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Great Expectations.

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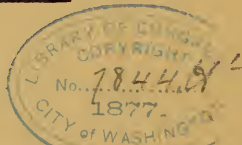
Great Expectations.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

Dramatized from Dicken's popular work of the same name,

Manuscript
BY CHARLES A. SCOTT.

NEWARK, N. J.



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CHARACTERS.

Philip Pirrip, better known as Pip
Joe Gargery, an honest blacksmith.....
Uncle Pumblechook, in the corn and seed trade
Magwitch, christen'd Abel, a convict and warmint.....
Compeyson, the other convict.....
Mr Jagers.....
Herbert Pocket, Pip's friend.....
Old Orlick, a slouching blacksmith.....
Mr. Wopsle, an amateur elocutionist.....
Mr. Hubble, a wheelwright.....
Mr. Raymond Camilla.....
William Potkins, waiter at the Blue Boar.....
Officer.....
Sergeant Buzzem, in the service of His Majesty.....
Soldiers, " " " " " " ".....
Pip Gargery.....
Miss Havisham, a blighted maiden.....
Estella. No Heart.....
Biddy. Good heart.....
Mrs, Raymond Camilla, all heart and affection.....
Mrs. Joe Gargery, often on the Rampage.....
Miss Sarah Pocket, a shrewish maiden.....
Mrs. Hubble, a juvenile elderly lady.....



NOTE.—This edition is printed for circulation among personal friends and for the convenience of rehearsal, with the view of making such alterations as may seem judicious to the proprietor.

COSTUMES.

Pip. First dress. Tight fitting linsey-woolsey waist coat with short sleeves, and only one button. Tight vest and short legged pants of same material. White cotton shirt with collar. Blue or grey wool stockings, high-lows. Boy's cap. Second dress; modern.

Joe Gargery. Red-flannel shirt. Corduroy trousers, brown or grey vest. Flaxen curls, full grown beard around the face and under the chin; chin smooth. Second dress. An ill fitting black cloth body coat. Vest and trousers of same material, the latter turned up at bottom. White bosomed shirt, standing collar, black neckerchief. High crowned hat. White wig in last act.

Pumblechook. Ill-fitting old fashioned black body-coat, vest and pants. Black silk stock, standing collar, old fashioned black hat, shoes and shoe buckles. Sandy wig, hair standing upright. Grey wig in last act.

Magwitch. Coarse grey convict suit, muddy and torn; broken shoes. An old rag tied around his head. Iron fetter around his leg. Second dress: Rough outer coat, Pea-jacket, dark blue trousers, black neckerchief, blue woolen shirt. Iron gray wig, bald head. Full grown beard, smooth chin. Slouch hat. Third dress: Farmer's suit.

Compeyson. Same as first dress of Magwitch.

Jaggers. Drab Box Coat. Dark vest and pants. Black silk hat, low bell crowned, with wide rim. Side whiskers, standing collar, black neck tie.

Herbert. Modern.

Orlick. Colored shirt, long waistcoat, coarse shoes, wool trousers, leather apron. Red shock wig, full beard.

Mr. Wopsle. Brown clerical cut coat. Buttoned up vest. White choker and standing collar. Mutton chop whiskers; Iron grey wig; bald head.

Mr. Hubble. Grey sack or square cut coat, long vest and trousers; standing collar and neckerchief. Grey wig — thin hair. No beard.

Mr. Camilla. Black dress coat and pants, fancy vest. Colored neck-tie or cravat; standing collar. Black curly hair and side whiskers.

William. White jacket and apron.

Officer. Dark steel plain clothes.

Sergt. and Soldiers. Red military coats, faced with white braid and brass buttons, black pants with red cord on the seam. Shako and pompom, pipe-clayed belts. Cartridge boxes and bayonet scabbards. Red sash over right shoulder, sword and white chevrons on sleeves to distinguish the sergeant.

Miss H. Bridal dress, faded satin and lace. -- Period 1830. -- Veil, flowers, jewels, &c.

Estella. Girls Home dress. Second dress; handsome house dress. Third dress; widow's dress.

Biddy. Dark dress, linen collar and cuffs, white apron. Second dress; merino dress and cap.

Mrs. Camilla. Walking dress, bonnet and shawl.

Mrs. Joe. Dark calico dress, coarse apron with square bib, stuck full of pins; bonnet and shawl.

Sarah. Plain walking dress, bonnet and shawl. Second dress; plain house dress.

Mrs. Hubble. Blue silk dress, bonnet and shawl

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Poker for Gargery, Jack-towel on the door. Plain table e. 4 wooden chairs. Dutch clock. Pot on coal fire. Work basket and piece of calico on table for Mrs. Joe. Tickler [Rattan] for Mrs. Joe to enter with. Tin pans on walls. Buffet with bread, butter, cheese. Jar of mincemeat. Brandy in stone bottle. Tar water in glass bottle or jug. Empty bottle, meat-bone and pork-pie, all in sight of audience. Colored handkerchief for Pip to re-enter with. File at door in flat for Pip.

SCENE II.—No properties except what Pip enters with.

SCENE III.—Dinner table r. c. set for seven. 2 side tables, 8 chairs, 1 settee, old fashioned clock and 4 small white crockery poodles, each with a black nose and basket of flowers in mouth, on mantle-shelf. Plain curtain up at window in flat. A few framed prints on walls. Leg of pickled pork and greens, pair of roast chickens, mashed potatoes, bowl of gravy on dinner table. Mince pie; boiled pudding, nuts, apples, dishes, plates, tumblers; wine glasses; tea spoons, pitcher of beer, gin bottles, stone bottle with brandy, on side tables. 2 bottles of wine for Pumblechook to enter with. Pair of handcuffs for Sergeant to enter with. Fetter on Compeyson's leg. Muskets for guard.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Covered table with ladies' dressing case and glass B. 2. E. Candelabra with lighted candles on table and on mantelpiece. Clock on mantel with hand at twenty minutes to nine. Long table at entrance to inner chamber. An epergne and bride-cake centre of long table covered with cobwebs. Arm chair, watch, chain, lace, jewels, flowers, gloves, handkerchief, prayer-book confusedly heaped about mirror on table. Furniture of faded and decayed appearance. Crutched stick for Miss Havisham. Lighted candle for Estella to enter with. Smelling bottle for Mrs. Camilla to enter with. Pack of playing cards on mantel for Estella and Pip.

SCENE II.—Table and 2 chairs. Purse filled with coin for Joe to enter with.

SCENE III.—Same as scene I, act 1.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Table and 2 chairs R. c. Lighted candle on table. Pocket-memo book and purse with coins for Jaggers to enter with.

SCENE II.—Same as scene I, act 2. Stool for Estella. Lighted candle for Sarah Pocket to enter with.

SCENE III.—Table and 3 chairs L. c. Tray, plate, knife, fork, spoon, sugar-bowl, cup and saucer, decanter and two glasses, cold beef, bread, lighted candle and writing materials on table. Sofa L. Bank notes for Pip to enter with. Short black clay pipe, small greasy book, jack-knife and pocket-book filled with bank notes for Magwitch to enter with. Note for Herbert to enter with.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—No additional properties.

SCENE II.—A deal table and wooden bench R. Truckle bedstead and mattress L. Lighted candle on table. Ladder secured to a wing, representing a loft L. Rope with noose, and tin bottle for Orlick. Stone hammer near door in flat.

SCENE III.—Tablets for Miss Havisham.

SCENE IV.—Table and chairs L. Settee R. Pocket-book and notes for Magwitch.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Table with cover laid and 2 chairs R. c. Tray with tea things, bread and butter for William to enter with. Muffin and salt for William to re-enter with.

SCENE II.—Slate and pencil for young Gargery.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Kitchen in 3 a. backed by Shop & Forge. — Gargery discovered seated at fire with poker in his hand. — R. U. E. Enter Pip cautiously, door in flat, goes to fire place.*

Joe. Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you Pip, and she's out now, making it a baker's dozen.

Pip. Is she?

Joe. Yes, Pip, and what's worse, she's got Tickler with her. (*Pip twists the only button on his coat and looks in great depression at the fire.*) She sot down, and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler, and she *Ram-paged* out — (*poking fire and looking at it.*) — She *Ram-paged* out, Pip.

Pip. Has she been gone long, Joe?

Joe. Well, (*glances at clock,*) she's been on the *Ram-page*, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's a coming. Get behind the door old chap, and have the jack towel betwixt you. (*Pip gets behind door.*)

Enter Mrs. Joe Gargery, door in flat.

(*Throws door open and finding obstruction behind it, applies Tickler to its investigation, and concludes by throwing him over to Joe, who fences Pip in the corner with his leg.*)

Mrs. Joe. Where have you been, you young monkey? (*stamping foot*), tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worrit, or I'd have you out of that corner if you was fifty Pips, and he was five-hundred Gargerys.

Pip. I have only been to the churchyard (*crying and rubbing himself.*)

Mrs. J. Churchyard! If it warn't for me you'd have been to the churchyard long ago, and stayed there. Who brought you up by hand?

Pip. You did.

Mrs. J. And why did I do it, I should like to know.

Pip. (*Whimpers.*) I don't know.

Mrs. J. I don't! I'd never do it again. I know that. I may truly say I've never had this apron of mine off, since born you were. Its bad enough to be a blacksmith's wife — and him a Gargery — without being your mother. Hah! (*hangs Tickler up*) churchyard, indeed! You may well say churchyard, you two. You'll drive me to the churchyard betwixt you, one of these days, and oh, a pr-r-recious pair you'd be without me. (*Sets tea things, cuts slice of bread, thinly butters it, and divides it between Joe and Pip. Pip conceals his bread, and Joe misses it and believes he has bolted it.*)

Joe. I say you know! Pip, old chap! You'll do yourself a mischief. It 'll stick somewhere. You can't have chawed it, Pip.

Mrs. Joe. What's the matter now?

Joe. If you can cough any trifle on it up, Pip, I'd recommend you to do it, (*aghast*) Manners is manners, but still your elth's your elth

Mrs. Joe. (*Takes Joe by the whiskers and knocks his head against the wall.*) Now, perhaps, you'll mention what's the matter — you staring great stuck pig.

Joe. You know, Pip, you and me is always friends, and I'd be the last to tell upon you, at any time, but such a (*moves his chair, looks about the floor, and then again at Pip,*) such a most uncommon bolt as that!

Mrs. Joe. Been bolting his food, has he?

Joe. You know, old chap, I bolted myself, when I was your age — frequent — and as a boy, I've been among a many bolters; but I never see your bolting equal yet, Pip, and it's a mercy you ain't bolted dead.

Mrs. Joe. (*Makes a dive at, and brings him out by the hair.*) You come along and be dosed with this tar water. [*Holds his head under her arm and makes him take tar water. Pip is obliged to keep one hand in his trousers-pocket to keep the bread from falling; also doses*

Joe. *Pip is stirring pudding in the pot when sound of gun is heard off.* L. U. E.

Pip. Hark, was that great guns, Joe?

Joe. Ah! There's another convict off.

Pip. What does that mean, Joe?

Mrs. Joe. (*snappishly at needlework*) Escaped, escaped.

Joe. There was a convict off last night, after sun-set gun, and they fired warning of him; and now it appears they're firing warning of another.

Pip. Who's firing?

Mrs. Joe. Drat that boy, what a questioner he is. Ask no questions, and you'll be told no lies.

Pip. Mrs. Joe, I should like to know — if you wouldn't much mind — where the firing comes from?

Mrs. Joe. Lord bless the boy! From the Hulks.

Pip. Oh-h (*looks at Joe*) Hulks, and please what's Hulks?

Mrs. Joe. That's the way with this boy! Answer him one question, and he'll ask you a dozen directly. Hulks are prison ships, right cross the meshes.

Pip. I wonder who's put into prison ships, and why they're put there?

Mrs. Joe. (*rising*) I tell you what young fellow, I didn't bring you up by hand to badger people's lives out. It would be blame to me, and not praise, if I had. People are put in the hulks because they murder, and because they rob, and forge, and do all sorts of bad; and they always begin by asking questions. Now you get along to bed! [*Exit Pip* L. 2. E.] Now come along you booby, and don't stare that fire out of countenance. [*Exit* R. 2. E., *Joe slowly following.*]

[*1.e-enter Pip* L. 2. E *cautiously, goes to buffet, takes bread out of trousers, cheese, jar of mincemeat, and ties them up in handkerchief, takes brandy from stone bottle and pours into glass bottle, then dilutes stone bottle with the tar-water, takes a meatbone and pork pie, goes out door in flat and returns with a file, gathers all up and exits hastily,* L. 2. ent.]

SCENE 2. ACT 1. 1st G.

The Marshes. Horizon at mouth of a river with Hulk in distance on L. flat. Marsh country and river on R. flat, with a gibbet in foreground.

Magwitch enters L, limps to and fro, hugging himself. Enter Pip R. hastily — hands him file, which he lays down and watches Pip opening the bundle, and emptying his pockets. Commences to eat voraciously while shaking with cold.

Mag. What's in this bottle, boy?

Pip. Brandy. [*Mag. drinks and shivers*] I think you have got the ague.

Mag. I'm much of your opinion, boy.

Pip. It's bad about here. You've been lying out on the meshes, and they are dreadful aguish. Rheumatic too.

Mag. I'll eat my breakfast afore they're the death of me. I'd do that, if I was going to be strung up to that there gallows as there is over there, directly afterward. I'll beat the shivers so far, I'll bet you. [*Eating, stops, listens.*] You 're not a deceiving imp? You brought no one with you?

Pip. No, sir! No.

Mag. Nor giv' no one the office to follow you?

Pip. No.

Mag. Well, I believe you. You'd be but a fierce young hound indeed, if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretchid warmint, hunted as near death and dung-hill as this poor wretched warmint is. (*Eats pie.*)

Pip. I'm glad you enjoy it.

Mag. Did you speak?

Pip. I said I was glad you enjoyed it.

Mag. Thanker, my boy. I do.

Pip. I am afraid you wont leave any of it for *him*. There's no more to be got where that came from.

Mag. Leave any for him? Who's him?

Pip. The young man, that you spoke of. That was hid with you.

Mag. Oh, ah! Him? Yes, Yes! He dont want no wittles.

Pip. I thought he looked as if he did.

Mag. Looked? When?

Pip. Just now.

Mag. Where?

Pip. Yonder (*pointing R.*) over there where I found him nodding asleep, and thought it was you. (*Mag. seizes hold of his collar — stares at him*) Dressed like you, you know, only with a hat, and — and — and with — the same reason for wanting to borrow a file. Didn't you hear the cannon last night?

Mag. Then there *was* firing! (*To himself.*)

Pip. I wonder you shouldn't have been sure of that for we heard it up at home, and that's farther away, and we were shut in besides.

Mag. Why, see now! When a man 's alone on these flats, with a light head and a light stomach, perishing of

cold and want, he hears nothing all night, but guns firing, and voices calling Hears? He sees the soldiers, with their red coats lighted up by the torches carried afore, closing in around him. Hears his number called, hears himself challenged, hears the rattle of the muskets, hears the orders, Make ready! Present! Cover him steady, men! and is laid hands on — and there's nothing! Why, if I see one pursuing party last night — coming up in order, damn 'em, with their tramp, tramp — I see a hundred; And as for firing! Why, I see the mist shake with the cannon, arter it was broad day. But this man, did you notice anything in him?

Pip. He had a badly bruised face.

Mag. Not here? (*striking his face mercilessly.*)

Pip. Yes there.

