GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XL.

It was fortunate for me that I had taken precautions to ensure (so far as I could) the safety of my dreaded visitor; for, this thought pressing on me when I awoke, all other thoughts were confounded as a distant memory. The impossibility of keeping him concealed in the chambers was evident. It could not be done, and the attempt to do it would inevitably engender suspicion. True, I had no Avenger in my service, but I was looked after by an inflamed old female, assisted by an animated rag-bag whom she called her niece, and to keep a room secret from them would be to invite curiosity and exaggeration. They both had weak eyes, which had long been attributed to their chronic looking in at keyholes, and they were always at hand when not wanted; indeed that was their only reliable quality besides secrecy. Not to get up a mystery with these people, I resolved to announce in the morning that my uncle had unexpectedly come from the country.

This course I decided on while I was yet grooping about in the darkness for the means of getting a light. Not stumbling on the means after all, I was fain to go out to the adjacent Lodge and get the watchman there to come with his lantern. Now, in groping my way down the dark staircase I fell over something, and that something was a man crouching in a corner.

As the man made no answer when I asked him what he did there, but clutched my hand in silence, I ran to the Lodge and urged the watchman to come back quickly: telling him of the incident on the way back. The wind being as fierce as ever, we did not care to endanger the light in the lantern by reminding the extinguished lamps on the staircase, but when we examined the staircase from the bottom to the top and found no one there. It then occurred to me as possible that the man might have slipped into my rooms; so, lighting my candle at the watchman's, and leaving him standing at the door, I examined them carefully, including the contents of my ruined great tray sash. All was quiet, and assuredly no other man was in those chambers.

I troubled me that there should have been a raker on the stairs, on that night of all nights in the year, and I asked the watchman, on the chance of eliciting some hopeful explanation as I handed him a dram at the door, whether he had admitted at his gate any gentlemen who had perceptibly been doing out? Yes, he said, at different times of the night, three. One lived in Fountain-court, and the other two lived in the Lane, and he had seen them all go home. Again, the only other man who dwelt in the house of which my chambers formed a part, had been in the country for some weeks; and he certainly had not returned that night, because he had seen his door with his seal on it as we came up-stairs.

"The night being so bad, sir," said the watchman, as he gave me back my glass, "uncommon few have come in at my gate. Besides, I don't call to mind another since about eleven o'clock, when a stranger asked for you." "My uncle," I muttered. "Yes." "You saw him, sir?" "Yes. Oh yes." "Likewise the person with him?" "Person with him?" I repeated. "I judged the person to be with him," returned the watchman. "The person stopped when he stopped to make inquiry of me, and the person took this way when he took this way." "What sort of person?" The watchman had not particularly noticed; he should say, a working person; to the best of his belief, he had a dust-coloured kind of clothes on, under a dark coat. The watchman made more light of the matter than I did, and naturally, not having my reason for attaching weight to it.

When I had got rid of him, which I thought it well to do without prolonging explanations, my mind was much troubled by these two circumstances taken together. Whereas they were noise of innocent situation—such as, for instance, some dines-out or dinner-at-home, who had not gone near this watchman's gate, might have strayed to my staircase and dropped a saucer there—and my nameless visitor might have brought some one with him to show him the way—still, joined, they had an ugly look to one in prone to distrust and fear as the changes of a few hours had made me.

I lighted my fire, which burnt with a raw pale flame at that time of the morning, and
fall into a doze before it. I seemed to have been dozing a whole night when the clock struck six. As there was full an hour and a half between me and daylight, I dozed again; now, waking up uneasily, with portentous conversations about nothing. In my ears; now, making thunder of the wind in the chimney; at length falling off into a profound sleep from which the daylight woke me with a start.

All this time I had never been able to consider my own situation, nor could I do so yet. I had not the power to attend to it. I was greatly dejected and distressed, but in an incoherent wholesale sort of way. As to forming an elephant. When I opened the shutters and looked out at the wet wild morning, all of a sudden, as the beam of the sun upon the chimney-thudcr of the wind in the chimney; at length falling off into a profound sleep from which the daylight woke me with a start. I seemed to have been dozing a whole night when the clock struck six. I dozed again; now, waking up uneasily, with portentous conversations about nothing. In my ears; now, making thunder of the wind in the chimney; at length falling off into a profound sleep from which the daylight woke me with a start.
and sat looking at his furrowed bald head with its iron-grey hair at the sides.

"I mustn't see my gentleman a footing it in the mire of the streets; there mustn't be no mud on his boots. My gentleman must have horses, Pip! Horses to ride, and horses to drive, and horses for his servant to ride and drive as well. Shall colonists have their horses—short and what not. Others has done it safe afore, and what others has done afore, others can do as well. As to the where and how of living, dear boy, give me your own opinions on it.

