325

1/2

Miss Emily J Brontë

Haworth

nr Keighley

Ellis Bell. Esq

Dear Sir,

I am much obliged by your kind note & shall have great pleasure in making arrangements for your next cover. I would not hurry its completion, for I think you are quite right not to let it go before the world until quite satisfied with it, for much depends on your next work if it be an improvement on your first you will have

established yourself as a
first rate novelist, but
if it fall short the critics
will be too apt to
say that you have expended
your talent in your
first novel. I shall
therefore, have pleasure
in accepting it upon the
understanding that its con-
clusion be at your own
time.

Believe me
my dear Sir
Yours truly
W Harris

Feb. 18. 1864.

Mademoiselle Bruntj

façon d'une robe mousseline laine 7"
façon d'une robe doublé ——— 9"
une fraiche ——— 2"50
taffetat gommé ——— 72
doubure en mousseline pour les
deux robes, une entierement ——— 7"

k 26"22

Pour acquit ce premier juin 1842.

Vieille Halle aux Bleds. N 36.

J. B. HERMANT,

Bottier - Cordonnier

Magasin de toute espece de Chaussure dans le dernier gout.

Pantoufles, Douillettes, Bottines, &c. &c.

Mademoiselle Boute Sur Dijon

Bruxelles, le 29 mai 1843

		Fcs	Cs
18	*1 paire bandepieds en Peau d'Chien*	*7*	*50*
	7 50		

J. Hermant

Mrs Ryder
4 Waterloo Place
Near King St
Salford.

Note a

1 Pelerine en Dentelle noir — £ 19.00

Pr acquit

Adele Heyberz

Arrondu le 16 Juin 1843

Doit Mademoiselle B...

Mars 4. a Jos. Terrier Paulin ...

	façon d'une robe lilas	5 ,, 50
	livré 2 /1 au doublures fourniture	1 ,, 25
Juillet 4.	façon d'une robe barège	6 ,, 00
	doublures fournitures	1 ,, 50
	/1 au marcelline	1 ,, 00
	5 au Cordes	0 ,, 25
	façon d'une robe de dessous fournitures	4 ,, 00
	id d'une robe de Cotori	5 ,, 00
Août 4.	id d'une pélérine	0 ,, 75
	doublures fournitures	1 ,, 60
		Frs. 27 ,, 05

Pour acquit Jos. Terrier Paulin

livré 2 bonnets a 3,50

Mademoiselle

Mademoiselle Bronte

Mérinos, Châles, Soieries et Nouveautés,

Rue de la Madeleine, N° 75.

MAGASIN DE [illegible]

[illegible]

Bruxelles, le 17 mai 1842.

Madame Lurent Doit

à M. Desirée Ollet

Pour vente et livraison des marchandises suivantes.

Bruxelles, J. Delfosse, Rue d'Assaut, 16.

Savoir:

184							
	16	a	Jambard ruy.	2	75	44	
	16	a	marteau lun.	2	75	40	
						84	

pour acquit
Desirée Ollet

64
26 " 22
90 " 22

Wuthering Heights. A Novel. By Ellis Bell. In 3 Vols.—T. C. Newby. 1847.

This is a work of great ability, and contains many chapters, to the production of which talent of no common order has contributed. At the same time, the materials which the author has placed at his own disposal have been but few. In the resources of his own mind, and in his own manifestly vivid preceptions of the peculiarities of character—in short, in his knowledge of human nature—has he found them all. An antiquated farm-house, and a neighbouring residence of a somewhat more pretending description, together with their respective inmates, amounting to some half a dozen souls in each, constitute the material and the personal components of one of the most interesting stories we have read for many a long day. The comfortable cheerfulness of the one abode, and the cheerless discomfort of the other—the latter being less the result of a cold and bleak situation, old and damp rooms, and (if we may use the term) of a sort of "haunted house" appearance, than of the strange and mysterious character of its inhabitants—the loves and marriages, separations and hatreds, hopes and disappointments, of two or three generations of the gentle occupants of the one establishment, and the ruder tenants of the other, are brought before us at one moment with a tenderness, at another with a fearfulness, which appeals to our sympathies with the truest tones of the voice of nature; and it is quite impossible to read the book—and this is no slight testimony to the merits of a work of the kind—without feeling that, if placed in the same position as any one of the characters in any page of it, the chances would be twenty to one in favour of our conduct in that position being precisely such as the author has assigned to the personages he has introduced into his domestic drama. But we must at once impose upon ourselves a task—and we confess it is a hard one—we must abstain (from a regard to the space at our disposal) from yielding to the temptation by which we are beset to enter into that minute description of the plot of this very dramatic production to which such a work has an undoubted claim. It is not every day that so good a novel makes its appearance; and to give its contents in detail would be depriving many a reader of half the delight he would experience from the perusal of the work itself. To its pages we must refer him, then; there will he have ample opportunity of sympathising—if he has one touch of nature that "makes the whole world kin"—with the feelings of childhood, youth, manhood, and age, and all the emotions and passions which agitate the restless bosom of humanity. May he derive from it the delight we have ourselves experienced, and be equally grateful to its author for the genuine pleasure he has afforded him.

mation was made to M. Piscatory, our Ambassador to Spain, who did not reckon upon leaving for Madrid till towards the end of the present month."

The Cuvier, which has just been lost, was of 320 horse-power, and carried 20 guns. It was built at Lorient, and launched on Sept. 5, 1842.

The Chamber of Deputies, on Tuesday, pursued the discussion on the address, but up to post hour nothing of interest took place.

PARIS BOURSE.—TUESDAY, FEB. 1.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

Our market, which opened rather above the close of yesterday, was afterwards affected by the news from Sicily, which caused prices to recede and close lower than those of yesterday, the last calls having been made—Threes for cash 74f. 25c., and for account 74f. 30c.; Fives at 116f. 60c. for the former, and 116f. 80c. for the latter. In liquidation the prices were 74f. 20c. and 116f. 50c. New Loan for account 75f. 20c. The share market also closed generally lower than yesterday, and was dull throughout the day.

FRENCH FUNDS, PARIS, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

	Opening price.	Closing price
French Three per Cents.	74f. 35c.	.... 74f. 25c.
Four per Cents.	99f. 50c.	.... ——
Four and a Half.....	104f.	.... ——
Five per Cents.	116f. 50c.	.... 116f. 60c.
Treasury Bonds	4¼ per cent.	.... 4¼ ditto.
Bank Actions	3185f.	.... 3190f.
Belgian Fives	99f.	.... ——
Belgian Loan, 1842	99⅛f.	.... ——
Haitian.....	300f.	.... ——
Roman Fives	95¾f.	.... 95½f.
RAILWAYS.		
Saint Germain	665f.	.... ——
Versailles (rive gauche)	190f.	.... ——
Paris and Orleans	1186f. 25c.	.... ——
Paris and Rouen	905f.	.... ——
Rouen and Havre	443f 75c.	.... ——
Marseilles and Avignon	556f. 25c.	.... 555f.
Strasburg and Bale.....	157f. 50c.	.. . 155f.
Du Nord	532f. 50c.	.... 533f. 75c.
Paris and Lyons	391f. 25c.	.. . 390f.
Paris and Strasburg	406f. 25c.	.... 405f.
Tours and Nantes	386f. 25c.	.... 385f.
Grand'Combe	1100f.	.... ——

Exchange on London, one month, money, 25f 42½c.; three months, money, 25f. 27½c.

We have advices from Madrid of the 26th ultimo. The proceedings of the Cortes are of no interest whatever. Every wish of the Government seemed to be readily acceded to; the Commitee of the Deputies on the budget had just agreed to propose, in compliance with General Narvaez's recommendation, that the budget of receipts amounting to 1,200,000,000 be voted without the Ministers being required to enter into "any details as to the revenue." In the meantime the Queen was amusing herself dancing, and music being, as it would appear, [illegible]ent, her principal pursuits. Her Majesty

our property tax of 5,000,000*l.* at 7d. in the pound? Is it not on capital? Certainly; but as certainly not a capital of gold and silver.