Mag. Where is he? (*crams what food is left into breast of his jacket*) Show me the way he went. I'll pull him down, like a bloodhound. Curse this iron on my sore leg; give us hold of the fire, boy.

Pip. I would help you but I must go, or they will miss me and the pie. (*Exit R.*)

Mag. Go boy, go, I'll find him, and drag him back to the hulks, if I die for it. (*Exit R.*)

SCENE 3. ACT 1. 3rd or 4. G.

The Parlor in Gargery's house, backed by Kitchen flat. Mrs. Joe. L. door in flat, bringing in the dinner. Enter Pip & Joe in his sunday clothes, L.

Mrs. Joe. And where the duce have you been.

Pip. I've been down to hear the carols.

Mrs. Joe. Ah! well! you might ha' done worse, Perhaps if I warn't a blacksmith's wife and — what's the same thing — a slave, with her apron never off, I should have been to hear the carols. I'm rather partial to carols, myself, and that's the best of reasons for my never hearing any. (*Knock L.*) Go open the door and don't make believe you are not use to it. (*Pip goes to L. door.*)

Enter Mr. Wopsle, Mr. and Mrs. Hubble and Uncle Pumblechook. Joe and Mrs. Joe advance to receive them.

Mrs. Joe. Ah, good Mr. Wopsle, and Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, we are so glad to see you, and you dear Uncle Pumblechook. I was sure you would come.

Uncle P. Mrs. Joe I've brought you as the compliments of the season — I have brought you, mum, a bottle of sherry wine — and I have brought you, mum, a bottle of port wine.

Mrs. Joe. Oh, Un—cle Pum—ble—chook! This is kind.

Uncle P. It's no more than your merits, and now are you all bobbish? And how's sixpennorth of halfpence?

Mrs. Joe. Pray be seated all, the dinner is all ready. (*All take seats at the table as Mrs. Joe directs.*)

Wopsle. For this thy bounty make us truly grateful.

Mrs. Joe. (*To Pip*) Do you hear that? Be grateful.

Uncle P. Especially, be grateful boy, to them which brought you up by hand.

Joe. Gravy, Pip.

Mrs. Hubble. Why is it that the young are never grateful?

Mr. H. Naterally wicious.

All. True, true.

Joe. More gravy, Pip.

Wopsle. The sermon to day, was not what it ought to have been, the subject of the day's homily was not well chosen, which was the less excusable, when there are so many subjects going about.

Uncle P. True again. You've hit it sir! Plenty of subjects going about, for them that know how to put salt upon their tails. That's what's wanted. A man needn't go far to find a subject, if he's ready with his salt box— Look at pork alone. There's a subject! If you want a subject, look at pork!

Wopsle. True, sir. Many a moral for the young, might be deduced from that text.

Mrs. Joe. (*to Pip*) You listen to this.

Joe. More gravy, Pip.

Wopsle. Swine, (*pointing his fork at Pip*) swine were the companions of the prodigal. The guttoney of swine is put before us, as an example to the young. What is detestable in a pig, is more detestable in a boy.

Mr. H. Or girl.

Wopsle. Of course, or girl, but there is no girl present.

Uncle P. Besides, (*turns to Pip*) think what you've got to be grateful for. If you'd been born a squeaker.

Mrs. Joe. He *was*, if ever a child was.

Joe. M.

Uncle P. Well, but I mean a four-footed squeaker. If you had been born such, would you have been here now? Not you——

Wopsle. Unless in that form.

Uncle P. But I don't mean in that form, sir. I mean enjoying himself with his elders and betters, and improving himself with their conversation, and rolling in the lap of luxury. Would he have been doing that? No, he wouldn't. And what would have been your destination? You would have been disposed of for so many shillings according to the market price of the article, and Dunstable the butcher would have come up to you as you lay in your straw, and he would have whipped you under his left arm, and with his right he would have tucked up his frock to get a penknife from out of his waistcoat-pocket, and he would have shed your blood and had your life. No bringing up by hand then. Not a bit of it!

Joe. More gravy, Pip.

Mrs. H. He was a world of trouble to you, ma'am.

Mrs. Joe. Trouble? Trouble? I should say, he was a world of trouble, but, if this boy ain't grateful this day, he never will be. It's only to be hoped, that he won't be pompeyed.

Uncle P. She ain't in that line, mum. She knows better.

Joe. Which some individual, mentioned — *she*.

Mrs. Joe. And she is a she, I suppose? Unless you call Miss Havisham a *he*.

Joe. Miss Havisham up town.

Mrs. J. Is there any Miss Havisham down town? She wants this boy to go and play there, and of course he's going.

Joe. I wonder how she came to know Pip?

Mrs. J. Who said she knew him?

Joe. Which some individuel mentioned that she wanted him to go and play there.

Mrs. Joe. And couldn't she ask Uncle Pumblechook when he went there to pay his rent, if he knew of a boy to go and play there? And couldn't Uncle Pumblechook, — being always considerate and thoughtful for us, — though you may not think it Joseph, then mention this boy here, I have forever been a willing slave to?

Uncle P. Good again! Well put! Prettily pointed!

Mrs. Joe. No, Joseph, you do not yet — though you may not think it — know the case. You may consider that you do, but you do *not*, Joseph. For you do not know that Uncle Pumblechook, being sensible that for anything we can tell, this boy's fortune may be made by his going to Miss Havisham, has offered to take him into town to night in his own chaise-cart, and to keep him to night, and to take him with his own hands to Miss Havisham's to morrow morning. Have a little brandy, Uncle. (*Mrs. Joe gets the stone bottle, pours out the brandy, and then with Joe's assistance commences to clear the table for the pie and pudding. Pumblechook trifles with his glass, takes it up, looks at it through the light, smiles, throws his head back and gulps it down; throws company into consternation by springing to his feet turning round in a spasmodic whooping-cough dance, violently expectorating and making the most hideous faces until Joe and Mrs. Joe lead him back to his chair, into which he sinks, and gasps—*

Uncle P. Tar! Tar!

Mrs. J. Tar! Why, how ever could *Tar* come here?

Uncle P. Let me not hear the word again. I abominate *Tar*. Give me some gin and water. (*Mrs. Joe waits on him. All seated as before.*)

Mrs. J. You must taste, you must taste to finish with, such a delightful and delicious present of Uncle Pumblechook's. You must know, it's a pie; a savory pork-pie. (*Goes for pie.*)

Mr. Wopsle. A bit of savory pork-pie will lay atop of anything you could mention.

Joe. You shall have some, Pip.

Uncle P. Well, Mrs. Joe, we'll do our best endeavors; let us have a cut at this same pie.

Mrs. J. Gracious goodness, gracious me, what's gone — with the — pie! (*Pip starts to run for I. ENT.*)

Enter Sergeant and guard with Magwitch and Compeyson. Stopping Pip. All rise in confusion, and Mrs. Joe re-enters from Kitchen door.

Sergt. Here you are, look sharp, come on! Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, I am here in the name of the King, and I want the blacksmith.

Mrs. Joe. And pray, what might you want with *him*?

Sergt. Misses, speaking for myself, I should reply, the honor and pleasure of his fine wife's acquaintance: speaking for the King, I answer, a little job done

Uncle P. Good again!

Sergt. You see, blacksmith, we have had an accident with those shackles, and I find the lock of one of 'em goes wrong, and the coupling don't act pretty. As they are wanted for immediate service, will you throw your eye over them?

Joe. I'll have to light my forge-fire.

Sergt. Then will you set about it at once, blacksmith, as it's on his majesty's service. And if my men can bear a hand anywhere, they'll make themselves useful (*Exit Joe.*) Would you give me the time? (*to Uncle P.*)

Uncle P. It's just gone half-past two.

Mrs. Joe. (*Gives pitcher of beer to soldiers.*) Have a glass of brandy, Sergeant?

Uncle P. (*Sharply*) Give him wine, mum. I'll engage there's no *tar* in that.

Sergt. Thank you, I prefer to drink it without *tar*. Here's his majesty's health with the compliments of the season.

Uncle P. Good stuff, eh, sergeant?

Sergt. Ill tell you something, I suspect that stuff's of your providing.

Uncle P. Ay, Ay? Why?

Sergt. Because (*clapping him on shoulder*) you're a man that knews what's what.

Uncle P. D' ye think so. Have another glass?

Sergt. With you. Hob and nob. The top of mine to the foot of yours — the foot of yours to the top of mine — ring once, ring twice — the best tune on the musical glasses! Your health. May you live a thousand years, and never be a worse judge of the right sort, than you are at the present moment of your life.

Mr. Wopsle. Convicts, Sergeant?

Sergt. Two, who made their escape from the Hulk, and whom we re-captured out on the marshes.

Mag. Mind, I took him! I gave him up to you! Mind that!

Sergt. It's not much to be particular about, it'll do you small good, my man, being in the same plight yourself,

Mag. I don't expect it to do me any good. I don't want it to do more good than it does now, (*with a greedy laugh*) I took him. He knows it. That's enough for me.

Comp. Take notice guard — he tried to murder me.

Mag. Tried to murder him? Try, and not do it? I

took him, and giv' him up; that's what I done. I not only prevented him from getting off the marshes, but I dragged him — dragged him part of the way back. He's a gentleman, if you please, this villian. Now the hulks has got it's gentleman again, through me. Murder him! Worth my while to murder him, when I could do worse and drag him back.

Comp. He tried — he tried — to murder me. Bear — bear witness.

Mag. Looker here! (*to Sergt.*) Single handed I got clear of the prison ship; I made a dash and I done it. I could ha' got clear of those death cold flats likewise — look at my leg; you won't find much iron on it — if I hadn't made discovery he was there. Let him proforfit by the means as I found out? Let him make a tool of me afresh and again? Once more? No, no, no. If I had died at the bottom there, I'd have held to him with that grip, and you should have been safe to find him in my hold.

Comp. He tried to murder me, I should have been a dead man if you had not come up.

Mag. He lies. He's aliar born, and he'll die a liar. Look at his face; ain't it written there? Let him turn those eyes of his on me. I defy him to do it. That's how he looked when we were tried together. He never looked at me.

Comp. You are not much to look at.

Mag. I'll smash your face for you.

(*Mag rushes upon him, Sergeant and guard interfere and pull him away. Women scream and jump upon chairs. Pumblehook gets under table. Quick curtain.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Miss Havisham's Apartment. — Plain Chamber 4th Groove.—Arch or Centre door leading into a second Chamber. — Draped table R. c. with a gilded mirror upon it. Practicable fire in fire place. Lighted candles in Candelabras on table and mantel-shelf. Clock on mantel with hands at twenty minutes to nine. A long*

table in second chamber with faded table cloth spread. An epergne, and bride-cake covered with cobwebs on table presenting the appearance of a feast having been prepared many years since. The rooms and furniture to have a faded and decayed appearance. Lights down one-half.

Miss Havisham discovered seated in an arm chair at L. of table, with elbow resting upon the same and her head leaning on her hand.

Estella. (At L. ENT.) What name?

Pumb. (Outside) Pumblechook.

Est. Quite right.

Pumb. This, is Pip.

Est. This is Pip, is it? Come in, Pip.

(Enter Pip and Pumblechook following, is stopped by Estella.)

Est. Oh! Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?

Pumb. If Miss Havisham wished to see me.

Est. Ah! but you see she don't.

Pumb. (Indignant and severely eyeing Pip.) Boy! Let your behavior here be a credit unto them which brought you up by hand. (Exit.)

Est. Go in, boy!

Pip. After you, Miss.

Est. Don't be ridiculous. boy; I'm not going in.

Miss H. Who is it?

Pip. Pip, ma'am.

Miss H. Pip?

Pip. Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come—to play.

Miss H. Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close. Look at me. You are not afraid of a woman, who has never seen the sun since you were born.

Pip. No, ma'am.

Miss H. Do you know what I touch here? (Laying her hands one upon the other, on her left side.)

Pip. Yes, ma'am.

Miss H. What do I touch?

Pip. Your heart.

Miss H. Broken'. I am tired, I want diversion, and I have done with men and women. Play. I sometimes have sick fancies, and I have a sick fancy that I want to see you play. There, there! play, play, play! Are you sullen and obstinate?

Pip. No ma'am. I am very sorry for you, and very sorry, I can't play just now. If you complain of me, I

shall get into trouble with my sister, so I would do it if I could; but, it's so new here, and so strange, and so fine — and melancholy —

Miss H. So new to him, so old to me; so strange to him, so familiar to me; so melancholy to both of us. Since this house strikes you old and grave, boy, and you are unwilling to play, are you willing to work?

Pip. Yes ma'am. I am quite willing.

Miss H. Come, come, come! Walk me, walk me! This, (*pointing with her crutch-headed stick at long table, in second chamber.*) is where I will be laid when I am dead. They shall come and look at me here. What do you think that is? (*pointing with her stick*) that, where those cobwebs are?

Pip. I can't guess, what it is, ma'am.

Miss H. It's a great cake. A bride-cake Mine! — slower — call Estella (*Pip goes to L. and calls Estella and returns to Miss H. and resumes walk.*)

Enter Estella with lighted candle, Sarah Pocket, Mr. and Mrs. Camilla. L.

Sarah. Dear Miss Havisham, how well you look.

Miss H. I do not, I am yellow skin and bone.

Mrs. C. Poor dear soul! Certainly not to be expected to look well, poor thing. The idea!

Miss H. And how are you?

Mrs. C. Thank you, Miss Havisham, I am as well as can be expected.

Miss H. Why, what's the matter with you? (*sharply.*)

Mrs. C. Nothing worth mentioning, I don't wish to make a display of my feelings, but I have habitually thought of you more in the night than I am quite equal to.

Miss H. Then don't think of me.

Mrs. C. Very easily said. (*repressing a sob.*) Raymond is a witness what ginger and salvolatile, I am obliged to take in the night. Raymond is a witness what nervous jerkings I have in my legs. Chokings and nervous jerkings, however, are nothing new to me when I think with anxiety of those I love. *If I* could be less affectionate and sensitive, *I* should have a better digestion and an iron set of nerves. *I* am sure *I* wish it could be so. But as to not thinking of you in the night — the idea! (*Tears.*)

Mr. C. Camilla, my dear, it is well known that your family feelings are gradually undermining you to the

extent of making one of your legs shorter than the other.

Sarah. I am not aware, that to think of any person is to make a great claim upon that person. Thinking is easy enough, what can be easier?

Mrs. C. Oh yes, yes! It's all very true! It's a weakness to be so affectionate, but I can't help it. No doubt my health would be much better if it was otherwise, still I wouldn't change my disposition if I could. It's the cause of much suffering, but it's a consolation to know I possess it, when I wake up in the night. (*Another burst of feeling. Pip and Miss Havisham continue walking around the room.*) There's Mathew! Never mixing with any natural ties, never coming here to see how Miss Havisham is! I have taken to the sofa with my staylace cut, and I have lain there hours, insensible, with my head over the side, and my hair all down, and my feet I don't know where —

Mr. C. Much higher than your head, my love.

Mrs. C. I have gone into that state, hours after hours, on account of Matthew's strange and inexplicable conduct, and nobody has thanked me.

Sarah. You see, my dear, the question to put to yourself is, who did you expect to thank you, my love?

