GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BETWIXT the morning I was up and out. It was too early yet to go to Miss Havisham's, so I loitered into the country on Miss Havisham's side of town—which was not Joe's side; I could go there to-morrow—talking about my patroness, and painting brilliant pictures of her plans for me.

She had adopted Estella, she had as good as adopted me, and it could not fail to be her intention to bring her to the house. She reserved it for me to restore the desolate house, admit the romance, and marry the Princess. I had stopped the man in the barrow, and my patchwork-covered bed was in a double cabin, and the old arms of the ship, now the arm of the woman, had made us a safe haven.

But, though she had taken such strong possession of me, though my fancy and my hope were so set upon her, though her influence on my boyish life and character had been all-powerful, I did not, even thatEncode error] with a steady hand, I turned my back upon her, while I tried to get my breath and keep the beating of my heart moderately quiet. I heard the side door open and steps come across the court-yard, but I pretended not to hear, even when the gate swung on its rusty hinges.

Being at last touched on the shoulder, I started and turned. I started much more naturally, then, to find myself confronted by a man in a sober grey dress. The last man I should have expected to see in that place of porter at Miss Havisham's door.

"Ollick!"

"Ah, young master, there's more changes there.

But come in, come in. It's exposed to my orders to hold the gate open."

I entered, and he swung it, and locked it, and took the key out. "Yes," said he, facing round, after dodgingly preceding me a few steps towards the house. "Here I am."

"How did you come here?"

"I come here," he returned, "on my legs. I had my box brought alongside me in a barrow."

"Are you here for good?"

"I ain't here for harm, young master, I suppose?"

I was not so sure of that. I had leisure to entertain the notion in my mind, while he slowly lifted his heavy glance from the pavement, up my legs and arms, to my face.

"Then you have left the forge?" I said.

"Do this look like a forge?" replied Orlick, sending his gaze all round him with an air of injury. "Now, do it look like it?"

"I asked him how long he had left Gargery's forge?"

"One day is as like another here," he replied, "that I don't know without casting it up. However, I come here some time since you left."

"I could have told you that, Orlick."

"Ah!" said he, dryly. "But then you've got to be a scholar."

By this time we had come to the house, where I found his room to be one just within the side door, with a little window in it looking on the court-yard. In its small proportions, it was not unlike the kind of place usually assigned to a gate-porter in Paris. Certain keys were hanging on his wall, to which he now added the gate key, and his patched-covered bed was in a little inner division or recess. The whole had a slo-
venly confined and sleepy look, like a cage for a human dormouse; while he, looming dark and heavy in the shadow of a corner by the window, looked like the human dormouse for whom it was fitted up—as indeed he was.

"I never saw this room before," I remarked; "but there used to be no Porter here."

"No," said he; "not till it got about that there was no protection on the premises, and it came to be considered dangerous, with convicts and Tag and Rag and Bobtail going up and down. And then I was recommended to the place as a man who could give another man as good a look as he brought, and I took it. It's easier than bellowsing and hammering.—That's loaded, that is.

My eye had been caught by a gun with a brass-bound stock over the chimney-piece, and his eye had followed mine.

"Well," said I, not desirous of more conversation, "shall I go up to Miss Havisham?"

"Barn me, if I know!" he retorted, first stretching himself and then shaking himself; "my orders end here, young master. I give this in bell, and then I'll start a rap with this here hammer, and you go on along the passage till you meet somebody."

"I am expected, I believe?"

"Barn me twice over, if I can say!" said he.

Upon that, I turned down the long passage which I had first trodden in my thick boots, a great bell. At the end of the passage, while the bell was still reverberating, I found Sarah Pocket: who appeared to have now become constitutionally green and yellow by reason of me.

"Oh!" said she. "You, is it, Mr. Pip?"

"It is, Miss Pocket. I am glad to tell you that Mr. Pocket and family are all well."

"Are they any wiser?" said Sarah, with a dismal shake of the head; "they had better be wiser, than well. Ah, Matthew, Matthew! You know your way, sir?"

Tolerably, for I had gone up the staircase in the dark, many a time. I ascended it now, in lighter boots than of yore, and tapped in my old way at the door of Miss Havisham's room.  "Pip's rap," I heard her say, immediately; "come in, Pip."

She was in her chair near the old table, in the old dress, with her two hands crossed on her stick, her chin resting on them, and her eyes on the fire. Sitting near her, with the white shoe that had never been worn, in her hand, and her head bent as she looked at it, was an elegant lady whom I had never seen.