The foreign literature in the number is more copious than usual. The articles on Russia and the Russians, and on Switzerland, will be read with interest. The miscellaneous notices of new books are somewhat scanty.

Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey. By Ellis and Acton Bell. 3 vols. P. 8vo. T. C. Newby.

Two of these volumes contain a tale by Mr. Ellis Bell, called "Wuthering Heights," and the third volume is devoted to another story, told in an autobiographical form, by Mr. Acton Bell, and is entitled "Agnes Grey."

Dissimilar as they are in many respects, there is a distinct family likeness between these two tales; and, if our organ of comparison be not out of order, we are not far wrong in asserting that they are not so much like each other, as they are both like a novelty recently published under the editorship of Mr. Currer Bell, viz., "Jane Eyre." We do not mean to say that either of the tales now before us is equal in merit to that novel, but they have somewhat of the same fresh, original, and unconventional spirit; while the style of composition is, undoubtedly, of the same north-country, Doric school; it is simple, energetic, and apparently disdainful of prettinesses and verbal display.

Of "Agnes Grey," much need not be said, further than this, that it is the autobiography of a young lady during the time she was a governess in two different families; neither of which is a favourable specimen of the advantages of home education. We do not actually assert that the author must have been a governess himself, to describe as he does the minute torments and incessant tediums of her life, but he must have bribed some governess very largely, either with love or money, to reveal to him the secrets of her prison-house, or, he must have devoted extraordinary powers of observation and discovery to the elucidation of the subject. In either case, "Agnes Grey" is a tale well worth the writing and the reading. The heroine is a sort of younger sister to "Jane Eyre;" but inferior to her in every way. The following is, we imagine, a truthful picture of an interior:—

"However, by dint of great labour and patience, I managed to get something done in the course of the morning, and then accompanied my young charge out into the garden and adjacent grounds, for a little recreation before dinner. There we got along tolerably together, except that I found they had no notion of going with me; I must go with them wherever they chose to lead me. I must run, walk, or stand exactly as it suited their fancy. This, I thought, was reversing the order of things; and I found it doubly disagreeable, as on this as well as subsequent occasions, they seemed to prefer the dirtiest places, and the most dismal occupations. But there was no remedy; either I must follow them, or keep entirely apart from them, and thus appear neglectful of my charge. To-day, they manifested a particular attachment to a well at the bottom of the lawn, where they persisted in dabbling with sticks and pebbles, for above half an hour. I was in constant fear that their mother would see them from the window, and blame me for allowing them thus to draggle their clothes, and wet their feet and hands, instead of taking exercise; but no arguments, commands, or intreaties could draw them away. If she did not see them some one else did—a gentleman on horseback had entered the gate, and was proceeding up the road; at the distance of a few paces from us he paused, and calling to the children in a waspish, penetrating tone, bade them 'keep out of that water.'—'Miss Grey,' said he, '(I suppose it *is* Miss Grey) I am surprised that you should allow them to dirty their clothes, in that manner—Don't you see how Miss Bloomfield has soiled her frock?—and that Master Bloomfield's socks are quite wet?—and both of them without gloves! Dear! dear! Let me request that in future you will keep them decent at least!' so saying he turned away, and continued his ride up to the house. This was Mr. Bloomfield. I was surprised that he should nominate his children Master and Miss Bloomfield, and still more so, that he should speak so uncivilly to me—their governess, and a perfect stranger to himself. Presently the bell rung to summon us in. I dined with the children at one, while he and his lady took their luncheon at the same table. His conduct there did not greatly raise him in my estimation. He was a man of ordinary stature—rather below than above, and rather thin than stout, apparently between thirty and forty years of age: he had a large mouth, pale, dingy complexion, milky blue eyes, and hair the colour of a hempen cord. There was a roast leg of mutton before him: he helped Mrs. Bloomfield, the children, and me, desiring me to cut up the children's meat, then, after twisting about the mutton in various directions, and eyeing it from different points, he pronounced it not fit to be eaten, and called for the cold beef.

"'What is the matter with the mutton, my dear?' asked his mate.

"'It is quite overdone. Don't you taste, Mrs. Bloomfield, that all the goodness is roasted out of it? And can't you see that all that nice, red gravy is completely dried away.'

"'Well, I think the beef will suit you.'

"The beef was set before him, and he began to carve, but with the most rueful expressions of discontent.

"'What is the matter with the beef, Mr. Bloomfield? I'm sure I thought it was very nice.'

"'And so it was very nice. A nicer joint could not be; but it is quite spoiled,' replied he, dolefully.

"'How so?'

"'How so! Why, don't you see how it is cut? Dear—dear! it is quite shocking!'

"'They must have cut it wrong in the kitchen then, for I'm sure I carved it quite properly here, yesterday.'

"'No doubt they cut it wrong in the kitchen—the savages! Dear—dear! Did ever any one see such a fine piece of beef so completely ruined? But remember that, in future, when a decent dish leaves this table, they shall not touch it in the kitchen. Remember that, Mrs. Bloomfield!'"

"Wuthering Heights" is a strange sort of book,—baffling all regular criticism; yet, it is impossible to begin and not finish it; and quite as impossible to lay it aside afterwards and say nothing about it. In the midst of the reader's perplexity the ideas predominant in his mind concerning this book are likely to be—brutal cruelty, and semi-savage love. What may be the moral which the author wishes the reader to deduce from his work, it is difficult to say; and we refrain from assigning any, because to speak honestly, we have discovered none but mere glimpses of hidden morals or secondary meanings. There seems to us great power in this book but a purposeless power, which we feel a great desire to see turned to better account. We are quite confident that the writer of "Wuthering Heights" wants but the practised skill to make a great artist; perhaps, a great dramatic artist. His qualities are, at present, excessive; a far more promising fault, let it be remembered, than if they were deficient. He may tone down, whereas the weak and inefficient writer, however carefully he may write by rule and line, will never work up his productions to the point of beauty in art. In "Wuthering Heights," the reader is shocked, disgusted, almost sickened by details of cruelty, inhumanity, and the most diabolical hate and vengeance, and anon come passages of powerful testimony to the supreme power of love—even over demons in the human form. The women in the book are of a strange fiendish-angelic nature, tantalizing, and terrible, and the men are indescribable out of the book itself. Yet, towards the close of the story occurs the following pretty, soft picture, which comes like the rainbow after a storm.

"Both doors and lattices were open; and yet, as is usually the case in a coal district, a fine, red fire illumined the chimney; the comfort which the eye derives from it, renders the extra heat endurable. But the house of Wuthering Heights is so large, that the inmates have plenty of space for withdrawing out of its influence; and, accordingly, what inmates there were had stationed themselves not far from one of the windows. I could both see them and hear them talk before I entered; and, looked and listened in consequence, being moved thereto by a mingled sense of curiosity and envy that grew as I lingered.

"'Con-*trary!*' said a voice, as sweet as a silver bell—'That for the third time, you dunce! I'm not going to tell you, again—Recollect, or I pull your hair!'

"'Contrary, then,' answered another, in deep, but softened tones. 'And now, kiss me, for minding so well.'

"'No, read it over first correctly, without a single mistake.'

"The male speaker began to read—he was a young man, respectably dressed, and seated at a table, having a book before him. His handsome features glowed with pleasure, and his eyes kept impatiently wandering from the page to a small white hand over his shoulder, which recalled him by a smart slap on the cheek, whenever its owner detected such signs of inattention.

"Its owner stood behind; her light shining ringlets blending, at intervals, with his brown locks, as she bent to superintend his studies; and her face—it was lucky he could not see her face, or he would never have been so steady—I could, and I bit my lip, in spite, at having thrown away the chance I might have had, of doing something besides staring at its smiting beauty.

