GREAT EXPECTATIONS.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XIII.

In vain should I attempt to describe the astonishment and disgust of Herbert, when he and I and Provis sat down before the fire, and I recounted the whole of the secret. Though that I saw my own feelings reflected in Herbert's face, and, not least among them, my repugnance dividing circumstance, was his triumpl in my

he had no perception of the possibility of my astonishment and disquiet. Herbet, when he turned to the man towards the man on the stairs, Garden-court was as still and lifeless as the staircase was when I ascended it.

Herbert received me with open arms, and I had never felt before, so blessedly, what it is to have a friend. When he had spoken some sound words of sympathy and encouragement, we sat down to consider the question, What was to be done?

The chair that Provis had occupied still remained where it had stood— for he had a bar-room way with him of hanging about one spot, and remaining the mind unquiet, and the coffee house, in one unsettled manner, and going through one round of observances with his pipe and his negro head and his jackknife and his pack of cards, and what not, as if it were all put down for him on a slate—I say, his chair remaining where it had stood, Herbert unconsciously took it, but never felt before, so blessedly, what it is to have a friend. When he had spoken some sound words of sympathy and encouragement, we sat down to consider the question, What was to be done?
"How can I?" I interposed, as Herbert paused.
"Think of him! Look at him!"
An involuntary shudder passed over both of us. "Yet I am afraid the dreadful truth is, Herbert, that he is attached to me, strongly attached to me. Was there ever such a fate?"
"My poor dear Handel," Herbert repeated. "Then," said I, "after all, stopping short here, never taking another penny from him, think what I owe him already. Then again: I am heavily in debt—very heavily for me, who have now no expectations at all—and I have been bred to no calling, and I am fit for nothing."
"Well, well, well." Herbert remonstrated. "Don't say fit for nothing."
"What am I fit for? I know only one thing that I am fit for, and that is, to go for a soldier. And I might have gone, my dear Herbert, but pretended not to know it."
"And you feel convinced that you must break with him?"
"Herbert, can you ask me?"
"And you have, and are bound to have, that tenderness for the life he has risked on your account, that you must save him, if possible, from throwing it away. Then you must get him out of England before you stir a step to any other concern, or out of anything else in his life, now."
"There, again!" said I, stopping before Herbert, with my open hands held out as if they contained the desperation of the case. "I know now what I owe him already. It has almost made me mad to sit here of a night and see him before me, so bound up with my fortunes and misfortunes, and yet so unknown to me, except as the miserable wreck who terrified me two days in my childhood."
"Herbert got up, and linked his arm in mine, and we slowly walked to and fro together, studying the carpet. "Handel," said Herbert, stopping, "you feel convinced that you can take no further benefits from him; do you?"
"Fully. Surely you would, too, if you were in my place?"
"And you feel convinced that you must break with him?"

"Herbert, can you ask me?"

"And you have, and are bound to have, that tenderness for the life he has risked on your account, that you must save him, if possible, from throwing it away. Then you must get him out of England before you stir a step to extricate yourself. That done, extricate yourself, in Heaven's name, and we'll see it cut together, dear old boy."

"It was a comfort to shake hands upon it, and walk up and down again, with only that done."

"You will have to make out his account with the constable, that you may get him out of England before you stir a step to any other concern, or out of anything else in his life."

"But there is another question," said Herbert. "This is an ignorant determined man, who has long had one fixed idea. More than that, he seems to me (I may misjudge him) to be a man of a desperate and fierce character."

"I know his's," I returned. "Let me tell you what evidence I have seen of it."

"And I told him what I had not mentioned in my narrative; of that encounter with the other convict. "Sco, then," said Herbert; "think of this! He comes here at the peril of his life, for the realisation of his fixed idea. In the moment of realisation, after all his toil and waiting, you cut the ground from under his feet, destroy his idea, and make his gains worthless to him. Do you see nothing that he might do, under the disappointment?"

"I have seen it, Herbert, and dreamed of it, ever since the fatal night of his arrival. Nothing has been in my thoughts so distinctly, as his putting himself in the way of being taken."

"Then you may rely upon it," said Herbert, "that there would be great danger of his doing it. That is his power over you as long as he remains in England, and that would be his reckless course if you forsake him."

