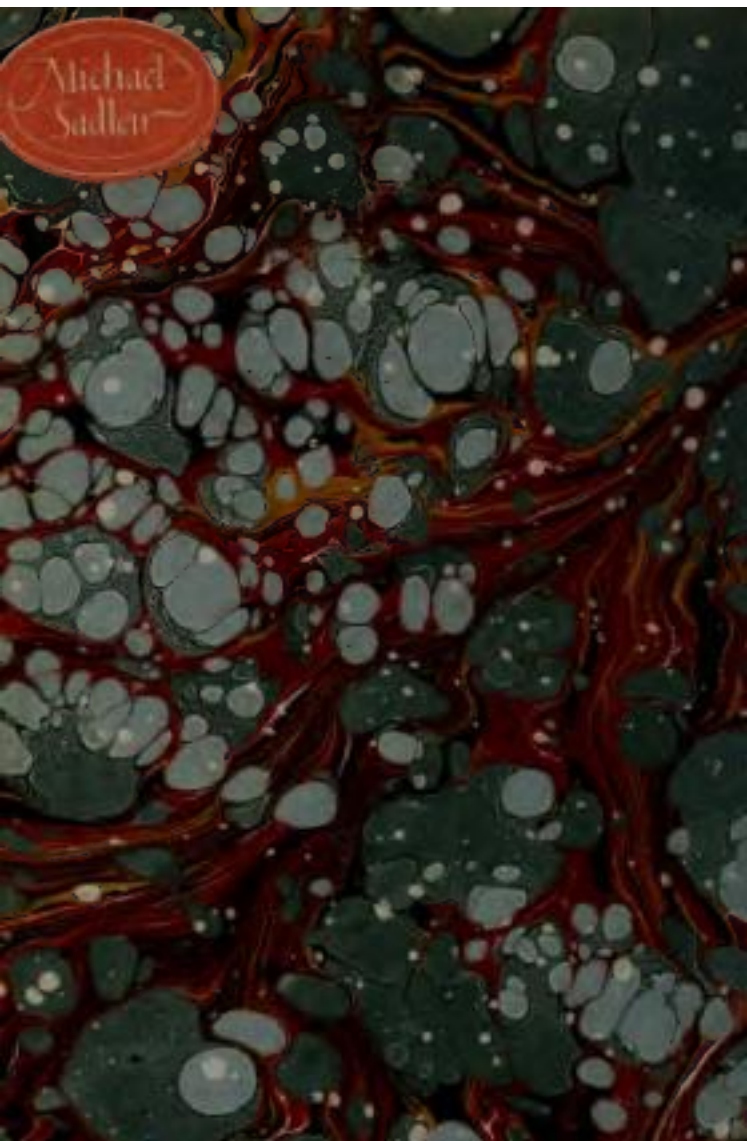




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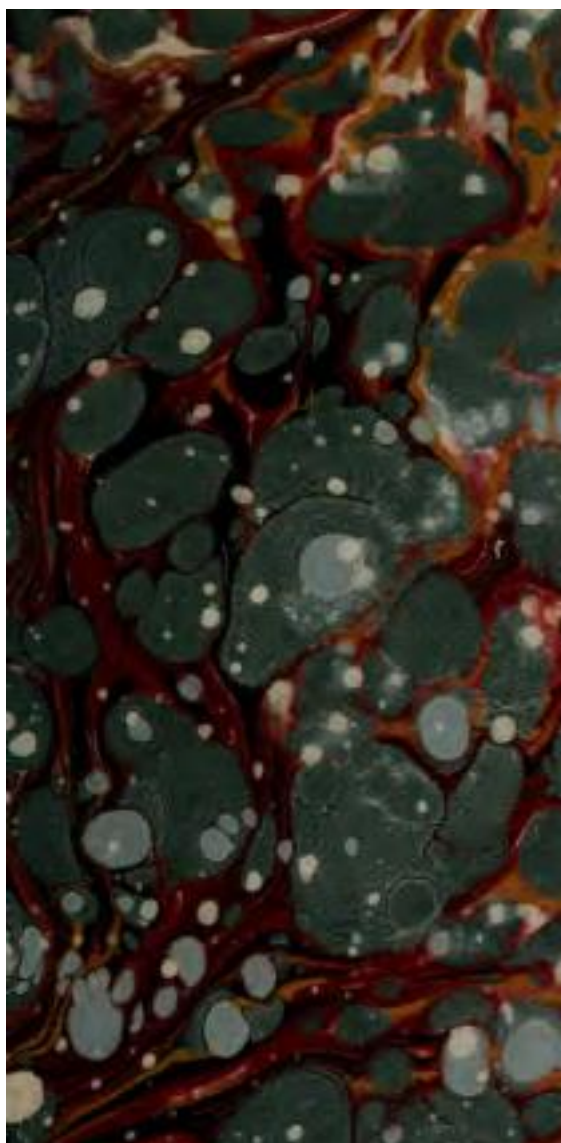


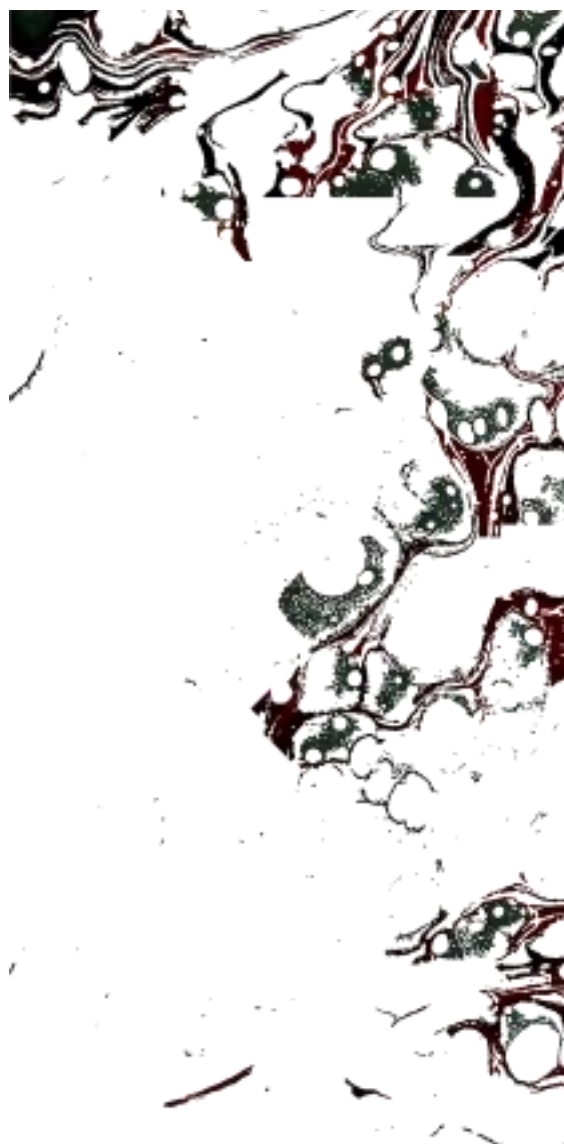
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WUTUERIing

# WUTHERING HEIGHTS

A NOVEL,

BY

ELLIS BELL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

THOMAS CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,



Br

ELLIS BELL

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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1847.





WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

## CHAPTER L

1801 I have just returned from a visit to my  
landlord—the solitary neighbour that I shall be troubled  
with. This is certainly, a  
beautiful country. In all England, I do not believe  
that I could have fixed on a situation  
so completely removed from the stir of society. A  
perfect misanthropist's Heaven—and Mr.

Heathcliff and I are such a suitable pair to divide the  
desolation between us. A capital ^ fellow. He little  
imagined how my heart  
warmed towards him when I beheld his black VOL. I.

