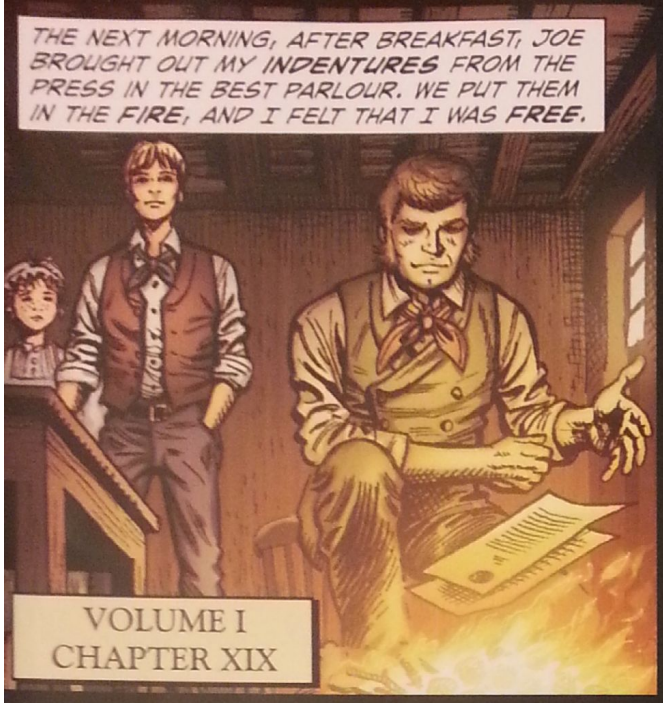
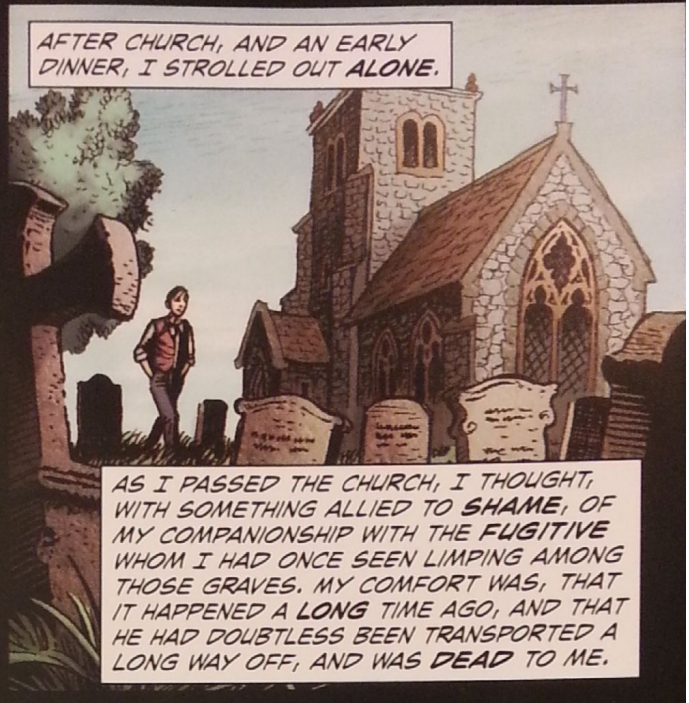
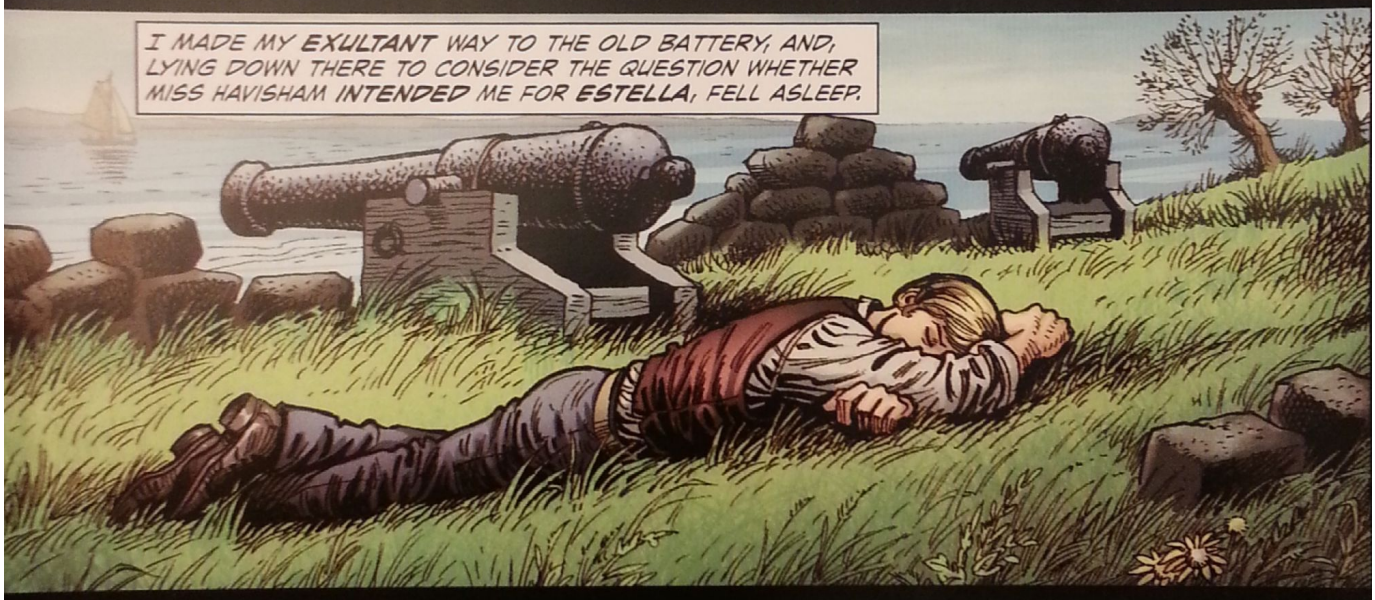
