GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. Pocket said he was glad to see me, and he hoped I was not sorry to see him. "For I really am not," he added, with his son's smile, "an alarming person; on the contrary, a rather anxious contraction of his eyebrows, and this had the effect of being in somebody else's hands, that I found but little difficulty in being established over the young lady by this judicious pursuit, that she had grown up highly ornamented, but perfectly helpless and useless. With her character thus happily formed, in the first bloom of her youth she had encountered Mr. Pocket; who was also in the first bloom of youth, and not quite decided whether to mount to the Woolpack, or to rest himself in with a Mitre. As his doing the one or the other was a mere question of time, he and Mrs. Pocket had taken time by the forelock (when, to judge from its length, it would seem to have wanted cutting), and had married without the knowledge of the judicious parent. The judicious parent, having nothing to bestow or withhold but his blessing, had handsomely settled that dowry upon them after a short struggle, and had informed Mr. Pocket that his wife was "a treasure for a Prince." Mr. Pocket had invested the Prince's treasure in the ways of the world ever since, and it was supposed to have brought in but indifferent interest. Still Mrs. Pocket was in general the object of a queer sort of respectful pity, because she had not married a title; while Mr. Pocket was the object of a queer sort of forgiving reproach because he had never got one.

Mr. Pocket took me into the house and showed me my room; which was a pleasant one, and so furnished as that I could use it with comfort for my own private sitting-room. He then knocked at the doors of two other similar rooms, and introduced me to their occupants, by name Drummle and Startop. Drummle, an old-looking young man of a heavy order of architecture, was whispering. Startop, younger in years and appearance, was reading and holding his head, as if he thought himself in danger of exploding it with too strong a charge of knowledge.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Pocket had had such a noticeable air of being in somebody else's hands, that I wondered who really was in possession of the house and let them live there, until I found this unknown power to be the servants. It was a smooth way of going on, perhaps, in respect of saving trouble; but it had the appearance of being expensive, for the servants felt it a duty they owed to themselves to be nice in their eating and drinking, and to keep a deal of company down stairs. They allowed a very liberal table to Mr. and Mrs. Pocket, yet it always appeared to me that by far the best..."
part of the house to have boarded in, would have been the kitchen—always supposing the
boarder capable of self-defence, for, before I
had been there a week, a neighbouring lady
with whom the family were personally unac-
quainted, wrote in to say that she had seen
Millers sleeping the baby. This greatly dis-
trusted Mrs. Pocket, who burst into tears on
receiving the note, and said it was an extraor-
dinary thing that the neighbours couldn’t mind
their own business.

By degrees I learnt, and chiefly from Herbert,
that Mr. Pocket had been educated at Harrow
and at Cambridge, where he had distinguished
himself; but that when he had had the happiness
of marrying Mrs. Pocket very early in life, he had
impaired his prospects and
boarder capable of self-defence, for, be-
fores marrying Mrs. Pocket very early in life, he
had
blades of
influential fathers, when influential, were always
go
to help him to preferment, but always forgot
that he had wornied of that poor work
and
at Cambridge, where he had
distinguished himself, and chiefly from Herbert,
that Mrs. Pocket was a widow lady of that
class
her souetking less than five
minutes, but that she knew the exact date
of a domestic affliction. It was, in effect,
that the cook had made the beef. To
my
utterable amazement, I now, for the first
time, saw Mr. Pocket relieve his mind by going
through a performance that struck me as very
extraordinary, but which made no impression
on anybody else, and with which I soon became
as familiar as the rest. He laid down the carving-
knife and fork—being engaged in carving at the
moment—put his two hands into his disturbed
hair, and appeared to make an extraordinary
effort to lift himself up by it. When he had
come done this, and had not lifted himself up at all,
he quietly went on with what he was about.

Mrs. Coiler then changed the subject, and
began to flatter me. I liked it for a few
moments, but she flattered me so very grossly that
the pleasure was soon over. She had a
serpentine way of coming close to me when she pre-
tended to be vitally interested in the friends
and localities I had left, which was altogether
naive and fore-tongued; and when she made
an occasional bounce upon Startop (who said
very little to her), or upon Drummle (who said
less), I rather envied them for being on the op-
posite side of the table.