"The task was done, not free from further blunders, but the pupil claimed a reward and received, at least five kisses, which, however, he generously returned. Then, they came to the door, and from their conversation, I judged they were about to issue out and have a walk on the moors. I supposed I should be condemned in Hareton Earnshaw's heart, if not by his mouth, to the lowest pit in the infernal regions if I showed my unfortunate person in his neighbourhood then, and feeling very mean and malignant, I skulked round to seek refuge in the kitchen."

We strongly recommend all our readers who love novelty to get this story, for we can promise them that they never have read anything like it before. It is very puzzling and very interesting, and if we had space we would willingly devote a little more time to the analysis of this remarkable story, but we must leave it to our readers to decide what sort of a book it is.

By Charles Rowcroft.

who lived before the days of Homer. With the exception of Heathcliff, the story is confined to the family of Earnshaw, who intermarry with the Lintons; and the scene of their exploits is a rude old-fashioned house, at the top of one of the high moors or fells in the north of England. Whoever has traversed the bleak heights of Hartside or Cross Fell, on his road from Westmoreland to the dales of Yorkshire, and has been welcomed there by the winds and rain on a 'gusty day,' will know how to estimate the comforts of Wuthering Heights in wintry weather. But it may be as well to give the author's own sketch of the spot, taken, it should be observed, at a more genial season:

"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 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' pre-eminently. It includes kitchen, and parlour, 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, 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 underdrawn, its entire anatomy lay bare to an inquiring eye, except where a frame of wood laden with oat-cakes, and clusters of legs of beef, mutton, and ham, concealed it. Above the chimney were sundry villainous 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 countenance, 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."

This Heathcliff may be considered as the hero of the book, if a hero there be. He is a incarnation of evil qualities; implacable hate, ingratitude, cruelty, falsehood, selfishness, and revenge. He exhibits, moreover, a certain stoical endurance in early life, which enables him to 'bide his time,' and nurse [illegible] one portion of his nature, one only, wherein he appears to approximate to humanity. Like the Corsair, and other such melodramatic heroes, he is

"Linked to one virtue and a thousand crimes;"

and it is with difficulty that we can prevail upon ourselves to believe in the appearance of such a phenomenon, so near our own dwellings as the summit of a Lancashire or Yorkshire moor.

It is not easy to disentangle the incidents and set them forth in chronological order. The tale is confused, as we have said, notwithstanding that the whole drama takes place in the house that we have described, and that the sole actors are the children of Earnshaw, by birth or adoption, and their servants. The family narrative introduces us to a Mr Earnshaw, then owner of the 'Heights,' returning home with a great bundle in his arms, which he casts down before his family, and which, being disclosed, exhibits a boy that he had picked up in the streets of Liverpool,—"a dirty, ragged, black-haired child, big enough to walk and talk,—yet, when it was set on its feet, it only stared round and repeated over and over again some gibberish that nobody could understand." The child is, in fact, the future Mr Heathcliff, who is forthwith installed as a member of the family, and is speedily detested by Hindley, the son, and liked, and eventually beloved, by Catherine (or Cathy), the daughter of his benefactor.

On the death of Mr Earnshaw, his son Hindley (who was then absent) brings home a wife whom he had secretly married, and passes the remainder of a brutal and drunken life at the 'Heights,' of which he thus becomes the proprietor. Heathcliff and Catherine Earnshaw still reside there also; both of them, especially Heathcliff, enduring much from the tyranny and violence of Hindley. In the course of time, these two become acquainted (by means of an accident) with Edgar and Isabella Linton, the residents of the Grange, the only house in the neighbourhood of Wuthering Heights. Edgar Linton, a kind-hearted, effeminate boy, falls in love with Cathy, who is attached to Heathcliff, although ashamed of the love she bears him. Heathcliff overhearing her say that it would be a degradation were she to marry him, leaves the place. At the end of three years he returns, finds her the wife of Linton, and (himself) marries Isabella Linton, the husband's sister.

The story thus commenced is continued into the next generation; and after the death of all other parties concerned, Heathcliff, who survives (and who by some means, not very clearly developed, becomes owner of the Heights), forces a marriage between his weak-minded son and Cathy, the daughter of the Cathy whom he had loved in his youth. This son, who is dying at the time of the marriage, speedily leaves her a widow; and the book ends with the death of Heathcliff, and an intimation that the younger Cathy is about to become the wife of Hareton Earnshaw (the son of Hindley), who is the savage Cymon of this new Iphigenia.

We are not disposed to ascribe any particular intention to the author in drawing the character of Heathcliff, nor can we perceive any very obvious moral in the story. There are certain good rough dashes at character; some of the incidents look like real events; and the book has the merit, which must not be undervalued, of avoiding common-place and affectation. The language, however, is not always appropriate; and we entertain great doubts as to the truth, or rather the *vraisemblance* of the main character. The hardness, selfishness, and cruelty of Heathcliff are in our opinion inconsistent with the romantic love that he is stated to have felt for Catherine Earnshaw. As Nelly Dean says, "he is as hard as a whinstone." He has no gratitude, no affection, no liking for anything human except for one person, and that liking is thoroughly selfish and ferocious. He hates the son of Hindley, which is intelligible enough; but he also hates and tyrannizes over his own son and the daughter of his beloved Catherine, and this we cannot understand.

We have said that there are some good dashes at character The first Catherine is sketched thus:

"Certainly, she had ways with her such as I never saw a child take up before; and she put all of us past our patience fifty times and oftener in a day: from the hour she came down stairs, till the hour she went to bed, we had not a minute's security that she wouldn't be in mischief. Her spirits were always at high-water mark, her tongue always going—singing, laughing, and plaguing everybody who would not do the same. A wild, wick slip she was—but, she had the bonniest eye, and sweetest smile, and lightest foot in the parish: and, after all, I believe she meant no harm; for when once she made you cry in good earnest, it seldom happened that she would not keep you company; and oblige you to be quiet that you might comfort her."

She indulged herself, it seems, amongst other things, in provoking her father, who was a kind but rather peevish man.

"After behaving as badly as possible all day, she sometimes came fondling to make it up at night.

"'Nay, Cathy,' the old man would say, 'I cannot love thee, thou'rt worse than thy brother. Go, say thy prayers, child, and ask God's pardon. I doubt thy mother and I must rue that we ever reared thee!'

"That made her cry, at first; and then, being repulsed continually hardened her, and she laughed if I told her to say she was sorry for her faults, and beg to be forgiven.

"But the hour came at last that ended Mr Earnshaw's troubles on earth. He died quietly in his chair one October evening, seated by the fire-side.

"A high wind blustered round the house, and roared in the chimney: it sounded wild and stormy, yet it was not cold, and we were all together—I, a little removed from the hearth, busy at my knitting, and Joseph reading his Bible near the table (for the servants generally sat in the house then, after their work was done). Miss Cathy had been sick, and that made her still; she leant against her father's knee, and Heathcliff was lying on the floor with his head in her lap.

"I remember the master, before he fell into a doze, stroking her bonny hair—it pleased him rarely to see her gentle—and saying—

"'Why canst thou not always be a good lass, Cathy?'

"And she turned her face up to his, and laughed, and answered,

"'Why cannot you always be a good man, father?'

"But as soon as she saw him vexed again, she kissed his hand, and said she would sing him to sleep. She began singing very low, till his fingers dropped from hers, and his head sank on his breast. Then I told her to hush, and not stir, for fear she should wake him. We all kept as mute as mice a full half-hour, and should have done longer, only Joseph having finished his chapter, got up and said that he must rouse the master for prayers and bed. He stepped forward and called him by name, and touched his shoulder, but he would not move—so he took the candle and looked at him."

It turns out that he is dead; and then follows the return of Hindley, which we have before adverted to.

From what we have said, the reader will imagine that the book is full of grim pictures. Here is one. It should be premised that Heathcliff has manifested symptoms of restlessness and trouble for some time past.

