GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXX.

After well considering the matter while I was dressing at the Blue Boar in the morning, I resolved to tell my guardian that I doubted Orlick's being the right sort of man to fill a post of trust at Miss Havisham's. "Why of course he is not the right sort of man, Pip," said my guardian, comfortably satisfied beforehand on the general head, "because the man who fills the post of trust never is the right sort of man." It seemed quite to put him into a paroxysm of terror and contrition, to find that this particular post was not exceptionally held by the right sort of man, and he listened in a satisfied manner while I told him what knowledge I had of Orlick. "Very good, Pip," he observed, when I had concluded, "I'll go round presently, and pay our friend off." Rather alarmed by this summary action, I was for a little delay, and even hinted that our friend himself might be difficult to deal with. "Oh no he won't," said my guardian, making his pocket-handkerchief-point with perfect confidence, "I should like to see him argue the question with me."

As we were going back together to London by the midday coach, and as I breakfasted under such terrors of Pumblechook that I could scarcely hold my cup, this gave me an opportunity of saying that I wanted a walk, and that I would go on along the London-road while Mr. Jaggers was occupied, if he would let the coachman know that I would get into my place when overtaken. I was thus enabled to fly from the Blue Boar immediately after breakfast. By then making a loop of about a couple of miles into the open country at the back of Pumblechook's premises, I got round into the High-street again, a little beyond that point, and felt myself in comparative security.

It was interesting to be in the quiet old town once more, and it was not disagreeable to be here, and there suddenly recognised and stared at. One or two of the tradespeople even darted out of their shops and went a little way down the street before me, that they might turn, as if they had forgotten something, and pass me face to face, on which occasions I don't know whether they or I made the worse pretense; they of not doing it, or I of not seeing it. Still my position was a distinguished one, and I was not at all dissatisfied with it, until Fate threw me in the way of that unlimited miscreant, Trabb's boy.

Casting my eyes along the street at a certain point of my progress, I beheld Trabb's boy approaching, tossing himself with an empty blue bag. Deeming that a serene and unconscious contemplation of him would best beseem me, and would be most likely to quell his evil mind, I advanced with that expression of countenance, and was rather congratulating myself on my success, when suddenly the knees of Trabb's boy smote together, his hair uprose, his cap fell off, he trembled violently in every limb, staggered out into the road, and crying to the populace, "Hold me! I'm so frightened!" feigned to be in a paroxysm of terror and contrition, occasioned by the dignity of my appearance. As I passed him, his teeth loudly chattered in his head, and with every mark of extreme humiliation, he prostrated himself in the dust.

This was a hard thing to bear, but this was nothing, I had not advanced another two hundred yards, when, to my inexpressible joy, I was hailed by Trabb's with cheerful briskness was indicated from his hand, and with uplifted hands as if beseeching for mercy. His sufferings were hailed with the greatest joy by a knot of spectators, and I felt utterly confounded.

I had not got as much further down the street as the post-office, when I again beheld Trabb's boy shooting round by a back way. The time he was entirely changed. He wore the blue bag in the manner of my great-coat, and was strutting along the pavement towards me on the opposite side of the street, attended by a company of delighted young friends to whom he from time to time exclaimed, with a wave of his hand, "Don't know 'yah!" Words cannot state the amount of aggravation and injury wreaked upon me by Trabb's boy, when, passing abreast of me, he pulled up his skirt.
collar, twined his side-hair, stuck an arm akimbo, and smirked extravagantly by, wriggling his elbows and body, and drawing to his attendants, "Don't know yah, don't know yah, pon my soul don't know yah!" The disgrace attendant on his immediately afterwards taking to crowing and pursuing me across the bridge with crows as from an exceedingly dejected fowl who had known me when I was a blacksmith, culminated the disgrace with which I left the town, and was, so to speak, ejected by it into the open country.

But unless I had taken the life of Trabb's boy on that occasion, I really do not even now see what I could have done save endure. To have struggled with him in the street, or to have exacted any lower recompense from him than his heart's best blood would have been futile and degrading. Moreover, he was a boy whom no man could hurt; an invariable and dodging serpant who, when chased into a corner, flew out pent who, when chased into a corner, flew out country.

"As to employ a boy whom excited loathing and respect your confidence," returned Herbert, smiling, and clapping his elbows and body, and bawling to his attention, and smirked extravagantly by, wriggling his knees and pursuing me across the bridge with crows as from a exceedingly dejected fowl who had known me when I was a blacksmith, culminated the disgrace with which I left the town, and was, so to speak, ejected by it into the open country.

