GREAT EXPECTATIONS

by Charles Dickens

PRESTWICK HOUSE LITERARY TOUCHSTONE CLASSICS

UNABRIDGED WITH GLOSSARY AND NOTES

Great Expectations

Charles Dickens

Prestwick House

LITERARY TOUCHSTONE CLASSICS™

P.O. Box 658 Clayton, Delaware 19938 • www.prestwickhouse.com

Senior Editor: Paul Moliken

Editors: Lisa M. Miller, Elizabeth Scott

Cover Design: Larry Knox

Production: Jerry Clark

LITERARY TOUCHSTONE CLASSICS™

P.O. Box 658 • Clayton, Delaware 19938

Tel: 1.800.932.4593

Fax: 1.888.718.9333

Web: www.prestwickhouse.com

Prestwick House Teaching Units™, Activity Packs™, and Response Journals™ are the perfect complement for these editions. To purchase teaching resources for this book, visit www.prestwickhouse.com/materials

This Prestwick House edition is an unabridged republication of an undated 19th century edition of *Great Expectations,* published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

©2005 All new material is copyrighted by Prestwick House, Inc. All rights reserved. No portion may be reproduced without permission in writing from the publisher. Printed in the United States of America.

ISBN: 978-1-58049-349-9

Great Expectations

By Charles Dickens

Contents

5 Notes
7 Reading Pointers for Sharper Insight

9 **Chapter I**
13 **Chapter II**
21 **Chapter III**
27 **Chapter IV**
35 **Chapter V**
35 **Chapter VI**
45 **Chapter VII**
47 **Chapter VIII**
57 **Chapter IX**
67 **Chapter X**
73 **Chapter XI**
79 **Chapter XII**
91 **Chapter XIII**
97 **Chapter XIV**
105 **Chapter XV**
117 **Chapter XVI**
121 **Chapter XVII**
129 **Chapter XVIII**
141 **Chapter XIX**
153 **Chapter XX**
161 **Chapter XXI**
165 **Chapter XXII**
177 **Chapter XXIII**
185 **Chapter XXIV**
191 **Chapter XXV**
197 **Chapter XXVI**
203 **Chapter XXVII**

211 | Chapter XXVIII
217 | Chapter XXIX
229 | Chapter XXX
237 | Chapter XXXI
243 | Chapter XXXII
249 | Chapter XXXIII
255 | Chapter XXXIV
261 | Chapter XXXV
269 | Chapter XXXVI
275 | Chapter XXXVII
281 | Chapter XXXVIII
293 | Chapter XXXIX
303 | Chapter XL
315 | Chapter XLI
321 | Chapter XLII
327 | Chapter XLIII
333 | Chapter XLIV
341 | Chapter XLV
349 | Chapter XLVI
357 | Chapter XLVII
363 | Chapter XLVIII
369 | Chapter XLIX
377 | Chapter L
381 | Chapter LI
389 | Chapter LII
395 | Chapter LIII
405 | Chapter LIV
417 | Chapter LV
423 | Chapter LVI
429 | Chapter LVII
439 | Chapter LVIII
447 | Chapter LIX

451 | Glossary
460 | Vocabulary

NOTES

What is a literary classic and why are these classic works important to the world?

A literary classic is a work of the highest excellence that has something important to say about life and/or the human condition and says it with great artistry. A classic, through its enduring presence, has withstood the test of time and is not bound by time, place, or customs. It speaks to us today as forcefully as it spoke to people one hundred or more years ago, and as forcefully as it will speak to people of future generations. For this reason, a classic is said to have universality.

CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS was born in Portsmouth, England, on February 7, 1812. He came from a poor family and often went hungry; at the age of twelve, when the rest of his family was placed in debtors' prison, he was forced to take work in a bootblack factory. Upon his father's release, he returned to school, but left at the age of fifteen to begin a career as a newspaperman. Both the terrible experiences of his childhood and the close observation that he developed as a journalist contributed heavily to his writing.

When one of his first works, *Observations by Boz*,

Charles Dickens with his two daughters

was serialized in a magazine, Dickens began to gain recognition as a writer of note; *The Pickwick Papers* and *Oliver Twist*, which followed soon after, secured him a reputation as a literary genius. His personal life, however, was not happy. His marriage to Catherine Hogarth was troubled, and, though he and his wife had ten children, they separated in 1858. Charles Dickens died of a stroke in 1870.

Dickens' sharply drawn, often sympathetic characters bring his works to life, and his striking treatment of the Victorian underclass still resonates today. He has given us some of the English language's best-loved characters and stories: *Oliver Twist*, *David Copperfield*, Scrooge and Tiny Tim in *A Christmas Carol,* Dr. and Lucy Manette in *A Tale of Two Cities,* and of course, the unforgettable inhabitants of *Great Expectations*.

Engraving of Charles Dickens in his Gad's Hill Study

Reading Pointers for Sharper Insight

To better appreciate the richness and complexity of *Great Expectations*, the reader should consider the following:

Caricatures, Stereotypes, and Conventions

While many of Dickens' characters seem exaggerated and outlandish, they allow the relatively flat main characters to seem normal by comparison. Static characters like Joe—unfailing in his goodness—and Miss Havisham–equally unfailing in her bitterness—emphasize Pip's change from contented lad, to social climber, to regretful adult.

Some popular literary conventions of his time that Dickens employs include:

- the poor orphan with no permanent home or parent-figure
- the reclusive woman in white
- the mysterious benefactor
- unrequited love
- the country as the center of morality and happiness
- the city as the seat of corruption and despair
- clarity of thought after sickness and madness
- the noble savage, the kindly criminal, and the charming scoundrel

Social Class and the "Gentleman"

When Pip is adopted by his benefactor and sent to London to become a gentleman, it is not at all clear what type of person he is to become.