"I was so struck by the horror of this idea, which had weighed upon me from the first, and the working out of which would make me regard myself, in some sort, as his murderer, that I could not rest in my chair but began pacing to and fro. I said to Herbert, meanwhile, that even if Provis were recognised and taken in spite of himself, I should be wretched as the cause, however innocently. Yes; even though I was so wretched in having him at large and near me, and even though I would far rather have worked at the forge all the days of my life, than I would have ever come to this!"

But there was no saying off the question, What do to be done?

"The first and the main thing to be done," said Herbert, "is to get him out of England. You will have to go with him, and then he may be induced to go."

"But get him where I will, could I prevent his coming back?"

"My good Handel, is it not obvious that with Newgate in the next street, there must be far greater hazard in your breaking your mind to him and making him reckless, here, than elsewhere. If a pretext to get him away could be made out of that other convict, or out of anything else in his life, now."

"There, again!" I said, stopping before Herbert, with my open hands held out as if they contained the desperation of the case. "I know now that there would be great danger of his doing it. That is his power over you as long, as he remains in England, and that would be his recklessness if you forsake him."

"It was a comfort to shake hands upon it, and walk up and down again, with only that done."

"Now, Herbert," said I, "with reference to gaining some knowledge of his history. There is but one way that I know of. I must ask him point-blank."

"Yes. Ask him," said Herbert, "when we sit at breakfast in the morning." For he had said, on taking leave of Herbert, that he would come to breakfast to-morrow.

With this project formed, we went to bed. I had the wildest dreams concerning him, and woke unrefreshed; I woke, too, to recover the fear which I had lost in the night, of his being found out as a returned transport. Waking, I never lost that fear.
He was full of plans "for his gentleman's coming out strong, and like a gentleman," and urged me to begin speedily upon the pocket-book, which he had left in my possession. He considered the chambers and his own lodging as temporary residences, and advised me to look out at once for "a fashionable crib" in which he could have "a shake-down," near Hyde Park. When he had made an end of his breakfast, and was wiping his knife on his leg, I said to him, without a word of preface:

"After you were gone last night, I told my friend of the struggle that the soldiers found you engaged in on the marshes, when we came up. You remember?"

"Remember!" said he. "I think so!"

"We want to know something about that man—and about you. It is strange to know more about either, and particularly you, than I was able to tell last night. Is not this as good a time as another for our knowing more?"

"Well!" he said, after consideration. "You're on your oath, you know, Pip's comrade?"

"Assuredly," replied Herbert.

"As to anything I say, you know, you insisted. 'The oath applies to all.'"

"I understand it to do so.

"And look here! Whatever I done, is worked out and paid for," he insisted again.

"So be it." He took out his black pipe and, looking at the tangle of tobacco in his hand, he seemed to think it might perplex the thread of his narrative. He put it back again, stuck his pipe in his button-hole of his coat, spread a hand on each knee, and, after turning an angry eye on the fire for a few silent moments, looked round at us and said what follows.

CHAPTER XLII.

"Dear boy and Pip's comrade. I am not a going fur to tell you my life, like a song or a story-book. But to give it you short and handy, I'll put it at once into a mouthful of English. In jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail. There, you've got it. That was my way pretty much. Down to such times as I got shipped off, after Pip stood my friend.

"I've been done everything to, pretty well—except hanged and gibbeted as much as a silver tea-kettle. I've been carted here and carted there, and put out of that town, and stuck in the stocks, and whipped and worried and drove. I've no more notion where I was born than you have—if so much. I first become aware of myself, down in Essex, a thieving turnips for my living. Summun had run away from me—a man—a tinker—and he took the fire with him, and left me very cold meaning I was.

"I know'd my name to be Magwitch, christen'd Abel. How did I know it? Much as I know'd the birds' names in the hedges to be chaffinch, sparrow, thrush. I might have thought it was all lies together, only as the birds' names come out true, I supposed mine did.

"So far as I could—and, there wasn't a soul that see young Abel Magwitch, with as little on him as in him, but not caught frignt at him, and either drove him off, or took him up, I was took up, took up, took up, to that extent that I regularly grew'd up took up.

"This is the way it was, that when I was a ragged little creature as much to be pitied as ever I see (not that I looked in the glass, for there wasn't many insides of furnish'd houses known to me), I got the name of being hardened. 'This is a terrible hardened one,' they says to prison warders, picking out me. 'May be said to live in jails, this boy.' Then they looked at me, and I looked at them, and they measured my head, some on 'em—they had better a measured my stomach—and others on 'em give me t'acts what I couldn't read, and made me speeches what I couldn't understand. They always went on a-gin me about the Devil. But what the Devil was I to do? I must put something into my stomach, mustn't I?—Howsomever, I'm a getting low, and I know what's due. Dear boy and Pip's comrade, don't you be afraid of me being low.