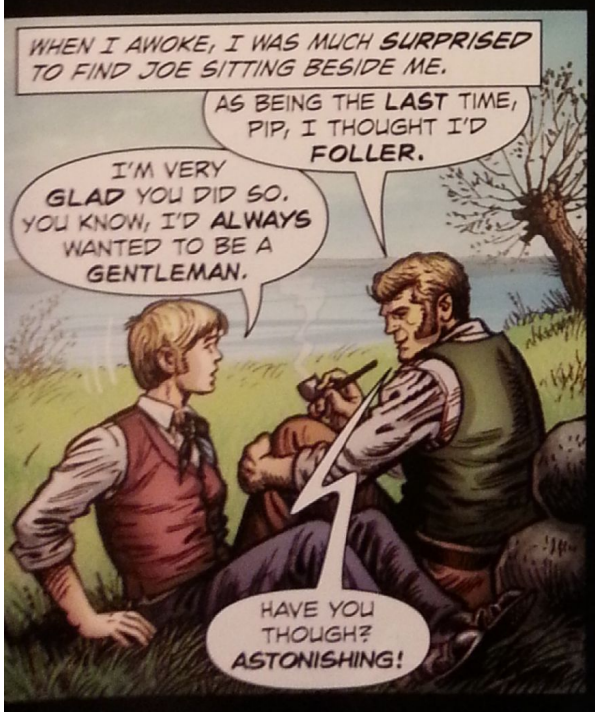
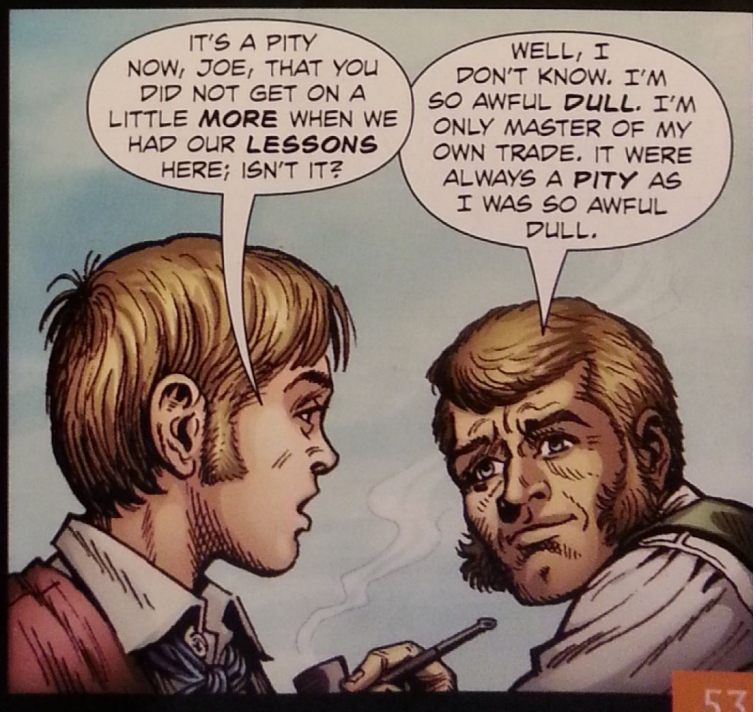
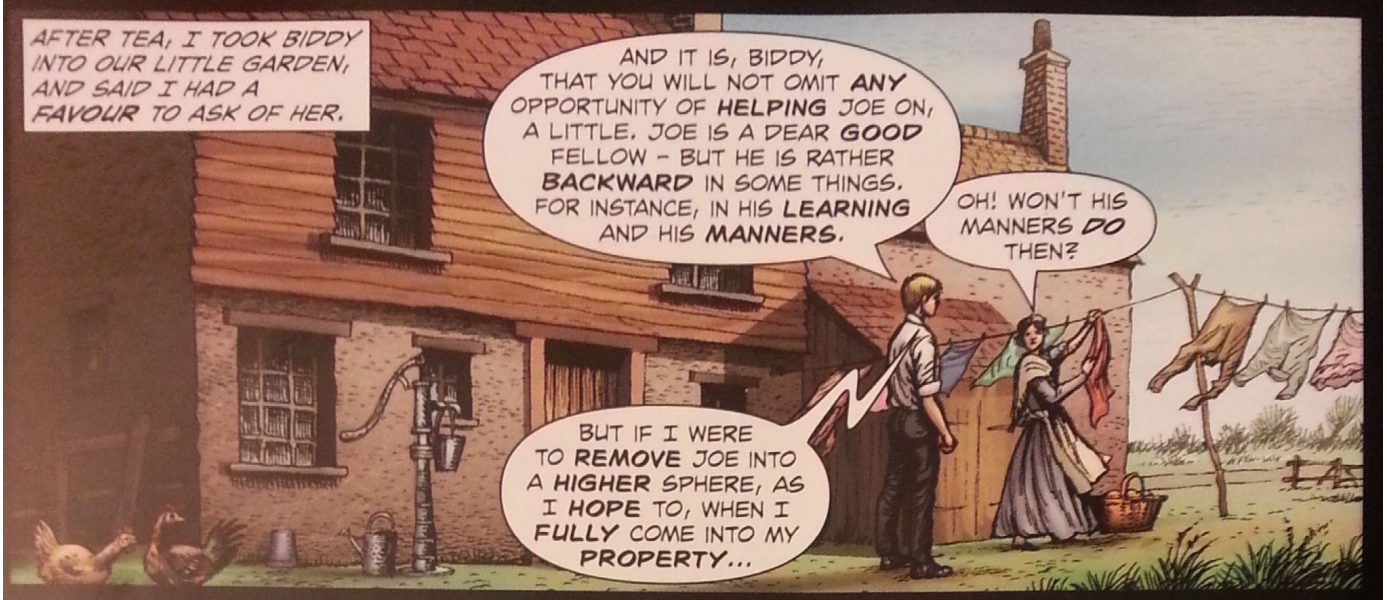

THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER BREAKFAST, JOE BROUGHT OUT MY **INDENTURES** FROM THE PRESS IN THE BEST PARLOUR. WE PUT THEM IN THE **FIRE**, AND I FELT THAT I WAS **FREE**.
VOLUME I
CHAPTER XIX

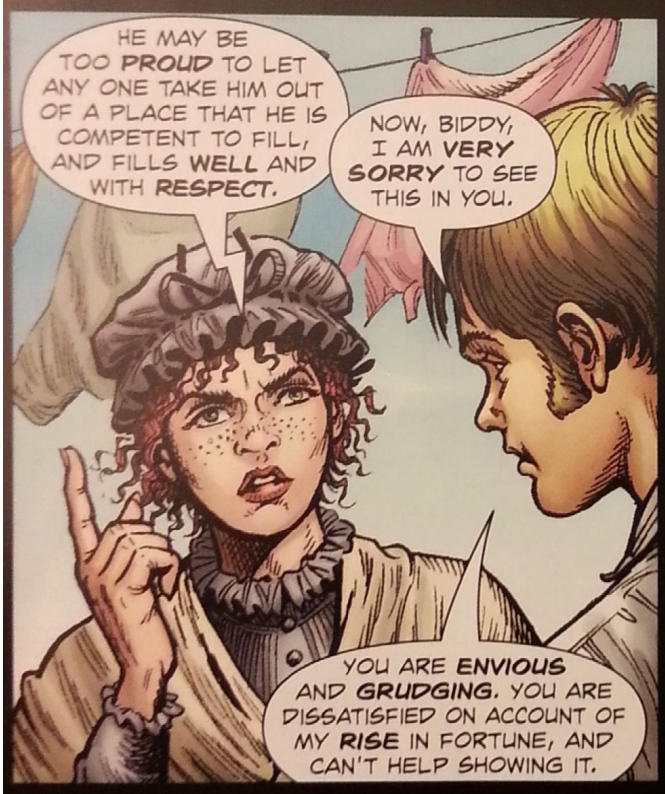

AFTER CHURCH, AND AN EARLY DINNER, I STROLLED OUT **ALONE**.
AS I PASSED THE CHURCH, I THOUGHT, WITH SOMETHING ALLIED TO **SHAME**, OF MY COMPANIONSHIP WITH THE **FUGITIVE** WHOM I HAD ONCE SEEN LIMPING AMONG THOSE GRAVES. MY COMFORT WAS, THAT IT HAPPENED A **LONG** TIME AGO, AND THAT HE HAD DOUBTLESS BEEN TRANSPORTED A LONG WAY OFF, AND WAS **DEAD** TO ME.

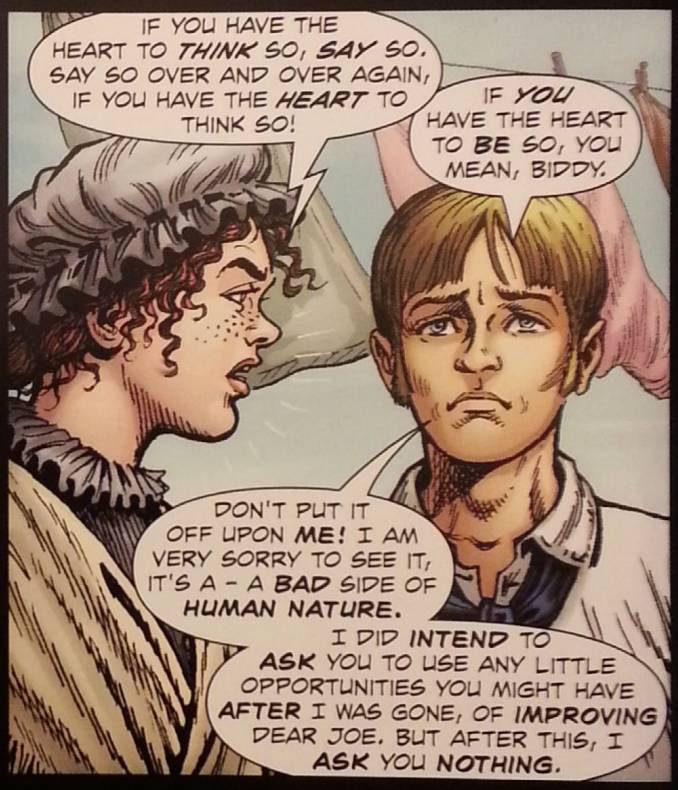

I MADE MY **EXULTANT** WAY TO THE OLD BATTERY, AND, LYING DOWN THERE TO CONSIDER THE QUESTION WHETHER MISS HAVISHAM **INTENDED** ME FOR **ESTELLA**, FELL ASLEEP.


WHEN I AWOKE, I WAS MUCH **SURPRISED** TO FIND JOE SITTING BESIDE ME.
AS BEING THE **LAST** TIME, PIP, I THOUGHT I'D **FOLLER**.
I'M VERY **GLAD** YOU DID SO. YOU KNOW, I'D **ALWAYS** WANTED TO BE A **GENTLEMAN**.
HAVE YOU THOUGH? **ASTONISHING!**


IT'S A PITY NOW, JOE, THAT YOU DID NOT GET ON A LITTLE **MORE** WHEN WE HAD OUR **LESSONS** HERE; ISN'T IT?
WELL, I DON'T KNOW. I'M SO AWFUL **DULL**. I'M ONLY MASTER OF MY OWN TRADE. IT WERE ALWAYS A **PITY** AS I WAS SO AWFUL DULL.


AFTER TEA, I TOOK BIDDY INTO OUR LITTLE GARDEN, AND SAID I HAD A FAVOUR TO ASK OF HER.
AND IT IS, BIDDY, THAT YOU WILL NOT OMIT ANY OPPORTUNITY OF HELPING JOE ON, A LITTLE. JOE IS A DEAR GOOD FELLOW – BUT HE IS RATHER BACKWARD IN SOME THINGS. FOR INSTANCE, IN HIS LEARNING AND HIS MANNERS.
OH! WON'T HIS MANNERS DO THEN?
BUT IF I WERE TO REMOVE JOE INTO A HIGHER SPHERE, AS I HOPE TO, WHEN I FULLY COME INTO MY PROPERTY...