"I shook my head gloomily. "Oh! She is thousands of miles away from me," said I."

"Patience, my dear Handel: time enough, time enough. But you have something more to say?"

"I am ashamed to say it," I returned, "and yet it's no worse to say it than to think it. You call me a lucky fellow. Of course, I am. I was a blacksmith's boy but yesterday; I am—what shall I say I am—today?"

"Say, a good fellow, if you want a phrase," returned Herbert, smiling, and clapping his hand on the back of mine, "a good fellow with impetuosity and hesitation, boldness and diffidence, passion and dreamery, curiously mixed in him."

I stopped for a moment to consider whether there really was this mixture in my character. On the whole, I by no means recognised the analysis, but thought it worth disputing. "When I ask what I am to call myself today, Herbert," I went on, "I suggest what I have in my thoughts. You say I am lucky. I know I have done nothing to raise myself in life, and that Fortune alone has raised me; that is being very lucky. And yet, when I think of Estella—"

"(And when don't you, you know?) Herbert threw in, with his eyes on the fire; which I thought kind and sympathetic of him.)"

"—Then, my dear Herbert, I cannot tell you how dependent and uncertain I feel, and how completely I have, or have—Estella's chances. Avoiding for hidden ground as I did just now, I may still say that on the constancy of one person (namning no person) all my expectations depend. And at
Not being bound to her, can you not detach yourself—not my own, but my father's. The only remainder that the good sense of what I have just said is mere. At all events, you'll be nearer getting it. I gratefully admiring his cheery mien.

Jaggers mould not be in it.' And now before I say nothing more about my father, or my father's son, and repay confidence with confidence, I want to make myself seriously disagreeable to you for a moment—positively repulsive.

'You won't succeed,' said I. 'One, two, three, and now I am in for it. Handel, my good fellow,' though he spoke in that light tone, he was very much concerned. 'I have been thinking, since we have been talking with our feet on this felons, that Estella surely cannot be a condition to you, directly or indirectly, in any way? Never even hinted, for instance, that your patron might have views as to your marriage ultimately?'

'Never.'

'Now, Handel, I am quite free from the flavour of sour grapes, upon my soul and honour! Not just the least bound to have not detached yourself from her?'—I told you I should be disagreeable?

I turned my head aside, for, with a rush and a sweep, like the old march wind coming up from the sea, a feeling like that which had subdued me on the morning when I left the forge, when the mists were solemnly rising, and when I laid my hand upon the village finger-post, smote upon my heart again. There was silence between us for a little while.

'Yes; but my dear Handel,' Herbert went on, as if we had been talking instead of silent, 'it's having been so strongly rooted in the breast of a boy whom nature and circumstances made so romantic, renders it very serious. Think of her bringing-up, and think of Miss Havisham. Think of what she is herself (now I am repulsive and you abominate me). This may lead to miserable things.'

'I know it,' said I, with my head still turned away, "but I can't help it."

'You can't detach yourself?'

'No. Impossible!'

'No. Impossible!

'No! Impossele!'

'Impossele!'

'Well!' said Herbert, getting up with a lively shake as if he had been asleep, and stirring the fire; "now I'll endeavour to make myself agreeable again!"

So he went round the room and shook the curtains out, put the chairs in their places, tidied the books and so forth that were lying about, looked into the hall, peeped into the letter-box, shut the door, and came back to his chair by the fire: where he sat down, nursing his left leg in both arms.

'I was going to say a word or two, Handel, concerning my father and my father's son. I am afraid it is scarcely necessary for my father's son to remark that my father's establishment is not particularly brilliant in its housekeeping.'

'There is always plenty, Herbert,' said I: to say something encouraging. 'Oh yes! and so the chimney says, I believe, with the strongest approval, and so does the marine store-shop in the book street. Gravely, Handel, for the subject is grave enough, you know how it is, as well as I do. I suppose there was a time once, when my father had not given matters up; but if there ever was, the time is gone. May I ask you if you have ever had an opportunity of remarking down in your part of the country, that the children of not exactly suitable marriages are always most particularly anxious to be married?"

This was such a singular question, that I asked him in return, "Is so?"

