ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is a most miserable thing to feel ashamed of home. There may be black ingratitude in the thing, and the punishment may be retributive and thing - I can testify. I believed in the best parlour as a most elegant thing, because of my sister's temper. But, Poe had saloon; I had believed in the front door, sanctified it, and I had believed in it. I had a mysterious portal of the Temple of State whom I had believed in the forge solemn opening was attended with a sacrifice of roast fowls; I had believed in the kitchen as a chaste though not magnificent apartment; I had believed in the forge as the glowing red to mankind and independence. Within a single year, all this was changed. Now, it was all coarse and common, and I would not have had Miss Havisham and Estella see it on any account.

How much of my ungracious condition of mind may have been my own fault, how much Miss Havisham's, how much my sister's, is now of no moment to me or to any one. The change was made in me; the thing was done. Well or ill done, excusably or inexcusably, it was done.

Once, it had seemed to me that when I should at last roll up my shirt-sleeves and go into the forge, Joe's presence, I should be distinguished and happy. Now the reality was in my bold, I only felt that I was dusty with the dust of small coal, and that I had a weight upon my daily remembrance to which the m - l was a feather. There have been occasions in toy later life (I suppose as in most lives) when I have felt for a time as if a thick curtain had fallen on all its interest and romance, to shut me out from anything save dull endurance any more. Never has that curtain dropped so heavy and black, as when my way in life lay stretched out straight before me through the newly-entered road of apprenticeship to Joe.

I remember that at a later period of my time I used to stand about the churchyard on Sunday evenings when night was falling, comparing my own perspective with the windy marsh view, and making out some likeness between them by thinking how flat and low both were, and how on both there came an unknown way and a dark mist and then the sea. I was quite as dejected on the first working-day of my apprenticeship as in that after-time; but I am glad to know that I never breathed a murmur to Joe while my indigence lasted. It is about the only thing I am glad to know of myself in that connexion.

For, though it included what I proceeded to add, all the merit of what I proceeded to add was Joe's. It was not because I was faithful, but because Joe was faithful, that I never ran away and went for a soldier or a sailor. It was not because I had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, but because Joe had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, that I worked with tolerable zeal against the grain. It is not possible to know how the influence of any amiable honest-hearted duty-doing man flies out into the world; but it is very possible to know how it has touched one's self is going by, and I know right well that many good that internalized itself with my apprenticeship came of plain contented Joe, and not of restless aspiring discontented me.

What I wanted, who can say? How can I say, when I never knew? What I dreaded was, that in some unlucky hour I being at my grimiest and commonest, should lift up my eyes and see Estella looking in at one of the wooden windows of the forge. I was haunted by the fear that she would, sooner or later, find me out, with a black face and hands, doing the coarsest part of my work, and would exult over me and despise me. Often after dark, when I was calling the bellows for Joe and would believe that she had come at last.

After that, when we went in to supper, the place and the meal would have a more homely look than ever, and I would feel more ashamed of home than ever in my own ungracious breast.

CHAPTER XV.