HE MAY BE TOO PROUD TO LET ANY ONE TAKE HIM OUT OF A PLACE THAT HE IS COMPETENT TO FILL, AND FILLS WELL AND WITH RESPECT.
NOW, BIDDY, I AM VERY SORRY TO SEE THIS IN YOU.
YOU ARE ENVIOUS AND GRUDGING. YOU ARE DISSATISFIED ON ACCOUNT OF MY RISE IN FORTUNE, AND CAN'T HELP SHOWING IT.


IF YOU HAVE THE HEART TO THINK SO, SAY SO. SAY SO OVER AND OVER AGAIN, IF YOU HAVE THE HEART TO THINK SO!
IF YOU HAVE THE HEART TO BE SO, YOU MEAN, BIDDY.
DON'T PUT IT OFF UPON ME! I AM VERY SORRY TO SEE IT, IT'S A – A BAD SIDE OF HUMAN NATURE.
I DID INTEND TO ASK YOU TO USE ANY LITTLE OPPORTUNITIES YOU MIGHT HAVE AFTER I WAS GONE, OF IMPROVING DEAR JOE. BUT AFTER THIS, I ASK YOU NOTHING.

I EXTENDED MY CLEMENCY TO BIDDY, AND WE DROPPED THE SUBJECT. I WENT INTO TOWN EARLY, AND PRESENTED MYSELF BEFORE MR. TRABB, THE TAILOR, TO BE MEASURED FOR A **FASHIONABLE** SUIT OF CLOTHES.

AFTER THIS, I WENT TO THE **HATTER'S**, AND THE **BOOTMAKER'S**, AND THE **HOSIER'S**.

WHEN I HAD ORDERED EVERYTHING I WANTED, I DIRECTED MY STEPS TOWARDS **PUMBLECHOOK'S**.

MY DEAR FRIEND, I GIVE YOU **JOY** OF YOUR GOOD FORTUNE! WELL DESERVED, WELL **DESERVED!**

TO THINK THAT **I** SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE HUMBLE **INSTRUMENT** OF LEADING UP TO THIS, IS A **PROUD** REWARD!

REMEMBER THAT **NOTHING** IS TO BE **EVER** SAID OR HINTED ON THAT POINT.

BUT MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND, YOU MUST BE **HUNGRY**, YOU MUST BE **EXHAUSTED**.

...AND YOUR **SISTER**, WHICH HAD THE HONOUR OF BRINGING YOU UP BY HAND!

AH! THAT'S THE WAY YOU **KNOW** THE **NOBLE** MINDED! EVER FORGIVING AND EVER AFFABLE.

WE'LL DRINK HER **HEALTH**.

I HAD MY NEW CLOTHES DELIVERED TO MR. PUMBLECHOOK'S ON FRIDAY MORNING. FROM THERE, I WENT ON TO VISIT MISS HAVISHAM. **SARAH POCKET** CAME TO THE GATE.

YOU? GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT DO YOU **WANT?**

I AM GOING TO **LONDON**, MISS POCKET, AND WANT TO SAY **GOODBYE** TO MISS HAVISHAM.

SHE TOOK ME UP, **STARING** AT ME ALL THE WAY.

DON'T **GO**, SARAH.

WELL, PIP?

I START FOR LONDON **TOMORROW**, MISS HAVISHAM, AND I THOUGHT YOU WOULD KINDLY NOT MIND MY TAKING **LEAVE** OF YOU.

MISS HAVISHAM MADE HER CRUTCH STICK PLAY ROUND ME, AS IF SHE WERE A **FAIRY GODMOTHER** WHO HAD **CHANGED** ME.

I HAVE COME INTO **SUCH** GOOD **FORTUNE** SINCE I SAW YOU LAST, MISS HAVISHAM. AND I AM SO **GRATEFUL** FOR IT, MISS HAVISHAM!

I HAVE SEEN MR. JAGGERS. I HAVE **HEARD** ABOUT IT, PIP.

WELL! YOU HAVE A **PROMISING** CAREER BEFORE YOU. BE GOOD - **DESERVE** IT - ABIDE BY MR. JAGGERS'S INSTRUCTIONS.

GOOD-BY, PIP! - YOU WILL **ALWAYS** KEEP THE NAME OF PIP, YOU KNOW.

ON THIS LAST EVENING, I DRESSED MYSELF OUT IN MY NEW CLOTHES FOR JOE AND BIDDY, AND SAT IN MY SPLENDOUR UNTIL BEDTIME. WE HAD A HOT SUPPER ON THE OCCASION. WE WERE ALL VERY **LOW**, AND NONE THE HIGHER FOR **PRETENDING** TO BE IN SPIRITS.

I WAS TO **LEAVE** OUR VILLAGE AT FIVE IN THE MORNING, AND HAD TOLD JOE THAT I WISHED TO WALK AWAY **ALONE**.

AFTER A HURRIED BREAKFAST, I TOOK UP MY LITTLE PORTMANTEAU AND WALKED OUT.

HOOROAR!

I WALKED AWAY AT A GOOD PACE, THINKING IT WAS **EASIER** TO GO THAN I HAD SUPPOSED.

BUT THE VILLAGE WAS VERY **PEACEFUL**, AND I HAD BEEN SO INNOCENT AND LITTLE THERE, AND ALL BEYOND WAS SO UNKNOWN AND GREAT, THAT IN A MOMENT I BROKE INTO **TEARS**.

I WAS BETTER AFTER I HAD CRIED - MORE SORRY, MORE **AWARE** OF MY OWN **INGRATITUDE**.

IT WAS NOW TOO **FAR** TO GO BACK. THE MISTS HAD ALL SOLEMNLY RISEN NOW...

...AND THE WORLD LAY SPREAD **BEFORE** ME.

VOLUME II
CHAPTER I
THE JOURNEY FROM OUR TOWN TO THE METROPOLIS WAS OF ABOUT FIVE HOURS. IT WAS A LITTLE PAST MIDDAY WHEN THE STAGE REACHED CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.
I WAS SCARED BY THE IMMENSITY OF LONDON. I THINK I MIGHT HAVE HAD SOME FAINT DOUBTS WHETHER IT WAS NOT RATHER UGLY, CROOKED, NARROW, AND DIRTY.

