GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXII.

One day when I was busy with my books and Mr. Pocket, I received a note by the post, the mere outside of which threw me into a great flutter; for, though I had never seen the handwriting in which it was addressed, I divided whose band it was. It had no set beginning, as I should meet me? at all events Miss Havisham has by

have ordered several suits of clothes for this

sends you her regard.

vanished instantly, and I knew no peace or rest

brought me either; for, then I was worse than

until the day arrived. Not that its arrival

occasion; but as there

I hew this perfectly well, I still felt as if it

me.

or five hours, when Mr. Wemmick ran apsrt

for four and a half-hour of a watch of

expected—which I knew beforehand, quite as well as he. I then rejoined Mr. Wemmick, and

ted his offer.

meted his oEer.

adectin to consult my watch and to be sur-

this perfeotly well, I still felt as if it

settled you

it. So might you or I be. Either of us might be accused of it, you know.

"Only neither of us by," I remarked.

"Talk," said Wemmick, touching me on the breast with his forefinger; "you're a deep one, Mr. Pip! Would you like to have a look at Newgate? Have you time to spare?"

I had so much time to spare, that the proposal came as a relief, notwithstanding its unmil-

VOL V. 103
the night, and saying, "What, Captain Tom? Are you there? Ah, indeed!" and also, "Is that
Black Bill behind the oyster? Why, I didn't
look for you these two months; how do you find
yourself?" Equally in his straining at the bars
and attending to anxious whisperers—always
singingly—Wemmicl with his post-office in an
immoveable state, looked at them while in con-
ference, as if he were taking particular notice
of the advance they had made, since last ob-
served, towards coming out in full blow at their
trial.

He was highly popular, and I found that he
took the familiar department of Mr. Jaggers's
business: though something of the state of Mr.
Jaggers hung about him too, forbidding approach
beyond certain limits. His personal recognition
of each successive client was comprised in a nod,
and in his settling his hat has a little easier on his hand
with both hands, and then tightening the post-
office, and putting his hands in his pockets. In
one or two instances, there was a difficulty respect-
ing the raising of fees, and then Wemmicl,
looking as far as you me, from the insufficient
money produced, said, "It's no care. I'm only a subordinate. I can't take it. Don't
go on in that way with a subordinate. If you
are unable to make up your quantity, you boy
you had better address yourself to a principal;
there are plenty of principals in the profession,
you know, and what is not worth the while of
one, may be worth the while of another; that's
my recommendation to you, speaking as a sub-
ordinate. Don't try on useless measures. Why
should you! Now, who's next?"

Thus, we walked through Wemmicl's green-
house, until he turned to me and said, "No-
tice the man I shall shake hands with.
I
should have done so, without the preparation,
as he had shaken hands with no one yet.

Almost as soon as he had spoken, a partly
upright man (whom I can see now, as I write)
in a well-worn olive-coloured frock-coat, with
a peculiar pallor overspreading the red in his com-
plexion, and eyes that went wandering about
when he tried to fix them, came up to a corner
of the bars, and put his hand to his hat—which
had a greasy and fatty surface like cold brot-
ch—with a half-serious and half-jocose military
salute.

"Colonel, to you!" said Wemmicl; "how
are you, Colonel?"

"All right, Mr. Wemmicl."

"Everything was done that could be done, but
the evidence was too strong for us, Colonel."

"Yes, it was too strong, sir—but I don't
care."

"No, no," said Wemmicl, coolly, "you don't
care." Then, turning to me, "Served His
Majesty this man. Was a soldier in the line
and bought his discharge," he said.

"And indeed?" I asked, "and the man's eyes looked
at me, and then looked over my head, and then
looked all round me, and then he drew his hand
across his lips and laughed.

"I think I shall be out of this on Monday,
sir," he said to Wemmicl.

"Perhaps," returned my friend, "but there's
no knowing."
Great Expectations.

[April 18, 1861] 51

Let us out, you old fox, or I'll get him to bring an action of false imprisonment against you.

The turnkey laughed, and gave us good day, and stood laughing at us over the giles of the wicket when we descended the steps into the street.

