Researchers in Schools

Imagine Future Society: Thinking Education through Literature

Key Stage 4 Programme

Pupil Name

Coursebook Designed by

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Uni Pathways launch event

Welcome to Uni Pathways! We are delighted to be able to launch the Uni Pathways programme with you. We hope that you are ready to embark on your Uni Pathways journey and that you enjoy the video.
You will be asked to pause the video at times to complete some work in this workbook, so make sure you have a pen / pencil to hand when you start the video.

By the end of the video, you will have

- Learnt about what studying at university means
- Learnt about some of the skills that you will develop during Uni Pathways
- Heard from pupils who have participated in Uni Pathways or The Scholars Programme (which is the same programme!)
- Heard from current university students talking about what life is like at university

If you are in school your teacher will play the video. If you are at home and logged in to a session with your teacher, your teacher will play the video and show it to you. If you are participating independently your teacher will email you the link to the video or the video file. There are opportunities for you to answer some questions, and you will be told when to pause the video to answer them.

Introduction to Uni Pathways

1. Write down what you think a supra-activity is

_____
_____
_____

2. Independent learning is

_____
_____
_____

3. Write down in your own words what resilience means, and come up with a different example to the one mentioned in the PowerPoint.

_____
_____
_____
_____

4. Why do you think analysis and evaluation skills are useful in your academic career?

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

5. Why do you think analysis and evaluation skills are useful in life in general?

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

6. What are the different types of learning that university students do?

Pupils' experience of Uni Pathways

You will now watch some pupils talk about their experience of learning a PhD topic and producing a final assignment. Some may refer to The Scholars Programme rather than Uni Pathways. As you heard in the introduction PowerPoint, The Scholars Programme is a very similar programme to Uni Pathways. Listen carefully and then respond to the questions below. Be prepared to share some of your responses with your peers.

1. How did the pupils describe talking about writing a long essay for their final assignment?

2. Write down something that one of the pupils mentioned was particularly interesting in their course.

3. What were some challenges that the pupils met?

Virtual campus tours

You will now go on a virtual tour of some universities! Once you have seen some of the university campuses, respond to the questions below.

1.Note down something that you liked out of any of the campus tours you saw. It may be a particular building, space, city etc.

2. Were there any similarities between the different university campuses? If so, what are the similarities?

3. If you had to pick one of those universities to go and visit in person, which one would it be and why?

4. Note down some of the societies that you could join at different universities

Meet university students!

You are about to virtually meet or hear from some current university students.
If you are virtually meeting them, think about what questions you would like to ask the students, share your questions with a partner and note those questions down in the space below.

If you are not meeting them but watching some videos that they have made, use the space below to note down what else you would like to find out about university. You can then ask your teacher during Uni Pathways tutorials!

Reflection

Congratulations on completing the launch of the Uni Pathways programme. Before you go, take some time to reflect on what you have learnt by answering the following questions:

1. Are there any aspects of university style learning that you would look forward to? If so, what are they?

2. What challenges do you think students face when learning at university? How would you try to overcome these challenges?

3. What skills do you hope to develop during your Uni Pathways course?

4. What part of Uni Pathways seems the most challenging for you?

5. What are you most looking forward to about Uni Pathways?

Timetable and Assignment Submission

Timetable – Tutorials

Tutorial	Date	Time	Location
1			
2			
3			
4			
5			
6 (Feedback)			
7 (Feedback)			

Timetable – Homework Assignments

Homework Assignment	Description	Due Date
Tutorial 1	Baseline Assignment: From Ragged to State Schools	
Tutorial 2	Reading Key Texts Hard Times by Charles Dickens Ch. 1 News From Nowhere by William Morris Ch. 5 Tutorial Takeaway! Independent Research!	
Tutorial 3	Reading Key Texts Hard Times by Charles Dickens Ch. 2 News From Nowhere by William Morris Ch. 6 Tutorial Takeaway! Independent Research!	
Tutorial 4	Reading Key Texts Hard Times by Charles Dickens Ch. 9 News From Nowhere by William Morris Ch. 10 Tutorial Takeaway! Independent Research!	
Tutorial 5	Final Assignment: The Education of the Future	

Assignment Submission – Lateness and Plagiarism

Lateness	
Submission after midnight on 9th August	10 marks deducted
Plagiarism	
Some plagiarism	10 marks deducted
Moderate plagiarism	20 marks deducted
Extreme plagiarism	Automatic fail

Course Rationale

What do you think education ought (or ought not) to be?

This course explores the condition of education, or what it means to be well-educated, in Britain from pre-industrial through industrial to post-industrial society. In addition, you as students will learn how to adopt a critical perspective in the application of conceptual thinking, which will be based upon an appreciation of literature. To this end, you will not only learn how a novelist can construct an argument, but you will also learn how to do this yourself: to have a critical say on what education should be.

It may be that we all have ideas and opinions on education, but it is another matter to communicate these in such a way to maximise their impact. Indeed, to have a powerful voice for you and those you care about, one must first contemplate what it means to live in society and how this has changed over time. In this way, you will be able to think about the difference between different cultures and societies both in the past and present, to enable you to create your own ideal vison of the society of the future.

Are your ideas relevant? Do your opinions matter?

Let us together make sure that is the case!

Uni Pathways Mark Scheme 2020 – Essay-based assignments

	Subject Knowledge	Critical Thinking	Written Communication
1st	The essay shows a breadth of knowledge and understanding of the key concepts and issues, through engaging with and interpreting a wide range of relevant sources. Knowledge is used to build and support highly effective arguments.	Analyses, key ideas, information, and arguments. Interprets meaning and makes connections. Identifies and critically evaluates key arguments and statements, deciding on their credibility, strength and relative significance, drawing convincing conclusions.	The essay has a clear and engaging structure, taking the reader on a journey from the introduction to the conclusion. The writing style is appropriate; key terms are used with fluency. There are no, or very few, errors in spelling or grammar. Referencing is used consistently and matches the style taught in the course.
2:1	The essay shows an understanding of key concepts and issues, drawing on a range of relevant sources Knowledge is used to build and support effective arguments	Analyses key ideas, information and arguments. Identifies relevant arguments and statements, deciding on their credibility and strength, drawing reasonable conclusions. Shows some understanding of the relative importance of arguments.	The essay has a clear structure and the arguments are easy to follow. The introduction outlines the essay effectively and the conclusion summarises the arguments. The writing style is appropriate; key terms are used correctly. There are few errors in spelling or grammar. Referencing is mostly consistent and matches the style taught in the course.
2:2	The essay shows an understanding of key concepts and issues, with no major misconceptions. Beginning to apply this knowledge to build and support arguments.	Begins to analyse ideas, information and arguments. Identifies some arguments and statements and attempts to evaluate their quality. Not yet showing understanding of the relative strengths and weaknesses of arguments.	The essay structure could be made clearer to better guide the reader through the arguments. The writing style can sometimes be informal. Occasionally key terms are not used when it would be appropriate to do so. There are some errors in spelling or grammar, but they do not get in the way of communicating the content.

			There is some consistency to the referencing.
3rd	Shows a developing understanding of key concepts and issues, with some misconceptions. Not yet applying this knowledge to build and support arguments.	Begins to analyse ideas and information. Describes statements and arguments while not yet evaluating them.	The grammar, spelling, style, and structure of the work need improving in order to communicate ideas to the reader. The essay has no or a limited introduction and conclusion. Key terms and references are not always used correctly.

Baseline Assignment (essay based): Pupil Feedback Report

Name of Pupil	
Name of School	
Name of RIS teacher	
Title of Assignment	

How your assignment is graded:

Grade	Marks	What this means
1st	70+	Performing to an excellent standard at A-level
2:1	60-69	Performing to a good standard at A-level
2:2	50-59	Performing to an excellent standard at GCSE
3rd	40-49	Performing to a good standard at GCSE
Working towards a pass	0-39	Performing below a good standard at GCSE
Did not submit	DNS	No assignment received by The Brilliant Club

Lateness	
Any lateness	10 marks deducted
Plagiarism	
Some plagiarism	10 marks deducted
Moderate plagiarism	20 marks deducted
Extreme plagiarism	Automatic fail

Marks

OVERALL MARK / 100		FINAL MARK / 100 (including any deductions)	
DEDUCTED MARKS		FINAL GRADE	

If marks have been deducted (e.g. late submission, plagiarism) the teacher should give an explanation in this section:

Mark Breakdown and Feedback

Subject knowledge	
	mark
Critical thinking	
	mark
Written communication	
	mark

Final Assignment (essay based): Pupil Feedback Report

Name of Pupil	
Name of School	
Name of RIS teacher	
Title of Assignment	

How your assignment is graded:

Grade	Marks	What this means
1st	70+	Performing to an excellent standard at A-level
2:1	60-69	Performing to a good standard at A-level
2:2	50-59	Performing to an excellent standard at GCSE
3rd	40-49	Performing to a good standard at GCSE
Working towards a pass	0-39	Performing below a good standard at GCSE
Did not submit	DNS	No assignment received by The Brilliant Club

Lateness	
Any lateness	10 marks deducted
Plagiarism	
Some plagiarism	10 marks deducted
Moderate plagiarism	20 marks deducted
Extreme plagiarism	Automatic fail

Marks

OVERALL MARK / 100		FINAL MARK / 100 (including any deductions)	
DEDUCTED MARKS		FINAL GRADE	

If marks have been deducted (e.g. late submission, plagiarism) the teacher should give an explanation in this section:

Mark Breakdown and Feedback

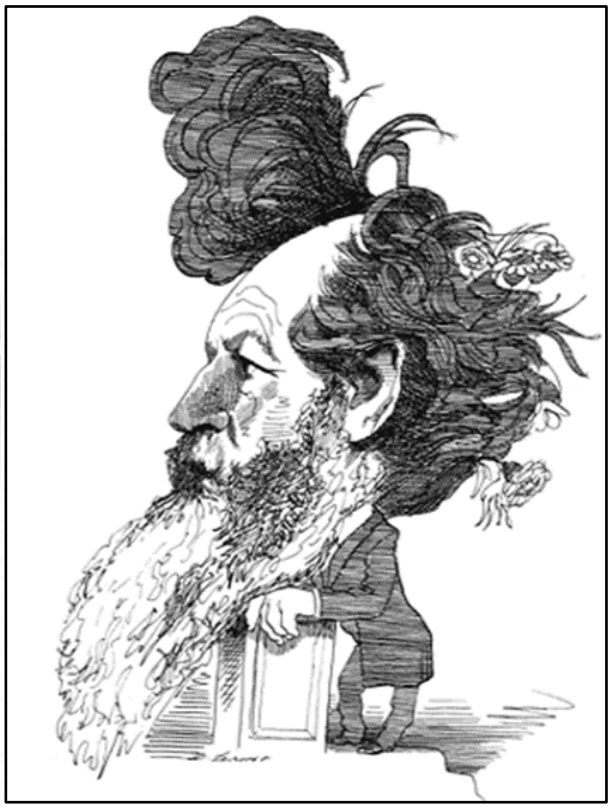
Subject knowledge	
	mark
Critical thinking	
	mark
Written communication	
	mark

Subject Vocabulary

Word	Definition	In a sentence
Pre-Industrial Society	The condition of society prior to the Industrial Revolution, characterised by hunter-gatherer, agricultural, and feudal social organisation.	
Industrial Society	The condition of society during the Industrial Revolution, characterised by increased mechanisation, urbanisation, and a division of labour.	
Post-Industrial Society	The condition of society post Industrial Revolution, characterised by technological advance, the rise of the internet, and globalisation.	
Ragged Schools	The first attempt at universal education, where charitable organisations sought to set up free schooling for working-class children in deprived conditions.	
State Schools	The establishment of universal education, where the state provides an education for all children, generally primary and secondary schooling.	
Culture and Society	Types of social organisation, comprising the beliefs, behaviours (habits, norms, and practices), guided by shared values held by a set of peoples.	
Paradox	A statement or proposition that seems absurd or self-contradictory but, expresses a revelatory truth, generally about the human condition.	
Rural	One side of the rural urban dichotomy, which refers to the characteristic of the countryside rather than the town.	
Urban	One side of the rural urban dichotomy, which refers to the characteristic of the town rather than the countryside.	
Class	A system of social organisation whereby people are divided into sets based on, for example, economic status. Lower Class: people of the lowest social rank or standing due to low income, or a lack of education or skills. Middle Class: the social group in-between lower and upper, including businesspeople and professionals, generally with high education or skills. Upper Class: the elite social group, including members of the aristocracy, politicians, and	

	business leaders, generally with inherited wealth.	
Individual Wellbeing	The health and happiness of an individual who lives in a predisposed form of culture and society, - how they cope with the given stresses and strains.	
Cultural Wellbeing	The condition of culture and society, measure by such abstract metrics as the economy, standard of living, and more recently by happiness indexes.	
Rhetoric	The art of speaking and writing effectively, including communication as a means of persuasion. An essential aspect of any democratic culture, society, or social organisation.	
Ethos	A rhetorical device. The credibility of the author or speaker.	
Pathos	A rhetorical device. An appeal to the emotions or feeling.	
Logos	A rhetorical device. An appeal to logic or reason.	
Kairos	A rhetorical device. The timeliness of an argument.	
Topos	A rhetorical device. The place and theme of an argument.	
Utopia / Dystopia	A literary dichotomy. Utopia: an imagined place, culture or society, in which everything is perfect. Dystopia: an imagined place, culture or society, in which there is injustice.	
Fact / Fancy	A literary dichotomy. Fact: a thing known or proved to be rational, - correspondent to reality. Fancy: a thing envisioned or created by the imagination, - revelatory of reality.	

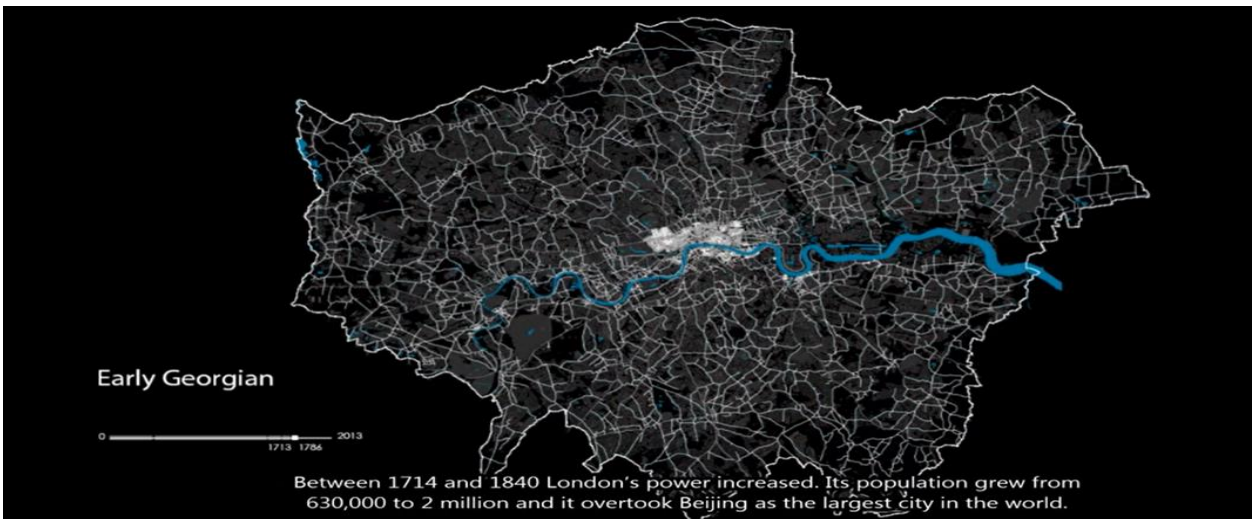
Tutorial 1 – Education and Industrial Society



What is the Purpose of Tutorial 1?

- To know the aims and objectives of the module.
- To understand what it was like to live during the Industrial Era (1760-1840).
- To be able to identify the differences and similarities between pre-industrial and industrial society, with reference to the form of education afforded.

Activity 1: What was it like to live in the Industrial Era?



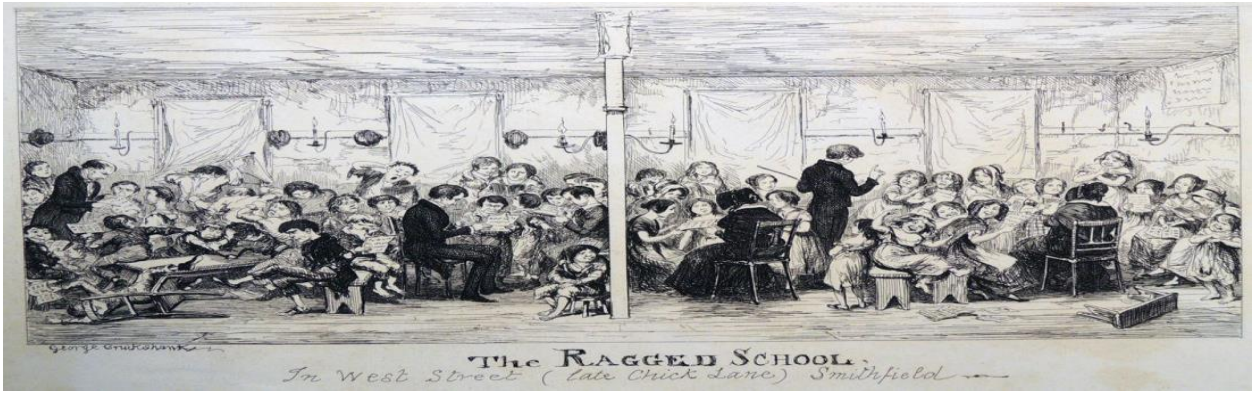
(The London Evolution Animation: *Museum of London Archaeology* – MOLA)
https://www.mola.org.uk/london-evolution-animation

Take time to analyse the images above and answer the following questions:

1. What do you think happened to case such dramatic population growth?
2. In what historical period would you rather live? Why?

Make Some Notes!

Activity 2: Education from 1713-1880



In pairs, discuss what it would be like to be taught in these 'classrooms'?

Guiding Questions: Use bullet points to answer each question.

1) What was taught in each place of learning?

2) Who would decide what was taught?

3) Who could be taught?

In what 'classroom' would you prefer to be? And why?

Now think about your education!

Who should decide what you learn? And what would be the difference?

Note down what each would want you to learn.

Teachers	**Family**	**You**

Religion	**Government**	**Other**

Activity 3: Close Reading: On Industrial Education

To begin, read over the two quotations from Charles Dickens and William Morris.

1) Charles Dickens describing Ragged Schools:

> 'They who are too ragged, wretched, filthy, and forlorn, to enter any other place: who could gain admission into no charity school, and who would be driven from any church door; are invited to come in here, and find some people not depraved, willing to teach them something, and show them some sympathy, and stretch a hand out, which is not the iron hand of Law, for their correction.'

2) William Morris describing State Schools:

> 'People are "educated" to become workmen or the employers of workmen, or the hangers-on of the employers, they are not educated to become men.'

Finding Meaning!

Class Discussion: What was education like in the industrial era?

How would you describe industrial education and education today?

	Positive Aspects	**Negative Aspects**
Education during the Industrial Period.		
Education during the modern period.		

