GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

By Charles Dickens.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was in the fourth year of my apprenticeship to Joe, and it was a Saturday night. There was a group assembled round the fire at the Three Jolly Bargemen, attentive to Mr. Wopsle as he read the newspaper aloud. Of that group, I was one.

A highly popular murderer had been committed, and Mr. Wopsle was imbued in blood to the eyebrows. He gloated over every abhorrent adjective in the description, and identified himself with every witness at the Inquest. He faintly moaned, "Certainly you know it; or, don't you know it. Which is it to be?"

He stood with his head on one side and himself on one side in a bullying interrogative manner, and he threw his forefinger at Mr. Wopsle — "I won't mark him out — before biting it again."

"Now!" he said. "Do you know it, or don't you know it?"

"Certainly I know it," replied Mr. Wopsle.

"Certainly you know it. Then why didn't you say so at first? Now, I'll ask you another question;" taking possession of Mr. Wopsle, as if he had a right to him. "Do you know that none of these witnesses have yet been cross-examined?"

Mr. Wopsle was beginning, "I can only say — when the stranger stopped him.

"What? You won't answer the question, yes or no? Now, I'll try you again." "Throwing his finger at him again. "Attend to me. Are you aware, or are you not aware, that none of these witnesses have yet been cross-examined? Come, I only want one word from you. Yes, or no?"

Mr. Wopsle hesitated, and we all began to conceive rather a poor opinion of him.

"Come!" said the stranger, "I'll help you. You don't deserve help, but I'll help you. Look at that paper you hold in your hand. What is it?"

"What is it?" repeated Mr. Wopsle, eying it, much at a loss.

"Is it," pursued the stranger in his most sarcastic and suspicious manner, "the printed paper you have just been reading from?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Undoubtedly. Now, turn to that paper, and tell me whether it distinctly states that the prisoner expressly said that his legal advisers instructed him altogether to reserve his defence?"

"I read that just now," Mr. Wopsle pleaded.

"Never mind what you read just now; sir; I don't ask you what you read. You may read the Lord's Prayer backwards, if you like — and, perhaps, have done it before to-day. Turn to
the paper. No, no; my friend; not to the
man, bitterly, and at the rest of the company with his right hand
extended towards the witness, Wopsle.

"Not the exact words!" repeated the gentleman, bitterly. "Is that the exact substance?"

"Yes!" repeated the stranger, looking round at the rest of the company with his right hand
extended towards the witness, Wopsle. "And now I ask you what you say to the conscience
of that man who, with that passage before his eyes, can lay his head upon his pillow after
having pronounced a fellow-creature guilty, unheard?"

"I will began to suspect that Mr. Wopsle was not the man we had thought, and that he
was beginning to be found out.

"And that same man, remember," pursued the gentleman, throwing his finger at Mr.
Wopsle heavily; "those are not the exact words!" And now I ask you what you say to the conscience
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breathless curiosity and surprise, to be sure of it. "Very well," said Mr. Jaggers. "Recollect the admission you have made, and don't try to go from it presently."

"Who's going to try?" retorted Joe.

"I don't say anybody is. Do you keep a dog?"

"Yes, I do keep a dog."

"Bear in mind then, that Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better. Bear that in mind, will you?" repeated Mr. Jaggers, shutting his eyes and nodding his head at Joe, as if he were forgiving him something. "Now, I return to this young fellow. And the communication I have got to make is, that he has great expectations."

Joe and I gaped, and looked at one another.

"I am instructed to communicate to him," said Mr. Jaggers, throwing his finger at me, sideways, "that he will come into a handsome property. Further, that it is the desire of the present possessor of that property, that he be immediately removed from his present sphere of life and from this place, and be brought up as a gentleman's ward, as a young fellow of great expectations."

My heart was beating so fast, and there was such a singing in my ears, that I could scarcely stammer I had no objection.