MR. JAGGERS HAD SENT ME HIS ADDRESS; IT WAS LITTLE BRITAIN, AND HE HAD WRITTEN AFTER IT ON HIS CARD, "JUST OUT OF SMITHFIELD, CLOSE BY THE COACH-OFFICE." A HACKNEY-COACHMAN PACKED ME UP IN HIS COACH, WHICH SOON STOPPED IN A GLOOMY STREET.
JAGGERS & CO
IS MR. JAGGERS AT HOME?
HE IS NOT. HE IS IN COURT AT PRESENT.
AM I ADDRESSING MR. PIP?
YES.
MR. JAGGERS LEFT WORD, WOULD YOU WAIT IN HIS ROOM? HE COULDN'T SAY HOW LONG HE MIGHT BE, HAVING A CASE ON. BUT HIS TIME BEING VALUABLE, THAT HE WON'T BE LONGER THAN HE CAN HELP.
MR. JAGGERS'S ROOM WAS A MOST DISMAL PLACE. THERE WERE TWO DREADFUL CASTS, OF FACES PECULIARLY SWOLLEN. I WONDERED WHETHER THEY WERE OF MR. JAGGERS'S FAMILY.
I SAT WAITING, UNTIL I REALLY COULD NOT BEAR THE TWO CASTS. I GOT UP AND TOLD THE CLERK THAT I WOULD TAKE A TURN IN THE AIR.
I TURNED INTO A STREET WHERE I SAW THE GREAT DOME OF SAINT PAUL'S BULGING FROM BEHIND A GRIM STONE BUILDING WHICH A BYSTANDER SAID WAS NEWGATE PRISON.
I SAW THE YARD WHERE THE GALLOWS WAS KEPT, AND WHERE PEOPLE WERE PUBLICLY WHIPPED. FOUR CONVICTS WERE TO COME OUT OF DEBTORS' DOOR TO BE HANGED THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW.
THIS GAVE ME A SICKENING IDEA OF LONDON.

RETURNING TO LITTLE BRITAIN, I BECAME AWARE THAT OTHER PEOPLE WERE WAITING ABOUT FOR MR. JAGGERS, AS WELL AS I. AT LENGTH I SAW MR. JAGGERS COMING ACROSS THE ROAD TOWARDS ME.
JAGGERS & CO
ALL THE OTHERS WHO WERE WAITING SAW HIM AT THE SAME TIME, AND THERE WAS QUITE A RUSH AT HIM.
NOW, I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY TO YOU. I WANT TO KNOW NO MORE THAN I KNOW.
AS TO THE RESULT, I TOLD YOU FROM THE FIRST IT WAS A TOSS-UP. HAVE YOU PAID WEMMICK?
YES, SIR.
WHAT ABOUT MY BILL, SIR?
NOW, I TELL YOU ONCE FOR ALL. IF YOU DON'T KNOW THAT YOUR BILL'S IN GOOD HANDS, I KNOW IT.
IF YOU COME HERE BOTHERING ME, I'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF BOTH YOUR BILL AND YOU, AND LET HIM SLIP THROUGH MY FINGERS. HAVE YOU PAID WEMMICK?
OH YES, SIR! EVERY FARDEN.
MY GUARDIAN TOOK ME INTO HIS ROOM. WHILE HE LUNCHED, HE INFORMED ME WHAT ARRANGEMENTS HE HAD MADE FOR ME.
I WAS TO GO TO "BARNARD'S INN", TO YOUNG MR. POCKET'S ROOMS; I WAS TO REMAIN WITH YOUNG MR. POCKET UNTIL MONDAY, AND THEN GO WITH HIM TO HIS FATHER'S HOUSE, THAT I MIGHT TRY HOW I LIKED IT.
I WAS TOLD WHAT MY ALLOWANCE WAS TO BE – IT WAS VERY LIBERAL – AND HANDED THE CARDS OF TRADESMEN.
YOU WILL FIND YOUR CREDIT GOOD, MR. PIP, BUT I SHALL BY THIS MEANS BE ABLE TO CHECK YOUR BILLS, AND PULL YOU UP IF I FIND YOU OUTRUNNING THE CONSTABLE.
OF COURSE YOU'LL GO WRONG SOMEHOW, BUT THAT'S NO FAULT OF MINE.
I THEN FOUND THAT WEMMICK, THE CLERK, SHOULD WALK ROUND WITH ME.
I TELL YOU IT'S NO USE; HE WON'T HAVE A WORD TO SAY TO ONE OF YOU.

VOLUME II
CHAPTER II
WE SOON GOT CLEAR OF THE CROWD, AND WENT ON SIDE BY SIDE.
SO YOU WERE NEVER IN LONDON BEFORE? I WAS NEW HERE ONCE. RUM TO THINK OF NOW!
IS IT A VERY WICKED PLACE?
YOU MAY GET CHEATED, ROBBED, AND MURDERED IN LONDON. BUT THERE ARE PLENTY OF PEOPLE ANYWHERE, WHO'LL DO THAT FOR YOU.
EVENTUALLY MR. WEMMICK SAID WE WERE AT BARNARD'S INN.
I HAD SUPPOSED THAT ESTABLISHMENT TO BE AN HOTEL KEPT BY MR. BARNARD, BUT I NOW FOUND BARNARD TO BE A DISEMBODIED SPIRIT, AND HIS INN THE DINGIEST COLLECTION OF SHABBY BUILDINGS EVER SQUEEZED TOGETHER IN A RANK CORNER.
HE LED ME UP A FLIGHT OF STAIRS, WHICH APPEARED TO BE SLOWLY COLLAPSING INTO SAWDUST, TO A SET OF CHAMBERS ON THE TOP FLOOR.
HE HARDLY THOUGHT YOU'D COME SO SOON. YOU DON'T WANT ME ANY MORE?
NO, THANK YOU.
AS I KEEP THE CASH, WE SHALL MOST LIKELY MEET PRETTY OFTEN. GOOD DAY.
MR. POCKET, JUNIOR'S, IDEA OF SHORTLY WAS NOT MINE, FOR I HAD NEARLY MADDENED MYSELF WITH LOOKING AT THE GRIMY VIEW FOR HALF AN HOUR, BEFORE I HEARD FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.
MR. PIP? DEAR ME! I AM EXTREMELY SORRY. I KNEW THERE WAS A COACH FROM YOUR PART OF THE COUNTRY AT MIDDAY.
THE FACT IS, I HAVE BEEN OUT ON YOUR ACCOUNT, FOR I THOUGHT, COMING FROM THE COUNTRY, YOU MIGHT LIKE A LITTLE FRUIT AFTER DINNER.
AS I STOOD OPPOSITE TO MR. POCKET, JUNIOR, I SAW THE STARTING APPEARANCE COME INTO HIS OWN EYES THAT I KNEW TO BE IN MINE.
LORD BLESS ME, YOU'RE THE PROWLING BOY!
AND YOU ARE THE PALE YOUNG GENTLEMAN!