B



J WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

eyes withdraw so suspiciously under their brows, as I rode up, and when his fingers sheltered themselves, with a jealous resolution, still further in his waistcoat, as I announced myname.

"Mr. Heathcliff?" I said.

A nod was the answer.

"Mr. Lockwood your new

tenant, sir—I do myself the honour of calling as soon as possible, after my arrival, to express the hope that I have not inconvenienced you by my perseverance in soliciting the occupation of Thrush cross Grange. I heard, yesterday, you had had some thoughts—

"Thrushcross Grange is my

own, sir," he interrupted

wincing, "I should not

allow any one to

inconvenience me, if I could hinder it walk in."

The "walk in," was uttered with closed teeth and expressed the sentiment, "Go to the



Deuce !" even the gate over  
which he leant manifested no  
sympathizing movement to the



## WUTHERING HEIGHTS. O

words; and I think that circumstance deter mined me to accept the invitation .I felt in- terested in a man who seemed more exagge ratedly reserved than myself.

When he saw my horse's breast fairly push ing the barrier, he did pull out his hand to un chain it, and then sullenly preceded me up the causeway, calling, as we entered the court " Joseph, take Mr. Lockwood's horse ,and bring up some wine."

" Here we have the whole establishment of domestics, I suppose," was the reflection, sug gested by this compound order, " No wonder the grass grows up between the flags, and cattle are the only hedge-cutters." Joseph was an elderly, nay, an old man, very old, perhaps, though hale and sinewy. " The Lord help us !" he soliloquised in an undertone of peevish displeasure, while reliev- ing me of my horse looking,

meantime, in n.y face 60 sourly  
that I charitably conjectured he  
must have need of divine aid to  
digest his din B 3

4 WUTHERING nEIGHTS.

ner, and his pious ejaculation had no reference to my

unexpected advent.

Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr. Heathcliff's dwelling. "Wuthering" being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed, in stormy weather. Pure, bracing ventilation they must have up there, at all times, indeed one may guess the power of the north wind, blowing over the edge, by the excessive slant of a few, stunted firs at the end of the house, and by a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun. Happily, the architect had foresight to build it strong: the narrow windows are deeply set in the wall and the corners defended with large jutting stones.

Before passing the threshold, I paused to admire a quantity of grotesque carving lavished over the front, and especially about the principal door, above which, among a wilderness of

WUTHERING HEIGHTS. O

crumbling griffins, and shameless little boys, I detected the date "1500," and the name "Hareton Earnshaw," I would have made a few comments, and requested a short history of the place, from the surly owner, but his attitude at the door appeared to demand my speedy entrance, or complete departure, and I had no desire to aggravate his impatience, previous to inspecting the penetralium.

One step brought us into the family sitting-room, without any introductory lobby, or passage they call it here "the house" preeminently. It includes kitchen, and parlor, generally, but I believe at Wuthering Heights, the kitchen is forced to retreat altogether, into another quarter, at least I distinguished a chatter of tongues, and a clatter of culinary utensils, deep within, and I observed no signs of roasting, boiling, or baking, about the huge fire-place, nor any glitter of copper saucepans and tin cullenders on the walls. One end, indeed, reflected splendidly both light and heat,



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from ranks of immense pewter dishes, interspersed with silver jugs, and tankards, towering row after row, in a vast oak dresser, to the very roof. The latter had never been under drawn, its entire anatomy lay bare to an inquiring eye, except where a frame of wood laden with oatcakes, and clusters of legs of beef, mutton and ham^ concealed it. Above the chimney were sundry villanous old guns, and a couple of horse-pistols, and, by way of ornament, three gaudily painted canisters disposed along its ledge. The floor was of smooth, white stone. the chairs, high-backed, primitive structures, painted green: one or two heavy black ones lurking in the shade. In an arch, under the dresser, reposed a huge, liver-coloured bitch pointer surrounded by a swarm of squealing puppies, and other dogs, haunted other recesses.

The apartment, and furniture would have been nothing extraordinary as belonging to a homely, northern farmer with a stubborn coun-



WUTHERING HEIGHTS. 7

tenance, and stalwart limbs, set out to advantage in knee-breeches, and gaiters. Such an individual, seated in his arm-chair, his mug of ale frothing on the round table before him, is to be seen in any circuit of five or six miles among these hills, if you go at the right time, after dinner. But, Mr. Heathcliff forms a singular contrast to his abode and style of living. He is a dark skinned gypsy, in aspect, in dress, and manners, a gentleman, that is, as much a gentleman as many a country squire rather slovenly, perhaps, yet not looking amiss, with his negligence, because he has an erect and handsome figure—and rather morose—possibly, some people might suspect him of a degree of under-bred pride—I have a sympathetic chord within that tells me it is nothing of the sort; I know, by instinct, his reserve springs from an aversion to showy displays of feeling—to

manifestations of mutual  
kindliness.

He'll love and hate, equally  
under cover, and esteem it a  
species of impertinence, to be  
loved

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or hated again——No, I'm running on too fast I bestow  
my own attributes over liberally on him. Mr.  
Heathcliff may have entirely dissimilar reasons for  
keeping his hands out of the way, when he meets a  
would be acquaintance, to those which actuate me. Let  
me hope my constitution is almost peculiar. my dear  
mother used to say I should never have a comfortable  
home, and only last summer, I proved myself  
perfectly unworthy of one.

While enjoying a month of fine weather at the sea-  
coast, I was thrown into the company of a most  
fascinating creature, a real goddess, in my eyes, as long  
as she took no notice of me. I never told my love"  
vocally; still, if looks have language, the merest idiot  
might have guessed I was over head and ears. she  
understood me, at last, and looked a return the  
sweetest of all imaginable looks——and what did I do ?

I confess it with shame——shrunk icily into myself, like  
a snail, at every glance retired colder and farther; till,  
finally, the

WUTHERING HEIGHTS. y



poor innocent was led to doubt her own senses, and, overwhelmed with confusion at her supposed mistake, persuaded her mamma to de camp.

By this curious turn of disposition I have gained the reputation of deliberate heartlessness, how undeserved, I alone can appreciate.

I took a seat at the end of the hearthstone opposite that towards which my landlord advanced, and filled up an interval of silence by attempting to caress the canine mother, who had left her nursery, and was sneaking wolfishly to the back of my legs, her lip curled up,

and her white teeth watering for a snatch. My caress provoked a long, guttural gnarl. "You'd better let the dog alone," growled

Mr. Heathcliff, in unison, checking fiercer demonstrations with a punch of his foot. "She's not accustomed to be spoiled—not kept for a pet."

Then, striding to a side-door, he shouted again.

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" Joseph !"

Joseph mumbled indistinctly in the depths of the cellar ,but, gave no intimation of as- cending ,so, his master dived down to him, leaving me vis-a-vis the ruffianly bitch, and a pair of grim, shaggy sheep dogs, who shared with her a jealous guardianship over all my movements.

Not anxious to come in contact with their fangs, I sat still-but, imagining they would scarcely understand tacit insults, I unfortunately indulged in winking and making faces at the trio, and some turn of my physiognomy so irritated madam, that she suddenly broke into a fury, and leapt on my knees. I flung her back, and hastened to interpose the table between us. This proceeding roused the whole hive. Half-a-dozen four-footed fiends, of various sizes, and ages, issued from hidden dens to the common centre. I felt my heels, and coat-laps peculiar subjects of assault; and, parrying off the larger combatants, as effec-

WUTHERING HEIGHTS. 11

tually as I could, with the poker, I WAS constrained to demand, aloud, assistance from some of the household, in re-establishing peace.

Mr. Heathcliff and his man climbed the cellar steps with vexatious phlegm. I don't think they moved one second faster than usual, though the hearth was an absolute tempest of worrying and yelping.

