GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HERRICK and I went on from bad to worse, in the way of increasing our debts, looking into our affairs, leaving Margins, and the like exemplary transactions; and Time went on, whether or no, as he has a way of doing; and I came of age—in fulfillment of Herbert's prediction, that I should do so, before I knew where I was.

Herbert himself had come of age, eight months before me. As he had nothing else than his majority to come into, the event did not make a profound sensation in Barnard's Inn. But we had looked forward to my one-and-twentieth birthday, with a crowd of speculations and anticipations, for we had both considered that my guardian could hardly help saying something definite on that occasion.

I had taken care to have it well understood in Little Britain, when my birthday was. On the day before it, I received an official note from Wemmick, informing me that Mr. Jaggers would be glad if I would call upon him at five in the afternoon of the auspicious day. This convinced me that something great was to happen, and threw me into an unusual flutter when I repaired to my guardian's office, a model of punctuality.

In the outer office Wemmick offered me his congratulations, and incidentally rubbed the side of his nose with a folded piece of tissue-paper that I liked the look of. But he said nothing respecting it, and motioned me with a nod into my guardian's room. It was November, and my guardian was standing before his fire leaning his back against the chimney-piece, with his hands under his coat-tails.

"Well, Pip," said he, "I must call you Mr. Pip to-day. Congratulations, Mr. Pip."

We shook hands—he was always a remarkably short shake—and I thanked him.

"Take a chair, Mr. Pip," said my guardian.

As I sat down, and he preserved his attitude, and bent his brows at his boots, I felt at a disadvantage, which reminded me of that old time when I had been put upon a tombstone. The two glaîny casts on the shelf were not far from him, and their expression was as if they were making a stupid apoplectic attempt to attend to the conversation.

"Now my young friend," my guardian began, as if I were a witness in the box, "I am going to have a word or two with you."

"If you please, sir," I said.

"What do you suppose," said Mr. Jaggers, bending forward to look at the ground, and then throwing his head back to look at the ceiling, "what do you suppose you are living at the rate of?"

"At the rate of, sir?"

"At," repeated Mr. Jaggers, still looking at the ceiling, "the—rate—of!" And then looked round the room, and paused with his pocket-handkerchief in his hand, half way to his nose.

I had looked into my affairs so often, that I had thoroughly destroyed any slight notion I might ever have had of their bearings. Reluctantly, I confessed myself quite unable to answer the question. This reply seemed agreeable to Mr. Jaggers, who said, "I thought so!" and blew his nose with an air of satisfaction.

"Now, I have asked you a question, my friend," said Mr. Jaggers, "Have you anything to ask me?"

"Of course it would be a great relief to me to ask you several questions, sir; but I remember your prohibition."

"Ask one," said Mr. Jaggers.

"Is my benefactor to be made known to me to-day?"

"No. Ask another."

"Is that confidence to be imparted to me soon?"

"Waive that, a moment," said Mr. Jaggers, "and ask another."

I looked about me, but there appeared to be no possible escape from the inquiry. "Have I—anything to receive, sir?"

On that, Mr. Jaggers said, triumphantly, "I thought we should come to it!" and called to Wemmick to give him that piece of paper. Wemmick appeared, handed it in, and disappeared.

"Now, Mr. Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, "attend, if you please. You have been drawing pretty freely here; your name occurs pretty often in Wemmick's cash-book; but you are in debt, of course?"

"I am afraid I must say yes, sir."

"You know you must say yes; don't you?" said Mr. Jaggers.
"Yes, sir."

"I don't ask you what you owe, because you don't know; and if you did know, you wouldn't tell me; you would say less. Yes, yes, my friend," said Mr. Jaggers, waving his forefinger to stop me, as I made a show of protesting: "it's likely enough that you think you wouldn't, but you would. You'll excuse me, but I know better than you. Now, take this piece of paper in your hand. You have got it? Very good. Now, unfold it and tell me what it is."

"This is a bank-note," said I, "for five hundred pounds."

"That is a bank-note," repeated Mr. Jaggers, "for five hundred pounds. And a very handsome sum of money too, I think. You consider it so?"

"How could I do otherwise?"

"Ah! But answer the question," said Mr. Jaggers. "Undoubtedly."