VOLUME II
CHAPTER III

THE IDEA OF ITS BEING **YOU!**

THE IDEA OF ITS BEING YOU! – WELL! IT'S ALL OVER NOW, I HOPE, AND IT WILL BE **MAGNANIMOUS** IN YOU IF YOU'LL **FORGIVE** ME FOR HAVING KNOCKED YOU ABOUT SO.

*I DERIVED FROM THIS SPEECH THAT MR. HERBERT POCKET STILL RATHER CONFOUNDED HIS **INTENTION** WITH HIS **EXECUTION**.*

MISS HAVISHAM HAD SENT FOR ME ON A **TRIAL** VISIT, AND IF I HAD COME OUT OF IT SUCCESSFULLY, I SUPPOSE I SHOULD HAVE BEEN **PROVIDED** FOR – PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE BEEN WHAT-YOU-MAY-CALLED IT TO ESTELLA – BETROTHED. **ENGAGED.**

HOW DID YOU BEAR YOUR DISAPPOINTMENT?

POOH! SHE'S A **TARTAR.**

MISS HAVISHAM?

I MEANT **ESTELLA.** THAT GIRL'S **HARD** AND **HAUGHTY** AND **CAPRICIOUS** TO THE LAST DEGREE. SHE HAS BEEN BROUGHT UP BY MISS HAVISHAM TO WREAK **REVENGE** ON ALL THE MALE SEX.

WHAT RELATION IS SHE TO MISS HAVISHAM?