Happily, an inhabitant of the kitchen made more dispatch, a lusty dame, with tucked up gown, bare arms, and fire-flushed cheeks, rushed into the midst of us flourishing a fryingpan, and used that weapon, and her tongue to such purpose, that the storm subsided magically, and she only remained, heaving like a sea after a high wind, when her master entered on the scene.

"What the devil is the matter?" he asked, eyeing me in a manner that I could not endure after this inhospitable treatment.

"What the devil, indeed!" I muttered. "The herd of possessed swine could have had

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no worse spirits in them than those animals of yours, sir. You might as well leave a stranger with a brood of tigers !"

"\*\* They wont meddle with persons who touch nothing," he remarked, putting the bottle before me, and restoring the displaced table. " The dogs do right to be vigilant. Take a glass of wine?"

"\*\* No, thank you."

"Not bitten, are you ?"

"\*\* If I had been, I would have set my signet on the biter."

Heathcliff's countenance relaxed into a grin. "

Come, come," he said, " you are flurried, Mr. Lockwood. Here, take a little wine. Guests are so exceedingly rare in this house that I and my dogs, I am willing to own, hardly know how to receive them. Your health, sir!"

I bowed and returned the pledge ,beginning to perceive that it would be foolish to sit sulking for the misbehaviour of a pack of curs .

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besides, I felt loath to yield the fellow further amusement, at my expense, since his humour took that turn.

He-probably swayed by prudential considerations of the folly of offending a good tenant —relaxed, a little, in the laconic style of chipping of his pronouns, and auxiliary verbs, and introduced, what he supposed would be a subject of interest to me, a discourse on the advantages and disadvantages of my present place of retirement.

I found him very intelligent on the topics we touched, and, before I went home, I was encouraged so far as to volunteer another visit, to-morrow.

He evidently wished no repetition of my intrusion. I shall go, notwithstanding. It is astonishing how sociable I feel myself compared with him.

14 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

## CHAPTER 11.

Yesterday afternoon set in misty and cold. I had half a mind to spend it by my study fire, instead of wading through heath and mud to Wuthering Heights.

On coming up from dinner, however, (N. B. I dine between twelve and one o'clock; the housekeeper, a matronly lady taken as a fixture along with the house, could not, or would not comprehend my request that I might be served at five.) On mounting the stairs with this lazy intention, and stepping into the room, I



saw a servant-girl on her knees, surrounded by brushes, and coal-scuttles; and raising an infernal dust as she extinguished the flames with heaps of cinders. This spectacle drove me back immediately, I took my hat, and, after a four miles walk, arrived at Heathcliff's garden gate just in time to escape the first feathery- flakes of a snow shower.

On that bleak hill top the earth was hard with a black frost, and the air made me shiver through every-limb. Being unable to remove the chain, I jumped over, and, running up the flagged causeway bordered with straggling gooseberry bushes, knocked vainly for admittance, till my knuckles tingled, and the dogs howled.

"Wretched inmates!" I ejaculated, mentally, "you deserve perpetual isolation from your species for your churlish inhospitality. At least, I would not keep my doors barred in the day time—I don't

care—I will get in!"

16 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

So resolved, I grasped the latch, and shook it vehemently. Vinegar-faced Joseph projected his head from a round window of the barn.

"Whet are ye for?" he shouted. "T' maisters dahn  
it'fowld. Goa rahnd by th' end ut' laith. if yah went  
tuh spake tull him."

"Is there nobody inside to open the door?"  
I hallooed, responsively.

"They's nobbut t' missis; and shoo'll nut oppen't  
an ye mak yer flaysome dins till neeght."

"Why ? cannot you tell her who I am, eh,  
Joseph ?"

"Nor-ne me! Aw'll hae noa hend wi't,"  
muttered the head vanishing.

The snow began to drive thickly. I seized the handle  
to essay another trial, when a young man, without coat,  
and shouldering a pitchfork, appeared in the yard behind.  
He

hailed me to follow him, and, after marching

WUTHERING HEIGHTS. 17



through a washhouse, and a paved area containing a coal-shed, pump, and pigeon cote, we at length arrived in the large, warm, cheerful apartment, where I was formerly received.

It glowed delightfully in the radiance of an immense fire, compounded of coal, peat, and wood; and near the table, laid for a plentiful evening meal, I was pleased to observe the "missis," an individual whose existence I had never previously suspected.

I bowed and waited, thinking she would bid me take a seat. She looked at me, leaning back in her chair, and remained motionless and mute.

"Rough weather!" I remarked. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Heathcliff, the floor must bear the consequence of your servant's leisure attendance. I had hard work to make them hear me."

She never opened her mouth. I stared she stared also. At any rate, she kept her eyes



on me, in a cool, regardless manner, exceedingly embarrassing and disagreeable. "Sit down," said the young man, gruffly. « He'll be in soon."

I obeyed, and hemmed, and called the villain Juno, who deigned, at this second interview, to move the extreme tip of her tail, in token of owning my acquaintance.

"A beautiful animal!" I commenced again. "Do you intend parting with the little ones, madam?"

"They are not mine," said the amiable hostess more repellingly than Heathcliff himself could have replied.

"Ah, your favourites are among these!" I continued, turning to an obscure cushion full of something like cats.

"A strange choice of favourites," she observed scornfully.

Unluckily, it was a heap of dead rabbits — I hemmed once more, and drew closer to the



hearth, repeating my comment on the wildness of the evening.

" You should not have come out," she said, rising and reaching from the chimney piece two of the painted canisters.

Her position before was sheltered from the light ; now, I had a distinct view of her whole figure and countenance. She was slender, and apparently scarcely past girlhood ; an admirable form, and the most exquisite little face that I have ever had the pleasure of beholding ; small features, very fair ; flaxen ringlets, or rather golden, hanging loose on her delicate neck ; and eyes——had they been agreeable in expression, they would have been irresistible fortunately for my susceptible heart, the only sentiment they evinced hovered between scorn and a kind of desperation, singularly unnatural to be detected there.

The canisters were almost out of her reach ; I made a motion to aid her ; she turned upon me as a miser might turn, if any one attempted to assist him in counting his gold.

^0 WUTHERINO HEIGHTS.

" I don't want your help," she snapped, " I can get them for myself."

"I beg your pardon," I hastened to reply. " Were you asked to tea ?" she demanded, tying an apron over her neat black frock, and standing with a spoonful of the leaf poised over the pot.

" I shall be glad to have a cup," I answered.

" Were you asked ?" she repeated. \*\* NO ;" I said, half smiling. \*\* YOU are the proper person to ask me."

She flung the tea back, spoon and all, and resumed her chair in a pet, her forehead corrugated, and her red under-lip pushed out, like a child's, ready to cry.

Meanwhile, the young man had slung onto his person a decidedly shabby upper garment, and, erecting himself before the blaze, looked down on me, from the corner of his eyes, for all the world as if there were some mortal feud unavenged between us. I began to doubt

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whether he were a servant or not , his dress and speech were both rude, entirely devoid of the superiority observable in Mr. and Mrs.

Heathcliff , his thick, brown curls were rough and uncultivated, his whiskers encroached bearishly over his cheeks, and his hands were embrowned like those of a common labourer,

still his bearing was free, almost haughty , and he showed none of a domestic's assiduity in attending on the lady of the house.

In the absence of clear proofs of his condition, I deemed it best to abstain from noticing his curious conduct, and, five minutes afterwards, the entrance of Heathcliff' relieved me, in some measure, from my uncomfortable state.

" You see, sir, I am come according to promise !" I exclaimed, assuming the cheerful " and I fear I shall be weather-bound for half an hour, if you can afford me shelter during that space."

" Half an hour ?" he said, shaking the

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white flakes from his clothes , " I wonder you should select the thick of a snow-storm to ramble about in. Do you know that you run a risk of being lost in the marshes ? People familiar with these moors often miss their road on such evenings, and, I can tell you, there is no chance of a change at present." " Perhaps I can get a guide among your lads, and he might stay at the Grange till morning—could you spare me one ?" " No, I could not."

