GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER IX.

When I reached home, my sister was very curious to know all about Miss Havisham, and asked a number of questions. And I soon found myself getting heavily bumped from behind in the waste of the neck and the small of the back, and having my face ignored, and sloshed against the kitchen wall, because I did not answer their questions at sufficient length.

If a dread of not being understood be hidden in the breasts of other young people to anything—the extent to which it used to be hidden in mine—which I consider probable, as I have no particular reason to suspect myself of having been a monstrosity—it is the key to many reservations. I felt convinced that if I described Miss Havisham as my eyes had seen her, I should not be understood. Not only that, but I felt convinced that Miss Havisham too would not be understood; and although she was perfectly incomprehensible to me, I entertained an impression that there would be something coarse and treacherous in my dragging her as she really was (to say nothing of Miss Estella) before the contemplation of Mrs. Joe. Consequently, I said as little as I could, and had my face sloshed against the kitchen wall.

The worst of it was that that bullying old Pumblechook, preyed upon by a devouring curiosity to be informed of all I had seen and heard, came gaping over in his chaise-cart at tea-time, to have the details divulged to him. And the mere sight of the tormentor, with his flaky eyes and mouth open, his sandy hair inquisitively on end, and his whiskers heaving with windy witticisms, made me vicious in my reticence.

"Well, boy," Uncle Pumblechook began, as soon as he was seated in the chair of honour by the fire. "How did you get on up town?"

I answered, "Pretty well, sir," and my sister shook her fist at me.

"Pretty well?" Mr. Pumblechook repeated. "Pretty well is no answer. Tell us what you mean by pretty well, boy?"

Whitewash on the foreheadhardens the brain into a state of obstinacy perhaps. Anyhow, with whitewash from the wall on my forehead, my obstinacy was adumbrated. I reflected for some time, and then answered as if I had discovered a new idea, "I mean pretty well."

My sister with an exclamation of impatience was going to fly at me—I had no shadow of defense, for Joe was busy in the forge—when Mr. Pumblechook interposed with "No! I don't lose your temper. Leave this lad to me, ma'am; leave this lad to me." Mr. Pumblechook then turned me towards him, as if he were going to cut my hair, and said:

"First (to get our thoughts in order): Forty-three pence?"

I calculated the consequences of replying "Four Hundred Pound," and, finding them against me, went as near the answer as I could—which was somewhere about eightpence off. Mr. Pumblechook then put me through my pence-table from "twelve pence make one shilling," up to "forty pence make three and four pence," and then triumphantly demanded, as if he had done for me, "Now! How much is forty-three pence?"

To which I replied, after a long interval of reflection, "I don't know." And I was so agitated that I almost doubt if I did know.

Mr. Pumblechook worked his head like a screw to screw it out of me, and said, "Is forty-three pence seven and sixpence three farthings, for instance?"

"Yes," said I. And although my sister instantly boxed my ears, it was highly gratifying to me to see that the answer spoiled his jokes, and brought him to a dead stop.

"Boy! What like is Miss Havisham?"

Mr. Pumblechook began again when he had recovered; folding his arms tight on his chest and clenching the screw.

"Very tall and dark," I told him.

"Is she, uncle?" asked my sister.

Mr. Pumblechook winked assent; from which I at once inferred that he had never seen Miss Havisham, for she was nothing of the kind.

"Good," said Mr. Pumblechook, conceitedly.

("This is the way to have him! We are beginning to hold our own, I think, Miss?"

"I am sure, uncle," returned Mrs. Joe, "I wish you had him always; you know so well how to deal with him."

"Now, boy! What was she a doing of, when you went in to-day?" asked Mr. Pumblechook.

"She was sitting," I answered, "in a black velvet cooal."

Mr. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe stared at one
Another—as they well might—and both repeated, "Is a black velvet coach?"

"Yes," said I. "And Miss Estella—that's her接到，I think—handed her in cake and wine at the coach-window, on a gold plate. And we all had cake and wine on gold plates. And I got up behind the coach to eat mine, because she told me to.

"Was anybody else there?" asked Mr. Pumblechook.

"Four dogs," said I.

"Large or small?"

"Tremendous," said I. "And they fought for real outlets of a silver basket."

Mr. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe stared at one another again, in utter amazement. I was perfectly frantic—a reckless witness under the torture—and would have told them anything.