Baseline Assignment (Tutorial 1)

For this initial assignment, I would like you, firstly, to read the two articles from which the above quotations were taken: Charles Dickens's 'On Ragged Schools; and William Morris's, 'Thoughts on Education Under Capitalism'. Secondly, I would like you to focus on the first passage below and summarise the objections given regrading Ragged Schools. Finally, I would like you to focus on the second passage below and answer the following questions:

1) What are Ragged Schools and State Schools? How do they differ?
2) What objections does Morris have to State Schools?
3) What is your response to these arguments? Do you agree or disagree? And do you think these arguments are still relevant today?

(For the full articles see Appendix 2) (For referencing see Appendix 1)

Baseline Assignment	Structure
Summary of Passage One	Paragraph (150 words)
Questions on Passage Two	Three Paragraphs (350 words total)

Passage 1

Charles Dickens, 'On Ragged Schooling', *The Daily News*, (4 Feb 1846).

https://infed.org/charles-dickens-on-ragged-schooling/

> I have no desire to praise the system pursued in the Ragged Schools; which is necessarily very imperfect, if indeed there be one. So far as I have any means of judging of what is taught there, I should individually object to it, as not being sufficiently secular, and as presenting too many religious mysteries and difficulties, to minds not sufficiently prepared for their reception. But I should very imperfectly discharge in myself the duty I wish to urge and impress on others, if I allowed any such doubt of mine to interfere with my appreciation of the efforts of these teachers, or my true wish to promote them by any slight means in my power. Irritating topics, of all kinds, are equally far removed from my purpose and intention. But, I adjure those excellent persons who aid, munificently, in the building of New Churches, to think of these Ragged Schools; to reflect whether some portion of their rich endowments might not be spared for such a purpose; to contemplate, calmly, the necessity of beginning at the beginning; to consider for themselves where the Christian Religion most needs and most suggests immediate help and illustration; and not to decide on any theory or hearsay, but to go themselves into the Prisons and the Ragged Schools, and form their own conclusions. They will be shocked, pained, and repelled, by much that they learn there; but nothing they can learn will be one-thousandth part so shocking, painful, and repulsive, as the continuance for one year more of these things as they have been.

Passage 2

William Morris, 'Thoughts on Education Under Capitalism', *Commonweal*, Vol 4, No. 129, (30 June 1888).

https://www.marxists.org/archive/morris/works/1888/commonweal/06-education.htm

> All this betokens that the end towards which our sham Society directs the means, 'education' is the one end to which all its 'social' dealings are directed to, the sustaining and easy working of its usurpation of true Society. People are 'educated' to become workmen or the employers of workmen, or the hangers-on of the employers, they are not educated to become men. With this aim in view the conditions under which true education can go on are impossible. For the first and most necessary of them are leisure and deliberation; and leisure is a thing which the modern slave-holder will by no means grant to his slave as long as he grants him rations; when the leisure begins the rations end. Constant toil is the only terms on which they are to be had. Capitalism will not allow us the leisure, either for education or the use of it. Slave labour and true education are irreconcilable foes, for the latter means the continuous and duly balanced development of our faculties, whether in the school, the workshop, or the field, and how can that co-exist with the continuous, hopeless, mechanical drudgery of the man who whatever he produces will have all taken from him that exceeds a bare subsistence. In short, our present education outside its uses to our enemies, the masters of Society, is good for one thing, the creation of discontent.

Success Criteria	**Baseline Assignment**
Knowledge and Understanding	*Explain* the criticisms of education in the articles.
Research and Evidence	*Demonstrate* a wider knowledge of history, of who life has changed from pre-industrial through industrial to post-industrial society.
Developing an Argument	Give *reasons and evidence* in the points you make. You might mind the **PEEL** structure helpful: **P**oint – state opinion **E**vidence – reference sources **E**valuate – critically discuss **L**ink – to argument and wider society
Critical Evaluation	Use your knowledge and understanding to *evaluate* the stated arguments and develop your argument. The use of referencing, especially quotations, and close reading skills are important for this.
Structure and Presentation	*Organize* your critical opinion using a formal logical structure: introduction (outline); linked paragraphs (development); and conclusion (summary).
Language, Form and Style.	Use a *formal academic writing* style. Edit your work to account for errors.

Homework (Tutorial 2 to 4)

1) Reading

I would like you to become familiar with the following stories before Tutorial Four of the course:

- *Hard Times* (1854) by Charles Dickens
  https://www.gutenberg.org/files/786/786-h/786-h.htm
- *News From Nowhere* (1890) by William Morris
  https://www.gutenberg.org/files/3261/3261-h/3261-h.htm

This would be a lot of reading!

I would like you to focus on the following specific chapters:

- *Hard Times*: Chapter 1, 2, and 9. (See Appendix 3)
- *News From Nowhere*: Chapter 5, 6, and 10. (See Appendix 4)

There are also adaptations of each novel:

Hard Times, BBC Radio: (Episode One: 56:07)
https://archive.org/details/s01e01hardtimes18541/S01E01+Hard+Times+%5B1854%5D+1.mp3
News From Nowhere, BBC Radio: (Whole Episode: (43:40)
https://archive.org/details/DangerousVisionsS3/3-05-NewsFromNowhere.mp3

2) Reflection and Research

At the end of each tutorial you will see the following instruction:

Tutorial Takeaway! Independent Research!

What did you learn? Note down something:

- Interesting?
- Confusing?
- You want to know more about?

I would like you at the end of each tutorial to:

a) Reflect upon what you have learned.
b) Do some independent research.

There will be a space for notes provided in the workbook.

Please fill this in before the next tutorial.

This will be discussed as a recap to the course in Tutorial Five.

Success Criteria	**Homework: Reading, Reflection, and Research.**
Knowledge and Understanding	Annotate key passages and quotations.
Research and Evidence	Gather information using relevant sources.
Developing an Argument	Take notes on each chapter and your independent research.
Critical Evaluation	Summarise arguments and state the pros and cons.
Structure and Presentation	Organise your notes using highlighters and post-it notes.
Language, Form and Style.	Use shorthand to keep notes concise and to the point.

Tutorial 2 – Individual and Cultural Wellbeing

What is the Purpose of Tutorial 2?

- To explore the difference between different cultures and societies, from north to south, east to west, and past to present.
- To understand what it means to be an individual within a given culture and society, or, in other words, a predisposed time and place.
- To be able to understand and utilize conceptual language to discuss different forms of culture and society, with a focus on the form of education.

Activity 1: What is culture and society?

paradox

(n.) a seemingly absurd or self-contradictory statement or proposition that when investigated or explained may prove to be well founded or true.

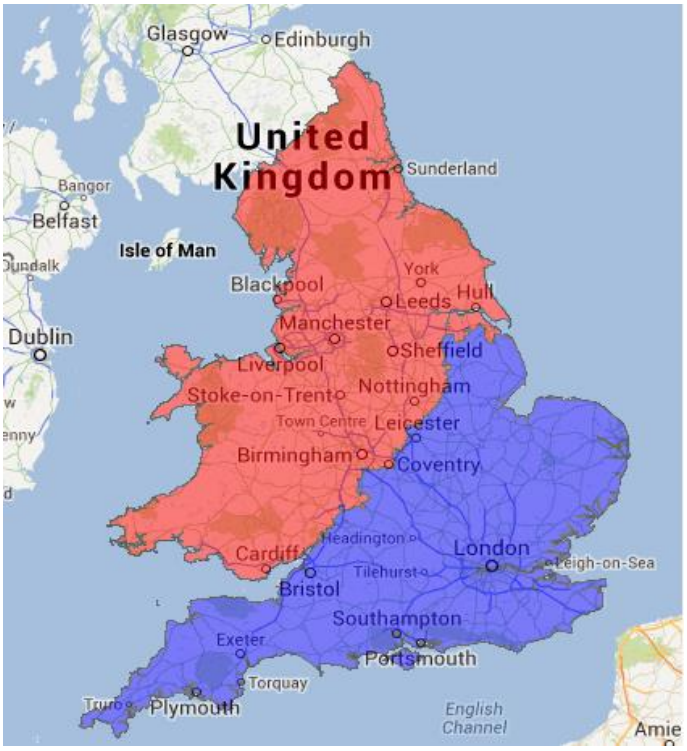
Think on and discuss the following paradox:

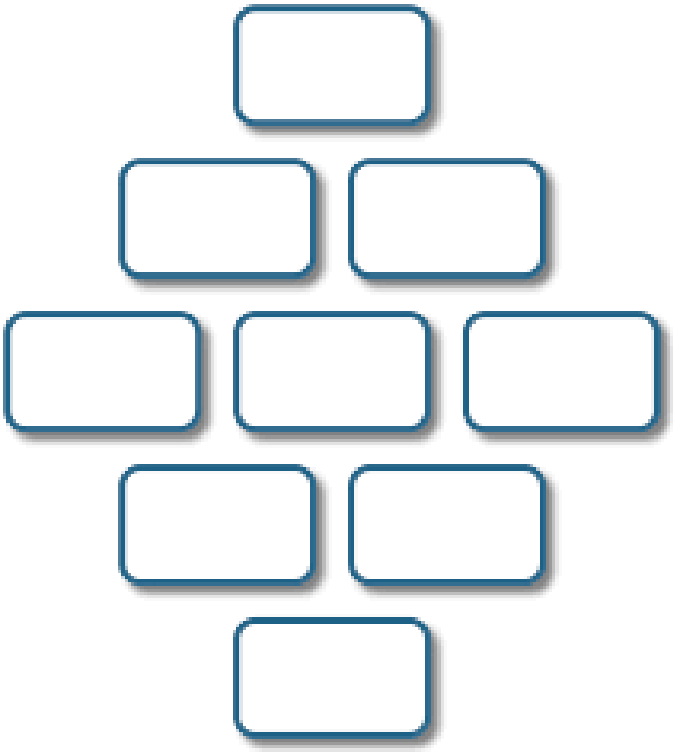
Human beings make culture and society, but do they also make us?

In pairs, note down differences between alternative cultures and societies.

1) beliefs; 2) social habits, norms, and practices; 3) values; 4) and environment

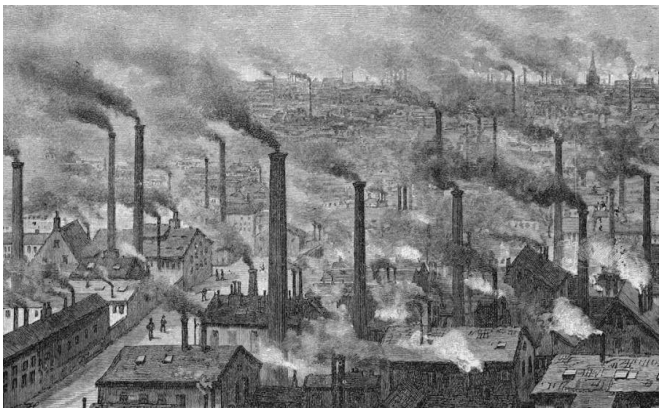
Group One: Regional Cultures (North and South)



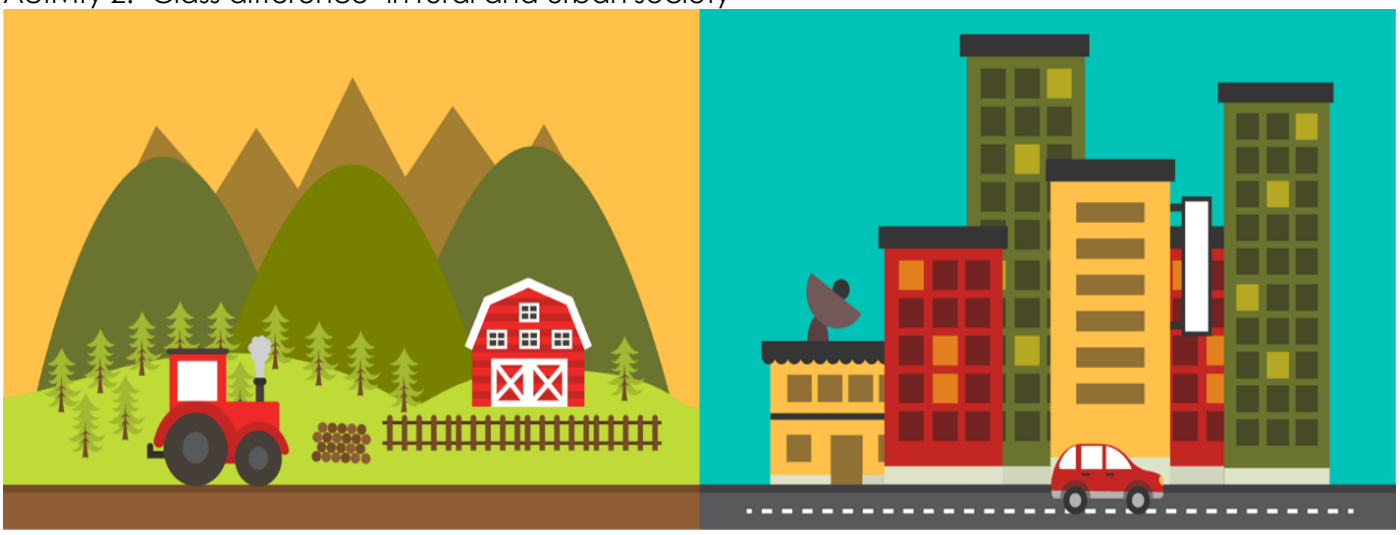


Group Two: Global Cultures (East and West)

Group Three: Past and Present Cultures (Industrial and Post-Industrial)



Activity 2: 'Class difference' in rural and urban society



In pairs, brainstorm the differences between:

1) Rural and Urban Society
2) Lower Class, Middle Class, and Upper Class

Think about where you would live, work, and your leisure time.
How would this affect your education?
What would you learn differently outside the classroom?

	Lower Class	**Middle Class**	**Upper Class**
Rural			
Education Positives (Rural)			

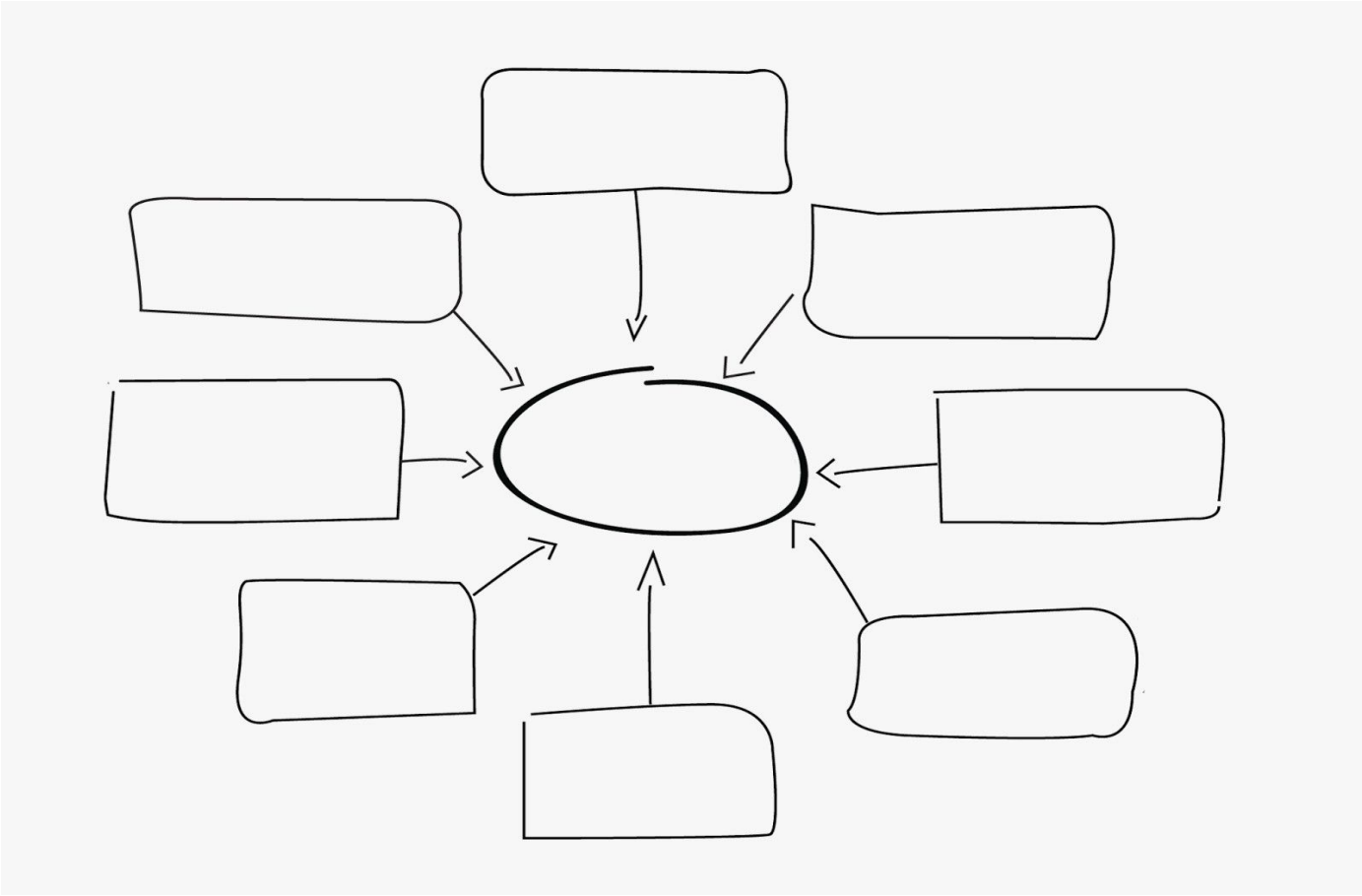
Education Negatives (Rural)			
Urban			
Education Positives (Urban)			
Education Negatives (Urban)			