Mrs. C. Without expecting any thanks, or anything of that sort, I have remained in that state, hours and hours. and Raymond is a witness of the extent to which I have choked, and what the inefficacy of ginger has been, and I have been heard at the pianoforte-tuner's across the street, where the poor mistaken children have supposed it to be pigeons cooing at a distance — and now to be told —

Miss H. Mathew will come and see me at last, (*sternly*) when I am laid on that table. That will be his place — (*striking table in second chamber with her stick*) at my head! And your's will be there! And your husband's there! And Georgiana's there! Now you all know where to take your stations when you come to feast upon me. And now go. (*To Pip*) Walk me, walk me!

Mrs. C. I suppose there's nothing to be done, but comply and depart. It's something to have seen the object of one's love and duty, even for so short of time, I shall think of it with a melancholy satisfaction when I wake up in the night. I wish Matthew could have that comfort, but he sets it at defiance. I am determined not to make a display of my feelings, but it's very hard to be

told one wants to feast on one's relations — as if one was a giant — and to be told to go. The bare idea! (*Kisses her hand to Miss Havisham*) *Exeunt with Raymond and Estella leading the way (L) with lighted candle.*

Sarah. Bless you, Miss Havisham dear! (*Exit L.*)

Miss H. (*Stopping before the fire*) This is my birthday, Pip.

Pip. I wish you many —

Miss H. (*Raises her stick*) I don't suffer it to be spoken of. I don't suffer those who were here just now, or any one to speak of it. They come here on the day, but they dare not refer to it. On this day of the year, long before you were born, this heap of decay, (*stabbing with her stick at the pile of cobwebs on the table*) was brought here. It and I have worn away together. The mice have gnawed at it, and sharper teeth than mice have gnawed at me. (*Holds the crutched head of the stick against her heart, looking at the table*) When the ruin is complete, and when they lay me dead, in my bride's dress on the bride's table — which shall be done, and which will be the finished curse upon him — so much the better if it is done on this day! (*Enter Estella*) Let me see you two play cards (*Takes her seat*) Why, have you not begun?

Est. With this boy! Why, he is a common laboring boy!

Miss H. Well? You can break his heart. (*Aside to Estella.*)

Est. What do you play, boy?

Pip. Nothing but beggar my neighbor, Miss.

Miss H. (*Aside to Estella*) Beggar him. (*They play at cards.*)

Est. He calls the knaves, Jacks, this boy! And what coarse hands he has! and what thick boots. (*a misdeal*) Your's a stupid clumsy laboring boy!

Miss H. (*Aside to Pip*) You say nothing of her, she says many hard things of you, yet you say nothing of her. What do you think of her?

Pip. I don't like to say. (*Aside*)

Miss H. Tell me in my ear. (*Aside*)

Pip. I think she is very proud. [*Aside*]

Miss H. Anything else?

Pip. I think she is very pretty.

Miss H. Anything else?

Pip. I think she is very insulting.

Miss H. Anything else?

Pip. I should like to go home.

Miss H. And never see her again, though she is so pretty?

Pip. I am not sure that I shouldn't like to see her again, but I should like to go home now.

Miss H. You shall go soon. [*Aloud*] Play the game out.

Est. There, you are beggared again. [*Throwing cards down.*]

Miss H. When shall I have you here again? Let me think.

Pip. The day is Wednes—

Miss H. There, there! I know nothing of days of the week; I know nothing of weeks of the year. Come again after six days. You hear?

Pip. Yes, ma'am.

Miss H. Estella, take him down. Let him have something to eat. Go Pip.

Est. [*As they are at L.*] Come here, boy, you may kiss me if you like. [*Pip kisses her. Exit L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room at Pumblechooks, 1st G. Table and 2 Chairs. Enter Mrs. Joe, Pumblechook and Pip. R.*

Pumb. Well, boy! How did you get on at Miss Havisham's.

Pip. Pretty well, sir.

Pumb. Pretty well? Pretty well is no answer. [*Mrs. Joe makes demonstration towards Pip.*] No, don't lose your temper. Leave this lad to me, ma'am; leave this lad to me. [*Turns Pip towards him*] First — to get our thoughts in order — Forty three pence? *Now!* how much is forty-three pence?

Pip. I don't know.

Pumb. Is forty-three pence seven and sixpence three farthings, for instance?

Pip. Yes. *Mrs Joe boxes his ears.*

Pumb. Boy! What like is Miss Havisham?

Pip. Very tall and dark.

Mrs. Joe. Is she, Uncle?

Pump. *Winks assent.* Good! — This is the way to have him! We are beginning to hold our own. I think, mum?

Mrs. Joe. I am sure, uncle; I wish you had him always; you know so well how to deal with him.

Pumb. Now, boy! What was she a-doing of, when you went in to day?

Pip. She was setting in a black-velvet coach.

Pumb. & Mrs. Joe. In a black velvet coach?

Pip. Yes, and Miss Estalla — that's her niece I think — handed her in cake and wine at the coach-window, on a gold plate; and we all had cake and wine on gold plates, and I got up behind the coach to eat mine, because she to d me to.

Pumb. Was anybody else there?

Pip. Four dogs.

Pumb. Large or small?

Pip. Immense, and they fought for veal-cutlets out of a silver basket,

Mrs. Joe. Where was this coach, in the name of gracious?

Pip. In Miss Havisham's room — but there weren't any horses to it.

Mrs. Joe. Can this be possible, uncle? What can the boy mean?

Pumb. I'll tell you, mum. My opinion is, it's a sedan chair. She's flighty, you know — very flighty — quite flighty enough to pass her days in a sedan-chair.

Mrs. Joe. Did you ever see her in it, uncle?

Pumb. How could I, when I never see her in my life? never clapped eyes upon her!

Mrs. Joe. Goodness Uncle! and yet you have spoken to her?

Pumb. Why don't you know, that when I have been there, I have been took up to the outside of her door, and the door has stood ajar, and she has spoken to me that way. Don't say you don't know that, mum. Howsever, the boy went there to play. What did you play at, boy?

Pip. We played with flags.

Mrs. Joe. Flags!

Pip. Yes. Estella waved a blue flag, and I waved a red one, and Miss Havisham waved one sprinkled all over with little gold stars, out at the coach window; and then we all waved our swords and hurraed.

Mrs. Joe. Swords! Where did you get swords from?

Pip. Out of a cupboard, and I saw pistols in it — and jam — and pills. And there was no daylight in the room, but it was all lighted up with candles.

Pumb. That's true, mum; that's the state of the case, for that much I've seen myself. It's near time that Joseph was back, and then we shall know what Miss Havisham intends to do for the boy.

Mrs. Joe. Take my word for it, she will do something for him, and I should not be surprised if it takes the shape of property.

Pumb. No, no, depend upon it, it will be a handsome premium for binding him an apprentice to a genteel trade — say the corn and seed trade for instance.

Enter Joe Gargery L.

Mrs. Joe. Well! And what's happened to you? I wonder you condescend to come back to such poor society as this, I am sure I do.

Joe. Miss Havisham, made it very partick'ler that I should give her — respects, no, compliments to Mrs. J. Gargery.

Mrs. Joe. Much good they'll do me!

Joe. And wishing — that the state of — Miss Havisham's elth — were sitch as would have — allowed her — having the — pleasure of ladies' company.

Mrs. Joe. Well! 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 Rantipole here?

Joe. She giv' him, nothing.

Mrs. Joe. What!

Joe. What she giv' she giv' to his friends, and by his friends, were her explanation, I mean into the hands of his sister, Mrs. J. Gargery. Them were her words, Mrs. J. Gargery. She may'n have know'd, whether it were Joe or Jorge.

Mrs. Joe. And how much have you got?

Joe. What would present company say to ten pound!

Mrs. Joe. They'd say, pretty well. Not too much, but pretty well.

Joe. It's more than that, then.

Pumb. It's more than that, mum.

Mrs. Joe. Why, you don't mean to say —

Pumb. Yes, I do, mum, but wait a bit. Go on, Joseph. Good in you! Go on!

Joe. What would present company, say to twenty pound!

Mrs. Joe. Handsome, would be the word.

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

Pumb. It's more than that, mum. Good again! Follow her up, Joseph!

Joe. Then to make an end of it, (*handing bag to Mrs. Joe*) it's five-and-twenty pound.

Pumb. It's five-and-twenty pound, mum, (*rises and shakes 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. (*Takes Pip by the arm above the elbow.*) Now you see, Joseph and wife, I am one of them 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.

Mrs. Joe. Goodness knows, Uncle Pumblechook, (*grasping the money*) we're deeply beholden to you.

Pumb. Never mind me, mum, a pleasur's a pleasure all the world over. But this boy, you know; we must have him bound to Joseph here. The Justices are now sitting in the Town Hall. Let us go at once. I said I'd see to it, and so I will. (*Exeunt L.*)

SCENE III.—*Gargery's Kitchen. Enter Mr. & Mrs. Joe and Pip. L.*

Mrs. Joe. (*Taking off her bonnet and shawl*) I declare I'm completely done out, and if once in a lifetime I do get my apron off, it's only that I may run myself to death for an ungrateful boy.

Enter Orlick (in work clothes) L. D. in flat.

Orlick. Now, master! Surely you're not agoing to favor all but one of us. If young Pip has a holiday to day, do as much for old Orlick to morrow.

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

Or. What'll I do with it? What did he do with it? I'll do as much with it as him.

Joe. As to Pip, he's been up-town.

Or. Well then, as to old Orlick, he's agoing up town. Two can go up-town. Tain't only one wot can go up-town.

Joe. Don't lose your temper.

Or. Shall if I like. Now, Master! Come. No favoring here. Be a man. Now, Master.

Joe. Then, as in general you stick to your work as well as most men, let it be a holiday for you to morrow.

Mrs. Joe. Like you, you fool! Giving holidays to

great idle hulkers like that. You are a rich man, upon my life, to waste wages in that way. I wish I was his master!

Or. You'd be everybody's master if you durst (*with an ill favored grin*).

Joe. Let her alone.

Mrs. Joe. I'd be a match for all noodles and all rogues, and I couldn't be a match for the noodles, without being a match for your master, who's the dunder-headed king of the noodles. And I couldn't be a match for the rogues, without being a match for you, who are the blackest-looking and the worst rogue between this and France. Now!

Or. You're a foul shrew, mother Gargery. If that makes a judge of rogues, you ought to be a good 'un.

Joe. Let her alone, will you?

Mrs. Joe. What did you say! What did you say? What did that fellow Orlick say to me, Pip? What did he call me, with my husband standing by? Oh! Oh! Oh! What was the name that he gave me before the base man who swore to defend me? Oh! Hold me! Oh!

Or. Ah-h-h! I'd hold you, if you was my wife. I'd hold you under the pump, and choke it out of you.

Joe. I tell you, let her alone.

Mrs. Joe. Oh! do hear him! To hear the names he's giving me! That Orlick? In my own house! Me, a married woman! With my husband standing by! Oh! oh! (*worked into a fury; beats her hands upon her bosom; throws her cap off; pulls down her hair, and makes a dash at the door, which she finds locked.*)

Joe. What do you mean, interfering betwixt me and Mrs. Joe. If you are man enough, come on. (*Rushes at Orlick and knocks him into a corner. Runs and picks up Mrs. Joe who pretends to faint after she sees Orlick knocked down.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Gargery's House, 1st or 2d G.—*
Biddy (sewing) & Pip discovered at table. R. C.

Pip. Yes, Biddy, you were my first teacher, and that at a time when we little thought of ever being together like this, in this room.

Biddy. Yes, Pip, that was when we were both being brought up by hand, and here I have been your teacher since the day your poor dear sister received that terrible blow.

Pip. Do you think it was Orlick that struck her?

Biddy. It can hardly be possible, Pip, for there is scarcely a day goes by that she does not send for him, and give him something to drink; besides, it was proved that Orlick was up town when the blow was struck. He is a strange man, and I don't like him.

Pip. Why, don't you like him?

Biddy. Because, I — I am afraid he likes me.

Pip. Did he ever tell you he liked you?

Biddy. No, he never told me so; but he dances at me, whenever he can catch my eye.

Pip. I'll keep an eye on Mr. Orlick after this. But Biddy it is not about Orlick that I want to talk, it's about myself, — Biddy I want to be a gentleman.

Biddy. Oh, I wouldn't if I was you. I don't think it would answer.

Pip. Biddy, I have particular reasons for wanting to be a gentleman.

Bid. You know best, Pip, but don't you think you are happier as you are?

Pip. Biddy, I am not at all happy as I am. I am disgusted with my calling and with my life. I have never taken to either since I was bound. Don't be absurd.

Bid. Was I absurd? I am sorry for that; I didn't mean to be. I only want you to do well and be comfortable.

Pip. Well, then, understand once for all that I never shall or can be comfortable — or anything but miserable — there Biddy! — unless I can lead a very different sort of life from the life I lead now.

Bid. That's a pity!

Pip. If I could have settled down — if I could have settled down and been but half as fond of the forge as I was when I was little, I know it would have been much better for me. You and I, and Joe would have wanted nothing then, and Joe and I perhaps would have gone partners when I was out of my time, and I might even

have grown up to keep company with you, and we might have taken a walk every fine Sunday on the marshes, quite different people. I should have been good enough for you, shouldn't I, Biddy?

Bid. Yes; I am not overparticular.

Pip. Instead of that, see how I am going on. Dissatisfied, and uncomfortable, and — what would it signify to me, being coarse and common, if nobody had told me so.

Biddy. It was neither a very true nor a very polite thing to say. Who said it?

Pip. The beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's, and she's more beautiful than anybody I ever saw, and I admire her dreadfully, and I want to be a gentleman on her account.

Bid. I am glad of one thing, and that is, that you have felt you could give me your confidence, Pip. And I am glad of another thing, and that is, that of course you know you may depend upon my keeping it, and always so far deserving it. If your first teacher — dear! such a poor one, and so much in need of being taught herself! — had been your teacher at the present time, she thinks she knows what lesson she would set. But it would be a hard one to learn, and you have got beyond her, and it's of no use now.

Pip. Biddy! (*embracing her*) I shall always tell you everything.

Bid. Till you're a gentleman.

Pip. You know I never shall be, so that's always. But Biddy, I wish you could put me right.

Biddy. I wish I could!

Pip. If I could only get myself to fall in love with you — you don't mind my speaking so openly to such an old acquaintance?

Biddy. Oh dear, not at all!

Pip. If I could only get myself to do it, *that* would be the thing for me.

Biddy. (L) But you never will, you see.

Orlick puts his head in window in flat.

Or. Halloo! What are you two doing.

Pip. (R) What is it to you?

Or. Well, then, I'm jiggered if I don't see about it — but here's the master, and old Orlick has no business here when he's around. (*Exit.*)

Enter Gargery & Jaggers door in flat. Biddy exits
 L. *Jaggers takes seat at L of table, draws the candle to him and looks over some entries in pocket-book ; puts up the pocket-book, sets the candle a little aside and peers at Joe and Pip* R.

Jag. My name is Jaggers, and I am a lawyer in London. I am pretty well known. I have unusual business to transact with you, and I commence by explaining that it is not of my originating. If my advice had been asked, I should not have been here. It was not asked, and you see me here. What I have to do as the confidential agent of another, I do. No less, no more. (*Gets up and throws one leg over back of chair with foot on the seat and the other foot on the ground.*) Now, Joseph Gargery, I am the bearer of an offer to relieve you of this young fellow, your apprentice. You would not object to cancel his indentures at his request and for his good? You would want nothing for so doing?

Joe. Lord forbid that I should want anything for not standing in Pip's way.

Jag. Lord forbidding is pious, but not to the purpose. The question is, would you want anything? Do you want anything?