"Take it swiftly now," said I, "but you were very serious last night, when you swore it was Death." "And so I swear it is Death," said he, putting his pipe back in his mouth, "and Death by the rope, in the open street not far from this, and it's serious that you should fully understand it to be so. What then, when that's once done? Here I am. To go back now, will be too bad as to stand—worse. Besides, Pip, I'm here, because I've meant it by you, years and years. As to what I dare, I'm a old bird now, as has dared all manner of things since first he was fledged, and I'm not afraid to perch upon a sparrows. If there's Death hid inside of it, there is, and let him come out, and I'll face him, and then I'll believe in him and not afores. And now let me have a look at my gentleman again.

Once more he took me by both hands and surveyed me with an air of admiring proprietorship: smoking with great complacency all the while. It appeared to me that I could do no better than secure him some quiet lodging hard by of which he might take possession when Herbert returned, whom I expected in two or three days, that the secret must be confided to Herbert as a matter of unavoidable necessity, even if I could have put the immense relief I should derive from sharing it with him out of the question, was plain to me. But it was by no means so plain to Mr. Provis (I resolved to call him by that name), who reserved his consent to Herbert's participation until he should have seen him and formed a favorable judgment of his physiognomy. And even then, dear boy," said I, pulling a greasy little chapped black Testament out of his pocket, "we'll have him on his oath."

To state that my terrible patron carried this little black book about the world solely to push people on in cases of emergency, would be to state what I never quite established—but this I can say, that I never knew him put it to any other use. The book itself had the appearance of having been stolen from some court.
of justice, and perhaps his knowledge of its antecedents combined with his own experience in that wise, gave him a reliance on its powers as a sort of legal spell or charm. On this first occasion of his producing it, I recalled how he had made me swear fidelity in the churchyard long ago, and how he had described himself last night as always swearing to his resolutions in his solitude.

As he was at present dressed in a seafaring slop suit, in which he looked as if he had some parrots and cigars to dispose of, I next discussed with him what dress he should wear. He cherished an extraordinary belief in the virtues of "shorts" as a disguise, and in his own mind sketched a dress for himself that would have made him something between a dean and a dentist. It was with considerable difficulty that I won him over to the assumption of a dress more like a prosperous farmer's; and we arranged that he should cut his hair close and wear a little powder. Lastly, as he had not yet been seen by the laundress or her niece, he was to keep himself out of their view until his change of dress was made.

We would seem to imply verbal communication, but I always supposed it was Miss Havisham.

"As you say, Pip," returned Mr. Jaggers, turning his eyes upon me coolly, and taking a bite at his forefinger, "I am not at all responsible for my mistakes and wrong conclusions; but I always supposed it was Miss Havisham."

"And yet it looked so like it, sir," I pleaded with a downcast heart.

"Not a particle of evidence, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, shaking his head and gathering up his skirts. "Take nothing on its looks; take everything on evidence. There's no better rule."

"I have no more to say," said I, with a sigh, after standing silent for a little while. "I have verified my information, and there an end."

"And Magwitch—in New South Wales—having just disclosed himself," said Mr. Jaggers, "you will comprehend, Pip, how rigidly throughout my communication with you, I have always adhered to the strict line of fact. There has never been the least departure from the strict line of fact. You are quite aware of that?"

"Quite, sir."

"I communicated to Magwitch—in New South Wales—when he first wrote to me—from New South Wales—the caution that he must not expect me ever to deviate from the strict line of fact. I also communicated to him another caution. He appeared to me to have obscurely hinted in his letter at some distant idea he had of seeing you in England here. I cautioned him that I must hear no more of that; that he was not at all likely to obtain a pardon; that he was exasperated for the term of his natural life; and that his presenting himself in this country would be an act of felony, rendering him liable to the extreme penalty of the law. I gave Magwitch that caution," said Mr. Jaggers, looking hard at me, "I wrote it to New South Wales. He guided himself by it, no doubt."

"No doubt," said I.

"I have been informed by Wemmick," continued Mr. Jaggers, still looking hard at me, "that he has received a letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Provis, or—"

"Or Provis," I suggested.

"Or Provis—thank you, Pip. Perhaps it is Provis? Perhaps you know it's Provis?"

"Yes," said I.

"You know it's Provis. A letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Provis, asking for the particulars of your address, on behalf of Magwitch. Wemmick sent him the particulars, I understand, by return of post. Probably it is through Provis that you have received the explanation of Magwitch—in New South Wales."

