was
there; but Mr. Sleary was not there. Master
Kidderminster, grown too maturely turfy to
be received by the wildest credulity as Cupid
anymore, had yielded to the invincible force
of circumstances (and his beard), and, in the
capacity of a man who made himself gene-

eral, was in the market-place.

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graceful Equestrian Tyrolean Flower-Act, was then announced by a new clown (who humorously said Cauliflower Act), and Mr. Sleary appeared, leading her in.

Mr. Sleary had only made one cut at the Clown with his long whip-lash, and the Clown had only said, "If you do it again, I'll throw the horse at you!" when Sissy was recognized both by her father and daughter. But they got through the Act with great self-possession; and Mr. Sleary, saving for the first instant, conveyed no more expression into his locomotive eye than into his fixed one. The performance seemed a little long to Sissy and Louisa, particularly when it stopped to afford the Clown an opportunity of telling Mr. Sleary (who said "Indeed, sir!" to all his observations in the calmest way, and with his eye on the house), about two legs sitting on three legs looking at one leg, when in came four legs, and laid hold of one leg, and up got two legs, caught hold of three legs, and threw them at four legs, who ran away with one leg. For, although an ingenious Allegory relating to a butcher, a three-legged stool, a dog, and a leg of mutton, this narrative consumed time, and they were in great suspense. At last, however, little fair-haired Josephine made her curtsy amid great applause; and the Clown, left alone in the ring, had just warmed himself, and said, "Now I'll have a turn!" when Sissy was touched on the shoulder, and beckoned out.

She took Louisa with her; and they were received by Mr. Sleary in a very little private apartment, with canvas sides, a grass floor, and a wooden ceiling all aslant, on which the box company stamped their approbation as if to know any there, but I suppose I may.

Mr. Sleary appeared, leading her in. "Look at them all!" said Sleary, "Look at them all!" and said, "Now I'll have a turn!" when Sissy was touched on the shoulder, and beckoned out.

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'em well. You thee 'em all? Very good. Now, meth," he put a form for them to sit on; "I have my opinion, and the Thquire your father hath hith. I don't want to know what your brother'd been up to; it's better for me not to know. All I say is, the Thquire hath thood by Thothilia, and I'll thiand by the Thquire. Your brother it's kind to them black thervanth."

Louisa uttered an exclamation, partly of distress, partly of satisfaction.

"Ith a fact," said Sleary, "and even knowin it, you couldn't put your finger on him. Let the Thquire come. I shall keep your brother here after the performanth. I thant undreth him, nor yet wath hith pain paint off. Let the Thquire come here after the performanth, or come here thouthelf after the performanth, and you thall find your brother, and have the whole plathe to talk to him in. Never mind the lookth of him, ath long ath he'th well hid."

Louisa, with many thanks and with a lightened load, detained Mr. Sleary no longer than for a thia, for his brother, with her eyes full of tears; and she and Sissy went away until later in the afternoon.

Mr. Gradgrind arrived within an hour afterwards. He too had encountered no one whom he knew; and was now sanguine, with Sleary's assistance, of getting his disgraced son to Liverpool in the night. As neither of the three could be his companion without almost identifying him under any disguise, he prepared a letter to a correspondent whom he had the misery to call his son. Whether the three could be his companion without almost identifying him under any disguise, he prepared a letter to a correspondent whom he could trust, beseeching him to ship the bearer off, at any cost, to North or South America, or any distant part of the world to which he could be the most speedily and privately dispatched. This done, they walked about, waiting for the Circus to be quite vacated: not only by the audience, but by the company and by the horses. After watching it a long time, they saw Mr. Sleary bring out a chair and sit down by the side-door, smoking; as if that were his signal that they might approach.

"Your servant, Thquire," was his cautious salutation as they passed in. "If you want me you'll find me here. You muthn't mind your thon having a comic livery on."
"But look at him," groaned Mr. Gradgrind. "Will any coach..." "I don't mean that he should go in the comic livery," said Sleary. "Thay the word, and I'll make a Jothkin of him, out of the wardrobe, in five minutes."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"A Jothkin—a Carter. Make up your mind quick, Thquire. There'll be beer to fetch. I've never met with nothing but beer ath'll ever clean a comic blackamoor."

Mr. Gradgrind rapidly assented; Mr. Sleary rapidly turned out from a box, a smock frock, a felt hat, and other essentials; the whole rapidly changed clothes behind a screen of baize; Mr. Sleary rapidly brought beer, and washed him white again.