"Where was this coach, in the name of gracious?" asked my sister.

"In Miss Havisham's room. They stared again. "But there weren't any horses to it."

"I added that clause, in the moment of projecting four richly caparisoned couriers which I had indul wild thoughts of harnessing.

"Can this be possible, uncle?" asked Mrs. Joe.

"I'll tell you, Mum," said Mr. Pumblechook.

"I think I am a seditious chick. She's flighty, you know—very flighty—quite flighty enough to pass her days in a sedan-chair."

"Did you ever see her in it, uncle?" asked Mrs. Joe.

"How could I?" he returned, forced to the admission, "when I never see her in my life! Never clapped eyes upon her!"

"Goodness, uncle! And yet you have spoken to her?"

"Why, don't you know," said Mr. Pumblechook, testily, "that when I have been there, I have been took up to the outside of her door, and the door has stood ajar, and she has spoke to me that way. Don't you don't know that, Mum. However, the boy went there to play. What did you play at, boy?"

"We played with flags," I said. (I beg to observe that I think of myself with amazement, when I recall the lies I told on this occasion.)

"Flags!" echoed my sister.

"Yes," said I. "Estella waved a blue flag, and I waved a red one, and Miss Havisham waved one sprinkled all over with little gold stars, out at the coach-window. And then we all waved our swords and lurred."

"Swords!" repeated my sister. "Where did you get swords from?"

"Out of a cupboard," said I. "And I saw pistols in it—and jam—and pills. And there was no daylight in the room, but it was all lighted up with candles."

"That's true, Mum," said Mr. Pumblechook, with a grave nod. "That's the state of the case, for I don't much I've seen myself."

"And then they both stared at me, and I with an obtrusive show of artlessness on my countenance, stared at them, and plaited the right leg of my trousers with my right hand.

If they had asked me any more questions I should undoubtedly have betrayed myself, for I was even then on the point of mentioning that there was a balloon in the yard, and should have hazarded the statement but for my invention being divided between that phenomenon and a bear in the brewery. They were so much occupied, however, in discussing the marvels I had already presented for their consideration, that I escaped. The subject still held when Joe came in from his work to have a cup of tea. To whom my sister, more for the relief of her own mind than for the gratification of his, related my pretended experiences.

Now, when I saw Joe open his blue eyes and roll them all round the kitchen in helpless amazement, I was overpowered by penitence; but only as regarded him—not in the least as regarded the other two. Towards Joe, and Joe only, I considered myself a young monster, while they sat debating what results would come to me from Miss Havisham's acquaintance and my admission. They had no doubt that Miss Havisham would "do something" for me; their doubts related to the form that something would take.

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contemplated me in dismay. “Pip, old chap! This won’t do, old fellow! I say! Where do you expect to go to?”

“T’ll be a bit, Joe; isn’t it?”


“I don’t know what possessed me, Joe.” I replied, letting his shirt sleeve go, and sitting down in the ashes at his feet, hanging my head; “but I wish you hadn’t taught me to call Knives at cards, Jacks; and I wish your boots weren’t so thick nor my hands so coarse.”

And then I told Joe that I felt very miserable, and that I hadn’t been able to explain myself to Mrs. Joe and Pumblechook, who were so rude to me, and that there had been a beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham’s who was dreadfully proud, and that she had said I was common, and that I knew I was common, and that I wished I was not common, and that the lies had come of it somehow, though I didn’t know how.

This was a case of metaphysics, at least as difficult for Joe to deal with, as for me. Joe looked the very essence of metaphysics, and by that means vanquished it.

“There’s a case you may be sure of, Pip,” said Joe, after some rumination, “namely, the lie in lies. However they come, they didn’t ought to come, and they come from the father of lies, and work round to the same. Don’t you tell no more of ’em, Pip. That’s ain’t the way to get out of being common, old chap. And as to being common, I don’t make it out at all clear. You are uncommon in some things. You’re uncommon small. Likewise you’re a uncommon scholar.”

“No, I am ignorant and backward, Joe.”

“Why, see what a letter you wrote last night. Wrote in print even! I’ve seen letters —Ah! and from gentlesfolk —that I’ll swear weren’t wrote in print,” said Joe.

“I have learnt next to nothing, Joe. You think much of me. It’s only that.”