"You consider it, undoubtedly, a handsome sum of money. Now, that handsome sum of money, Pip, is your own. It is a present to you on this day, in earnest of your expectations. And at the rate of that handsome sum of money per annum, and at no higher rate, you are to live until the donor of the whole appears. That is to say, you will now take your money affairs entirely into your own hands, and you will draw it. Very good."

"We must revert to the evening when we first encountered one another in your village. What did I tell you then, Pip?"

"You told me, Mr. Jaggers, that it might be years hence when that person appeared."

"Just so," said Mr. Jaggers, "that's my answer."

As we looked full at one another, I felt my breath come quicker in my strong desire to get something out of him. And as I felt that it came quicker, and as I felt that he saw that it came quicker, I felt that I had less chance than ever of getting anything out of him.

"Do you suppose it will still be years hence, Mr. Jaggers?"

Mr. Jaggers shook his head—not in negativing the question, but in altogether negativing the notion that he could anyhow get to answer it—and the two horrible casts of the twitched faces looked, when my eyes strayed up to them, as if they had come to a crisis in their suspended attention, and were going to measure something.

"Come!" said Mr. Jaggers, warming the backs of his legs with the backs of his warmed hands, "I'll be plain with you, my friend Pip. Just is a question I must not ask. You'll understand that, better, when I tell you it's a question that might compromise me. Come! I'll go a little further with you; I'll say something more."

He bent down so low to frown at his boots, that he was able to rub the calves of his legs in the pause he made.

"When that person discloses," said Mr. Jaggers, "straightening himself, "you and that person will settle your own affairs. When that person discloses, it will not be necessary for me to know anything about it. And that's all I have got to say."

We looked at one another until I withdrew my eyes, and looked thoughtfully at the floor. From this last speech I derived the notion that Miss Havisham, for some reason or no reason, had not taken him into her confidence as to her designing me for Estella; that he resented this, and felt a jealousy about it; or that he really did object to that scheme, and was going to say something to me. When I raised my eyes again, I found that he had been abnormally looking at me all the time, and I was doing so still.

"If that is all you have to say, sir," I reproached him; "there can be nothing left for me to say."

"He nodded assent, and pulled out his thick-bracted watch, and asked me where I was going to dine? I replied at my own chambers, with Herbert. As a necessary sequence, I asked him if he would favour us with his company, and he promptly accepted the invitation. But he insisted on walking home with me, in order that I might make no extra preparation for him, and first he had a letter or two to write, and (of course) had his hands to wash. So, I said I would go into town.

The fact that had come in there before; it was a charming such.

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"Mr. Wemmick, one hundred and twenty-five entire into your own hands, and you will draw it. Very good."

"Then it is a bank-note," said I, "for five hundred pounds."

"But answer the question," said Mr. Jaggers. "Undoubtedly."

"You consider it, undoubtedly, a handsome sum of money too, I think. You consider them injudicious, but I am not paid for giving any opinion on their merits."

I was beginning to express my gratitude to my benefactor for the great liberality with which I was treated, when Mr. Jaggers stopped me.

"I am not paid, Pip," said he, coolly, "to carry my words to any one;" and then gathered up his coat-tails, as he had gathered up the subject, and stood frowning at his boots as if he suspected them of designs against him.

After a pause, I hinted: "There was a question just now, Mr. Jaggers, which the law bad me to wait for, and I hope I am doing nothing wrong in asking it again?"

"What is it?" said he.

I might have known that he would never help me out; but it took me aback to have to shape the question afresh, as if it were quite new.

"Is it likely," I said, after hesitating, "that my patron, the fountain-head you have spoken of, Mr. Jaggers, will soon—" I there I delicately stopped.

"Will soon what?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"That's no question as it stands, you know," I rejoined, "but it took me aback to have to shape it, and looked thoughtfully at the floor. From this last speech I derived the notion that Miss Havisham, for some reason or no reason, had not taken him into her confidence as to her designing me for Estella; that he resented this, and felt a jealousy about it; or that he really did object to that scheme, and was going to say something to me. When I raised my eyes again, I found that he had been abnormally looking at me all the time, and I was doing so still.

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would go into the outer office and talk to Wemmick.

The fact was, that when the five hundred pounds had come into my pocket, a thought had come into my head which had been often there before; and it appeared to me that Wemmick was a good person to advise with, concerning such thought.