"I should think not! Now you are to understand, secondly, Mr. Pip, that the name of the person who is your liberal benefactor remains a profound secret, until the person chooses to reveal it. I am empowered to mention that it is the intention of the person to reveal it at first hand by word of mouth to yourself. When that intention may be carried out, I cannot say; no one can say. It may be years hence. Now, you are distinctly to understand that you are most positively prohibited from making any inquiry on this head, or any allusion or reference, however distantly to any individual whatsoever as the individual in all the communications you may have with me. If you have a suspicion in your own breast, keep that suspicion in your own breast. It is not the least of the reasons why this prohibition is so; they may be the strongest and greatest reasons, or they may be more within. That is not for you to inquire into. The condition is laid down. Your acceptance of it, and your observance of it as binding, is the only remaining condition that I am charged with, by the person from whom I take my instructions, and for whom I am not otherwise responsible. That person is the person from whom you derive your expectations, and the secret is solely held by that person and by me. Again, not a very difficult condition with which to encounter such a rise in fortune; but if you have any objection to it, this is the time to mention it. Speak out."

Once more, I stammered with difficulty that I had no objection.

"I should think not! Now, Mr. Pip, I have done with stipulations. Though he called me Mr. Pip, and began rather to make up to me, he still could not get rid of a certain air of bullying suspicion; and even now he occasionally shut his eyes and threw his finger at me while he spoke, as much as to express that he knew all kinds of things to my disadvantage, if he only chose to mention them. "We come next, to more details of arrangement. You must know that although I have used the term 'expectations' more than once, you are not endowed with expectations only. There is already lodged in my hands, a sum of money amply sufficient for your suitable education and maintenance. You will please consider me your guardian. Oh! for I was going to thank him, "I tell you at once, I am paid for my services, or I shouldn't render them. It is considered that you must be better educated in accordance with your altered position, and that you will be alive to the importance and necessity of at once entering on that advantage."

I said I had always longed for it.

"Never mind what you have always longed for, Mr. Pip," he retorted, "keep to the record. If you long for it now, that's enough."

Am I answered that you are ready to be placed at once, under some proper tutor? Is that it?"

I stammered, yes, that was it.

"Good. Now, your inclinations are to be consulted. I don't think that wise, mind, but it's my trust. Have you ever heard of any tutor whom you would prefer to another?"

I had never heard of any tutor but Biddy and Mr. Wopsle's great aunt; so, I replied in the negative.

"There is a certain tutor, of whom I have some knowledge, who I think might suit the purpose," said Mr. Jaggers. "I don't recommend him, observe; because I never recommend anybody. The gentleman I speak of, is one Mr. Matthew Pocket."

Ah! I caught at the name directly. Miss Havisham's relation. The Matthew whom Mr. and Mrs. Correll had spoken of. The Matthew whose place was to be at Miss Havisham's head, when she lay dead, in her bride's dress on the bride's table.

"You know the name?" said Mr. Jaggers, looking shrewdly at me, and then shutting up his eyes while he waited for my answer.

My answer was, that I had heard of the name. "Oh!" said he. "You have heard of the name. But the question is, what do you say of it?"
I said, or tried to say, that I was much obliged to him for his recommendation—
"No, my young friend!" he interrupted, shaking his great head very slowly. "Recollect yourself!"

Not recollecting myself, I began again that I was much obliged to him for his recommendation—
"No, my young friend," he interrupted, shaking his head and frowning and smiling both at once; "no, no, no; it's very well done but I won't do; you are too young to fix me with it. Recommendation is not the word, Mr. Pip. Try another."

Correcting myself, I said that I was much obliged to him for his mention of Mr. Matthew Pocket—
"That's more like it!" cried Mr. Jaggers.

"And (I added), I would gladly try that gentleman."

"Good. You had better try him in your own house. The way shall be prepared for you, and you can see his son first, who is in London. When will you come to London?"

I said (glancing at Joe, who stood looking on motionless), that I supposed I could come directly.

"First," said Mr. Jaggers, "you should have some new clothes to come in, and they should not be working clothes. Say this day week. You'll want some money. Shall I leave you twenty guineas?"

He produced a lump purse, with the greatest coolness, and counted them out on the table and pushed them over to me. This was the first time he had taken his leg from the chair. He sat astride of the chair when he had pushed the money over, and sat swinging his purse and eyeing Joe.

"Well, Joseph Gargery? You look dumb.

"I am," said Joe, in a very decided manner. 

"It was understood, said Joe. "And it is understood. And it ever will be similar according."