'I don't know," said Herbert, "that's what I want to know. Because it is decidedly the case with us. My poor sister Charlotte who was next me and died before she was fourteen, was a striking example. Little Jane is the same. In her desire to be matronally established, you might suppose her to have passed her short existence in the perpetual contemplation of domestic bliss. Little Alick in a frock has already made arrangements for his union with a suitable young person at Eton. And indeed, I think we are all engaged, except the baby." "Then you are?" said I.
"I am," said Herbert; "but it's a secret."

I assured him of my keeping the secret, and begged to be favoured with further particulars.

He had spoken so sensibly and feelingly of my weakness that I wanted to know something about his strength.

"May I ask the name?" I said.

"Name of Clara," said Herbert.

"Live in London?"

"Yes. Perhaps I ought to mention," said Herbert, who had become curiously crestfallen and meek, since we entered on the interesting theme, "that she is rather below my mother's nonsensical family notions. Her father had to do with the victualling of passenger-ships. I think he was a species of purser."

"I have known Clara. But I have heard him constantly. He makes tremendous rows—roars, and pegs at the floor with his fists."

Herbert, who had become curiously crestfallen about his strength, was not at all what I meant, for I had intended my question to apply to his means. "I have mendous rows—roars, and pegs at the floor with his fists."

Several curious little circumstances transpired as the action proceeded. The late king of the country not only appeared to have been troubled with a cough at the time of his decease, but to have taken it with him to the tomb and to have brought it back. The royal phantom also carried a ghastly manuscript round its transept, to which it had the appearance of occasionally referring, and that, too, with an air of anxiety and a tendency to lose the place of reference which were suggestive of a state of mortality. As this, I conceive, which led to the Shade's being advised by the gallery to "turn over!"—a recommendation which it took extremely ill. It was likewise to be noted of this majestic spirit that whereas it always appeared with an air of having been out a long time and walked an immense distance, it perceptibly came from a closely contiguous wall. This occasioned its terrors to be received resistlessly. The Queen of Denmark, a very buxom lady, though no doubt historically dead, was considered by the public to have too much brass about her; her chin being attached to her diadem by a broad band of that metal (as if she had a gorgeous toothache), her waist being encircled by another, and each of her arms by another, so that she was openly mentioned as "the kettle-drum." The noble boy in the ancestral boots, was inconsistent; representing himself, as it were, in one breath, as an able seaman, a strolling actor, a gravedigger, a clergyman, and a person of the utmost importance at a Court fencing-match, on the authority of whose practised eye and nice discrimination the dearest strokes were judged. This gradually led to a want of toleration for him, and even—on his being detected in holy orders, and declaring to perform the funeral service—to the general indiction of having used the form of vows. Lastly, Ophelia was a prey to such slow musical madness, that when, in course of time, she had taken off her white muslin scarf, folded it up, and laid it on a sulky man who had been long struggling his impatient nose against an iron bar in the front row of the gallery, growled, "Now the baby's put to bed let's have supper!" which, to say the least of it, was out of keeping.

Upon my unfortunate township all these incidents accumulated with playful effect. Whenever that undecided Prince had to ask a question or state a doubt, the public helped him out. As for example, on the question whether 'twas nobler in the mind to suffer, some roared yes, and some no, and some inclining to both opinions said "toss up for it," and quite..."
Great Expectations.

APRIL 6, 1861.

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A Debating Society arose. When he asked what about all this talking to each other over, the Penny Dreadful, he said, "It is a pestering between earth and heaven, but I was encouraged with a pair of "fare," and "fare." When Mr. Wopsle appeared, he stood, and his stocking disordered; its disordered impression, I have heard. Mr. Wopsle, in a comprehensive black cloak being divested of his Danish garments, and here there was just room for us to look at him as another's shoulders, by keeping the packing-case door, or lid, wide open.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Wopsle, "I am proud to see you. I hope, Mr. Pip, you will excuse my sending round. I had the happiness to know you in former times, and the Drama has ever had a claim which has been acknowledged, on the noble and the affluent."

Meanwhile, Mr. Waldengarver, in a frightful perspiration, was trying to get himself out of this primeval forest, with a kind of small ecclesiastical wash-house on the top, which I suppose to be always included to the player not to add that peds of Inspector greeted Mr. Wopsle in a comprehensive black cloak being divested of his Danish garments, and here there was just room for us to look at him as another's shoulders, by keeping the packing-case door, or lid, wide open.

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dignity, in spite of his being bound against the
wall at the time, and holding on by the back of the
chair.