"He turned abruptly to the fire, and continued, with what, for lack of a better word, I must call a smile—

"'I'll tell you what I did yesterday! I got the sexton, who was digging Linton's grave, to remove the earth off her coffin lid, and I opened it. I thought, once, I would have stayed there, when I saw her face again—it [illegible] covered it up [illegible] damn him! I wish he'd been soldered in lead. . . .

"'You were very wicked, Mr Heathcliff!' I exclaimed; 'were you not ashamed to disturb the dead?'

"'I disturbed nobody, Nelly,' he replied; 'and I gave some ease to myself. I shall be a great deal more comfortable now; and you'll have a better chance of keeping me underground, when I get there. Disturbed her! No! she has disturbed me, night and day, through eighteen years—incessantly—remorselessly—till yesternight—and yesternight, I was tranquil. I dreamt I was sleeping the last sleep, by that sleeper, with my heart stopped, and my cheek frozen against hers.'

"'And if she had been dissolved into earth, or worse, what would you have dreamt of then?' I said.

"'Of dissolving with her, and being more happy still!' he answered. 'Do you suppose I dread any change of that sort? I expected such a transformation on raising the lid, but I'm better pleased that it should not commence till I share it. Besides, unless I had received a distinct impression of her passionless features, that strange feeling would hardly have been removed. It began oddly. You know, I was wild after she died, and eternally, from dawn to dawn, praying her to return to me—her spirit—I have a strong faith in ghosts—I have a conviction that they can, and do exist, among us!

"'The day she was buried there came a fall of snow. In the evening I went to the churchyard. It blew bleak as winter—all round was solitary: I didn't fear that her fool of a husband would wander up the den so late—and no one else had business to bring them there.

"'Being alone, and conscious two yards of loose earth was the sole barrier between us, I said to myself—

"'"I'll have her in my arms again! If she be cold, I'll think it is this north wind that chills *me*; and if she be motionless, it is sleep."

"'I got a spade from the toolhouse, and began to delve with all my might—it scraped the coffin; I fell to work with my hands; the wood commenced cracking about the screws, I was on the point of attaining my object, when it seemed that I heard a sigh from some one above, close at the edge of the grave, and bending down—"If I can only get this off," I muttered, "I wish they may shovel in the earth over us both!" and I wrenched at it more desperately still. There was another sigh, close at my ear. I appeared to feel the warm breath of it displacing the sleet-laden wind. I knew no living thing in flesh and blood was by—but as certainly as you perceive the approach to some substantial body in the dark, though it cannot be discerned, so certainly I felt that Cathy was there, not under me, but on the earth.

"'A sudden sense of relief flowed, from my heart, through every limb. I relinquished my labour of agony, and turned consoled at once, unspeakably consoled. Her presence was with me; it remained while I re-filled the grave, and led me home. You may laugh if you will, but I was sure I should see her there. I was sure she was with me, and I could not help talking to her.

"'Having reached the Heights, I rushed eagerly to the door. It was fastened; and, I remember, that accursed Earnshaw and my wife opposed my entrance. I remember stopping to kick the breath out of him, and then hurrying up stairs, to my room, and hers—I looked round impatiently—I felt her by me—I could *almost* see her, and yet I *could not!* I ought to have sweat blood then, from the anguish of my yearning, from the fervour of my supplications to have but one glimpse! I had not one. She showed herself, as she often was in life, a devil to me! And, since then, sometimes more, and sometimes less, I've been the sport of that intolerable torture! Infernal—keeping my nerves at such a stretch, that, if they had not resembled catgut, they would, long ago, have relaxed to the feebleness of Linton's.

"'When I sat in the house with Hareton, it seemed that, on going out, I should meet her; when I walked on the moors I should meet her coming in. When I went from home, I hastened to return, she *must* be somewhere at the Heights, I was certain! And when I slept in her chamber—I was beaten out of that—I couldn't lie there, for the moment I closed my eyes, she was either outside the window, or sliding back the panels, or entering the room, or even resting her darling head on the same pillow as she did when a child. . . .

"Mr Heathcliff paused and wiped his forehead—his hair clung to it, wet with perspiration; his eyes were fixed on the red embers of the fire; the brows not contracted, but raised next the temples, diminishing the grim aspect of his countenance, but imparting a peculiar look of trouble, and a painful appearance of mental tension towards one absorbing subject. He only half addressed me, and I maintained silence—I didn't like to hear him talk!"

If this book be, as we apprehend it is, the first work of the author, we hope that he will produce a second,—giving himself more time in its composition than in the present case, developing his incidents more carefully, eschewing exaggeration and obscurity, and looking steadily at human life, under all its moods, for those pictures of the passions that he may desire to sketch for our public benefit. It may be well also to be sparing of certain oaths and phrases, which do not materially contribute to any character, and are by no means to be reckoned among the evidences of a writer's genius. We detest the affectation and effeminate frippery which is but too frequent in the modern novel, and willingly trust ourselves with an author who goes at once fearlessly into the moors and desolate places, for his heroes; but we must at the same time stipulate with him that he shall not drag into light all that he discovers, of coarse and loathsome, in his wanderings, but simply so much good and ill as he may find necessary to elucidate his history—so much only as may be interwoven inextricably with the persons whom he professes to paint. It is the province of an artist to modify and in some cases refine what he beholds in the ordinary world. There never was a man whose daily life (that is to say, *all* his deeds and sayings, entire and without exception) constituted fit materials for a book of fiction. Even the figures of the Greeks (which are

"In old marbles ever beautiful)"

were without doubt selected from the victors in the ancient games, and others, by Phidias and his scholars, and their forms and countenances made perfect before they were thought worthy to adorn the temple of the wise Athena.

The only book which occurs to us as resembling *Wuthering Heights* is a novel of the late Mr Hooton's,—a work of very great talent; in which the hero is a tramper or beggar, and the *dramatis personæ* all derived from humble and middle life; but which, notwithstanding its defects, we remember thinking better in its peculiar kind than anything that had been produced since the days of Fielding.

THE THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

OLYMPIC.

Mr G. V. Brooke, an actor of considerable repute in the provincial theatres, appeared here on Monday night in the character of *Othello*. We saw the most important scenes, but not the entire performance. Our opinion is drawn from portions of the second act, and the whole of the third.

Mr Brooke has many physical advantages. He has youth, a good figure of the middle size, and in some respects an excellent voice. It is full, round, and sonorous; though it seems to us to want refinement and flexibility. He is also steady in his deportment and bearing, and is evidently well-practised. He treads the stage with the air of a man who has work to do, and is prepared to do it. But here we stop. We do not think he does the work in any very notable fashion. His *Othello* is the conventional stage version, with such advantage as he brings to it in the requisites we have named.

A writer in the *Times* thinks differently, and mentions as a remarkable instance of original conception, this expression, *oh damn her!* It is matter of surprise that such remarkable originality should have been so long a common practice on the stage. It dates in our time, we believe, from Mr Kean. The same writer speaks of a "well-conceived display of indignation" at the brawl in which *Cassio* is involved. This, we presume, means the sudden break into fury at *Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil.* But we must warn Mr Brooke against such displays. They will be generally thought, we suspect, of very ill conception. *Othello* was no night-brawler, though he calls *Montano* one. In like manner we must object to the break of the voice into weeping at *Othello's occupation's gone.* A correct intelligence, to say nothing of original power, is sadly wanting in passages like these. We desire better evidence, in an actor of Shakespeare, that the poetry is understood.

We have mentioned the grounds on which we form this judgment, which we shall rejoice to find occasion to alter and correct, if more experience of future performances enable us to do so. As it is, Mr Brooke, though not an original actor, seems to us a decided acquisition to the stage. Since Mr Anderson we have had no performer with so many materials of promise in him. And these we should yet more gladly welcome, if we saw any chance of their development in the career Mr Brooke has chosen for himself, or in the present condition of what is called the legitimate drama.