"But what," said Mr. Jaggers, "what if it was in my instructions to make you a present, as compensation?"

"As compensation what for?" Mr. Jaggers demanded.

"For the loss of his services," Joe said.

"Joe laid his hand upon my shoulder with the touch of a woman. I have often thought him since, like the steam-hammer, that can crush a man or put an eggshell, in his combination of strength with gentleness. "Pip is that hearty welcome," said Joe, "to go free with his services to honour and fortune, as no words can tell him. But if you think as Money can make compensation to me for the loss of the little child, what come to the savage—and ever the best of friends!"

O dear good Joe, whom I was so ready to leave and so unthankful to, I see you again, with your muscular blacksmith's arm before your eyes, and your broad chest heaving, and your voice dying away. O dear good faithful friend, that I feel the loving tremble of your hand upon my arm, as solemnly this day as if it had been the rustle of an angel's wing!"

But I encouraged Joe at the time. I was lost in the maze of my future fortunes, and could not retrieve the by-paths we had trodden together. I begged Joe to be comforted, for (as he said) we had ever been the best of friends, and (as I said) we ever would be so. Joe scooped his eyes with his disengaged wrist, as if he were bent on gouging himself, but said not another word.

Mr. Jaggers had looked on at this, as one who recognised in Joe the village idiot and in me his keeper. When it was over, he said, weighing in his hand the purse he had ceased to swing:

"Now, Joseph Gargery, I warn you this is your last chance. No half measures with me.

If you mean to take a present that I have it in charge to make you, speak out, and you shall have it. If on the contrary you mean to say—"

Here, to his great amazement he was stopped by Joe's suddenly working round him with every demonstration of a fell pugnacious purpose.

"Which I meantersay," cried Joe, "that if you come into my place bull-baiting and badder-ing me, come out! Which I meantersay as such if you're a man, come on! Which I meantersay that what I say, I meantersay and stand or fall by!"

"I drew Joe away, and he immediately became placable; merely stating to me, in an obliging manner and as a polite expostulatory notice to any one whom it might happen to concern, that he was not going to be bull-baited and badder-ed in his own place. Mr. Jaggers had risen when Joe demonstrated, and had backed to near the door. Without evining any inclination to come in again, he there delivered his valedictory remarks. They were these:

"Well, Mr. Pip, I think the sooner you leave here—as you are to be a gentleman—the better. Let it stand for this day week, and you shall receive my printed address in the mean time. You can take a hockey-coach at the stage coach-office in London, and come straight to me. Understand that I express no opinion, one way or other, on the trust I undertake. I am paid for undertaking it, and I do so. Now, understand that, finally. Understand that!"

He was throwing his finger at both of us, and I think would have gone on, but for his seeming to think Joe dangerous, and going off. Something came into my head which induced me to run after him, as he was going down to the Jolly Bargemen where he had left a hired carriage.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jaggers."

"Halloa!" said he, facing round, "what's the matter?"

"I wish to be quite right, Mr. Jaggers, and to keep to your directions; so I thought I had better ask. Would there be any objection to my taking leave of any one I know, about here, before I go away?"

"No," said he, looking as if he hardly understood me.
"I don't mean in the village only, but up town?" I answered.

"No," said he. "No objection."

I thanked him and ran home again, and there I found that Joe had already locked the front door, and vacated the state-parlour, and was seated by the kitchen fire with a hand on each knee, gazing intently at the burning coals. I too sat down before the fire and gazed at the coals, and nothing was said for a long time.

My sister was in her cushioned chair in her corner, and Biddy sat at her needlework before the fire, and Joe sat next Biddy, and I sat next Joe in the corner opposite my sister. The more I looked into the glowing coals, the more incapable I became of looking at Joe; the longer the silence lasted, the more unable I felt to speak.

At length I got out, "Joe, have you told Biddy?"

"No, Pip," returned Joe, still looking at the fire, and holding his knees tight, as if he had private information that they intended to make off somewhere, "which I left it to yourself, Pip."

"I would rather you told, Joe."

"Pip's a gentleman of fortune, then," said Joe, "and God bless him in it!"