"Come in, Pip," Miss Havisham continued to mutter, without looking round or up; "come in, Pip, how do you do, Pip? so you like my hand as if I were a queen, eh?—Well?"

She looked up at me suddenly, only moving her eyes, and repeated in a grizzly playful manner:

"Well?"

"I heard, Miss Havisham," said I, rather at a loss, "that you were so kind as to wish me to come home to you, and I came directly."

"Well?"

The lady whom I had never seen before, lifted up her eyes and looked archly at me, and then I saw that the eyes were Estella's eyes. But she was so much changed, was so much more beautiful, so much more womanly, in all things winning admiration had made such wonderful advance, that I seemed to have made none. I fancied, as I looked at her, that I slipped hopelessly back into the coarse and common boy again. O the sense of distance and disparity that came upon me, and the insurmountable that came about her!

She gave me her hand. I stammered something about the pleasure I felt in seeing her again, and about my having looked forward to it for a long, long time.

"Do you find her much changed, Pip?" asked Miss Havisham with her greatly look, and striking her stick upon a chair that stood between them, as a sign to me to sit down there.

"When I come in, Miss Havisham, I thought there was nothing of Estella in the face or figure; but now it all settles down so curiously into the old—"

"What? You are not going to say, into the old Estella? Miss Havisham interrupted. "She was proud and insolent and you wanted to go away from her. Don't you remember?"

I said confusedly that that was long ago, and that I knew no better then, and the like. Estella smiled with perfect composure, and said she had no doubt of my having been quite right, and of her having been very disagreeable.

"Is he changed?" Miss Havisham asked her.

"Very much," said Estella, looking at me.

"Less coarse and common?" said Miss Havisham, playing with Estella's hair.

Estella laughed, and looked at the shoe in her hand, and laughed again, and looked at me, and put the shoe down. She treated me as a boy still, but she lurid me on.

We sat in the dreamy room among the old strange influences which had so wrought upon me, and I learnt that she had just come home from France, and that she was going to London. Proud and wilful as of old, she had brought those qualities into such subjection to her beauty that it was impossible and out of nature—or I thought so—to separate them from her beauty. Truly it was impossible to dissociate her presence from all those wretched hairings after money and gentility that had disturbed my boyhood—from all those ill-regulated aspirations that had first made me ashamed of home and Joe—from all those visions that had risen up of the iron on the embers, evaporated it from the darkness of night to look in at the wooden window of the forge and flit away. In a word, it was impossible for me to separate her, in the past or in the present, from the innermost life of my life.

It was settled that I should stay there all the
rest of the day, and return to the hotel at night, and to London to-morrow. When we had conv-

ersed for a while, Miss Havisham sent us two cats to walk in the neglected garden; on our
coming in by-and-by, she said, she should whet her about a little as in times of yore.
So, Estella and I went out into the garden by the gate through which I had strayed to my en-
counter with the pale young gentleman, now Herbert; I, trembling in spirit and worshipping
the very hem of her dress; she, quite composed and most decidedly not worshipping the hem of
mine. As we drew near to the place of en-
counter, she stopped and said:
"I must have been a singular little crea-
ture to hide and see that fight that day: but
I did, and I enjoyed it very much."
"You rewarded me very much."
"Did I?" she replied, in an incidental
and forgetful way. "I remember I entertain a
great objection to your adversary, because I
took it ill that he should be brought here to
meet me with his company."
"And so great friends now," said I.
"Are you? I think I recollect, though,
that you read with his father?"
"Yes."
I made the admission with reluctance, for it
seemed to have a boyish look, and she already
thought me more than enough like a boy.
"Since your change of fortune and prospect,
you have changed your companions," said Es-
tella.
"Naturally," said I.
"And necessarily," she added, in a haughty
tone, "what was fit company for you once,
would be quite unfit company for you now."
In my conscience, I doubt very much whether
I had any lingering intention left, of going to
see Joe; but if I had, this observation put it to
flight.
"You had no idea of your impending good
fortune, in those times," said Estella, with a
slight wave of her hand, signifying in the show-
ing times.
"Not the least."
The air of completeness and superiority with
which she walked at my side, and the air of
youthfulness and submission with which I walked
at hers, made a contrast that I strongly felt. It
would have rankled in me more than it did,
if I had not regarded myself as eliciting it
by being so set apart for her and assigned to her.

