GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.

My father's name being Pip, and my
christian name Philip, my infant tongue could
make of both names nothing longer or more ex-
pli t than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and
came to be called Pip.

I give Pip as my father's family name, on
the authority of his tombstone and my sister
Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith.
As I never saw my father or my mother, and
never saw any likeness of either of them (for
their days were long before the days of photo-
graphs), my first notions regarding what they
were like, were unreasonably derived from their
tombstones. The shape of the letters on my
father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a
square, stout, dark man with curly black hair.
From the character and turn of the inscription,
"Also Georgia Wife of the Above," I drew a
childish conclusion that my mother was freckled
and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each
about a foot and a half long, which were ar-
granged in a neat row beside their grave, and
were sacred to the memory of five little brothers
of mine—who gave us trying to get a living,
exceedingly early in life, and in the struggle—
I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertain
that they had all been born on their backs with
their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had
ever taken them out in this state of exist-
ence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the
river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles
of the sea. My first visit was a visit to the
impression of the identity of things, so strong to me
have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon,
towards evening. At such a time I found out for
the first time, that it was a place overgrown with
wetland was the churchyard; and that Philip, Pip,
late of this parish, and also Georgia Wife of
the above, were dead and buried; and that
Alexander, Bartholomew, Antonio, Tobias, and
Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were
also dead and buried; and that the dark flat
wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected
with dykes and mounds and gaps, with scat-
tered battle-following on it, was the marshes; and
that the low banked line beyond, was the river;
and that the distant savage lair from which the
wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the
small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all
and beginning to cry, was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as
a man started up from among the graves at the
side of the church porch. "Keep still, you
little devil, or I'll cut your throat!

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great
iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with
broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round
his head. A man who had been soaked in water,
and smashed in mud, and lamed by stones, and
cut by glass, and stung by nettles, and torn by
briers; who limped, and shivered, and glared
and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his
head as he seized me by the chin.

"Oh! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in
terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell us your name!" said the man.

"Quick!"

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man, staring at me.

"Give it mouth!"

"Pip, Pip, sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man.

"Pick out the piece!"

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat
in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a
mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment,
turned me upside-down, and emptied my pockets.
There was nothing in them but a piece of bread.
When the church came to itself—for it was so
shaken and sore that it had to go head over
heels before me, and I saw the stopple under my
legs—when the church came to itself, I say, I
was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while
he ate the bread ravishingly.

"You young dog!" said the man, licking his
lips, "what fat cheeks you've got!"

I believe they were fat, though I was at
that time undisciplined for my years, and not
strong.

"Darn me if I couldn't eat 'em," said the
man, with a threatening shake of his head,
"and if I can't half a mind to 'em!"

I earnestly expressed my hope that he
wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstones
where he had put me; partly, to keep myself
upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

"Now then, look here!" said the man.

"Where's your mother?"
"There, sir!" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oh," said he, coming back. "And is that your father among your mother?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "him too; late of this parish."

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering.

"Who do you live with—supposing you're kindly let to live, which I haven't made up my mind about?"

My sister, sir—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he. And looked down at his legs.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now looks he himself," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is."

"Yes, sir."

"And you know what wittles is."

"Yes, sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"You get me a file." He tilted me again.

"And you get me wittles." He tilted me again.

"You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again.

"Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weathercock. Then, he held me by the arms, in an upright position or the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

"You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or my person survivor, and you shall be let to live. You fall, or you go from my words in any particular, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate. Now, I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way peculiar to himself, of getting at a boy, and getting his heart, and all his liver. It is in vain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself self comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keeping that young man from harming you at the present moment, with great difficulty. And it very hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

"Say Lord strike you dead if you don't!" said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

"Now," he pursued, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!"

"Goo-good night, sir," I faltered.

"Mush of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!"

At the same time, he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—clasping himself, as if to hold himself together—and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were sheding the lands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again towards the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones and large yellow grasses, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

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CHAPTER II.

My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbours, because she had brought me up "by hand." Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her by hand. Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and with eyes of such a very undecided blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow—a sort of Hercules Puthod, and so in his way.