"But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Walden-
garver," said the man who was on his knees,
in which you're out in your reading. Now
mind! I don't care who says contrary; I tell
you so. You're out in your reading of Hamlet
when you get your legs in profile. The last
Hamlet as I dressed, made the same mistakes
in his reading at rehearsal, till I got him to put
a large red wafer on each of his shins, and then
at that rehearsal (which was the last) I went in
the chair.

"I don't see no wafer!" And at night his
reading was lovely.

Mr. Waldengarver smiled at me, as much as to
say "a faithful dependent—I overlook his
faults," and then said aloud "My view is a
little classic and thoughtful for them here; but
they will improve, they will improve."

Herbert and I said together, Oh, no doubt
they would improve.

"Did you observe, gentlemen," said Mr. Wal-
dengarver, "that there was a man in the gallery
who endeavoured to cast derision on the service
—I mean, the representation?"

We hastily replied that we rather thought we
had noticed such a man. I added, "He was
drunken, no doubt."

"Oh dear no, sir," said Mr. Wopsle, "not
drunken. His employer would see to that, sir.
His employer would not allow him to be drunk."

"You know his employer?" said I.

Mr. Wopsle shut his eyes, and opened them
again; performing both ceremonies very slowly.

"You must have observed, gentlemen," said he,
"an ignorant and a blatant ass, with a rasping
throat and a speaking voice expressive of low
malignity, who went through—I will not say
sustained—the role (if I may use a French
expression) of Claudius King of Denmark. That
is his employer, gentlemen. Such is the pro-
fession!"

Without distinctly knowing whether I should
have been more sorry for Mr. Wopsle if he had
been in despair, I was so sorry for him as it
was, that I took the opportunity of his turning
round to have his brace put on—which costled
us out at the doorway—to ask Herbert what he
thought of having him honred to supper?

He said he thought it would be land to do so,
but his employer would not allow him to go.
He would leave it utterly becalmed and without a
chance or hope.

Miserably I went to bed after all, and mis-
irably thought of Estella, and miserably dreamed
that my expectations were all cancelled, and
that I had to give my hand in marriage to Mor-
bert's Clara, or play Hamlet to Miss Havisham's
Ghost, before twenty thousand people, without
knowing twenty words of it.

EASTER IN RUSSIA.

It is about nine o'clock in the morning, and
the market-place is thronged; for we are on the
outskirts of one of the largest and wealthiest
cities in Russia—a great city in the summer of
the last century. A gay fresh breeze whirs in a
gallant dance the bright-coloured head-gear of the peasant women, and the
long golden mustaches of the Mufliks, usual-
ly so close to them. We are preparing for
Easter; and that is why there are so many
people at market. Let us glance round the
crowd. The broad features of mankind are
much the same in whatsoever country we view
them. There, for instance, is Ivan Ivanovich
and Vera Fedorovna (British Darby and Joan)
come to town to buy holiday finery. Ivan's
coat is of a shiny cloth, the glory of some vil-
lage tailor; who prides himself on giving good
material for good money. His coat is long and
loose, but Ivan looks stiff and out of place in it.
He would be more easy in his usual shaggy gown
and calico breeches. His back is bent; his face
is flushed and wistful; he is a sharp lad, but
shy and awkward among so many strangers.
He does not know whether to be afraid of town
folk or to grin at them. Perhaps now he is a
little nervous, but he will shout a loud final
'Yes, sir' when he gets back to his farm among
the German colonists, and the sheep and the
dogs, and the rugged ponies, and the wolves,
and the bogs in the great wilderness of the
steppe.

Vera is a tousled lass, with a freckled face
and mud-boots reaching to her knees. Her
head is tied up with a red kerchief, floating
round her neck, and a trinket or two; but the skirt of her dress
is dingy and of a surprisingly flimsy texture. She
was choly by a cup of tea when she bought it.
It is made nowhere—too long before, and
too short behind. She also would feel more
comfortable in her usual pretty skirt of blue
cotton, her white bodice open at the breast,
and her crown-shaped bonnet frilled at the
borders. In person she is loose-limbed and
strong; she could floor any dancing master in
the town with one hand; and probably would
do it if provoked by him, especially in Lent.
She has small keen cold blue eyes, without much
eyebrows, but of a kind good expression, a short
cheerful nose, chipped lips, and great brown
honest working hands. It would not be a bad
ting if she were a little more intimate with
soap and water; but with all the mud here and
the dust round the corner, a clean face never
lasts five minutes, so where is the use of wash-
ing it?

Here is the old retired officer (the same type
may be seen at Bath or Cheltenham) in his trim
thunderous clothes, cheapening his beard hair,