“Well, Pip,” said Joe, “be it so or be it isn’t, you must be a common scholar afore you can be a uncommon one, I should hope! The king upon his throne, with his crown upon his head, can’t sit and write his acts of Parliament in print without having begun, when he were a unprofited Prince, with the alphabet —Ah!” added Joe, with a shake of the head that was full of meaning, “and begun at A too, and worked his way to Z. And I know what that is to do, though I can’t say I’ve exactly done it.”

There was some hope in this piece of wisdom, and it rather encouraged me.

“Whether common ones as to callings and earnings,” pursued Joe, reflectively, “mightn’t be the better of continuing for to keep company with uncommon ones, instead of going out to play with uncommon ones —which reminds me to hope that there were a flag perhaps?”

“No, Joe.”

“I’m sorry there weren’t a flag, Pip. Whether that might be or mightn’t be, is a thing as can’t be looked into now, without putting your sister on the rampage; and that’s a thing not to be thought of as being done intentional. Lookee here, Pip, at what is said to you by a true friend. Which this to you the true friend say. If you can’t get to be uncommon through going straight, you’ll never do it through going crooked. So don’t tell no more on ’em, Pip, and live well and die happy.”

“You are not angry with me, Joe?”

“No, old chap. But bearing in mind that there were which I meantenry of a stunning and outlandish sort —alluding to them which bordered on wild-cutters and dog-fighting —a sincere well-wisher would advise, Pip, their being dropped into your meditations when you go up-stairs to bed. That’s all, old chap, and don’t never do it no more.”

When I got up to my little room and said my prayers, I did not forget Joe’s recommendation, and yet my young mind was in that disturbed and unthankful state, that I thought long after I laid me down, how common Estella would consider Joe, a mere blacksmith —how thick his boots, and how coarse his hands. I thought when Joe and my sister were then sitting in the kitchen, and how I had come up to beds from the kitchen, and how Miss Havisham and Estella never sat in a kitchen, but were far above the level of such common doings. I fell asleep recalling what I “used to do” when I was at Miss Havisham’s; as though I had been there weeks or months, instead of hours, and as though it were quite an old subject of remembrance, instead of one that had arisen only that day.

That was a memorable day to me, for it made great changes in me. But it is the same with my life. Imagine one selected day struck out of it, and think how different its course would have been. Pause you who read this, and think for a moment of the long chain of iron or gold, of thorns or flowers, that would never have bound you, but for the formation of the first link on one memorable day.

CHAPTER X.

The felicitous idea occurred to me a morning or two later when I woke, that the best step I could take towards making myself uncommon was to get out of Biddy everything she knew in pursuance of this luminous conception I mentioned to Biddy when I went to Mr. Wopsle’s great-aunt’s at night, that I had a particular reason for wishing to get on in life, and that I should feel very much obliged to her if she would inquir all her learning to me. Biddy, who was the most obliging of girls, immediately said she would, and indeed began to carry out her promise within five minutes.

The Educational scheme or Course established by Mr. Wopsle’s great-aunt may be resolved into the following synopsis. The pupils ate apples and nut strews up one another’s books, until Mr. Wopsle’s great-aunt collected her energies, and made an indolent tenter at them with a birch-rod. After receiving the charge with every mark of derision, the pupils formed in
line and buzzingly passed a ragged book from hand to hand. The book had an alphabet in it, some figures and tables, and a little spelling— that is to say, it had had once. As soon as this volume began to circulate, Mr. Wopsle's great-unt fell into a state of coma; arising either from sleep or a rheumatic paroxysm. The pupils then entered among themselves upon a competitive examination on the subject of Roots, with the view of ascertaining who could read the hardest upon whose toes. This mental exercise lasted until Biddy made a rush at them and distributed three defaced Bibles (shaped as if they had been unskilfully cut off the chump-end of something), more illegibly printed at the best than any curiosities of literature I have since met with, speckled all over with iron-mould, and having various specimens of the insect world smashed between their leaves. This part of the Course was usually lightened by several single combats between Biddy and refractory students. When the lights were over, Biddy gave out the number of a page, and then we all read aloud what we could, or what we couldn't—in a frigidious chorus; Biddy leading with a high shrill monomorphous voice, and none of us having the least notion of, or reverence for, what we were reading about. When this horrible din had lasted a certain time, it mechanically woke Mr. Wopsle's great-unt, who staggered at a boy fortuitously and pulled his ears. This was all that Mr. Wopsle and a stranger. Joe greeted me as usual with "Halloa, Pip, old chap!" and the moment he said that, the stranger turned his head and looked at me.