As I was getting too big for Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's room, my education under that post-war female terminated. Not, however,
until Biddy had imparted to me everything she knew, from the style, catalogue of prices, to a little scheme she had once bought for a halfpenny. Although the only coherent part of the latter piece of literature were the opening lines, "When I went to London town saw, Too ru, Too ru, Too ru, Too ru, Too ru, Too ru, Too ru, I don't know, from the little catalogue of prices, that I thought (as I still do) the amount of position by heart with the utmost gravity; nor less open hunger for information, that he might be worthier to rule somewhat in that strange house and the strange life appeared to strange.-Miss Havisham, Pip, unchained. "Well, Pip," returned Joe, slowly considering. "What for?" "What for? Joe? What is any visit made for?" "There is some visits p'r'aps," said Joe, "as for ever remains open to the question, Pip. But in regard of visiting Miss Havisham. She might think you wanted something—expected something of her." "Don't you think I might say that I did, Joe?" "You might, old chap," said Joe. "And she might credit it. Similarly she mightn't." Joe felt, as I did, that he had made a point there, and he pulled hard at his pipe to keep himself from weakening it by repetition. "You see, Pip," Joe pursued, as soon as he was past that danger, "Miss Havisham does the handsome thing by you. When Miss Havisham does the handsome thing by you, she called me back to say to me that were all." "That's true, Joe. I heard her." "Azz," Joe repeated, very emphatically. "Yes, Joe. I tell you, I heard her." "Which I meanersay, Pip, it might be that her memories— Make a end on it!—As you was—Me to the North and you to the South! Keep in sunders!" I had thought of that too, and it was very far from comforting to me to find that he had thought of it; for it seemed to make it more probable. "But, Joe." "Yes, old chap." "Here am I, getting on in the first year of my time, and since the day of my being bound I have never thanked Miss Havisham, or asked after her, or shown that I remember her." "That's true, Pip; and unless you was to turn out her a set of shoes all four round—and which I meanersay as oven a set of shoes all four round might not act acceptable as a present, in a total wazyness of hock—" "I don't mean that sort of remembrance, Joe; I don't mean a present." But Joe had got the idea of a present in his head and must jump upon it. "Or even," said he, "if you was helped to knocking her up a new chain for the front door—or say a gross or two of shank-headed screws for guncal use—or some light fancy article, such as a toasting-fork when she took her muffings—or a gridiron when she took a gruit or such like—" "I don't mean any present at all, Joe," I interposed. "Well," said Joe, still harping on it as though I had particularly praised it, "if I was yourself, Pip, I wouldn't. No, I wouldnot. For what's a door-chain when she's got one always up? And shank-headers is open to misrepresentation. And if it was a toasting-fork, you'd go into brass and they couldn't say you didn't. And the uncommunicative workman can't show himself uncommon in a gridiron—for a gridiron is a gridiron," said Joe, steadily impressing it upon me, as if he were so disposed to rouse nay you may blain a fellow it will come out in your leave, and—" "My dear Joe," I replied, "I resent the use of such a word as blain, and I assure you, it is still more offensive to me, you make the use of such a word as thine a word of uncommon effect. Yet I suppose it is a word of which you are simply fond. But in regard of wise visiting Miss Havisham. She made proposals to Mr. Wopsle to bestow some intellectual crumb upon me: with which he kindly complied. Which I meantersay, Pip, might it be that her memories— Make a end on it!—As you was—Me to the North and you to the South! Keep in sunders!" Not in my conscience let me have imposed that I go into brass and they couldn't say you didn't. And the uncommunicative workman can't show himself uncommon in a gridiron—for a gridiron is a gridiron," said Joe, steadily impressing it upon me, as if he were
endeavouring to rouse me from a fixed delusion, and you may think at what you like, but a gentleman it will come out, either by your leave or again your leave, and you can't help yourself.

"My dear Joe," I cried, in desperation, taking hold of his coat, "don't go on in that way. I never thought of making Miss Havisham any present."

"No, Pip," Joe assented, as if he had been contending for that, all along; "and what I say to you is, you are right, Pip."

"Yes, Joe; but what I wanted to say was, that as we are rather slack just now, if you could give me a half holiday to-morrow, I think I could go up-town and make a call on Miss Bet-Havisham."

"Which her name," said Joe, gravely, "ain't Havisham, Pip, unless she has been re-christened."

"I know, Joe, I know. It was a slip of mine. What do you think of it, Joe?"

In brief, Joe thought that if I thought well of it, he thought well of it. But he was particular in stipulating that if I were not received with cordiality, or if I were not encouraged to repeat my visit as a visit which had no ulterior object but was simply one of gratitude for a favour received, then this experimental visit should have no successor. By these conditions I promised to abide.

Now, Joe kept a journeyman at weekly wages whose name was Olrick. He pretended that his christian name was Oldrick—a clear impossibility—but he was a fellow of that obstinate disposition that I believe him to have been the play of no delusion in this particular, but wilfully to have imposed that name upon the village as an affront to its understanding. He was a broad-shouldered loose-limbed swarthy fellow of great strength, never in a hurry, and always slouching. He never even seemed to come to his work on purpose, but would slouch in as if by mere accident; and when he went to the Jolly Barge-man to eat his dinner, or went away at night, he would slouch out, like Colin or the Wandering Jew, as if he had no idea where he was going and no intention of ever coming back. He lodged at a slum-keeper's cut on the marshes, and on working days would come slouching from his hummity, with his hands in his pockets and his dinner loosely tied in a bundle round his neck and dangling on his back. On Sundays he mostly lay all day on sluice gates, or stood against ricks and beams. He always slouched, locomotively, with his eyes on the ground; and, when accosted or otherwise required to move him, he looked up in a half-resentful, half-puzzled way, as though the only thought he ever had, was that it was rather an odd and injurious fact that he should never be thinking.

This morose journeyman had no liking for me. When I was very small and thin, he gave me to understand, that the Devil lived in a black corner of the forge, and that he knew the fiend very well; also that it was necessary to make up the fire once in every seven years, with a live boy, and that I might consider myself fuel. When I became Joe's prentice, he was perhaps confirmed in some suspicion that I should displace him; howbeit, he liked me still less. Not that he ever said anything, or did anything, openly importing hostility; I only noticed that he always beat his sparks in my direction, and that whenever I sang Old Clem, he came in out of time.