Biddy dropped her work and looked at me. Joe held his knees and looked at me. I looked at both of them. After a pause, they both heartily congratulated me; but there was a certain touch of sadness that I rather resented.

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I took it upon myself to impress Biddy (and through Biddy, Joe) with the grave obligation I considered my friends under, to know nothing and say nothing about the maker of my fortune. It would all come out in good time, I observed, and in the mean while nothing was to be said save that I had come into great expectations from a mysterious patron. Biddy nodded her head thoughtfully at the fire as she took up her work again, and said she would be very particular; and Joe, still detaining his knees, said, "Ay, ay, I'll be ever so particular, Pip;" and then they congratulated me again, and went on to express so much wonder at the notion of my being a gentleman, that I didn't half like it.

Infinite pains were then taken by Biddy to convey to my sister some idea of what had happened. To the best of my belief, those efforts entirely failed. She laughed and nodded her head a great many times, and even repeated after Biddy the words "Pip" and "Property." But I doubt if they had more meaning in them than an election cry, and I cannot suggest a darker picture of her state of mind.

I never could have believed it without experience, but as Joe and Biddy became more and more of their cheerful ease again, I became quite gloomy. Dissatisfied with my fortune, of course I could not be; but it is possible that I may have been, without quite knowing it, dissatisfied with myself.

Anyhow, I sat with my elbow on my knee and my face upon my hand, looking into the fire, as those two talked about my going away, and about what they should do without me, and all that. And whenever I caught one of them looking at me, though never so pleasantly (and they often looked at me—particularly Biddy), I fell offended; as if they were expressing some mistrust of me. Though Heaven knows they never did by word or sign.

At those times I would get up and look out at the door; for our kitchen door opened at once upon the night, and stood open on summer evenings to air the room. The very stars to which I then raised my eyes, I am afraid I took to be poor and humble stars for glittering on the rustic objects among which I had passed my life.

"Saturday night," said I, when we sat at our supper of bread-and-cheese and beer. "Five more days, and then the day before the day! They'll soon go."

"Yes, Pip," observed Joe, whose voice sounded hollow in his beer mug. "They'll soon go."

"Soon, soon go," said Biddy.

"I have been thinking, Joe, that when I go down town on Monday, and order my new clothes, I shall tell the tailor that I'll come and put them on there, or that I'll have them sent to Mr. Pumblechook's. It would be very disagreeable to be stared at by all the people here."

"Mr. and Mrs. Hubble might like to see you in your new genteel figure too, Pip," said Joe, industriously cutting his bread, with his cheese on it, in the palm of his left hand, and glancing at my untried supper as if he thought of the time when we used to compare slices. "So might Wopsle. And the Jolly Bargemen might take it as a compliment."

"That's just what I don't want, Joe. They would make such a business of it—such a coarse and common business—that I couldn't bear myself."

"Ah, that indeed, Pip!" said Joe. "If you couldn't bear yourself."

Biddy asked me here, as she sat holding my sister's plate, "Have you thought about when you'll show yourself to Mr. Gargery, and your sister, and me? You will show yourself to us; won't you?"

"Biddy," I returned with some resentment, "you are so exceedingly quick that it's difficult to keep up with you."

"She always were quick," observed Joe.

"If you had waited another moment, Biddy, you would have heard me say that I shall bring my clothes here in a bundle one evening—most likely on the evening before I go away."

Biddy said no more. Handsomely forgiving her, I soon exchanged an affectionate good night with her and Joe, and went up to bed. When I got into my little room, I sat down and took a long look at it, as a mean little room that I should soon be parted from and raised above, for ever. It was furnished with fresh young remembrances too, and even at the same moment I fell into much the same confused
division of mind between it and the better rooms to which I was going, as I had been in so often between the forge and Miss Bavigham's, and Biddy and Estella. The sun had been shining brightly all day on the roof of my attic, and the room was warm. As I put the window open and stood looking out, I saw Joe come slowly forth at the dark door below, and take a turn or two in the air; and then I saw Biddy come and bring him a pipe and light it for him. He never smoked so late, and it seemed to hint to me that he wanted comfort, for some reason or other.