"Tramping, begging, thieving, working sometimes when I could—though that wasn't as often as you may think, till you put the question whether you would ha' been over ready to give me work yourselves—a bit of a poacher, a bit of a labourer, a bit of a vagabond, a bit of a hawker, a bit of most things that don't pay and lead to trouble, I got to be a man. A deserting soldier in a Travellers' Rest, wet lay hid up to the chin under a lot of tuturs, learnt me to read; and a travelling Giant wet signed his name at a penny a time learnt me to write. I wasn't looked up as often now as formerly, but I wore out my good share of key-metal still.

"At Epsom races, a matter of over twenty years ago, I got acquainted with a man whose skill I'd crack with this poker, like the claw of a lobster, if I'd got it on this top. His right name was Compeyson; and that's the man, dear boy, wet you see me pounding in the ditch, according to toot you truly told your comrade arter I was gone last night.

"He set up fur a gentleman, this Compeyson, and he'd been to a public boarding-school and had learning. He was a smooth one to talk, and was a dab at the ways of gentlesfolk. He was good-looking too. It was the night afore the great race, when I found him on the heath in a booth that I know'd cm. Him and some more was a sitting amongst the tables when I went in, and the landlord (which had a knowledge of me, and was a sporting one) called him out, and said, 'I think this is a man that might suit you'

"Compeyson, he looks at me very noticing, and I look of him. He has a watch and a clain and a ring and a breast-pin and a handsome suit of clothes.
"'To judge from appearances, you're out of luck,' says Compeyson to me.

'Yes, master, and I've never been in it much,' (I come out of Kingstou Jail last on a vagrancy committal. Not but wot it might have been for something else; but it wasn't.)

'Luck changes,' says Compeyson; 'perhaps yours is going to change.'

'I says, 'I hope it may be so. There's room.'

'What can you do?' says Compeyson.

'Arthurl and drink,' I says; 'if you'll find the materials.'

Compeyson laughed, looked at me again very noticing, giv me five shillinngs, and appointed me for next night. Same place.

'I going up to Compeyson's next night, same place, and Compeyson took me on to be his man and partner. And what was Compeyson's business in which we was to go partners? Compeyson's business was the swindling, hand-writing forging, stolen bank-note passing, and such-like. All sorts of traps as Compeyson could set with his head, and keep his own legs cut out of and get the profits from and let another man in for, was Compeyson's business. He'd a more heart than a iron ill, he was as cold as death, and he had the head of the Devil afore mentioned.

There was another in with Compeyson, as was called Arthur—not as being so chrisen'd, but as a surname. He was in a Decline, and was a shadow to look at. Him and Compeyson had been in a bad thing with a rich lady some years afore, and they'd made a pot of money by it; but Compeyson hodd and gained, and he'd have run through the king's taxes. So Arthur was a dying, and a dying poor and with the horrors on him, and Compeyson's wife (which Compeyson kicked mostly) was a living, and she says, if you'll find the materials, and Compeyson was a having pity on nothing and nobody.

I might a took a warning by Arthur, but I didn't; and I won't pretend I was particlere-for where 'ud be the good on it, dear boy and comrade? So I begun wi' Compeyson, and a poor tool I was in his hands. Arthur lived at the top of Compeyson's house (over night Bromfield it was), and Compeyson kept a careful account agen him for board and lodging, in case he should ever get better to work it out. But Arthur soon settled the account. The second or third time he ever see me, he come a tearing down into Compeyson's parlour late at night, in only a flannel gown, with his hair all in a sweat, and he says to Compeyson's wife, 'Sally, she really is up-stairs aloigne me now, and I can't get rid of her. She's all in white,' he says, 'wit' white flowers in her hair, and she's awful mad, and she's got a shroud hanging over her arm, and she says she'll put it on me at five in the morning.'

'Says Compeyson: 'Why, you fool, don't you know she's got a living body?' And how should she be up there, without coming through the door, or in at the window, and up the stairs?'
Great Expectations.

Charles Dickens.

Compson was almost as hard a time as ever I had; that said, all's said. Did I tell you as I was tried, alone, for misdemeanor, with Compeyson?