He was a secret-looking man whom I had never seen before. His head was all on one side, and one of his eyes was half shut up, as if he were taking aim at something with an invisible gun. He had a pipe in his mouth, and he took it out, and, after slowly blowing all his smoke away and looking hard at me all the time, nodded. So, I nodded, and then he nodded again, and made room on the settle beside him that I might sit down there.

But, as I was used to sit beside Joe whenever I entered that place of resort, I said "No, thank you, sir," and fell into the space Joe had made for me on the opposite settle. The strange man, after glancing at Joe, and seeing that his attention was otherwise engaged, nodded to me again when I had taken my seat, and then rubbed his leg—in a very odd way, as it struck me.

"You was saying," said the strange man, turning to Joe, "that you was a blacksmith."

"Yes, I said it, you know," said Joe.

"What'll you drink, Mr. —? You didn't mention your name, by-the-by," said Mr. Wopsle.

"Joe mentioned it now, and the strange man called him by it. "'What'll you drink, Mr. Gargery? At my expense? To top up with it?""

"'Well, said Joe, 'to tell you the truth, I ain't much in the habit of drinking at anybody's expense but my own."

"'Habit? No,' returned the stranger, 'but once and away, and on a Saturday night too. Come and sit down by me, Mr. Gargery.'"

"I wouldn't wish to be stiff company," said Joe.

"'Rum,'" said Mr. Wopsle.

"'Rum,' repeated the stranger. "And will the other gentleman originate a sentiment?"

"'Rum,' said Mr. Wopsle.

"'Three rum!' cried the stranger, calling to the landlord. "Glasses round!"

"This other gentleman," observed Joe, by way of introducing Mr. Wopsle, "is a gentleman that you would like to keep good company with. Our clerk is a church."

"Aha!" said the stranger, quickly, and cocking his eye at me. "The lonely church, right out and aint, with the graves round it!"

"That's it," said Joe.

The stranger, with a comfortable kind of grunt over his pipe, put his legs up on the settle that he had to fancy broad-brimmed under it a handkerchief the manner of a cap: so he looked at the shining expression, fell some into his face.

"I am not acquainted hitem, but it seems as if the river."

"Most marshes is sol.

"No doubt, no don piles, now, or tramps out there."

"No," said Joe; "not now and then. easy. Eh, Mr. Wopsle?"

"Mr. Wopsle, with old discomfiture, asse. "Seems you have b. the stranger.

"Gentlemen," returned I to take them, you unlookers on me, an. Didn't us, say?"

"Yes, Joe."

"The stranger lifting his eye, as if at me with his as a likely young paw you call him?"

"'Pip,' said Joe.

"'Christened F."

"'No, not christ."

"'Surnane Pip."

"'No," said Joe what he gave his crick by.

"'Son of yours?"

"'Well," said course, that it con to consider above: at the Jolly Bar deeply about evve over pipes; "wel."

"'Newly?" said. "Well," said Mr. of profound oogists deceive you he is "What the Bt. stranger. Which query of unneccess. Mr. Wopsle struc knew all about an n. annual occasion to be talking a man might the ties between me. In, Mr. Wopsle fi. literally snarling paw and seemed to think to account for it post says."

"And here I am. Wopsle referred to carry a part of ou hair and paws it is seize why everybody
settled that he had to himself. He wore a
flapping broad-brimmed traveller's hat, and
under it a handkerchief tied over his head in
the manner of a cap: so that he showed no hair.
As he looked at the fire, I thought I saw a
sneering expression, followed by a half laugh,
come into his face.

"I am not acquainted with this country, gen-
tlemen, but it seems a solitary country towards
the river."

"Most marshes is solitary," said Joe.

"No doubt, no doubt. Do you find any
gipsies, now, or tramps, or vagrants of any sort
out there?"

"No," said Joe; "none but runaway conv-
icts now and then. And we don't find them easy. Eh, Mr. Wopsle?"

Mr. Wopsle, with a majestic remembrance
of old discomfiture, assented; but not warmly.
"It seems you have been out after such a"-said
the stranger.