"It came through Provis," I replied.
"Good day, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, offering his hand; "glad to have seen you. In writing by post to Magwitch—in New South Wales—or in communicating with him through Provis, have the goodness to mention that the particulars and vouchers of our long account shall be sent to you, together with the balance; for there is still a balance remaining. Good-day, Pip!"

We shook hands, and he looked hard at me as long as he could see me. I turned at the door, and he was still looking hard at me, while the two vile casts on the shelf seemed to be trying to get their eyelids open, and to force out of their swollen throats, "O, what a man he is!"

Wemmick was out, and thought he had been at his desk he could have done nothing for me. I went straight back to the Temple, where I found the terrible Provis drinking rum-and-water and smoking negro-head, in safety.

Next day the clothes I had ordered, all came home, and he put them on. Whatever he put on became him less (it dismally seemed to me) than what he had worn before. To my thinking, there was something in his life that made it hopeless to attempt to disguise him. The more I dressed him and the better I dressed him, the more he looked like a convict who had a habit of sitting and standing, and eating and drinking—of brooding about, in a high-shoul
dered, reluctant style—of taking out his great horn-handled jack-knife and wiping it on his legs and cutting his food—of lifting tight glasses and caps to his lips, as if they were clumsy pan
nikins—of chopping a wedge off his bread, and sucking up with it the last fragments of gravy remaining on his plate, as if to make the most of an allowance, and then drying his fingers ends on it, and then swallowing it—in these ways and a thousand other small nameless instances arising every minute in the day, there was Pickwick, Balzac, Bonaventure, plain as plain could be.

It had been his own idea to wear that touch of powder, and I had conceded the powder after the coming the shorts. But I can compare the effect of it, when on, to nothing but the probable effect of rouge upon the dead; so awful was the manner in which everything in him was most desirable to repress, started through that that he had worn before, and seemed to come blazing out at the crown of his head. It was abandoned as soon as tried, and he wore his grizzled hair cut short.

Words cannot tell what a sense I had, at the same time, of the dreadful mystery that he was to me. When he fell asleep of an evening with his knotted hands clenching the sides of the easy-chair, and his bald head tattooed with deep wrinkles falling forward on his breast, I would sit and look at him, wondering what he had done, and loading him with all the crimes in the Calendar, until the impulse was powerful on me to start up and fly from him. Every hour so increased my abhorrence of him, that I even think I might have yielded to this impulse in the first agonic of being so launted, notwithstanding all he had done for me, and the risk he ran, but for the knowledge that Herbert must soon come back. Once, I actually did start out of bed in the night, and begin to dress myself in my worst clothes, hurriedly intending to leave him there with everything else I possessed, and enlist for India as a private soldier.

I doubt if a ghost could have been more terrible to me, up in those lonely rooms in the long evenings and long nights, with the wind and the rain always rushing by. A ghost could not have been taken and hanged on my account, and the consideration that he could be, and the dread that he would be, were no small addition to my horrors. When he was not asleep or playing a complicated kind of patience with a ragged pack of cards of his own—a game that I never saw before or since, and in which he recorded his winnings by sticking his jack-knife into the table—when he was not engaged in either of these pursuits, he would ask me to read to him—from Foreign language, dear boy!" While I complied, he, not comprehending a single word, would stand before the fire surveying me with the air of an Exhibitor, and I would see him, between the fingers of the hand with which I shaded my eyes, the probable effect of rouge upon the face, appealing in dumb show to the furniture to take notice of my proficiency. The imaginary student pursued by the misshapen creature he had impiously made, was not more wretched than I pursued by the creature that had made me, and recoiling from him with a stronger repulsion, the more he admired me and the fonder he was of me.

This is written of, I am sensible, as if it had lasted a year. It lasted about five days. Excepting Herbert all the time, I dared not go home, except when I took Provis for an airing after dark. At length, one evening when dinner was over and I had dropped into a slumber quite out—for my nights had been agitated and my rest broken by fearful dreams—I was roused by the welcome footsteps on the staircase. Provis, who had been asleep too, staggered up at the noise I made, and in an instant I saw his jack-knife shining in his hand.

"Quiet! It's Herbert!" I said; and Herbert came bursting in, with the airy freshness of six hundred miles of France upon him.

"Handed, my dear fellow, how are you, and again how are you, and again how are you? I am not been gone a twelvemonth! Why, so I must have been, for you have grown quite thin and pale! Handel, my—Halibut! I beg your pardon."
He was stopped in his rattling on and in his shaking hands with me, by seeing Provis, Provis, regarding him with a fixed attention, was slowly pulling up his jack-knife, and groping in another pocket for something else.