The garden was too overgrown and rank for
walking in, and after we had made the
round of it twice or thrice, we came out again
into the brewery yard. I showed her to a
nicely where I had seen her walking on the
cases, that first old day, and she said, with a
cold and careless look in that direction, "Did
I?"
I remedied her when she had come out
of the house and given me my meat and drink,
and she said, "I don't remember!" "Not remember
that you made me cry?" said I. "No," said
she, and shook her head and looked about me.
I verily believe that her not remembering and
not minding in the least, made me cry again,
steadily—and that is the sharpest crying of all.
"You must know," said Estella, condescending
-to me as a brilliant and beautiful woman
might, "that I have no heart—if that has any-
things to do with my memory."
I got through some jargon to the effect that
I took the liberty of doubting that. That I
knew better. That there could be no such
beauty without it.
"Oh! I have a heart to be stabbed in or shot
in, I have no doubt," said Estella, "and, of
course, if it ceased to beat I should cease to be.
But you know what I mean. I have no soft-
ness there, no—sympathy—sentiment—non-
sense."
What see it that was borne in upon my mind when
she stood still and looked attentively at me?
Anything that I had seen in Miss Hav-
isham? No. In some of her looks and ges-
tures there was that tinge of resemblance to Miss Havisham which may often be noticed to have
been acquired by children, from grown persons with whom they have been much associated and
scolded, and which, when childhood is past, will
produce a remarkable occasional likeness of
expression between faces that are otherwise
quite different. And yet I could not trace this
to Miss Havisham. I looked again, and though
she was still looking at me, the suggestion was
gone.
What was it?
"I am serious," said Estella, not so much
with a brow (for her brow was smooth) as with
a darkening of her face; "if we are to be thrown
much together, you had better believe it at
once. No!" imperiously stopping me as I
opened my lips. "I have not bestowed my ten-
derness anywhere. I have never had any such
thing."
In another moment we were in the brewery
so long disused, and she pointed to the high
gallery where I had seen her going out on that
same first day, and told me she remembered to
have been up there, and to have seen me standing
scared below. As my eyes followed her
white hand, again the same thin suggestion that
I could not possibly grasp, crossed me. My in-
voltary start occasioned her to lay her hand
upon my arm. Instantly the ghost passed once
more, and was gone.
What was it?
"What is the matter?" asked Estella. "Are
you scared again?"
"I should be, if I believed what you said just
now," I replied, to turn it off.
"Then you don't? Very well. It is said, at
my rate. Miss Havisham will soon be expecting
you at your old post, though I think that might
be laid aside now, with other old belongings.
Let us make one more round of the garden, and
then go in. Come! You shall not shed tears for
my cruelty to-day; you shall be my page, and give me your shoulder."
Her handsome dress had trailed upon the
ground. She held it in one hand now, and with
the other lightly touched my shoulder as we walked. We walked round the rained garden, twice or thrice more, and it was all in bloom for me. If the green and yellow growth of weed in the clumps of the old wall, had been the most precious flowers that ever blew, it could not have been more cherished in my remembrance.

There was no discrepancy of years between us, to remove her far from me; we were of nearly the same age, though of course the same time. Our air of inaccessibility which her beauty and her manner gave her; tormented me in the midst of my delight, and at the height of the assurance I felt that our patroness had chosen us for one another. Wretched bog

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"I'll tell you," said she, in the same hurried

passionate whisper, "what real love is. It is

blind devotion, unquestioning self-humiliation,

utter submission, trust and belief against your-

self and against the whole world, giving up your

whole heart and soul to the smiter—as I did!"

When she came to that, and to a wild

cry that followed that, I caught her round the

waist. For she rose up in the chair, in her

shroud of a dress, and struck at the air as if she

would as soon have struck herself against

the wall and fallen dead.

All this passed in a few seconds. As I drew

down into her chair, I was conscious of a

strength, swell with the vehemence that pos.

I could feel the muscles of the thin arm round

my neck, swell with the vehemence that pos.


I bred her and educated her, to be loved. I de-

veloped her into what she is, that she might be

loved. Love her!"

She said the word often enough, and there

could be no doubt that she meant to say it; but

if the often repeated word had been hate instead

of love—despair—revenge—dread—death—it could

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my neck, swell with the vehemence that pos.
"Jaggers," interposed Miss Havisham, much to my relief; "leave my Pip alone, and go with him to your dinner."

He complied, and we groped our way down the dark stairs together. While we were still on our way to those detached apartments across the paved yard at the back, he asked me how often I had seen Miss Havisham eat and drink; offering me a breadth of choice, as usual, between a hundred times and once.

