...the pale young gentleman. The more I thought of the fight, and recalled the pale young gentleman on his back in various stages of pugy and of the fight, and recalled the pale young gentle

man's nose had stained my trousers: and I tried to wash out that evidence of the other room. Over and over and over again, I had cut my knuckles against the pale young gentleman's teeth, and I twisted my imagination into a thousand naughty, as I devised incredible ways of accounting for that damnable circumstance when I should be haled before the Judges.

Whether my ruddiness of Justice, specially sent down from London, would be lying in ambush behind the gate? Whether Miss Havisham, preferring to take personal vengeance for an outrage done to her honor, might rise in those grave-clothes of hers, draw a pistol, and shoot me dead? Whether sobered boys—a numerous band of mercenaries—might be engaged to fall upon me in the brawny, and call me until I was no more? It was high testimony to my confidence in the spirit of the pale young gentleman, that I never imagined it necessary to these retaliations; they always came into my mind as the acts of inhuman relishes of his, goaded on by the state of his visage and an indignant sympathy with the family features.

However, go to Miss Havisham's I must, and go I did. And behold! nothing came of the late struggle. It was not alluded to in any way, and no pale young gentleman was to be discovered on the premises. I found the same gate open, and I explored the garden, and even looked in at the windows of the detached house; but, my view was suddenly stopped by the closed shutters within, and all was lifeless.

Only in the corner where the combat had taken place, could I detect any evidence of the young gentleman's existence. There were traces of his gore in that spot, and I covered them with garden-moist from the eye of man.

On the broad landing between Miss Havisham's own room and that other room in which the long table was laid out, I saw a garden-chair—a light chair on wheels, that you pushed from behind. It had been placed there since my last visit, and I entered, that same day, on a regular occupation of pushing Miss Havisham in this chair (when she was tired of walking with her hand upon my shoulder) round her own room, and across the landing, and round the other room. Over and over and over again, we would make these journeys, and sometimes they would last as long as three hours at a stretch. Insensibly fell into a general mention of these journeys as numerous, because it was at once settled that I should return every alternate day at noon for these purposes, and because I am now going to run up a period of at least eight or ten months.

As we began to be more used to one another, Miss Havisham talked more to me, and asked me such questions as what had I learnt and what was I going to be? I told her I was going to be apprenticed to Joe, I believed; and I enlarged upon my knowing nothing and wanting to know everything, in the hope that she might offer some help towards that desirable end. But, she did not; on the contrary, she seemed to prefer my being ignorant. Neither did she ever give me any money—or anything but my daily dinner—nor ever stipulate that I should be paid for my services.

Estella was always about, and always let me in and out, but never told me I might kiss her again. Sometimes, she would coldly tolerate me; sometimes, she would condescend to me; sometimes, she would be quite familiar with me; sometimes, she would tell me energetically that she hated me. Miss Havisham would often ask me in a whisper, or when we were alone, "Does she grow prettier and prettier, Pip?" And
when I said yes (for indeed she did), would
seem to enjoy it greatly is secret. Also, when
we played cards Miss Havisham would look
on, with a mischievous smile at Estella's mood,
whatver they were. And sometimes, when her
moods were so many and so contradictory, that
one another that I was puzzled what to say or
do, Miss Havisham would observe her with
lively kindness, murmuring something in her ear
that sounded like, "Break the hearts my pride
and hope, break their hearts and have no mercy!"
There was a song Old Joe used to hum
fragments of at the forge, of which the burden was
Old Clem. This was not a very ceremonious way
of rendering hommage to a patron saint; but, I be-
lieve Old Clem stood in that relation toward
smiths. It was a song that imitated the mea-
sure of beating upon iron, and was a more lyrical
excuse for the introduction of Old Clem's respec-
ted name. Thus, you were to hammer
and...
when our usual exercise was over, and I had
laid her on her dressing-table, she stayed me
with a movement of her impatient fingers:

"Tell me the name again of that blacksmith
of yours."

"Joe Gargery, ma'am."

"Meaning the master you were to be appren-
ticed to?

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"You had better be apprenticed at once.

Would Gargery come here with you, and bring
your indentures, do you think?"