After dinner the children were introduced,
and Mrs. Coiler made admiring comments on
their eyes, noses, and legs—a sagacious way
of improving their minds. There were four
little girls, and two little boys, besides the baby;
that had been either, and the
baby’s next successor who was as yet neither.
They were brought in by Flopec and Millers,
much as though those two non-commissioned
officers had been recruiting somewhere for child-
ren and had enlisted these: while Mrs. Pocket
looked at the young Nobles that ought to have
been, as if she rather thought she had led the
pleasure of inspecting them before, but didn’t
quite know what to make of them.

"Here! Give me your fork, mum, and take
the baby," said Flopec. "Don’t take it that
way, or you’ll get its head under the table.
"Thus advised, Mrs. Pocket took it the other
way, and got its head upon the table; which
was announced to all present by a prodigious
concussion.
"Dear, dear! Give it me back, mum," said Flopson; and Miss Jane, come and dance to baby, do!"

One of the little girls, a mere mite who seemed to have prematurely taken upon herself some charge of the others: stepped out of her place by me, and danced to and from the baby until it left off crying, and laughed. Then all the children laughed, and Mr. Pocket (who, in the mean time, had twice endeavoured to lift himself up by the hair), laughed, and we all laughed and were glad.

Flopsom, by dint of doubling the baby at the joints like a Dutch doll, then got it safely into Mrs. Pocket's lap, and gave it the nutcrackers to play with: at the same time recommending Mrs. Pocket to take notice that the handles of that instrument were not likely to agree with its eyes, and sharply charging Miss Jane to look after the same. Then, the two nurses left, its eyes, and sharply charging Niss Jane to that instrument were not likely to agree with its eyes, and sharply charging Niss Jane to that instrument were not likely to agree with its eyes. They all pressed in upon the company in lieu of its attention to the baby, who appeared to me to be the only member of the family (irrespective of servants) with whom it had any decided acquaintance.

"Mr. Drummlie," said Mrs. Pocket, "will you ring for Flopson? Jane, you unthankful little thing, go and lie down. Now, baby dancing, come with me!"

The baby was the soul of honour, and protested with all its might. It doubled itself up the wrong way over Mrs. Pocket's arm, exhibited a pair of knitted shoes and dimpled ankles to the company in lieu of its soft face, and was carried out in the highest state of mutiny. And it gained its point after all, for I saw it through the window within a few minutes, being nursed by little Jane.

It happened that the other five children were left behind at the dinner-table, through Flopson's having some private engagement, and two or three not being anybody else's business. I thus became aware of the mutual relations between them and Mr. Pocket, which were exemplified in the following manner. Mr. Pocket, with the normal perplexity of his face heightened and his hair rumpled, looked at them for some minutes as if he couldn't make out how they came to be bawling and lodging in that establishment, and why they hadn't been billeted by Nature on somebody else. Then, in a distant Missionary way he asked them certain questions—as why little Joe had that hole in his frill: who said, Pa, Flopson was going to mend it when she had time—and how little Fanny came by that whit: who said, Pa, Millers was going to poultice it when she didn't forget. Then, he melted into parental tenderness, and gave them a shouting piece and told them to go and play; and then, as they went out, with one very strong effort to lift himself up by the hair he dismissed the hopeless subject.

In the evening there was rowing on the river. As Drummlie and Startop had each a boat, I resolved to set up mine, and to cut them both out. I was pretty good at most exercises in which country-boys are adept, but as I was conscious of wanting elegance of style for the Thames—not to say for other waters—I set once engaged to place myself under the tuition of the winner of a prize-wherry who plied at our stairs, and to whom I was introduced by my new allies. This practical authority confided me very much, by saving I had the arm of a blacksmith. If he could have known how nearly the compliment lost him his pupil, I doubt if he would have said it.

There was a supper-treat after we got home at night, and I think we should all have enjoyed ourselves, but for a rather disagreeable domestic occurrence. Mr. Pocket was in good spirits, when a household came in, and said,
"If you please, sir, I should wish to speak to you in confidence," said Mrs. Pocket, whose dignity was roused again. "How can you think of such a thing? Go and speak to Pocket. I will return with a countenance expressive of scorn, and speak to you at some other time."

