GREAT EXPECTATIONS.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I was three-and-twenty years of age. Not another word had I heard to enlighten me on the subject of my expectations, and my twenty-third birthday was a week gone. We had left Barnard's Inn more than a year, and lived in the Temple since that time. Our chambers were in Garden-court, down by the river.

Mr. Pocket and I had for some time parted company as to our original relations, though we continued on the best terms. Notwithstanding my inability to settle to anything—which I hope arose out of the restless and incomplete company as to our original relations, though we hours a day. That matter of Herbert was still progressing, and evergrowing with me as I progressed, and covering all that I had brought it down to the close of the last chapter.

Business had taken Herbert on a journey to Marseilles. I was alone, and had a dull sense of being alone. Dispirited and anxious, long hoping that tomorrow or next week would clear my way, and long disappointed, I sadly missed the cheerful face and ready response of my friend.

It was wretched weather; stormy and wet, stormy and wet; and mud, mud, mud, deep in all the streets. Day after day, a vast heavy veil had been driving over London from the East, and it drove still, as if in the East there were an Eternity of cloud and wind. So furious had been the gales, that high buildings in town had had the lead stripped off their roofs; and in the country, trees had been torn up, and sails of windmills carried away; and gloomy accounts had come in from the coast, of shipwreck and death. Violent blasts of rain and accompanied these raging winds, and the day just closed as I sat down to read had been the worst of all.

Alterations have been made in that part of the Temple since that time, and it has not now so lonely a character as it had then, nor is it so exposed to the river. We lived at the top of the last house, and the wind rushing up the river shook the house that night, like discharges of cannon, or even storms. When the rain came with it and dashed against the windows, I thought, raising my eyes to them as they rocked, that I might have fancied myself in a storm-beaten lighthouse. Occasionally, the smoke came rolling down the chimney as though it could not bear to go out into such a night; and when I shaded my face with my hands and looked through the black windows (opening them ever so little, was out of the question in the teeth of such wind and rain) I saw that the lamps in the court were blown out, and that the lamps on the bridges and the shore were shuttering, and that the coal fires in barges on the river were being carried away before the wind like red-hot splashes in the rain.

I read with my watch upon the table, purposing to close my book at eleven o'clock. As I shut it, Saint Paul's, and all the many church-clocks in the City—some leading, some accompanying, some following—struck that hour. The wind was curiously flawed by the wind; and I was listening, and thinking how the wind ascended it and tore it, when I heard a footstep on the stair.

What nervous folly made me start, and awfully connect it with the footstep of my dead sister; matters not. It was past eleven, and I listened again, and heard the footstep stumble coming on. Remembering then that the staircase-lights were blown out, I took up my reading-lamp and went out to the stair-head.

Whoever was below had stopped on seeing my headlight, and I stood with my lamp held out, over the stairs, and now slowly came within its light. It was a shaded lamp, to shine upon a book, and its circle of light was very contracted; so that no was in it for a mere instant, and then out of it. In the instant, I had seen a face that was strange to me, and looking up with an incomprehensible air of being touched and pleased by the sight of me.

Moving the lamp as the man moved, I made out that he was substantially dressed, but
roughly: like a voyager by sea. That he had
long iron grey hair. That his age was about
sixty. That he was a muscular man, strong on
his legs, and that he was browned and hardened
by exposure to weather. As he ascended the
last stair or two, and the light of my lamp in-
cluded us both, I saw, with a stupid kind of
annoyance, that he was holding out both his
hands to me.

"What is your business?" I asked him.

"My business?" he repeated, pausing. "Ah!
Yes. I will explain my business, by your
leave."

"Do you wish to come in?"

"Yes," he replied; "I wish to come in,
Master."

I had asked him the question inexpressibly
enough, for I resented the sort of bright and
gratified recognition that still shone in his face.
I resented it, because it seemed to imply that
he expected me to respond to it. But I took
him into the room I had just left, and, having
set the lamp on the table, asked him as civilly
as I could, to explain himself.

