Herbert Monologue

Pray come in. Allow me to lead the way. I am rather bare here, but I hope you’ll be able to make out tolerably well till Monday. I am sure I shall be very happy to show London to you. As to our table, you won’t find that bad. I hope, for it will be supplied from our coffee-house here, and (it is only right I should add) at your expense, such being Mr Jaggers’ directions, As to our lodging, it’s not by any means splendid, because I have my own bread to earn, and my father hasn’t anything to give me, and I shouldn’t be willing to take it, if he had. This is our sitting room – just such chairs and tables and carpet and so forth, you see, as they could spare from home. But, dear me, I beg you pardon, you’re holding the fruit all this time. Pray let me take these bags from you. I am quite ashamed. Lord bless me, you’re the prowling boy.