" Oh^ indeed 'Well then, I must trust to my OWN sagacity."

^ 'Umph! "

" Are you going to mak th 'tea ?" demanded he of the shabby coat, shifting his ferocious gaze from me to the young lady.

" Is he to have any ?" she asked, appealing to Heathcliff.

" Get it ready, will you ?" was the answer, uttered so savagely that I started. The tone in which the words were said, revealed a ge-



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nuine bad nature. I no longer felt Inclined to call Heathcliff a capital fellow.

When the preparations were finished, he invited me with "Now, sir, bring forward your chair." And we all, including the rustic youth, drew round the table, an austere silence prevailing while we discussed our meal.

I thought, if I had caused the cloud, it was my duty to make an effort to dispel it. They could not every day sit so grim and taciturn, and it was impossible, however ill-tempered they might be, that the universal scowl they wore was their every day countenance.

" It is strange," I began in the interval of swallowing one cup of tea, and receiving another, " it is strange how custom can mould our tastes and ideas ,many could not

imagine the existence of  
happiness in a life of such  
complete exile from the world  
as you spend, Mr. Heathcliff;  
yet, I'll venture to say, that,  
surrounded by your family, and  
with



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your amiable lady as the  
presiding genius over your  
home and heart—

" My amiable lady "' he  
interrupted, with  
an almost diabolical sneer on  
his face. " Where is she—my  
amiable lady ?" " Mrs.  
Heathcliff, your wife, I mean.'\*

" Well, yes—Oh you

would intimate that her  
spirit has taken the post of  
ministering angel, and guards  
the fortunes of Wuthering  
Heights, even when her body is  
gone. Is that it ?"

Perceiving myself in a blunder,  
I attempted to correct it. I  
might have seen there was too  
great a disparity between the  
ages of the parties to make it  
likely that they were man and  
wife. One was about forty, a  
period of mental vigour at  
which men seldom cherish the  
delusion of being married for  
love, by girls that dream is  
reserved for the solace of our



declining years. The other did  
not look seventeen.

Then it flashed upon me , "  
the clown at

WUTHERING HEIGHTS. 25

my elbow, who is drinking his tea out of a basin, and eating his bread with unwashed hands, may be her husband. Heathcliff, junior, of course. Here is the consequence of being buried alive : she has thrown herself

away upon that boor, from sheer ignorance that better individuals existed. A sad pity I must beware how I cause her to regret her choice."

The last reflection may seem conceited, it was not. My neighbour struck me as bordering on repulsive. I knew, through experience, that I was tolerably attractive.

"Mrs. Heathcliff is my daughter-in-law," said Heathcliff, corroborating my surmise. He turned, as he spoke, a peculiar look in her direction, a look of hatred unless he has a most perverse set of facial muscles that will not, like those of other people, interpret the language of his soul.

^^ Ah, certainly—I see now, you are the VOL. 1. c



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favoured possessor of the  
beneficent fairy," I remarked,  
turning to my neighbour. This  
was worse than before the  
youth grew crimson, and  
clenched his fist with every ap-  
pearance of a meditated assault.  
But he seemed to recollect  
himself, presently, and  
smothered the storm in a brutal  
curse, muttered on my behalf,  
which, however, I took care not  
to notice."

" Unhappy in your  
conjectures, sir !" observed my  
host, " we neither of us have  
the privilege of owning your  
good fairy, her mate is dead. I  
said she was my daughter-in-  
law, therefore, she must have  
married my son." " And this  
young man is —

" Not my son, assuredly !"  
Heathcliff smiled again, as if it  
were rather too bold a jest to  
attribute the paternity of that  
bear to him.

" My name is Hareton  
Earnshaw," growled the other,

" and I'd counsel you to  
respect  
it!"

WUTHERING HEIGHTS. 27

" I've shown no disrespect, '^ was my reply, laughing internally at the dignity with which he announced himself.

He fixed his eye on me longer than I cared to return the stare, for fear I might be tempted either to box his ears, or render my hilarity audible. I began to feel unmistakably out of place in that pleasant family circle. The dismal spiritual atmosphere overcame, and more than neutralized the glowing physical comforts round me, and I resolved to be cautious how I ventured under those rafters a third time.

The business of eating being concluded, and no one uttering a word of sociable conversation, I approached a window to examine the weather.

A sorrowful sight I saw, dark night coming down prematurely, and sky and hills mingled in one bitter »whirl of wind and suffocating snow.

" I don't think it possible for me to get home now, without a guide," I could not help ex c 3





claiming. " The roads will be buried already , and, if they were bare, I could scarcely distinguish a foot in advance."

" Hareton, drive those dozen sheep into the barn porch. They'll be covered if left in the fold all night; and put a plank before them," said Heathcliff.

" How must I do?" I continued, with rising irritation.

There was no reply to my question; and, on looking round, I saw only Joseph bringing in a pail of porridge for the dogs , and Mrs. Heathcliff, leaning over the fire, diverting her self with burning a bundle of matches which had fallen from the chimney-piece as she restored the tea-canister to its place.

The former, when he had deposited his burden, took a critical survey of the room , and, in cracked tones, grated out

" Aw woonder hagh yah can faishion tub stand thear i' idleness un war, when all on

'em's goan aght .Bud yah're a  
nowt, and it^s noa



WUTHERING HEIGHTS. 29

use talking—yah'll niver

mend uh yer ill ways bud,

goa raight tub t' divil, like yer  
mother afore ye!"

I imagined, for a moment, that  
this piece of eloquence was  
addressed to me, and, suffi-  
ciently entaged, stepped towards  
the aged rascal with an  
intention of kicking him out  
of the door.

Mrs. Heathcliff, however,  
checked me by her answer.

" You scandalous old

hypocrite !" she replied. " Are  
you not afraid of being carried  
away bodily, whenever you  
mention the devil's

name? I warn you to refrain  
from provoking me, or I'll ask  
your abduction as a special  
favour. Stop, look here,  
Joseph," she continued,  
taking a long, dark book from a  
shelf. " I'll show you how far  
I've progressed in the Black

Art—I shall soon be competent  
to make a clear house of it. The  
red cow didn't die by chance,  
and your rheumatism can

hardly be reckoned among  
providential visitations !"

30 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

" Oh, wicked, wicked !" gasped the elder, " may the Lord deliver us from evil !" " No, reprobate, you are a castaway — be off, or I'll hurt you seriously, I'll have you all modelled in wax and clay, and the first who passes the limits, I fix, shall — I'll not say what he shall be done to — but, you'll see. Go, I'm looking at you !"

The little witch put a mock malignity into her beautiful eyes, and Joseph, trembling with sincere horror, hurried out praying and ejaculating " wicked" as he went.

I thought her conduct must be prompted by a species of dreary fun, and, now that we were alone, I endeavoured to interest her in my distress.

" Mrs. Heathcliff," I said, earnestly, " you must excuse me for troubling you — I presume, because, with that face, I'm sure you cannot help being good-hearted. Do point out some landmarks by which I may know my way home — I have no more idea how to get there than you would have how to get to London !"





" Take the road you came/ ^ she answered, ensconcing herself in a chair, with a candle, and the long book open before her. " It is brief advice , but, j; s sound as I can give."

" Then, if you hear of me being discovered dead in a bog, or a pit full of snow, your con science wont whisper that it is partly your fault ?"

" How so ? I cannot escort you. They wouldn't let me go to the end of the garden wall."

" You , I should be sorry to ask you to cross the threshold, for my cDuvenience, on such a night," I cried.

" I want you to tell me my way, not to show it , or else to per-uade Mr. Heathcliff to give me a guide."