"Now," said Sleary, "come along to the coach, and jump up behind; I'll go with you there, and they'll thump you one of my people. Thay farewell to your family, and tharp'th the word!" With which he delicately retired.

"Here is your letter," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"All necessary means will be provided for you. Atone, by repentance and better conduct, for the shocking action you have committed, and the dreadful consequences to which it has led. Give me your hand, my poor boy, and may God forgive you as I do!"

The culprit was moved to a few abject tears by these words and their pathetic tone. But, when Louisa opened her arms, he repulsed them with these words and their pathetic tone. "Not your I don't want to have anything to say to you!" "O Tom, Tom, do we end so, after all my love!"

"After all your love!" he returned, obdurately. "Pretty love! Leaving old Bouncerby to himself, and packing my best friend Mr. Harthouse off, and going home, just when I was in the greatest danger. Pretty love that! Coming out with every word about our having gone to that place, when you saw the net was gathering round me. Pretty love that! You have regularly given me up. You never cared for me."

"Tharp'th the word!" said Sleary at the door.

They all confusedly went out: Louisa crying to him that she forgave him, and loved him still, and that he would one day be sorry to have left her so, and glad to think of these her last words, far away; when some one ran against them. Mr. Gradgrind and Sissy, who were both before him while his sister yet clung to his shoulder, stopped and recoiled.

For, there was Bitzer, out of breath, his thin lips parted, his thin nostrils distended, his white eyelashes quivering, his colorless face more colorless than ever, as if he ran himself into a white heat, when other people ran themselves into a glow. There he stood, panting and heaving, as if he had never stopped since the night, now long ago, when he had run them down before.

"I'm sorry to interfere with your plans," said Bitzer, shaking his head, "but I can't allow myself to be done by horseriders. I must have young Mr. Tom; he mustn't be got away by horseriders; here he is in a smock frock, and I must have him!"

By the collar, too, it seemed. For, so he took possession of him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

They went back into the booth, Sleary shutting the door to keep intruders out. Bitzer, still holding the paralysed culprit by the collar, stood in the Ring, blinking at his old patron through the darkness of the twilight.

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, broken down, and miserably submissive to him, "have you a heart?"

"The circulation, sir," returned Bitzer, smiling at the oddity of the question, "could'nt be carried on without one. No man, sir, acquainted with the facts established by Harvey relating to the circulation of the blood, can doubt that I have a heart."

"Is it accessible," cried Mr. Gradgrind, "to any compassionate influence?"

"It is accessible to Reason, sir," returned the excellent young man. "And to nothing else."

They stood looking at each other; Mr. Gradgrind's face as white as the purser's.

"What motive—even what motive in reason—can you have for preventing the escape of this wretched youth," said Mr. Gradgrind, "and crushing his miserable father? See his sister here. Pity us!"

"Sir," returned Bitzer, in a very business-like and logical manner, "since you ask me what motive I have in reason, for taking young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, it is only reasonable to let you know. I have suspected young Mr. Tom of this bank robbery from the first. I had had my eye upon him before that time, now long ago, when I knew his ways. I have kept my observations to myself, but I have made them; and I have got ample proofs against him now, besides his running away, and besides his own confession, which I was just in time to overhear. I had the pleasure of watching your house yesterday morning, and following you here. I am going to take young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, in order to deliver him over to Mr. Bounderby. Sir, I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Bouncerby will then promote me to young Mr. Tom's situation. And I wish to have his situation, sir, for it will be a rise to me and will do me good."

"If this is solely a question of self-interest with you—" Mr. Gradgrind began.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, sir," returned Bitzer; "but I am sure you know that the whole social system is a question of self-interest. What you must always..."
appeal to, is a person's self-interest. It's your only hold. We are so constituted. I was brought up in that catechism when I was very young, sir, as you are aware."

"What sum of money," said Mr. Gradgrind, "will you set against your expected sufferings in the Bank?"

"Thank you, sir," returned Bitzer, "for hinting at the proposal; but I will not set any sum against it. Knowing that your clear head would propose that alternative, I have gone over the calculations in my mind; and I find that to compound a felony, even on very high terms indeed, would not be as safe and good for me as my improved prospects in the Bank."

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, stretching out his hands as though he would have said, I see how miserable I am! "Bitzer, I have but one chance left to soften you. You were many years at my school. If, in remembrance of that, you will set against yourself in any degree to disregard your present interest and release my son, I entreat and pray you to give him the benefit of that remembrance."

"I really wonder, sir," rejoined the old pupil in an argumentative manner, "to find you in a position so untenable. My schooling was paid for; it was a bargain; and when I came away, the bargain ended."