We should not omit to add that Mr Brooke's reception was enthusiastic throughout all we saw of the play. We cannot tell how far the audience might be pronounced an unprejudiced one, but their demonstrations of delight at the end of the third act were ecstatic. What Mr Kean said of the Drury Lane, Mr Brooke might say of the Olympic pit. It rose at him.

THE FRENCH PLAYS.

M. Bocage, a French actor of the classic school, and deservedly esteemed, has produced a French version of the *Antigone*, with the whole of the music of Mendelssohn. Mr Benedict had the arrangement and management of the singers, and was assisted by an excellent picked band, and an efficient chorus of upwards of forty in number. The effect is peculiar. It is a representation that should be seen once, though it contains little to attract a second visit.

This is not the fault of any one concerned. It is simply too late in the day to revive these classic exhibitions. M. Bocage declaimed well, in the French fashion; and died particularly well. Madame Fechter was hardly equal to the heroine. But the music is the great attraction, and this (with the allowances for so small a theatre) is admirably performed.

SCHILLER'S USE OF BODILY SUFFERING.—I have often been acquainted with persons, both men and women, in whom this condition (of constant bodily suffering) was habitual, and who had not even a single probable hope of ever getting free from it, unless by death. To this class especially Schiller belonged. He suffered much, suffered constantly, and knew, too, that (as was actually the case) these perpetual pains were gradually drawing him nearer to death. Yet of him it might truly be said that he kept his sickness imprisoned within the limits of his body, for at whatever hour you might visit him, in whatever state you might find him, his mind was always cheerful and tranquil, and ready for friendly intercourse, and for interesting and even profound conversation. He would even say at times that a man can work better in certain states of bodily ailment—not those, of course, of acute suffering; and I have found him, while actually in this uncomfortable condition, composing poems and prose essays, in which no one, surely, could discover a trace of this circumstance of their birth.—'Letters by W. Von Humboldt.'

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL.

FRANCE.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ADELAIDE D'ORLEANS.—On the death of her Royal Highness (of which we have given full particulars elsewhere) becoming known to the Chambers, they, through their presidents, spontaneously expressed to the King their desire to give him a proof of their sympathy and respect, and his Majesty directed the minister to state that he would receive it with gratitude as the only possible consolation to his profound affliction. Accordingly, the Chancellor of France, accompanied by the high officers of the Chamber, and by nearly all the peers in costume, waited on the King on Friday, and the chancellor addressed the consolations of the Chamber to his Majesty. His Majesty replied with great warmth of expression. He was accompanied by the Queen, the Duchess d'Orleans, the princes and princesses of the royal family, all in deep mourning. The Chamber of Deputies went in a body to the Tuileries, preceded by its officers. The number of them was greater than had been seen for a long time, and there were among them members of all parties. All the chiefs of the different fractions of the dynastic opposition, M. Thiers, M. Dufaure, M. Billault, M. de Rémusat, and M. Odillon Barrot, had joined their conservative colleagues in expressing lively sympathy and profound respect for the memory of a princess distinguished by her devotedness to the King her brother, and by her love to the country. The President of the Chamber of Deputies, addressing his Majesty, merely said, in trembling accents, "Sire, we do not come to trouble your grief by words, but to associate our grief with yours, and to bring you the lively sympathies of the country." The King wept, and his tears choked his voice. The deputies who were close to him could only catch these broken phrases:—"I had hoped to-morrow to have had to thank the chamber for its reception——That would have been sweet to my heart——I feel that I am giving way to my sorrow——It is very bitter——I am touched to the heart by the testimony of your sympathy, and at seeing the chamber so numerous around me." All the ministers were present at this reception. The King and Queen, with several members of the royal family and suite, left Paris on Wednesday for Dreux, where the funeral solemnities over the remains of Madame Adelaide were celebrated. The Queen of the Belgians arrived in Paris on Tuesday evening, and left for Dreux immediately. The King and royal family returned to the Tuileries on Wednesday night.

SURRENDER OF ABD-EL-KADER.—Whatever gloomy forebodings might have been awakened by the event which flings the royal family into mourning, they were counterbalanced by the satisfactory tidings that Abd-el-Kader had not only surrendered to the Duc d'Aumale, but had already arrived a prisoner at Toulon. After the recent engagements with the troops of the Emperor of Morocco, in which the Emir was crushed by an overwhelming superiority of force and numbers, his situation had become most hazardous. No hope of escape from the pursuit of the sons of the Emperor Abderrahman, and the army commanded by them, remained, except to cross the French frontier and surrender to the prince governor of that colony. The manner of his surrender is thus described in an official despatch from the Duke d'Aumale to the Minister of War:—"A great event has just taken place; Abd-el-Kader is in our camp. Beaten by the Kabyles of Morocco, driven from the Moulouia plain by Muley-Abderrahman's forces, abandoned by most of his followers, who had sought refuge on our territory, he had thrown himself into the Beni-Snassens country, and was striving to take the road to the south, which the Emperor of Morocco had left free; but, surrounded in that direction by our cavalry, he has confided in the generosity of France, and has surrendered to me. I had informed your Excellency, the week ago, that I had written to Abd-el-Kader, to say, that if he wished to surrender, he could do so either to me, at Nemours, or to the governor at St John of Acre. As I had informed your Excellency, the week ago, that I had written to Abd-el-Kader, to say, that if he wished to surrender, he could do so either to me, at Nemours, or to the governor at St John of Acre. As as bold as it was ingenious, surprised on the night of the 11th the Moorish camps; that attack, which has inflicted great loss on the Emperor's Makgsen, appears to have been completely successful; but Abd-el-Kader had to deal with such numerous enemies, that he was compelled to stop before the multitude and the compact mass of his opponents, rather than before a defence which appears to have been almost insignificant. He therefore joined his deira and concentrated all his forces and people towards the mouth of the Moulouia, between the left bank of that river and the sea. The Moorish camps continued to draw closer the circle that enveloped him. General Lamoricière had sent to the Kaid of Ouchda thirty mule-loads of cartridges, which were distributed to the Beni-Snassens. A similar quantity had been sent to the Kaid of the Rif. The Kabyl contingents increased in all parts, and were a more formidable danger to the Emir than all the rest. Bad weather delayed the engagement for some days, and also deprived the deira of all freedom of action. On the 21st the Moulouia was fordable. The baggage and families of the Emir's companions began to pass it in order to come into the Triffa plain. Abd-el-Kader's intention was to conduct them even to our territory, and then retire to the south with such as might choose to follow him. The road had been left free by the Moors, and the Beni-Ben-Ziggous and Hamynn-Gharabas, who were still in communication with him, promised to facilitate the execution of that project. The commencement of the passing of the river was the signal for the combat, when the Kabyls, attracted by the hope of booty, engaged with fury: but the Emir's infantry and regular cavalry maintained to the last their old reputation, and resisted all day. Not a mule nor any baggage was taken. At night they had lost half of their men; the remainder dispersed; the whole deira reached the French territory, and the Moors discontinued the pursuit. Abd-el-Kader, after having in person led the emigration to our territory, and placed it in the Mesirda country, left it; a few of his party determined on following him; he lived among a fraction of the Beni-Snassens, who had remained faithful to his cause; it was thereby that he hoped to reach the south; but General Lamoricière, informed of what was passing, guessed what his design was. Twenty Spahis, commanded by an intelligent and trustworthy officer, Lieut. Ben Khouia, had been, on the evening of the 21st, on the first news arriving, sent in observation to the pass of Kerbous; reports of musketry soon denoted a combat in that direction; it was Abd-el-Kader, who was encountering our Spahis. General Lamoricière, who in the night had made his column take arms, rapidly advanced with his cavalry. The Emir had in his favour darkness, and a difficult country with numerous passes unknown to our *éclaireurs*; he could still easily flee. But two of his horsemen, brought by Ben Khouia himself, soon came up, and announced to the General that he was ready to surrender, and that he only demanded to be conducted to Alexandria or St John of Acre. The convention was immediately orally concluded, and soon after ratified in writing by General Lamoricière. This very afternoon Abd-el-Kader has been received at the Sidi Brahim Marabout by Colonel Montauban, who was soon after joined by Generals Lamoricière and Cavaignac—Sidi Brahim, the theatre of the Emir's last success, and which Providence seems to have pointed out to be the theatre of his last and most striking reverse, as a sort of expiation for the massacre of our unfortunate comrades! An hour after Abd-el-Kader was conducted to me at Nemours, whither I had arrived that very morning. I ratified the word pledged by General Lamoricière, and firmly hope that the King's government will also sanction it. I informed the Emir that I should embark him as early as to-morrow, with his family, for Oran; he submitted, but not without some emotion and repugnance—*c'est la dernière goutte du calice!* . . . . Due without fresh combats on our part, to the moral influence of France, the result we have this day obtained is immense; it was generally unhoped for. It is impossible to describe the deep sensation it has produced among the natives of this region, and the effect will be the same throughout Algeria. It is quite a revolution." A postscript, dated the morning of the 24th of December, adds:—"I think it