He had already locked up his safe, and made preparations for going home. He had left his desk, brought out two greasy office candlesticks and stood them in line with the snuffers on a slab near the door, ready to be extinguished; he had raked his fire low, put his hat and great coat ready, and was beating himself all over the chest, with his safe-key, as an athletic exercise after business.

"Mr. Wemmick," said I, "I want to ask your opinion. I am very desirous to serve a friend."

Wemmick tightened his post-office and shook his head, as if his opinion were dead against any fatal weakness of that sort.

"This friend," I pursued, "is trying to get on. But, you see, he has no money and finds it difficult and disheartening to make a beginning."

"With money down?" said Wemmick, in a tone drier than any sawdust.

"With some money down," I replied, for an uneasy remembrance shot across me of that symmetrical bundle of papers at home; "with some money down, and perhaps some anticipa-
tion of my expectations.

"Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, "I should like just to run over with you on my fingers, if you please, the names of the various bridges up as high as Chelsea Reach. Let's see; there's London, one; Southwark, two; Blackfriars three; Waterloo, four; Westminster, five; Vauxhall, six."

He had checked off each bridge in its turn, with the handle of his safe-key on the palm of his hand. "There's as many as six, you see, to choose from."

"I don't understand you," said I.

"Choose your bridge, Mr. Pip," returned Wemmick, "and take a walk upon your bridge, and pitch your money into the Thames over the centre arch of your bridge, and you know the end of it. Serve a friend with it, and you may know the end of it too—but it's a lost pleasant and profitable end."

I could have posted a newspaper in his mouth, he made it so wide after saying this.

"This is very discouraging," said I.

"Meant to be," said Wemmick.

"Then is it your opinion," I inquired, with some little inclination, "that a man should never—?"

"Invest portable property in a friend?" said Wemmick. "Certainly he should not. Unless he wants to get rid of the friend—and then it becomes a question how much portable property it may be wise to get rid of him.

"And that," said I, "is your deliberate opinion, Mr. Wemmick?"

"That," he returned, "is my deliberate opinion in this office."

"Ah!" said I, pressing him, for I thought I saw him near a loophole here; "but would that be your opinion at Walworth?"

"Mr. Pip," he replied, with gravity, "Walworth is one place, and this office is another. Much as the Aged is one person, and Mr. Jaggers is another. They must not be confounded together. My Walworth sentiments must be taken at Walworth; none but my official sent-
timents can be taken in this office.

"Very well," said I, much relieved, "then I shall look you up at Walworth, you may depend upon it."

"Mr. Pip," he returned, "you will be welcome there, in a private and personal capacity."

We had held this conversation in a low voice, well knowing my guardian's ears to be the sharpest of the sharp. As he now appeared in his doorway, towing his hands, Wemmick got on his great-coat and stood by to swing out the candles. We all three went into the street together, and from the door-step Wemmick turned his way, and Mr. Jaggers and I turned ours.

I could not help wishing more than once that evening, that Mr. Jaggers had had an Aged in Gerrard-street, or a Stinger, or a Something, or a Somebody, to unbend his brows a little. It was an uncomfortable consideration on a twenty-first birthday, that coming of age at all seemed hardly worth while in such a guarded and sus-
picious world as he made of it. He was a thou-

"And Mr. Jaggers made not me alone intensely melancholy, because, after he was gone, Herbert said of himself, with his eyes fixed on the fire, that he thought he must have committed a felony and forgotten it, he felt so depressed and guilty.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DECEMBER Sunday the best day for taking Mr. Wemmick's Walworth sentiments, I devoted the next ensuing Sunday afternoon to a pilgrimage to the Castle. On arriving before the battlements, I found the Union Jack flying and the drawbridge up; but undeterred by this show of defiance and defiance, I rang at the gate, and was admitted in a most pacific manner by the Aged.

"My son, sir," said the old man, after seeing the drawbridge, "rather had it in his mind that you might happen to drop in, and he left word that he would soon be home from his afternoon's walk. He is very regular in his walks, is my son. Very regular in everything, is my son."

I nodded at the old gentleman as Wemmick himself might have nodded, and we went in and sat down by the fire-side.

"You made acquaintance with my son, sir,"
said the old man, in his chirping way, while he warmed his hands at the blaze, "at his office, I expect!" I nodded. "Hah! I have heard that my son is a wonderful hand at his business; isn't he?" I nodded hard. "Yes, so they tell me. His business is the Law?" I nodded harder. "Which makes it more surprising in my son," said the old man, "for he was not brought up to the Law, but to the Wine-Coopering!"