It was a fundamental principle of the Gradgrind philosophy, that everything was to be paid for. Nobody was ever on any account to give anybody anything, or render anybody help without purchase. Gratitude was to be abolished, and the virtues springing from it were not to be. Every inch of the whole existence of mankind, from birth to death, was to be a bargain across a counter. And if we didn't get to Heaven that way, it was not of the first from that spot where he begins a dwelling, till the morning—I don't know him!—Th' word J!"

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time. Childerd took him off, an hour and a half after we left here, last night. The horthc duthed the Poika till he wath dead beat (he would have watched, if he hadn't been in harput), and then I gave him the word and he went to sleep comfortable. When that prethiouth young Rathcal thed he'd go for'ard afoot, the dog hung on to bith neck-hankershers with all four legth in the air and pulled him down and rolled him over. Tho he come back into the drag, and there he that, 'till I turned the horthc's head, at halipath thith thith morning.'

Mr. Gradgrind overwhelmed him with thanks, of course; and hinted as delicately as he could, at a handsome remuneration in money.

"I don't want money myself, Thquire; but Childerd ith a family man, and J. if you wath to like to offer him a five-pound note, it mightn't be unamuthable. Likewise, if you wath to thtand a collar for the dog, or a thet of bellth for the horthc, I should be very glad to take'em. Brandy and water I allayth take." He had already called for a glass, and now called for another. "If you wouldn't think it going too far, Thquire, to make a little threas for the company at about thith and a thith ahead, not reckoning Luth, it would make 'em happy."

All these little tokens of his gratitude, Mr. Gradgrind very willingly undertook to render. Though he thought them far too slight, he said, for such a service.

"Very well, Thquire; then, if you'll only give a Horthe-riding, a bathpeak, whenever you can, you'll more than balanthe the account. Now, Thquire, if your daughter will ethcuthe me, I should like one parting word with you." Louisa and Sissy withdrew into an adjoining room; Mr. Sleary, stirring and drinking his brandy and water as he stood, went on:

"Thquire, you don't need to be told that dogth ith wonderful animalth."

"Their instinct," said Mr. Gradgrind, "is surprising."

"Whatever you call it—and I'm bleth't if I know what to call it"—said Sleary, "it ith of a thingthey, the way in with a dog'll find you—the diathetoth he'll come!"

"His scent," said Mr. Gradgrind, "being so fine."

"I'm bleth't if I know what to call it," repeated Sleary, shaking his head, "but I have had dogth find me, Thquire, in a way that made me think whether that dog hadn't gone to another dog, and thed, 'You don't happen to know a perthon of the name of Thleary, do you?' Perthon of the name of Thleary, in the Horthe-Riding way—sitout man—a game eye!' And whether that dog mightn't have thouth it over, and thed, 'Thleary, Thleary! O' yeth, to be thure! A friend of mine mentioned him to me at one time. I can get you hith addreth directly.' In conshquent of my being afore the public, and going about tho muth, you thee, there mutht be a number of dogth acquainted with me, Thquire, that I don't know!"

Mr. Gradgrind seemed to be quite con­founded by this speculation.

"Any way," said Sleary, after putting his lips to his brandy and water, "ith fourteen month ago, Thquire, thinkwe weath at Chethther. We wath getting up our Children in the Wood one morning, when there comeeth into our Ring, by the sthing door, a dog. He had travelled a long way, he wath in very bad condition, he wath lame, and pretty well blind. He went round to our children, one after another, as if he wath a theeing for a child he know'd; and then he come to me, and threw hithelf up behind, and thtoed on bith two fore-legs, weak aith he wath, and then he wagged hith tail and died. Thquire, that dog wath Merrythight."

"Sissy's father's dog!"

"Thethilia thefther thoth old dog. Now, Thquire, I can take my oath, from my know­ledge of that dog, that that man wath dead—and buried—after that dog come back to me. Joth'phine and Childerd and me talked it over a long time, whether I should write or not. But we agreed, 'No. There'ith nothing comfortable to tell; why unethetle her mind, and make her unhathly!' Tho, whether her father bathely desethert her; or whether he broke hith own heart alone, rather than pull her down along with him, never will be known, now, Thquire, till—no, not till we know how the dogth finethuth out!"