Dolge Olrick was at work and present, next day, when I reminded Joe of my half-holiday. He said nothing at the moment, for he and Joe had just got a piece of hot iron between them; but he was at the bellows; but by and by he said, leaning on his hammer:

"Now, master! Sure you're not a going to favour only one of us. If Young Pip has a half-holiday, do as much for Old Olrick." I suppose he was about five-and-twenty, but he usually spoke of himself as an ancient person.

"Why what'll you do with a half-holiday, if you get it?" said Joe.

"What'll I do with it? What'll he do with it? I'll do as much with it as she," said Olrick.

"As to Pip, he's going up-town," said Joe.

"Well then, as to Old Olrick, he's going up-town," retorted Olrick that worthy. "Two can go up-town. There's only one soul can go up-town."

"Don't lose your temper," said Joe.


No favouring in this shop. Be a man!"

The master refusing to entertain the subject until the journeyman was in a better temper, Olrick plunged at the furnace, drew out a red-hot bar, made an effort at it and as he was going to run it through his body, whisked it round his head, laid it on the anvil, hampered it out—as if it were I, thought, and the sparks were my spitting blood—and finally said, when he had hammered himself hot and the iron cold, and he again loomed on his hammer:

"Now, master!"

"Are you all right now?" demanded Joe.

"Ah! I am all right," said gruff Old Olrick.

"Then, as in general you stick to your work as we must man," said Joe, "let it be a half-holiday for all."

My sister had been standing silent in the yard, within hearing—she was a most unobtrusive spy and listener—and she instantly looked in at one of the windows.

"Like you, you fool!" said she to Joe, "giving holidays to goad idle blackers like that. You are a rich man, upon my life, to waste wages in that way. I wish I was his master!"

"You'd be everybody's master, if you dast," retorted Olrick, with an ill-favoured grin.

("Let her alone," said Joe.)
who are the blackest-looking and the worst
rogue between this and France. NOW!"
(\"Let her alone, will you?\" said Joe.)
"What did you say?\" cried my sister, be-
ginning to scream. \"What did that fellow Orlick say to me, Pip?\" What did he call me, with my husband standing by? O! O! O!\" Each of these exclamations was a shriek; and I must remark of my sister, what is equally true of all the violent women I have ever
seen, that passion was no excuse for her, because it is undeniable that instead of lapsing
into passion, she consciously and deliberately
took extraordinary pains to force herself into it,
and became blindly furious by regular stages;
\"what was the name he gave me before the
base man who swore to defend me,\" he said, as if he had been
in possession of the name that was to come. \"What did you say,\" he repeated. \"I did not ask you.\"
"Ah-h-h!\" growled the journeyman, between his teeth, \"I'd hold you, if you was my wife. I'd hold you under the pump, and choke it out of you.\"
\"I tell you, let her alone,\" said Joe. \"O! To hear him!\" cried my sister, with a clap of her hands and a scream together—which was her next stage. \"To hear the names he's giving me! That Orlick! In my own house! Me, a married woman! With my husband standing by! O! O!\" Here my sister, after a fit of chappings and screwings, beat her hands upon her bosom and upon her knees, and threw her cap off and pulled her hair down—which were the last stages on her road to frenzy. Being by this time a perfect Fury and a complete
berserker, she made a dash at the door, which I had fortunately locked.

What could the wretched Joe do now, after his disregarded parenthetical interjections, but stand up to his journeyman, and ask him what he meant by interfering between himself and Mrs. Joe; and further whether he was man enough to come on? Old Orlick felt that the situation admitted of nothing less than coming out of it, and his defence was very strong; so, without much as pulling off his singed and burnt aprons, they went at one another like two giants. But, if any man in that neighbour-
bohood could stand up long against Joe, I never knew the man; for he had been of no more account than the pale young gentle-
man, was very soon among the coal-dust and in no hurry to come out of it. Then, Joe unlocked the door and picked up my sister, who had dropped insensible at the window (just who had seen the fight first, I think), and who was carried into the house and laid down, and who was recommended to revive, and would do nothing but struggle and clench her hands in Joe's hair. Then, came
that singular calm and silence which succeeded all uproar; and then, with the vague sensation which I have always connected with such a halluci-
ation, that it was Sunday, and somebody was dead—I went up-stairs to dress myself.