"Mind you, Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, gravely, in my arm to be more confidential; "I don't know that Mr. Jaggers does a better thing than he does in his immense abilities. That Colonel was no more the man to leave of his, than that turnkey durst ask him his intentions respecting a case. Then, between his height and then, he slips in his subordinate—don't you see?—and so he has 'em, soul and body."

I was very much impressed, and not for the first time, by my guardian's subtlety. To confess the truth, I very heartily wished, not for the sake of the street.

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I must talk in my own way. How do you thrive with Mr. Pocket?"

"I live quite pleasantly there; at least—"

It appeared to me that I was losing a chance.

"At least?" repeated Estella."

"As pleasantly as I could anywhere, away from you."

"You silly boy," said Estella, quite composedly, "how can you talk such nonsense? Your friend Mr. Matthew, I believe, is superior to the rest of his family?"

"Very superior indeed. He is nobody's enemy—"

"Don't add but his own," interposed Estella, "for I hate that class of man. But he really is disinterested, and above small jealousy and spite, I have heard?"

"I am sure I have every reason to say so."

"You have not every reason to say so of the rest of his people," said Estella, nodding at me with an expression of face that was at once grave and rallying, "for they beset Miss Havisham with reports and insinuations to your disadvantage. They watch you, misrepresent you, write letters about you (anonymous sometimes), and you are the torment and the occupation of their lives. You can scarcely realize to yourself the hatred those people feel for you."

"They do me no harm, I hope?" said I.

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Instead of answering, Estella burst out laughing. This was very singular to me, and I looked at her in considerable perplexity. When she left off—and she had not laughed languidly but with real enjoyment—I said, in my divergent way with her, "I hope I may suppose that you would not be amused if they did me any harm."

"No, no, you may be sure of that," said Estella, "You may be certain that I laugh because they fail. Oh, those people with Miss Havisham, and the tortures they undergo! She hates them all, and even now when she had told me why, her laughter was more singular to me, for I could not doubt its being genuine, and yet it seemed too much for the occasion. I thought there must really be something more here than I knew; she saw the thought in my mind, and answered it."

"It is not easy for even you," said Estella, "to know what satisfaction it gives me to see these people thwarted, or what an enjoyable sense of the ridiculous I have when they are made ridiculous. For you were not brought up in that strange house from a mere baby.—I was. You had not your little wits sharpened by their intriguing against you; you were not brought up in that strange house from a mere baby.—I was."

"I made a foolish pretence of not at first recog-
nissing it, and then told her. As she looked at
it, and drew in her head again, murmuring
"Wretches!" I would not have confessed to my
visit for any consideration.

"Mr. Jaggers," said I, by way of putting it
neatly on somebody else, "has the reputation of
being more in the secrets of that dismal place
than any other person alive.

He is more in the secrets of every place, I
think," said Estella, in a low voice.

"You have been accustomed to see him often,
I suppose?"

"I have been accustomed to see him at
unpleasant intervals, ever since I can remember.
But I know him no better now, than I did
before I could speak plainly. What is your
own experience of him? Do you advance with
him?"

"Once accustomed to his distasteful manner,"
said I, "I have done very well."

"Are you intimate?"

"I have dined with him at his private
house."

"I fancy," said Estella, shrinking, "that
must be a curious place."

"It is a curious place."

I should have been eager of discussing my
guardian too freely with her; but I should
have got to know her, so far as to de-
scribe the dinner in Gerard-street, if we had not
then come into a sudden glace of gas. It
seemed, while it lasted, to be all straight and alive
when any man in London, but when we were out of it, I
was as much dazed for a few moments as if I had been in
Lightning.

So, we fell into other talk, and it was prin-
cipally about the way by which we were travelling,
and about what parts of London lay on this side
of it, and what on that. The great city was
almost new to her, she told me, for she had
never left Miss Havisham's neighbourhood until
she had gone to France, and she had merely
passed through London then in going and re-
turning. I asked her if my guardian had any
change of appearance, while she remained here? To
that she emphatically said "God forbid! I'm
no more.

It was impossible for me to avoid seeing that
she cared to attract me; that she made herself
winning; and would have won me even if the
task had needed pains. Yet this made me none
the happier, for, even if she had not taken that
tone of our being disposed of by others, I should
have felt that she held my heart in her hand be-
cause she wilfully chose to do it, and not be-
cause it would have wrung any tenderness in
her, to crush it and throw it away.

