GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Some weeks passed without bringing any change. We waited for Wemmick, and he made no sign. If I had never known him out of Little Britain, and had never enjoyed the privilege of being on a familiar footing at the Castle, I might have doubted him; not so for a moment, knowing him as I did.

My worldly affairs began to wear a gloomy appearance, and I was pressed for money by more than one creditor. Even myself began to know the want of money (I mean of ready money in my own pocket), and to relieve it by converting some casual, spared articles of jewelry into cash. But I had quite determined to open the unopened pocket-book by Herbert, to relieve it by the theatre where Mr. Wopsle had achieved his questionable triumph, was in that water-side neighbourhood (it is nowhere now), and to that theatre I resolved to go. I was aware that Mr. Wopsle had not succeeded in reviving the Drama, but, on the contrary, had rather partaken of its decline. He had been ominously heard of, through the playbills, as a faithful Black, in connection with a little girl of noble birth, and a monkey. And Herbert had seen him as a predacious Tartar of comic propensities, with a face like a red brick, and an outrageous list all over his trousers.

I dined at what Herbert and I used to call a Georgeous, and older fishes lies longer) are

Neshastal is rigorous pales, noth of the sea; however, it was not until the very, although it was all but a conviction, I avoided the newspapers, and begged Herbert (to whom I had confided the circumstances of our last interview) never to speak of her to me. Why I hoarded up this knowledge, and begged Herbert (to whom I had confided this, as it served to make me and my boat a commoner incident among the water-side people there. From this slight occasion, sprung two meetings that I have now to tell of.

One afternoon, late in the month of February, I came ashore at the wharf at dusk. I had pulled down as far as Greenwich with the ebb tide, and had turned with the tide. It had been a fine bright day, but had become foggy as the sun dropped, and I had had to feel my way back among the slipping, pretty carefully. Both in going and returning I had seen the signal in his window, All well.

As it was a raw evening and I was cold, I thought I would comfort myself with dinner at once; and as I had hours of devotion and solitude before me if I went home to the Temple, I thought I would afterwards go to the play. The theatre where Mr. Wopsle had achieved his questionable triumph, was in that water-side neighbourhood (it is nowhere now), and to that theatre I resolved to go. I was aware that Mr. Wopsle had not succeeded in reviving the Drama, but, on the contrary, had rather partaken of its decline. He had been ominously heard of, through the playbills, as a faithful Black, in connection with a little girl of noble birth, and a monkey. And Herbert had seen him as a predacious Tartar of comic propensities, with a face like a red brick, and an outrageous list all over his trousers.

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hats over their eyes, though he was very generous and brave, and who wouldn't hear of anybody's paying taxes, though he was very patriotic. He had a bag of money in his pocket, like a padlock in the cloth, and on that property married a young person in bed, pocket, like pudding in the cloth, and on that property married a young person in bed, turning out a translation of Portsmouth (nine in number at the last Census) turning out a translation of Portsmouth (nine in number at the last Census). He was a little grocer, with a white hat, black gaiters, and red nose, getting into a cloak, with a gridiron, and listening, and coming out, and knocking everybody down with the griddiron whom he couldn't confute with what he had overheard. This led to Mr. Wopsle's (who had never been heard of before) coming in with a star and garter on, as a sign to make us depart. It was such an extraordinary influence that it took half the evening to set things right, and then it was only brought about through an honest little crook, who didn't hear of hats over his eyes, though he had a bag of money in his pocket, like a padlock in the cloth.