Nineteenth century England was a time of rapid social change. Wealth had traditionally been measured by land ownership, but a trend toward a cash-based economy had begun. The Industrial Revolution created a middle class that was, in many ways, more economically powerful than the landowners.

As the economic power of the middle class grew, people demanded political power as well. With this increase in political influence came the demand for social acceptance The concept of the gentleman, therefore, evolved and became a confusing ideal for the Victorians by the middle of the nineteenth century:

- On the one hand, a gentleman was a gentleman by right of birth, but wealthy industrialists claimed the right to be called gentlemen by virtue of their economic and political power.
- Clergy of the Church of England, military officers, and members of Parliament were regarded as gentlemen simply because of their occupations.
- The Victorians also added a strong moral component to the ideal of the gentleman that even they themselves found difficult to define. Which behavior would be considered proper and which would not were problems that society wrestled with constantly.
- While those who held certain jobs were eligible to be called gentlemen, others were not. Note how Pip and Herbert talk about Miss Havisham's father's having been a brewer—and also a gentleman.

Pip can be compared with Herbert Pocket, Matthew Pocket, Bentley Drummle, and finally with Joe Gargery to understand where Dickens' sympathies lay.

The Hulks and Convicts

The Hulks were large ships without masts, which had been used in battle but had been removed from service and re-fitted to house male convicts awaiting transport to British colonies. The practice began in the 1770s and continued until 1856—four years before the writing of *Great Expectations*.

Transporting prisoners was a common way of dealing with England's worst criminals. Convicts were routinely taken to the British colonies in America until the Revolutionary War, and after that, to Australia and Tasmania. The sentence of transportation was occasionally for a specified period of time, seven years for example, but gradually, it became a life sentence. Many died during the four-to six-month journey, and many more were ill or dying when they arrived.

Eventually, however, transportation of convicts became expensive, and settlers who were in the colonies complained about having to accept the criminals. The British government then began to look at other ways of dealing with convicts, and a new period of penal reform and prison construction was begun.

†Terms marked in the text with (†) can be looked up in the Glossary for additional information.

Chapter I

MY FATHER'S FAMILY name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister—Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like, were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, *"Also Georgiana Wife of the Above,"* I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine—who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things, seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain, that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that

Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. "Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"O! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man, staring at me. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Pint out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet—when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

"You young dog," said the man, licking his lips, "what fat cheeks you ha' got."

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized, for my years, and not strong.

"Darn Me if I couldn't eat 'em," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I han't half a mind to't!"

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly, to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

"Now lookee here!" said the man. "Where's your mother?"

"There, sir!" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oh!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father alonger your mother?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "him too; late of this parish."

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye live with—supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I han't made up my mind about?"

"My sister, sir—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now lookee here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you know what wittles is?"

"Yes, sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"You get me a file." He tilted me again. "And you get me wittles." He tilted me again. "You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then, he held me by the arms in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

"You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery† over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate. Now, I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him

Glossary

CHAPTER I

Battery – The Battery in a city was the place where artillery was stationed in case of foreign invasion. The word comes from the ability to "batter" the enemy from a safe distance.

CHAPTER II

Hercules – In Greek mythology, Hercules was the strongest man in the world. Here, Dickens is preparing the reader for the knowledge that Joe Gargery has great strength.

a baker's dozen – Bakers sometimes added a loaf to a dozen so that they wouldn't be accused of cheating their customers; a "baker's dozen," therefore, means thirteen.

Tar-water – a mixture of tar and water used as a cure-all

the Hulks – The Hulks were prison-ships. The idea was that prisoners would be less likely to attempt to escape if it involved swimming through the cold sea.

CHAPTER III

—

CHAPTER IV

"…**secretly crossed his two…to their legs.**" **–** The Crusades were wars between followers of Islam and followers of Christianity that took place during the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries. Statues and paintings of the Crusaders would often show the combatants with their legs crossed; the crossed legs served both as a balance for the statue and as another symbol of the Cross.

Accoucheur Policeman – An Accoucheur Policeman was a male midwife.

ghost in Hamlet with Richard the Third – two of Shakespeare's tragedies

prodigal – an allusion to the Gospel of Luke. The prodigal son demanded his inheritance at a young age and left home, only to return later, regretting his wild living. This reference could be seen as foreshadowing Pip's own future.

CHAPTER V

—

CHAPTER VI

—

Vocabulary

CHAPTER I

nettles – prickly plants
aforesaid – previously mentioned
briars – thorny plants
wittles – [dialect] food
weather-cock – a weather vane
gibbet – a device used to hang people, gallows

CHAPTER II

jack-towel – a towel hung on a roller
connubial – relating to marriage
trenchant – perceptive; vigorous
freemasonry – a fellowship
consternation – worry; paralyzing dismay
remonstrance – protest
boot-jack – a device used to hold a boot secure when taking the boot off
imbrue – to soak
accredited – credited with
interlocutor – a speaker
speaking-trumpet – a device used to amplify sound
mincemeat – finely chopped meat, sometimes mixed with other food

CHAPTER III

rimy – frosty
cravat – a tie
ague – fever and chills
rheumatic – painfully arthritic

CHAPTER IV

conciliatory – willing to make concessions
Accoucheur – a male midwife
Reformatory – a reform school
banns – marriage announcements
vestry – a church room used for meetings
chaise-cart – a light and open carriage
Roman nose – a nose with a high, prominent bridge
N.B. – the Latin phrase: *nota bene* means to "note well;" a note to pay attention to something
bobbish – in good spirits
declamation – a speech