My sister, Mrs. Joe, with black hair and eyes, had such a prevailing redness of skin that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square impregnable bib in front that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. Though I really see no reason why she should have worn it at all, or why, if she did wear it at all, she should not have taken it off, every day of her life.

Joe's forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were—most of them, at that time. When I ran home from the churchyard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the chimney corner. Joe and I being fellow-sufferers, and having confidences as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me, the moment I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chimney corner.

"Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip. And she's out now, making it a baker's dozen."

"Is she?"

"Yes, Pip," said Joe; "and what's worse, she got TickeU into the bargain."

At this dismal intelligence, I twisted the only button on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great depression at the fire. TickeU was a wax-cast piece of cane, worn smooth by friction with mytickled (now) thumb.

"She sat down," said Joe, "and she got up, and she made a grab at TickeU, and she Ram-paged out. That's what she did," said Joe, equally cleaning the fire between the lower bars with the poker and looking at it: "she Rampaged out, Pip."

"Has she been gone long, Joe? I always treated him as a larger animal of child, and as no more than my equal, if she were making his hearth—swinging both sides of the knife with a sprinkling dexterity,

\[ \text{clock, "she's been on the Ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's coming!} \]

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs. Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction behind it, immediately divined the cause, and applied TickeU to its further investigation. She concluded by throwing me—I often served her as a damask whisker—at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, passed me on into the chimney and quietly fetched me up there with his great leg.

"Where have you been, you young monkey?" said Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot. "Tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worry, or I'd have you out of that corner if you were fifty Pips and he was five hundred Gargerys."

"I have only been to the churchyard," said I, from my stool, crying and rubbing myself.

"Churchyard!" repeated my sister. "If it wasn't for you I'd have been to the churchyard long ago, and stayed there. Who brought you up by hand?"

"You did, ma'am."

And why did I do it, I should like to know," exclaimed my sister.

I whimpered, "I don't know."

"I don't!" said my sister. "I'd never do it again! I know that. I may truly say I've never had this apron off mine since born you were. It's bad enough to be a blacksmith's wife (and him a Gargery), without being your mother."

My thoughts stray ed from that question as I looked disconsolately at the fire. For, the fugitive out on the marshes with the ironed leg, the mysterious young man, the fire, the food, and the dreadful pledge I was under to commit a larceny on those sheltering premises, rose before me in the evening cold.

"Ha!" said Mrs. Joe, restoring TickeU to his station. "Churchyard, indeed! You may well say churchyard, you two. One of us, by-the-by, had not said it at all. "You'll drive me to the churchyard betwixt you, one of these days, and oh, a pre-eracious pair you'd be without me."

As she applied herself to the tea-things, Joe peeped down at me over his leg, as if he were mentally caressing me and himself up, and calculating what kind of pair we practically should make, under the grievous circumstances foreseen. After that, he sat feeling his right-side flaxen curls and whisker, and following Mrs. Joe about with his blue eyes, as his mind was at another task.

My sister had a tremendous way of cutting our bread-and-butter for us, that never varied. First, with her left hand she jammed the loaf hard and fast against her billy—where it sometimes got a pin into it, and sometimes a needle, which we afterwards got into our mouths. Then, she took some butter (not too much) on a knife and spread it on the loaf, in an apostolic kind of way as if she were marking it with austerities—using both sides of the knife with a sprinkling dexterity,
and trimming and moulding the butter off round the crust. Then, she gave the knife a final smart wipe on the edge of the platter, and then sawed a very thick round off the loaf, which she, finally, before separating from the last, heaved into two halves: of which Joe got one, and I the other.

On the present occasion, though I was hungry, I dared not eat my slice. I felt that I must have something to reserve for my dreadful acquaintance, and that the still more dreadful young lady. I knew Mrs. Joe's house-keeping to be of the strictest kind, and that my haphazard researches might find nothing available in the saucer. Therefore I resolved to put my hunk of bread-and-butter down the leg of my trousers.