The second piece was the last new grand comic Christmas pantomime, in the first scene of which, it pricked me to suspect that I detected Mr. Wopsle with red worsted legs under a highly magnified phosphoric counteract, and a shock of red curtain-fringe for his hair, engaged in the manufacture of thunderbolts in a mine, and displaying great cowardice when his gigantic master came home (very hoarse) to dinner. But he presently presented himself under worshipful circumstances; for, the Genius of Youthful Love being in mortal assistance—an account of the parental brutality of an ignorant farmer who opposed the choice of his daughter's heart, by purposely falling upon the object in a flour sack, out of the first-floor window—summoned a sententious address; and he, coming up from the antipodes rather hastily, after an apparently violent journey, proved to be Mr. Wopsle in a light-crowd hat, with a remote work in one volume under his arm. The business of this enchanter on earth, being principally to be talked at, sung at, butted at, danced at, and flashed at with fires of various colours, he had a good deal of time on his hands. And I observed with great surprise, that he devoted it to staring in my direction as if he were lost in amazement.

There was something so remarkable in the increasing glare of Mr. Wopsle's eye, and he seemed to be wanting so many things over in his mind and to grow so confused, that I could not make it out. I sat thinking of it, long after he had ascended to the clouds in a large watch-case, and still I could not make it out. I was still thinking of it when I came out of the theatre an hour afterwards, and found him waiting for me near the door.

"How do you do?" said I, shaking hands with him as we turned down the street together. "I saw that you saw me."

"Saw you, Mr. Pip!" he returned. "Yes, of course I saw you. But who else was there?"

"Who else?"

"It is the strangest thing," said Mr. Wopsle, looking into his lost look again; "and yet I could swear to him."

Becoming alarmed, I entreated Mr. Wopsle to explain his meaning. "Whether I should have noticed him at first but for your being there," said Mr. Wopsle, going on in the same lost way, "I can't be positive; yet I think I should."

Involuntarily I looked round me, as I was accustomed to look round me when I went home; for these mysterious words gave me a chill. "Oh! He can't be in sight," said Mr. Wopsle. "He want out, before I went off. I saw him go."

Having the reason that I had, for being suspicious, I even suspected this poor actor. I mistrusted a design to entrap me into some admission. Therefore, I glanced at him as we walked on together, but said nothing. I had a ridiculous fancy that he must be with you, Mr. Pip, till I saw that you were quite unconscious of him, sitting behind you there, like a ghost."

My former chill crept over me again, but I was resolved not to speak yet, for it was quite consistent with his words that he might be set on to induce me to connect these references with Provis. Of course I was perfectly sure and safe that Provis had not been there.

"I dare say you wonder at me, Mr. Pip; indeed I see you do. But it is so very strange! You'll hardly believe what I am going to tell you. I could hardly believe it myself, if you told me."

"If need be?" said I.

"No, indeed. Mr. Pip, you remember in old times a certain Christmas Day, when you were quite a child, and I dined at Gavroche's, and some soldiers came to the door to get a pair of handcuffs mended?"

"I remember it very well."

"And you remember that there was a chase after two convicts, and that we joined in it, and that Gavroche took you on his back, and that I took the lead and you kept up with me as well as you could?"

"I remember it all very well," Better than he thought—except the last clause.
And you remember that we came up with the two in a ditch, and that there was a scuffle between them, and that one of them had been very severely handled and much mauled about the face, by the other? I see it all before me.

And that the soldiers lighted torches, and put the two in the centre, and that we went on to see the last of them, over the black marshes, with the torchlight shining on their faces—I am particular about that, with the torchlight shining on their faces, when there was an outer ring of dark night all about us?

"Yes," said I. "I remember all that.

Then, Mr. Pip, one of those two prisoners sat behind you tonight. I saw him over your shoulder.

"Steady!" I thought. I asked him then, "Which of the two do you suppose you saw?"

"The one who had been mauled," he answered readily, "and I'll swear I saw him! The more I think of him, the more certain I am of him."

"This is very curious!" said I, with the best assumption I could put on, of its being nothing to me. "Very curious indeed!"

I cannot exaggerate the enhanced disquiet into which this conversation threw me, or the special and peculiar terror I felt at Compysou's having been behind me "like a ghost." For, if he had ever been out of my thoughts for a few moments together since the lifting had begun, it was in those very moments when he was closest to me; and to think that I should be so unconscious and off my guard after all my care, was as if I had shut an avenue of a hundred doors to keep him out, and then had found him at my elbow. I could not doubt either that he was there, because I was there, and that however slight an appearance of danger there might be about us, danger was always near and active.