I considered, and said, "Never."

"And never will, Pip," he retaliated with a freezing smile. "She has never allowed herself to be seen doing either, since she lived this present life of hers. She wanders about in the night, and then lays hands on such food as she takes."

"Pray, sir," said I, "may I ask you a question?"

"You may," said he, "and I may decline to answer it. Put your question."

"Estella's name, is it Havisham, or—I?"

I had nothing to add.

"Or what?" said he.

"Is it Havisham?"

"It is Havisham."

This brought us to the dinner-table, where she and Sarah Pocket awaited us. Mr. Jaggers presented Estella opposite to him, I faced her green and yellow friend. We dined very well, and were waited on by a maid-servant whom I had never seen in all my comings and goings, but who, for anything I know, had been in that mysterious house the whole time. After dinner, a bottle of choice old port was placed before my guardian (he was evidently well apprised with the vintage), and the two ladies left us.

Anything to equal the determined reticence of Mr. Jaggers under that roof, I never saw elsewhere, even in him. He kept his eyes very keen on himself, and scarcely directed his eyes to Estella's face once during dinner. When she spoke to him, he listened, and in due course answered, but never looked at her that I could see. On the other hand, she often looked at him, with interest and curiosity, if not distrust, but his face never showed the least consciousness. Throughout dinner he took a dry delight in making Sarah Pocket groan and yawn, by often referring in conversation with me to my expectations; but here, again, he showed no consciousness, and even made it appear that he exerted—and even did exert, though I don't know how—all those references out of my innocent self.

And when he and I were left alone together, he sat with an air upon him of general lying by in consequence of information he possessed, that really was too much for me. He crossed-examined his very wine whom he had nothing else in hand. He held it between himself and the candle, tasted the port, rolled it in his mouth, swallowed it, looked at the port again, smelt it, tried it, drank it, filled again, and crossed-examined the glass again, until I was as nervous as if I had known the wine to beelloping him something to my disadvantage. Three or four times I feebly thought I would start conversation, but whenever I saw him going to ask Miss Havisham anything, he looked at me with his glass in his hand, and rolling his wine about in his mouth, as if request ing me to take notice that it was of no use, for he couldn't answer.

I think Miss Havisham was conscious that the sight of me involved her in the danger of being goaded to madness, and perhaps tearing off her cap—which was a very hideous one, in the nature of a muslin mop—and stretching the ground with her hair—which assuredly had never grown on her head. She did not appear when we afterwards went up to Miss Havisham's room, and we four played at whist. In the interval, Miss Havisham, in a fantastic way, had pulled some of the most beautiful jewels from her dressing-table into Estella's hair, and about her bosom and arms; and I saw even my guardian look at her from under his thick eyebrows, and raise them a little, when her loveliness was before him, with those rich flushes of glitter and colour in it.

Of the manner and extent to which he took our trumps into custody, and came out with this man little cards at the end of hands, before which the glory of our Kings and Queens was utterly abased, I say nothing; nor of the feeling that I had, respecting his looking upon us personally in the light of these very obvious and poor riddles that he had found out long ago. What I suffered from, was the incompatibility between his cold presence and my feelings towards Estella. It was not that I knew I could never bear to speak to him about her, that I knew I could never bear to hear him creak his boots at her, that I knew I could never bear to see him as small this hands of her; it was, that my admiration should be within a foot or two of him—it was, that my feelings should be in the same place with him—that was the agregating circumstance.

We played until nine o'clock, and then it was arranged that when Estella came to London I should be forewarned of her coming, and should meet her at the coach; and then I took leave of her, and touched her and left her.

My guardian lay at the Bear in the next room to mine. Far into the night, Miss Havisham's words, "Love her, love her, love her!" sounded in my ears. I adopted them for my own repetition, and said to my pillow, "I love her, I love her, I love her!" hundreds of times. Then, a burst of gratitude came upon me, that she should be destined for me, once the blacksmith's boy. Then, I thought if she were, as I feared, by no means rapturously grateful for that destiny yet, when would she begin to be interested in me? When should I awaken the heart within her, that was mute and sleeping now?

Ah me! I thought those were high and great emotions. But I never thought there was anything low and small in my keeping away from Joe, because I knew she would be contemp-
METAMORPHOSES OF FOOD.