The effort of resolution necessary to the achievement of this purpose, I found to be quite arduous. It was as if I had to make up my mind to leap from the top of a high house, or plunge into a great depth of water. And it was made the more difficult by the unconscious Joe. In our already-mentioned friendship as fellow-sufferers, and in his good-natured companionship with me, it was our evening habit to compare the way we bit through our slices, by silently holding them up to each other's admiration now and then—which stimulated us to new exertions. To-night, Joe several times invited me, by the display of his fast-diminishing slice, to enter upon our usual friendly competition; but he found me, each time, with my yellow mug of tea on one knee, and my untattoosed bread-and-butter on the other. At last, I despondently considered that the thing I contemplated must be done, and that it had best be done in the least improbable manner consistent with the circumstances. I took advantage of a moment when Joe had just looked at me, and got my bread-and-butter down my leg.

Joe was evidently made uncomfortable by what he supposed to be my loss of appetite, and took a thoughtful bite out of his slice, which he didn't seem to enjoy. He turned it about in his mouth much longer than usual, pondering over it a good deal, and after all gulped it down like a pill. He was about to take another bite, and had just got his head on one side for a good purchase on it, when his eye fell on me, and he saw that my bread-and-butter was gone.

The wonder and consternation with which Joe stepped on the threshold of his bite and stared at me, were too evident to escape my sister's observation.

"What's the matter now?" she asked, smartly, as she put down her cup.

"I say, you know," muttered Joe, shaking his head at me in very serious remonstrance.

"Pip, old chap! You'll do yourself a mischief! It'll stick somewhere. You can't have chewed it, Pip."

"What's the matter now?" repeated my sister, more sharply than before.

"If you can cough any strife on it up, Pip, I'd recommend you to do it," said Joe, all against. "Manners is manners, but still your chuff's your chuff."

By this time, my sister was quite desperate, so she pounced on Joe, and, taking him by the arm, she threatened him with the two whiskers, knocked his head for a little while against the wall behind him; while I sat in the corner, looking guiltily on.

"Now, perhaps you'll mention what's the matter," said my sister, out of breath, "you staring great starchy pig?"

Joe looked at her in a helpless way; then took a helpless bite, and looked at me again.

"You know, Pip," said Joe, solemnly, with his last bite in his cheek, and speaking in a confidential voice, as if we were two quite alone, "you and me is always friends, and I'd be the last to tell upon you, any time. But such a thing!—Joe moved his chair and looked about the floor between us, and then again at me—"such a most uncommon Biscuit as that!"

"Boiled Biscuit, has he?" cried my sister.

"You know, old chap," said Joe, looking at me, and not at Mrs. Joe, with his Biscuit still in his cheek. "I Biscuit, myself, when I was your age—frequent—and as a boy I've been among many Biscuits; but I never see your Biscuit equal yet, Pip, and it's a mercy you ain't Biscuit dead."

My sister made a dive at me, and fainted me up by the hair: saying nothing more than the awful words, "You come along and be dosed."

Some medical bough had revived the water in these days as a fine medicine, and Mrs. Joe always kept a supply of it in the cupboard; having a belief in its virtues correspondent to its name. At the best of times, so much of this shrub was administered to me as a choice restorative, that I was conscious of going about, smelling like a new dandy. On this particular evening the urgency of my case demanded a pint of this mixture, which was poured down my throat, for my greater comfort, while Mrs. Joe held my head under her arm, as a boat would be held in a boat-jack. Joe got off with half a pint, but was made to swallow that (much to his disturbance, as he sat slowly munching and meditating before the fire), "because he had had a turn," judging from myself, I should say he could have a turn afterwards, if he had had none before.

Conscience is a dreadful thing when it accuses me, or any boy, of a boy, of some secret burden with another secret burden down the leg of his trousers, it is (as I can testify) a great punishment. The guilty knowledge that I was going to rob Mrs. Joe—I never thought I was going to rob Joe—never thought of any of the housekeeping property as his—until the necessity of always keeping one hand on my bread and butter as I sat, or when I was ordered about the kitchen on any small errand, almost drove me out of my mind. Then, as the marsh winds made the fire glow and flare, I thought I heard the voice outside, of the man with the iron on his leg who had sworn me to secrecy, declaring that he couldn't and wouldn't arrive until to-morrow,
cried my great guns, Joo, hdnlistering the definition like Tar-water. Joe put over her needlework, I put my mouth into the forms of saying to Joe, “What's a convict?” Joe put his mouth into the forms of returning such a highly elaborate answer, that I could make out nothing of it but the single word “Pip.”