I put such questions to Mr. Wopsle as, When did the man come in? He could not tell me that; he saw me, and over my shoulder he saw the man. It was not until he had seen him for some time that he began to identify him; but he had from the first vaguely associated him with me, and known him as somehow belonging to me in the old village time. How was he dressed? Prosperously, but not noticeably otherwise; he thought, in black. Was his face at all disfigured? No, he believed not. I believed not, although in my brooding state I had taken no especial notice of the people behind me, I thought it likely that a face at all disfigured would have attracted my attention.

When Mr. Wopsle had imparted to me all that he could recall or I extract, and when I had treated him to a little appropriate refreshment after the fatigues of the evening, we parted. It was between twelve and one o'clock when I reached the Temple, and the gates were shut. No one was near me when I went in and went home.

Herbert had come in, and we held a very serious council by the fire. But there was nothing to be done, saving to communicate to Wemmick, what I had that night found out, and to remind him that we waited for his hint. As I thought that I might compromise him if I went too often to the Castle, I made this communication by letter. I wrote it before I went to bed, and went out and posted it; and again no one was near me. Herbert and I agreed that we could do nothing else but be very cautious. And we were very cautious indeed—move cautious than before, if that were possible—and I for my part never went near Chinks's Basin, except when I rowed by, and then I only looked at Mill Pond Bank as I looked at anything else.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The second of the two meetings referred to in the last chapter, occurred about a week after the first. I had again left my boat at the wharf below Bridge; the time was an hour earlier in the afternoon; and, undecided where to dine, I had strolled up into Cheapside, and was strolling along it, surely the most unsettled person in all the busy concourse, when a large hand was laid upon my shoulder, by some one overtaking me. It was Mr. Jaggers's hand, and he passed it through my arm.

"As we are going in the same direction, Pip, we may walk together. Where are you bound for?"

"For the Temple, I think," said I.

"Don't you know?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Well," I returned, glad for once to get the better of him in cross-examination, "I do not know, for I have not made up my mind."

"You are going to dine?" said Mr. Jaggers. "You don't mind admitting that, I suppose?"

"No," I returned, "I don't mind admitting that."

"And are not engaged?"

"I don't mind admitting also, that I am not engaged."

"Then," said Mr. Jaggers, "come and dine with me."

I was going to excuse myself, when he added, "Wemmick's coming." So I changed my excuse into an acceptance—the few words I had uttered serving for the beginning of either—and we went along Cheapside and alighted off to Little Britain, while the lights were springing up brilliantly in the shop-windows, and the street lamp-lighters, scarcely finding ground enough to plant their ladders on in the midst of the afternoon's bustle, were skipping up and down and running in and out, opening more red eyes in the gathering fog than myoulshower tower at the Eumamas had opened white eyes in the ghostly wall.

At the office in Little Britain there was the usual letter-writing, hand-washing, candle-snuffing, and self-locking, that closed the business of the day. As I stood idle by Mr. Jaggers's fire, its rating and falling flame made the two casts on the shelf look as if they were playing a diabolical game at quoits with me; while the pair of course flat oil-candles that
dimple lighted Mr. Jaggers as he wrote in a corner, were decorated with dirty winding-sheets, as if in remembrance of a host of hanged clients.

We went to Gerrard-street, all three together, in a hackney-coach: and as soon as we got there, dinner was served. Although I should not have thought of making, in that place, the most distant reference by so much as a look to Wemmick’s Walworth sentiments, yet I should have had no objection to catching his eye now and then in a friendly way. But it was not to be done. He turned his eyes on Mr. Jaggers whenever he raised them from the table, and was as dry and distant to me as if there were twin Wemmicks and this was the wrong one.

“Did you send that note of Miss Havisham’s to Mr. Pip, Wemmick?” Mr. Jaggers asked, soon after we began dinner.