Joe. The answer is, *No.*

Jag. Very well. Recollect the admission you have made, and don't try to go from it presently.

Joe. Who's agoing to try?

Jag. I don't say any body is. Do you keep a dog?

Joe. Yes, I do keep a dog.

Jag. Bear in mind then, that Brag is a good dog, but that Holdfast is a better. Bear that in mind, will you? Now, I return to this young fellow, and the communication I have got to make is, that he has Great Expectations. I am instructed to communicate to him, that he will come into a handsome property. Further, that it is the desire of the present possessor of that property, that he be immediately removed from his present sphere of life and from this place, and be brought up as a gentleman — in a word, as a young fellow of great expectations. Now, Mr. Pip, I address the rest of what I have to say to you. You are to understand, first, that it is the request of the person from whom I take my instructions, that you always bear the name of Pip. You will have no objections I dare say, to your great expectations being

encumbered with that easy condition. But if you have any objection, this is the time to mention it.

Pip. I have no objections.

Jag. I should think not! Now you are to understand secondly, Mr. Pip, that the name of the person who is your liberal benefactor remains a profound secret until the person chooses to reveal it at first hand by word of mouth to yourself. When or where that intention may be carried out I can not say; no one can say. It may be years hence. Now, you are distinctly to understand that you are most positively prohibited from making any inquiry on this head, or any allusion, or reference however distant, to any individual whomsoever as *the* individual, in all the communications you may have with me. If you have a suspicion in your own breast, keep that suspicion in your own breast. It is not the least to the purpose what the reasons of this prohibition are; they may be the strongest and gravest reasons, or they may be a mere whim. The condition of it is laid down. Your acceptance of it, is the only remaining condition I am charged with by the person from whom you derive your expectations, and the secret is solely by that person and by me; but if you have any objection to it, this is the time to mention it. Speak out.

Pip. I have no objections.

Jag. I should think not. Now, Mr. Pip, I have done with stipulations. You must know that although I use the term "Expectations" more than once, you are not endowed with expectations only. There is already lodged in my hands a sum of money amply sufficient for your suitable education and maintainance. You will please consider me your guardian.

Pip. Oh I thank ——

Jag. I tell you at once, I am paid for my services, or I shouldn't render them. It is considered that you must be better educated, in accordance with your altered position, and that you will be alive to the importance and necessity of at once entering on that advantage.

Pip. I have always longed for it.

Jag. Never mind what you have always longed for, Mr. Pip, keep to the record. Am I answered that you are ready to be placed at once under some proper tutor? Is that it?

Pip. Yes sir, that's it.

Jag. Good. Now, your inclinations are to be con-

sulted. I don't think that wise, mind, but it's my trust. Have you ever heard of any tutors whom you would prefer to another?

Pip. I have never heard of any tutor but Bidley and Mr. Wopsles great aunt,

Jag. There is a certain tutor, who I think might suit the purpose, I don't recommend him, observe; because I never recommend anybody. The gentleman I speak of is one Mr. Matthew Pocket.

Pip. Ah!

Jag. You know the name?

Pip. I have heard of the name.

Jag. Oh, you have heard of the name! But the question is, what do you say of it?

Pip. I am much obliged to you for your recommendation —

Jag. No, my young friend! Recollect yourself!

Pip. I am very much obliged to you for —

Jag. No, my young friend, no, no, no; its very well done, but it wont do; you are too young to fix me with it. Recommendation is not the word, Mr. Pip. Try another.

Pip. I am much obliged to you for the mention of Mr. Matthew Pocket. —

Jag. *That's* more like it.

Tip. And I will gladly try that gentleman.

Jag. Good. The way will be prepared for you. First, you should have some new clothes to come in, and they should not be working clothes. Say you come this day week. You'll want some money. Shall I leave you twenty guineas? (*Sits astride the chair and counts out the money.*) Well, Joseph Gargery? You look dumb-founded?

Joe. *I am.*

Jag. It was understood that you wanted nothing for yourself, remember?

Joe. It were understood, and it are understood, and it ever will be similar according.

Jag. But what, what if it was in my instructions to make you a present as a compensation.

Joe. As compensation what for?

Jag. For the loss of his services

Joe. (*Lays his hand on Pip's shoulder*) Pip is that hearty welcome, to go free with his services, to honor and fortun', as no words can tell him. But if you think as

money can make compensation to me for the loss of the little child — what come to the forge — and ever the best of friends! —

Pip. Dear Joe, be comforted, it is true we've been ever the best of friends, and we ever will be so.

Jag. Now, Joseph Gargery, I warn you this is your last chance. No half measure with me. If you mean to take a present that I have it in charge to make you, speak out, and you shall have it. If on the contrary, you mean to say —

Joe. Which I meantersay, that if you come into my place bull-baiting and badgering me, come out! Which I meantersay as sech if you're a man, come on! Which I meantersay that what I say I meantersay, and stand or fall by! (*Joe advances toward Jagers and is restrained by Pip. Jagers retires backward to door in flat.*)

Jag. Well, Mr, Pip, I think the sooner you leave here — as you are to be a gentleman — the better. You can take a hackney-coach at the stage-coach office in London and come straight to me. Understand that I express no opinion, one way or other, on the trust I undertake. I am paid for undertaking it, and I do so. Now, understand that finally. Understand that! (*Backs out door in flat, throwing his finger at both*) *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Miss Havisham's as Scene I, Act 2.—Miss Havisham & Estella discovered, the former with Estella's arm drawn through her arm, and Estella's hand clutched in her's, regarding her with eager fondness. Estella disengages herself.*

Miss H. What! are you tired of me?

Est. Only a little tired of myself. (*Disengages her arm and moves to chimney-piece.*)

Miss H. Speak the truth, you ingrate! (*passionately strikes her stick on the floor*) You are tired of me. (*Estella looks at her with composure.*) You stock and stone! You cold, cold heart!

Est. (*In an attitude of indifference with right hand resting on mantel.*) What! do you reproach me for being cold? You?

Miss H. Are you not? (*fiercely*)

Est. You should know, I am what you have made me. Take all the praise, take all the blame; take all the success, take all the failure; in short, take me.

Miss H. Oh, look at her, look at her! (*bitterly*) Look at her, so hard and thankless, on the hearth where she was reared! Where I took her into this wretched breast, when it was first bleeding from the stabs, and where I have lavished years of tenderness upon her!

Est. At least I was no party to the compact, for if I could walk and speak when it was made, it was as much as I could do. But what would you have? You have been very good to me, and I owe everything to you. What would you have?

Miss H. Love.

Est. You have it.

Miss H. I have not.

Est. Mother by adoption, I have said that I owe everything to you. All I possess is freely yours. All that you have given me is at your command to have again. Beyond that I have nothing. And if you ask me to give you what you never gave me, my gratitude and duty can not do impossibilities.

Miss H. Did I never give you love? Did I never give you a burning love, inseparable from jealousy at all times, and from sharp pain, while you thus speak to me. Call me mad, call me mad!

Est. Why should I call you mad, I, of all people? Does any one live who knows what set purposes you have half as well as I do? Does any one live who knows what a steady memory you have half as well as I do? I who have sat on this same hearth on the little stool that is even now besides you there, learning your lessons and looking up into your face, when your face was strange and frightened me!

Miss H. Soon forgotten! (*moaned*) Times soon forgotten!

Est. No, not forgotten, not forgotten, but treasured up in my memory. When have you found me unmindful of your lessons? When have you found me giving admission here (*touches her bosom with her hand*) to any thing that you excluded? Be just to me.

Miss H. So proud, so proud! (*Pushes away her gray hair with both her hands.*)

Est. Who taught me to be proud? Who praised me when I learned my lesson?

Miss H. So hard, so hard!

Est. Who taught me to be hard? Who praised me when I learned my lesson?

Miss H. But to be proud and hard to me (*almost shrieking and stretching out her arms*) Estella, Estella, Estella, to be proud and hard to me!

Est. (*Looks at her in calm wonderment*) I cannot think, why you should be so unreasonable when I come to see you after a separation. I have never been unfaithful to you or your schooling. I have never shown any weakness that I can charge myself with.

Miss H. Would it be weakness to return my love? But yes, you would call it so

Est. I begin to think, that I almost understand how this comes about. If you had brought up your adopted daughter wholly in the dark confinement of these rooms, and had never let her know that there was such a thing as the daylight by which she has never once seen your face — if you had done that, and then, for a purpose, had wanted her to understand the daylight and know all about it, you would have been disappointed and angry? (*Miss H. makes a low moaning swaying herself on the chair.*) Or, — which is a nearer case — if you had taught her, from the dawn of her intelligence, with your utmost energy and might, that there was such a thing as daylight, but that it was to be made her enemy and destroyer, and she must always turn against it, for it had blighted you and would else blight her — if you had done this, and then, for a purpose, had wanted her to take naturally to the daylight and she could not do it, you would have been disappointed and angry. So, I must be taken as I have been made. The success is not mine, the failure is not mine, but the two together make me. (*Miss Havisham's face is buried in her arm, resting on the crutched stick*) Hark, some one is coming, let it not appear, that the tutor is less apt than the pupil. (*Estella sits on the stool at Miss Havisham's knee and takes an article of dress and begins sewing. Miss Havisham raises and turns her head at the sound of the entrance.*)

Enter Pip fashionably dressed, and Sarah Pocket. L.

Sarah. Dear Miss Havisham, here's this young man wants to see you.

Miss H. Don't go, Sarah. Well, Pip.

Pip. I start for London, Miss Havisham, and I thought you would kindly not mind my taking leave of you.

Miss H. This is a gay figure, Pip. (*Using her crutch-stick as though it was a wand.*)

Pip. I have come into such Great Expectations since I saw you last, Miss Havisham. And I am so grateful for it, Miss Havisham.

Miss H. Ay, ay! (*looking at the envious Sarah with delight*) I have seen Mr. Jaggers. I have heard about it, Pip. So you go to London?

Pip. Yes, Miss Havisham.

Miss H. And you are adopted by a rich person?

Pip. Yes, Miss Havisham.

Miss H. Not named?

Pip. No, Miss Havisham.

Miss H. And Mr. Jaggers is made your guardian?

Pip. Yes, Miss Havisham.

Miss H. And you are always to keep the name of *Pip*, you know.

Pip. Yes, Miss Havisham.

Miss H. Well, you have a promising career before you. Be good — deserve it — and abide by Mr. Jaggers's instructions. (*Exit Sarah Pocket L. showing her jealousy and dismay.*) But, Pip, is there no one else to whom you wish to say good-bye? (*Estella rises and gives her hand to Pip.*)

Pip. Why, Miss Estella, it is a great pleasure to see you again. I have been looking forward to it for a long time.

Miss H. Do you find her much changed, Pip? [*Indicates with her stick for Estella & Pip to be seated.*]

Pip. [c] When I came in, Miss Havisham, I thought there was nothing of Estella in the face or figure; but now it all settles down so curiously into the old —

Miss H. What? You are not going to say the old Estella? She was proud and insulting and you wanted to go away from her. Don't you remember?

Pip. That was long ago. I knew no better then.

Est. I have no doubt, he was quite right. I know I must have been very disagreeable.

Miss H. Is he changed?

Est. Very much.

Miss H. Less coarse and common. [*Estella laughs*] I know you wish to say something to each other, the room is large enough for you to say it in without my hearing. [*They go to L table.*]

Pip. Our meeting again under this roof revives memories of the past. Do you remember the first day I came here, you made me cry?

Est. (*Coldly and carelessly*) No, you must know, that I have no heart — if that has anything to do with my memory.

Pip. I take the liberty of doubting that. I know better — there can be no such beauty without it.

Est. Oh! I have a heart to be stabbed in, or shot in, I have no doubt, and, of course, if it ceased to beat, I should cease to be. But you know what I mean. I have no softness there, no — sympathy — sentiment — nonsense. — I am serious, if we are to be thrown much together, you had better believe it at once, and take warning. (*Pip attempts to speak*) No! I have not bestowed my tenderness anywhere. I have never had any such thing.

Pip. I can not believe what you have said.

Est. Then you don't? Very well. It is said at any rate. Miss Havisham expects you at your old post. Come, conduct me to the garden, and then return to her. You shall not shed tears for my cruelty to-day; you shall be my Page, and give me your shoulder. (*Pip conducts her off left. Miss Havisham has attentively observed them.*)

Miss H. He loves her, he loves her! She will wring his heart as mine has been. Who am I! (*striking her stick upon the floor and flashing into wrath*) Who am I, for God's sake, that I should be kind? What has been my bitter experience, that I should be at the pains of entreating him to shun the consequences of his blindness. Why, should I shield him, when my own brother sacrificed me. He has made the snare himself, it is not of my contriving. Let him be caught in it. He returns.

Re-enter Pip. L.

Miss H. Is she beautiful, graceful, well grown? Do you admire her?

Pip. Everybody must who sees her, Miss Havisham.

Miss H. (*With an arm around Pips neck, she draws his head close down to hers.*) Love her, love her, love her! If she favors you, love her. If she wounds you, love her. (*With a passionate eagerness*) If she tears your heart to pieces — and as it gets older and stronger it will tear deeper — love her, love her, love her! Hear me, Pip! I adopted her to be loved. I bred her and educated her to be loved. I developed her into what she is, that she might be loved. Love her. I'll tell you, what real love is. It is blind devotion, unquestioning

self-humiliation, utter submission, trust and belief against yourself and against the whole world, giving up your whole heart and soul to the smiter — as I did. (*rises, utters a wild cry, clutches at the air, and swoons into her seat.*)

SCENE III.—*Pip's apartment in Barnard's Inn.*—*Enter Pip, followed by Magwitch. R.*

Pip. Pray, what is your business.

Mag. (*Advances to Pip with both hands extended as if expecting recognition*) My business, Ah! Yes. I will explain my business, by your leave. (*Pulls off a rough outer coat and hat, and again extends his hands.*)

Pip. What do you mean?

Mag. It's disappointing to a man, arter having looked for'ard so distant, and come so fur; 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. (*Sits down on a chair near fire*) There's no one nigh, is there?

Pip. Why do you a stranger coming into my rooms at this time of the night, ask that question?

Mag. (*Takes file from his pocket and shows it; takes handkerchief from his neck, and ties it around his head, hugs himself with both his arms, and takes a shivering turn from L to R and back, takes Pip's hands, kisses them and retains them.*) You acted nobly, my boy! Noble Pip! And I have never forgot it. (*Makes a motion as if to embrace him*)

Pip. Stay! Keep off! If you are grateful to me for what I did when I was a little child; I hope you have shown your gratitude by mending your way of life. If you have come here to thank me, it was not necessary. Still, however 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 — I —

Mag. You was a saying, that surely I must understand. What surely must I understand.

Pip. That I can not wish to renew that chance inter-course with you of long ago, under these different circumstances. I am glad to believe you have repented and recovered yourself. I am glad to tell you so. I am glad that thinking I deserved to be thanked, you have come to thank me. But our ways are different ways, none the less. You are wet and you

look weary. Will you drink something before you go?

Mag. (*In a broken voice, while Pip takes bottle and glass from table*) I think, that I will drink — I thank you — afore I go.

Pip. (*Handing him the glass*) Tears. The poor fellow! (*aside*) I hope 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. (*They shake hands, and drink. — Mag. draws his sleeve across his eyes and forehead.*) How are you living?

Mag. I've been a sheep-farmer, stock-breeder, other trades besides, away in the new world, maany a thousand mile of stormy water off from this.