He looked about him with the strongest air
—an air of wondering pleasure, as if he had
some part in the things he admired—and he
pulled off a rough outer coat, and his hat. Then
I saw that his head was furrowed and bald, and
that the long iron grey hair grew only on its
sides. But I saw nothing that in the least ex-
plained him. On the contrary, I saw him next
moment, once more holding out both his hands
to me.

"What do you mean?" said I, half suspecting
him to be mad.

He stopped in his looking at me, and slowly
rubbed his right hand over his head. "It's
disputing to a man," he said, in a coarse
broken voice, "after having looked for'ard so
distant and come so far; but you're not to
blame for that—neither on us is to blame for
that. I'll speak in half a minute. Give me
half a minute, please."

He sat down in a chair that stood before the
fire, and covered his forehead with his large
brown veinous hands. I looked at him atten-
tively then, and recollected a little from him; but
I did not know him.

"There's no one nigh," said he, looking over
his shoulder, "is there?"

"Why do you, a stranger coming into my
rooms at this time of the night, ask that ques-
tion?" said I.

"You're a game one," he returned, shaking
his head at me with a deliberate affection, at once
most unintelligible and most exasperating: "I'm
glad you've grow'd up, a game one! But don't
catch hold of me. You'd be sorry afterwards
to have done it."

I relinquished the intention he had detected,
for I knew him. Even yet, I could not recall a
single feature, but I knew him! If the wind
and the rain had driven away the intervening
years, had scattered all the intervening objects,
and swept us to the churchyard where we first
stood face to face on such different levels, I could
not have known my convict more distinctly than I
knew him now, as he sat in the chair before the
fire. No need to take a file from his pocket and
slow it to me; no need to take the handles-
chief from his neck and twist it round his head;
no need to hug himself with both his arms, and
take a shivering turn across the room, looking
back at me for recognition. I knew him before
he gave me one of those aids, though, a moment
before, I had not been conscious of remotely
suspecting his identity.

He came back to whom I stood, and again
held out both his hands. Not knowing what to
do—for, in my astonishment I had lost my self-
possession—I reluctantly gave him my hands.
He grasped them heartily, raised them to his
lips, kissed them, and still held them.

"You acted noble, my boy," said he. "Noble,
 Pip! And I have never forgotten it!"

At a change in his manner as if he were even
going to embrace me, I laid a hand upon his
breast and put him away.

"Stay!" said I. "Keep off! If you are grate-
ful to me for what I did when I was a little child,
I hope you have shown your gratitude by mend-
ing your way of life. If you have come here to
think me, you have found me out, there must be someti-
thing good in the feeling that has brought you here,
and I will not repulse you, but surely you
must understand that—"

My attention was so attracted by the singu-
larity of his fixed look at me, that the words
died away on my tongue.

"You were a saying," he observed, when we
had confronted one another in silence, "that
surely I must understand. What, surely must I
understand?"

"That I cannot wish to renew that chance
intercourse with you of long ago, under these
different circumstances. I am glad of the
opportunity you have repented and recovered
yourself. I am glad to tell you so. I am glad that,
to-day, I see you; I see my poor boy. I see you
have found me out, there must be something
good in the feeling that has brought you here,
and I will not repulse you; but surely you
must understand that—"