"Herbert, my dear friend," said I, shutting the double doors, while Herbert stood staring and wondering, something very strange has happened. This is—" a visitor of mine."  

"It's all right, dear boy!" said Provis coming forward, with his little clasped black book, and then addressing himself to Herbert. "Take it in your right hand. Lord strike you dead on the spot if you ever split in any way worse! Kiss it!"

"Do so, as he wishes it," I said to Herbert.  

So Herbert, looking at me with a friendly unconsciousness and amazement, complied, and Provis immediately shaking hands with him, said, "Now you're on your oaths, you know. And never believe me on mine, if Pipshan't make a gentleman on you!"

THE TREASURES OF THE EARTH.

In two Chapters. Chapter I.

The surface of the earth, the air, and the shores and depths of the abounding seas, have often been described, and present everywhere objects of beauty and interest. The earth, also, contains within its bosom marvellous and beautiful things, and these not only belong to that kingdom of nature in which life plays no part, but, in many cases, they boast a more tangible and direct value than others.

The earth, indeed, yields to man rich treasures of minerals, metals, and precious stones, serving as convenient representatives of money and property, and these, when their beauty of appearance in any way corresponds with the difficulty of obtaining them, become objects of ambition to great possessors, as well as the admiration of all classes, including the poet and the artist, the man of science, the votary of fashion, and the uncultivated savage.

Of these objects let us confine our attention to one group, for one is quite enough for consideration at a time. Let us talk of gems, precious stones, and jewels, leaving the metals, the many valuable minerals, that are less highly prized, and the curious fossils, buried records of former states of existence, while we consider those stones selected as ornaments of the crown, the cabinet, and the toilet, that glitter on the eyes of gain, or are seen in museums, and in the shops of the jewellers.

There is great variety in the literature of gems. There is the natural history, and what we may call the personal history, the investigation of the optical properties, the story of the mechanical preparation of the commercial use, and the consideration of the money value. There is the chemistry and the geography, the science and the art, the religion and the mystic, of jewels; each might serve as the heading of a chapter, but we will endeavour to give the reader an idea of the whole subject, without troubling him with such systematic divisions.

Of all gems the DIAMOND is the recognised queen, the most beautiful, the most valuable, the most durable, and the most useful; the hardest, though capable of being split; the symbol of justice, timeliness, constancy, faith, and strength. According to a Jewish tradition, the diamond in the breastplate of Aaron became dark and dim when any person justly accused of a crime appeared before him, and blazed more brightly when the accusation was void of foundation. In the possession of any one the diamond was supposed, in former times, to mark the approach of poison by a damp exudation, and to be a sure defence against plagues and sorcery. Taken internally it was believed to be itself a poison.

No history dates back to the period at which diamonds were first discovered; but we are told, on classical authority, that a boy, a native of Cire, bearing the name afterwards given to this precious gem, was one of the attendants of the infant Jupiter in his cradle. The other attendants being procured to the constellation, Diamond transformed himself into the hardest and most brilliant substance in nature. In Hindu mythology the diamond plays an important part. Diamonds are especially associated with gold in the earth, but all that come into the market as gems have been obtained either from India or Brazil. The account in the Arabian Nights of Sinbad the Sailor obtaining diamonds by fetching for them with pieces of raw meat, is repeated as a fact of Indian statistics by the old Venetian traveller, Marco Polo. "The persons," he says, "who are in quest of diamonds take their stand near the mouth of a certain cavern, and from thence cast down several pieces of flesh, which the eagles and storks pursue into the valleys, and carry off with them to the tops of the rocks. Thither the men immediately ascend, and, recovering the pieces of meat, frequently find diamonds adhering to them." The more ordinary mode of obtaining them at present is by washing away the earth and stones from the gravel in which they are found.

The first Brazilian diamonds were discovered by accident just a century and a quarter ago. They also are found in the surface gravel, from which they are separated by water in nearly the same manner as in India. Upwards of seventy pounds' weight of these valuable jewels were collected and brought over to Europe in one year, shortly after the discovery of the deposit, and it is estimated that some two tons' weight, valued at sixteen millions sterling, had been obtained from the South American mines up to the year 1850. So abundantly have they been distributed that they have been picked up with vegetable roots in gardens, the stones in the roads have contained them, and the fowls have swallowed them to assist digestion.

Marvellous as it may seem, diamond is but coal in a crystalline form, and is hardly even so pure as some kinds of anthracite, or stone coal, found in Wales. Like coal, the diamond burns, or combines with oxygen, though only at a very

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