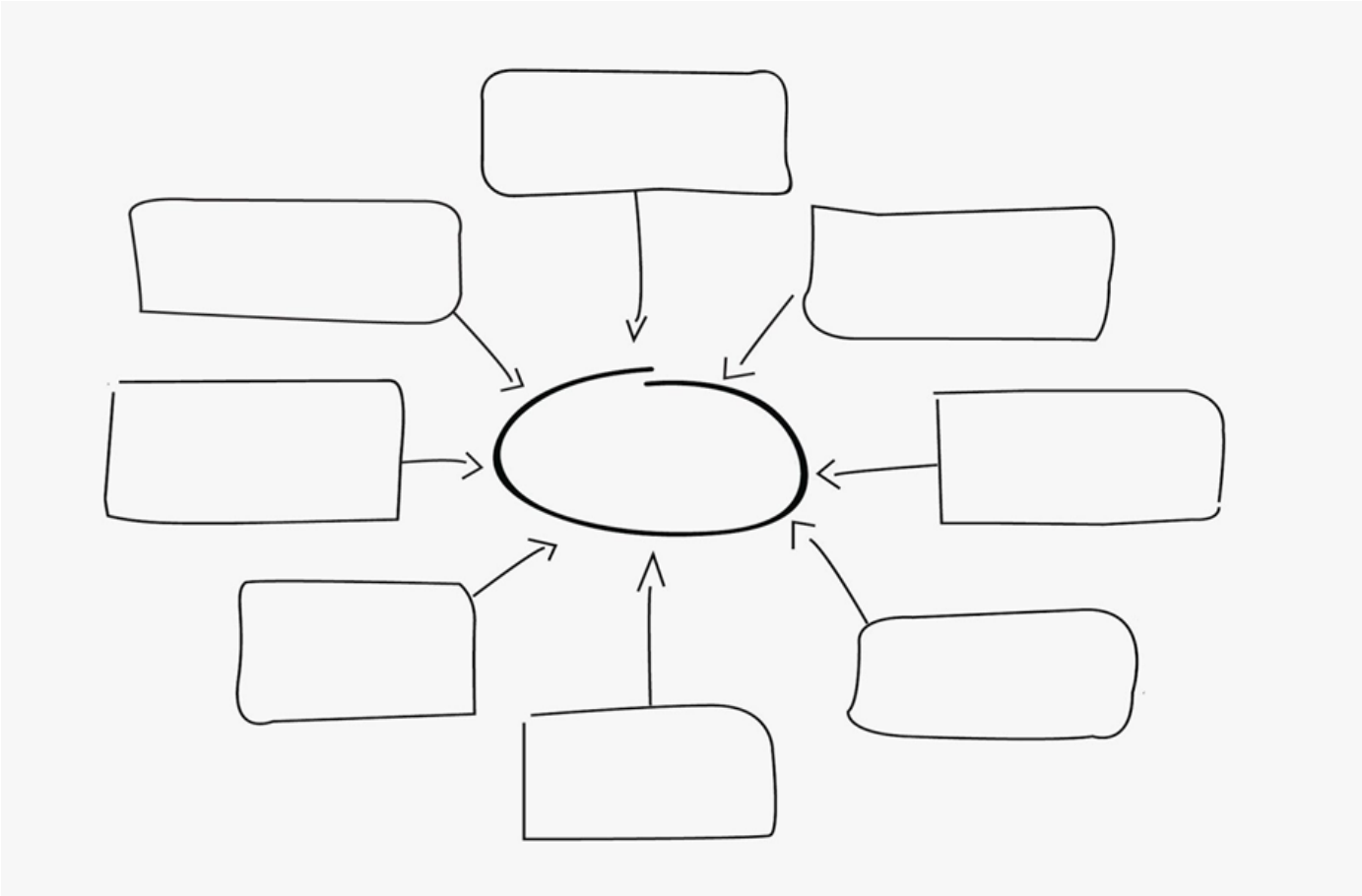
Activity 3: Individual and Cultural Wellbeing in Education

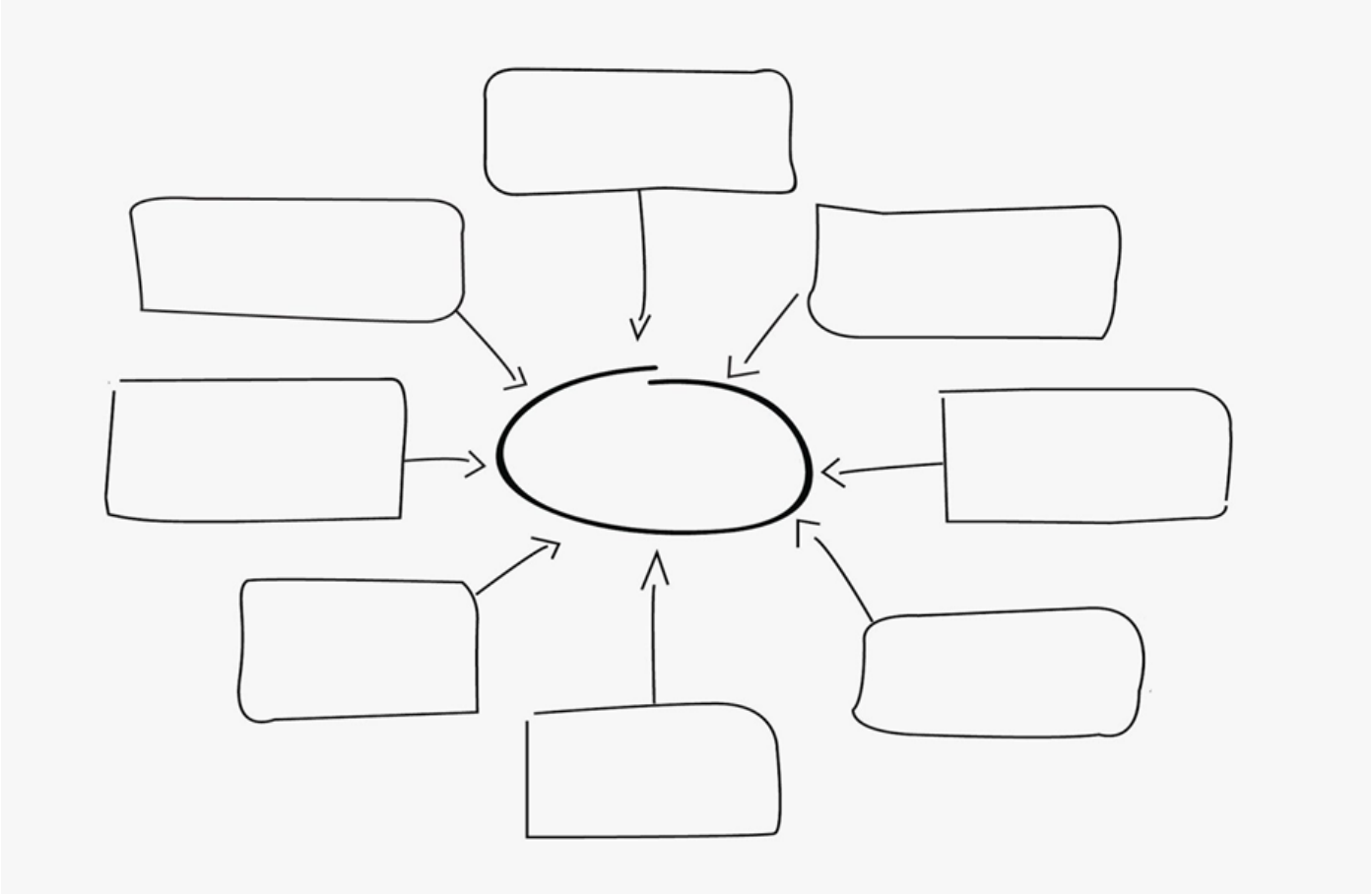
In each image, think about how the environment, or the style of culture, makes demands upon the way in which human beings can behave in that situation.

For each image, compile a spider diagram that lists, in your own opinion, the good and bad aspects of each environment, or cultural style of education.

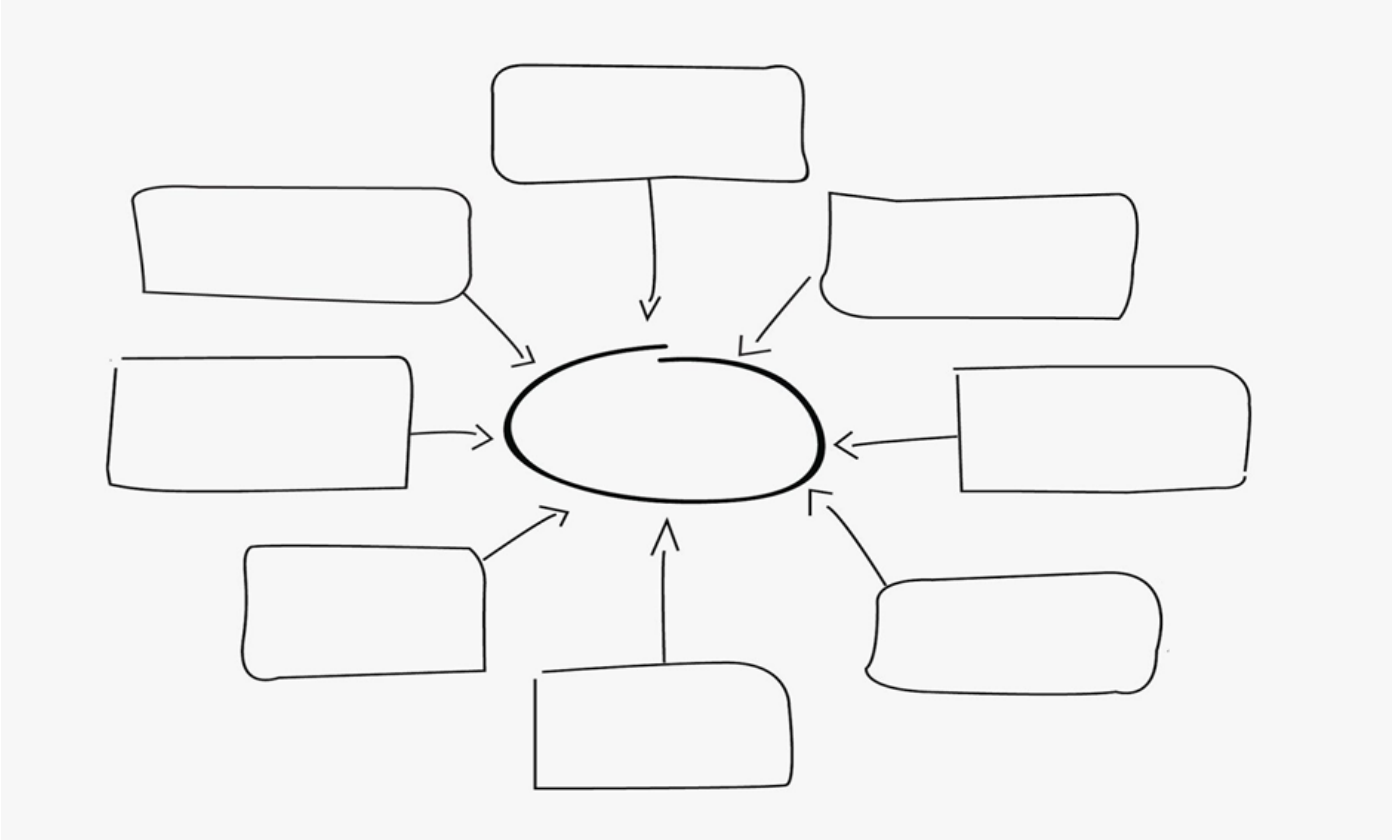
Think of the effects of the environment on both body and mind!

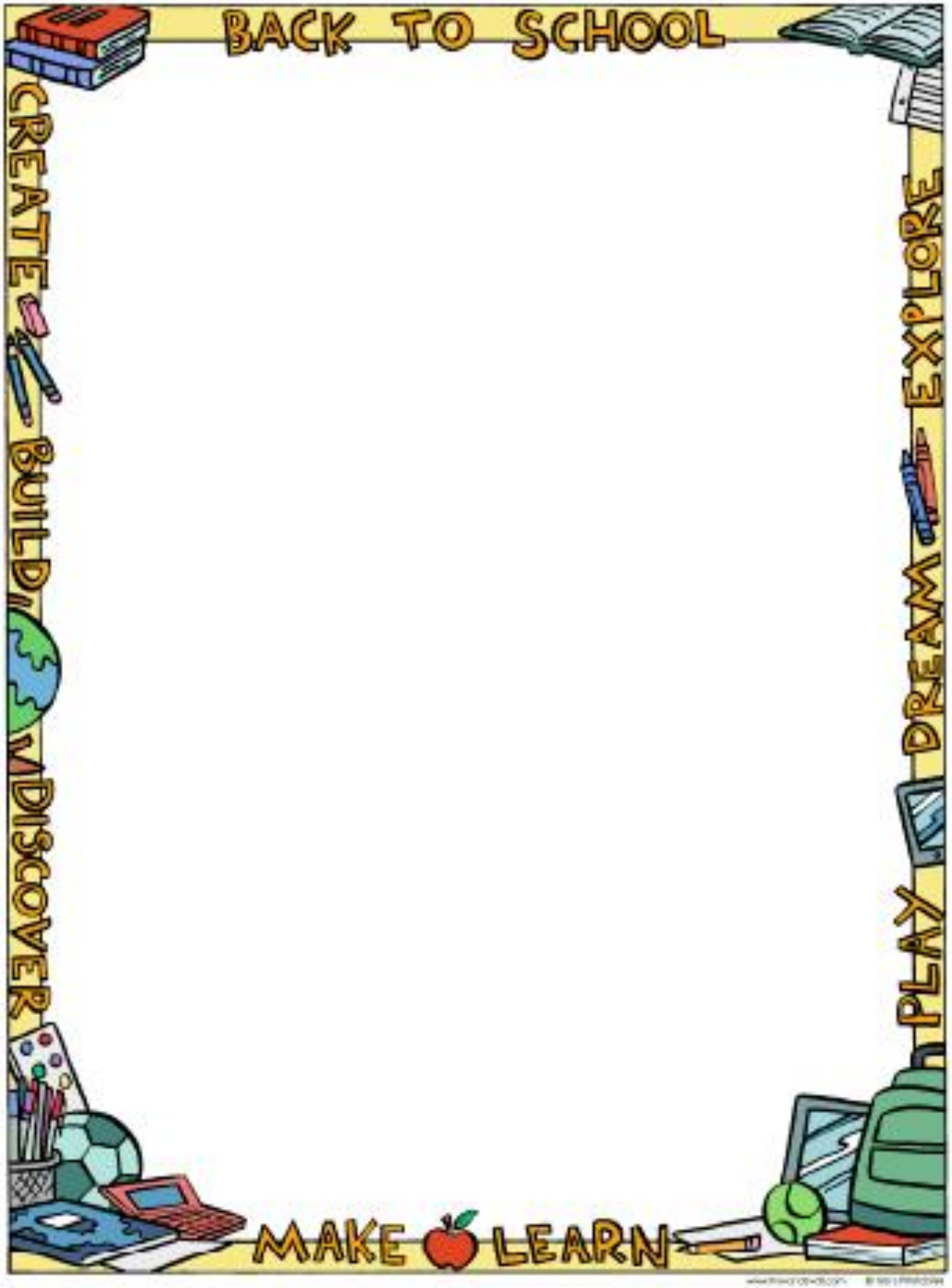






For this last spider diagram choose the best aspects of each pervious classroom and have a go at designing your own ideal classroom based on your findings.




BACK TO SCHOOL
CREATE
BUILD
DISCOVER
EXPLORE
DREAM
PLAY
MAKE
LEARN

Tutorial Takeaway! Independent Research!

What did you learn?

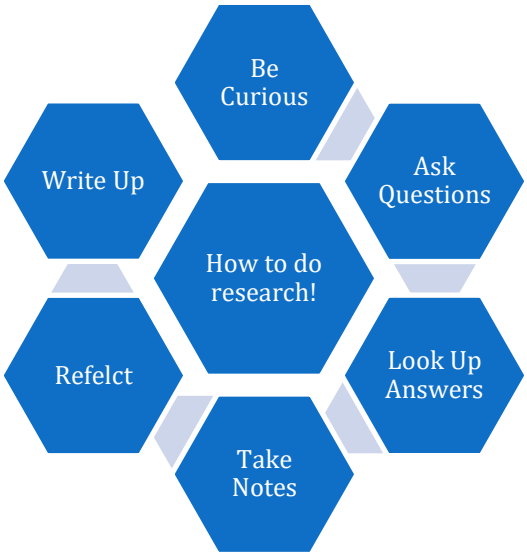
Fill in five of the boxes in the glossary.

Note down something:

- Interesting.

- Confusing.

- You want to know more about.



What have you learned during independent research?

This will be shared with the group in Tutorial Five.

Tutorial 3 – What Can We learn From Literature? Part One

What is the Purpose of Tutorial 3?

- To identify the use of language techniques in the development of a rhetorical argument within a work of literature.
- To be able to summarise, contrast, and critique an argument, with the use of quotations, to develop your own opinion.

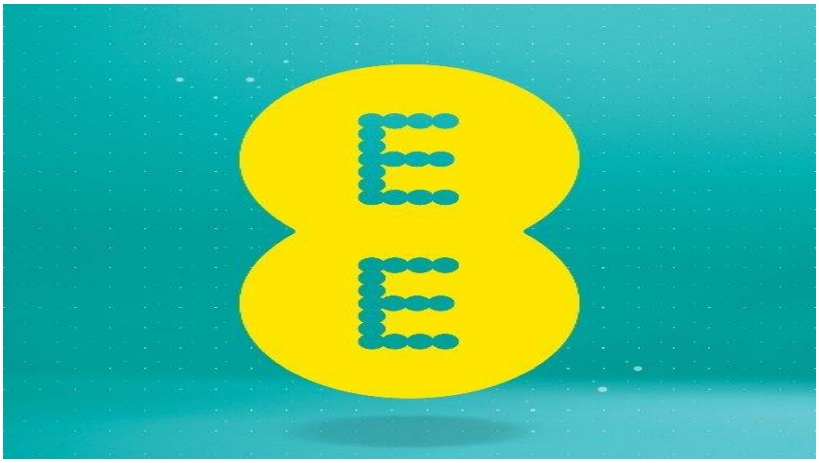
Activity 1: Author Intention: Ethos, Logos, and Pathos

In each advertisement, think about what type of rhetoric is at play.

Then, note down a few bullet points stating why you think.

Kit Kat

EE 4G Internet



Anti-Smoking

Smoking
Cancer
deaths
causes
cancer
lung
women
disease
chronic
smoking
estimated
risk
times
adverse
developing
diseases
death
use
heart
Disease
Health
arteries
emphysema
obstruction
cause
smokers
effects
increased
caused
many
year
never
obstructive
coronary
bronchitis
health
smoked
following
childhood
abdominal
artery
leading
syndrome
tobacco
voice
uterus
Death
airway
range
injuries
abdomen
including
times.1
cancers.1
early
myeloid
Kidney
inf'ant
damaging
burn
Pots
alcohol
marriage
smoking.1
States.2
reduced
every
United
nearly
illegal
peripheral
air
smoke
saes
increased
Compared
lower
fracture
box
return
Lung
Cigarette
legs
vessels
Volume
reproductive
stroke
aneurysm
runs
sudden
circulation
combined.2
pain
vehicle
main
low
problems
Pharynx
suicides
lungs.1
weight
motor
leukemia
erd
murders
five
Cardiovascular
Stomach
airways
bladder
account
infertility
large
small
Postmenopausal
Acute
general.1
cancer.1
Respiratory
density
cavity
hip
tissue
increase
one
cigarette
tobacco
voice
mouth
range
airway
Death
uterus
abdomen
including
artery
leading
syndrome

Activity 2 and 3: Dickens on Industrial Education

Read the following two passages from Dickens's Hard Times.

Passage One. Mr Gradgrind:

> You are to be in all things regulated and governed […] by fact. We hope to have, before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. You must discard the word Fancy altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You are not to have, in any object of use or ornament, what would be a contradiction in fact. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You don't find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon your crockery. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use […] for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colours) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste.