It is difficult to pronounce any decisive judgment on a work in which there is so much rude ability displayed, yet in which there is so much matter for blame. The scenes of brutality are unnecessarily long and unnecessarily frequent; and as an imaginative writer the author has to learn the first principles of his art. But there is singular power in his portraiture of strong passion. He exhibits it as convulsing the whole frame of nature, distracting the intellect to madness, and snapping the heart-strings. The anguish of Heathcliff on the death of Catherine approaches to sublimity.

We do not know whether the author writes with any purpose; but we can speak of one effect of his production. It strongly shows the brutalizing influence of unchecked passion. His characters are a commentary on the truth that there is no tyranny in the world like that which thoughts of evil exercise in the daring and reckless breast.

Another reflection springing from the narrative is, that temper is often spoiled in the years of childhood. "The child is father of the man." The pains and crosses of its youthful years are engrafted in its blood, and form a sullen and a violent disposition. Grooms know how often the tempers of horses are irremediably spoiled in training. But some parents are less wise regarding their children. The intellect in its growth has the faculty of accommodating itself to adverse circumstances. To violence it sometimes opposes violence, sometimes dogged obstinacy. The consequence in either case is fatal to the tranquillity of life. Young Catherine Linton is represented as a naturally sensitive, high-spirited, amiable girl; subjected to the cruel usage of her brutal stepfather, she is roused to resistance, and answers his curses with taunts, and his stripes with threatenings. Released from his tyranny, a more gracious spirit comes over her, and she is gentle and peaceful.

There are some fine passages scattered through the pages. Here is a thought on the tranquillity of death:—

"I don't know if it be a peculiarity in me, but I am seldom otherwise than happy while watching in the chamber of death, should no frenzied or despairing mourner share the duty with me. I see a repose that neither earth nor hell can break, and I feel an assurance of the endless and shadowless hereafter—the eternity they have entered—where life is boundless in its duration, and love in its sympathy, and joy in its fulness."

Of Joseph, the old sullen servant of Heathcliff, it is quaintly said, that he was "the sourest-hearted pharisee that ever searched a Bible to rake all the blessings to himself and fling all the curses to his neighbours."

The third volume of the book is made up of a separate tale relating the fortunes of a governess. Some characters and scenes are nicely sketched in it, but it has nothing to call for special notice. The volumes abound in provincialisms. In many respects they remind us of the recent novel of "Jane Eyre." We presume they proceed from one family, if not from one pen.

The tale to which we have more particularly alluded is but a fragment, yet of colossal proportion, and bearing evidence of some great design.

With all its power and originality, it is so rude, so unfinished, and so careless, that we are perplexed to pronounce an opinion on it, or to hazard a conjecture on the future career of the author. As yet it belongs to the future to decide whether he will remain a rough hewer of marble or become a great and noble sculptor.

Britannia.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Four artists new to our stage made their appearance at Drury-lane Theatre on Wednesday evening in an English version of Donizetti's well-known opera of "Linda di Chamouni"—Mrs. J. Lea, a soprano; Mr. Santiago, a tenor; Mr. J. Lea, a baritone; and Mr. Gregg, a basso profundo. Mrs. Lea undertook the difficult part of the heroine in which Madame Persiani charmed the frequenters of the Opera by her finished singing and tender acting. Mrs. Lea is known to the public as a concert-singer under the name of Miss Susan Hobbs, and has just returned from a professional tour in Italy. Her voice is agreeable, pure, aad highly cultivated, and she displays great facility of execution, but she is deficient in power for a large theatre, and she makes no attempt at acting. Mr. Santiago has a sweet, small voice, and appears to be a good musician. He labours under the same deficiencies as Mrs. Lea. Mr. J. Lea has an indifferent voice, and appeared to great disadvantage in Tamburini's celebrated part of *Antonio*. Mr. Gregg, a pupil of Staudigl's, has a voice of considerable power, and gives promise of future eminence in his profession. Miss Miran displayed her fine contralto voice to great advantage as the little Savoyard, and Mr. Weiss gave effect to the marquis. The band and chorus were very efficient, and the opera was well mounted.

admiral to the detriment of *Andrea*, a brave volunteer; but the latter is discovered to be the son of *Donato*, who has been cheated at play, and *Loredan* braves the threats of exposure of *Malipieri*. The admiral is raised after a brilliant victory to the rank of Doge, and *Haydée*, having found that *Malipieri* is the possessor of the fatal secret, accepts his offer of marriage, on the condition that the paper which he has taken from *Loredan* shall be given up. She is saved from her sacrifice by the death of *Malipieri*, killed in a duel by *Andrea*, and the Doge is thus enabled to unite *Rafaela* and *Andrea*, and to marry his own lady-love *Haydée*, who is of noble blood. Scribe has evinced great ingenuity in this story. He presents *Loredan* as overwhelmed with grief for his crime in early life; he makes him the benefactor of the family of his victim, and the saviour of his country. Powerfully acted as the part of the admiral is by M. Roger, the story excites intense interest. His scene of somnambulism was remarkably fine; and his desperation in the scene of combat, and remorse in the last acts, as strikingly depicted as if they had been acted by a first-rate tragedian instead of a tender tenor. This is in some respects a disadvantage, as without Roger "Haydée" now seems an impossibility.

Auber's freshness of inspiration and ingenious combinations in the opera are particularly striking. Nearly all the airs are encored nightly, and the concerted pieces create a great sensation. The first act opens with a pretty drinking chorus, with a solo for the tenor. The first air of *Haydée* is charming and deliciously scored. The air for the bass was not done justice to by the singer. A spirited quartet, in which *Andrea* introduces a couple of verses, is a very great favourite with the public. The finale of the last act begins with an elegant two-part barcarole, sung by *Haydée* and *Rafaela*; as this dies away, *Loredan* falling asleep on his couch, *Malipieri* comes in, and has a solo vowing vengeance. The scene of somnambulism then begins: the prominent subject is a melody, "Ah! que Venise est belle;" and this glides in at various times, whilst the entire action of playing the fatal game is a most marvellous and histrionic triumph for Roger.

There is an entr'acte describing a battle-piece, of a vigorous character, which with a first-rate orchestra like that of Costa would have an amazing effect. A chorus of victory, at the rising of the curtain at the second act, is full of animation. *Rafaela* has an exquisite air, the theme of which is heard in the overture on the oboe. Then comes a gem, "La corvette qui attend la brise," one of the loveliest melodies ever heard. *Domenico* asks *Haydée* to sing this

Literature.

Wuthering Heights. A Novel. 3 vols. By Ellis Bell. Newby.

There are scenes of savage wildness in nature which, though they inspire no pleasurable sensation, we are yet well satisfied to have seen. In the rugged rock, the gnarled roots which cling to it, the dark screen of overhanging vegetation, the dank, moist ground and tangled network of weeds and bushes,—even in the harsh cry of solitary birds, the cries of wild animals, and the startling motion of the snake as it springs away scared by the intruder's foot,—there is an image of primeval rudeness which has much to fascinate, though nothing to charm, the mind. The elements of beauty are round us in the midst of gloom and danger, and some forms are the more picturesque from their distorted growth amid so many obstacles. A tree clinging to the side of a precipice may more attract the eye than the pride of a plantation.