I answered, No.

"Well!" he said, "I saw, and got convicted. As to look up on suspicion, that was twice or three times in the four or five years that it lasted; but evidence was wanting. At last, me and Compson was both committed for felony—on a charge of putting stolen notes in circulation—and there was other charges behind. Compson says to me, 'Separate distances, no communication,' and that was all. And I was so miserable poor, that I sold all the clothes I had, except what hung on my back, afore I could get any.

"When we was put in the dock, I noticed first of all what a gentleman Compeyson looked, wi' his curly hair and his black clothes and his white pocket-handkerchief, and what a common sort of wretch I looked. When the prosecution opened and the evidence was put short, aforehand, I noticed how heavy it all bore on me, and how light on him. When the evidence was put in, the younger brought up, and always me that had come forward, and could be swore to, how it was always me that had been paid to, how it was always me that had seemed to work the thing and get the profit. But, when the defence come on, then I see the plan plain as a picture for, says the counsellor for Compson, 'My lord and gentlemen, here you has afore you, side by side, two persons as your eyes can see—there is the younger, well brought up, who will be spoke to as such; one, the elder, ill brought up, who will be spoke to as such; one, the younger, seldom if ever seen in these here transactions, and only suspected; the other, the elder, always seen in'em and always wi' his guilt brought home. Can you doubt, if there is but one in it, which is the one, and, if there is two in it, which is much the worst one!" And such-like. And when it come to character, wasn't it Compson as had been to the school, and wasn't it his school, fellows as was in this position and in that, and was used by witnesses; and hadn't been known in such clubs and societies, and new to his disadvantage? And wasn't it me as had been tried afore, and as had been know'd up hill and down dale in Bridewells and Look-Ups? And when it come to speech-making, wasn't it Compson could speak to 'em wi' his face dropping every now and then into his white pocket-handkerchief—ah! and wi' verses in his speech, too—and wasn't it me as could only say, 'Gentlemen, this man at my side is a most precious rascal!' And when the verdict come, wasn't it Compson as was recommended to mercy on account of good character and bad company, and giving up all the information he could a-get, and wasn't it me as got never a word but Guilty? And when I says to Compson, 'Once out of this court, I'll smash that face of yours!' ain't it Compeyson who prays the Judge to be protected, and gets two turnkeys stood betwixt us? And when we're sentenced, ain't it him as gets seven years, and me fourteen, and ain't it him as the Judge perceives to be an old offender of violent passion, likely to come to worse?"

He had worked himself into a state of great excitement, but he checked it, took two or three short breaths, swallowed as often, and stretching out his hand towards me said, in a reassuring manner, "I ain't going to be low, dear boy!"

He had so-heated himself that he took out his handkerchief and wiped his face and head and neck and hands, before he could go on.

"I had said to Compson that I'd smash that face of his, and I swore Lord smash mine to do it. We was in the same prison-ship, but I couldn't get at him for long, though I tried. At last come behind him and hit him on the cheek to turn him round and get a smashing one at him, when I was seen and seized. The black-hole of that ship warn't a strong one, to a judge of black-holes that could swim and dive. I escaped to the shore, and I was a hiding among the graves there, and fancying them as was in em and all over, when first I see my boy!"

He regarded me with a look of affection that made him almost abhorrent to me again, though I had felt great pity for him.

"By my boy, I was giv to understand as Compson was out on them marshes too. Upon my soul, I half believe he escaped in his terror, to get quit of me, not knowing it was me as had got ashore. I hunted him down. 'And now,' says I, 'as the worst thing I can do, caring nothing for myself, I'll drag you back.' And I'd have swum off, towing him by the hair, if it had come to that, and I'd got him aboard without the soldiers.

"Of course he'd much the best of it to the last—his character was so good. He had escaped when he was made half wild by me and my murderous intentions; and his punishment was light. I was put in irons, brought to trial again, and sent for life. I didn't stop for life, dear boy, and Pip's comrades, being here."

He wiped himself again, as he had done before, and then slowly took his tangle of tobacco from his pocket, and plucked his pipe from his button-hole, and slowly filled it, and begun to smoke.

"Is he dead?" I asked, after a silence.

"Is who dead, dear boy?"

"Compson.

"He hopes I am, if he's alive, you may be sure," with a fierce look. "I never heard no more of him."