"Once," returned Joe. "Not that we wanted
to take them, you understand; we went out as
lookers-on, me, and Mr. Wopsle, and Pip.
Didn't us, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

The stranger looked at me again—still cock-
ing his eye, as if he were expressly taking aim
at me with his invisible gun—and said, "He's
a likely young parcel of bones that. What is it
you call him?"

"Pip," said Joe.

"Christened Pip?"

"No, not christened Pip."

"Surname Pip?"

"No," said Joe, "it's a kind of a family name
what he gave himself when a infant, and is
called by."

"Son of yours?"

"Well," said Joe, meditatively—not, of
course, that it could be in any wise necessary
to consider about it, but because it was the way
at the Jolly Bargemen to seem to consider
deeply about everything that was discussed
over pipes; "well—no. No, he ain't."

"Nervy?" said the stranger.

"Well," said Joe, with the same appearance
of profound cogitation, "he is not—no, not to
deceive you he is not—my nervy."

"What the Blue Blaze is he?" asked the
stranger. Which appeared to me to be an in-
quiry of unnecessary strength.

Mr. Wopsle struck in upon that; as one who
knew all about relationships, having profes-
sional occasion to bear in mind what female re-
nations a man might not marry, and expounded
the ties between me and Joe. Having his hand
in, Mr. Wopsle finished off with a most ter-
ribulous sneaking passage from Richard the
Third, and seemed to think he had done quite
enough to account for it when he added "as the
poet says."

And here I may remark that when Mr.
Wopsle referred to me, he considered it a ne-
cessary a man might not marry, and expounded
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poet says."

At our house should always have put me through
the same inflammatory process under similar
circumstances. Yet I do not call to mind that
I was ever in my earlier youth the subject of
remark in our social family circle, but some
large-handed person took some such ophthalmic
steps to patronise me.

All this while the strange man looked at not
body but me, and looked at me as if he were
determined to have a shot at me at last, and
bring me down. But he said nothing after
offering his Blue Blaze observation until the
glasses of rum-and-water were brought; and
then he made his shot, and a most extraordinary
cue it was.

It was not a verbal remark, but a proceeding
in dumb-show, and was pointedly addressed to
me. He stirred his rum-and-water pointedly at
me, and he tasted his rum-and-water pointedly
at me, and he stirred it and he tasted it not
without a spout that was brought to him, but set at
a file.

He did this so that nobody but I saw the file,
and when he had done it he wiped the file
and put it in a breast-pocket. I knew it to be
Joe's file, and I knew that he knew my convict
moment I saw the instrument. I sat gazig at
him, spell-bound. But he now realized on
his settle, taking very little notice of me, and
talking principally about turnips.

There was a delicious sense of cleaning-up
and making a quiet pause before going on in
life afresh, in our village on Saturday nights,
which stimulated Joe to dare to stay out half an
hour longer on Saturdays than at other times.
The half-hour and the rum-and-water running
cut together, Joe got up to go, and took me by
the hand.

"Stop half a moment, Mr. Gargery," said the
stranger. "I think I've got a bright new
shilling somewhere in my pocket, and if I have
the boy shall have it."

He looked it out from a handful of small
change, folded it in some crumpled paper, and
gave it to me. "Yours!" said he. "Mind Yiur
own."

I thanked him, staring at him far beyond the
bounds of good manners, and holding tight to
Joe. He gave Joe good-night, and he gave
Mr. Wopsle good-night (who went out with us),
and he gave me only a look with his simmering
eye—no, not a look, for he shut it up, but wonders
may be done with an eye by hiding it.

On the way home, if I had been in a humour
for talking, the talk must have been all on my
side, for Mr. Wopsle parted from us at the door
of the Jolly Bargemen, and Joe went all the way
home with his mouth wide open, to rinse the
rum out with as much air as possible. But I
was in a manner stupefied by this turning up
of my old misguided and old acquaintance, and could
think of nothing else.

My sister was not in a very bad temper when
we presented ourselves in the kitchen, and Joe
was encouraged by that unusual circumstance
to tell her about the bright shilling. "A bad un,
I'll be bound," said Mrs. Joe, triumphantly,
ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

"or he wouldn't have given it to the boy! Let's look at it."

I took it out of the paper, and it proved to be a good one. "But what's this?" said Mrs. Joe, throwing down the shilling and catching up the paper. "Two One-Pound notes?"