I signified that I had no doubt he would take
it as an honour to be asked.

"Then let him come."

"At any particular time, Miss Havisham?"

"There, there! I know nothing about times.

Let him come soon, and come alone with
you."

When I got home at night, and delivered this
message for Joe, my sister was so exasperated
at Joe's being so long, and so violent an
extent. Not satisfied with scrubbing-brush, and
cleaned us out of house and home, with a
-weighted pail and mop, she took to a box and
began cleaning up to a terrible extent. Not
satisfied with a dry cleaning, she took to a pail
and decanted us out of house with a
-brush, and cleaned us out of house
and home, when our usual exercise was over.

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We walked to town, my sister loading the
way in a very large basket, and carrying
a basket like the Great Seal of England, in
plated straw, a pair of pattens, a sparrow,
and an umbrella, though it was a fine bright
day. I am not quite clear whether these articles
were packed post-ready or ostentatiously; but, I
rather think they were displayed as articles of
property—much as Cleopatra or any other sou-
renge lady on the Rampage might exhibit her
wealth in a pageant or procession.

When we came to Pumblechook's, my sister
bounced in and left us. As it was almost noon,
and I had straightened up to Miss Havisham's
house. Estella opened the gate as usual, and,
the moment she appeared, Joe took his hat off
and stood weighing it by the brim in both his
hands; as if he had some urgent reason in his
mind for being particular to half a quarter of an
ounce.

Estella took no notice of either of us, but led
us the way that I knew so well. I followed
next to her, and Joe came last. When I looked
back at Joe in the long passage, he was still
weighing his hat with the greatest care, and was
coming after us in long strides on the tips of his
feet.

Estella told me we were both to go in, so I
took Joe by the coat-cuff and conducted him
into Miss Havisham's presence. She was seated
at her dressing-table, and looked round at us
immediately.

"Oh!" said she to Joe. "You are the hus-
bond of the sister of this boy?"

I could hardly have imagined dear old Joe
looking so unlike himself or so like some ex-
travagant bird; standing, as he did, speechless,
with his tuft of feathers made, and his
mouth open, as if he wanted a worm.

"You are the husband," repeated Miss Havi-
sham. "of the sister of this boy?"

It was very aggravating; but, throughout the
interview Joe persisted in addressing me instead
of Miss Havisham.

"Which I mean, Pip," Joe now ob-
sered in a manner that was at once expressive
of forcible argumentation, strict confidence, and
great politeness, "as I have just mentioned to you.

"You and I were ever friends, and it would
be foolish to treat us as being calculated to lead
to larks. Not but, Pip, if you had ever made
objections to the business—such as its bring-
ing the trade-connection with those of your
own age, and such-like—not but what you
would have been attended to, don't you see?"

"Has the boy," said Miss Havisham, "ever
made any objection? Does he like the trade?"

"Which is well known to yourself, Pip,"
returned Joe, strengthening his former mixture
of argumentation, confidence, and politeness;

"that it were the wish of your own heart?"
I saw the idea suddenly break upon him

CHAPTER XIII.

It was a trial to my feelings, on the next day
but one, to see Joe arraying himself in his Sun-
day clothes to accompany me to Miss Havi-
sham's. However, as he thought his court-suit
necessary to the occasion, it was not for me to
tell him that he looked far better in his working
suit. As I stood by, I knew he made him-
self so drowsily uncomfortable, entirely on my
account, that it was for me to pull up that shirt-collar so very high behind, that it made the
hair on the crown of his head stand up like a
plait of feathers.

At breakfast-time my sister declared her in-
tention of going to town with us, and being left
at Uncle Pumblechook's, and called for "when
we had done with our fine ladies"—a way of
tpicking the case, from what Joe appeared in-
dclined to augur the worst. The forge was shut
up for the day, and Joe inscribed in chalk upon
the door (as it was his custom to do on the very
rare occasions when he was not at work) his
monosyllable, Howz, accompanied by a skelp of
an arrow supposed to be flying in the direction
he had taken.

A visit medium right to cock
1 had no
but, she pre-
med again; and
asked for my attendance
Thus calling him back as I went out of the door, I heard her say to Joe, in a distinct emphatic voice, "The boy has been a good boy here, and that is his reward. Of course, as an honest man, you will expect no other and no more."