Curious to know how the old gentleman stood informed concerning the reputation of Mr. Jaggers, I feared that name at him. He threw me into the greatest confusion by laughing heartily, and replying in a very sprightly manner, "No, to be sure; you're right." And to this hour I have not the faintest notion what he meant, or what joke he thought I had made.

As I could not sit there nodding at him perpetually, without making some other attempt to interest him, I shouted an inquiry whether his son is a wonderf; hand at his business, that my son is a wonderf; hand at his business, that he meant, or what joke he thought I had made. "No," said the old gentleman; "the warehousing, the warehousing. First, over yonder; he appeared to mem up the chimney, but I believe he intended to refer me to Liverpool; and then in the City of London here. However, having an infirmity—for I am hard of hearing, sir—"

I expressed in pantomime the greatest astonishment.

"Yes, hard of hearing; having that infirmity coming upon me, my son went into the Law, and he took charge of me, and he by little and little made out this elegant and beautiful property. But returning to what you said, you know," pursued the old man, again laughing heartily, "what I say is, No to be sure; you're right."

I was modestly wondering whether my utmost ingenuity would have enabled me to say anything that would have caused him half as much as this imaginary pleasantry, when I was startled by a sudden click in the wall on one side of the chimney, and the ghostly tumbling open of a little wooden flap with "Jonn" upon it. The old man, following my eyes, cried with great triumph "My son's come home!" and we both went out to the drawbridge.

It was worth any money to see Wemmick waving a remote salute to me from the other side of the moat, when we might have shaken hands across it with the greatest ease. The Aged was so delighted to work the drawbridge, that I made no offer to assist him, but stood quiet until Wemmick had come across, and had presented me to Miss Skiffins: a lady by whom he was accompanied.

Miss Skiffins was of a wooden appearance, and was, like her son, in the post-office bands of the service. She might have been some two or three years younger than Wemmick, and I judged her to stand possessed of portable property. The out of her dress from the waist upward, both before and behind, made her figure very like a boy's kite; and I might have pronounced her gown a little too decided orange, and her gloves a little too intensely green. But she seemed to be a good sort of fellow, and showed a high regard for the Aged. I was not long in discovering that she was a frequent visitor at the Castle; for, on our going in, and my complimenting Wemmick on his ingenious contrivance for announcing himself to the Aged, he begged me to give my attention for a moment to his own apartments on the other side of the chimney, and disappeared. Presently another click came, and another little door tumbled open with "Miss Skiffins" on it; then Miss Skiffins shut up, and John tumbled open; then Miss Skiffins and John both tumbled open together, and finally shut up together. On Wemmick's return from working these mechanical appliances, I expressed the greatest admiration with which I regarded them, and he said, "Well you know, they're both pleasant and useful to him; and by George, sir, it's a thing worth mentioning, that of all the people who come to this gate, the secret of those pulls is only known to the Aged, Miss Skiffins, and me!"

"And Mr. Wemmick made them," added Miss Skiffins, "with his own hands out of his own head."

While Miss Skiffins was taking off her bonnet (she retained her green gloves during the evening as an outward and visible sign that there was company), Wemmick invited me to take a walk with him round the property, and see how the island looked in winter-time. Thinking that he did this to give me an opportunity of taking his Walkworth sentiments, I seized the opportunity as soon as we were out of the Castle.

Having thought of the matter with care, I approached my subject as if I had never hinted at it before. I informed Wemmick that I was anxious in behalf of Herbert Pocket, and I told him how we had first met, and how we had fought. I glanced at Herbert's home, and at his character, and at his having no means but such as he was dependent on his father for: those, uncertain and unpunctual. I subjoined to the advantages I had derived in my first rawness and ignorance from his society, and I confessed that I feared I had but ill repaid them, and that he might have been better without me and my expectations. Keeping Miss Havisham in the background at a great distance, I still hinted at the possibility of thy having competed with him in his prospects, and at the certainty of his possessing a generous soul, and being far above any mean distrusts, retaliations, or designs. For all these reasons (I told Wemmick), and because he was my young companion and friend, and I had a great affection for him, I wished my own good fortune to rest some rays upon him, and therefore I sought advice from Wemmick's experience and knowledge of men and affairs, how I could best try with my resources to help Her-
The reward, both to some present income—say of a hundred a year, to keep him in good hope and heart—and gradually to buy him on to some small partnership. I beggedWemmick, in conclusion, to understand that my help must always be rendered without Herbert's knowledge or suspicion, and that there was no one else in the world with whom I could advise. I wound up by laying my hand upon his shoulder, and saying, "I can't help confiding in you, though I know it must be troublesome to you; but that is your fault, in having ever loved me here."