Passage Two. Sissy and Miss Louisa:

> 'I am almost ashamed,' said Sissy, with reluctance. 'But to-day, for instance, Mr. M'Choakumchild was explaining to us about Natural Prosperity.'
>
> 'National, I think it must have been,' observed Louisa.
>
> 'Yes, it was. – But isn't it the same?' she timidly asked.
>
> 'You had better say, National, as he said so,' returned Louisa, with her dry reserve.
>
> 'National Prosperity. And he said, Now, this schoolroom is a Nation. And in this nation, there are fifty millions of money. Isn't this a prosperous nation? Girl number twenty, isn't this a prosperous nation, and a'n't you in a thriving state?'
>
> 'What did you say?' asked Louisa.
>
> 'Miss Louisa, I said I didn't know. I thought I couldn't know whether it was a prosperous nation or not, and whether I was in a thriving state or not, unless I knew who had got the money, and whether any of it was mine. But that had nothing to do with it. It was not in the figures at all,' said Sissy, wiping her eyes.
>
> 'That was a great mistake of yours,' observed Louisa.

Then fill in the chart below in response to each passage.

It may help to highlight the passages first.

Then think about the presentation of the argument as a literary work.

Look For: alliteration; repetition; satire (exaggeration, humour, and ridicule); use of language and punctuation; onomatopoeia; and, of course, how these literary techniques relate to the rhetorical categories.

Persuasion	**Credible: Ethos (Believable?)**	**Rational: Logos (Agreeable?)**	**Emotional: Pathos (How do you feel?)**
Passage One			
Passage Two			

Lastly use the chart to write a paragraph on Dickens's use of rhetoric.

Starter Sentences (only if you need them!):

In Hard Times, Dickens portrays education in the industrial era as being …

This is evident from the way in which he elicits a response from the reader using such rhetorical techniques as … to appeal to our credibility/logic/emotions …

In Chapter One when Mr Gradgrind addresses the class …

In Chapter Nine when Sissy says to Miss Louisa …

I agree / disagree with Dickens because ….

I find his use of rhetoric to be persuasive / unpersuasive because … (reader engagement, how did it make you feel, think, and act) …

Plan first in the box provided. Then write an analysis of the two passages.

Make Some Notes!

Tutorial Takeaway! Independent Research!

What did you learn?

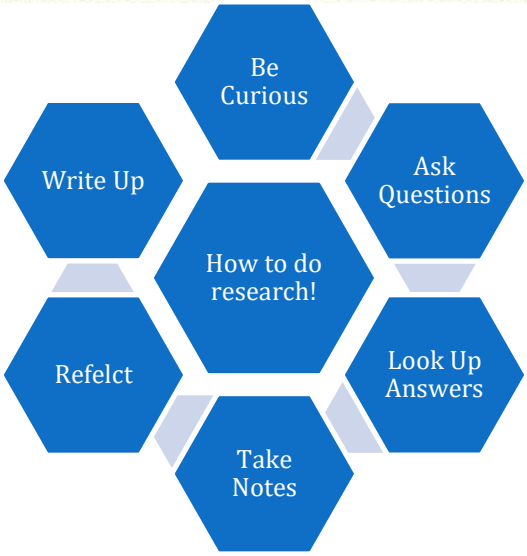
Fill in five of the boxes in the glossary.

Note down something:

- Interesting.

- Confusing.

- You want to know more about.



What have you learned during independent research?

This will be shared with the group in Tutorial Five.

Tutorial 4 – What Can We Learn From literature? Part Two

What is the Purpose of Tutorial 4?

- To understand literature in view of wider culture and society.
- To explore the faculties of Reason and Imagination.
- To think on how we learn with both body and mind.

Activity 1: Author Intention: Kairos and Topos

A genie has granted you three wishes!

How would you change your time and place?

Your family home (personal)?

Your city or town (regional)?

Your country (national)?

What about global? How would you change the world?

Would you save the planet, feed the world, or bring about world peace?

Or would you choose to do something else entirely!?

Think about what matters most to you in your own given time and place.

Then in the box bellow write a persuasive paragraph on why you have chosen what you have.

Think About:
Who would it help and why would they need help in the first place?

Activity 2: Morris on Pre-Industrial Education

Lecture Time:

A Utopian Education: Learning with Body and Mind

Make Some Notes!

Then summarise the lecture in your own words.
What is pre-industrial education?
How does it differ from industrial and post-industrial education?

Activity 3: Educating for Individual and Cultural Wellbeing

A Matter of Definition

1) **The acquisition of knowledge**
2) **The acquisition of skills**
3) **To practice**
4) **To study**
5) **To be taught**

To be healthy and happy.

In your day-to-day life, you learn things that are for yourself and for society.

You learn both knowledge and skills, some necessarily, and some freely.

In a utopian pre-industrial society, like Nowhere.

Individual Activities These are undertaken freely.	
Social Roles These are undertaken necessarily.	

In a realistic post-industrial society, like the UK today.

Individual Activities These are undertaken freely.	
Social Roles These are undertaken necessarily.	

Pick from these activities and roles and rank them by importance.

Nowhere

Today

Tutorial Takeaway! Independent Research!

What did you learn?

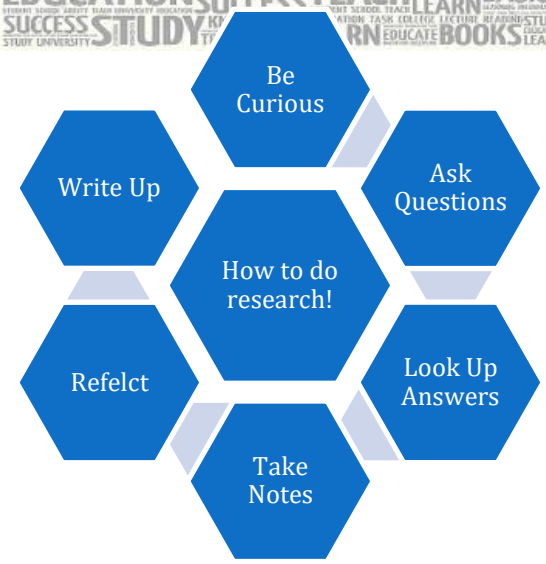
Fill in five of the boxes in the glossary.

Note down something:

- Interesting.

- Confusing.

- You want to know more about.



What have you learned during independent research?

This will be shared with the group in Tutorial Five.

Tutorial 5 – What Do You Think Education Should Be?

What is the Purpose of Tutorial 5?

- To make constructive use of your imagination to think about what education could be in future culture and society.
- To learn how to produce a formal academic essay.
- To address any concerns or questions with the course.

> "The most thought-provoking thing in our thought-provoking time is that we are still not thinking."
>
> (Martin Heidegger, *Poetry, Language, Thought.*)

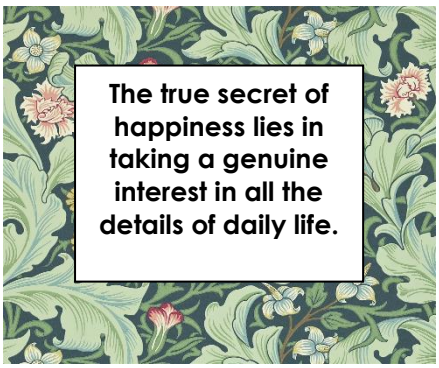
Activity 1: The Education of the Future

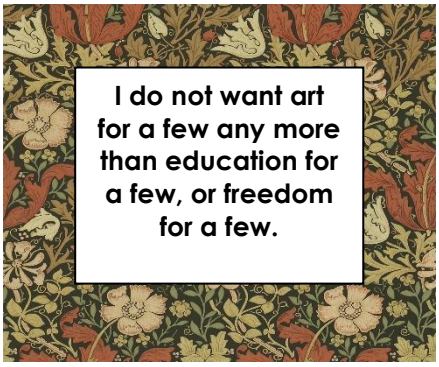
You don't have to gaze into a crystal ball when you can read an open book!

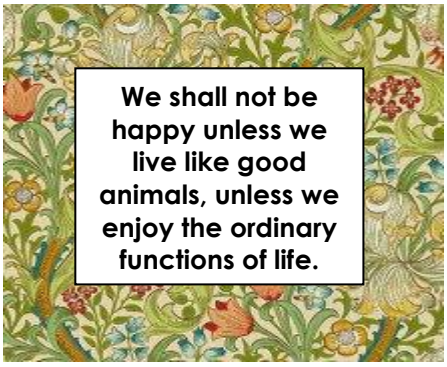
Education Today: What Do You Think!

	Body (Skills)	Mind (Knowledge)	Individual	Cultural
Positive				
Negative				

Education Tomorrow: What Do You Think!







Who, What, Where, Why, When!

1) Who would be in charge of your education?
2) What would your education entail?
3) Where would you be educated?
4) Why would you be educated, for what purpose?
5) When would you be educated: age; day; time; season?

Make Some Notes!

Activity 2: Debate Time

Two Groups: One For and One Against

Topic or Proposition: ***Our education system today is better than it has ever been.***

Building an Argument

Arguments For	Arguments Against	Counter Arguments

Make Some Notes!

Rhetoric: Ethos, Logos, and Pathos

Ethos	Logos	Pathos

Make Some Notes!

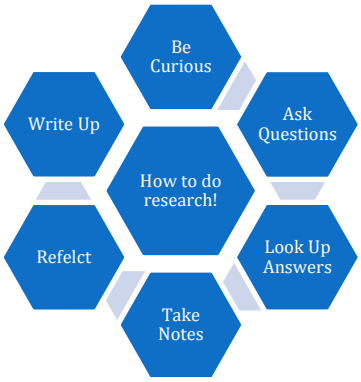
Debate Format: Team One versus Team Two.

Proposition: ***Our education system today is better than it has ever been.***

Chairperson

Team One	Team Two
First Speaker	First Speaker
Responder	Responder
Summary Speaker	Summary Speaker

Activity 3: Recap, Questions, and Assignment Overview



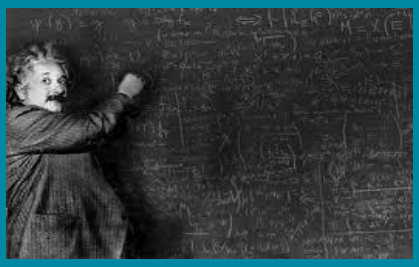
Let's fill in the rest of your glossary and review your independent research!

Independent Research	Findings
Tutorial One	
Tutorial Two	
Tutorial Three	
Tutorial Four	

Meme Time!

As a teacher what do you really do?!

WHAT MY FIRIENDS THINK I DO



WHAT MY PARENTS THINK I DO

WHAT SOCIETY THINKS I DO

WHAT THE PUPILS THINKS I DO

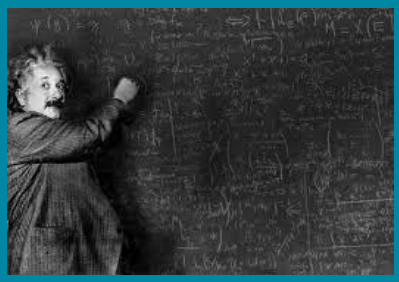
WHAT I THINK I DO

WHAT I ACTUALLY DO

Sp Adobe Spark

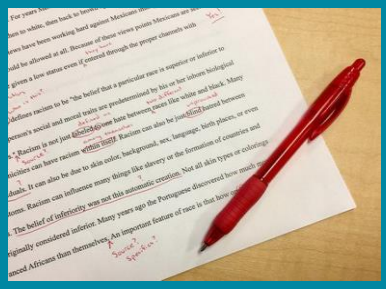
As a PhD researcher what do you really do?!

WHAT MY FIRIENDS THINK I DO



WHAT MY PARENTS THINK I DO

WHAT SOCIETY THINKS I DO



WHAT MY SUPERVISOR THINKS I DO

WHAT I THINK I DO

WHAT I ACTUALLY DO

Sp Adobe Spark

As a pupil what do you really do?! If you have time draw or stick in pictures for your meme.

WHAT MY FIRIENDS THINK I DO	WHAT MY PARENTS THINK I DO	WHAT SOCIETY THINKS I DO
WHAT THE TEACHERS THINK I DO	WHAT I THINK I DO	WHAT I ACTUALLY DO

Adobe Spark

Final Assignment

Question: 'What are the rights and wrongs of past education? What can we learn from literary accounts of education, and, importantly, what do you think the education of the future should be?'

Word Count: 2000 words, excluding references.

(For further instruction and guidance see Appendix 1 & Appendix 5)

Think! Plan. Think! Write. Think! Edit.

Introduction **200 Words**	Introduction
Part One **300 Words**	The History of Education in the UK
Part Two **300 words**	Individual and Cultural Wellbeing

Part Three **300 words**	Dickens on Industrial Education
Part Four **300 Words**	Morris on Pre-Industrial Education
Part Five **300 Words**	The Education of the Future
Conclusion **300 Words**	Summary and Ideas for Further Study

Success Criteria	**Final Assignment**
Knowledge and Understanding	*Explain* the criticisms of education in the articles and novels by Charles Dickens and William Morris.
Research and Evidence	*Demonstrate* a wider knowledge of history, of who life has changed from pre-industrial through industrial to post-industrial society.
Developing an Argument	Give *reasons and evidence* in the points you make. You might mind the **PEEL** structure helpful: **P**oint – state opinion **E**vidence – reference sources **E**valuate – critically discuss **L**ink – to argument and wider society
Critical Evaluation	Use your knowledge and understanding to *evaluate* the stated arguments and develop your argument. The use of referencing, especially quotations, and close reading skills are important for this.
Structure and Presentation	*Organize* your critical opinion using a formal logical structure: introduction (outline); linked paragraphs (development); and conclusion (summary).
Language, Form and Style.	Use a *formal academic writing* style. Edit your work to account for errors.

"Anyone who has never made a mistake has never tried anything new."
Albert Einstein

"It is the mark of an educated mind to be able to entertain a thought without accepting it."
Aristotle

"Nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced."
John Keats

"The more that you read, the more things you will know, the more that you learn, the more places you'll go."
Dr. Seuss

"Do or do not – there is no try."
Yoda

"All we have to decide is what to do with the time given to us."
Gandalf the Grey

"It's not who I am underneath – it's what I do that defines me."
Batman (Bruce Wayne)

"The problem is not the problem. The problem is your attitude about the problem."
Captain Jack Sparrow

Tutorial 6 – Feedback tutorial

What is the Purpose of Tutorial 6?

- To receive feedback on your final assignment
- To respond to the feedback from your Uni Pathways teacher
- To write targets for improvement on your final assignment

Final assignment feedback from your Uni Pathways Teacher

(Remember to look at the mark scheme to help you understand what you have done well so far, and how you can do even better in your final assignment)

Here are three things that my Uni Pathways Teacher thought I did well in my draft assignment
•   •   •

Here are three things that my Uni Pathways Teacher thinks that I could do to get a higher mark in my final assignment
•   •   •

Tasks from my Uni Pathways Teacher to do during the feedback tutorial to help me improve
•   •   •
My response:

Actions I will take to improve my final assignment after this tutorial…
•   •   •

Hand in date for my final assignment:	

Tutorial 7 – Final tutorial

What is the Purpose of Tutorial 7?

- To receive feedback and a grade on your final assignment.
- To reflect on the programme including what you enjoyed and what was challenging.
- To ask any questions you may have about university.

Final assignment feedback from my Uni Pathways Teacher

Final mark:	University style grade:
Feedback: Here are three things that my Uni Pathways teacher thought I did well in my final assignment • • •	

Here are three things that my Uni Pathways teacher thinks I should remember for when I am doing this kind of study in the future
• • •

University

What questions do you still have about University after taking part in Uni Pathways?
•   •   •

Reflecting on Uni Pathways

What did you most enjoy about Uni Pathways?
•   •   •

What did you find challenging about the programme?	How did you overcome these challenges?
• • •	• • •

Appendix 1 – Referencing correctly

When you get to university, you will need to include references in the assignments that you write, so we would like you to start getting into the habit of referencing in your Brilliant Club assignment. This is really important, because it will help you to avoid plagiarism. Plagiarism is when you take someone else's work or ideas and pass them off as your own. Whether plagiarism is deliberate or accidental, the consequences can be severe. In order to avoid losing marks in your final assignment, or even failing, you must be careful to reference your sources correctly.

What is a reference?

A reference is just a note in your assignment which says if you have referred to or been influenced by another source such as book, website or article. For example, if you use the internet to research a particular subject, and you want to include a specific piece of information from this website, you will need to reference it.

Why should I reference?

Referencing is important in your work for the following reasons:

- It gives credit to the authors of any sources you have referred to or been influenced by.
- It supports the arguments you make in your assignments.
- It demonstrates the variety of sources you have used.
- It helps to prevent you losing marks, or failing, due to plagiarism.

When should you use a reference?

You should use a reference when you:

- Quote directly from another source.
- Summarise or rephrase another piece of work.
- Include a specific statistic or fact from a source.

How do I reference?

There are a number of different ways of referencing, and these often vary depending on what subject you are studying. The most important to thing is to be consistent. This means that you need to stick to the same system throughout your whole assignment. Here is a basic system of referencing that you can use, which consists of the following two parts:

1. **A marker in your assignment**: After you have used a reference in your assignment (you have read something and included it in your work as a quote, or re-written it your own words) you should mark this is in your text with a number, e.g. [1]. The next time you use a reference you should use the next number, e.g. [2].
2. **Bibliography**: This is just a list of the references you have used in your assignment. In the bibliography, you list your references by the numbers you have used, and include as much information as you have about the reference. The list below gives what should be included for different sources.

    a. **Websites** – Author (if possible), title of the web page, website address, [date you accessed it, in square brackets].

    E.g. Dan Snow, 'How did so many soldiers survive the trenches?', http://www.bbc.co.uk/guides/z3kgjxs#zg2dtfr [11 July 2014].

    b. **Books** – Author, date published, title of book (in italics), pages where the information came from.

    E.g. S. Dubner and S. Levitt, (2006) *Freakonomics*, 7-9.

    c. **Articles** – Author, 'title of the article' (with quotation marks), *where the article comes from* (newspaper, journal etc.), date of the article.

    E.g. Maev Kennedy, 'The lights to go out across the UK to mark First World War's centenary', Guardian, 10 July 2014.

Appendix 2 – Baseline Assignment

Article One: Charles Dickens, 'On Ragged Schooling', The Daily News, (4 Feb 1846).

I offer no apology for entreating the attention of the readers of The Daily News to an effort which has been making for some three years and a half, and which is making now, to introduce among the most miserable and neglected outcasts in London, some knowledge of the commonest principles of morality and religion; to commence their recognition as immortal human creatures, before the Gaol Chaplain becomes their only schoolmaster; to suggest to Society that its duty to this wretched throng, foredoomed to crime and punishment, rightfully begins at some distance from the police office; and that the careless maintenance from year to year, in this, the capital city of the world, of a vast hopeless nursery of ignorance, misery and vice; a breeding place for the hulks and jails: is horrible to contemplate.