He presently stood at the door immediately beneath me, smoking his pipe, and Biddy stood there too, quietly talking to me, and it seemed to hint to me that he wanted to talk of me, for I heard my name more than once. I would not have listened to it mentioned in an endearing tone by both of them, and it seemed to hint to me that he wanted to talk of me, for I heard my name more than once. I would not have listened to it mentioned in an endearing tone by both of them.

Looking towards the open window, I fancied it was like a blessing from Joe—not overmuch on me or paraded before me, but perceiving the air we shared together, I put my light out, and crept into bed; and it was an uneasy bed now, and I never slept the old sound sleep in it any more.

**FLAWS IN CHINA.**

Although the Tartars hold the reins of the Chinese government, and are to all intents and purposes masters, imposing their own laws and customs—as witness pig-tails and the national costume—yet the Chinese have never absorbed them. They have never thoroughly overlaid the national elements, and from time to time the Chinese have been the masters of China. The conqueror and the conquered ever remain as two, and are still only conqueror and conquered. The Tartars have a special quarter assigned to them in most of the towns, and their women have the good taste to eschew the vanity of the "golden water-lilies," so dear to the heart of the Chinese lady, and keep to their own natural feet, such as God gave them. In many other things of even greater significance the line of demarcation is still broadly drawn.

The present ruler, T'ai-p'ing, the Prince of Peace, is broadening that line with terrible decision. As a rising against the foreign possessors of the country, it is a curious transcript of the former national revolt against the Mongolians; and T'ai-p'ing imitates his predecessor Hung-woo, not as closely as he can, both in his policy and his strategy. So closely do both lines run together, that even in such a position as that of the general pawing and forfeiture of the Tartars' arms and horses, the present imitates the past. When Hung-woo put the Mongolians upon their mettle, and they had to muster all their service to meet him, it was found that they had forfeited half their arms and equipment to the Chinese; a fact which somewhat lessened their efficiency when the day of hurry came. And now, at this present moment, the cunning Chinese shopkeepers have in pledge half the horses of the Tartars. We may be sure they will not give up the paper tickets easily. T'ai-p'ing, the Prince of Peace, who comes in so stormy a manner to substantiate his claim to that mild title, has proved himself a second Peter the Great in the matter of costume and hairy growths. He and his followers have cut off their pig-tails, and cast away the Tartar tippets, to go back to the long unshaven hair and loose robes opening in front of the rich silk and brocade. They are welcomed by the real Chinese people everywhere, and they make a marked difference in their treatment of these and of such Tartars as may fall into their hands.

The first they are all humanity and brotherhood; but for the last are reserved such barbarities as only belong to the Chinese intellect to conceive and the Chinese hand to execute. T'ai-p'ing has had various fortunes. His list was drawn up as he himself and some of the missionaries desired it to be received, we proceed to tell.

Hung-si-tshuen, for this is his real name, was born in the year 1813, in a little village, amongst paddy-fields, about thirty miles from Canton. On a clear day the White Cloud Mountains, rising in the neighbourhood of Canton, may be seen from this village, which numbers no more than about four hundred inhabitants. Most of them belong to the Hung family and descendants of other settlers. They are very poor. Their houses front to the south, in order to profit by the cooling south-east breezes during the hot season, and to avoid the northern blasts of winter. On his birth in this village the new prophet received the name of "Brilliant Fire," and, so the Chinese say, when he reached the age of manhood, another, indicating his relation to the Hung family. Later, when he became a scholar, he took for his literary name Sin-tshuen, "Elegant and Perfect.

Although head man of the village, his father was but poor, possessing only two buffaloes, a few pigs, dogs, and poultry. He and his two elder sons cultivated the paddy-fields, but Sin-tshuen, it is said, showed very soon an extraordinary capacity for study, and was sent to school when seven years of age. He surprised his teachers by his diligence, and several of them refused to take any pay from him: he also assisted him, for they were proud of him, and hoped he would attain high honours. When he was about sixteen his studies ended, for his family was too poor to continue them. The young scholar was then obliged to assist his father and brothers in their field labours, and led often the oxen to graze on the mountain. Then a friend invited him to join for a year in his studies, meaning to pay himself with his help. That year passed by; Sin-tshuen was made schoolmaster of his village. The income of a