Nothing less than two fat swelling one-pound notes that seemed to have been on terms of the warmest intimacy with all the cattle in the county. Joe caught up his hat again, and ran with them to the Jolly Barmen to restore them to their owner. While he was gone, I sat down on my usual stool and looked vacantly at my sister: feeling pretty sure that the man would not be there.

Presently, Joe came back, saying that the man was gone, but that he, Joe, had left word at the Jolly Barmen concerning the notes. Then my sister seized them up in a piece of paper, and put them under some dried rose-leaves in an ornamental leather-top of a press in the state parlor. There, they remained, a nightmare to me, many and many a night and day.

I had sadly broken sleep when I got to bed, through the phenomena of the strange man taking aim at me with his invisible gun, and of the guiltily coarse and common thing it was, to be so unhearted terms with convicts—a feature in my low career that I had previously forgotten. I was haunted by the thief too. A dread possessed me when I least expected it, the thief would reappear. I concealed myself to sleep by thinking of the Jolly Barmen and my sister, and in my sleep I saw the thief coming at me out of a door without seeing who held it, and I screamed myself awake.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

"They that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters, these are the servants of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

Three-dishes of the earth are covered deeply with water, the depths varying from a few feet to six or seven miles, or even more. According to some recent calculations made by observing the barometer of the tide (which varies with the average of the level of the seas) and the thousand feet in the Atlantic, and twenty thousand feet in the Pacific. This vast body of water is almost everywhere, and in all circumstances, similar in the nature of its contents. It possesses, also, a less variable temperature than the air or earth; for the natural heat of the sea rarely or never exceeds 87° Fahrenheit in the hottest part of the tropics, and it is not often below the freezing point even in very high latitudes. Its color, ascertained in some marine caves, where all the light that enters has passed through water and is reflected from a white bottom, is of the purest azure blue, proving that it transmits light, thus colored, absorbing an excess of the other tints. When clear and exposed to strong light, it is transparent to a marvellous extent.

At twenty-five fathoms (one hundred and fifty feet) corals can frequently be seen at the bottom very distinctly, and the form of objects of various kinds has been recognized more than double that depth in the West Indian seas. Submarine landscapes are thus not unknown, and have been described with glowing enthusiasm by various travelers.

When the great ocean is disturbed it forms surface waves, which are sometimes of great magnitude. In a gale, such waves have been more than once measured, and it is found that their extreme length from the top to the deepest depression has been nearly fifty feet; their length being from four to six hundred yards, and their rate of motion through the water about half a mile a minute. Such waves are also produced by any kind of turbulence or mingling strangely with the clouded atmosphere raging above, are the wildest, grandest, and most terrible phenomena of nature. When they approach land, they break up into much smaller bodies of water, but these are often lifted by shoals and obstructed by rocks till they are thrown up masses of many tons to a height of more than a hundred feet. The first wave is another water motion of a somewhat different kind, producing an alternate rise and fall of the water over all parts of the country for twelve hours.

In addition to the true waves there are also many definite streams or currents of water conveying large portions of the sea from one latitude to another, modifying the temperature of the adjacent land, and producing a mixture of the waters at the surface or at some depth which cannot but be extremely conducive to the general benefit of all living beings. Storm tides, or those waves which occasionally rush without any pause along narrow and confined seas or up funnel-shaped inlets, have occasionally proved disastrous to a fearful extent. Thus it is recounted, that a ship of the period of the year 1832 and again in 1839, in this way, numerous complete villages and towns being washed away by a wave advancing from the North Sea over the low lands of Holland. Between Nwyk Sjos and New Brunswick the ordinary spring tide often rises to a height of a hundred feet, sweeping away the cattle feeding on the shore.

Foul storms and hurricanes, suddenly called cyclones, torment the waters of the ocean, lashing them into foam, and tearing over the surface in wild spiral curves which nothing can resist. The courted of the last eighteen months have, unfortunately, reached these storms but too familiarly on all our shores; but they have also induced observations and investigations as to their causes and phenomena, which bid fair to enable us some day to evade their worst consequences.

Visit blocks of ice, deeply buried in the water, float for thousands of miles through the ocean after being detached, loaded with the tidal stones, from Arctic and Antarctic land. Rocks from Greenland are thus brought into the middle of the Atlantic, and those become mixed with

Charles Dickens.