This attempt is being made in certain of the most obscure and squalid parts of the Metropolis, where rooms are opened, at night, for the gratuitous instruction of all comers, children or adults, under the title of RAGGED SCHOOLS. The name implies the purpose. They who are too ragged, wretched, filthy, and forlorn, to enter any other place: who could gain admission into no charity school, and who would be driven from any church door; are invited to come in here, and find some people not depraved, willing to teach them something, and show them some sympathy, and stretch a hand out, which is not the iron hand of Law, for their correction. Before I describe a visit of my own to a Ragged School, and urge the readers of this letter for God's sake to visit one themselves, and think of it (which is my main object), let me say, that I know the prisons of London well; that I have visited the largest of them more times than I could count; and that the children in them are enough to break the heart and hope of any man. I have never taken a foreigner or a stranger of any kind to one of these establishments but I have seen him so moved at sight of the child offenders, and so affected by the contemplation of their utter renouncement and desolation outside the prison walls, that he has been as little able to disguise his emotion, as if some great grief had suddenly burst upon him. Mr. Chesterton and Lieutenant Tracey (than whom more intelligent and humane Governors of Prisons it would be hard, if not impossible, to find) know perfectly well that these children pass and repass through the prisons all their lives; that they are never taught; that the first distinctions between right and wrong are, from their cradles, perfectly confounded and perverted in their minds; that they come of untaught parents, and will give birth to another untaught generation; that in exact proportion to their natural abilities, is the extent and scope of their depravity; and that there is no escape or chance for them in any ordinary revolution of human affairs. Happily, there are schools in these prisons now. If any readers doubt how ignorant the children are, let them visit those schools and see them at their tasks, and hear how much they knew when they were sent there. If they would know the produce of this seed, let them see a class of men and boys together, at their books (as I have seen them in the House of Correction for this county of Middlesex), and mark how painfully the full grown felons toil at the very shape and form of letters; their ignorance being so confirmed and solid. The contrast of this labour in the men, with the less blunted quickness of the boys; the latent shame and sense of degradation struggling through their dull attempts at infant lessons; and the universal eagerness to learn, impress me, in this passing retrospect, more painfully than I can tell.

For the instruction, and as a first step in the reformation, of such unhappy beings, the Ragged Schools were founded. I was first attracted to the subject, and indeed was first made conscious of their existence, about two years ago, or more, by seeing an advertisement in the papers dated from West Street, Saffron Hill, stating "That a room had been opened and supported in that wretched neighbourhood for upwards of twelve months, where religious instruction had been imparted to the poor", and explaining in a few words what was meant by Ragged Schools as a generic term, including, then, four or five similar places of instruction.

I wrote to the masters of this particular school to make some further inquiries, and went myself soon afterwards.
It was a hot summer night; and the air of Field Lane and Saffron Hill was not improved by such weather, nor were the people in those streets very sober or honest company. Being unacquainted with the exact locality of the school, I was fain to make some inquiries about it. These were very jocosely received in general; but everybody knew where it was, and gave the right direction to it. The prevailing idea among the loungers (the greater part of them the very sweepings of the streets and station houses) seemed to be, that the teachers were quixotic, and the school upon the whole "a lark". But there was certainly a kind of rough respect for the intention, and (as I have said) nobody denied the school or its whereabouts, or refused assistance in directing to it.

It consisted at that time of either two or three–I forget which-miserable rooms, upstairs in a miserable house. In the best of these, the pupils in the female school were being taught to read and write; and though there were among the number, many wretched creatures steeped in degradation to the lips, they were tolerably quiet, and listened with apparent earnestness and patience to their instructors. The appearance of this room was sad and melancholy, of course–how could it be otherwise! –but, on the whole, encouraging.
The close, low chamber at the back, in which the boys were crowded, was so foul and stifling as to be, at first, almost insupportable. But its moral aspect was so far worse than its physical, that this was soon forgotten. Huddled together on a bench about the room, and shown out by some flaring candles stuck against the walls, were a crowd of boys, varying from mere infants to young men; sellers of fruit, herbs, lucifer-matches, flints; sleepers under the dry arches of bridges; young thieves and beggars–with nothing natural to youth about them: with nothing frank, ingenuous, or pleasant in their faces; low-browed, vicious, cunning, wicked; abandoned of all help but this; speeding downward to destruction; and UNUTTERABLY IGNORANT.

This, Reader, was one room as full as it could hold; but these were only grains in sample of a Multitude that are perpetually sifting through these schools; in sample of a Multitude who had within them once, and perhaps have now, the elements of men as good as you or I, and maybe infinitely better; in sample of a Multitude among whose doomed and sinful ranks (oh, think of this, and think of them!) the child of any man upon this earth, however lofty his degree, must, as by Destiny and Fate, be found, if, at its birth, it were consigned to such an infancy and nurture, as these fallen creatures had!

This was the Class I saw at the Ragged School. They could not be trusted with books; they could only be instructed orally; they were difficult of reduction to anything like attention, obedience, or decent behaviour; their benighted ignorance in reference to the Deity, or to any social duty (how could they guess at any social duty, being so discarded by all social teachers but the gaoler and the hangman!) was terrible to see. Yet, even here, and among these, something had been done already. The Ragged School was of recent date and very poor; but he had inculcated some association with the name of the Almighty, which was not an oath, and had taught them to look forward in a hymn (they sang it) to another life, which would correct the miseries and woes of this.

The new exposition I found in this Ragged School, of the frightful neglect by the State of those whom it punishes so constantly, and whom it might, as easily and less expensively, instruct and save; together with the sight I had seen there, in the heart of London; haunted me, and finally impelled me to an endeavour to bring these Institutions under the notice of the Government; with some faint hope that the vastness of the question would supersede the Theology of the schools, and that the Bench of Bishops might adjust the latter question, after some small grant had been conceded. I made the attempt; and have heard no more of the subject from that hour.

The perusal of an advertisement in yesterday's paper, announcing a lecture on the Ragged Schools last night, has led me into these remarks. I might easily have given them another form; but I address this letter to you, in the hope that some few readers in whom I have awakened

an interest, as a writer of fiction, may be, by that means, attracted to the subject, who might otherwise, unintentionally, pass it over.
I have no desire to praise the system pursued in the Ragged Schools; which is necessarily very imperfect, if indeed there be one. So far as I have any means of judging of what is taught there, I should individually object to it, as not being sufficiently secular, and as presenting too many religious mysteries and difficulties, to minds not sufficiently prepared for their reception. But I should very imperfectly discharge in myself the duty I wish to urge and impress on others, if I allowed any such doubt of mine to interfere with my appreciation of the efforts of these teachers, or my true wish to promote them by any slight means in my power. Irritating topics, of all kinds, are equally far removed from my purpose and intention. But, I adjure those excellent persons who aid, munificently, in the building of New Churches, to think of these Ragged Schools; to reflect whether some portion of their rich endowments might not be spared for such a purpose; to contemplate, calmly, the necessity of beginning at the beginning; to consider for themselves where the Christian Religion most needs and most suggests immediate help and illustration; and not to decide on any theory or hearsay, but to go themselves into the Prisons and the Ragged Schools, and form their own conclusions. They will be shocked, pained, and repelled, by much that they learn there; but nothing they can learn will be one-thousandth part so shocking, painful, and repulsive, as the continuance for one year more of these things as they have been for too many years already.

Anticipating that some of the more prominent facts connected with the history of the Ragged Schools, may become known to the readers of The Daily News through your account of the lecture in question, I abstain (though in possession of some such information) from pursuing the question further, at this time. But if I should see occasion, I will take leave to return to it.

Article Two: William Morris, 'Thoughts on Education Under Capitalism', Commonweal, Vol 4, No. 129, (30 June 1888).

The other day I heard Mr Charles Leland (better known as Hans Breitman) speak on the teaching of the 'minor arts' (we won't trouble for the present as to what they are) and he told us he was engaged in carrying out a plan (in America) by which all children should be taught these arts and so gain an interest in handicrafts which he thought, and I heartily agree with him, would be a great gain to the art and consequently to the happiness of people generally. Mr Leland said that he had been engaged in this work of educating children's hands for many years, and he expected success to follow his efforts, a success which would mean, if it were worth speaking of, that the interest in sound workmanship combined with beauty would become general, and that a demand for such work would follow and compel the manufacturers to get such work turned out.

But such success is impossible even supposing that hundreds of persons were following Mr Charles Leland's laudable example. It would indeed be possible enough, nay it would be certain, if the capitalists the 'manufacturers' were the servants of society as they sometimes profess to be; but who shall force such a prodigious change upon them as success even in such a minor matter as this would indicate, so long as they are the masters of society, which is their real position? For Mr Leland's scheme means, if it were logically carried out, i.e., if it were successful, the substitution of handicraft for 'manufacturing' in all the wares of which art or beauty forms a party and which admit of being done by handicraft, in short to take us back to the Middle-Ages as far as these wares are concerned. But it is clear that the wares so produced will, if the labour on them is decently paid, cost so much more than the manufactured wares which they are intended to supplant, that only rich people with a whim for art will be able to buy them; they will not be produced in any great quantity, and if there should be a passing fashion for them, the 'manufacturers' would immediately imitate them by machinery and 'organized labour', and cheapen them out of existence; or indeed if the whim of rich people for the genuine article still went on, another process of cheapening would be resorted to; wholesale dealers in such articles would exploit the unfortunate handicraftsmen (or women, whose cheap work would certainly be largely used for such

wares). They would take advantage of the competition for the most miserable livelihood between people in dire necessity to produce 'cheap art' for the swelling of their own purses; and if the thing grew it would be a favourite form of exploitation, as it would require little capital and little managerial capacity, and would have a dash of philanthropy and 'practical remedy' about it, which would help to make such sweating an honourable as well as pleasant occupation. Cheap art indeed — and nasty! But in all probability the fashion for such articles would be limited and transitory, and all that would happen to the persons educated into a capacity for and a pleasure in refined handicraft would be that they would have to be used up in the mere mechanical drudgery of commercial production.

But it is not the matter of art that I wish to illustrate by the mention of this feeble attempt of Mr Leland and others (for the kind of futility is common enough). It is rather the relation of our capitalistic system to general education. For just as the capitalists would at once capture this education in craftsmanship, suck out what little advantage there is in it and then throw it away, so they do with all other education. A superstition still remains from the times when 'education' was a rarity, that it is a means for earning a superior livelihood; but as soon as it has ceased to be a rarity, competition takes care that education shall not raise wages; that general education shall be worth nothing, and that special education shall be worth just no more than a tolerable return on the money and time spent in acquiring it; and, mind you, such special education must be very carefully directed towards the one aim of commercial success in the speciality, or it will miss, and be thrown into the mass of general education which earns nothing.

As to the pleasure to be derived from education at present by hard-working men, a bookish man is apt to think that even the almighty capitalist can hardly take that away from his slave if he has really learned to enjoy reading and to understand books, and that whatever happens he must have an hour in a day (or if it were only half an hour) to indulge himself in this pleasure. But then does the average hard-working man (of any grade) really acquire this capacity by means of the short period of education which he is painfully dragged through? I doubt it. Though even our mechanical school system cannot crush out a natural bent towards literature (with all the pleasures of thought and imagination which that word means) yet certainly its dull round will hardly implant such a taste in any one's mind; and as for the caput mortuum, the dead mass of mere information which the worker comes away with when his 'education' is over, he will and must soon forget this when he finds out that it is of little use to him and gives him no pleasure.

I must say in passing that on the few occasions that I have been inside a Board-school, I have been much depressed by the mechanical drill that was too obviously being applied there to all the varying capacities and moods. My heart sank before Mr M'Choakumchild and his method, and I thought how much luckier I was to have been born well enough off to be sent to a school where I was taught — nothing; but learned archaeology and romance on the Wiltshire downs.

And then supposing the worker to be really educated, to have acquired both the information and the taste for reading which Mr McChoakumchild's dole will allow to him under the most favourable circumstances, how will this treasure of knowledge and sympathy accord with his daily life? Will it not make his dull task seem duller? Will it not increase the suffering of the workshop or the factory to him? And if so, must he not rather strive to forget than strive to remember? Will not nature force him to that? I cannot help thinking that as a rule it must be so, unless he has joined the ranks of the discontented; in which case he will gain something of pleasure from mere bitterness and railing if he is not a Socialist, and how much more than that some of our readers know well, if he is one.

Now if I am told that this is a priori reasoning, I am prepared to fortify it by my own observation. I have often been told by workingmen (Socialist and others) that they

cannot read books; are too tired with the day's work to do so, and the like. Also amongst my middle-class acquaintances, who believe that they work hard, I meet with men who clearly do not read books, and therefore, I suppose, cannot; and I move in each case in a circle that has decided literary tendencies. So that other person's experiences will, I am sure, lead them to conclusions on this point not more favourable than mine.

Then there is the enormous mass of printed paper which is not books or literature, but which the public pays for every day, since I suppose a faculty once acquired produces a habit and must be exercised, even when it is the mechanical one of reading print. The quality of this joint product of paper-maker, compositor, and sub-editor, confirms my a priori reasoning remarkably, for no adventure in this kind of wares has any chance of success if it has more than the merest suspicion of a flavour of literature or thoughtfulness, as we have often been told when the prospects of the Commonweal have been under discussion. I will not say that the worse a periodical is the better chance it has of success, but that if it intends to succeed it must appeal to habits that are as much akin to the reasonable aims of education as is the twiddling of a bit of string by a fidgety person.

I believe; indeed, it is thought by some that this habit of the consumption of newspapers is the first step in education. Good! the second step, I take it, will be the cessation of that habit.

All this betokens that the end towards which our sham Society directs the means, 'education' is the one end to which all its 'social' dealings are directed to, the sustaining and easy working of its usurpation of true Society. People are 'educated' to become workmen or the employers of workmen, or the hangers-on of the employers, they are not educated to become men. With this aim in view the conditions under which true education can go on are impossible. For the first and most necessary of them are leisure and deliberation; and leisure is a thing which the modern slave-holder will by no means grant to his slave as long as he grants him rations; when the leisure begins the rations end. Constant toil is the only terms on which they are to be had. Capitalism will not allow us the leisure, either for education or the use of it. Slave labour and true education are irreconcilable foes, for the latter means the continuous and duly balanced development of our faculties, whether in the school, the workshop, or the field, and how can that co-exist with the continuous, hopeless, mechanical drudgery of the man who whatever he produces will have all taken from him that exceeds a bare subsistence.

In short, our present education outside its uses to our enemies, the masters of Society, is good for one thing, the creation of discontent. I doubt it will serve us in no other way.

Appendix 3 – *Hard Times* (1854) by Charles Dickens

CHAPTER I: THE ONE THING NEEDFUL

'Now, 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 everything 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 Facts, sir!'

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a schoolroom, and the speaker's square forefinger emphasized his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders,—nay, his very neckcloth, 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, sir; nothing but Facts!'

The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

CHAPTER II: MURDERING THE INNOCENTS

Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir—peremptorily Thomas—Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all supposititious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir!

In such terms Mr. Gradgrind always mentally introduced himself, whether to his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general. In such terms, no doubt, substituting the words 'boys and girls,' for 'sir,' Thomas Gradgrind now presented Thomas Gradgrind to the little pitchers before him, who were to be filled so full of facts.

Indeed, as he eagerly sparkled at them from the cellarage before mentioned, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts, and prepared to blow them clean out of the regions of childhood at one discharge. He seemed a galvanizing apparatus, too, charged with a grim mechanical substitute for the tender young imaginations that were to be stormed away.

'Girl number twenty,' said Mr. Gradgrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger, 'I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?'

'Sissy Jupe, sir,' explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and curtseying.

'Sissy is not a name,' said Mr. Gradgrind. 'Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia.'

'It's father as calls me Sissy, sir,' returned the young girl in a trembling voice, and with another curtsey.

'Then he has no business to do it,' said Mr. Gradgrind. 'Tell him he mustn't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?'

'He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, sir.'

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.
'We don't want to know anything about that, here. You mustn't tell us about that, here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?'

'If you please, sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir.'
'You mustn't tell us about the ring, here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horsebreaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say?'

'Oh yes, sir.'

'Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier, and horsebreaker. Give me your definition of a horse.'

(Sissy Jupe thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.)

'Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!' said Mr. Gradgrind, for the general behoof of all the little pitchers. 'Girl number twenty possessed of no facts, in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours.'

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which, darting in at one of the bare windows of the intensely white-washed room, irradiated Sissy. For, the boys and girls sat on the face of the inclined plane in two compact bodies, divided up the centre by a narrow interval; and Sissy, being at the corner of a row on the sunny side, came in for the beginning of a sunbeam, of which Bitzer, being at the corner of a row on the other side, a few rows in advance, caught the end. But, whereas the girl was so dark-eyed and dark-haired, that she seemed to receive a deeper and more lustrous colour from the sun, when it shone upon her, the boy was so light-eyed and light-haired that the self-same rays appeared to draw out of him what little colour he ever possessed. His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes, but for the short ends of lashes which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face. His skin was so unwholesomely deficient in the natural tinge, that he looked as though, if he were cut, he would bleed white.
'Bitzer,' said Thomas Gradgrind. 'Your definition of a horse.'

'Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. 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.'

She curtseyed again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time. Bitzer, after rapidly blinking at Thomas Gradgrind with both eyes at once, and so catching the light upon his quivering ends of lashes that they looked like the antennae of busy insects, put his knuckles to his freckled forehead, and sat down again.
The third gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at cutting and drying, he was; a government officer; in his way (and in most other people's too), a professed pugilist; always in training, always with a system to force down the general throat like a bolus, always to be

heard of at the bar of his little Public-office, ready to fight all England. To continue in fistic phraseology, he had a genius for coming up to the scratch, wherever and whatever it was, and proving himself an ugly customer. He would go in and damage any subject whatever with his right, follow up with his left, stop, exchange, counter, bore his opponent (he always fought All England) to the ropes, and fall upon him neatly. He was certain to knock the wind out of common sense, and render that unlucky adversary deaf to the call of time. And he had it in charge from high authority to bring about the great public-office Millennium, when Commissioners should reign upon earth.

'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 wouldn't 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 walking 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 anywhere, what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere, 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 Sissy Jupe.

'Girl number twenty,' said the gentleman, smiling in the calm strength of knowledge.
Sissy 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, Cecilia Jupe,' Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, 'to do anything of that kind.'

'Fact, fact, fact!' said the gentleman. And 'Fact, fact, fact!' repeated Thomas Gradgrind.
'You are to be in all things regulated and governed,' said the gentleman, 'by fact. We hope to have, before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. You must discard the word Fancy altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You are not to have, in any object of use or ornament, what would be a contradiction in fact. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You don't find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon your crockery. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use,' said the gentleman, 'for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colours) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste.'

The girl curtseyed, and sat down. She was very young, and she looked as if she were frightened by the matter-of-fact prospect the world afforded.

'Now, if Mr. M'Choakumchild,' said the gentleman, 'will proceed to give his first lesson here, Mr. Gradgrind, I shall be happy, at your request, to observe his mode of procedure.'

Mr. Gradgrind was much obliged. 'Mr. M'Choakumchild, we only wait for you.'

So, Mr. M'Choakumchild began in his best manner. He and some one hundred and forty other schoolmasters, had been lately turned at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many pianoforte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of head-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, and general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land-surveying and levelling, vocal music, and drawing from models, were all at the ends of his ten chilled fingers. He had worked his stony way into Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council's Schedule B, and had taken the bloom off the higher branches of mathematics and physical science, French, German, Latin, and Greek. He knew all about all the Water Sheds of all the world (whatever they are), and all the histories of all the peoples, and all the names of all the rivers and mountains, and all the productions, manners, and customs of all the countries, and all their boundaries and bearings on the two and thirty points of the compass. Ah, rather overdone, M'Choakumchild. If he had only learnt a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more!