Wemmick was silent for a little while, and then said, with a kind of start, "Well you, Mr. Pip, I must tell you one thing. This is devilish good of you."

"Say you'll help me to be good then," said I. "Good," replied Wemmick, shaking his head, "that's not my trade."

"Nor is this your trading-place," said I. "You are right," he returned. "You hit the nail on the head, Mr. Pip, I'll put on my consideration here, and I think all you want to do may be done by degrees. Skiffins (that's her brother) is an accountant and agent. I'll look him up and go to work for you."

"I thank you ten thousand times."

"On the contrary," said he, "I thank you, for though we are strictly in our private and personal capacity, still it may be mentioned that there are Newgate cobwebs about, and it brushes them away."

After a little further conversation to the same effect we returned into the Castle, where we found Miss Skiffins preparing tea. The responsible duty of making the toast was delegated to the Aged, and that excellent old gentleman was so intent upon it that he seemed to me in some danger of melting his eyes. It was no nominal meal this we were going to make, but a vigorous reality. The Aged prepared such a haystack of buttered toast, that I could scarcely see him over it as it simmered on an iron stand hooked on to the top-bar, while Miss Skiffins brewed such a forum of tea that the pig in the back premises became strongly excited, and repeatedly expressed his desire to participate in the entertainment.

The flag had been struck and the gun had been fired, at the right moment of time, and I felt as snugly cut off from the rest of Walworth as if the most were thirty feet wide by as many deep. Nothing disturbed the tranquility of the Castle, but the occasional tumbling upon of John and Miss Skiffins; which little doors were a prey to some spasmodic infirmity that made me sympathetically uncomfortable until I got used to it. I inferred from the methodical nature of Miss Skiffins's arrangements that she made tea there every Sunday night; and I rather suspected that a classic brooch she wore, representing the profile of an undesirable female with a very straight nose and a very new moon, was a piece of portable property that had been given her by Wemmick.

We ate the whole of the toast and drank tea at the right moment of time, and I wondered how the toast mas delineated to the Aged, and that excellent old gentleman, for he isn't capable of many pleasures—are you, Aged P.? All right, John, all right," returned the old man, seeing himself spoken to. "Only tip him a nod every now and then when he looks off his paper," said Wemmick. "And he'll be as happy as a king. We are all attention, Aged One."

"All right, John, all right!" returned the cheerful old man: so busy and so pleased, that it really was quite charming.

The Aged's reading reminded me of the classes at Mr. Wopule's great-uncle's, with the pleasanter peculiarity that it seemed to come through a keyhole. As he wanted the candles close to him, and as he was always on the verge of putting either his head or the newspaper into them, he required as much watching and gentle in his vigilance, and the Aged road on, quite unconscious of his many rescues. Whenever he looked at us, we all expressed the greatest interest and amusement, and nodded until he resumed again.

As Wemmick and Miss Skiffins sat side by side, and as I sat in a shadowy corner, I observed a slow and gradual elongation of Mr. Wemmick's mouth, powerfully suggestive of his slowly and gradually stealing his arm round Miss Skiffins's waist. In course of time I saw his hand appear on the other side of Miss Skiffins; but at that moment Miss Skiffins neatly stopped him with the green glove, unwound his arm again as if it were an article of dress, and with the greatest deliberation laid it on the table before her. Miss Skiffins's composure while she did this was one of the most remarkable sights I have ever seen; and if I could have thought the not consistent with abstraction of mind, I should have deemed that Miss Skiffins performed it mechanically.

By-and-by I noticed Wemmick's arm beginning to disappear again, and gradually fading out of view. Shortly afterwards, his mouth began to widen again. After an interval of suspense on my part, that was quite exhilarating and almost painful, I saw his hand appear on the other side of Miss Skiffins. Instantly, Miss Skiffins stopped it with the nastiness of a placid
boxers, took off that gillet or coasts as before, and laid it on the table. Taking the table to represent the path of virtue, I am justified in stating that during the whole time of the aged's reading, Wemmick's arm was straying from the path of virtue and being recalled to it by Miss Skiffins.