The stomach is a mighty magician. Into its universal maw are thrust the most varied materials drawn from every corner and crevice of Nature: solids and fluids, of stable and unstable constitution, animals and plants, minerals and salts, all of which are mixed and ground, moistened and mashed, torn asunder, taken to pieces, and formed anew into a kind of broth, which is always, and in all men, the same broth, but from the materials from which it was formed. Nature, by the endless combinations of a few elements, produces endless diversities of inorganic and organic life. The stomach clutches these, and reduces their diversity to simplicity. World is ransacked for food; and the food is made into blood. Races and nations differ in the substances they feed on, and in the way they feed them, but all these differences disappear in the final result; the blood of one race and one nation is the same as the blood of all races. So also the cow eats grass and turnips, converting them into blood; the lion declines those succulent vegetables, but feasts upon the cow, lightened by knowledge. But all means point been guided by instinct, and yet converts this food into nothing better than blood.

It is the same with cooking. Wonderfully various are the means men have hit upon for preparing their food, to make it easy of digestion, pleasant to taste. In these they have been guided by instinct, and occasionally enlightened by knowledge. But all means point to the same end. Climates differ, modes of life differ, tastes differ, prejudices differ. The Hessian gorging himself with pounds of salt’s flesh andtrain oil, would look with wondering contempt on the Hindoos, distending himself with rice and mango butter. The Abyssinian who likes his stake raw, cut from the living animal, would hardly comprehend the Parisian’s fancy for a stake stuffed into strings, and disguised in brown gravy. The Neapolitan refreshing himself with juicy cocconere, might scoff at the German exalting himself with sausages and sauerbraten. How various were the articles of food, and the habits which prevailed at meals, among ancient peoples, may be gathered from existing records; and these have been put together by Dr. Reich of Berlin, in one of the most admirable and creditable treatises which only Germans have the patience to compose. The book is called "Die Nahrung und Genussmittelkunde," and has a substantial interest thrown over it from the fact that it was written in years of such hunger, cold, and misery, that in closing the preface to the first part, the author says he is on the brink of the grave, and may not survive to complete what he has so laboriously commenced. Much of this work is meant for a scientific public only, but we shall borrow from its more popular pages a few details to exemplify our position respecting the varieties of food and its preparation.

The Greeks were at all times less of gourmets than the Romans. In Homer’s time their appetites were no doubt heroic and huge, forHomero was made on swine’s flesh, when the chance was afforded; but even on princely tables nothing more recherche was found than bread, beef, mutton, pork, and goat’s flesh, always prepared in the same way. Nor even among the later Greeks was there any great expenditure of ingenuity in cookery. Plain roast, with olives, lemons, figs, pomegranates, apples, pears, melons, and a few vegetables seem to have made up their list of edibles; if we add to the roast, an occasional dog or monkey, and a rabbit or hare, the list still seems small. The Greeks took three meals daily—breakfast, dinner, and supper. The first was a very simple affair, consisting of bread dipped in wine. Supper, which answers to our dinner, was the chief meal. The early Greeks sat down to their meals, but the later Greeks borrowed from the East the practice of reclining on couches. They took off their sandals, and spread cloths on the floor, and after these two customs, which are not only the most commendable since they ate with their fingers, and wiped their fingers on broad-drawers. Our "silver fork school" would have had its feelings painfully outraged at the idea of Pericles and Aesop with a fork, using as such the crusts of bread, which crusts, when they became too moist, were thrown under the table, and snapped up by expectant dogs. Indeed, the fork is a modern invention; and was not the product of English genius, though in England it has been carried to its greatest refinement. It rose in Italy, in the later half of the fifteenth century. In the sixteenth century it was introduced to the French Court as a brilliant novelty; and only in 1808 was first brought to England by Thomas Coryat. Yet it is suspected there were gentlemen even among those forkless persons.

But this is a digression. The Greeks ate without a fork or spoon. Soup they managed to drink out of bowls, as impatient juveniles have been known to drink it in our own time; or else they stopped bread in it. During the meal no wine was drunk; but when the eating was over, and the hands had a second time been washed, four generally mixed with water was handed round. Water, wine, and milk were the only drinks of the Greeks; other drinks were despised as barbarous. The sexes always ate separately.

The Romans began, of course, as simple feeders, but in process of time became such gourmets as the world has not since seen. Pulse, bread, fruit, vegetables, and only a few meats, with wine and water, were the staple food of the early Romans; then came beer; and then, as the conquest of the world brought them more and more into contact with various customs, the list of articles and the modes of preparing them became longer and more various. Then came the search after rarities. The livers of nightingales, the brains of flamingos, the