“’Twas a convict off last night,” said Joe, aloud; “after sunset-gun. And they fired warning of another.”

“How’s firing?” said I.

“Dust that boy,” interposed my sister, frowning at me over her work, “what a questioner he is. Ask no questions, and you’ll be told no lies.” It was not very polite to herself, I thought, to imply that I should be told lies by her, even if I did ask questions. But she never was polite, unless there was company.

At this point, Joe greatly augmented my curiosity by taking the utmost pains to open his mouth very wide, and to put it into the form of a word that looked to me like “sulks.” Therefore, I naturally pointed to Mrs. Joe, and put my mouth into the form of saying, “her?” But Joe wouldn’t hear of that, at all, and again opened his mouth very wide, and shook the form of a most emphatic word out of it. But I could make nothing of the word.

“Mrs. Joe,” said I, as a last resource, “I should like to know—if you wouldn’t much mind—where the churning comes from?”

“Lord bless the boy!” exclaimed my sister, as if she didn’t quite mean that, but rather the contrary. “From the Hulks.”

“Ooh!” said I, looking at Joe. “Hulks!” Joe gave a reproachful cough, as much as to say, “Well, I told you so.”

“And please what’s Hulks?” said I.

“That’s the way with this boy,” exclaimed my sister, pointing me out with her needle and thread, and shaking her head at me. “Answer him one question, and he’ll ask you a dozen directly. Hulks are prison-ships, right across the marshes.” We always used that name for marshes, in our country.

“I wonder who’s put into prison-ships, and why they’re put there?” said I, in a general way, and with quiet-depression. It was too much for Mrs. Joe, who immediately rose. “I tell you what, young fellow,” she said, “I didn’t bring you up by land and sea, and to do all sorts of bad; and they always begin by asking questions. Now, you get along to bed!”

I was never allowed a candle to light me to bed, and, as I went upstairs in the dark, with my head tingly—from Mrs. Joe’seligible, having played the tambourine upon it, to accompany her last words—I felt fearfully sensible of the great convenience that the Hulks were handy for me. I was clearly on my way there. I had begun by asking questions, and I was going to rob Mrs. Joe. Since that time, which is far enough away now, I have often thought that few people know what accuracy there is in the young, under terror. No matter how unreasonable the terror, so that it be terror. I was in mortal terror of my interlocutor with the word, I was in mortal terror of myself, from whom an awful promise had been extracted; I had no hope of deliverance through my所谓 powerful sister, who reproached me at every turn; I am afraid to think of what I might have done, upon requirement, in the secrecy of my terror.

If I slept at all that night, it was only to imagine myself drifting down the river on a strong spring tide, to the Hulks; a ghostly pirate calling out to me through a speaking-trumpet; a spectral convict, grinning at me, as I passed the gibbet-station, that I had better come stouter and be hanged there at once, and not put it off. I was afraid to sleep, even if I had been inclined, for I know that at the first dawn of morning I must rob the pantry. There was no doing it in the night, for there was no getting a light by easy friction then; to have got one, I must have struck it out of slate and steel, and have made a noise like the very most emphatic word out of it. But I could make nothing of the word.

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“Ooh!” said I, looking at Joe. “Hulks!”
I caught, when my back was half turned, winking.

I had no time for reflection, no time for selection, no time for anything, for I had no time to spare. I stole some bread, some kind of cheese, about half a jar of mince meat (which I tied up in my pocket-handkerchief with my last night's slice), some bread from a stone bottle (which I decocted into a glass bottle) I had secretly used for making that intoxicating fluid, Spanish-liquorice-water; up in my room: diluting the stone bottle from a jug in the kitchen cupboard, a meat bone with very little on it, and a Spanish kitchen, round compact pie pork. I was nearly going away without the pie, but I was tempted to mount upon a shelf, to look what it was that was put away so carefully in a covered earthenware dish in a corner, and I found it was the pie, and I took it, in the hope that it was not intended for early use, and would not be missed for some time.