He went to work in this preparatory lesson, not unlike Morgiana in the Forty Thieves: looking into all the vessels ranged before him, one after another, to see what they contained. Say, good M'Choakumchild. When from thy boiling store, thou shalt fill each jar brim full by-and-by, dost thou think that thou wilt always kill outright the robber Fancy lurking within—or sometimes only maim him and distort him!

CHAPTER IX: SISSY'S PROGRESS

Sissy Jupe had not an easy time of it, between Mr. M'Choakumchild and Mrs. Gradgrind, and was not without strong impulses, in the first months of her probation, to run away. It hailed facts all day long so very hard, and life in general was opened to her as such a closely ruled ciphering-book, that assuredly she would have run away, but for only one restraint.
It is lamentable to think of; but this restraint was the result of no arithmetical process, was self-imposed in defiance of all calculation, and went dead against any table of probabilities that any Actuary would have drawn up from the premises. The girl believed that her father had

not deserted her; she lived in the hope that he would come back, and in the faith that he would be made the happier by her remaining where she was.

The wretched ignorance with which Jupe clung to this consolation, rejecting the superior comfort of knowing, on a sound arithmetical basis, that her father was an unnatural vagabond, filled Mr. Gradgrind with pity. Yet, what was to be done? M'Choakumchild reported that she had a very dense head for figures; that, once possessed with a general idea of the globe, she took the smallest conceivable interest in its exact measurements; that she was extremely slow in the acquisition of dates, unless some pitiful incident happened to be connected therewith; that she would burst into tears on being required (by the mental process) immediately to name the cost of two hundred and forty-seven muslin caps at fourteen-pence halfpenny; that she was as low down, in the school, as low could be; that 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.'

Mr. Gradgrind observed, shaking his head, that all this was very bad; that it showed the necessity of infinite grinding at the mill of knowledge, as per system, schedule, blue book, report, and tabular statements A to Z; and that Jupe 'must be kept to it.' So Jupe was kept to it, and became low-spirited, but no wiser.

'It would be a fine thing to be you, Miss Louisa!' she said, one night, when Louisa had endeavoured to make her perplexities for next day something clearer to her.
'Do you think so?'

'I should know so much, Miss Louisa. All that is difficult to me now, would be so easy then.'
'You might not be the better for it, Sissy.'

Sissy submitted, after a little hesitation, 'I should not be the worse, Miss Louisa.' To which Miss Louisa answered, 'I don't know that.'

There had been so little communication between these two—both because life at Stone Lodge went monotonously round like a piece of machinery which discouraged human interference, and because of the prohibition relative to Sissy's past career—that they were still almost strangers. Sissy, with her dark eyes wonderingly directed to Louisa's face, was uncertain whether to say more or to remain silent.

'You are more useful to my mother, and more pleasant with her than I can ever be,' Louisa resumed. 'You are pleasanter to yourself, than *I* am to *my*self.'

'But, if you please, Miss Louisa,' Sissy pleaded, 'I am—O so stupid!'

Louisa, with a brighter laugh than usual, told her she would be wiser by-and-by.

'You don't know,' said Sissy, half crying, 'what a stupid girl I am. All through school hours I make mistakes. Mr. and Mrs. M'Choakumchild call me up, over and over again, regularly to make mistakes. I can't help them. They seem to come natural to me.'

'Mr. and Mrs. M'Choakumchild never make any mistakes themselves, I suppose, Sissy?'
'O no!' she eagerly returned. 'They know everything.'

'Tell me some of your mistakes.'

'I am almost ashamed,' said Sissy, with reluctance. 'But to-day, for instance, Mr. M'Choakumchild was explaining to us about Natural Prosperity.'
'National, I think it must have been,' observed Louisa.

'Yes, it was. —But isn't it the same?' she timidly asked.

‘You had better say, National, as he said so,’ returned Louisa, with her dry reserve.

‘National Prosperity. And he said, Now, this schoolroom is a Nation. And in this nation, there are fifty millions of money. Isn’t this a prosperous nation? Girl number twenty, isn’t this a prosperous nation, and a’n’t you in a thriving state?’

‘What did you say?’ asked Louisa.

‘Miss Louisa, I said I didn’t know. I thought I couldn’t know whether it was a prosperous nation or not, and whether I was in a thriving state or not, unless I knew who had got the money, and whether any of it was mine. But that had nothing to do with it. It was not in the figures at all,’ said Sissy, wiping her eyes.

‘That was a great mistake of yours,’ observed Louisa.

‘Yes, Miss Louisa, I know it was, now. Then Mr. M’Choakumchild said he would try me again. And he said, This schoolroom is an immense town, and in it there are a million of inhabitants, and only five-and-twenty are starved to death in the streets, in the course of a year. What is your remark on that proportion? And my remark was—for I couldn’t think of a better one—that I thought it must be just as hard upon those who were starved, whether the others were a million, or a million million. And that was wrong, too.’

‘Of course it was.’

‘Then Mr. M’Choakumchild said he would try me once more. And he said, Here are the stutterings—’

‘Statistics,’ said Louisa.

‘Yes, Miss Louisa—they always remind me of stutterings, and that’s another of my mistakes—of accidents upon the sea. And I find (Mr. M’Choakumchild said) that in a given time a hundred thousand persons went to sea on long voyages, and only five hundred of them were drowned or burnt to death. What is the percentage? And I said, Miss;’ here Sissy fairly sobbed as confessing with extreme contrition to her greatest error; ‘I said it was nothing.’

‘Nothing, Sissy?’

‘Nothing, Miss—to the relations and friends of the people who were killed. I shall never learn,’ said Sissy. ‘And the worst of all is, that although my poor father wished me so much to learn, and although I am so anxious to learn, because he wished me to, I am afraid I don’t like it.’

Louisa stood looking at the pretty modest head, as it drooped abashed before her, until it was raised again to glance at her face. Then she asked:

‘Did your father know so much himself, that he wished you to be well taught too, Sissy?’
Sissy hesitated before replying, and so plainly showed her sense that they were entering on forbidden ground, that Louisa added, ‘No one hears us; and if any one did, I am sure no harm could be found in such an innocent question.’

‘No, Miss Louisa,’ answered Sissy, upon this encouragement, shaking her head; ‘father knows very little indeed. It’s as much as he can do to write; and it’s more than people in general can do to read his writing. Though it’s plain to *me*.’

‘Your mother?’
‘Father says she was quite a scholar. She died when I was born. She was;’ Sissy made the terrible communication nervously; ‘she was a dancer.’

'Did your father love her?' Louisa asked these questions with a strong, wild, wandering interest peculiar to her; an interest gone astray like a banished creature, and hiding in solitary places.
'O yes! As dearly as he loves me. Father loved me, first, for her sake. He carried me about with him when I was quite a baby. We have never been asunder from that time.'

'Yet he leaves you now, Sissy?'

'Only for my good. Nobody understands him as I do; nobody knows him as I do. When he left me for my good—he never would have left me for his own—I know he was almost broken-hearted with the trial. He will not be happy for a single minute, till he comes back.'
'Tell me more about him,' said Louisa, 'I will never ask you again. Where did you live?'
'We travelled about the country, and had no fixed place to live in. Father's a;' Sissy whispered the awful word, 'a clown.'

'To make the people laugh?' said Louisa, with a nod of intelligence.

'Yes. But they wouldn't laugh sometimes, and then father cried. Lately, they very often wouldn't laugh, and he used to come home despairing. Father's not like most. Those who didn't know him as well as I do, and didn't love him as dearly as I do, might believe he was not quite right. Sometimes they played tricks upon him; but they never knew how he felt them, and shrunk up, when he was alone with me. He was far, far timider than they thought!'
'And you were his comfort through everything?'

She nodded, with the tears rolling down her face. 'I hope so, and father said I was. It was because he grew so scared and trembling, and because he felt himself to be a poor, weak, ignorant, helpless man (those used to be his words), that he wanted me so much to know a great deal, and be different from him. I used to read to him to cheer his courage, and he was very fond of that. They were wrong books—I am never to speak of them here—but we didn't know there was any harm in them.'

'And he liked them?' said Louisa, with a searching gaze on Sissy all this time.

'O very much! They kept him, many times, from what did him real harm. And often and often of a night, he used to forget all his troubles in wondering whether the Sultan would let the lady go on with the story, or would have her head cut off before it was finished.'

'And your father was always kind? To the last?' asked Louisa contravening the great principle, and wondering very much.

'Always, always!' returned Sissy, clasping her hands. 'Kinder and kinder than I can tell. He was angry only one night, and that was not to me, but Merrylegs. Merrylegs;' she whispered the awful fact; 'is his performing dog.'

'Why was he angry with the dog?' Louisa demanded.

'Father, soon after they came home from performing, told Merrylegs to jump up on the backs of the two chairs and stand across them—which is one of his tricks. He looked at father, and didn't do it at once. Everything of father's had gone wrong that night, and he hadn't pleased the public at all. He cried out that the very dog knew he was failing, and had no compassion on him. Then he beat the dog, and I was frightened, and said, "Father, father! Pray don't hurt the creature who is so fond of you! O Heaven forgive you, father, stop!" And he stopped, and the dog was bloody, and father lay down crying on the floor with the dog in his arms, and the dog licked his face.'

Louisa saw that she was sobbing; and going to her, kissed her, took her hand, and sat down beside her.
'Finish by telling me how your father left you, Sissy. Now that I have asked you so much, tell me the end. The blame, if there is any blame, is mine, not yours.'

'Dear Miss Louisa,' said Sissy, covering her eyes, and sobbing yet; 'I came home from the school that afternoon, and found poor father just come home too, from the booth. And he sat rocking himself over the fire, as if he was in pain. And I said, "Have you hurt yourself, father?" (as he did sometimes, like they all did), and he said, "A little, my darling." And when I came to stoop down and look up at his face, I saw that he was crying. The more I spoke to him, the more he hid his face; and at first he shook all over, and said nothing but "My darling;" and "My love!"'

Here Tom came lounging in, and stared at the two with a coolness not particularly savouring of interest in anything but himself, and not much of that at present.

'I am asking Sissy a few questions, Tom,' observed his sister. 'You have no occasion to go away; but don't interrupt us for a moment, Tom dear.'

'Oh! very well!' returned Tom. 'Only father has brought old Bounderby home, and I want you to come into the drawing-room. Because if you come, there's a good chance of old Bounderby's asking me to dinner; and if you don't, there's none.'

'I'll come directly.'

'I'll wait for you,' said Tom, 'to make sure.'

Sissy resumed in a lower voice. 'At last poor father said that he had given no satisfaction again, and never did give any satisfaction now, and that he was a shame and disgrace, and I should have done better without him all along. I said all the affectionate things to him that came into my heart, and presently he was quiet and I sat down by him, and told him all about the school and everything that had been said and done there. When I had no more left to tell, he put his arms round my neck, and kissed me a great many times. Then he asked me to fetch some of the stuff he used, for the little hurt he had had, and to get it at the best place, which was at the other end of town from there; and then, after kissing me again, he let me go. When I had gone down-stairs, I turned back that I might be a little bit more company to him yet, and looked in at the door, and said, "Father dear, shall I take Merrylegs?" Father shook his head and said, "No, Sissy, no; take nothing that's known to be mine, my darling;" and I left him sitting by the fire. Then the thought must have come upon him, poor, poor father! of going away to try something for my sake; for when I came back, he was gone.'

'I say! Look sharp for old Bounderby, Loo!' Tom remonstrated.

'There's no more to tell, Miss Louisa. I keep the nine oils ready for him, and I know he will come back. Every letter that I see in Mr. Gradgrind's hand takes my breath away and blinds my eyes, for I think it comes from father, or from Mr. Sleary about father. Mr. Sleary promised to write as soon as ever father should be heard of, and I trust to him to keep his word.'

'Do look sharp for old Bounderby, Loo!' said Tom, with an impatient whistle. 'He'll be off if you don't look sharp!'

After this, whenever Sissy dropped a curtsey to Mr. Gradgrind in the presence of his family, and said in a faltering way, 'I beg your pardon, sir, for being troublesome—but—have you had any letter yet about me?' Louisa would suspend the occupation of the moment, whatever it was, and look for the reply as earnestly as Sissy did. And when Mr. Gradgrind regularly answered, 'No, Jupe, nothing of the sort,' the trembling of Sissy's lip would be repeated in Louisa's face, and her eyes would follow Sissy with compassion to the door. Mr. Gradgrind usually improved these occasions by remarking, when she was gone, that if Jupe had been properly trained from an early age she would have remonstrated to herself on sound principles the baselessness of these fantastic hopes. Yet it did seem (though not to him, for he saw nothing of it) as if fantastic hope could take as strong a hold as Fact.
This observation must be limited exclusively to his daughter. As to Tom, he was becoming that not unprecedented triumph of calculation which is usually at work on number one. As to Mrs.

Gradgrind, if she said anything on the subject, she would come a little way out of her wrappers, like a feminine dormouse, and say:

'Good gracious bless me, how my poor head is vexed and worried by that girl Jupe's so perseveringly asking, over and over again, about her tiresome letters! Upon my word and honour I seem to be fated, and destined, and ordained, to live in the midst of things that I am never to hear the last of. It really is a most extraordinary circumstance that it appears as if I never was to hear the last of anything!'

At about this point, Mr. Gradgrind's eye would fall upon her; and under the influence of that wintry piece of fact, she would become torpid again.

Appendix 4 – *News From Nowhere* (1890) by William Morris

CHAPTER V: CHILDREN ON THE ROAD

Past the Broadway there were fewer houses on either side. We presently crossed a pretty little brook that ran across a piece of land dotted over with trees, and awhile after came to another market and town-hall, as we should call it. Although there was nothing familiar to me in its surroundings, I knew pretty well where we were, and was not surprised when my guide said briefly, "Kensington Market."

Just after this we came into a short street of houses: or rather, one long house on either side of the way, built of timber and plaster, and with a pretty arcade over the footway before it.

Quoth Dick: "This is Kensington proper. People are apt to gather here rather thick, for they like the romance of the wood; and naturalists haunt it, too; for it is a wild spot even here, what there is of it; for it does not go far to the south: it goes from here northward and west right over Paddington and a little way down Notting Hill: thence it runs north-east to Primrose Hill, and so on; rather a narrow strip of it gets through Kingsland to Stoke-Newington and Clapton, where it spreads out along the heights above the Lea marshes; on the other side of which, as you know, is Epping Forest holding out a hand to it. This part we are just coming to is called Kensington Gardens; though why 'gardens' I don't know."

I rather longed to say, "Well, *I* know"; but there were so many things about me which I did *not* know, in spite of his assumptions, that I thought it better to hold my tongue.

The road plunged at once into a beautiful wood spreading out on either side, but obviously much further on the north side, where even the oaks and sweet chestnuts were of a good growth; while the quicker-growing trees (amongst which I thought the planes and sycamores too numerous) were very big and fine-grown.

It was exceedingly pleasant in the dappled shadow, for the day was growing as hot as need be, and the coolness and shade soothed my excited mind into a condition of dreamy pleasure, so that I felt as if I should like to go on for ever through that balmy freshness. My companion seemed to share in my feelings, and let the horse go slower and slower as he sat inhaling the green forest scents, chief amongst which was the smell of the trodden bracken near the wayside.

Romantic as this Kensington wood was, however, it was not lonely. We came on many groups both coming and going, or wandering in the edges of the wood. Amongst these were many children from six or eight years old up to sixteen or seventeen. They seemed to me to be especially fine specimens of their race, and enjoying themselves to the utmost; some of them were hanging about little tents pitched on the greensward, and by some of these fires were burning, with pots hanging over them gipsy fashion. Dick explained to me that there were scattered houses in the forest, and indeed we caught a glimpse of one or two. He said they were mostly quite small, such as used to be called cottages when there were slaves in the land, but they were pleasant enough and fitting for the wood.

"They must be pretty well stocked with children," said I, pointing to the many youngsters about the way.

"O," said he, "these children do not all come from the near houses, the woodland houses, but from the country-side generally. They often make up parties, and come to play in the woods for weeks together in summertime, living in tents, as you see. We rather encourage them to it; they learn to do things for themselves, and get to notice the wild creatures; and, you see, the less they stew inside houses the better for them. Indeed, I must tell you that many grown people will go to live in the forests through the summer; though they for the most part go to the bigger ones, like Windsor, or the Forest of Dean, or the northern wastes. Apart from the other pleasures of it, it gives them a little rough work, which I am sorry to say is getting somewhat scarce for these last fifty years."

He broke off, and then said, "I tell you all this, because I see that if I talk I must be answering questions, which you are thinking, even if you are not speaking them out; but my kinsman will tell you more about it."

I saw that I was likely to get out of my depth again, and so merely for the sake of tiding over an awkwardness and to say something, I said—

"Well, the youngsters here will be all the fresher for school when the summer gets over and they have to go back again."

"School?" he said; "yes, what do you mean by that word? I don't see how it can have anything to do with children. We talk, indeed, of a school of herring, and a school of painting, and in the former sense we might talk of a school of children—but otherwise," said he, laughing, "I must own myself beaten."

Hang it! thought I, I can't open my mouth without digging up some new complexity. I wouldn't try to set my friend right in his etymology; and I thought I had best say nothing about the boy-farms which I had been used to call schools, as I saw pretty clearly that they had disappeared; so I said after a little fumbling, "I was using the word in the sense of a system of education."

"Education?" said he, meditatively, "I know enough Latin to know that the word must come from *educere*, to lead out; and I have heard it used; but I have never met anybody who could give me a clear explanation of what it means."

You may imagine how my new friends fell in my esteem when I heard this frank avowal; and I said, rather contemptuously, "Well, education means a system of teaching young people."

"Why not old people also?" said he with a twinkle in his eye. "But," he went on, "I can assure you our children learn, whether they go through a 'system of teaching' or not. Why, you will not find one of these children about here, boy or girl, who cannot swim; and every one of them has been used to tumbling about the little forest ponies—there's one of them now! They all of them know how to cook; the bigger lads can mow; many can thatch and do odd jobs at carpentering; or they know how to keep shop. I can tell you they know plenty of things."

"Yes, but their mental education, the teaching of their minds," said I, kindly translating my phrase.

"Guest," said he, "perhaps you have not learned to do these things I have been speaking about; and if that's the case, don't you run away with the idea that it doesn't take some skill to do them, and doesn't give plenty of work for one's mind: you would change your opinion if you saw a Dorsetshire lad thatching, for instance. But, however, I understand you to be speaking of book-learning; and as to that, it is a simple affair. Most children, seeing books lying about, manage to read by the time they are four years old; though I am told it has not always been so. As to writing, we do not encourage them to scrawl too early (though scrawl a little they will), because it gets them into a habit of ugly writing; and what's the use of a lot of ugly writing being done, when rough printing can be done so easily. You understand that handsome writing we like, and many people will write their books out when they make them, or get them written; I mean books of which only a few copies are needed—poems, and such like, you know. However, I am wandering from my lambs; but you must excuse me, for I am interested in this matter of writing, being myself a fair-writer."