" Who ? Tthere is himself, Earnshaw, Zillah, Joseph, and r. Which would you have ?" " Are there no boys at the farm ?"

" No, those are all."

" Then, it follows that I am compelled to stay."

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" That you may settle with your host. I have nothing to do with it."

" I hope it will be a lesson to you, to make no more rash journeys on these hills/' cried Heathcliff's stern voice from the kitchen entrance. " As to staying here, I don't keep accommodations for visitors; you must share a bed with Hareton, or Joseph, if you do.\*"

" I can sleep on a chair in this room," I replied.

" No, no. A stranger is a stranger, be he rich or poor—it will not suit me to permit any one the range of the place while I am off guard !" said the unmannerly wretch.

With this insult my patience was at an end. I uttered an expression of disgust, and pushed past him into the yard, running against Earnshaw in my haste. It was so dark that I could not see the means of exit, and, as I wandered round, I heard another specimen of their civil behaviour amongst each other.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS. 33

At first, the young man appeared about to befriend me.

"I'll go with him as far as the park," he said.

"You'll go with him to hell!" exclaimed his master, or whatever relation he bore. "And who is to look after the horses, eh?"

"A man's life is of more consequence than one evening's neglect of the horses, somebody must go," murmured Mrs. Heathcliff, more kindly than I expected.

"Not at your command!" retorted Hareton. "If you set store on him, you'd better be quiet."

"Then I hope his ghost will haunt you, and I hope Mr. Heathcliff will never get another tenant, till the Grange is a ruin!" she answered sharply.

"Hearken, hearken, shoo's cursing on em!" muttered Joseph, towards whom I had been steering.

c 5

#### 34 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

He sat within earshot, milking the cows, by the aid of a lantern which I seized unceremoniously, and calling out that I would send it back on the morrow,

rushed to the nearest postern.

"Maister, maister, he's staling t' lantern!" shouted the ancient, pursuing my retreat. "Hey, Gnasher, Hey, dog, Hey, wolf, holld him, holld him!"

On opening the little door, two hairy monsters flew at my throat, bearing me down, and extinguishing the light, while a mingled guffaw, from Heathcliff and Hareton, put the copestone on my rage and humiliation.

Fortunately, the beasts seemed more bent on stretching their paws, and yawning, and flourishing their tails, than devouring me alive but, they would suffer no resurrection, and I was forced to lie till their malignant masters pleased to deliver me then hatless, and trembling with wrath, I ordered the miscreants to



WUTHERING HEIGaT8. 35

let me out—on their peril to keep me one minute longer—with several incoherent threats of retaliation, that in their indefinite depth of virulency, smacked of King Lear.

The vehemence of my agitation brought on a copious bleeding at the nose, and still Heath cliff laughed, and still I scolded. I don't know what would have concluded the scene had there not been one person at hand rather more rational than myself, and more benevolent than uiy entertainer. This was Zillah, the stout housewife ,who at length issued forth to inquire into the nature of the uproar. She thought that some of them had been laying violent hands on me , and, not daring to at- tack her master, she turned her vocal artillery against the younger scoundrel.

" Well, Mr. Earnshaw," she cried, "I won der what youll have agait next .Are we going to murder folk on our very door-stones ? I see this house will never do for me—look at t' poor lad, he's fair choking .Wiaht, wisht .

Ob WUTHEEEENG HEIGHTS.

you mun'n't go on so—come in, and I'll cure that.

There now, hold ye still."

With these words she suddenly splashed a pint of icy water down my neck, and pulled me into the kitchen. Mr. Heathcliff followed, his accidental merriment expiring quickly in his habitual moroseness.

I was sick exceedingly, and dizzy and faint and thus compelled, perforce, to accept lodgings under his roof. He told Zillah to give me a glass of brandy, and then passed on to the inner room, while she condoled with me on my sorry predicament, and having obeyed his orders, whereby I was somewhat revived, ushered me to bed.



## CHAPTER III.

While leading the way up-stairs, she recommended that I should hide the candle, and not make a noise, for her master had an odd notion about the chamber she would put me in, and never let anybody lodge there willingly. I asked the reason.

She did not know, she answered; she had only lived there a year or two, and they had so many queer goings on, she could not begin to be curious.

Too stupified to be curious myself, I fas-

### 38 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

tened my door and glanced round for the bed. The whole furniture consisted of a chair, a clothes-press, and a large oak case, with squares cut out near the

top, resembling coach windows.

Having approached this structure, I looked inside, and perceived it to be a singular sort of old-fashioned couch, very conveniently designed to obviate the necessity for every member of the family having a room to himself. In fact, it formed a little closet, and the ledge of a window, which it enclosed, served as a table.

I slid back the panelled sides, got in with my light, pulled them together again, and felt secure against the vigilance of Heathcliff, and every one else.^

The ledge, where I placed my candle, had a few mildewed books piled up in one corner and it was covered with writing scratched on the paint. This writing, however, was nothing but a name repeated in all kinds of characters,





WUTHERING HEIGHTS. 39

Catherine Earnshaw, here  
large and small

and there varied to Catherine  
Heathcliffi and then again to  
Catherine LintonJ^

In vapid listlessness I leant my  
head against

the window, and continued  
spelling over Catherine

Earnshaw—Heathcliff—Linton,

till my eyes closed, but they  
had not rested five minutes  
when a glare of white letters  
started from the dark, as vivid  
as spectres—the air swarmed  
with Catherines, and rousing  
myself to dispel the obtrusive  
name, I discovered my candle  
wick reclining on one of the  
antique volumes, and  
perfuming the place with an  
odour of roasted calf-skin.

I snuffed it off, and, very ill at  
ease, under the influence of  
cold and lingering nausea, sat  
up, and spread open the injured  
tome on my knee. It was a  
Testament, in lean type, and  
smelling dreadfully musty. A

fly-leaf bore the inscription—"

Catherine Earnshaw, her

book," and a date some quarter  
of a century back.

40 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

I shut it, and took up another, and another, till I had examined all. Catherine's library- was select, and its state of dilapidation proved it to have been well used, though not altogether for a legitimate purpose, scarcely one chapter had escaped a pen and ink commentary, at least, the appearance of one, covering every morsel of blank that the printer had left.

Some were detached sentences; other parts took the form of a regular diary, scrawled in an unformed, childish hand. At the top of an extra page, quite a treasure probably when first lighted on, I was greatly amused to behold an excellent caricature of my friend Joseph, rudely yet powerfully sketched.

An immediate interest kindled within me for the unknown Catherine, and I began, forth- with, to decypher her faded hieroglyphics.

" An awful Sunday !" commenced the paragraph beneath. \*\* I wish my father were back again. Hindley is a detestable substitute

WUTHERING HEIGHTS. 41

his conduct to Heathcliff is atrocious —H. and I are going to rebel—we took our initiatory step this evening.

" All day had been flooding with rain ; we could not go to church, so Joseph must needs get up a congregation in the garret; and, while Hindley and his wife basked down stairs before a comfortable fire, doing anything but reading their bibles, I'll answer for it ,Heath cliff, myself, and the unhappy plough-boy, were commanded to take our Prayer-books, and mount—we were ranged in a row, on a sack of corn, groaning and shivering, and hop ing that Joseph would shiver too, so that he might give us a short homily for his own sake. A vain idea! The service lasted precisely three hours , and yet my brother had the face to exclaim, when he saw us descending,

\*^'What, done already ?"

\*'On Sunday evenings we used to be permitted to play, if we did not make much noise , now

42 WUTFLERING HEIGHTS,



a mere titter is sufficient to send us into corners ;

" "You forget you have a master here," says the tyrant. "I'll demolish the first who puts me out of temper ; I insist on perfect sobriety and silence. Oh, boy, was that you? Frances, darling, pull his hair as you go by, I heard him snap his fingers."