Hereupon, Mr. Pocket went out of the room, and we made the best of ourselves until he came back. "This is a pretty thing, Belinda!" said Mr. Pocket, returning with a countenance expressive of grief and despair. "Here's the cook lying insensibly drunk on the kitchen floor, with a large bundle of fresh butter made up in the cupboard ready to sell for groats!"

Belinda instantly showed much amiable emotion, and said, "This is that odious Sophia's doing!"

"What do you mean, Belinda?" demanded Mr. Pocket. "Sophia has told you," said Mrs. Pocket. "Did I not see her with my own eyes and hear her with my own ears, come into the room just now and ask to speak to you?"

"But she has not taken me down stairs, Belinda," returned Mr. Pocket, "and shown me the woman, and the bundle too."

"And do you defend her, Matthew?" said Mrs. Pocket, "for making mischief."

Mr. Pocket uttered a dismal groan. "Am I, grandpapa's granddaughter, to be nothing in the house?" said Mrs. Pocket. "Besides, the cook has always been a very nice respectable woman, and said in the most natural manner when she came to look after the situation, that she felt I was born to be a Duchess."

There was a sofa where Mr. Pocket stood, and he dropped upon it in the attitude of the Dying Gladiator. "Still in that attitude he said, with a hollow voice, "Good night, Mr. Pip," when I deemed it advisable to go to bed and leave him."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A few days, or a few weeks, I had established myself in my room and had quite abandoned London, for the acquisition of such men as I wanted, and my investing him with the functions of expeditor and director of all my studies. He hoped that with intelligent assistance I should meet with little to discourage me, and should soon be able to dispense with any aid but his. Through his way of saying this, and much more to similar purpose, he placed himself in confident terms with me in an admirable manner; and I may state at once that he was always so zealous and honourable in fulfilling his compact with me, that he made me zealous and honourable in fulfilling mine with him. If he had shown indifference as a master, I have no doubt I should have returned the compliment as a pupil; he gave me no such excuse, and each of us did the other justice.

When these points were settled, and so far carried out as that I had begun to work in earnest, it occurred to me that if I could retain my bedroom in Barnard's Inn, my life would be agreeably varied, while my maunders would be some the worse for Herbert's society. Mr. Pocket did not object to this arrangement, but urged that before any step could possibly be taken in it, it must be submitted to my guardian. I felt that his delicacy arose out of the consideration that he might save the place and buy Herbert some expense, so I went off to Little Britain and imparted my wish to Mr. Jaggers.

"If I could buy the furniture now hired for me," said I, "and one or two other little things, I should be quite at home there."

"Go it!" said Mr. Jaggers, with a short laugh. "I told you you'd get on! Well! How much do you wish to speak to me?"

I said I didn't know how much.

"Come!" retorted Mr. Jaggers. "How much? Fifty pounds?"

"Oh, not nearly so much."

"Five pounds?" said Mr. Jaggers. "This was such a great fall that I said in discomfiture, "Oh! more than that.""

"More than that, eh?" retorted Mr. Jaggers, lying in wait for me, with his hands in his pockets, his head on one side, and his eyes on the wall behind me: "How much more?"

"It is so difficult to fix a sum," said I, hesitating.

"Come!" said Mr. Jaggers. "Let's get at it. Twice five; will that do? Three times five; will that do? Four times five; will that do?"

I said I thought that would do handsomely. "Four times five will do handsomely, will it?" said Mr. Jaggers, knitting his brows. "Now, what do you make of four times five?"

"What do I make of it?" said Mr. Jaggers; "how much?"

"I suppose you make it twenty pounds," said I, smiling.

"Never mind what I make it, my friend," observed Mr. Jaggers, with a knowing and condescending toss of his head. "I want to know what you make it."

"Twenty pounds, of course."