Pip. I hope you have done well?

Mag. I've done wonderful well. There's others went out alonger me as has done well too, but no man has done nigh as well as me. I'm famous for it.

Pip. I am glad to hear it.

Mag. I hope to hear you say so, my dear boy.

Pip. Have you ever seen a messenger you once sent to me, since he undertook that trust?

Mag. Never sot eyes upon him. I warn't likely to it.

Pip. He came faithfully, and he brought me the two one-pound notes. I was a poor boy then, as you know, and to a poor boy they were a little fortune. But, like you, I have done well since, and you must let me pay them back. You can put them to some other poor boy's use. (*Takes out two bank notes and hands them to Mag, who folds them lengthwise, gives them a twist, sets fire to them and lets them burn on the tray that is on the table.*)

Mag. May I make so bold, as ask you *how* you have done well, since you and me was out on them lone shivering marshes?

Pip. How?

Mag. Ah! (*Empties his glass, gets up and goes to fire, rests his hand on mantel shelf, puts a foot up to the bars to dry and warm it, and looks steadily at Pip.*)

Pip. I have been chosen to succeed to some property.

Mag. Might a mere warmint ask what property?

Pip. I — I — don't know.

Mag. Might a mere warmint ask whose roperty?

Pip. I — I — don't — know.

Mag. Cauld I make a guess, I wonder, at your income since you come of age! As to the first figure, now. Five? (*Pip rises out of his chair, and stands with hand*

upon the back of it, looking wildly at him) Concerning a guardian. There ought to have been some guardian or suchlike whiles you was a minor. Some lawyer, maybe. As to the first letter of that lawyer's name now. Would it be J? Put it, as the employer of that lawyer whose name begun with a J. and might be Jaggars — put it, as his employer had come over sea to Portsmouth, and had landed there, and had wanted to come on to you. That employer wrote to a person in London, for particulars of your address, That person's name is Wemmick, and the consequence is, that employer is here. (*Pip reels, Magwitch catches him and draws him to a sofa, kneels on one knee beside him.*) Yes, Pip, dear boy, I've made a gentleman on you! It's me wot has done it! I swore that time, sure as ever I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you. I swore arterward, sure as ever I spec'lated and got rich, you should get rich. *I lived rough that you should live smooth; I worked hard that you should be above work.* [*They both rise*] 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! Look'er here, Pip. *I* m your second father. You're my son — more to me nor any son. *I* ve put away money, only for you spend. *I* ve made you a gentieman. [*Again takes Pip's hands and puts them to his lips. Pip shudders and recoils, Mag again draws his sleeve over his eyes and forehead and utters a "click" sound from his throat*] Don't you mind talking, Pip. You ain't looked slowly forward to this as *I* have; you wosn't prepared for this as *I* wos. But didn't you never think it might be me?

Pip. Oh no, no. Never, never!

Mag. Well you see it *wos* me, and single handed.

Pip. Was there no one else?

Mag. No, who else should there be? And dear boy, how good looking you have growed!

Pip. Not Miss Havisham! Estella not designed for me! [*Aside*]

Mag. Where will you put me? *I* must be put somewhere, dear boy.

Pip. My friend and companion, Herbert, is absent. *I* will put you in his room.

Mag. He wont come back to morrow; will he?

Pip. *I* can not say when he will return.

Mag. Because, looker here, dear boy, (*dropping his voice*) caution is necessary.

Pip. How do you mean? Caution?

Mag. By —, it's death!

Pip. What's death?

Mag. I was sent for life. It's death to come back. There's been overmuch coming back of late years, and I should of a certainty be hanged if took.

Pip. Are you hungry?

Mag. I could eat a bite dear boy, if I had it. (*Magwitch sits at table and eats in a greedy ravenous way the food. Pip sets before him.*)

Pip. I do not even know, by what name to call you. Shall I give out, that you are my uncle?

Mag. That's it, dear boy!

Pip. You assumed some name, I suppose. on board ship?

Mag. Yes, dear boy. I took the name of Provis.

Pip. What is your real name?

Mag. Magwitch, chrisen'd Abel.

Pip. What were you brought up to be?

Mag. A warmint, dear boy. I'm a heavy grubber, dear boy, but I always was. If it had been in my constitution to be a lighter grubber, I might ha' got into lighter trouble. (*Takes out a short black pipe and proceeds to fill it from loose tobacco in the pocket of his pea-coat, and lights it at fire place.*) Similarly I must have my smoke. When I was first hired out as Shepherd t' other side the world, it's my belief I should ha' turned into a molloncoily mad sheep myself, if I hadn't a-had my my smoke. And this, (*dandling Pip's hands up and down and smoking*) and this is the gentleman what I made! The real genuine one! It does me good fur to look at you, Pip.

Herb. (*outside*) Handel, my dear fellow. (*Mag. draws a large clasp-knife, and retires up L.*)

Pip. Quiet! It's Herbert.

Enter Herbert L.

Herb. Handel, old fellow, how are you, and again how are you, and again how are you? I seem to have been gone a twelve month! Why! so I must have been, for you seem to have grown quite thin and pale! Handel, my — Halloo! I beg your pardon. (*Discovers Mag. who has been regarding them attentively, while putting*

away his jack-knife, and groping in his pockets for the greasy little black testament.)

Pip. Herbert, my dear friend, something very strange has happened. This is a visitor of mine.

Mag. (Coming forward) It's all right, dear boy. Take it (*the testament*) in your right hand. Lord strike you dead on the spot, if ever you split in any way sum-
ever. Kiss it.

Pip. Do so, as he wishes it. (*Herbert in amazement complies.*)

Mag. (*Shaking hands with Herbert*) Now, you're on your oath, you know. And never believe me on mine if Pip sha'n't make a gentleman on you!

Pip. Dear Herbert! You remember the story of the strange encounter I had when a boy, with the convicts on the marshes. He was transported to New South Wales, where by persevering effort and toil he accumulated a fortune, with no other purpose in view, than to make a gentleman of me. At the risk of his life he has returned here to witness the realization of my great expectations. Common gratitude demands that his safety should be our first consideration, and to ensure it and act intelligently, it is necessary that we should know something of his life.

Herb. It is absolutely necessary.

Mag. Well, you're on your oath, you know, Pip's comrade?

Herb. Assuredly.

Mag. As to any thing I say, you know, the oath applies to all.

Herb. I understand it to do so.

Mag. And look'er here! Wotever I done, is worked out and paid for.

Herb. So be it.

Mag. Well then, dear boy, and Pip's comrade. I am not agoing fur to tell you my life, like a song or a story book. But to give it you short and handy, I'll put it at once into a mouthful of english. In jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail. There, you've got it. That's my life pretty much, down to such times as I got shipped off, arter Pip stood my friend. I've been done every thing to pretty well — except hanged. I've been locked up as much as a silver tea-kettle. I've been carted here and carted there, and put out of this town and put out of that town, and stuck in the stocks, and whipped and worried and drove. I got the name of being

hardened. "This is a terrible hardened one" they says to prison visitors, picking out me. "May be said to live in jails." Then they looked at me, and I looked at them and they measured my head, some ov'em, and others on-em giv me tracts, what I couldn't read, and made me speeches what I couldn't understand. They always went on agen me about the devil, as though I was sponsible for him. Then when out of jail to put something in my stomach. I was tramping, begging, thieving, working sometimes, though that warn't as often as you may think, till you put the que tion whether you would have been overready to give me work yourselves — a bit of a poacher, a bit of a laborer, a bit of a wagoner, a bit of a hay maker, a bit of a hawker, a bit of a most things that don't pay and lead to trouble. And so I was took up, took up, took up, to that extent that I reg'larly growed up, took up, till I got to be a man. Twenty years ago I got acquainted wi' a man whose skull I'd crack wi' this poker like the claw of a lobster, if I had him here. His right name was Compeyson, and that's the man, dear boy, what was took with me on the meshes: He set up for a gentleman, this Compeyson, and he'd been to a public boarding school, and had learning. He was a smooth one to talk, and was a dab at the ways of gentlefolks, and he was good looking too, Shortly after, Compeyson took me on to be his man and pardner. And what was Compeyson's business in which we was to go pardners? Compeyson's business was the swindling, handwriting, forging, stolen banknote passing, and such-like. All sorts of traps as Compeyson could set with his head, and keep his own legs out of and get the profits from and let another man in for, was Compeyson's business. He'd no more heart than a iron file, he was as cold as death, and he had the head of the devil afore mentioned.

There was another in with Compeyson, as was called Arthur Havisham. He was in a decline, and was a shadow to look at. Him and Compeyson had been in a bad thing with a rich lady — a half sister of his — some years afore, and they'd made a pot of money by it, but Compeyson had betted and gamed it away. So, Arthur was a-dying, and a-dying poor, and with the horrors on him, and Compeyson's wife — which Compeyson kicked mostly — was a—having pity on him, when she could, and Compeyson was a—having pity on nothing and nobody. The second or third time as I ever see Arthur, he come a tearing down

into Compeyson's parlor late at night, in only a flannel gown, with his hair all in a sweat, and he says to Compeyson's wife: "Sally, she really is up stairs alonger me, now, and I can't get rid of her — she's all in white, wi' white flowers in her hair, and she's got a shroud hangin'g over her arm, and she says she'll put it on me at five in the morning." Says Compeyson, why, you fool, don't you know she's got a living body? And how could she be up there, without coming through the door and up stairs. Compeyson's wife being use to him, give him some liquor to get the horrors off, and he rested pretty quiet till it might want a few minutes of five, and then he starts up with a scream, here she is! she's got the shroud again. She's unfolding it. She's coming out of the corner. Look at her eyes. Ain't it awful to see her so mad. She's coming to the bed. Take it away from her — don't let her touch me with it. Hah! she missed me that time. Don't let her throw it over my shoulders. Don't let her lift me up to get it around me. She's lifting me up. Keep me down. Then he lifted himself up hard, and — was dead.

Not to go into the things that Compeyson planned and I done, which 'nd take a week — I'll simply say to you, dear boy, and Pip's comrade, that that man got me into such nets as made me his black slave. I was always in debt to him, always under his thumb, always a working, always a getting into danger. He was younger than me, but he'd got craft, and he'd got learning, and he overmatched me five hundred times told, and no mercy. My Missis as I had the hard times wi' — stop though! I ain't brought *her* in — (*Looks about him in a confused way.*) There ain't no need to go into it. At 1st me and Compeyson was both committed for felony — on a charge of putting stolen notes in circulation. When we was put in the dock, I noticed, first of all, what a gentleman Compeyson looked, wi' his curly hair and his black clothes, and his white pocket-handkercher, and what a common sort of a wretch *I* looked. When the evidence was giv' in the box, I noticed how heavy it all bore on me, and how light on him; how it was always *me* that had come for'ard and could be swore to; how it was always *me* that the money had been paid to; how it was always *me* that had seemed to work the thing and get the profit. And when it come to character, warn't it Compeyson as had been

know'd by witnesses in such clubs and societies and nowt to his disadvantage. And when it came to speech-making, warn't it Compeyson as could speak to 'em wi' his face dropping every now and then into his white pocket-handkercher — ah! and wi' verses in his speech, too — and warn't it me as could only say, Gentlemen, this man at my side is a most precious rascal. And when the verdict come, warn't it Compeyson as was recommended to mercy on account of good character and bad company, and giving up all information he could agen me. And when I says to Compeyson, once out of this court, I'll smash that face of yourn. Ain't it Compeyson as prays the judge to be protected. And when we're sentenced, ain't it him as gets seven year, and me fourteen, and ain't it him as the judge is sorry for, he might a done so well. I had said to Compeyson that I would smash that face of his, but I did not get the chance, till the time we were took back to the prison ship from the meshes. Of course he'd much the best of it to the last — his character was so good and his punishment was light. I was put in irons and brought to trial again and sent for life. I didn't stop for life, dear boy, and Pip's comrade, being here.

(Fills his pipe and begins to smoke.)

Pip. Is he dead?

Mag. Is who dead, dear boy?

Pip. Compeyson.

Mag. He hopes I am, if he's alive, you may be sure. I never heard no more of him. Now dear boy, and Pip's comrade, if you will show me where I am to sleep, I am ready to go. Good night, dear boy. *(Taking him by both hands and dandling them up and down)* And this is the gentleman what I made! The real genuine one! It does me good fur to look at you, Pip. All I stipulate is to stand by and look at you, dear boy! *(Takes out pocket-book and throws it on the table.)* There's something worth spending in that there book. It's yourn. All I've got ain't mine; it's yourn. I've come to the old country fur to see my gentleman spend his money like a gentleman. That 'll be my pleasure. And blast you all, from the judge in his wig, to the colonist a-stirring up the dust, I'll show a better gentleman than the whole kit on you put together. *(Looking around the room and snapping his fingers.)* I am with you Pip's comrade. *(Exeunt Herbert and Magwitch R.)*

Pip. Was there ever such a fate as mine, Miss Havisham's intentions towards me, all a mere dream; Estella not designed for me; I only suffered in her house as a convenience, a sting for the greedy relations, a model for a mechanical heart to practice on when no other practice was at hand. But, sharpest pain of all, this convict guilty of I know not what crimes, the instrument that turned me from the forge and those who loved me best. What, am I to do.

Re-enter Herbert K.

My dear Herbert, something must be done. This poor wretch, is intent upon lavish appearances of all kinds. He must be stopped somehow.

Herb. You mean that you can't accept —

Pip. How can I? Think of him? Look at him? Yet I am afraid the dreadful truth is, that he is strongly attached to me. Then after all, stopping short here, never taking another penny from him, think what I owe him already! I am now heavily in debt — very heavily for me, who have now no expectations.

Herb. Handel, you feel convinced that you can take no further benefits from him, do you?

Pip. Fully. Surely you would too, if you were in my place.

Herb. And you have, and are bound to have, that tenderness for the life he has risked on your account, that you must save him, if possible, from throwing it away.

Pip. Surely, Herbert.

Herb. Then my dear Handel you must get him out of England before you stir a finger to extricate yourself. That done extricate yourself in heaven's name and we'll see it out together, dear old boy. (*They shake hands.*) By the way, Handel, as I came in at the gate, the watchman handed me this note to give you saying, that it was handed to him to deliver. Good night, old boy, I'm nearly dead for sleep.

Pip. Good night, my dear friend. Can the (*Exit R.*) man Compeyson be already on his track. No, impossible. (*Opens note and reads*) "If you are not afraid to come to the old marshes to-morrow night at nine, and to come to the little sluice-house by the limekiln, you had better come if you want information regarding your guest *Provis*; you had much better come and tell no one, and lose no time. *You must come alone.* Bring this with

you." What can this mean, information concerning Provis. Tell no one. Surely some friendly hand has written it, or why the injunction for secrecy? I'll go. (*Goes to table and write. In putting the note in his pocket, drops on the floor.*) This will tell Herbert what to do during my brief absence. (*Exit R.*)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Miss Havisham's. Miss H. & Estella discovered; the first seated near the fire and watching Estella knitting on cushion at her feet.*

Enter Pip L.

Miss H. And what wind blows you here, Pip?

Pip. Miss Havisham, I went to Richmond yesterday, to speak to Estella, and finding that some wind had blown her here, I followed. (*Miss Havisham having motioned him to be seated, he takes seat at table.*) What I had to say to Estella, Miss Havisham, I will say before you presently. It will not surprise, it will not displease you. I am as unhappy as ever you can have meant me to be. (*Miss H. looks steadily at him; Estella appears interested but does not look up.*) I have found out who my patron is. It is not a fortunate discovery, and is not likely to enrich me in reputation, station, fortune, anything. There are reasons why I must say no more of that. It is not my secret, but another's.