When I came down again, I found Joe and

Orlick sweeping up, without any traces of
discomposure, in a sort of peacetime manner. The hall had a
sedative and philosophic influence on Joe, who
followed me out into the road to say, as a parting
observation that might do me good. \"On
the Rampage, Pip, and off the Rampage, Pip—
such is Life.\"

With what absurd emotions (for we think the
feelings that are so very serious in a man quite
comical in a boy), I found myself again going to
Miss Havisham's, matters little here. Nor how
I passed and repassed the gate many times be-
fore I could make up my mind to ring. Nor,
how I debated whether I should go away with-
out ringing; nor, how I should undoubtedly have
gone, if my time had been my own, to
come back.

Miss Sarah Peggotty came to the gate. No
Estella.

\"How, then? You are alone?\" said Miss Peggotty. \"What do you want?\"

When I said that I only came to see how
Miss Havisham was, Sarah evidently deliberated
whether or no she should send me about my
business. But, unwilling to hazard the responsi-
bility, she set me in, and presently brought the
sharp message that I was to \"come up,\"

Everything was unchanged, and Miss Hav-
isham was alone. \"Well!\" said she, fixing her
eyes upon me, \"I hope you want nothing? You'll get nothing.\"

\"No indeed, Miss Havisham. I only wanted
you to know that I am doing very well in my
apprenticeship, and am always much obliged to
you.\"

\"There, there!\" with the old restless fingers.
\"Come now and then; come on your birthday.
—Ay!\" she cried suddenly, turning herself
and her chair towards me, \"you are looking round
for Estella? Hey?\"

I had been looking round—in fact, for Estella
—and I staggered that I hoped she was well.
\"It was Sarah,\" said Miss Havisham; \"admitting
for a lady; far out of reach; prettier than ever;
admired by all who see her. Do you feel that
you have lost her?\"

There was such a malignant enjoyment in her
utterance of the last words, and she broke into
such a disagreeable laugh, that I was at a loss
what to say. She spared me the trouble of con-
sidering, by dismissing me. When the gate
was closed upon me by Sarah of the walnut-
shell constance, I felt more than ever dis-
satisfied with my home and with my trade and
with everything; and that was all I took by
that motion.

As I was loitering along the High-street, look-
ing in discantoly at the shop-windows, and
thinking what I should buy if I were a gentle-
man, who should come out of the bookshop but
Mr. Wopsle. Mr. Wopsle had in his hand
the affecting tragedy of George Barnwell,
in which he had that moment invented sixteen,

\"Halloo!\" we said, stop-
\"What?\" he answered, sit-
standing by a minute, on
pany.\"

\"You are late,\" I rema-
Orlick not unnatural as
you're late.\"
We have been, said Mr. Wopsle, excited with his late performance, "we have been intriguing, Mr. Orlick, in an intellectual evening."

Old Orlick growled, as if he had nothing to say about that, and we all went on together. I asked him presently whether he had been spending his half-holiday up and down town?

"Yes," said he, "all of it. I come in behind yourself. I didn't see you, but I must have been pretty close behind you. By-the-by, the guns is going again."

"At the Hulks!" said I.

"Ay! There's some of the birds flown down from the coves. The guns have been going since dark, about. You'll hear one presently."

In effect, we had not walked many yards further, when the well-remembered boom came towards us, deadened by the mist, and heavily rolled away along the low grounds by the river, as if it were pursuing and threatening the fugitives.

"A good night for cutting off in," said Orlick. "We'd be puzzled how to bring down a jailbird on the wing, to-night."

I thought about it in silence. Mr. Wopsle, as the ill-requinted uncle of the evening's tragedy, feigned to meditate aloud in his garden at Camberwell. Orlick, with his hands in his pockets, slouched heavily at my side. It was very dark, very wet, very muddy, and so we splashed along. Now and then the sound of the signal cannon broke upon us again, and again rolled sulkily along the course of the river. I kept myself to myself and my thoughts. Mr. Wopsle died amiably at Field, and in the most agonies at Glastonbury. Orlick sometimes growled, "Beat it out; beat it out—old Clem! With a clink for the stout—old Clem!"

I thought he had been drinking, but he was not drunk.

Thus we came to the village. The way by which we approached it, took us past the Three Jolly Barmen, which we were surprised to find—it being eleven o'clock—in a state of commotion, with the door wide open, and unwonted lights that had been hastily caught up and put down, scattered about. Mr. Wopsle dropped in to ask what was the matter (surmising that a convict had been taken), but came running out in a great hurry.

"There's something wrong," said he, without stopping, "up at your place, Pip. Run all!"

What is it?" I asked, keeping up with him. So did Orlick, at my side.

"I can't quite understand. The house seems to have been violently entered when Joe was out. Supposed by convicts. Somebody has been attacked and hurt."