How Joe got out of the room, I have never been able to determine; but, I know that when he did get out he was steadily proceeding upstairs instead of coming down, and was deaf to all remonstrances until I went after him and laid hold of him. In another minute we were outside the gate, and it was locked, and Estella was gone.

When we stood in the daylight alone again, Joe backed up against a wall, and said to me, "Astonishing!" And there he remained so long, saying "Astonishing!" at intervals, so often, that I began to think his senses were never coming back. At length he prolonged his remark into "Pip, I do assure you that this is as-row-something!" and so, by degrees, became conversational and able to walk away.

I have reason to think that Joe's intellects were brightened by the encounter they had passed through, and that on our way to Pumblechook's he invented a subtle and deep design. My reason is to be found in what took place in Mr. Pumblechook's parlour: where, on our presenting ourselves, my sister sat in conference with that detested assassin.

"Well?" cried my sister, addressing us both at once. "And what's happened to you? I wonder you condescend to come back to such poor society as this. I am sure I do." "Miss Havisham," said Joe, with a fixed look at me, like an effort of remembrance, "made it very particular that we should have here—were it compliments or respects, Pip," "Compliments," I said. "Which were my own belief," answered Joe—"her compliments to Mrs. J. Gargery—" "Much good they'll do me," observed my sister; but rather grieved too. "And wishing," pursued Joe, with another fixed look at me, like another effort of remembrance, "that the state of Miss Havisham's health were such as would have—allowed—I'm sure it was, Pip!" "Of her having the pleasure," I added. "Of ladies' company," said Joe. And drew a long breath.

"Well," cried my sister, with a mollified glance at Mr. Pumblechook. "She might have had the politeness to send that message at first, but it's better late than never. And what did she give young Rummipole here?" "She gave him," said Joe, "nothing," Mrs. Joe was going to break out, but Joe went on. "What she gave," I said Joe, "she gave to his friends. And by his friends," were her explanation, "I mean into the hands of his sister Mrs. J. Gargery." They were her words; "Mrs. J. Gargery." She mayn't have known it," added Joe, with an appearance of redoubt, "whether it was Joe, or Jorge." "My sister looked at Pumblechook: who smoothed the elbows of his wooden armchair,
and nodded at her and at the fire, as if he had known all about it beforehand.

"And how much have you got?" asked my sister, laughing.

"What would present company say to ten pound?" demanded Joe.

"They'd say," returned my sister, curtly, "pretty well. Not too much, but pretty well."

"It's more than that, then," said Joe.

That fearful impostor, Pumblechook, immediately nodded, and said, as he rubbed the arms of his chair: "It's more than that, mum."

"Why don't you mean to say—" began my sister.

"Yes I do, mum," said Pumblechook; "but wait a bit. Go on, Joseph. Good in you! Go on!"

"What would present company say," proceeded Joe, "to twenty pound?"

"Handsome would be the word," returned my sister.

"Well, then," said Joe, "it's more than twenty pound."

That abject hypocrite, Pumblechook, nodded again, and with a patronizing laugh, "It's more than that, mum. Good again! Follow her up, Joseph!"

"Then to make an end of it," said Joe, delightfully handing the bag to my sister; "it's five-and-twenty pound."

"It's five-and-twenty pound, mum," echoed that base of swindlers, Pumblechook, rising to shake hands with her; and it's no more than your merits (as I said when my opinion was asked), and I wish you joy of the money!"

If the Villain had stopped here, his case would have been sufficiently awful, but he blackened his guilt by proceeding to make me into custody, with a right of patronage that left all his former criminality far behind.

"Now you see, Joseph and wife," said Pumblechook, as he took me by the arm above the elbow, "I am one of those that always go right through with what they've begun. This boy must be bound, out of hand. That's my way. Bound out of hand."

"(Goodness knows, Uncle Pumblechook," said my sister (grasping the money), "we're deeply beholden to you.)"

"Never mind me, mum," returned that diabolical angel of pleasure, "all the world over. But this boy, you know; we must have him bound. I said I'd see to it—to tell the truth."