Miss H. It is not your secret, but another's. Well?

Pip. When you first caused me to be brought here. Miss Havisham; when I belonged to the village over yonder, that I wish I had never left; I suppose I did really come here, as any chance boy might have come — as a kind of servant, to gratify a want or a whim, and to be paid for it?

Miss H. Ay, Pip, you did.

Pip. And that Mr. Jaggers —

Miss H. Mr. Jaggers had nothing to do with it, and knows nothing of it. His being my lawyer, and his being the lawyer of your patron, is a coincidence.

Pip. But when I fell into the mistake I have so long remained in, at least you led me on?

Miss H. Yes, I let you go on.

Pip. Was that kind?

Miss H. (*Flashing into wrath and striking her stick on the floor*) Who am I? Who am I, for mercy's sake, that I should be kind?

Pip. It is a weak complaint to make, Miss Havisham, and I did not mean to make it.

Miss H. Well, well, well! What else?

Pip. I was liberally paid for my old attendance here, in being apprenticed, and I have asked these questions only for my own information. In humoring my mistake, Miss Havisham, you punished — practiced on — perhaps you will supply whatever term expresses your intention, without offence — your self-seeking relations?

Miss H. I did. Why, they would have it so! So would you! What has been my history, that I should be at the pains of entreating either them or you not to have it so? You made your own snares. I never made them.

Pip. There is one family of your relations, Miss Havisham, that you deeply wrong, both Mr. Matthew Pocket and his son Herbert, if you suppose them to otherwise than generous, upright, open, and incapable of any thing mean or designing.

Miss H. What do you want for them?

Pip. Only, that you would not confound them with Sarah Pocket, Mistress Camilla and the others. They may be of the same blood, but, believe me, they are not of the same nature.

Miss H. What do you want for them?

Pip. Miss Havisham, if you could spare the money to do my friend Herbert a lasting service in life, but which from the nature of the case must be done without his knowledge. I could show you how.

Miss H. Why must it be done without his knowledge?

Pip. Because, I began the service myself, more than two years ago, without his knowledge, and I don't want to be betrayed. Why I fail in my ability to finish it, I can not explain. It is a part of the secret which is another person's, and not mine.

Miss H. What else?

Pip. (*In a broken voice*) Estella, (*who is still knitting*) you know I love you. You know that I have loved you long and dearly. (*Miss H. glances from one*

to the other.) I should have said this sooner, but for my long mistake. It induced me to hope that Miss Havisham meant us for one another. I know, I have no hope that I shall ever call you mine, Estella. I am ignorant what may become of me very soon, how poor I may be, or where I may go. Still, I love you. I have loved you ever since I first saw you in this house.

Estella. It seem that there are sentiments, fancies — I don't know how to call them — which I am not able to comprehend. When you say you love me, I know what you mean, as a form of words; but nothing more. You address nothing in my breast, you touch nothing there. I don't care for what you say at all. I have tried to warn you of this; now have I not.

Pip. Yes.

Estella. Yes. But you would not be warned, for you thought I did not mean it. Now, did you not think so?

Pip. I thought and hoped you could not mean it. You, so young, untried, and beautiful, Estella! Surely it is not in nature.

Est. It is in my nature. *It is in the nature formed within me.* I make a great difference between you and all other people when I say so much. I can do no more.

Pip. Is it not true, that Bentley Drummle is in town here, and pursuing you?

Est. It is quite true.

Pip. That you encourage him, and ride out with him, and that he dines with you this very day?

Est. (*A little surprised*) Quite true.

Pip. You can not love him, Estella?

Est. (*Rather angrily — stops knitting*) What have I told you? Do you still think, in spite of it, that I do not mean what I say?

Pip. You would never marry him, Estella?

Est. (*Looking towards Miss H.*) Why not tell you the truth? I am going to be married to him.

Pip. Marry him! Estella, dearest, dearest Estella, do not let Miss Havisham lead you into this fatal step. Put me aside forever — you have done so, I well know — but bestow yourself on some worthier person than Drummle. Miss Havisham gives you to him, as the greatest slight and injury that could be done to the many far better men who admire you, and to the few who truly love you. Among those few there may be one who loves you even as dearly, though he has not loved you

so long as I. Take him, and I can bear it better for your sake!

Est. I am going to be married to him. The preparations for my marriage are making, and I shall be married soon. Why do you injuriously introduce the name of my mother by adoption? It is my own act.

Pip. Your own act, Estella, to fling yourself away upon a brute?

Est. On whom should I fling myself away? Should I fling myself away upon the man who would the soonest feel — if people do feel such things — that I took nothing to him? There! It is done. I shall do well enough, and so will my husband. As to leading me into what you call this fatal step, Miss Havisham would have had me wait, and not marry yet; but I am tired of the life I have led, which has very few charms for me, and I am willing enough to change it. Say no more. We shall never understand each other.

Pip. Such a mean brute, such a stupid brute!

Est. Don't be afraid of my being a blessing to him; I shall not be that. Come! Here is my hand. Do we part on this, you visionary boy — or man?

Pip. Oh, Estella, even if I remained in England and could hold my head up with the rest, how could I see you Drummle's wife?

Est. Nonsense, nonsense! This will pass in no time.

Pip. Never, Estella!

Est. You will get me out of your thoughts in a week.

Pip. Out of my thoughts! You are part of my existence, part of myself. You have been in every line I have ever read, since I first came here, the rough common boy whose poor heart you wounded even then. You have been in every prospect I have ever seen since — on the river, on the sails of the ships, on the marshes, in the clouds, in the light, in the darkness, in the wind, in the woods, in the sea, in the streets. You have been the embodiment of every graceful fancy that my mind has ever become acquainted with. The stones of which the strongest London buildings are made are not more real, or more impossible to be displaced by your hands, than your presence and influence have been to me, there and everywhere, and will be. Estella, to the last hour of my life you can not choose but remain part of my character, part of the little good in me, part of the evil. But in this separation I associate you only with the good, and I will

faithfully hold you to that always, for you must have done me far more good than harm, let me feel now what sharp distress I may. Oh, God bless you, God forgive you! (*Holds her hand to his lips for a second, drops it and rushes off left. Estella regards him with incredulous wonder, and Miss Havisham with her hand still on her heart, totters to the right, regards him with a ghastly and intense stare of pity and remorse.*)

SCENE II.—*Interior of the old Sluice House at the Lime Kilns. Window L. C. and door R. C. in flat.*

A deal table and wooden bench R. H. Truckle bedstead and mattress L. H. Lighted candle on table. A ladder fastened perpendicularly to wing, leading up to a loft.

Lights down. Loud knock at door.

Enter Pip door in flat.

Pip. (At foot of ladder looking up.) Is there any one here? (*looks at his watch*) Is there any one here? (*goes to table and picks up candle and as he is going towards ladder, Orlick comes forward from concealment and throws a running noose over Pip's head from behind the candle is extinguished, and the noose tighten-d.*)

Orlick. By all that's foul I have you, now.

Pip. (Struggling) What is this? Who is it? Help, help, help!

Orlick, (While securing Pip to the ladder) Call out again, and I'll make short work of you. (*Picks up candle, deliberately strikes a light and places it on the table and takes a seat on bench at same, facing Pip.*) I've got you!

Pip. Unbind me. Let me go!

Orlick. Ah! I'll let you go. I'll let you go to the moon. I'll let you go to the stars.

Pip. Why have you lured me here?

Orl. Don't you know?

Pip. Why have you set upon me in the dark?

Orl. Because I mean to do it all myself. One keeps a secret better than two. Oh, you enemy, you enemy! You cost me that place at Miss Havisham's. You did. Speak!

Pip. What else could I do?

Orl. You did that, and that would be enough without more. How dared you come betwixt me and the young woman Biddy, whom I liked?

Pip. When did I?

Orl. When didn't you? It was you as alw ys give old Orlick a bad name to her.

Pip. You gave it to yourself; you gained it for yourself. I could have done you no harm, if you had done yourself none.

Orl. You're a liar. And you'll take any pains, and spend any money, to drive me out of this country, will you? It was never so worth your while to get me out of this country, as it is to-night.

Pip. What are you going to do to me?

Orl. I'm going (*bringing his fist down, and rising with the blow, to give it greater force*) I'm agoing to have your life! You was always in old Orlick's way since ever you was a child. You goes out of his way this present night. He'll have no more on you. You're de d. More than that, (*folding his arms on the table*) I won't have a rag of you, I won't have a bone of you, left on earth. I'll put your body in the kiln, and let people suppose what they may of you, they shall never know nothing. Now, wolf, afore I kill you like any other beast — which is wot I mean to do, and wot I have tied you up for — I'll have a good look at you, and a good goad at you. Oh, you enemy! (*Takes a drink from the tin bottle slung around his neck.*) Wolf! (*folding his arms again.*) Old Orlick's going to tell you somethink. It was you as did for your shrew sister.

Pip. It was you, villain,

Orl. I tell you it was your doing. I come upon her from behind, as I come upon you to night. I giv' it her! I left her for dead, and had there been a limekiln as nigh her as there is now nigh you, she shouldn't have come to life again. But it warn't old Orlick as did it; it was you. You was favored, and he was bullied and beat, eh? Now you pays for it, You done it; now you pays for it. (*Drinks again, becoming more ferocious. Rises, pushes the table aside, takes the candle, goes to Pip, and shading the candle with his hand, throws the light into his face.*) I'll tell you something more, wolf. I've took up with new companions and new masters. Some of 'em writes my letters when I wants 'em writ — do you mind? — writes my letters, wolf! They writes fifty hands; they're not like sneaking you as writes but one. I've had firm mind to have your life, since you was down here to your sister's

burying. I han't seen a way to get you safe, and I've looked arter you to know your ins and outs. What, when I looks for you, I finds your uncle Provis, eh? *You with a uncle too!* Why, I knowed you at Gargery's when you was so small a wof that I could have took your weazen betwixt this finger and thumb and chucked you away dead. You hadn't no uncles then, no, not you! But when old Orlick comes for to hear that your uncle Provis had most like wore the leg iron wot old Orlick had picked up on these meshes ever so many years ago, and wot he kep by him till he dropped your sister with it, like a bullock, as he means to drop you — hey? (*flares the candle close to Pip's face, who turns his head aside*) Ah! (*repeats business and laughs*) the burned child dreads the fire! Old Orlick knowed you was a smuggling your uncle Provis away. Old Orlick's a match for you, and know'd you'd come to night! There's them that's as good a match for your uncle Provis as old Orlick has been for you. Let him 'ware them when he's lost his nevy. Let him 'ware them, when no man can't find a rag of his dear relation's clothes, nor yet a bone of his body. There's them that can't and that won't have Magwitch — yes, I know the name! — alive in the same land with them, and that's had such sure information of him when he was alive in another land, as that he couldn't and shouldn't leave it unbeknown and put them in danger. Pr'aps it's them that writes fifty hands, and that's not like sneaking you as writes but one. 'Ware Compeyson and the gallows, uncle Provis! (*Flares the candle in Pip's face again, and replaces it on the table. Takes the cork out of bottle and throws it away; drains the bottle, pours the last few drops into his hand and licks them up, throwing the bottle away; Pip watches him intently as he runs to a corner and picks up a stone hammer.*)

Pip. (*Struggling and shouting*) Help, help, help. (*faints.*) (*Voices back o' flat. We come, we come, we come.*)

Orlick. By all that's foul — (*Picks up the hammer and rushes part of the way towards Pip, when the voices arrest his attention, drops hammer, and proceeds towards the door, which is thrown open, when in rush Herbert, Wopsle and Hubbel, the last two endeavor to intercept Orlick, who throws them off and escapes out of the door.*)

Herbert. (*Releases Pip and conveys him to the bench*) I think he's all right. (*Wopsle and Hubble come forward*)

Wopste. It was the companion of the man who sat behind Mr. Pip at the theatre the night I played the enchanter, in the pantomime.

Pip. (*Reviving*) Herbert, great heaven!

Herb. Softly, gently Handel, don't be too eager.

Pip. And Mr. Wopste, Mr. Hubbel.

Herb. Yes, they are here at my request.

Pip. The time has not gone by, Herbert, has it?

Herb. The time has not gone by. It is still Monday night.

Pip. Thanks, thanks.

Herb. And you have all day to morrow to rest in. But you can't help groaning, my dear Handel. What hurt have you got? Can you stand?

Pip. Yes, yes. I can walk. I have no hurt, but in this throbbing arm.

Herb. Then let us proceed to the town at once, and after your arm is dressed, we will return to night to London. (*Exeunt. Door in flat.*)

SCENE III.—*Miss Havisham's apartment as before.*

Miss Havisham discovered seated in a ragged chair on the hearth, close before and lost in contemplation of the ashy fire. Enter Pip L. and goes to old chimney-piece.

Miss H. (*Slowly raising her eyes and staring at Pip.*)
Is it real?

Pip. It is I.— Pip. Mr. Jaggers gave me your note, and I have lost no time.

Miss H. Thank you. Thank you. (*Pip brings chair to hearth*) I want, (*with expression as if she was afraid of him*) to pursue that subject you mentioned to me when you were last nere, and to show you that I am not all stone. But perhaps you can never believe, now, that there is anything human in my heart. You said, speaking of your friend, that you could tell me how to do something useful and good, something that you would like done, is it not?

Pip. Something that I would like done very, very much.

Miss H. What is it.

Pip. I have advanced money towards purchasing an interest for Herbert without his knowledge in the business in which he is engaged, and —

Miss H. (*Pause*) Do you break off, because you hate me too much to bear to speak to me?

Pip. No, no, how can you think so, Miss Havisham? I stopped because I thought you were not following what I said.

Miss H. Perhaps I was not. (*Putting hand to her head*) Begin again, and let me look at something else. Stay, now tell me. (*Sets her hand upon her stick, and looks at the fire, with an expression of forcing herself to attend.*)

Pip. I had hoped to complete the transaction out of my own means, but in this I am prevented, by circumstances that I am not at liberty to explain, for they are the weighty secrets of another.

Miss H. So! And how much money is wanting to complete the purchase?

Pip. Quite a large sum, nine hundred pounds.

Miss H. If I give you the money for this purpose, will you keep my secret as you have kept your own?

Pip. Quite as faithfully.

Miss H. And your mind will be more at rest?

Pip. Much more at rest.

Miss H. Are you very unhappy now?

Pip. I am far from happy, Miss Havisham; but I have other causes of disquiet than any you know of. They are the secrets I have mentioned.

Miss H. 'Tis noble in you to tell me that you have other causes of unhappiness. Is it true?

Pip. Too true.

Miss H. Can I only serve you, Pip, by serving your friend? Regarding that as done, is there nothing I can do for you yourself?

Pip. Nothing. I thank you for the question. I thank you even more for the tone of the question. But there is nothing.

Miss H. (*Taking tablets from her pocket and writing*) You are still on friendly terms with Mr. Jaggers?

Pip. Quite. I dined with him yesterday.

Miss H. This is an authority to him to pay you that money, to lay out at your irresponsible discretion for your friend. (*Giving him tablets*)

Pip. Thank you, Miss Havisham.

Miss H. My name is on the first leaf. If you can ever write under my name, "I forgive her", though ever so long after my broken heart is dust — pray do it!