The principle may, to some extent, be applied to life. The uncultured freedom of native character presents more rugged aspects than we meet with in educated society. Its manners are not only more rough but its passions are more violent. It knows nothing of those breakwaters to the fury of tempest which civilized training establishes to subdue the harsher workings of the soul. Its wrath is unrestrained by reflection; the lips curse and the hand strikes with the first impulse of anger. It is more subject to brutal instinct than to divine reason.

It is humanity in this wild state that the author of "Wuthering Heights" essays to depict. His work is strangely original. It bears a resemblance to some of those irregular German tales in which the writers, giving the reins to their fancy, represent personages as swayed and impelled to evil by supernatural influences. But they give spiritual identity to evil impulses, while Mr. Bell more naturally shows them as the natural offspring of the unregulated heart. He displays considerable power in his creations. They have all the angularity of misshapen growth, and form in this respect a striking contrast to those regular forms we are accustomed to meet with in English fiction. They exhibit nothing of the composite character. There is in them no trace of ideal models. They are so new, so wildly grotesque, so entirely without art, that they strike us as proceeding from a mind of limited experience, but of original energy, and of a singular and distinctive cast.

In saying this we indicate both the merits and faults of the tale. It is in parts very unskilfully constructed: many passages in it display neither the grace of art nor the truth of nature, but only the vigour of one positive idea,—that of passionate ferocity. It blazes forth in the most unsuitable circumstances, and from persons the least likely to be animated by it. The author is a Salvator Rosa with his pen. He delineates forms of savage grandeur when he wishes to represent sylvan beauty. His Griseldas are furies, and his swains Polyphemi. For this reason his narrative leaves an unpleasant effect on the mind. There are no green spots in it on which the mind can linger with satisfaction. The story rushes onwards with impetuous force, but it is the force of a dark and sullen torrent, flowing between high and rugged rocks.

It is permitted to painting to seize one single and eccentric kind—by a country gentleman. At the time the book opens, this Heathcliff, then past the middle of life, has the estate of his benefactor, together with a neighbouring property. A gentleman of shy and solitary disposition takes a mansion from him, lured to the spot by its secluded position and air of perfect repose. He visits his landlord in his inhospitable and desolate dwelling. He finds him brutal in his language and sentiments, and cruel in his conduct. He keeps almost as close prisoners a stout and handsome, but clownish, youth, and a girl of extreme beauty, but of cold, repelling, and haughty manners. She is subject to the power of Heathcliff, but she defies it, and answers his menaces and blows with scorn and sarcasm. The visitor finds in the house traces of a history of violence and wrong, and, when he returns to his dwelling, he hears from his housekeeper what that history is.

In saying this we indicate both the merits and faults of the tale. It is in parts very unskilfully constructed: many passages in it display neither the grace of art nor the truth of nature, but only the vigour of one positive idea,—that of passionate ferocity. It blazes forth in the most unsuitable circumstances, and from persons the least likely to be animated by it. The author is a Salvator Rosa with his pen. He delineates forms of savage grandeur when he wishes to represent sylvan beauty. His Griseldas are furies, and his swains Polyphemi. For this reason his narrative leaves an unpleasant effect on the mind. There are no green spots in it on which the mind can linger with satisfaction. The story rushes onwards with impetuous force, but it is the force of a dark and sullen torrent, flowing between high and rugged rocks.

It is permitted to painting to seize one single aspect of nature, and, as the pleasure arising from its contemplation proceeds partly from love of imitation, objects unattractive in themselves may be made interesting on canvass. But in fiction this kind of isolation is not allowed. The exhibition of one quality or passion is not sufficient for it. So far as the design extends it must present a true image of life, and if it takes in many characters it must show them animated by many motives. There may be a predominant influence of one strong emotion, perhaps that is necessary to unity of effect, but it should be relieved by contrasts, and set off by accessories. "Wuthering Heights" would have been a far better romance if Heathcliff alone had been a being of stormy passions, instead of all the other characters being nearly as violent and destructive as himself. In fiction, too, as the imitation of nature can never be so vivid and exact as in painting, that imitation is insufficient of itself to afford pleasure, and when it deals with brutal subjects it becomes positively disgusting. It is of course impossible to prescribe rules for either the admission or the rejection of what is shocking and dreadful. It is nothing to say that reality is faithfully followed. The aim of fiction is to afford some sensation of delight. We admit we cannot rejoice in the triumph of goodness—that triumph which consists in the superiority of spirit to body—without knowing its trials and sufferings. But the end of fictitious writings should always be kept in view: and that end is not merely mental excitement, for a very bad book may be very exciting. Generally we are satisfied there is some radical defect in those fictions which leave behind them an impression of pain and horror. It would not be difficult to show why this is, and must be, the case, but it would lead us into deeper considerations than are appropriate to this article.

Mr. Ellis Bell's romance is illuminated by some gleams of sunshine towards the end which serve to cast a grateful light on the dreary path we have travelled. Flowers rise over the grave of buried horrors. The violent passions of two generations are closed in death, yet in the vision of peace with which the tale closes we almost fear their revival in the warped nature of the young survivors.

Heathcliff is the central character of the piece. He is a gipsy foundling, and has been adopted from a feeling of benevolence—though of a rough

From Britannia-

The gipsy boy had been brought up by the squire who found him, with a son and daughter of his son. The girl conceives a strong attachment for him, but the son hates and envies him. With that perversity of disposition which we have remarked as running through the book, this dislike of his own heir to the stranger is sufficient to ensure for him the favour of the old squire. The two boys are always quarrelling, and thus we have early a sample of the malignity and violence which mark nearly the whole of the characters.

With the death of the squire, his son, Hindley Earnshaw, comes into possession of the estate, and young Heathcliff is degraded to the stables; but Catherine Earnshaw, whose passions are as strong as his own, continues to make him her companion in secret. This continues till the girl has visited the neighbouring mansion of Mr. Linton, and has contracted a love of dress, and an affection for young Edgar Linton, in all respects a contrast to Heathcliff. He is very fair and handsome, and naturally of a gentle temper. The stormy passions of Catherine alarm him, but do not shake his attachment to her. They are married, and Heathcliff flies the neighbourhood. He returns in a few years' time, and has then a distinguished air, and is possessed of wealth; but we are not informed of his adventures. The affection of Catherine for him returns. The devotion of her husband has failed to satisfy her impetuous character, yet her interviews with Heathcliff consist only of stormy altercation. Mr. Linton enters the room during one of these meetings, and orders Heathcliff to leave it. As a specimen of the brutality to which we have alluded, we may quote a passage from this scene between Linton and his wife, Catherine, and Heathcliff. The housekeeper, Ellen, is the narrator :—

"'Have you been listening at the door, Edgar?' asked the mistress, in a tone particularly calculated to provoke her husband, implying both carelessness and contempt of his irritation.

"Heathcliff, who had raised his eyes, gave a sneering laugh, on purpose, it seemed, to draw Mr. Linton's attention to him. He succeeded; but Edgar did not mean to entertain him with any high flights of passion.

"'I have been so forbearing with you, sir,' he said quietly; 'not that I was ignorant of your miserable, degraded character, but I felt you were only partly responsible for that; and, Catherine wishing to keep up your acquantance, I acquiesced foolishly. Your presence is a moral poison which would contaminate the most virtuous; for that cause, and to prevent worse consequences, I shall deny you hereafter admission into this house, and give notice now that I require your instant departure. Three minutes' delay will render it involuntary and ignominious.'

"Heathcliff measured the height and breadth of the speaker with an eye full of derision. 'Cathy, this lamb of yours threatens like a bull,' he said. 'It is in danger of splitting its skull against my knuckles. Mr. Linton, I'm mortally sorry you are not worth knocking down!'