The justices were sitting in the Town Hall near at hand, and we at once went over to have me bound apprentice to Joe in the Magisterial presence. I say, we went over, but I was passed over by Pumblechook, exactly as if I had that moment picked a pocket or fired a shot; instead, it was the general impression in Court that I had been taken red-handed, for, as Pumblechook showed me before him through the crowd, I heard some people say, "What's he done?" and others, "It's a young'un too, but looks bad, don't he?"

One person of mild and benevolent aspect even gave me a tract ornamented with a woodcut of a malevolent young man fitted up with a perfect sausage-shop of fetters, and entitled To Mr. Wopsle from his sister, laughing. Positively, laughing. That abject hypocrite, Pumblechook, holding me all the while as if we had looked in on our way to the scaffold, to have those little preliminaries disposed of.

When we had come out again, and had got rid of the boys who had been put in great spirits by the expectation of seeing me publicly tortured, and who were much disappointed to find that my friends were merely shilling round me, we went back to Pumblechook's. And there my sister became so excited by the twenty-five guineas, that nothing would serve her but we must have a dinner out of that windfall, at the Blue Bear, and that Pumblechook must go usher in his chaise-cart, and bring the Hubbles and Mr. Wopsle.

It was agreed to be done; and the most melancholy day I passed. For, it inscrutably appeared to stand to reason, in the minds of the whole company, that I was an excommunication from the entertainment. And to make it worse, they all asked me from time to time—indeed, whenever they had nothing else to do—why I didn't enjoy myself. And what could I possibly do then, but say 'I was enjoying myself—when I wasn't?'

However, they were grown up and had their own way, and they made the most of it. That swindling Pumblechook, exalted into the benignant contriver of the whole occasion, actually took the top of the table; and, when he addressed them on the subject of my being bound, and blandly congratulated them on my being rid of the boys who had been put into great excitement, that nothing would serve her but we must have a dinner out of that windfall, at the Blue Bear, and that Pumblechook must go usher in his chaise-cart, and bring the Hubbles and Mr. Wopsle.

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CHRISTMAS-EVE IN COLLEGE.

Although collegians generally spread themselves over the country to spend their Christmas-time at their respective homes, yet the halls and colleges are far from being deserted at the most festive of seasons. For instance, that student of Queen's, at Oxford, who, during a contemplative Christmas walk, chose a wild boar that was about to devour him by dashing the book he was reading into its jaws, originated a festival which has been kept up without interruption since the days of Edward the Third. Mirth, merriment, and fellowship, of good cheer abound "in hall" at more than one college of the university, chastened by an indescribable gravity, which ancient and revered customs cast over the scene.

We were invited to spend our Christmas at one of the Oxford colleges, and arrived there on the morning before Christmas-day, welcomed by our host, its president, on the threshold of its old and ancient abode. The medieval sensation which the dining-room, with its antique furniture and portraits of bygone worthies called up as we sat there at luncheon, was a little disturbed by a curious flavour of Manchester connoted in the hall of the college: harden the heart, to be trusted to common hands, and which mas achieved by the third dignitary of the college (upon a ladder held firmly but perpendicularly by three men) in a manner so masterly, that not even the ladies in the galleries appeared to suffer from the nervousness which such a dangerous feat might otherwise have occasioned.

When the supper commenced in earnest, "twas indeed "merry in hall," though it would hardly be true to add (as the Bishop of Rochester will be glad to learn) that "benevolence wagged all." Burntury was the first course. The principals of the college attended to the wants of their guests with unremitting attention. The skill of these eminent scholars in opening oysters, amazed all beholders. Burntury, oysters, and mince-pies, were—to translate Bulfinch's literalism—"irrigated with the contents of the steaming tankards; and the tall, handsome grace-book was passed round, from hand to hand and mouth to mouth, with the cordial but stately drinking courtesies of old.

Nor were the fairer guests forgotten. The galleries always had a broad front ledge; that ledge was now utilised, and converted into a pulpit by the Clara and very popular alumnus who had illuminated the Christmas-tree. First came a train of furrity, which stopped, as all succeeding trains did, at convenient stations for ladies to help, not only themselves, but those behind them. Then came an