Pip. Oh, Miss Havisham, I can do it now. There have been sore mistakes; and my life has been a blind and thankless one; and I want forgiveness and direction for too much to be bitter with you. [*Miss H. turns her face towards him for the first time, and drops on her knees at his feet, her hands folded and raised*] Miss Havisham, I entreat you to rise. [*Endeavors to raise her*]

Miss H. [*Despairingly*] Oh! What have I done! What have I done!

Pip. If you mean, Miss Havisham, what have you done to injure me, let me answer, very little. I should have loved her under any circumstances. She is married?

Miss H. Yes, what have I done! What have I done! [*wrings her hands and crushes her hair*]. What have I done! Until you spoke to her in my presence, and until I saw in you a looking glass that showed me what I once felt myself, I did not know what I had done. What have I done! What have I done!

Pip. Miss Havisham, you may dismiss me from your mind and conscience. But Estella is a different case, and if you can ever undo any scrap of what you have done amiss in keeping a part of her right nature away from her, it will be better to do that than to bemoan the past through a hundred years.

Miss H. Yes, yes, I know it. But, Pip — my dear! believe this; when she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first I meant no more.

Pip. Well, well, I hope so.

Miss H. But as she grew and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse, and with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her, a warning to back and point my lessons, I stole her heart away and put ice in its place.

Pip. Better, to have left her a natural heart, even to be bruised or broken.

Miss H. [*Distractedly*] What have I done! — If you knew all my story, you would have some compassion for me and a better understanding of me. [*Sinks to the floor with her arms resting on a chair and her head in her arms*]

Pip. Miss Havisham, I believe I may say that I know your story. How you became the prey of the wily and designing Compeyson, who in conjunction with your half

brother, Arthur Havisham, squandered a large share of your patrimony; how passionately you loved the man Compeyson. How the wedding was fixed, the wedding dresses bought, the wedding tour planned, and the wedding guests invited; how the day came, but not the bridegroom; how a letter was received at twenty minutes to nine; the clocks stopped, and the place going to waste and ruin ever since. All this, I have known since I first left this neighborhood. It has inspired me with great commiseration, and I hope I understand it and its influences. Does what has passed between us give me any excuse for asking you a question relative to Estella? Not as she is, but as she was when she first came here?

Miss H. (*Raises her head and looks at him*) Go on.

Pip. Whose child was Estella? (*Shakes her head*) You don't know? But Mr. Jaggers brought her here, or sent her here?

Miss H. Brought her here.

Pip. Will you tell me how that came about?

Miss H. (*Whispering*) I had been shut up in these rooms a long time — I don't know how long; you know what time the clocks keep here — when I told Mr. Jaggers that I wanted a little girl to rear and love, and save from my fate. He told me that he would look about him for such an orphan child. One night he brought her here asleep, and I called her Estella.

Pip. Might I ask her age then?

Miss H. Two or three. She herself knows nothing, but that she was left an Orphan and I adopted her. But dear Pip, I know full well, that I have done a greivous wrong, in taking an impressionable child and moulding her into the form, that my wild resentment spurned affection, and wounded pride found vengeance in; that, in shutting out the light of day, I shut out infinitely more; that, in my seclusion, I have secluded myself from a thousand natural and healing influences; that, my mind, brooding solitary, has grown diseased, as all minds must and will that reverse the appointed order of their maker. My punishment now is in the realization of this, and in the ruin and disorder that surround me, to which the anguish of your last interview with Estella awakened me; and although it is too late to repair the errors of the past, let me show you that I have endeavored to make some atonement to Estella for the wrongs I have done her. Wait, until I return. (*Retires into the inner room.*)

Pip. Who could look upon this wreck and ruin without compassion? (*Screams, and a blaze of light from the inner room. Pip rushes up stage*) Oh horrors! Miss Havisham in flames. (*Rushes off left and returns, bearing Miss Havisham in his arms, wrapped in blanket and double-caped great coat, and lays her on sofa with face to audience.*)

Enter Sarah Pocket in alarm L.

Sarah. Oh dear! Oh dear! What has happened?

Pip. Help me to restore her to consciousness. (*They administer attentions and Miss H. gradually revives.*)

Miss H. What have I done! — When she first came, I meant to save her from misery like mine — Take the pencil and write under my name, I forgive her — There! there! (*pointing to the long table*) lay me there — Matthew will come and see me when I am laid on that table — they will all come and see me there, when I am dead — what have I done — take the pencil and write, I forgive her. (*Swoons.*)

SCENE IV.—*Interior of Tavern near Gravesend. Enter Pip and Herbert R. supporting Magwitch, and followed by officer.*

Pip. May I have permission to dress the prisoner's injuries, and change his wet clothes, if I can purchase any spare garments in this vicinity?

Officer. Certainly, but I must take charge of everything about the prisoner. (*Takes pocket-book from Magwitch's pocket*) You have permission to accompany the prisoner to London, but I cannot accord the privilege to your friends.

Pip. Thank you, they will return by land. (*Exit officer*) Your breathing is painful and your injuries must be severe.

Mag. Yes — dear boy — I must have gone — under — the keel — of the — steamer, and have been struck — on the — head — in rising, — and the injury — to my chest — I must have — received against — the side of — the galley.

Herbert. What became of the man Compeyson, who attempted to arrest you?

Mag. I do not pretend — to say — what I might — or might not have done — to Compeyson, but when the

villain — laid hands on me, we clasped and fiercely — locked in each others arms — we went overboard together; there was a struggle — under water — but he disengaged — himself — struck out — and swum away. If he did not come up again as I did, he's drowned.

Pip. How grieved I am to think that you came home for my sake.

Mag. Dear boy, I'm quite content to take my chance. I've seen my boy, and he can be a gentleman without me. Looker here, dear boy, It's best as a gentleman should not be knowed to belong to me now. Only come to see me as if you come by chance alonger Wemmick. Sit where I can see you when I'm swore to, for the last o' many times, and I don't ask no more.

Pip. I will never stir from your side, when I am suffered to be near you. Please God, I will be as true to you as you have been to me.

Mag. Thank'er, dear boy, thank'er. God bless you! dear boy. And what's the best of all, you've been more comfortable alonger me, now that I am under a dark cloud, than when the sun shone. That's best of all. (*Shows signs of pain.*)

Pip. Are you in much pain now?

Mag. I don't complain of none, dear boy.

Herb. You never do complain.

Pip. Dear Magwitch, I must tell you, now at last, you had a wife?

Mag. Yes, dear boy. I had great trouble with my missus, she was tried for murder. Mr. Jaggers got her clear.

Pip. Do you know that she lives?

Mag. I don't know it, but have thought that she did.

Pip. Mr. Jaggers took her in charge after her acquittal, and tamed her. She is now his housekeeper. Mr. Wemmick has told me her history.

Mag. God forgive her if she still lives. In a fit of jealousy and revenge she swore that she would destroy our only child, and as the child disappeared, I suppose she carried out her threat, for she would stop at nothing when her gypsy blood was up; thus I lost the child and the child's mother. When I first met you in the graveyard, you brought to mind the lost child, and took her place in my heart.

Pip. The child lived and found powerful friends. She is living now. She is a lady and very beautiful. Her name is Estella, and I love her.

Mag. Love her! Love her! And in her, love me dear boy, when I'm gone.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Coffee room in the Blue Boar. Joe and Pip discovered seated at table.*

Pip. Yes, dear Joe, eleven years have glided by since I saw you and Bidy joined in marriage. Within two months after quitting England I was clerk to Clarriker & Co. The Company being my dear friend Herbert. Many a year went round before I was a partner in the house, and I lived happily and frugally with Herbert and his wife in the meantime. We were not in a grand way of business, but we had a good name, and worked for our profits and did very well. And now dear old fellow, tell me some of the changes that have taken place during the long period I have been away. Miss Havisham did not recover?

Joe. Why, you see, old chap, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, for that's a deal to say; but she ain't —

Pip. Living, Joe?

Joe. That's nigher where it is, she ain't living.

Pip. Did she linger long, Joe?

Joe. Arter you went away, it was pretty much about what you might call — if you was put to it — a week.

Pip. What became of her property?

Joe. Well, old chap, it do appear that she had settled the most of it, which I meantersay tied it up, on Miss Estella. But she had wrote out a little coddleshell in her own hand a day or two afore the accident, leaving a cool four thousand to Mr. Matthew Pocket. And why do you suppose above all things, Pip! She left that *cool* four thousand unto him? Because of Pip's account of him the said Matthew. I am told by Bidy, that air the writing, account of the said Matthew, and a *cool* four thousand, Pip.

Pip. Did you hear if any of the other relations had legacies?

Joe. Miss Sarah Pocket, she have twenty-five pound perannium fur to buy pills, on account of being bilious. Miss Georgiana, she have twenty pound down. Mrs. — What's the name of them wild beasts with humps, old chap?

Pip. Camels?

Joe. (*Nods*) Mrs. Camels —

Pip. Mrs. Camilla.

Joe. Yes, she have five pound fur to buy rush-lights to put her in spirits when she wake up in the night.

Pip. Well, what else, Joe?

Joe. Old Orlick, he busted open a dwelling-ouse.

Pip. Whose?

Joe. Not, I grant you, but what his manners is given to blusterous, still a Englishman's ouse is his Castle, and castles must not be busted 'cept when done in war time. And wotsume'er the failings on his part, he were a corn and seedsman in his hart.

Pip. Was it Pumlechook's house that was broken into, then?

Joe. Which it were, Pip, and they took his till, and they took his cash-box, and they dranked his wine, and they partook of his wittles, and they slapped his face, and they pulled his nose, and they tied him up to his bed-pust, and they giv' him a dozen, and they stuffed his mouth full of flowering annuals to prevent his crying out. But he knowed old Orlick, and Orlick was transported.

Pip. Did you ever hear Joe, who my patron was?

Joe. I heerd, as it were not Miss Havisham, old chap.

Pip. Did you hear who it was, Joe?

Joe. Well, I heerd as it were a person what sent the person what giv' you the bank notes at the Jolly Barge-men, Pip.

Pip. So it was.

Joe. Astonishing!

Pip. Did your hear that he was dead, Joe?

Joe. I think, as I *did* hear that how he were something or another in a general way in that direction.

Pip. Did you hear anything of his circumstances?

Joe. I did hear as how his being a poor convict, his possessions were fortified to the crown.

Pip. If you would like to hear, Joe. —

Joe. Looker here, old chap, ever the best of friends, ain't up Pip? Wery good, then; that's all right; then why go into subjects, old chap, which as betwixt two sech

must be forever unnecessary? There's subject enough betwixt two sech, without unnecessary ones. Lord! To think of your poor sister and her Rampages! And don't you remember Tickler?

Pip. I do indeed, Joe.

Joe. Looker here, old chap, I done what I could do, keep you and Tickler in sunders, but my power were not always fully equal to my inclination. Supposing ever you kep any little matter to yourself, when you was a little child, you kep it mostly because you know'd as J. Gargery's power to part you and Tickler in sunders were not fully equal to his inclinations. Therefore, (*both rise*) think no more of it as betwixt two sech, and do not let us pass remarks upon unnecessary subjects. But Biday will be so glad to see you, and I must not let it come too sudden on her like. There has been larks, and now that you come home again, there'll be more larks. Biday will expect you this evening.

Pip. Thank you, dear Joe, I'll be there.

Joe. Ever the best of friends. (*Exit R.*)

Pip. Poor dear old Joe, he has not changed a bit — Ah, who have we here.

Enter Pumblechook and William Potkins with supper things on tray.

Pumb. And I'll find him here, William?

William. Yes sir.

Pumb. (*Advancing c and extending his hand to Pip with a magnanimous and forgiving air.*) Young man, I am sorry to see you brought low. But what else could be expected! What else could be expected! Take a seat, William, put a muffin on table. (*Exit Wm.*) And has it come to this! Has it come to this! (*They sit down to break fast. Wm. has returned with tea and muffin. Pumblechook pours out tea for Pip.*) William, (*mournfully*) put the salt on. In happier times, I think you took sugar? And did you take milk? You did. Sugar and milk. William, bring a water-cress.

Pip. Thank you, but I don't eat water-cresses.

Pumb. You don't eat 'em, (*sighing and nodding his head*) true. The simple fruits of the earth. No. You needn't bring any, William. (*Pip eats, and Pumb. continues to stand, staring at him and breathing noisily.*) Little more than skin and bones! (*musingly*) And yet

when he went away from here — I may say with my blessing — and I spread afore him my humble store, like the Bee, he was as plump as a Peach! Hah! (*Passing the bread and butter*) And air you agoing to Joseph? (*hand on tea-pot.*)

Pip. In heaven's name, what does it matter to you where I am going? Leave that tea-pot alone!

Pumb. Yes, young man. (*releases tea-pot, retires a step or two from the table, and speaks for the behoof of William*) I will leave that tea-pot alone. You are right, young man. For once, you are right. I forgit myself when I take such an interest in your breakfast as to wish your frame, — exhausted by the debilitating effects of prodigygality — to be stimulated by the 'olesome nourishment of your forefathers. And yet (*turning to Wm. and pointing to Pip at arms length*) this is him as I ever sported with in his d.ys of happy infancy! Tell me not it can not be; I tell you this is him!

William. (*Affected, and noddin' his head*) Too bad! too bad!

Pumb. This is him, as I have rode in my shav-cart. This is him, as I have seen brought up by hand. This is him untoe the sister of which I was uncle by marriage, as ner name was Georgiana M'ria from her own mother, let him deny it if he can.

Wm. He does not deny it.

Pumb. Young man (*screwing his head at Pip*) you air agoing to Joseph. What does it matter to me, you ask me, where you are going? I say to you, sir, you air agoing to Joseph.

Wm. Let him get over that, if he can.

Pumb. Now, here is Squires of "the Boar," present in the next room, and who hears all I say, and who is respected in this town; and here is William, which his fathers name was Potkins if I do not deceive myself.

Wm. You do not, sir.

Pumb. In their presence, I will tell you young man, what to say to Joseph. Says you, Joseph, I have this day seen my earliest benefactor and the founder of my fortun's. I will name no names, Joseph, but so they are pleased to call him up town, and I have seen that man.

Pip. I swear I don't see him here.

Pumb. Say that likewise, say you said that, and even Joseph will probably betray surprise.

Pip. There you quite mistake him, I know better.

Pumb. Says you, Joseph, I have seen that man, and that man bears you no malice. He knows your character, Joseph, and he knows my want of gratitude. Yes, Joseph, says you, (*shakes his head and hand at Pip*) he knows my total deficiency of common human gratitude. He knows it, Joseph, as none can. You do not know it, Joseph, having no call to know it, but that man do. Says you, Joseph, he gave me a little message, which I will now repeat. It was, that in my being brought low, he saw the finger of Providence. He knowed that finger when he saw it, Joseph, and he saw it plain. It pinte out this writing, Joseph. *Reward of ingratitude to earliest benefactor, and founder of fortune's.* But that man said he did not repent of what he had done, Joseph. Not at all. It was right to do it, it was kind to do it, it was benevolent to do it, and he would do it again.

Pip. (*Scornfully*) It is a pity, that the man did not say what he had done and would do again.

Pumb. Squires of the Boar, (*Speaking off*) and William! I have no objections to your mentioning, either up-town or down-town, if such should be your wishes, that it was right to do it, kind to do it, benevolent to do it, and that I would do it again. [*Shakes hands with William, who sympathizingly follows him. Taking off tea things. Exeunt L.*]

Pumb. [*Outside*] It was kind to do it, benevolent to do it, and I will do it again.