"She keeps the bottle that he sent her for, to this hour; and she will believe in his affection to the last moment of her life," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"It theemth to prentheth two thingthey to a perthon, don't it, Thquire?" said Mr. Sleary, musing as he looked down into the depths of his brandy and water: "one, that there ith a love in the world, not all Th elf-intereth after all, but something very different; tother, that it hath a way of ith own of calculating or not calculating, withith themeth­how or another ith at leath'thath hard to give a name to, atith the wayth of the dogth ith!"

Mr. Gradgrind looked out of window, and made no reply. Mr. Sleary emptied his glass and recalled the ladies.

"Thethilia my dear, kith me and good lie! Mith Thquire, to thee you treating of her like a thithter, and a thither that you truth and honor with all your heart and more, ith a very pretty thight to me. I hope your brother may live to be better detherving of you, and a greater comfort to you. Thquire, thakte hundth, siftth and lash! Don't be croth with uth poor vagabondth. People mutht be amuthed. They can't be always
Mr. Bounderby, in a very short, rough way.

"And I never thought before," said Mr. Snerpy, putting his head in at the door again to say it, "that I wath the nutth of a Cackler!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It is a dangerous thing to see anything in the sphere of a vain blusterer, before the vain blusterer sees it himself. Mr. Bounderby felt that Mrs. Sparsit had audaciously anticipated him, and presumed to be wiser than he. Inapossibly inguindicant for her for her triumphant discovery of Mrs. Pegler, he turned this presumption, on the part of a woman in her dependent position, over and over in his mind, until it accumulated with turning like a great snowball. At last he made the discovery that to discharge this highly-connected female—to have it in his power to say, "she was a woman of family, and wanted to stick to me, but I wouldn't have her"—would be to get the utmost possible amount of crowning glory out of the connection, and at the same time to punish Mrs. Sparsit according to her deserts.

Filled fuller than ever, with this great idea, Mr. Bounderby came in to lunch, and sat himself down in the dining-room of former days, where his portrait was. Mrs. Sparsit sat by the fire, with her foot in her cotton stirrup, little thinking whither she was posting.

Since the Pegler affair, this gentlewoman had covered her pity for Mr. Bounderby with a veil of quiet melancholy and contrition. In virtue thereof, it had become her habit to assume a woful look; which woful disposition. In virtue thereof, it had become her habit to assume a woful look; which woful

"What's the matter now, ma'am?" said Mrs. Sparsit, "what manner of business are you here for?"

"May I ask, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "have you been ruffled this morning?"

"No, ma'am." Mr. Bounderby, very red and uncomfortable, resumed:

"Yes, ma'am." Mr. Bounderby, laying an envelope with a cheque in it, "What are you staring at?"

"May I inquire, sir," pursued the injured woman, "whether I am the unfortunate cause of your having lost your temper?"

"Now, I'll tell you what, ma'am," said Bounderby, "I am not come here to be bullied. A female may be highly connected, but she can't be permitted to bother and badger a man in my position, and I am not going to put up with it." (Mr. Bounderby felt it necessary to get on; foreseeing that if he allowed of details, he would be beaten.)

Mrs. Sparsit first elevated, then knitted, her Coriolanian eyebrows; gathered up her work into its proper basket; and rose.

"Sir," said she, majestically. "It is apparent to me that I am in your way at present. I will retire to my own apartment."

"Allow me to open the door, ma'am."

"Thank you, sir; I can do it for myself."

"You had better allow me, ma'am," said Bounderby, passing her, and getting his hand upon the lock; "because I can take the opportunity of saying a word to you, before you go. Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am, I rather think you are cramped here, do you know? It appears to me, that, under my humble roof, there's hardly opening enough for a lady of your genius in other people's affairs."

Mrs. Sparsit gave him a look of the darkest scorn, and said with great politeness,

"Really, sir?"

"I have been thinking it over, you see, since the late affairs have happened, ma'am, said Bounderby; "and it appears to me your poor judgment."

"Oh! Pray, sir," Mrs. Sparsit interposed, with sprightly cheerfulness, "don't disparage your judgment. Everybody knows how unerring Mr. Bounderby's judgment is. Everybody has had proofs of it. It must be the theme of general conversation. Disparage anything in yourself but your judgment, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, laughing.

Mr. Bounderby, very red and uncomfortable, resumed:

"It appears to me, ma'am, I say, that a different sort of establishment altogether, would suit out a lady of your position. Such an establishment as your relation, Lady Scadger's, now. Don't you think you might find some affairs there, ma'am, to interfere with?"

"It never occurred to me before, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit; "but now you mention it, I think I think it highly probable."