“No, sir,” returned Wemmick, “it was going by post, when you brought Mr. Pip into the post-office, Mr. Jaggers, on account of her not being sure of your address. She tells me that she wants to see your address. She tells me that she wants to see your address.”

Receiving this as an intimation that it was going as fast as possible, I said, “I have an impending engagement,” said I, glancing at Wemmick, who was putting fish into the post-office, “that renders me rather uncertain of my time. At once, I think.”

“If Mr. Pip has the intention of going at once,” said Wemmick to Mr. Jaggers, “he needn’t write an answer, you know!”

Receiving this as an intimation that it was best not to delay, I settled that I would go to-morrow, and said so. Wemmick drank a glass of wine and looked with a grimly satisfied air at Mr. Jaggers, but not at me.

“So, Pip! Our friend the Spider,” said Mr. Jaggers, “has played his cards. He has won the pool.”

It was as much as I could do to assent.

“Hah! He is a promising fellow—in his way—but he may not have it all his own way. The stronger will win in the end, but the stronger has to be found out first. If he should turn to, and beat her—”

“Surely,” I interrupted, with a burning face and heart, “you do not seriously think that he is assured enough for that, Mr. Jaggers?”

“I didn’t say so, Pip. I am putting a case. If he should turn to and beat her, he may possibly get the strength on his side; if it should be a question of intellect, he certainly will not. It would be chance work to give an opinion how a fellow of that sort will turn out in such circumstances, because it’s a toss-up between two results.”

“May I ask what they are?”

“A fellow like our friend the Spider,” an-
But her hands were Estella's hands, and her eyes were Estella's eyes, and if she had reappeared a hundred times I could have been neither more sure nor less sure that my conviction was the truth.

It was a dull evening, for Wemmick drew his wine when it came round, quite as a matter of business—just as he might have drawn his salary when that came round—and with his eyes on his chief, sat in a state of perpetual readiness for cross-examination. As to the quantity of wine, his post-office was as indifferent and ready as any other post-office for its quantity of letters. From my point of view, I felt that this right twin was on his way back; and we had not gone half a dozen yards down Gerard-street in the Walworth direction before I found that I was walking arm-in-arm with the right twin, and that the wrong twin had evaporated into the evening air.

"Well!" said Wemmick, "that's over. He's a wonderful man, without his living likeness; but I feel that I have to screw myself up when I dine with him—and I dine more comfortably, I feel that this, the strength of her hands then, though he sometimes does now."

I felt that this was a good statement of the case, and told him so.

"Wouldn't say it to anybody but yourself," he answered, "I know that what is said between you and me, goes no further."

I asked him if he had ever seen Miss Havisham's adopted daughter, Mrs. Bentley Skiffins. He said no. To avoid being too abrupt, I then spoke of the private house to notice that housekeeper. He said Wemmick, touching me on the sleeve, "that he never dwelt upon the strength of her hands then, though he sometimes does now."

I had told Wemmick of his showing her wrists, that day of the dinner party.

"Well, sir!" Wemmick went on; "it happened—happened, don't you see—that this woman was so very artfully dressed from the time of her apprehension, that she looked much slighter than she really was; in particular, her sleeves are always remembered to have been so skilfully contrived, that her arms had quite a delicate look. She had only a bruise or two about her—nothing for a tramp—but the backs of her hands were lacerated, and the question was, was it with finger-nails? Now, Mr. Jaggers showed that she had struggled through a great lot of brambles which were not as high as her face; but which she could not have got through and kept her hands out of; and bits of those brambles were actually found in her skin and put in evidence, as well as the fact that the brambles in question were found on examination to have been broken through, and to have left little shred of her dress and little spots of blood upon them here and there. But the boldest point he made was this. It was attempted to be set up in proof of her jealousy, that she was under strong suspicion of having, at about the time of the murder, frantically destroyed her child by this man—some three years old—to revenge herself upon him. Mr. Jaggers worked that, in this way."