"Well," said I, "about the children; when they know how to read and write, don't they learn something else—languages, for instance?"

"Of course," he said; "sometimes even before they can read, they can talk French, which is the nearest language talked on the other side of the water; and they soon get to know German also, which is talked by a huge number of communes and colleges on the mainland. These are the principal languages we speak in these islands, along with English or Welsh, or Irish, which is another form of Welsh; and children pick them up very quickly, because their elders all know them; and besides our guests from over sea often bring their children with them, and the little ones get together, and rub their speech into one another."

"And the older languages?" said I.

"O, yes," said he, "they mostly learn Latin and Greek along with the modern ones, when they do anything more than merely pick up the latter."

"And history?" said I; "how do you teach history?"

"Well," said he, "when a person can read, of course he reads what he likes to; and he can easily get someone to tell him what are the best books to read on such or such a subject, or to explain what he doesn't understand in the books when he is reading them."

"Well," said I, "what else do they learn? I suppose they don't all learn history?"

"No, no," said he; "some don't care about it; in fact, I don't think many do. I have heard my great-grandfather say that it is mostly in periods of turmoil and strife and confusion that people care much about history; and you know," said my friend, with an amiable smile, "we are not like that now. No; many people study facts about the make of things and the matters of cause and effect, so that knowledge increases on us, if that be good; and some, as you heard about friend Bob yonder, will spend time over mathematics. 'Tis no use forcing people's tastes."

Said I: "But you don't mean that children learn all these things?"

Said he: "That depends on what you mean by children; and also you must remember how much they differ. As a rule, they don't do much reading, except for a few story-books, till they are about fifteen years old; we don't encourage early bookishness: though you will find some children who *will* take to books very early; which perhaps is not good for them; but it's no use thwarting them; and very often it doesn't last long with them, and they find their level before they are twenty years old. You see, children are mostly given to imitating their elders, and when they see most people about them engaged in genuinely amusing work, like house-building and street-paving, and gardening, and the like, that is what they want to be doing; so I don't think we need fear having too many book-learned men."

What could I say? I sat and held my peace, for fear of fresh entanglements. Besides, I was using my eyes with all my might, wondering as the old horse jogged on, when I should come into London proper, and what it would be like now.

But my companion couldn't let his subject quite drop, and went on meditatively:

"After all, I don't know that it does them much harm, even if they do grow up book-students. Such people as that, 'tis a great pleasure seeing them so happy over work which is not much sought for. And besides, these students are generally such pleasant people; so kind and sweet tempered; so humble, and at the same time so anxious to teach everybody all that they know. Really, I like those that I have met prodigiously."

This seemed to me such very queer talk that I was on the point of asking him another question; when just as we came to the top of a rising ground, down a long glade of the wood on my right I caught sight of a stately building whose outline was familiar to me, and I cried out, "Westminster Abbey!"

"Yes," said Dick, "Westminster Abbey—what there is left of it."

"Why, what have you done with it?" quoth I in terror.

"What have we done with it?" said he; "nothing much, save clean it. But you know the whole outside was spoiled centuries ago: as to the inside, that remains in its beauty after the great clearance, which took place over a hundred years ago, of the beastly monuments to fools and knaves, which once blocked it up, as great-grandfather says."

We went on a little further, and I looked to the right again, and said, in rather a doubtful tone of voice, "Why, there are the Houses of Parliament! Do you still use them?"

He burst out laughing, and was some time before he could control himself; then he clapped me on the back and said:

"I take you, neighbour; you may well wonder at our keeping them standing, and I know something about that, and my old kinsman has given me books to read about the strange game that they played there. Use them! Well, yes, they are used for a sort of subsidiary market, and a storage place for manure, and they are handy for that, being on the waterside. I believe it was intended to pull them down quite at the beginning of our days; but there was, I am told, a queer antiquarian society, which had done some service in past times, and which straightway set up its pipe against their destruction, as it has done with many other buildings, which most people looked upon as worthless, and public nuisances; and it was so energetic, and had such good reasons to give, that it generally gained its point; and I must say that when all is said I am glad of it: because you know at the worst these silly old buildings serve as a kind of foil to the beautiful ones which we build now. You will see several others in these parts; the place my great-grandfather lives in, for instance, and a big building called St. Paul's. And you see, in this matter we need not grudge a few poorish buildings standing, because we can always build elsewhere; nor need we be anxious as to the breeding of pleasant work in such matters, for there is always room for more and more work in a new building, even without making it pretentious. For instance, elbowroom *within* doors is to me so delightful that if I were driven to it I would most sacrifice outdoor space to it. Then, of course, there is the ornament, which, as we must all allow, may easily be overdone in mere living houses, but can hardly be in mote-halls and markets, and so forth. I must tell you, though, that my great-grandfather sometimes tells me I am a little cracked on this subject of fine building; and indeed I *do* think that the energies of mankind are chiefly of use to them for such work; for in that direction I can see no end to the work, while in many others a limit does seem possible."

CHAPTER VI: A LITTLE SHOPPING

As he spoke, we came suddenly out of the woodland into a short street of handsomely built houses, which my companion named to me at once as Piccadilly: the lower part of these I should have called shops, if it had not been that, as far as I could see, the people were ignorant of the arts of buying and selling. Wares were displayed in their finely designed fronts, as if to tempt people in, and people stood and looked at them, or went in and came out with parcels under their arms, just like the real thing. On each side of the street ran an elegant arcade to protect foot-passengers, as in some of the old Italian cities. About halfway down, a huge building of the kind I was now prepared to expect told me that this also was a centre of some kind, and had its special public buildings.

Said Dick: "Here, you see, is another market on a different plan from most others: the upper stories of these houses are used for guest-houses; for people from all about the country are apt to drift up hither from time to time, as folk are very thick upon the ground, which you will see evidence of presently, and there are people who are fond of crowds, though I can't say that I am."

I couldn't help smiling to see how long a tradition would last. Here was the ghost of London still asserting itself as a centre, —an intellectual centre, for aught I knew. However, I said nothing, except that I asked him to drive very slowly, as the things in the booths looked exceedingly pretty.

"Yes," said he, "this is a very good market for pretty things, and is mostly kept for the handsomer goods, as the Houses-of-Parliament market, where they set out cabbages and turnips and such like things, along with beer and the rougher kind of wine, is so near."

Then he looked at me curiously, and said, "Perhaps you would like to do a little shopping, as 'tis called."

I looked at what I could see of my rough blue duds, which I had plenty of opportunity of contrasting with the gay attire of the citizens we had come across; and I thought that if, as seemed likely, I should presently be shown about as a curiosity for the amusement of this most unbusinesslike people, I should like to look a little less like a discharged ship's purser. But in spite of all that had happened, my hand went down into my pocket again, where to my dismay it met nothing metallic except two rusty old keys, and I remembered that amidst our talk in the guest-hall at Hammersmith I had taken the cash out of my pocket to show to the

pretty Annie, and had left it lying there. My face fell fifty per cent., and Dick, beholding me, said rather sharply—

"Hilloa, Guest! what's the matter now? Is it a wasp?"

"No," said I, "but I've left it behind."

"Well," said he, "whatever you have left behind, you can get in this market again, so don't trouble yourself about it."

I had come to my senses by this time, and remembering the astounding customs of this country, had no mind for another lecture on social economy and the Edwardian coinage; so I said only—

"My clothes—Couldn't I? You see—What do think could be done about them?"

He didn't seem in the least inclined to laugh, but said quite gravely:

"O don't get new clothes yet. You see, my great-grandfather is an antiquarian, and he will want to see you just as you are. And, you know, I mustn't preach to you, but surely it wouldn't be right for you to take away people's pleasure of studying your attire, by just going and making yourself like everybody else. You feel that, don't you?" said he, earnestly.

I did *not* feel it my duty to set myself up for a scarecrow amidst this beauty-loving people, but I saw I had got across some ineradicable prejudice, and that it wouldn't do to quarrel with my new friend. So I merely said, "O certainly, certainly."

"Well," said he, pleasantly, "you may as well see what the inside of these booths is like: think of something you want."

Said I: "Could I get some tobacco and a pipe?"

"Of course," said he; "what was I thinking of, not asking you before? Well, Bob is always telling me that we non-smokers are a selfish lot, and I'm afraid he is right. But come along; here is a place just handy."

Therewith he drew rein and jumped down, and I followed. A very handsome woman, splendidly clad in figured silk, was slowly passing by, looking into the windows as she went. To her quoth Dick: "Maiden, would you kindly hold our horse while we go in for a little?" She nodded to us with a kind smile, and fell to patting the horse with her pretty hand.

"What a beautiful creature!" said I to Dick as we entered.

"What, old Greylocks?" said he, with a sly grin.

"No, no," said I; "Goldylocks, —the lady."

"Well, so she is," said he. "'Tis a good job there are so many of them that every Jack may have his Jill: else I fear that we should get fighting for them. Indeed," said he, becoming very grave, "I don't say that it does not happen even now, sometimes. For you know love is not a very reasonable thing, and perversity and self-will are commoner than some of our moralists think." He added, in a still more sombre tone: "Yes, only a month ago there was a mishap down by us, that in the end cost the lives of two men and a woman, and, as it were, put out the sunlight for us for a while. Don't ask me about it just now; I may tell you about it later on."

By this time we were within the shop or booth, which had a counter, and shelves on the walls, all very neat, though without any pretence of showiness, but otherwise not very different to what I had been used to. Within were a couple of children—a brown-skinned boy of about twelve, who sat reading a book, and a pretty little girl of about a year older, who was sitting also reading behind the counter; they were obviously brother and sister.

"Good morning, little neighbours," said Dick. "My friend here wants tobacco and a pipe; can you help him?"

“O yes, certainly,” said the girl with a sort of demure alertness which was somewhat amusing. The boy looked up, and fell to staring at my outlandish attire, but presently reddened and turned his head, as if he knew that he was not behaving prettily.

“Dear neighbour,” said the girl, with the most solemn countenance of a child playing at keeping shop, “what tobacco is it you would like?”

“Latakia,” quoth I, feeling as if I were assisting at a child’s game, and wondering whether I should get anything but make-believe.

But the girl took a dainty little basket from a shelf beside her, went to a jar, and took out a lot of tobacco and put the filled basket down on the counter before me, where I could both smell and see that it was excellent Latakia.

“But you haven’t weighed it,” said I, “and—and how much am I to take?”

“Why,” she said, “I advise you to cram your bag, because you may be going where you can’t get Latakia. Where is your bag?”

I fumbled about, and at last pulled out my piece of cotton print which does duty with me for a tobacco pouch. But the girl looked at it with some disdain, and said—

“Dear neighbour, I can give you something much better than that cotton rag.” And she tripped up the shop and came back presently, and as she passed the boy whispered something in his ear, and he nodded and got up and went out. The girl held up in her finger and thumb a red morocco bag, gaily embroidered, and said, “There, I have chosen one for you, and you are to have it: it is pretty, and will hold a lot.”

Therewith she fell to cramming it with the tobacco, and laid it down by me and said, “Now for the pipe: that also you must let me choose for you; there are three pretty ones just come in.”

She disappeared again, and came back with a big-bowled pipe in her hand, carved out of some hard wood very elaborately, and mounted in gold sprinkled with little gems. It was, in short, as pretty and gay a toy as I had ever seen; something like the best kind of Japanese work, but better.

“Dear me!” said I, when I set eyes on it, “this is altogether too grand for me, or for anybody but the Emperor of the World. Besides, I shall lose it: I always lose my pipes.”

The child seemed rather dashed, and said, “Don’t you like it, neighbour?”

“O yes,” I said, “of course I like it.”

“Well, then, take it,” said she, “and don’t trouble about losing it. What will it matter if you do? Somebody is sure to find it, and he will use it, and you can get another.”

I took it out of her hand to look at it, and while I did so, forgot my caution, and said, “But however am I to pay for such a thing as this?”

Dick laid his hand on my shoulder as I spoke, and turning I met his eyes with a comical expression in them, which warned me against another exhibition of extinct commercial morality; so I reddened and held my tongue, while the girl simply looked at me with the deepest gravity, as if I were a foreigner blundering in my speech, for she clearly didn’t understand me a bit.

“Thank you so very much,” I said at last, effusively, as I put the pipe in my pocket, not without a qualm of doubt as to whether I shouldn’t find myself before a magistrate presently.

“O, you are so very welcome,” said the little lass, with an affectation of grown-up manners at their best which was very quaint. “It is such a pleasure to serve dear old gentlemen like you; especially when one can see at once that you have come from far over sea.”

“Yes, my dear,” quoth I, “I have been a great traveller.”

As I told this lie from pure politeness, in came the lad again, with a tray in his hands, on which I saw a long flask and two beautiful glasses. "Neighbours," said the girl (who did all the talking, her brother being very shy, clearly) "please to drink a glass to us before you go, since we do not have guests like this every day."

Therewith the boy put the tray on the counter and solemnly poured out a straw-coloured wine into the long bowls. Nothing loth, I drank, for I was thirsty with the hot day; and thinks I, I am yet in the world, and the grapes of the Rhine have not yet lost their flavour; for if ever I drank good Steinberg, I drank it that morning; and I made a mental note to ask Dick how they managed to make fine wine when there were no longer labourers compelled to drink rot-gut instead of the fine wine which they themselves made.

"Don't you drink a glass to us, dear little neighbours?" said I.

"I don't drink wine," said the lass; "I like lemonade better: but I wish your health!"

"And I like ginger-beer better," said the little lad.

Well, well, thought I, neither have children's tastes changed much. And therewith we gave them good day and went out of the booth.

To my disappointment, like a change in a dream, a tall old man was holding our horse instead of the beautiful woman. He explained to us that the maiden could not wait, and that he had taken her place; and he winked at us and laughed when he saw how our faces fell, so that we had nothing for it but to laugh also—

"Where are you going?" said he to Dick.

"To Bloomsbury," said Dick.

"If you two don't want to be alone, I'll come with you," said the old man.

"All right," said Dick, "tell me when you want to get down and I'll stop for you. Let's get on."

So we got under way again; and I asked if children generally waited on people in the markets. "Often enough," said he, "when it isn't a matter of dealing with heavy weights, but by no means always. The children like to amuse themselves with it, and it is good for them, because they handle a lot of diverse wares and get to learn about them, how they are made, and where they come from, and so on. Besides, it is such very easy work that anybody can do it. It is said that in the early days of our epoch there were a good many people who were hereditarily afflicted with a disease called Idleness, because they were the direct descendants of those who in the bad times used to force other people to work for them—the people, you know, who are called slave-holders or employers of labour in the history books. Well, these Idleness-stricken people used to serve booths *all* their time, because they were fit for so little. Indeed, I believe that at one time they were actually *compelled* to do some such work, because they, especially the women, got so ugly and produced such ugly children if their disease was not treated sharply, that the neighbours couldn't stand it. However, I'm happy to say that all that is gone by now; the disease is either extinct, or exists in such a mild form that a short course of aperient medicine carries it off. It is sometimes called the Blue-devils now, or the Mulleygrubs. Queer names, ain't they?"

"Yes," said I, pondering much. But the old man broke in:

"Yes, all that is true, neighbour; and I have seen some of those poor women grown old. But my father used to know some of them when they were young; and he said that they were as little like young women as might be: they had hands like bunches of skewers, and wretched little arms like sticks; and waists like hour-glasses, and thin lips and peaked noses and pale cheeks; and they were always pretending to be offended at anything you said or did to them. No wonder they bore ugly children, for no one except men like them could be in love with them—poor things!"

He stopped, and seemed to be musing on his past life, and then said:

"And do you know, neighbours, that once on a time people were still anxious about that disease of Idleness: at one time we gave ourselves a great deal of trouble in trying to cure people of it. Have you not read any of the medical books on the subject?"

"No," said I; for the old man was speaking to me.

"Well," said he, "it was thought at the time that it was the survival of the old medieval disease of leprosy: it seems it was very catching, for many of the people afflicted by it were much secluded, and were waited upon by a special class of diseased persons queerly dressed up, so that they might be known. They wore amongst other garments, breeches made of worsted velvet, that stuff which used to be called plush some years ago."

All this seemed very interesting to me, and I should like to have made the old man talk more. But Dick got rather restive under so much ancient history: besides, I suspect he wanted to keep me as fresh as he could for his great-grandfather. So he burst out laughing at last, and said: "Excuse me, neighbours, but I can't help it. Fancy people not liking to work! —it's too ridiculous. Why, even you like to work, old fellow—sometimes," said he, affectionately patting the old horse with the whip. "What a queer disease! it may well be called Mulleygrubs!"

And he laughed out again most boisterously; rather too much so, I thought, for his usual good manners; and I laughed with him for company's sake, but from the teeth outward only; for *I* saw nothing funny in people not liking to work, as you may well imagine.

CHAPTER X: QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"Well," said the old man, shifting in his chair, "you must get on with your questions, Guest; I have been some time answering this first one."

Said I: "I want an extra word or two about your ideas of education; although I gathered from Dick that you let your children run wild and didn't teach them anything; and in short, that you have so refined your education, that now you have none."

"Then you gathered left-handed," quoth he. "But of course I understand your point of view about education, which is that of times past, when 'the struggle for life,' as men used to phrase it (*i.e.*, the struggle for a slave's rations on one side, and for a bouncing share of the slave-holders' privilege on the other), pinched 'education' for most people into a niggardly dole of not very accurate information; something to be swallowed by the beginner in the art of living whether he liked it or not, and was hungry for it or not: and which had been chewed and digested over and over again by people who didn't care about it in order to serve it out to other people who didn't care about it."

I stopped the old man's rising wrath by a laugh, and said: "Well, *you* were not taught that way, at any rate, so you may let your anger run off you a little."

"True, true," said he, smiling. "I thank you for correcting my ill-temper: I always fancy myself as living in any period of which we may be speaking. But, however, to put it in a cooler way: you expected to see children thrust into schools when they had reached an age conventionally supposed to be the due age, whatever their varying faculties and dispositions might be, and when there, with like disregard to facts to be subjected to a certain conventional course of 'learning.' My friend, can't you see that such a proceeding means ignoring the fact of *growth*, bodily and mental? No one could come out of such a mill uninjured; and those only would avoid being crushed by it who would have the spirit of rebellion strong in them. Fortunately most children have had that at all times, or I do not know that we should ever have reached our present position. Now you see what it all comes to. In the old times all this was the result of *poverty*. In the nineteenth century, society was so miserably poor, owing to the systematised robbery on which it was founded, that real education was impossible for anybody. The whole theory of their so-called education was that it was necessary to shove a little information into a child, even if it were by means of torture, and accompanied by twaddle which it was well known was of no use, or else he would lack information lifelong: the hurry of poverty forbade anything else. All that is past; we are no longer hurried, and the information lies ready to each one's hand when his own

inclinations impel him to seek it. In this as in other matters we have become wealthy: we can afford to give ourselves time to grow."

"Yes," said I, "but suppose the child, youth, man, never wants the information, never grows in the direction you might hope him to do: suppose, for instance, he objects to learning arithmetic or mathematics; you can't force him when he *is* grown; can't you force him while he is growing, and oughtn't you to do so?"