"Wemmick!" said Mr. Jaggers, opening his office door. "Take Mr. Pip's written order, and pay him twenty pounds."
This strongly marked way of doing business made a strongly marked impression on me, and that not of an agreeable kind. Mr. Jaggers never laughed; but he wore great bright creak-
ing boots, and in posing himself on these boots, with his large head bent down and his eyebrows joined together, awaiting an answer, he some-
times caused the boots to creak, as if they laughed in a dry and suspicious way. As he went to see out now, and as Wemmick was crisp and talkative, I said to Wemmick that I hardly knew what to make of Mr. Jaggers's manner.

"Tell him that, and he'll take it as a compli-
ment," answered Wemmick; "he don't mean
that; you should know what to make of it,—Oh," for I looked surprised, "it's not personal; it's professional: only professional."

Wemmick was at his desk, luncheating—crunching—on a dry hard biscuit; pieces of which he threw from time to time into his slit of a mouth, as if he was posting them.

"Always seems to me," said Wemmick, "as
if he had set a man-trap and was watching it.
Suddenly—cluck—you've caught it!"

With that, the man-traps were not among the amenities of life, I said I supposed he was very skilful?

"Deep," said Wemmick, "as Australia."

Pointing with his pen at the office floor, to
express that Australia was understood for the purposes of the figure, to be symmetrical on the opposite spot of the globe. "If there was anything deeper," added Wemmick, bringing his pen to paper, "he'd be it."

Then, I supposed he had a fine busi-
ness, and Wemmick said "Ca-pi-tal!" Then, I
asked if there were many clerks? To which he replied:

"We don't run much into clerks, because there's only one Jaggars, and people won't have him at second hand. There are only four of us. Would you like to see 'em? You are one of us, as I may say."

I accepted the offer. When Mr. Wemmick had put all his biscuit into the post, and had paid me my money from a cash-box in a safe, the key of which was on a ring, and was somewhere down his back and produced from his coat-collar like an iron pikestaff, we went upstairs. The house was dark and shabby, and the greasy shoulders that had left their mark in Mr. Jaggers's room, seemed to have been scattering up and down the staircase for years. In the first floor, a clerk who looked something between a publican and a rat-caatcher—a large pale pulped swollen man—was attentively engaged with three or four people of shabby appearance, whom he treated as unceremoniously as everybody seemed to be treated who contributed to Mr. Jaggers's coffers. "Getting evidence together," said Mr. Wemmick, as we came out, "for the Bailey."

"In the room over that, a little flabby terrier of a clerk with dangling hair (his cropping seemed to have been forgotten when he was a puppy) was similarly engaged with a man with weak eyes, whom Mr. Wemmick presented to me as a smelter who kept his pot always boiling, and who would melt me anything I pleased—and who was in an excessive white-perspiration, as if he had been trying his art on himself. In a back
room, a high-shouldered man with a face-ache tied up in dirty flannel, who was dressed in old black clothes that bore the appearance of having been waxed, was stooping over his work of making fair copies of the notes of the other two gentle-
men, for Mr. Jaggers's own use.

This was all the establishment. When we went down stairs again, Wemmick led me into my guardian's room, and said, "This you've seen already."

"Pray," said I, as the two odious casts with the twitchy leer upon them caught my sight again, "whose likenesses are those?"

"These?" said Wemmick, getting upon a
chair, and blowing the dust off the horrible heads before bringing them down. "These are two celebrated ones. Famous clients of ours that got us a world of credit. This chap (why you must have come down in the night and been peeping into the inkstand, to get this blot upon your eyebrow, you old rascal) murdered his master, and, considering that he wasn't brought up to evidence, didn't plan it badly."

"Is it like him?" I asked, recoiling from the brute, as Wemmick spat upon his eyebrow and gave it a rub with his sleeve.

"Like him? It's himself, you know. The cast was made in Newport, directly after he was taken down. You had a particular fancy for me, hadn't you, Old Artful?" said Wemmick. He then explained this affectionate apostrophe, by touching his brooch representing the lady and the weeping willow at the tomb with the urn upon it, and saying, "Had it made for me, express!"

"Is the lady anybody?" said I.

"No," returned Wemmick. "Only his game. (You liked your bit of game, didn't you?) No; no; he was a bit of a lady in the case, Mr. Pip, except one—and she wasn't of this slender lady-like sort, and you wouldn't have caught her looking after this urn—unless there was something to drink in it."