His eyes were full of tears.
to tell him (though I could not do it distinctly),
that I had been chosen to succeed to some prop-
erty.
“Might a mere written ask what property?”
said he.
I faltered, “I don’t know.”
“Might a mere written ask whose property?”
said he.
I faltered again, “I don’t know.”
“Could I make a guess,” I ventured, “that the
Convict, ‘at your income since you came of
age! As to the first figure now, Five?”
With my inner heart beating like a heavy hammer
of disordered action, I rose out of my chair, and
stood with my hand upon the back of it, looking
wildly at him.
“Concerning a guardian,” he went on.
“There ought to have been some guardian, or
such-like, while you were a minor. Some lawyer,
maybe. As to the first letter of that lawyer’s
name now. Would it be J?”
All the truth of my position came flashing on
me; and its disappointments, dangers, disgrace,
prosperances of all kinds, rushed upon me in such
a multitude that I was borne down by them and
had to struggle for every breath I drew.
“Put it,” he resumed, “as the employer of
that lawyer whose name begun with a J, and
might be Jaggers—put it as he had come over
sea to Portsmouth, and had landed there, and
had wanted to come on to you. However, you
have found me out,” you says just now. Well!
However did I find you out? Why, I wrote
from Portsmouth to a person in London, for
particulars of your address. That person’s
name? Why, Wemmick.”
I could not have spoken one word, though it
had been to save my life. I stood, with a hand
on the chair-back and a hand on my breast,
where I seemed to be suffocating—I stood so,
looking wildly at him, until I grasped at the
chair, when the room began to surge and turn.
He caught me, drew me to the sofa, put me up
against the cushions, and bent on one knee
before me: bringing the face that I now well
remembered, and that I shuddered at, very near
to mine.
“Yes, Pip, dear boy, I’ve made a gentleman
on you! It’s me wot has done it! I swore
that time, sure as I’m a guinea, that
guinea should go to you. I swore at last,
sure as ever I speculated and got rich, you should
get rich. I lived rough, that you should live
smooth; I worked hard, that you should be
above work. What odds, dear boy? Do I tell
it, for you to feel a obligation? Not a bit. I
tell it, for you to know as that there hunteddunghill dog wot you kep life in, got his head so
high that he could make a gentleman—and Pip,
you’re him!”

The abhorrence in which I held the man, the
dread I had of him, the repugnance with which
I shrank from him, could not have been exceeded
if he had been my worst enemy.

“Look’ee here, Pip. I’m your second father.
You’re my son—more to me nor any son. I’ve
done-away, not
But I was

softer by the softened aspect of the man, and
felt a touch of reproach. “I hope,” said I,
 hurriedly putting something into a glass for
myself, and drawing a chair to the table, “that
you will not think I spoke harshly to you just
now. I had no intention of doing it, and I am
sorry for it if I did. I wish you well, and
happy!”

As I put my glass to my lips, he glanced with
surprise at the end of his neckerchief, dropping
from his mouth when he opened it, and stretched
out his hand. I gave him mine, and then he
drank, and drew his sleeve across his eyes and
forehead.

“Now are you living?” I asked him.
“I’ve been a sheep-farmer, stock-bredier,
other trades besides, away in the nem world,”
said he; “many a thousand miles of stormy
water off from this.”

“I hope you have done well.”
“T’ve done wonderful well. There’s others
went out alongside me as has done well too, but
no man has done might as well as me. I’m famous
for it.”

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But I was
I was a hired-out shepherd in a solitary hut, not seeing no faces but faces of sheep till I half forgot wet men's and women's faces was like, I see youm. I drops my knife many a time in the hot that when I was a eating my dinner or my supper, and I says, 'Here's the boy again, a looking at me whiles I eats and drinks!' I see you there, many a times, as plain as ever I see you on them misty marshes. 'Lord strike me dead!' I says each time—and I goes out in the air to say it under the open heavens—'but wot, if I gets liberty and money, I'll make that boy a gentleman!' And I does it. Why, look at you, dear boy! Look at these here lodgings of yourn, fit for a lord! A lord! Ah! You shall show money with lords for wagers, and best 'em!' In his heat and triumph, and in his knowledge that I had been nearly fainting, he did not remark on my reception of all this. It was his head, as the click clack in his throat dicl1 I me again drawing his sleeve over his eau't do bet,t,or no keep quiet, don't you. To me that he was so much in earnest; 'JOU looks too,' turning his eyes round the room, Look at your lineu Jaggers.' Never, never to kiss lips, while my blood ran cold within me.