" Frances pulled his hair heartily, and then went and seated herself on her husband's knee, and there they were, like two babies, kissing and talking nonsense by the hour—foolish palaver that we should be ashamed of.

" We made ourselves as snug as our means allowed in the arch of the dresser. I had just fastened our pinafores together, and hung them up for a curtain, when in comes Joseph, on an errand from the stables. He tears down my handywork, boxes my ears, and croaks ;

" 'T' maister nobbut just buried, and Sab bath nut oe'red, und t' sabnd, uh't gospel still i'



WUTHERING HEIGHTS. "43

yer lugs, and yah darr be  
laiking! shame on ye ,sit ye  
dahn, ill chllder ,they's good  
books eneugh if ye'U read 'em;  
sit ye dahn, and think uh yer  
sowls .

Saying thi?, he compelled us so  
to square our positions that we  
might receive, from the far-off  
fire, a dull ray to show us the  
text of the lumber he thrust  
upon us.

" I could not bear the

employment. I took my  
dingy volume by the scroop,  
and hurled it into the dog-  
kennel, vowing I hated a good  
book.

" Heathcliff kicked his to the  
same place. " Then there was  
a hubbub

.. 'Maister Hindley ' shouted  
our chaplain. 'Maister, COOM  
hither .Miss Cathy's riven th'  
back oif 'Th' Helmet uh  
Salvation,' un' Heathcliff 's  
paweed his fit intuh t' first part  
uh

'T' Brooad Way to  
Destruction ' It's fair

flaysome ut yah let 'em goa on  
this gait. Ech ,th' owd man ud

uh laced 'em properly—bud

he's goan'!

44 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

" Hindley hurried up from his paradise on the hearth, and seizing one of us by the collar, and the other by the arm, hurled both into the back-kitchen , where, Joseph asseverated, " owd Nick" would fetch us as sure as we were living; and, so comforted, we each sought a separate nook to await his advent.

" I reached this book, and a pot of ink from a shelf, and pushed the house-door ajar to give me light, and I have got the time on with writing for twenty minutes ,but my companion is impatient and proposes that we should appropriate the dairy woman's cloak, and have a scamper on the moors, under its shelter. A pleasant suggestion—and then, if the surly old man come in, he may believe his prophesy verified —we cannot be damper, or colder, in the rain than we are here."

I suppose Catherine fulfilled her project,

WUTH BRING HEIGHTS. 45

for the next sentence took up another subject she waxed lachrymose.

"How little did I dream that Hindley would ever make me cry so!" she wrote. "My head aches, till I cannot keep it on the pillow, and still I can't give over. Poor Heathcliff\*

Hindley calls him a vagabond, and wont let him sit with us, nor eat with us any more; and, he says, he and I must not play together, and threatens to turn him out of the house if we break his orders.

"He has been blaming our father (how dared he ?) for treating H. too liberally and swears he will reduce him to his right place—

I began to nod drowsily over the dim page my eye wandered from manuscript to print. I saw a red ornamented title...\*' Seventy Times Seven, and the First of the Seventy First.



46 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

A Pious Discourse delivered by the Reverend Jabes Branderham, in the Chapel of Gimmer den Sough."

And while I was, half consciously, worrying my brain to guess what Jabes Branderham would make of his subject, I sank back in bed, and fell asleep.

Alas, for the effects of bad tea and bad temper, what else could it be that made me pass such a terrible night? I don't remember another that I can at all compare with it since I was capable of suffering.

I began to dream, almost before I ceased to be sensible of my locality. I thought it was morning, and I had set out on my way home, with Joseph for a guide. The snow lay yards deep in our road, and, as we floundered on, my companion wearied me with constant re-proaches that I had not brought a pilgrim's staff: telling me I could never get into the house without one, and boastfully flourishing a heavy-headed cudgel, which I understood to be so denominated.



For a moment I considered it absurd that I should need such a weapon to gain admittance into my own residence. Then, a new idea flashed across me. I was not going there, we

were journeying to hear the famous Jabes

Branderham preach from the text—"Seventy

Times Seven;" and either Joseph, the preacher, or I had committed the "First of the Seventy First," and were to be publicly exposed and excommunicated.

We came to the chapel—I have passed it really in my walks, twice or thrice—it lies in a hollow, between two hills—an elevated hollow—near a swamp, whose peaty moisture is

said to answer all the purposes of embalming on the few corpses deposited there. The roof has been kept whole hitherto, but, as the clergyman's

stipend is only twenty pounds per annum, and a house with two rooms, threatening speedily to determine into one, no clergyman will undertake the duties of pastor, especially, as it is currently reported that his flock would rather



let him starve than increase the living by one penny from their OWN pockets. However, in my dream, Jabes had a full and attentive congregation: and he preached—good God—what a

sermon. Divided into four hundred and ninety parts—each fully equal to an ordinary address from the pulpit—and each discussing a separate sin. Where he searched for them, I cannot tell, he had his private manner of interpreting the phrase, and it seemed necessary the brother should sin different sins on every occasion.

They were of the most curious character odd transgressions that I never imagined previously.

Oh, how weary I grew. HOW I writhed, and yaw'nsd, and nodded, and revived! HOW I pinched and pricked myself, and rubbed my eyes, and stood up, and sat down again, and nudged Joseph to inform me if he would ever have doner\*

I was condemned to hear all out—finally, he



reached the " First of the Seventy -First". At

that crisis, a sudden inspiration descended on me ,I was moved to rise and denounce .Tabes Branderham as the sinner of the sin that no christian need pardon.

" Sir," I exclaimed, " sitting here, within these four walls, at one stretch, I have endured and forgiven the four hundred and ninety heads of your discourse. Seventy times seven times have I plucked up ray hat, and

been about to depart —Seventy times seven times have you preposterously forced me to re- sume my seat. The four hundred and ninety first is too much. Fellow martyrs, have at him .Drag him down, and crush him to atoms, that the place which knows him may know him no more !"

" Thou art the ManT' cried Jabes, after a solemn pause, leaning over his cushion.

" Seventy times seven times didst thou gapingly contort thy visage—seventy times seven did I



50 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

take counsel with my soul—Lo, this is human

weakness; this also may be absolved! The First of the Seventy-First is come. Brethren, execute upon him the judgment written, such honour have all His saints! '\*

With that concluding word, the whole assembly, exalting their pilgrim's staves, rushed round me in a body, and I, having no weapon to raise in self-defence, commenced grappling

with Joseph, my nearest and most ferocious assailant, for his. In the confluence of the multitude, several clubs crossed blows, aimed at me, fell on other sconces. Presently the whole chapel resounded with rappings and counter rappings. Every man's hand was against his neighbour and Branderham, unwilling to remain idle, poured forth his zeal in a shower of loud taps on the boards of the pulpit which responded so smartly, that, at last, to my unspeakable relief, they woke me.

And what was it that had suggested the tre-



mendous tumult, what bad  
 play<sup>ed</sup> Jabes' part in the row ?  
 Merely, the branch of a fir-tree  
 that touched my lattice, as the  
 blast wailed by, and rattled its  
 dry cones against the panes  
 I listened doubtingly an  
 instant, detected the disturber,  
 then turned and dosed, and  
 dreamt again, if possible, still  
 more disagreeably than before.

This time, I remembered I was  
 lying in the oak closet, and I  
 heard distinctly the gusty  
 wind, and the driving of the  
 snow, I heard also, the firbough  
 repeat its teasing sound, and  
 ascribed it to the right cause ;  
 but, it annoyed me so much,  
 that I resolved to silence it, if  
 possible, and, I thought, I rose  
 and endeavoured to unhasp the  
 casement. The hook was  
 soldered into the staple, a  
 circumstance observed by me,  
 when awake, but forgotten.