"Well," said he, "were you forced to learn arithmetic and mathematics?"

"A little," said I.

"And how old are you now?"

"Say fifty-six," said I.

"And how much arithmetic and mathematics do you know now?" quoth the old man, smiling rather mockingly.

Said I: "None whatever, I am sorry to say."

Hammond laughed quietly, but made no other comment on my admission, and I dropped the subject of education, perceiving him to be hopeless on that side.

I thought a little, and said: "You were speaking just now of households: that sounded to me a little like the customs of past times; I should have thought you would have lived more in public."

"Phalangsteries, eh?" said he. "Well, we live as we like, and we like to live as a rule with certain house-mates that we have got used to. Remember, again, that poverty is extinct, and that the Fourierist phalangsteries and all their kind, as was but natural at the time, implied nothing but a refuge from mere destitution. Such a way of life as that, could only have been conceived of by people surrounded by the worst form of poverty. But you must understand therewith, that though separate households are the rule amongst us, and though they differ in their habits more or less, yet no door is shut to any good-tempered person who is content to live as the other house-mates do: only of course it would be unreasonable for one man to drop into a household and bid the folk of it to alter their habits to please him, since he can go elsewhere and live as he pleases. However, I need not say much about all this, as you are going up the river with Dick, and will find out for yourself by experience how these matters are managed."

After a pause, I said: "Your big towns, now; how about them? London, which—which I have read about as the modern Babylon of civilization, seems to have disappeared."

"Well, well," said old Hammond, "perhaps after all it is more like ancient Babylon now than the 'modern Babylon' of the nineteenth century was. But let that pass. After all, there is a good deal of population in places between here and Hammersmith; nor have you seen the most populous part of the town yet."

"Tell me, then," said I, "how is it towards the east?"

Said he: "Time was when if you mounted a good horse and rode straight away from my door here at a round trot for an hour and a half; you would still be in the thick of London, and the greater part of that would be 'slums,' as they were called; that is to say, places of torture for innocent men and women; or worse, stews for rearing and breeding men and women in such degradation that that torture should seem to them mere ordinary and natural life."

"I know, I know," I said, rather impatiently. "That was what was; tell me something of what is. Is any of that left?"

"Not an inch," said he; "but some memory of it abides with us, and I am glad of it. Once a year, on Mayday, we hold a solemn feast in those easterly communes of London to commemorate The Clearing of Misery, as it is called. On that day we have music and dancing, and merry games and happy feasting on the site of some of the worst of the old

slums, the traditional memory of which we have kept. On that occasion the custom is for the prettiest girls to sing some of the old revolutionary songs, and those which were the groans of the discontent, once so hopeless, on the very spots where those terrible crimes of class-murder were committed day by day for so many years. To a man like me, who have studied the past so diligently, it is a curious and touching sight to see some beautiful girl, daintily clad, and crowned with flowers from the neighbouring meadows, standing amongst the happy people, on some mound where of old time stood the wretched apology for a house, a den in which men and women lived packed amongst the filth like pilchards in a cask; lived in such a way that they could only have endured it, as I said just now, by being degraded out of humanity—to hear the terrible words of threatening and lamentation coming from her sweet and beautiful lips, and she unconscious of their real meaning: to hear her, for instance, singing Hood's Song of the Shirt, and to think that all the time she does not understand what it is all about—a tragedy grown inconceivable to her and her listeners. Think of that, if you can, and of how glorious life is grown!"

"Indeed," said I, "it is difficult for me to think of it."

And I sat watching how his eyes glittered, and how the fresh life seemed to glow in his face, and I wondered how at his age he should think of the happiness of the world, or indeed anything but his coming dinner.

"Tell me in detail," said I, "what lies east of Bloomsbury now?"

Said he: "There are but few houses between this and the outer part of the old city; but in the city we have a thickly-dwelling population. Our forefathers, in the first clearing of the slums, were not in a hurry to pull down the houses in what was called at the end of the nineteenth century the business quarter of the town, and what later got to be known as the Swindling Kens. You see, these houses, though they stood hideously thick on the ground, were roomy and fairly solid in building, and clean, because they were not used for living in, but as mere gambling booths; so the poor people from the cleared slums took them for lodgings and dwelt there, till the folk of those days had time to think of something better for them; so the buildings were pulled down so gradually that people got used to living thicker on the ground there than in most places; therefore it remains the most populous part of London, or perhaps of all these islands. But it is very pleasant there, partly because of the splendour of the architecture, which goes further than what you will see elsewhere. However, this crowding, if it may be called so, does not go further than a street called Aldgate, a name which perhaps you may have heard of. Beyond that the houses are scattered wide about the meadows there, which are very beautiful, especially when you get on to the lovely river Lea (where old Isaak Walton used to fish, you know) about the places called Stratford and Old Ford, names which of course you will not have heard of, though the Romans were busy there once upon a time."

Not heard of them! thought I to myself. How strange! that I who had seen the very last remnant of the pleasantness of the meadows by the Lea destroyed, should have heard them spoken of with pleasantness come back to them in full measure.

Hammond went on: "When you get down to the Thames side you come on the Docks, which are works of the nineteenth century, and are still in use, although not so thronged as they once were, since we discourage centralisation all we can, and we have long ago dropped the pretension to be the market of the world. About these Docks are a good few houses, which, however, are not inhabited by many people permanently; I mean, those who use them come and go a good deal, the place being too low and marshy for pleasant dwelling. Past the Docks eastward and landward it is all flat pasture, once marsh, except for a few gardens, and there are very few permanent dwellings there: scarcely anything but a few sheds, and cots for the men who come to look after the great herds of cattle pasturing there. But however, what with the beasts and the men, and the scattered red-tiled roofs and the big hayricks, it does not make a bad holiday to get a quiet pony and ride about there on a sunny afternoon of autumn, and look over the river and the craft passing up and down, and on to Shooters' Hill and the Kentish uplands, and then turn round to the wide green sea of the Essex marsh-land, with the great domed line of the sky, and the sun shining down in one flood of peaceful light over the long distance. There is a place called Canning's Town,

and further out, Silvertown, where the pleasant meadows are at their pleasantest: doubtless they were once slums, and wretched enough."

The names grated on my ear, but I could not explain why to him. So I said: "And south of the river, what is it like?"

He said: "You would find it much the same as the land about Hammersmith. North, again, the land runs up high, and there is an agreeable and well-built town called Hampstead, which fitly ends London on that side. It looks down on the north-western end of the forest you passed through."

I smiled. "So much for what was once London," said I. "Now tell me about the other towns of the country."

He said: "As to the big murky places which were once, as we know, the centres of manufacture, they have, like the brick and mortar desert of London, disappeared; only, since they were centres of nothing but 'manufacture,' and served no purpose but that of the gambling market, they have left less signs of their existence than London. Of course, the great change in the use of mechanical force made this an easy matter, and some approach to their break-up as centres would probably have taken place, even if we had not changed our habits so much: but they being such as they were, no sacrifice would have seemed too great a price to pay for getting rid of the 'manufacturing districts,' as they used to be called. For the rest, whatever coal or mineral we need is brought to grass and sent whither it is needed with as little as possible of dirt, confusion, and the distressing of quiet people's lives. One is tempted to believe from what one has read of the condition of those districts in the nineteenth century, that those who had them under their power worried, befouled, and degraded men out of malice prepense: but it was not so; like the mis-education of which we were talking just now, it came of their dreadful poverty. They were obliged to put up with everything, and even pretend that they liked it; whereas we can now deal with things reasonably, and refuse to be saddled with what we do not want."

I confess I was not sorry to cut short with a question his glorifications of the age he lived in. Said I: "How about the smaller towns? I suppose you have swept those away entirely?"

"No, no," said he, "it hasn't gone that way. On the contrary, there has been but little clearance, though much rebuilding, in the smaller towns. Their suburbs, indeed, when they had any, have melted away into the general country, and space and elbow-room has been got in their centres: but there are the towns still with their streets and squares and market-places; so that it is by means of these smaller towns that we of to-day can get some kind of idea of what the towns of the older world were like;—I mean to say at their best."

"Take Oxford, for instance," said I.

"Yes," said he, "I suppose Oxford was beautiful even in the nineteenth century. At present it has the great interest of still preserving a great mass of pre-commercial building, and is a very beautiful place, yet there are many towns which have become scarcely less beautiful."

Said I: "In passing, may I ask if it is still a place of learning?"

"Still?" said he, smiling. "Well, it has reverted to some of its best traditions; so you may imagine how far it is from its nineteenth-century position. It is real learning, knowledge cultivated for its own sake—the Art of Knowledge, in short—which is followed there, not the Commercial learning of the past. Though perhaps you do not know that in the nineteenth century Oxford and its less interesting sister Cambridge became definitely commercial. They (and especially Oxford) were the breeding places of a peculiar class of parasites, who called themselves cultivated people; they were indeed cynical enough, as the so-called educated classes of the day generally were; but they affected an exaggeration of cynicism in order that they might be thought knowing and worldly-wise. The rich middle classes (they had no relation with the working classes) treated them with the kind of contemptuous toleration with which a medieval baron treated his jester; though it must be said that they were by no means so pleasant as the old jesters were, being, in fact, *the* bores of society. They were laughed at, despised—and paid. Which last was what they aimed at."

Dear me! thought I, how apt history is to reverse contemporary judgments. Surely only the worst of them were as bad as that. But I must admit that they were mostly prigs, and that they *were* commercial. I said aloud, though more to myself than to Hammond, "Well, how could they be better than the age that made them?"

"True," he said, "but their pretensions were higher."

"Were they?" said I, smiling.

"You drive me from corner to corner," said he, smiling in turn. "Let me say at least that they were a poor sequence to the aspirations of Oxford of 'the barbarous Middle Ages.'"

"Yes, that will do," said I.

"Also," said Hammond, "what I have been saying of them is true in the main. But ask on!"

I said: "We have heard about London and the manufacturing districts and the ordinary towns: how about the villages?"

Said Hammond: "You must know that toward the end of the nineteenth century the villages were almost destroyed, unless where they became mere adjuncts to the manufacturing districts, or formed a sort of minor manufacturing districts themselves. Houses were allowed to fall into decay and actual ruin; trees were cut down for the sake of the few shillings which the poor sticks would fetch; the building became inexpressibly mean and hideous. Labour was scarce; but wages fell nevertheless. All the small country arts of life which once added to the little pleasures of country people were lost. The country produce which passed through the hands of the husbandmen never got so far as their mouths. Incredible shabbiness and niggardly pinching reigned over the fields and acres which, in spite of the rude and careless husbandry of the times, were so kind and bountiful. Had you any inkling of all this?"

"I have heard that it was so," said I "but what followed?"

"The change," said Hammond, "which in these matters took place very early in our epoch, was most strangely rapid. People flocked into the country villages, and, so to say, flung themselves upon the freed land like a wild beast upon his prey; and in a very little time the villages of England were more populous than they had been since the fourteenth century, and were still growing fast. Of course, this invasion of the country was awkward to deal with, and would have created much misery, if the folk had still been under the bondage of class monopoly. But as it was, things soon righted themselves. People found out what they were fit for, and gave up attempting to push themselves into occupations in which they must needs fail. The town invaded the country; but the invaders, like the warlike invaders of early days, yielded to the influence of their surroundings, and became country people; and in their turn, as they became more numerous than the townsmen, influenced them also; so that the difference between town and country grew less and less; and it was indeed this world of the country vivified by the thought and briskness of town-bred folk which has produced that happy and leisurely but eager life of which you have had a first taste. Again I say, many blunders were made, but we have had time to set them right. Much was left for the men of my earlier life to deal with. The crude ideas of the first half of the twentieth century, when men were still oppressed by the fear of poverty, and did not look enough to the present pleasure of ordinary daily life, spoilt a great deal of what the commercial age had left us of external beauty: and I admit that it was but slowly that men recovered from the injuries that they inflicted on themselves even after they became free. But slowly as the recovery came, it *did* come; and the more you see of us, the clearer it will be to you that we are happy. That we live amidst beauty without any fear of becoming effeminate; that we have plenty to do, and on the whole enjoy doing it. What more can we ask of life?"

He paused, as if he were seeking for words with which to express his thought. Then he said:

"This is how we stand. England was once a country of clearings amongst the woods and wastes, with a few towns interspersed, which were fortresses for the feudal army, markets for the folk, gathering places for the craftsmen. It then became a country of huge and foul workshops and fouler gambling-dens, surrounded by an ill-kept, poverty-stricken farm, pillaged by the masters of the workshops. It is now a garden, where nothing is wasted and

nothing is spoilt, with the necessary dwellings, sheds, and workshops scattered up and down the country, all trim and neat and pretty. For, indeed, we should be too much ashamed of ourselves if we allowed the making of goods, even on a large scale, to carry with it the appearance, even, of desolation and misery. Why, my friend, those housewives we were talking of just now would teach us better than that."

Said I: "This side of your change is certainly for the better. But though I shall soon see some of these villages, tell me in a word or two what they are like, just to prepare me."

"Perhaps," said he, "you have seen a tolerable picture of these villages as they were before the end of the nineteenth century. Such things exist."

"I have seen several of such pictures," said I.

"Well," said Hammond, "our villages are something like the best of such places, with the church or mote-house of the neighbours for their chief building. Only note that there are no tokens of poverty about them: no tumble-down picturesque; which, to tell you the truth, the artist usually availed himself of to veil his incapacity for drawing architecture. Such things do not please us, even when they indicate no misery. Like the medieval, we like everything trim and clean, and orderly and bright; as people always do when they have any sense of architectural power; because then they know that they can have what they want, and they won't stand any nonsense from Nature in their dealings with her."

"Besides the villages, are there any scattered country houses?" said I.

"Yes, plenty," said Hammond; "in fact, except in the wastes and forests and amongst the sand-hills (like Hindhead in Surrey), it is not easy to be out of sight of a house; and where the houses are thinly scattered they run large, and are more like the old colleges than ordinary houses as they used to be. That is done for the sake of society, for a good many people can dwell in such houses, as the country dwellers are not necessarily husbandmen; though they almost all help in such work at times. The life that goes on in these big dwellings in the country is very pleasant, especially as some of the most studious men of our time live in them, and altogether there is a great variety of mind and mood to be found in them which brightens and quickens the society there."

"I am rather surprised," said I, "by all this, for it seems to me that after all the country must be tolerably populous."

"Certainly," said he; "the population is pretty much the same as it was at the end of the nineteenth century; we have spread it, that is all. Of course, also, we have helped to populate other countries—where we were wanted and were called for."

Said I: "One thing, it seems to me, does not go with your word of 'garden' for the country. You have spoken of wastes and forests, and I myself have seen the beginning of your Middlesex and Essex forest. Why do you keep such things in a garden? and isn't it very wasteful to do so?"

"My friend," he said, "we like these pieces of wild nature, and can afford them, so we have them; let alone that as to the forests, we need a great deal of timber, and suppose that our sons and sons' sons will do the like. As to the land being a garden, I have heard that they used to have shrubberies and rockeries in gardens once; and though I might not like the artificial ones, I assure you that some of the natural rockeries of our garden are worth seeing. Go north this summer and look at the Cumberland and Westmoreland ones,—where, by the way, you will see some sheep-feeding, so that they are not so wasteful as you think; not so wasteful as forcing-grounds for fruit out of season, *I* think. Go and have a look at the sheep-walks high up the slopes between Ingleborough and Pen-y-gwent, and tell me if you think we *waste* the land there by not covering it with factories for making things that nobody wants, which was the chief business of the nineteenth century."

"I will try to go there," said I.

"It won't take much trying," said he.

Appendix 5 – Final Assignment

The structure of the essay should be as follows:

Introduction **200 Words**	Introduction 1) State your argument in a clear and concise manner. 2) Make sure to address the question directly. E.g. In this essay, it will be argued that society has/has not learned from the educational wrongs of the past because our present state education … … now addresses both individual and cultural wellbeing. … remains to be focused on cultural over individual wellbeing. 3) Think of the reader. Summarise the structure of the essay. E.g. In the first/second/third part of this essay, it will … To conclude this essay, I will draw attention to what I think the future of education should be, in that, … … I agree/disagree with Dickens/Morris… … and think that education should be more focused on … 4) Try to give over to the reader a sense of importance! Your opinion matters! You MUST be heard!
Part One **300 Words**	The History of Education in the UK Key Points: • Church Education • Industrial State Education • Present State Education What was good? What was bad? How have things changed?
Part Two **300 words**	Individual and Cultural Wellbeing Key Points: • What is an individual? • What is culture? • In what ways is educational culture good and bad for you? • Think about the effect an environment has on body and mind.
Part Three **300 words**	Dickens on Industrial Education

	Literary Criticism: • Point / Evidence / Analysis • Author intention and the use of rhetoric and literary techniques. • Ethos / Logos / Pathos • You must use examples and quotations from *Hard Times*.
Part Four **300 Words**	Morris on Pre-Industrial Education Cultural Criticism: • Point / Evidence / Analysis • Author intention and the use of rhetoric and literary techniques. • Kairos / Topos • You must use examples and quotation from *News From Nowhere*.
Part Five **300 Words**	The Education of the Future It is all about YOU! • Draw and reflect on the course as a whole. • Include your own experiences and thoughts. • Importantly! Be creative! Use your imagination! • How do YOU think education should be!
Conclusion **300 Words**	Summary and Ideas for Further Study • Refer to the Introduction and all parts of the essay. • Summarise and re-articulate the main points. • State why thinking about education is important. • Suggest productive changes that could be made.

Appendix 6: Knowledge Organiser: What you know and what you can do

Tutorial One

Knowledge and Understanding:

1) The Industrial Revolution
2) Ragged and Sate Schools

Skills:

1) Historical Analysis
2) Close Reading

Tutorial Two

Knowledge and Understanding:

1) Cultural and Social Difference
2) Class Difference

Skills:

1) Cultural and Social Analysis
2) Conceptual Thinking

Tutorial Three

Knowledge and Understanding:

1) Ethos, Logos, and Pathos
2) Dicken's Hard Times

Skills:

1) Identifying an Argument
2) Analysing an Argument

Tutorial Four

Knowledge and Understanding:

1) Kairos and Topos
2) Morris's News from Nowhere

Skills:

1) Cultural Capital
2) Critical Thinking

Tutorial Five

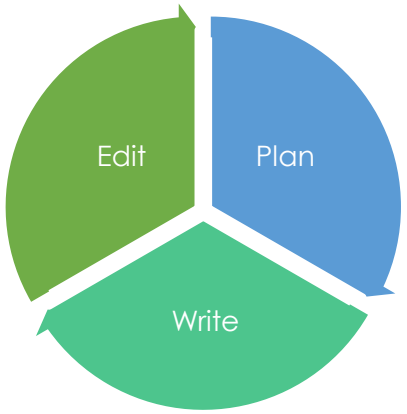
Knowledge and Understanding:

1) Academic plannign and Writing
2) Reflecting on Learning

Skills:

1) Construction of an Argument
2) Communication of an

Tutorials → Baseline Assignment → Independant Research → Final Assignment



Notes

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