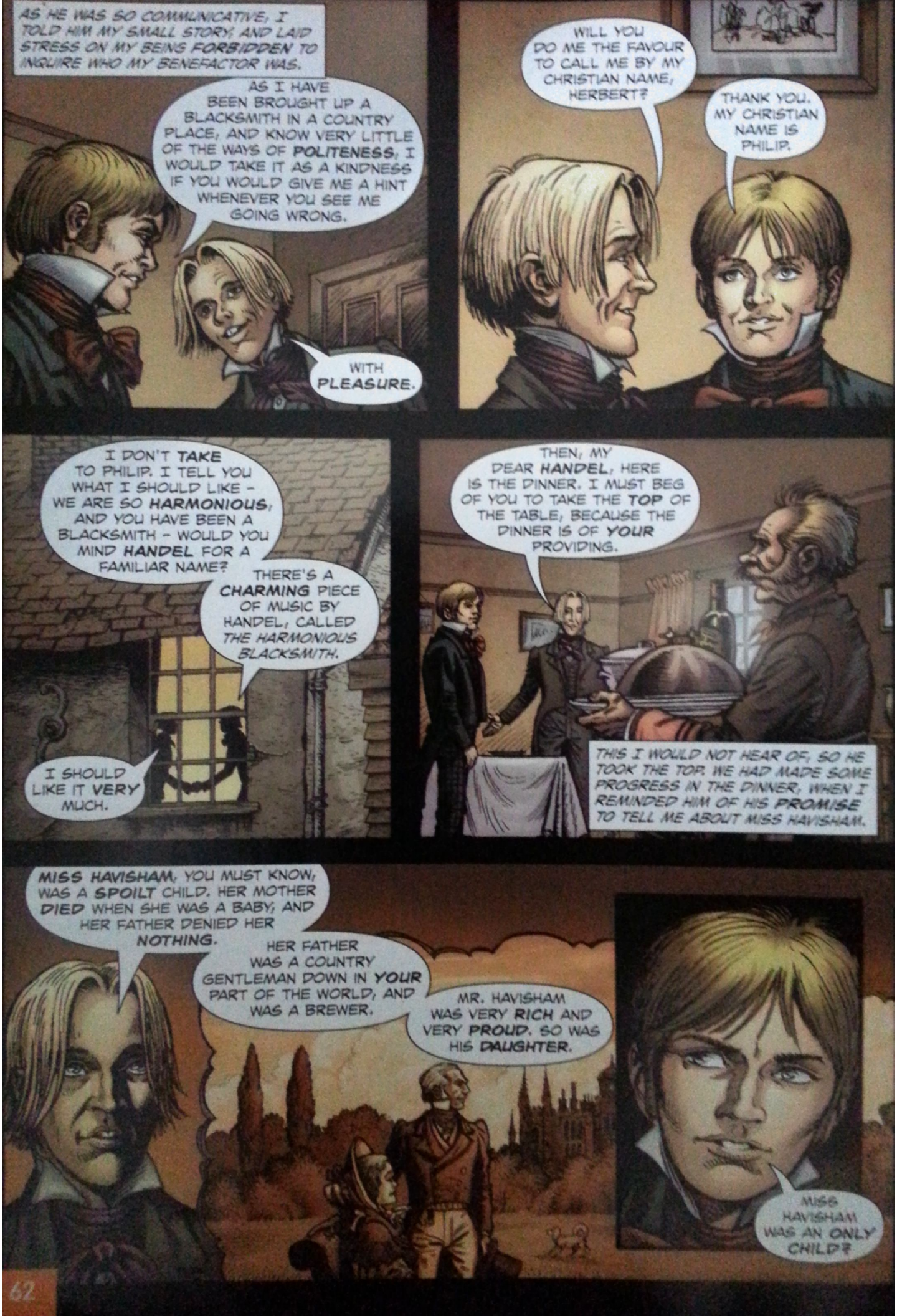
NONE, ONLY **ADOPTED.**

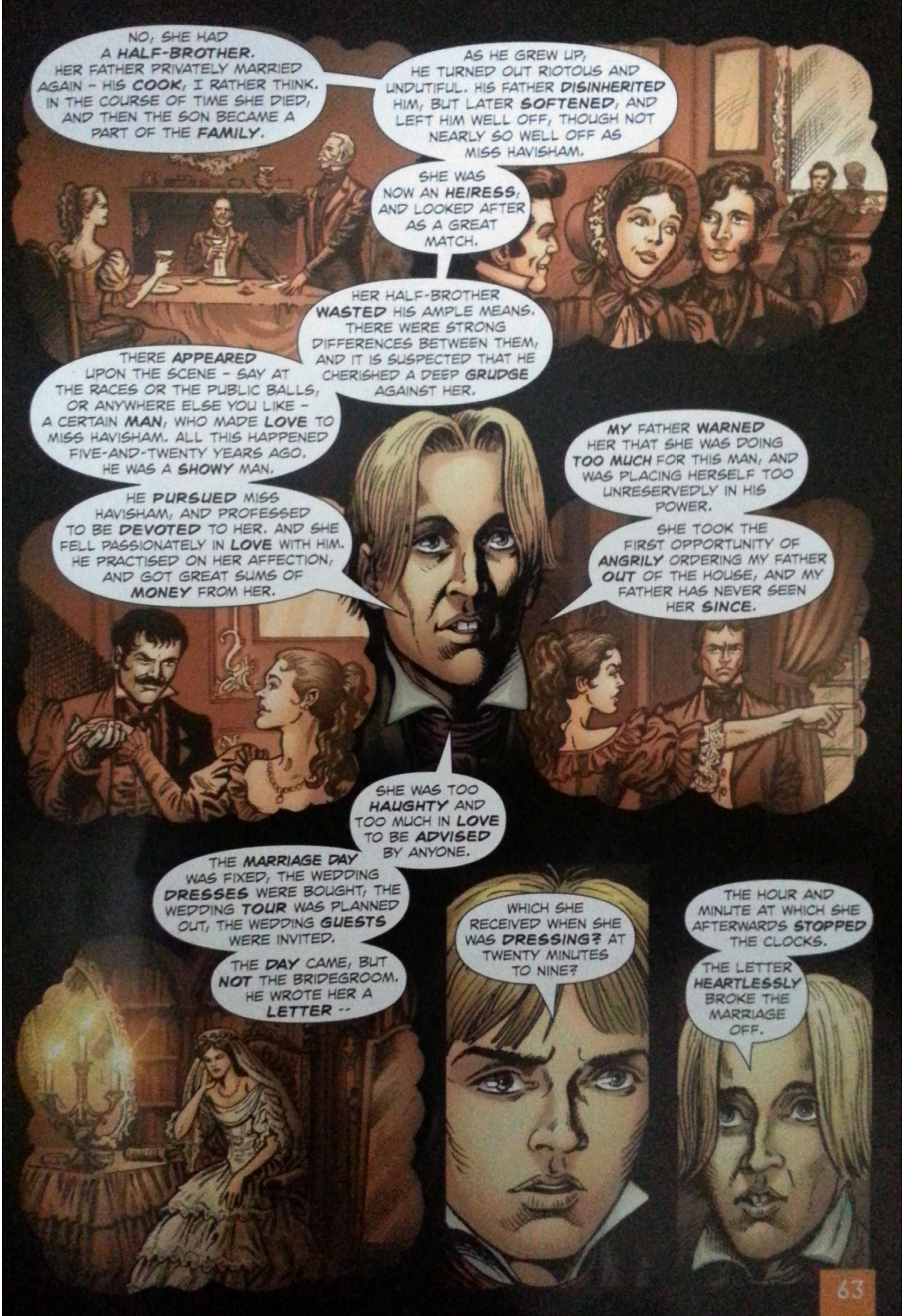
WHY **SHOULD** SHE WREAK REVENGE?

LORD, MR. PIP! DON'T YOU **KNOW?** DEAR ME! IT'S QUITE A STORY, AND SHALL BE SAVED TILL DINNER-TIME.

MR. JAGGERS IS YOUR **GUARDIAN,** I UNDERSTAND? YOU KNOW HE IS MISS HAVISHAM'S **SOLICITOR,** AND HAS HER CONFIDENCE WHEN NOBODY ELSE HAS?

HE WAS SO OBLIGING AS TO SUGGEST MY **FATHER** FOR YOUR TUTOR. MY FATHER IS MISS HAVISHAM'S COUSIN; NOT THAT THAT IMPLIES FAMILIAR INTERCOURSE BETWEEN THEM, FOR HE IS A **BAD** COURTIER AND WILL NOT PROPITIATE HER.