"Then suppose you try, ma'am," said Bounderby, laying an envelope with a cheque in it, in her little basket. "You can take your own time for going, ma'am; but perhaps in the meanwhile, it will be more agreeable to a lady of your powers of mind, to eat her meals by herself, and not to be intruded upon. You really ought to apologize to your—being only Josiah Bounderby of Coketown—for having stood in your light so long."

"Pray don't name it, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "If that portrait could speak, sir,—but it has the advantage over the original of not possessing the power of committing itself and disgusting others,—it would testify, that a long period has elapsed since I first habitually addressed it as the pic-
tured a Noodle. Nothing that a Noodle does, can awaken surprise or indignation; the proceedings of a Noodle can only inspire contempt."

Thus saying, Mrs. Sparsit, with her Roman features like a medal struck to commemorate her scorn of Mr. Bounderby, surveyed him fixedly from head to foot, swept disdainfully past him, and ascended the staircase. Mr. Bounderby closed the door, and stood before the fire; projecting himself after his old explosive manner into his portrait—and into futurity.

Into how much of futurity? He saw Mrs. Sparsit fighting out a daily fight, at the points of all the weapons in the female armoury, with the grudging, smarting, peevish, tormenting Lady Scadgers, still laid up in bed with her mysterious leg, and gobbling her insufficient income down by about the middle of every quarter, in a mean little airless lodging, a mere closet for one, a mere crib for two; but did he see, and did he catch any glimpse of himself making a show of Bitzer to strangers, as the rising young man, so devoted to his master's great merits, who had won young Tom's place, and had almost captured young Tom himself, in the times when by various rascals he was spirited away? Did he see any faint reflection of his own image making a vain-glorious will, whereby five-and-twenty Humbugs past five and fifty years of age, each taking upon himself the work of Bitzer, for ever dine in Bounderby Hall, and are never working, but content to do it, and precluding the future? Did he see them, in the era of its futurity, and in the same hour, sitting thoughtful in the Coketown street, and this same precious vision of every quarter, in a mean little airless, decrepit man, bending his hitherto inflexible features like a medal struck to commemorate his death, was almost of the Present, for she knew it was to be. These things she could plainly see. But, how much of the Future?

A working woman, christened Rachael, after a long illness once again appearing at the ringing of the Factory bell, and passing to and fro at the set hours, among the Coketown Hands; a woman of a sensitive beauty, always dressed in black, but sweet-tempered and serene, and even cheerful; who, of all the people in the place, alone appeared to have compassion on a degraded, drunken wretch of her own sex, who was sometimes seen in the town, with her mysterious leg, and gobbling her insufficient income down by about the middle of every quarter, in a mean little airless lodging, a mere closet for one, a mere crib for two; but did he see, and did he catch any glimpse of himself making a show of Bitzer to strangers, as the rising young man, so devoted to his master's great merits, who had won young Tom's place, and had almost captured young Tom himself, in the times when by various rascals he was spirited away? Did he see any faint reflection of his own image making a vain-glorious will, whereby five-and-twenty Humbugs past five and fifty years of age, each taking upon himself the work of Bitzer, for ever dine in Bounderby Hall, and are never working, but content to do it, and precluding the future? Did he see them, in the era of its futurity, and in the same hour, sitting thoughtful in the Coketown street, and this same precious vision of every quarter, in a mean little airless, decrepit man, bending his hitherto inflexible features like a medal struck to commemorate his death, was almost of the Present, for she knew it was to be. These things she could plainly see. But, how much of the Future?

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of infancy will wither up, the stupidest phy-
sical manhood will be morally stark de-
aid, and the plainest national prosperity figures
can show, will be the Writing on the Wall,
—she holding this course as part of no fantasti-
vow, or bond, or brotherhood, or sisterhood,
or pledge, or covenant, or fancy dress or fancy
fair; but, simply as a duty to be done,—did
Louisa see these things of herself? These
things were to be.

Dear reader! It rests with you and me,
whether, in our two fields of action, similar
things shall be or not! Let them be! We
shall sit with lighter bosoms on the hearth, to
see the ashes of our fires turn gray and cold.

THE END.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.
THE SEA CAPTAIN AND HIS SHIP.

The compliments are over—there have been
a good many of them—and the sailor sits
cut up beside me on a most uncom-
primising little sofa in his narrow low
cabin. Twisting myself round as nearly
as possible, I front him fairly, and we
examine each other with much benevo-
ence. So much, indeed, that the forehead
of my friend quite shines with it. He is
about fifty, a spare man, with a slight stoop.
He wears a brawn surtout coat, rather too!
about fifty, a spare man, with a slight stoop.
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