"Is there no one else?" I asked.

"No," said he, with a glance of surprise; "who else should there be? And, dear boy, how good-looking you have grown! There's bright eyes somewhere—eh? Isn't there bright eyes somewhere, wot you love the thoughts on it?"

O Estella, Estella! "They shall be your, dear boy, if money can buy 'em. Not that a gentleman like you, so well set up as you, can't win 'em off of his own gaines; but money shall back you! Let me think, wot I was a telling you, dear boy. From that there hut and that thore hiring-out, I got money left me by my master (which died, and had been the same as me), and got my liberty and went for myself. In every single thing I went for, I went for you. Lord strike a bright upon it,' I says, whatever it was I went for, 'if it ain't for him!' Is all pro-sperd wonderful. As I giv' you to understand just now, I'm famous for it. It was the money I sent home to Mr. Jaggers—all for you—when he first come arter you, agreeable to my letter.' O, that he had never come! That he had left me at the forge—far from contented, yet, by comparison, happy! 'And then, dear boy, it was a recompense to me, look'es here, to know in secret that I was making a gentleman. The blood horses of them colonists might ding up the dust over me as I was walking; what do I say I says to myself, 'I'm making a better gentleman nor ever you'll be!' When one of 'em says to another, 'He was a convict, a few year ago, and is a ignorant common fellow now, for all he's lucky,' what do I say I says to myself, 'If I ain't a gentleman, nor you, you ain't got no learning.' I'm the owner of such. All on you owns stock and land; which on you owns a brought-up London gentleman? This way I kep' myself a going. I did, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! You shall read 'em to me, dear boy! And I done it. Wily, look at these here lodgings O' yours, and the gains of the first few year not went home to Mr. Jaggers—all for you—when he first come arter you, agreeable to my letter.'
Nothing was needed but this; the wretched man, after loading wretched me with his gold and silver chains for years, and risked his life to come to me, and I held it there in my keeping! If I had loved him instead of abhorring him; if I had been attracted to him by a strong sense of admiration and affection, instead of shrinking from him with the strongest repugnance; it would have been better, for his preservation would then have naturally and tendecly addressed my heart.

My first care was to close the shutters, so that no light might be seen from without, and then to close and make fast the doors. While I did so, he stood at the table drinking rum and eating biscuit; and when I saw him thus engaged, I saw my chance on the most of his meat again. It almost seemed to me as if he must stop down presently, to lie at his leg.

When I had gone into Herbert's room, and had shut off every chance between it and the staircase than through the room in which our conversation had been held, I asked him if he would go to bed? He said yes, but asked me for some of my "gentleman's linen" to put on in the morning. I brought it out, heard that other convict repeat that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict reiterated that he had heard that other convict 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MUSIC AMONG THE JAPANESE.

Let us render partial justice to our often misappreciated Oriental friends, in respect of a faculty which has uniformly, and rather unfairly, been denied them. "They have no musical perception," is the general verdict, even of those who have gone beyond mere superficial observations. Their simple flutes and rude guitars have been denounced as instruments of torture, rather than of music, at least to European ears; and as to their vocal flights — what synonym of esophagostomy has not been invoked to designate their horrors? Have we not all read, until our ears tingled with sympathy, of the sufferings of such ineptitude as we have occasionally witnessed in that vocal sound of a Yedo serenade, or a Yokohama obsequies? Everybody remembers how Mr. Oliphant fell a victim to a thin partition and a morning music lesson next door, or something equally dreadful in the same way. And from first to last, we have hardly a record of Japanese vivatations, in which the infliction of the national music does not play its malodorous part. It is possible that the tourists from whom we have received these unfavourable reports, have been obliged to deal a little carelessly in this delicate question of Japanese art. Perhaps they have judged the Japanese music, as every-