Pumblechook Monologue

Well, but I mean a four-footed squeaker. If you had been born such, would you have been here now? Not you – But I don’t mean in that form, sir; I mean, enjoying himself with his elders and betters, and improving with their conversation, rolling in the lap of luxury. Would he have been doing that? No, he wouldn’t. And what would have been your destination? *(Turning to Pip)* You would have been disposed of for so many shillings according to the market price of the article, and Dunstable the butcher 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.