"Wemmick's attention being thus directed to his brooch, he sat down the cast, and polished the brooch, with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Did that other creature come to the same end?" I asked. "He has the same look."

"You're right," said Wemmick, "it's the genuine look. Much as if our nostril was caught up with a horseshoe and a little billhook. Yes, he came to the same end; quite the natural end here, I assure you. He forgot wills, this blude did, if he didn't also put the supposed testators to sleep too. You were a gentlemanly Cose, thought, (Mr. Wemmick was again apostrophising), "and you said you could write Greek. Yah, Homesick! What a liar you were. I never met such a liar as you!"

Before putting his late friend on his shelf again, Wemmick touched the largest of his mourning rings, and said, "Sent out to buy it for me, only the day before."
I went on to property. I bought another, you see; that's the way of it. I always take 'em. They're curiosities. And they're property. They may not be worth much, but, after all, they're property and portable. It don't signify to you with me at Dalworth, I could offer you a bed, and the same, and good. I'll give you punch, and I'll give you punch, and not bad punch. And now I'll tell you something. When you go to dine with Mr. Jaggers, look at his housekeeper. 
"Shall I see something very uncommon?"
"Well," said Wemmick, "you'll see a wild beast tamed. Not so very uncommon, you'll tell me. I reply, that depends on the original wildness of the beast, and the amount of taming. It won't lower your opinion of Mr. Jaggers' powers. Keep your eye on it."
I told him I would do so with all the interest and curiosity that his preparation awakened. As I was taking my departure, he asked me if I would like to devote five minutes to seeing Mr. Jaggers "at it?"
For several reasons, and not least because I didn't clearly know what Mr. Jaggers would be found to be, "Yes," I replied in the affirmative. We dived into the City, and came up in a crowded police-court, where a blood-red (in the murderous sense) of the deceased with the bandaged face in brooches, was standing at the bar, uncomfortably chewing something; while my guardian had a woman under examination or cross-examination—I don't know which—and was striking her, and the bench, and everybody present, with awe. If anybody, of whatever degree, said a word that he didn't approve of, he instantly required to have it "taken down." If anybody wouldn't make an admission, he said, "I'll have it out of you, and if anybody made an admission, he said, "Now I have got you!"

THE FRENCH IN LEBANON.

I spent the greater part of last summer and autumn in Mount Lebanon and the adjacent districts, during the time when the French expeditionary force in Syria was moving about in large and small bodies over the whole country; and although nearly twenty years' Indian service had given me considerable experience as to what a soldier can and cannot do in the way of marches and battles in the hot climate, I saw that the endurance performed under a Syrian sun by the French infantry, which astonished me. Thus I was led to make minute inquiries as to how these comparatively weaker men were able to march so much better, although carrying much greater loads, than our own troops in India.

The corps with which I was most thrown during the expedition in Lebanon, and of which I saw most when they returned to Beirut, were the Chasseurs d'Afrique, the Zouaves, and the Spahis. The first of these, as most people know, are French; country troops raised exclusively for service in Algeria, and although they may be called upon to serve elsewhere—as in the Crimea, in Italy, and latterly in Syria—they are never stationed or garrisoned in any other part of the world. The Zouaves are also all French; raised for the same purpose, and with the same exceptions as the Chasseurs d'Afrique, but they are infantry. The Spahis are irregular cavalry troops, natives of Algiers, with a mixture of Frenchmen among the non-commissioned officers. All these three arms bear more or less affinity to one or other of our Indian troops, and it has often struck me that each of them has more or less peculiarities, which we might do well to copy in many instances in our Indian service. I can hardly conceive in many instances, an organisation better adapted for our Anglo-Indian cavalry—

I mean regiments of English dragoons raised for service in the East—than that of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, a corps certainly on the whole the very best light cavalry on service I ever saw. One anecdote alone will show the quickness and readiness of these dragoons. One forenoon last October, I was lounging about their camp at Kab-Kilian, in the plain of Calo-Syria; some of the men were cooking, many of them eating, and others were occupied in various ways. Many were hardy dressed at all; for the morning was very hot. Nothing was further