At last, the aged read himself into a light slumber. This was the time for Wemmick to produce a little kettle, a tray of glasses, and a black bottle with a porcelain-topped cork, representing some clerical dignity of a rubicund and social aspect. With the aid of these appliances we all had something warm to drink: including the aged, who was soon awake again. Miss Skiffins mixed, and I observed that she and Wemmick drank out of one glass. Of course I knew better than to offer to see Miss Skiffins home, and under the circumstances I thought I had best go first: which I did, taking a cordial leave of the aged, and having passed a pleasant evening.

Before a week was out, I received a note from Wemmick, dated Walworth, stating that he had made some advance in that matter pertaining to Miss Skiffins's brother, and that he found a worthy young merchant or shipbroker, and offered me half of my five hundred pounds down, and engaged for sundry other payments: some, to fall due at certain dates out of my income: some, contingent on my coming into my property. Miss Skiffins's brother conducted the negotiation; Wemmick pervaded it throughout, but never held any communication with him on the subject in or near Little Britain. The upshot was that Herbert had not the least suspicion of the young merchant's name, and of Clarriker's, and of Clarriker's having shown an extraordinary inclination towards him, and of his belief that the opening of the palace means, in Burmah, the creation or destruction of the city, Amaranpoorah was in sackcloth and ashes—the one-half ruined, and the other preparing for ruin. The young foreign merchant was received graciously. No royal terrors were extracted, no custom-house hindrances offered, no petty thefts, no official interference, but only a wild mad curiosity to see what strange treasures had been brought from the far West. But Mr. Gouger was better taught than to expose even the extreme hem of a Manchester pocket-handkerchief before having

my life, now opens on my view. But before I proceed to narrate it, and before I pass on to all the changes it involved, I must give one chapter to Estella. It is not much to give to the theme that so long filled my heart.

UNDER THE GOLDEN FEET.

Forty years ago, a young English merchant undertook what was then the hazardous venture of opening a trade with the Burmese. Jealous of strangers, save when they chanced to become the personal friends of the monarch, strict protectionists, exclusive and conservative, they were not very inviting people to deal with; but the chance of danger lends an unspeakable charm to this vulgar commonplace life of ours, and the more certain a man is of getting his throat cut, the more eager he is to try his fortune in the very spot where the razor is being sharpened. Mr. Gouger was more attracted than repelled by the probable dangers of his career; and after narrowly escaping shipwreck on the terrible Frepanal shoal, anchored off Rangoon, prepared his first Burmese experiences to begin. After a visit from the collector of customs and his followers—during which visit the one ate close, and the others, in imitation, yellow soap—the customary bribes were given, and the king's rudder allowed to remain where it hung; without the bribe it would have been unshipped, so as to leave the vessel at the mercy of the authorities. The cargo was then sent on shore, the king's tenths were levied, and Mr. Gouger was now free to ascend with unshod feet the houses of the magnates of the land, and there, in their presence, twist himself into a constrained procession of body, half sitting, half kneeling, while the great men before him were enjoying their ease on some cushions of honour. The tables were turned, and from the haughty superiority of the British resident in Hindustan, the Anglo-Saxon blood had humbled itself to the insalubrity of the Burmese, and taste the pleasures to be found in servility and submission. After a few weeks spent at Rangoon in learning the manners and customs of his new hosts, Mr. Gouger set sail up the Irrawaddy for Amaranpoorah, the then residence of the king and court, where he hoped to do a first-rate business, and make his fortune with the fabulous treasures of the "earliest trader." He found that city in a state of mourning and decay, the king having lately resolved to remove to the ancient royal residence of Ava; and as the removal of the palace means, in Burmah, the creation or destruction of the city, Amaranpoorah was in sackcloth and ashes—the one-half ruined, and the other preparing for ruin. The young foreign merchant was received graciously. No royal terrors were extracted, no custom-house hindrances offered, no petty thefts, no official interference, but only a wild mad curiosity to see what strange treasures had been brought from the far West. But Mr. Gouger was better taught than to expose even the extreme hem of a Manchester pocket-handkerchief before having