"We say these are not marks of finger-nails, but marks of brambles, and we show you the..."
RECENT DISCOVERIES CONCERNING LIGHT.

In the year 1666 the young Mr. Isaac New- 
ton, then an unknown Bachelor of Arts of the 
University of Cambridge, little more than 
twenty-three years of age, first made the dis- 
coveries concerning the compound nature of white 
light, and he described this discovery a few years 
afterwards, in a letter to a friend, as "in my judg-
ment the closest, if not the most considerable 
detection which hath hitherto been made in the 
operations of nature."

Let us pause here a moment to explain clearly 
what this "detection" or discovery amounted to, 
premising that one of its first fruits had already 
appeared (in 1666) in the construction of a re-
flecting telescope. Before the publication of 
Newton's researches in 1671, the sources and 
nature of coloured, as distinguished from white 
light, had not even been the subject of a ra-
tional conjecture. Dr. Barrow, the latest and 
best authority, had described white, as being 
"that which discharges a copious light equally 
distributed in every direction." "Black," he goes 
on to state, "is that which does not emit 
light at all, or which does it very sparingly. 
Red is that which emits a light more clear than 
usual, but interrupted by shadow interstices. Blue 
is that which discharges a ruffled light, as in 
bodies which consist of white and black par-
ticles, arranged alternately. Green is nearly 
allied to blue. Yellow is a mixture of much 
white and a little red; and purple consists of a 
great deal of blue, mixed with a small portion 
of red." By causing a ray of the sun's light to 
pass first through a round aperture in a shutter 
and then through a prism of glass, and afterwards 
receiving the image on a screen in a darkened 
room, Newton found that its shape was no longer 
round, but oblong, and he seems to have been 
the first to notice that it consisted of variously 
shaped images. Every part of the ray had been 
turned or bent aside, as was known to be the 
result when light passes from one medium—such 
as air—into another of different density, like 
glass; but the image showed that the white 
light was, in fact, made up of a mixture of red, 
yellow, and blue rays, of which the red was 
least bent and the blue most, the yellow occupy-
ing the middle place.

It was further noticed that the coloured 
image of the sun thus obtained, while retaining 
the breadth that it would have had, if not 
broken up into colours, was now five times as 
long, and by allowing each colour in succession 
to pass through a round hole, similar to the 
first, and then through a second prism into 
another chamber, also darkened, it was found 
that the coloured image was now, as before, 
bent aside, but was not altered again in shape. 
It was remarked, too, that in the second, as in 
the first bending or refraction, red rays were 
not so much bent by the prism as the yellow, 
and the yellow not so much as the blue. It 
was hence concluded that each ray of white 
light coming from the sun, was made up of rays 
of several colours—red, yellow, and blue being 
the chief—that these simple colours were all 
more or less, but each differently, bent in pass-
ing from one transparent body to another, and 
that, having once decomposed, the various 
colours were not susceptible of further change.

Newton afterwards, by various other experi-
ments, fully satisfied both himself and all his 
contemporaries, that this view of the compound 
nature of light was correct, and that, in fact, all 
the marvellous beauties and effects of colour 
are produced by the different proportion in 
which the colour rays that together form white 
light are absorbed, transmitted, or reflected 
by various substances before they reach the 
eye. The delicate pink reflected from a snowy 
mountain at sunset is due to the slight excess 
of blue and yellow rays absorbed by vapour 
when the sun's light passes obliquely through a 
vast thickness of air; the yellow of the butter-
cup results from the structure of the petals of 
the flower which happen to absorb blue and red 
light but reflect the remaining rays, and the 
exquisite blue of the ocean and sky result from 
the absorption of red and yellow rays in clear 
dry air and the refraction or transmission of the 
rest, the constant alteration observed in these 
respects being caused by the frequent change 
that takes place in the air in reference to visible 
matter.

By very careful observations made with fine 
prisms, assisted by other optical contrivances, 
Dr. Wollaston first, and afterwards M. Fraun-
hofer, of Munich, discovered that the coloured 
image of coloured light obtained by decomposing