Pip. The windy old donkey, believes I am as poor as when I left England. I can afford to forgive the old hypocrit, considering that fortune has been more lenient with me than he imagines. Now for dear old Joe and Biddy. [*Exit L.*]

SCENE II.—*Gargery's Kitchen. Joe discovered seated at the fire smoking his pipe. Pip Gargery seated on Pip's stool writing on a slate. Pip opens the door softly and looks in, and advances to the fire-place after a pause.*

Pip. Why, dear old Joe, you have me here as I used to be. [*Takes stool alongside of young Pip.*]

Joe. Yes, dear old chap, we give him the name of Pip for your sake, and we hoped he might grow a little bit like you, and we think he do and just like you, he's growing to be a great scholar. What have you been a writing of now. [*Takes the slate and examines it.*]

Young Pip. Nothing much, Joe.

Joe. You see he calls me Joe, as you always have. Why, here's a J. and a O. equal to any think! Here's a J and a O, Pip, and a J—O, Joe.

Pip. Ah, but read the rest, Joe.

Joe. The rest, eh, Pip? One—two—three. Why, here's three J's, and three O's, and three J—O, Joes, in it, Pip!

Pip. How do you spell Gargery, Joe?

Joe. I don't spell it at all.

Pip. But supposing you did?

Joe. It can't be supposed; tho' I'm oncommon fond of reading too.

Pip. Are you, Joe?

Joe. On—common. Give me, a good book, or a good newspaper, and sit me down afore a fire, and I ask no better. Lord! (*rubbing his knees*) when you *do* come to a J and a O, and says you, here, at last, is a J—O, Joe, how interesting reading is.

Y. Pip. Joe, here comes mother.

Enter Bidly R.

Pip. (*Advancing and embracing*) Dear, dear Bidly, how smart you are, and how little time has changed you.

Bidly. Yes, dear Pip, it is eleven years to day, since we were married, and you wished us all happiness.

Pip. And richly you have deserved it, because you are both so good and true, and I heartily congratulate you on having a son who will grow up a better man than his namesake. But, Bidly, you must give Pip to me, some of these days; or lend him, at all events.

Bidly. No, no. You must marry.

Pip. So Herbert and Clara say, but I don't think I shall, Bidly. I have so settled down in their home, that it's not at all likely. I am already quite an old bachelor.

Bidly. Dear Pip, you are sure you don't fret for her?

Pip. Oh no, — I think not, Bidly.

Bidly. Tell me as an old friend. Have you quite forgotten her?

Pip. My dear Bidly, I have forgotten nothing in my life that ever had a foremost place there, and little that ever had any place there. But that poor dream, as I once used to call it, has all gone by, Bidly, all gone by!

Bidly. What do you know of her, since the dream was dispelled?

Pip. I have heard of her as leading a most unhappy life ; as being separated from her husband, who had used her with great cruelty, and who had become quite renowned as a compound of pride, avarice, brutality and meanness. I have also heard of the death of her husband from an accident, consequent on his ill-treatment of a horse. This release occurred some two years ago, and for any thing I know, she has married again.

Biddy. Dear Pip, by a happy chance, I met an old friend of ours this afternoon, and knowing that you were to be here this evening, I prevailed on my friend to accompany me home and unite with us in extending you a welcome. I'll return in a moment. (*Goes to right and returns with Estella.*)

Pip. Estella! (*Advances as if to embrace her, but checks himself.*)

Estella. Pip! I am greatly changed. I wonder you know me.

Pip. (*Hands her to a seat at table. Biddy retires up and joins Joe.*). After so many years, it is strange that we should thus meet again, Estella, so near where our first meeting was. Do you often come back?

Est. I have never been here since.

Pip. Nor I, until to day I strolled over the place, and found no house, no brewery, no building whatever left, but the wall of the old garden.

Est. I have very often hoped and intended to come back, but have been prevented by many circumstances. Poor, poor old place. Did you wonder, how it came to be left in the condition you found it?

Pip. Yes, Estella.

Est. The ground belongs to me. It is the only possession I have not relinquished. Everything else has gone from me, little by little ; but I have kept that. It was the subject of the only determined resistance I made in all the wretched years.

Pip. Is it to be built on?

Est. At last it is. I came here to take leave of it before its change. And you, you live abroad still?

Pip. Still.

Est. And do well, I am sure!

Pip. I work pretty hard for a sufficient living, and therefore — Yes, I do well.

Est. I have often thought of you.

Pip. Have you?

Est. Of late, very often. There was a long hard time when I kept far from me the remembrance of what I had thrown away when I was quite ignorant of its worth. But since my duty has not been incompatible with the admission of that remembrance, I have given it a place in my heart.

Pip. You have always held your place in *my* heart.
(*Pause.*)

Est. I little thought I should take leave of you in taking leave of the old spot. I am very glad to do so.

Pip. Glad to part again, Estella? To me, parting is a painful thing. To me, the remembrance of our last parting has been ever mournful and painful.

Est. But you said to me, God bless you, God forgive you! And if you could say that to me then, you will not hesitate to say that to me now — now, when suffering has been stronger than all other teaching, and has taught me to understand what your heart used to be. I have been bent and broken, but — I hope — into a better shape. Be as considerate and good to me as you were, and tell me we are friends.

Pip. (*Rising and bending over her, and assisting her to rise*) We are friends. (*Takes her hand*)

Est. And will continue friends.

Pip. And will continue friends until death parts us.

Biddy and Joe advances.

Biddy. And so dear Pip, I done well in bringing old friends together on this wedding anniversary?

Pip. Ah, dear Biddy, you have done more than well, you have enabled me to realize greater expectations, than I ever anticipated.

Joe. Ever the best of friends ain't us, old chap? And now that there's no Ticklers and rampaging in and out, *what larks.* (*They appear to congratulate.*)

CURTAIN.



SCENE II, ACT I.—THE MARSHES.

This Scene to follow Scene 3, Act 1, in case Scenes 1st and 2nd are cut, and it is impracticable to change to Scene 1st, Act 2nd.

Enter Sergeant with torch, Guard, Magwitch, Compeyson, Joe with Pip on his back, R. The convicts kept apart by a separate guard.

Sergt. Halt! We'll give them a signal. (*Goes to L. and waves his torch.*)

Pip. (*Who has alighted from Joe's back*) I wish they could get away. (*Aside to Joe.*)

Joe. I'd give a shilling if they could cut and run Pip. (*Aside to Pip.*)

Sergt. All right. (*turning to Magwitch*) You are expected on board the hulk, they know you are coming. Don't straggle, men, but keep closed up.

(*During the above Pip endeavors to attract the attention of Magwitch, who pretends not to notice him.*)

Mag. I wish to say something respecting this escape. It may prevent some persons laying under suspicion alonger me.

Sergt. You can say what you like, but you have no call to say it here. You'll have opportunity enough to say about it, and hear about it, before it's done with, you know.

Mag. I know, but this is another pint, a separate matter. A man can't starve. I took some wittles —

Sergt. You mean stole.

Mag. And I'll tell you where from. From the blacksmith's. (*Looks at Pip knowingly.*)

Sergt. Halloo! (*staring at Joe.*)

Joe. Halloo, Pip. (*staring at Pip.*)

Mag. It was some broken wittles — that's what it was — and a dram of liquor, and a pork pie.

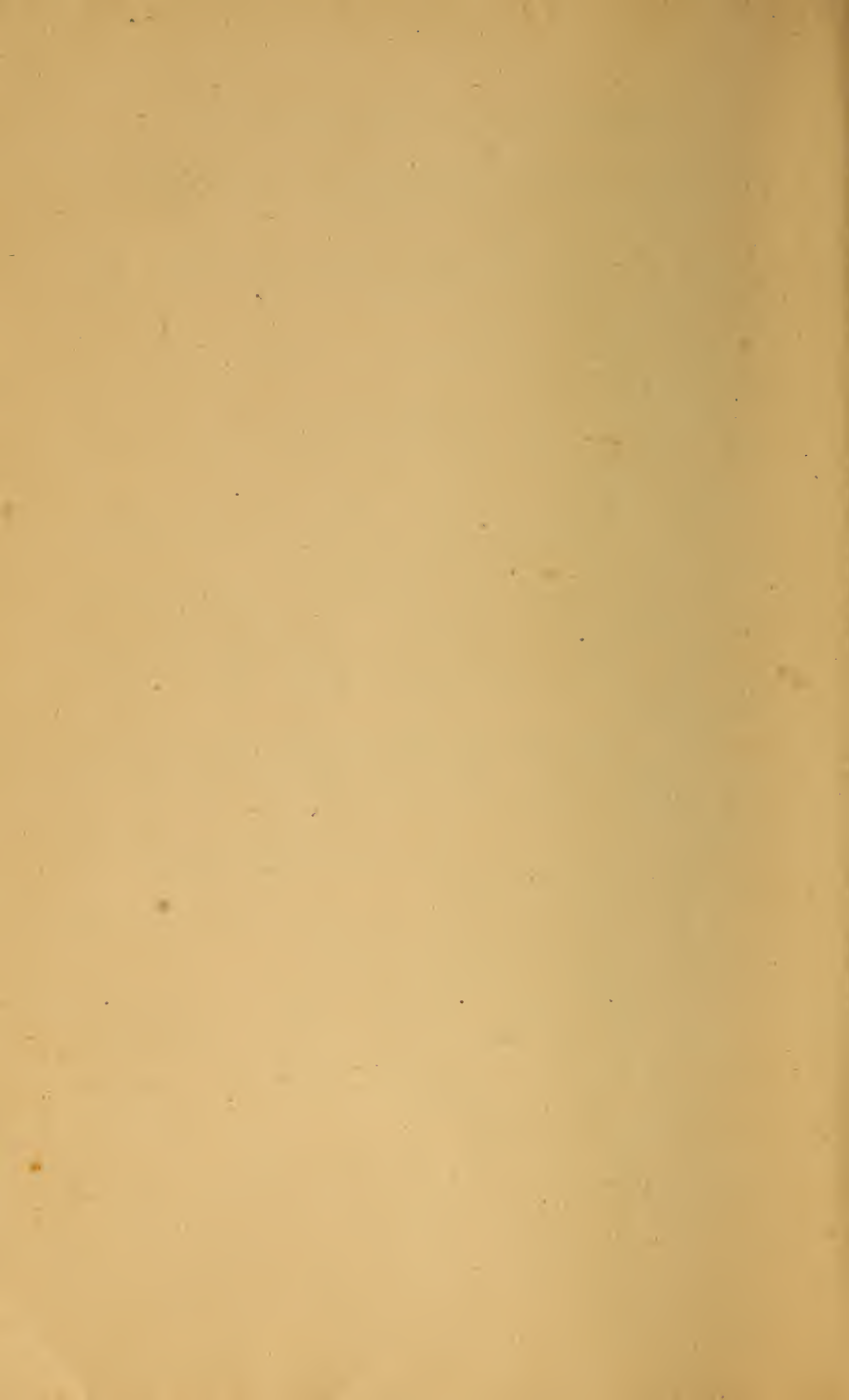
Sergt. Have you happened to miss such an article as a pork pie. blacksmith?

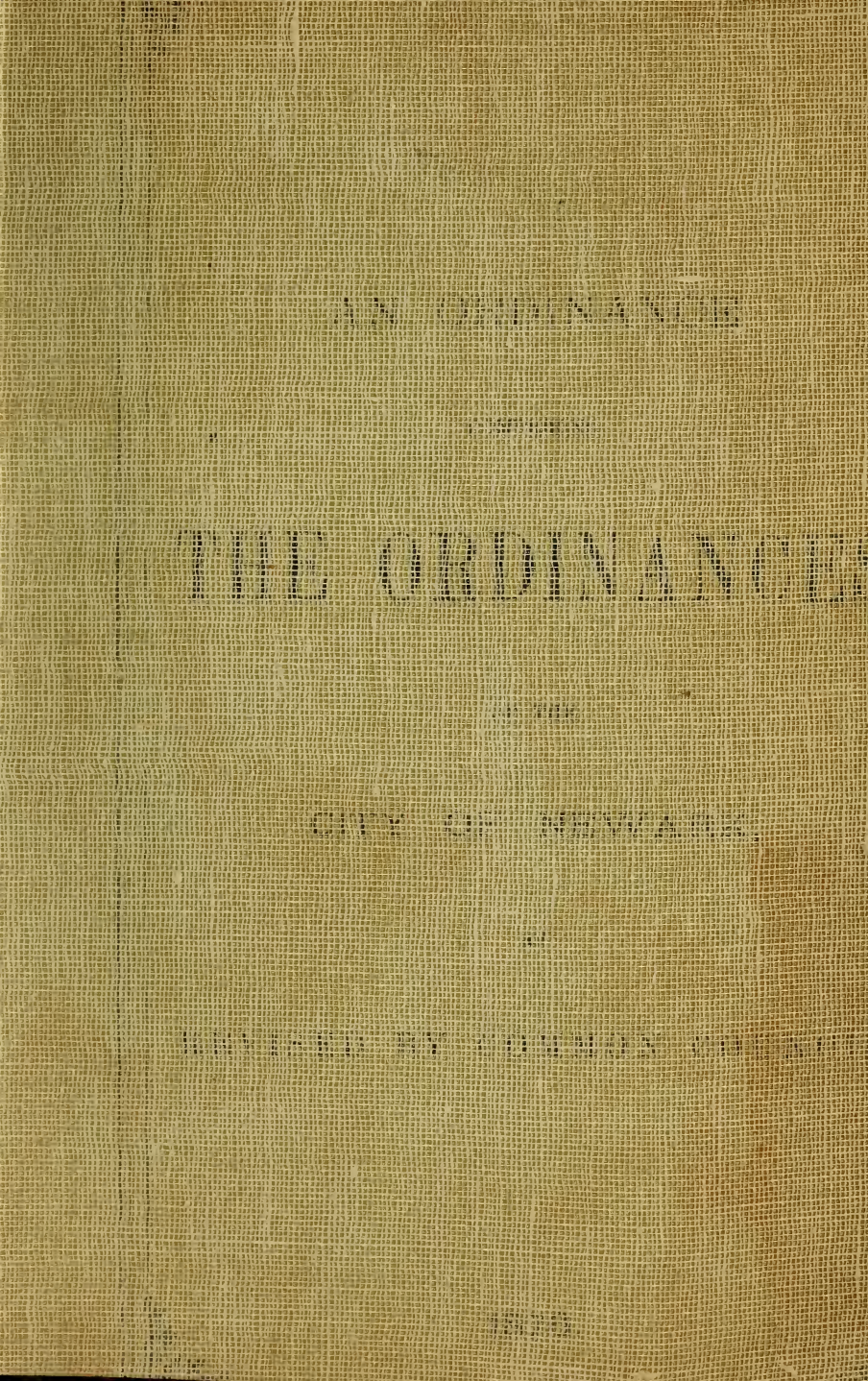
Joe. My wife, Mrs. Joe, did, at the very moment when you came in. Don't you know, Pip

Mag. So, then I'm sorry to say that it was me that stole and eat your pork pie, nobody else did it, it was me.

Joe. Lord knows you're welcome to it — so far as it was ever mine. We don't know what you have done, but wouldn't have you starved to death for it, poor miserable fellow creature. Would us, Pip?

Sergt. Come, let us go on, the boat is waiting for us at the landing. March! (*Exeunt L.*)





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