We were running too fast to admit of more being said, and we made no stop until we got into our kitchen. It was full of people; the whole village was there, or in the yard; and there was a surgeon, and there was Joe, and there were a group of women, all on the floor, and in the midst of the kitchen. The unemployed bystanders drew back when they saw me, and
so I became aware of my sister—lying without sense or movement on the bare boards where she had been knocked down by a tremendous blow on the back of the head, dealt by some unknown hand when her face was turned towards the fire—destined never to be on the Rampage again while she was wife of Joe.

EARLIEST MAN.

A quarter of a century ago, even the most scientific minds were quite made up as to the question of human fossils. It was decided, once and for all, that human fossils did not exist, and that any facts in favour of such a doctrine, which tended to upset a very satisfactory state of evidence, would require a troublesome explanation, and were to be ignored. If that proved incorrect, they were to be assigned to hasty generalization, jumping at conclusions, &c. It is true that some of those most favourably placed for hearing the first ground-swell of any little storm brewing, were not altogether satisfied; but the scientific world was quite at its ease. It had formed its decision, and was not in the least disposed to bother its scientific head further about the matter. Indeed, as it had been most pertinently remarked, it was very disagreeable to have one’s conclusions overturned.

"The first impulse of human nature," says Anaxim., "is to put the unhappy discovery on one side—say nothing about it; most likely it will not bear investigating, and, therefore, don’t let’s have the trouble of investigating it."

What a pity that such a comfortable state of things cannot always endure! The plan of post-postponing anything is so extremely convenient, so satisfactory to one side at least, so warranted by precedent and authority, is always supported by such very respectable persons, and requires so little exertion of the intellect, that only a very troublesome person, a sort of obstinate, in fact, would be guilty of trying to disturb it.

This is precisely what the scientific world did when a very troublesome French gentleman—M. Boucicaut Parrot—wanted it to believe that certain remains of men were to be found in the gravel. Scientific World said it was impossible; that the long interval of time between the deposition of this stratum, and that in which it is certain man existed, the destruction of so many races of animals in the intervening period without a trace of man, were quite opposed to it. All the human fossils as yet found were clearly of modern origin, and the greatest thinkers were quite of opinion that the gravel had been deposited ages before man was created; Professor Oolite had laughed at the idea that Sir Protegés Fergusson couldn’t see how the author was to make his theory out. M. de Perdides replied that he had positive proofs that remains left by man had been found in the gravel: he figured some hundreds of them very carefully, and published the figures in an octavo volume. Nay, he added, to show his opinion to the geologists of Paris. He could not even obtain a hearing. Scientific World, not being able to confute this plausible theory, and not being in a position to burn him alive or to break him on the wheel, took the only course that remained. It refused to read his book. And a translation of part of it, which appeared at Liverpool, fell still-born from the press.

It was only in 1858 (eleven years after the said publication) that M. Desnoes, of the Geological Survey, and Dr. Falconer, on carefully examining a cavern at Bothkennar, in Devon, found, along with the remains of the great caverin below, sculptured flints, such as are used by savages for lance and spear heads. Some of these were brought to London by Mr. Pengelly, who gave a lecture on them at the Royal Institution. In Sicily, Dr. Falconer also discovered in the bone broom a vast abundance of flint and agate knives. Scientific World did not like this, and endeavoured to show that they might be formed by "violent and long-continued irritation in water," which is about as possible as that they might have been shot at the earth by the man who sits in the moon by the night air; or that they had been made by man in semi-diluvian times, and buried in the gravel in order to mystify the learned.

M. Boucher de Perdides was now rapidly getting the upper hand, and, not satisfied with alarming Scientific World, he had it put upon its trial. He found the worn handles of wood and horn formerly attached to these spear and arrow heads. Scientific World winced, and would have persuaded people it had all along been convinced of the truth of these interesting discoveries; but it was too late. The investigations of Dr. Rigolot, Mr. Flower, and, still more, of Mr. Preston, who went, an unemployed observer, and was convinced when he saw the points of St. Acheul, of M. Gaudry, and Georges Fouche, entirely confirmed M. de Perdides’ view. Scientific World was found guilty, and condemned to death. Before execution, it confessed to having been guilty of the same crime sixty-two years ago, when Mr. John Frew published the epoch of his theory. And so ended the reign of the rhamphorhynchs and the rhabdosaurus; the fosse the cause: hence from this time onward, the spot which remains (in the rhinoceros of the fosse and battlefield as long probable, from the fosse, that man except against the only when they were. Perhaps, like some of his appearance at the coast of Africa, the spot which remains) was armament of that rhinoceros as the bar of the coast...