" I must stop it, nevertheless " I  
 muttered, knocking my  
 knuckles through the glass, and  
 stretching an arm out to seize  
 the importunate



52 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

branch instead of which, my fingers closed on the fingers of a little, ice-cold hand. The intense horror of nightmare came over me; I tried to draw back my arm, but, the hand clung to it, and a most melancholy voice, sobbed,

" Let me in—let me in !"

" Who are you ?" I asked struggling, meanwhile, to disengage myself.

" Catherine Linton," it replied, shiveringly, (why did I think of Linton ? I had read Earnshaw, twenty times for Linton) " I've come home, I've lost my way on the moor!"

As it spoke, I discerned, obscurely, a child's face looking through the window—Terror made me cruel; and, finding it useless to attempt shaking the creature off, I pulled its wrist on to the broken pane, and rubbed it to and fro till the blood ran down and soaked the bed-clothes: still it wailed, " Let me in !" and maintained its tenacious gripe, almost maddening me with fear.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS, 53



"How can I?" I said at length. "Let me go, if you want me to let you in!"

The fingers relaxed, I snatched mine through the hole, hurriedly piled the books up in a pyramid against it, and stopped my ears to exclude the lamentable prayer.

I seemed to keep them closed above a quarter of an hour, yet, the instant I listened, again, there was the doleful cry moaning on.

"Begone!" I shouted, "I'll never let you in, not if you beg for twenty years!"

"It's twenty years," mourned the voice, "twenty years, I've been a waif for twenty years!"

Thereat began a feeble scratching outside, and the pile of books moved as if thrust forward.

I tried to jump up, but, could not stir a limb; and so, yelled aloud, in a frenzy of fright.

To my confusion, I discovered the yell was not ideal. Hasty footsteps approached my

54 WUTHERING HEIGHTS'.

chamber door : somebody pushed it open, with a vigorous hand, and a light glimmered through the squares at the top of the bed. I sat shuddering, yet, and wiping the perspiration from my forehead: the intruder appeared to hesitate and muttered to himself.

At last, he said in a half-whisper, plainly not expecting an answer,

"Is any one here?"

I considered it best to confess my presence, for I knew Heathcliff's accents, and feared he might search further, if I kept quiet.

With this intention, I turned and opened the panels—I shall not soon forget the effect my action produced.

Heathcliff stood near the entrance, in his shirt and trousers; with a candle dripping over his fingers, and his face as white as the wall behind him. The first creak of the oak startled him like an electric shock: the light leaped from his hold to a distance of some

WUTHERING HEIGHTS, 55

feet, and his agitation was so extreme, that he could hardly pick it up.

"It is only your guest, sir," I called out, desirous to spare him the humiliation of exposing his cowardice further. "I had the misfortune to scream in my sleep, owing to a frightful nightmare. I'm sorry I disturbed you."

"Oh, God confound you, Mr. Lockwood, I wish you were at the —" commenced my host setting the candle on a chair, because he found it impossible to hold it steady.

"And who showed you up to this room?" he continued, crushing his nails into his palms, and grinding his teeth to subdue the maxillary convulsions. "Who was it? I've a good mind to turn them out of the house, this moment!"

"It was your servant, Zillah," I replied flinging myself, on to the floor, and rapidly resuming my garments. "I should not care if you did, Mr. Heathcliff, she richly deserves

56 WUTHERINvS HEIGHTS.

it. I suppose that she wanted to get another proof that the place was haunted, at my expense— Well, it is—swarming with ghosts and goblins. You have reason in shutting it up, I assure you. No one will thank you for a dose in such a den !"

" \A'hat do you mean ?" asked Heathcliffi \*'and what are you doing? Lie down and finish out the night, since you are here ;but, for Heaven's sake ,don't repeat that horrid noise ~ Nothing eould excuse it, unless you were having your throat cut!\*"

" If the little fiend had got in at the win dow, she probably would have strangled me !" I returned.  
" I'm not going to endure the persecutions of your hospitable ancestors, again —Was not the Reverend Jabes Branderham akin to you on the mother's side ?  
And that minx, Catherine Linton, or Earnshaw, or how ever she was called—she must have been a changling—wicked little soul! She told me  
fihe had been walking the earth these twenty





years :a just punishment for her mortal transgressions, I've no doubt!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when I recollected the association of Henthcliff's with Catherine's name in the book, which had completely slipped from my memory till thus awakened. I blushed at my inconsideration, but without showing further consciousness of the offence, I hastened to add,

"The truth is, sir, I passed the first part of the night in—" Here, I stopped afresh— I was about to say "perusing those old volumes," then it would have revealed my knowledge of their written, as well as their printed contents, so correcting myself, I went on,

" In spelling over the name scratched on that window-ledge. A monotonous occupation, calculated to set one asleep, like counting, or—"

\*\* What can you mean, by talking in this way to me !" thundered Heathcliff with savage vehemence. " How—how dare you, under my

58 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

roof— God! he's mad to speak so !" And he struck his forehead with rage.

I did not know whether to resent this language, or pursue my explanation ,but he seemed so powerfully affected that I took pity and proceeded with my dreams ,affirming I had never heard the appellation of " Catherine Linton," before, but, reading it often over produced an impression which personified itself when I had no longer my imagination under control.

Heathcliff gradually fell back into the shelter of the bed, as I spoke, finally, sitting down almost concealed behind it. I guessed, however, by his irregular and intercepted breathing, that he struggled to vanquish an access of violent emotion.

Not liking to show him that I heard the conflict, I continued my toilette rather noisily, looked at my watch, and soliloquised on the length of the night



WUTHERING HEIGHTS, 59

"Not three o'clock, yet I could have taken oath it had been six—time stagnates here—we must surely have retired to rest at eight!"

"Always at nine in winter, and always rise at four," said my host, suppressing a groan and, as I fancied, by the motion of his shadow's arm, dashing a tear from his eyes.

"Mr Lockwood," he added, "you may go into my room, you'll only be in the way, coming down stairs so early and your childish outcry has sent sleep to the devil forme."

"And for me too," I replied. "I'll walk in the yard till daylight, and then I'll be off; and you need not dread a repetition of my intrusion. I am now quite cured of seeking pleasure in society, be it country or town. A sensible man ought to find sufficient company in himself."

"Delightful company!"

"Take the candle, and go where you

please. I shall join YOU directly.  
Keep out of the yard though  
the dogs are unchained

#### 60 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

and the house—Juno mounts sentinel there— and—  
nay, you can only ramble about the steps and  
passages—but, away with you I'll come in two

minutes."

I obeyed, so far as to quit the chamber when, ignorant where the narrow lobbies led, I stood still, and was witness, involuntarily, to a piece of superstition on the part of my land lord, which belied, oddly, his apparent sense.

He got on to the bed, and wrenched open the lattice, bursting, as he pulled at it, into an uncontrollable passion of tears.

"Come in: come in!" he subbed. "Cathy, once more. Oh my heart's do come. Oh do darling, hear me this time—Catherine, at last!" The spectre showed a spectre's ordinary caprice; it gave no sign of being; but the snow and wind whirled wildly through, even reaching my station, and blowing out the light. There was such anguish in the gush of grief that accompanied this raving, that my compassion made me overlook its folly, and I drew



WDTUERING HEIGHTS. 61

of it, half angry to have listened at all, and vexed at having related my ridiculous nightmare, since it produced that agony, though why^ was beyond my comprehension.

I descended cautiously to the lower regions and landed in the back-kitchen, where a gleam of fire, raked compactly together, enabled me to rekindle my candle.

Nothing was stirring except a brindled, grey cat, which crept from the ashes, and saluted me with a querulous mew.

TWO benches, shaped in sections of a circle, nearly enclosed the hearth; on one of these I stretched myself, and Grimalkin mounted the other. We were both of us nodding, ere any one invaded our retreat, and then it was Josepli shufiliag down a wooden ladder that vanished in the roof, through a trap, the assent to his garret, I suppose.