AS HE WAS SO COMMUNICATIVE, I TOLD HIM MY SMALL STORY, AND LAID STRESS ON MY BEING FORBIDDEN TO INQUIRE WHO MY BENEFACTOR WAS.
AS I HAVE BEEN BROUGHT UP A BLACKSMITH IN A COUNTRY PLACE, AND KNOW VERY LITTLE OF THE WAYS OF POLITENESS, I WOULD TAKE IT AS A KINDNESS IF YOU WOULD GIVE ME A HINT WHENEVER YOU SEE ME GOING WRONG.
WITH PLEASURE.
WILL YOU DO ME THE FAVOUR TO CALL ME BY MY CHRISTIAN NAME, HERBERT?
THANK YOU. MY CHRISTIAN NAME IS PHILIP.
I DON'T TAKE TO PHILIP. I TELL YOU WHAT I SHOULD LIKE - WE ARE SO HARMONIOUS, AND YOU HAVE BEEN A BLACKSMITH - WOULD YOU MIND HANDEL FOR A FAMILIAR NAME?
THERE'S A CHARMING PIECE OF MUSIC BY HANDEL, CALLED THE HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH.
I SHOULD LIKE IT VERY MUCH.
THEN, MY DEAR HANDEL, HERE IS THE DINNER. I MUST BEG OF YOU TO TAKE THE TOP OF THE TABLE, BECAUSE THE DINNER IS OF YOUR PROVIDING.
THIS I WOULD NOT HEAR OF, SO HE TOOK THE TOP. WE HAD MADE SOME PROGRESS IN THE DINNER, WHEN I REMINDED HIM OF HIS PROMISE TO TELL ME ABOUT MISS HAVISHAM.
MISS HAVISHAM, YOU MUST KNOW, WAS A SPOILT CHILD. HER MOTHER DIED WHEN SHE WAS A BABY, AND HER FATHER DENIED HER NOTHING.
HER FATHER WAS A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN DOWN IN YOUR PART OF THE WORLD, AND WAS A BREWER.
MR. HAVISHAM WAS VERY RICH AND VERY PROUD. SO WAS HIS DAUGHTER.
MISS HAVISHAM WAS AN ONLY CHILD?


NO, SHE HAD A HALF-BROTHER. HER FATHER PRIVATELY MARRIED AGAIN – HIS COOK, I RATHER THINK. IN THE COURSE OF TIME SHE DIED, AND THEN THE SON BECAME A PART OF THE FAMILY.
AS HE GREW UP, HE TURNED OUT RIOTOUS AND UNDUTIFUL. HIS FATHER DISINHERITED HIM, BUT LATER SOFTENED, AND LEFT HIM WELL OFF, THOUGH NOT NEARLY SO WELL OFF AS MISS HAVISHAM.
SHE WAS NOW AN HEIRESS, AND LOOKED AFTER AS A GREAT MATCH.
HER HALF-BROTHER WASTED HIS AMPLE MEANS. THERE WERE STRONG DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THEM, AND IT IS SUSPECTED THAT HE CHERISHED A DEEP GRUDGE AGAINST HER.
THERE APPEARED UPON THE SCENE – SAY AT THE RACES OR THE PUBLIC BALLS, OR ANYWHERE ELSE YOU LIKE – A CERTAIN MAN, WHO MADE LOVE TO MISS HAVISHAM. ALL THIS HAPPENED FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS AGO. HE WAS A SHOWY MAN.
HE PURSUED MISS HAVISHAM, AND PROFESSED TO BE DEVOTED TO HER. AND SHE FELL PASSIONATELY IN LOVE WITH HIM. HE PRACTISED ON HER AFFECTION, AND GOT GREAT SUMS OF MONEY FROM HER.
MY FATHER WARNED HER THAT SHE WAS DOING TOO MUCH FOR THIS MAN, AND WAS PLACING HERSELF TOO UNRESERVEDLY IN HIS POWER.
SHE TOOK THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY OF ANGRILY ORDERING MY FATHER OUT OF THE HOUSE, AND MY FATHER HAS NEVER SEEN HER SINCE.
SHE WAS TOO HAUGHTY AND TOO MUCH IN LOVE TO BE ADVISED BY ANYONE.
THE MARRIAGE DAY WAS FIXED, THE WEDDING DRESSES WERE BOUGHT, THE WEDDING TOUR WAS PLANNED OUT, THE WEDDING GUESTS WERE INVITED.
THE DAY CAME, BUT NOT THE BRIDEGROOM. HE WROTE HER A LETTER --
WHICH SHE RECEIVED WHEN SHE WAS DRESSING? AT TWENTY MINUTES TO NINE?
THE HOUR AND MINUTE AT WHICH SHE AFTERWARDS STOPPED THE CLOCKS.
THE LETTER HEARTLESSLY BROKE THE MARRIAGE OFF.

WHEN SHE RECOVERED FROM A BAD ILLNESS, SHE LAID THE WHOLE PLACE **WASTE**, AND HAS NEVER SINCE LOOKED UPON THE LIGHT OF DAY. BUT I HAVE **FORGOTTEN** ONE THING.

IT IS SUPPOSED THAT THE MAN TO WHOM SHE GAVE HER CONFIDENCE ACTED THROUGHOUT IN **CONCERT** WITH HER HALF-BROTHER, AND THAT THEY **SHARED** THE PROFITS.

WHAT **BECAME** OF THE TWO MEN?

THEY FELL INTO **DEEPER** SHAME AND RUIN. I DON'T KNOW IF THEY ARE STILL **ALIVE** TODAY.

*WE PASSED ON TO **OTHER** SUBJECTS. I LEARNED THAT MY FRIEND HAD GREAT **PLANS** FOR **TRADING** WITH THE EAST AND WEST INDIES, BUT WAS PRESENTLY EMPLOYED IN A COUNTING-HOUSE.*

BUT THE THING IS THAT YOU LOOK ABOUT YOU. **THEN** THE TIME COMES WHEN YOU SEE YOUR **OPENING**. AND YOU GO IN AND YOU **SWOOP** UPON IT AND YOU MAKE YOUR **CAPITAL**, AND THEN **THERE** YOU ARE!

WHEN YOU HAVE ONCE MADE YOUR CAPITAL, YOU HAVE **NOTHING** TO DO BUT **EMPLOY** IT.

*IN THE COMPANY OF ONE WHO HAD **ALREADY** MADE HIS FORTUNE IN HIS OWN **MIND**, IT SEEMED MANY MONTHS SINCE I HAD LEFT JOE AND BIDDY.*

*ON THE MONDAY MORNING, HERBERT WENT TO THE COUNTING-HOUSE TO **LOOK ABOUT** HIM, AND I BORE HIM COMPANY.*

*AFTER LUNCH, WE TOOK COACH FOR **HAMMERSMITH**, WHERE MR. MATTHEW POCKET LIVED. WE WALKED TO HIS HOUSE AND WE PASSED DIRECT INTO A LITTLE GARDEN OVERLOOKING THE RIVER, WHERE MR. POCKET'S **CHILDREN** WERE PLAYING ABOUT.*