There was a door in the kitchen, communicating with the forge; I unloked and unbolted that door, and got a file from among Joe's tools. Then, I put the fastenings as I had found them, repaired the door at which I had entered when I ran home last night, shut it, and ran for the misty marshes.

A ROMAN COOK'S ORACLE.

The popular belief that we are indebted to Heaven for men, and that a great Nameless kindly supplies persons to cook those men, is quite satirical in an Eternal City. The direct contrary rather obtains: Nameless taking on himself the purveyor's office; cooks betraying their divine origin. Friend Merynose, who is a settler and social backwoodman in the Eternal City, and has a palatial log-house all to himself in the Corso, bursts upon me one morning, and sings tumultuously, "Let us dine!" He is the most jovial of Adam's children; light and cheerful as a schoolboy, and the best company in the world (I would walk with him to the city where walls fall down before the trumpets and not feel the load heavy); so, though his profession had not an air of startling novelty, I feel there is more beneath it than meets the eye. I see that here is a rock on which I may lean in perfect security; and simply murmur out "When? Where? How?"

"To-day! At the sign of the Little Bottles! I sumptuously give you answers, without a syllable too much, or one superfluous word.

I could understand the sign of the Owl, where the clergy gather; at the sign of the Pantheon, where the Senators congregate the noblemen and ladies of that nation affect; or at the British Islands, where nobility pillows its head; but at the sign of the Little Bottles! It sounds to me like the voice of my friend is as a cheerful horn.

'Tis the soul of an expedition, and opens out details with a readiness that positively inspires. I see my way but indistinctly, yet feel myself working up into a noble enthusiasm. "You have sojourned weeks," he chants, with alacrity, "in this Eternal City, and yet are, so to speak, fasting. You have sat down every day to the Eternal dinners, and been filled with the Eternal meats and other preparations, and have not yet once dined. You shall dine to-day for the first time. Have faith; put your trust in me," he adds, ingeniously adapting the well-known motto to the situation, "and keep your palate dry!"

The shades of night were falling fast, as in the case of the ill-fated young Alpine climber who carried a banner with a strange device, when we went forth to dine. A strong party—half a dozen in number. The night was dark, and lamp accommodation scanty. Merynose, high priest of Apiculus, strides on in front. Invisible angels—Soyer, Carême, Frantelli, and Gogué—walk beside us and guide us tenderly. We are about ascending a gastronomic monarch of mountains, with his robe of snow, &c., and our Balmat and our Taurines went in front, cheering us.

He sings for us the whole way—he keeps up the heart of the lagging—he takes us over dangerous crevasses, where a single slip at either side would have precipitated us into yawning pools of mud. The useful precaution of tying the travellers together with ropes was utterly neglected; no one had thought of bringing axes; but we were instead, plenty of umbrellas. He takes us round by strange frequented by-ways, bids us look up at a caked and crusted mass of tumbling buildings, and old grey rockeries, where it is hard to discern nicely which is rock and which building, and tells us that this is the famous old Tarpelan cliff. Then we cross the poor sort of Hungerford suspension bridge, which has proved sadly unsatisfactory to the spirited proprietor, returning to him but a very light bag of halfpennies in the year. Time is money with Roman commonalty; so why not just as well go round by the old bridge, half a mile or so below, and thus save their halfpenny? Time is money, dinner, everything; and our guide breaks it to us gently that our host of the Little Bottles is a man of centred manners, who would not scruple to set the ordnary banquet before guests ready to hand and of proper habits.

How! This striking into a nest of entangled lanes and alleys, into these foul narrow streets, twisting and doubling back, and shooting wildly, now to the right, now to the left, without a single light—this plunging, in fact, into the noisome atmosphere of the Ghetto, or Old Jewry of Rome—is this a necessary probation before the expected banquet? "Courage!" still chant our Balmats through the darkness. He is waving his banner with the strange device, though the strange device is invisible. Just round this corner, just down this one more alley (with handkerchief pressed firmly to the nose), and the sign of the Little Bottles is waving and creaking noisily over our heads.

Now it breaks upon me. As in the City proper of the Great City, are certain dens, dark, dingy, different, but where you may see your chop or steak simmering and hissing afar off at a