He cast a sinister look at the little tiame which I had enticed to play between the ribs, swept the cat from its elevation, and bestowing

## 62 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

himself in the vacancy,

commenced the opera

tion of stuffing a three-inch pipe with tobacco my presence in his sanctum was evidently esteemed a

piece of impudence too shameful for remark. He

silently applied the tube to his

lips, folded his arms, and puffed away. I let him enjoy the luxury, unannoyed; and after sucking out the last wreath, and heaving a profound sigh, he got up, and departed as solemnly as he came.

A more elastic footstep entered next, and now I opened my mouth for a "good morning," but closed it again, the salutation unachieved, for Hareton Earnshaw was performing his orisons, sotto voce, in a series of curses directed against every object he touched, while he rummaged a corner, for a spade or shovel to dig through the drifts. He glanced over the back of the bench dilating his nostrils, and thought as little of exchanging civilities with me, as with my companion, the cat. I guessed by his preparations that egress



was allowed, and leaving my hard couch, made a movement to follow him. He noticed this, and thrust at an inner door with the end of his spade, intimating by an inarticulate sound, that there was the place where I must go, if I changed my locality.

It opened into the house, where the females were already astir. Zillah urging flakes of flame up the chimney with a colossal bellows and Mrs. Heathcliff, kneeling on the hearth, reading a book by the aid of the blaze.

She held her hand interposed between the furnace-heat and her eyes, and seemed absorbed in her occupation, desisting from it only to chide the servant for covering her with sparks, or to push away a dog, now and then, that snuzzled its nose over forwardly into her face.

I was surprised to see Heathcliff there also. He stood by the fire, his back towards

me, just finishing a stormy  
scene to poor Zillah, who ever  
and anon interrupted her  
labour to



64 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

pluck up the corner of her apron, and heave an indignant groan.

" And you, you worthless——" he broke out as I entered, turning to his daughter-in-law, and employing an epithet as harmless as duck, or sheep, but generally represented by a dash.

" There you are at your idle tricks again .The rest of them do earn their bread—you live on my charity! Put your trash away, and find something to do. You shall pay me for the plague of having you eternally in my sight —do you hear, damnable jade ?"

" I'll put my trash away, because you can make me, if I refuse," answered the young lady, closing her book, and throwing it on a chair. " But I'll not do anything, though you should swear your tongue out, except what I please !"

Heathcliff lifted his hand, and the speaker sprang to a safer distance, obviously acquainted with its weight.

Having no desire to be entertained by a cat



and <sup>deji</sup> combat, I stepped forward briskly, as if eager to partake the warmth of the hearth, and innocent of any knowledge of the interrupted dispute. Each had enough de- corum to suspend further hostilities, Heath cliff placed his fists, out of temptation, in his pockets: Mrs. Heathcliff curled her lip, and walked to a seat far off; where she kept her word by playing the part of a statue during the remainder of my stay.

That was not long. I declined joining their breakfast, and, at the first gleam of dawn, took an opportunity of escaping into the free air, now clear, and still, and cold as impalpable

ice.

My landlord hallooed for me to stop ere I reached the bottom of the garden, and offered to accompany me across the moor. It was well he did, for the whole hill-back was one billowy, white ocean, the swells and falls not indicating corresponding rises and depressions in the ground—many pits, at least, were filled



to a level ,and entire ranges of mounds, the refuse of the quarries, blotted from the chart which my yesterday's walk left pictured in my mind.

I had remarked on one side of the road, at intervals of six or seven yards, a line of upright stones, continued through the whole length of the barren : these were erected, and daubed with lime, on purpose to serve as guides in the dark, and also, when a fall, like the present, confounded the deep swamps on either hand with the firmer path .but, except ing a dirty dot pointing up, here and there, all traces of their existence had vanished ,and my companion found it necessary to warn me frequently to steer to the right, or left, when I imagined I was following, correctly, the windings of the road.

We exchanged little conversation, and he halted at the entrance of Thrushcross park, saying, I could make no error there. Our adieux were limited to a hasty bow, and then



## WUTHERING HEIGHTS. 67

I pushed forward, trusting to my own resources, for the norter's lodge is untenanted as yet. The distance from the gate to the Grange is twc0 to miles . I believe I managed to make it four what with losing myself among the trees, and sinking up to the neck in snow, a predicament which only those who have experienced it can appreciate. At any rate, whatever were my wanderings, the clock chimed twelve as I entered the house ,and that gave exactly an hour for every mile of the usual way from Wuthering Heights.

My human fixture, and her satellites rushed to welcome me ,exclaiming, tumultuously, they had completely given me up ,everybody conjectured that I perishfd last night ,and they were wondering how they must set about the search for my remains.

I bid them be quiet, NOW that they saw me returned, and, benumbed to my very heart, I



dragged up-stairs, whence,  
after putting on dry clothe."=,  
and pacing to and fro, thirty or

68 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

forty minutes, to restore the animal heat, I am  
adjourned to my study, feeble as a kitten, almost too  
much so to enjoy the cheerful fire, and smoking coffee  
which the servant has prepared for my refreshment.



## CHAPTER IV.

What vain weather-cocks we are ! I, who had determined to held myself independent of all social intercourse, and thanked my stars that, at length, I had lighted on a spot where it was next to impracticable. I, weak wretch, after maintaining till dusk a struggle with low spirits, and solitude, was finally compelled to strike my colours ,and, under pretence of gaining information concerning the necessities of my establishment, I desired Mrs. Dean, when she brought in supper, to sit down while

70 WUTHEKING HEIGHTS.

I ate it, hoping sincerely she would prove a regular gossip, and either rouse me to animation, or lull me to sleep by her talk.

" You have lived here a considerable time," I commenced, " did you not say sixteen years ?"

" Eighteen, sir, I came, when the mistress was married, to wait on her, after she died, the master retained me for his house-keeper." "

Indeed."

There ensued a pause. She was not a gossip, I feared, unless about her own affairs, and those could hardly interest me.

However, having studied for an interval, with a fist on either knee, and a cloud of meditation over her ruddy countenance, she ejaculated —

" Ah, times are greatly changed since then !"

" Yes," I remarked, " you've seen a good many alterations, I suppose ?"

" I have and troubles too," she said.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS. 71



" Oh, I'll turn the talk on my landlord's family!" I thought to myself. \*\* A good subject to start—and that pretty girl—widow, I should like to know her history, whether she be a native of the country, or, as is more probable, an exotic that the surly indigenae will not recognise for kin."

With this intention I asked Mrs. Dean why Heathcliff left Thrushcross Grange, and preferred living in a situation and residence so much inferior.

" Is he not rich enough to keep the estate in good order?" I enquired.

" Allich sir!" she returned. " He has, nobody knows what money, and every year it increases. Yes, yes, he's rich enough to live in a finer house than this; but he's very near close-handed, and, if he had meant to flit to Thrushcross Grange, as soon as he heard of a good tenant, he could not have borne to miss the chance of getting a few hundreds more. It



72 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

is strange people should be so greedy, when they are alone in the world !"

" He had a -eon, it seems?"

" Yes, he had one—he is dead."

" And that young lady, Mrs.

Heathcliff, is his widow ?"

\*'Yes."

" Where did she come from originally?" " Why, sir, she is my late master's daughter , Catherine Linton was her maiden name. I nursed her, poor thing .I did wish Mr. Heath cliff would remove here, and then we might have been together again."

" What, Catherine Linton !" I exclaimed, astonished. But a minute's reflection convinced

me it was not my ghostly

Catherine. " Then," I

continued, " my predecessor's name was Linton ?

" It was."

\*\* And who is that Earnshaw,

Hareton Earnshaw, who lives  
with Mr. Heathcliff? are they  
relations?"