When we passed through Hammersmith, I
showed her where Mr. Matthew Poclet lived,
and said it was no great way from Rich-
mond, and that I hoped I should see her some-
time.

"Oh yes, you are to see me; you are to come
when you think proper; you are to be mentioned
to the family; indeed you are already men-
tioned."

I inquired was it a large household she was
going to be a member of?

"No; there are only two; mother and
daughter. The mother is a lady of some sta-
tion, I believe, though not averse to increasing
her income."

"I wonder Miss Havisham could part with
you again so soon."

"It is a part of Miss Havisham's plans for
me. Pip," said Estella, with a sigh, as if she were
tired, "I am to write to her constantly and see
her regularly, and report how I am, and tell
her the jewels—for they are nearly all mine now."

It was the first time she had ever called me
by my name. Of course she did so, purposely,
and happy that I should treasure it.

We came to Richmond all too soon, and our
destination there, was a house by the Green;
a staid old house, where hoops and powder and
pouches, embroidered coats, unbleached
stickings, and swords, had had their court days
many a time. Some ancient trees before the
house were still out into fashions as formal
and unnatural as the hoops and wigs and
stiff skirts; but the great procession of the dead
were not far off, and they would soon drop into
them and go with the silent way of the rest.

A bell with a clear voice—which I dare say in
its time had osten to the house, Here is the
green garthingle, Here is the diamond-hilted
sword, Here are the shoes with red heels and
the blue collar—sounded gravely in the moon-
light, and two cherry-coloured maid's came flut-
ering out to receive Estella. The doorway
soon absorbed her boxes, and she gave me her
hand and a smile, and said good night, and
absorbed likewise. And still I stood looking at
the house, thinking how happy I should be if
I lived there with her, and knowing that I never
was happy with her; but always miserable.

I went into the carriage to be taken back to
Hammersmith, and I got in with a bad heart-
ache, and I got out with a worse heartache.
At our own door, I found little Jane Poclet
coming home from a little party escorted by her
little lover; and I envied her little lover, in
spite of his being subject to Flopson.

Mr. Pocket was out lecturing; for, he was a
most delightful lecturer on domestic economy,
and his treatises on the management of children
and servants were considered the very best text-
books on those themes. But Mrs. Pocket
was at home, and was in a little difficulty, on ac-
count of the baby's having been accommodated
with a needle-case to keep him quiet during
the unaccountable absence (with a relative in the
Foot Guards) of Mr. D. And more needles
were missing than it could be regarded as quits
wholesome for a patient of such tender  years
either to apply externally or to take as a tonic.

Mr. Pocket being justly celebrated (for giving
most excellent practical advice, and for having
a clear and sound perception of things and a
highly judicious mind, I had some notion in
my heart-ache of begging him to accept my
confidence. But happening to look up at Mrs.
Pocket as she sat reading her book of dignities after prescribing Bed as a sovereign remedy for baby, I thought—Well—No, I wouldn’t.

**ARCTIC AND ANTARCTIC LANDS.**

In the year of our Lord eight hundred and sixty, or just one thousand years ago, it is recorded that Iceland was visited and colonised by the old Norwegian Vikings, and although we are led to understand that these surprising and systematic explorers had preceded by the Irish in the discovery of the island, we may still consider that to them and to that time are due the honour of first settling within the arctic lands of the earth.

The northern main land of Norway and the islands adjacent within the arctic circle were soon after discovered, and were then, as they are now, inhabited by Laplanders, a people differing but little from the Saquimaux (or Esquimaux as they are now sometimes written).

The discovery and occupation of Greenland rapidly succeeded that of Iceland, and then followed the first recorded visit of civilised men to the main land of America. These early voyagers reached the new continent at a point nearly eight hundred miles, or almost to the east coast on the same parallel, by proceeding westward through the more dangerous and unforeseen parts of the north Atlantic ocean.

As is the case with all very difficult and dangerous undertakings, there have never been wanting, from the earliest times till now, a constant succession of volunteers whose great aim was to penetrate as far as possible beyond the limits within which navigation was comparatively easy. As navigation improved, these limits, of course, extended, and from time to time important additions were made to our knowledge of the geography of the ice-bound lands and dangerous waters of the arctic seas.

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