Herbert had been writing with his pencil in the cover of a book. He softly pushed the book over to me, as Provis stood smoking with his eyes on the fire, and I read in it:

"Young Havisham's name was Arthur. Compson is the man who professes to be Miss Havisham's lover."

I shut the book and nodded slightly to Hor-
THE TREASURES OF THE EARTH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.  CHAPTER II.

It is a curious fact, that while most of the stones called "precious" were worn in former times as amulets, to ward off danger and misfortune, and were valued greatly for such purposes, and while almost all the varieties of agate had special uses, the onyx was considered to excite spleen, melancholy, and mental disturbance in the wearer, especially when used as a neck ornament. As, however, the ordinary agate was worn to calm pain and soothe the mind, and the mere aspect of some varieties—a peculiarity and difficult thing to ascertain—the existence of—would turn away tempests, and almost arrest the impetuosity of torrents, the line of distinction must have been very nicely drawn.

So active were stones of this kind supposed to be, that the celebrated Milo of Crotona is said to have been bound hand and foot with some of them, and to have been able to perform his feats of wonderful strength. Of the other stones, the beautiful heliotrope, or blood-stone, presents all the characters of which the gem is a result of a little bitumen.

It is astonishing to consider how very small a quantity of foreign material will sometimes alter the character and appearance of crystals. Thus the cat's-eye is a gem of greenish tint, milky and opal-like. When cut in a certain way, it presents a floating white band of light, and certain specimens emit one or more brilliant rays, coloured or colourless, issuing apparently from one point, and extending to the extremity of the stone. Compared with one of these bals of crystals sometimes cut into the same form, or with the lens of a pair of pebble spectacles, it is hardly possible to imagine that there is so little difference as really exists between the two minerals in their chemical composition. In point of fact, the presence within the crystal of a few delicate threads of white asbestos, seems to produce all the modifications, except that of colour, and the cause of the colour itself is owing to some substance, the quantity of which is too small to enable chemists to determine its nature. Certainly the method of small doses, as advocated by homoeopaths, is not without a certain analogy in nature, and doses too small to be appreciated by moral chemistry are sufficient sometimes to produce results on minerals rather startling in their magnitude.

There is one fact with regard to specimens of quartz—or crystals, as they are often called—which is very curious and interesting. Small cavities not infrequently occur within them, sometimes empty, but often filled with fluid. By exposure to cold this fluid may be frozen, and very often a slight increase of temperature converts it into transparent vapour, while by optical methods of examination employed under the microscope, the properties of the fluid can occasionally be detected. Indeed, the cavities have been so large that the fluid could be extracted in sufficient quantity for examination. It might be expected that some new element or compound would be thus obtained—some secret of nature's laboratory—some substance from the interior of the earth, only thus brought within our knowledge, locked up in one of the hard crystalline minerals elaborated far beneath, out of our sight. No such result is obtained, and no such mystery laid bare, for we find almost all the cavities in question to be occupied by water mixed only with some pectinous salt or acid, held in solution. Vapour of water, then, must be contained in rocks during the whole period of their formation in the earth, much in the same state of admixture in which we know that it is present in the atmosphere to form clouds. Thus these wonders of nature and treasures of art are the result of some process only the more wonderful because it is so extremely simple, being one by whose agency ordinary familiar substances are worked up, together with water, under certain conditions of heat, bringing about in this way the magic of our most varied and beautiful gems.

Mixed with water in a different way—the water distributed in every part, and not collected in cavities—the same mineral, quartz or silica, becomes that very curious and fantastic stone, the opal. The proper colour of this gem is a peculiar greyish green, showing a fluctuating pale red, or wine-yellow tint, when seen between the eye and the light. With reflected light it presents all the colours of the rainbow, showing a flame-red, violet, purple, blue, emerald green, and golden yellow. The rays of light and colour shoot forth from a fine opal (sobole opal, in technical language) with the most vivid effulgence, and the more it is reflected, and the greater value is attached to it. In some rare cases, opals have been found nearly black, but glowing like a fine ruby. Other opals are spangled, and sometimes not more than one colour is seen. In all cases, however, the foundation of the stone independent of the colour, which is entirely an optical effect, consists of a peculiar milky translucent mass, which at once marks the gem.

Opals are very rarely found of large size, the dimensions of a hazel-nut or walnut being seldom exceeded. They are never cut in facets, and are generally set surrounded by brilliants, whose bright dazzling reflections contrast well with the calm moon-like beauty and rich soil.