"My master glanced towards the passage, and signed me to fetch the men. He had no intention of hazarding a personal encounter. I obeyed the hint; but Mrs. Linton, suspecting something, followed, and, when I attempted to call them, she pulled me back, slammed the door to, and locked it.

"'Fair means!' she said, in answer to her husband's look of angry surprise. 'If you have not the courage to attack him, make him an apology, or allow yourself to be beaten. It will correct you of feigning more valour than you possess. No; I'll swallow the key before you shall get it! I'm delightfully rewarded for my kindness to each. After constant indulgence of one's weak nature, and the other's bad one, I earn, for thanks, two samples of blind ingratitude stupid almost to absurdity! Edgar, I was defending you and yours, and I wish Heathcliff may flog you sick for daring to think an evil thought of me.'

"It did not need the medium of a flogging to produce that effect on the master. He tried to wrest the key from Catherine's grasp; and, for safety, she flung it into the hottest part of the fire; whereupon Mr. Edgar was taken with a nervous trembling, and his countenance grew deadly pale. He leant on the back of a chair, and covered his face.

"'Oh, heavens! in old days this would win you knighthood,' exclaimed Mrs. Linton. 'We are vanquished! we are vanquished! Heathcliff would as soon lift a finger against you as the king would march his army against a colony of mice. Cheer up, you shan't be hurt! Your type is not a lamb. It's a sucking leveret!'

"'I wish you joy of the milk-blooded coward, Cathy!' said her friend. 'I compliment you on your taste; and that is the slavering, shivering thing you preferred to me! I would not strike him with my fist, but kick him with my foot, and experience considerable satisfaction. Is he weeping or is he going to faint with fear?'"

We need not go further. This passage is a fair sample of the book. We must suppose that the characters are drawn from the very lowest class of life; that they are the inhabitants of an isolated and uncivilized district; or that they are under some demoniac influence.

Mr. Linton has a sister, Isabella, represented as

of the same mild character as himself. She is fascinated by the singular attributes of Heathcliff, and elopes with him. In a short time she becomes infuriated with his ill usage. The ill-matched pair return to their native neighbourhood. Heathcliff is wealthy; he has advanced money to his old adversary Hindley Earnshaw (now a drunken brawler), has obtained the mastery over him, and lives in his dwelling; but Earnshaw hates him as bitterly as ever. He forms a scheme to shoot his foe when he attempts to enter the house. Isabella is aware of it, and, in answer to her husband's demand for admittance, replies:—

"I cannot commit murder. Mr. Earnshaw stands sentinel with a knife and loaded pistol."

From her casement she taunts her husband bitterly as he stands shivering in the snow, and, as she does so, Earnshaw comes up and prepares to take a shot at the enemy. Isabella, who is herself the narrator of this scene, writes:—

"I'm afraid, Ellen, you'll set me down as really wicked; but you don't know all, so don't judge! I wouldn't have aided or abetted an attempt even on *his* life for anything. Wish that he were dead I must, and, therefore, I was fearfully disappointed and unnerved by terror for the consequences of my taunting speech when he flung himself upon Earnshaw's weapon, and wrenched it from his grasp.

"The charge exploded, and the knife, in springing back, closed into its owner's wrist. Heathcliff pulled it away by main force, slitting up the flesh as it passed on, and thrust it dripping into his pocket. He then took a stone, struck down a division between two windows, and sprung in. His adversary had fallen senseless with excessive pain, and the flow of blood that gushed from an artery or large vein. The ruffian kicked and trampled on him, and dashed his head repeatedly against the flags, holding me with one hand meantime to prevent me from summoning Joseph."

Frays of this kind are frequent throughout the book, and, as in the case of Isabella, described as mild and amiable, the gentler characters often take an active part in them.

Catherine dies of contending passions on hearing of Heathcliff's marriage as she gives birth to a female infant. The struggles of her breast between pride, wayward impulse, and a dim sense of duty, are delineated with a powerful pen. Isabella, after long brutal usage from her husband, also dies, leaving behind her one weak boy. Earnshaw drinks himself to death, leaving a son, Hareton. Heathcliff takes possession of the estate of the lad, and thenceforth plots to obtain that of his neighbour, Mr. Linton.

The daughter is named from her mother, Catherine, and has much of her mother's wilful nature. She meets the sickly child of Heathcliff in her youthful rambles. Heathcliff favours their clandestine intimacy, and at last carries off Catherine, and weds her to his son. She escapes only to receive the last breath of her father. Heathcliff immediately obtains possession of her person, and seizes [illegible] estate. His son dies speedily after the marriage. All this is wildly told, and is extremely improbable as relating to modern times, though it would perhaps have been less so a century or two back.

It is at this point that the visitor finds the family. Heathcliff holds his daughter-in-law, Catherine, in bondage, usurping her estate, and the rough clownish youth is Hareton Earnshaw. The visitor quits the neighbourhood for some months. When he returns to it there is a change. Heathcliff's fits of rage had become mingled with remorse; he visits often the grave of the Catherine he had loved in his youth; the days of his childhood come back to him; he becomes desperate on thinking what he is, and what he might have been. But it is easier to die than to amend. He takes his resolution. He will neither eat nor drink, and at last is found dead in his room.

Hareton Earnshaw yields himself obediently to Catherine's instructions. There is a calm picture of their pursuits and love at the end of the narrative. Before he leaves the scene for ever the visitor goes to the churchyard. He remarks three graves there together; that of Catherine Linton is in the middle; on one side of her is her husband Linton, on the other Heathcliff. The country people report that the unquiet spirit of the latter walks at night, but the visitor moralizing over the tomb says:—

"I lingered round the graves under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and hare-bells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass; and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth."

Wuthering Heights. By ELLIS BELL. 2 Vols.
Agnes Grey. By ACTON BELL. 1 Vol. London: T. C. Newby. 184?.

ABOUT two years ago a small volume of poems by "Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell" was given to the world. The poems were of varying excellence; those by Currer Bell, for the most part, exhibiting the highest order of merit; but, as a whole, the little work produced little or no sensation, and was speedily forgotten. Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell have now all come before us as novelists, and all with so much success as to make their future career a matter of interesting speculation in the literary world.

Whether, as there is little reason to believe, the names which we have written are the genuine names of actual personages—whether they are, on the other hand, mere publishing names, as is our own private conviction—whether they represent three distinct individuals, or whether a single personage is the actual representative of the "three gentlemen at once" of the title-pages—whether the authorship of the poems and the novels is to be assigned to one gentleman or to one lady, to three gentlemen or three ladies, or to a mixed male and female triad of authors—are questions over which the curious may puzzle themselves, but are matters really of little account. One thing is certain; as in the poems, so in the novels, the signature of "Currer Bell" is attached to pre-eminently the best performance. We were the first to welcome the author of *Jane Eyre* as a new writer of no ordinary power. A new edition of that singular work has been called for, and we do not doubt that its success has done much to ensure a favourable reception for the volumes which are now before us.

Wuthering Heights is a strange, inartistic story. There are evidences in every chapter of a sort of rugged power—an unconscious strength—which the possessor seems never to think of turning to the best advantage. The general effect is inexpressibly painful. We know nothing in the whole range of our fictitious literature which presents such shocking pictures of the worst forms of humanity. *Jane Eyre* is a book which affects the reader to tears; it touches the most hidden sources of emotion. *Wuthering Heights* casts a gloom over the mind not easily to be dispelled. It does not soften; it harasses, it exenterates. There are passages in it which remind us of the *Nowlans* of the late John Banim; but of all pre-existent works the one which it most recalls to our memory is the *History of Mathew Wald.* It has not, however, the unity and concentration of that fiction; but is a *sprawling* story, carrying us, with no mitigation of anguish, through two generations of sufferers—though one presiding evil genius sheds a grim shadow over the whole, and imparts a singleness of malignity to the somewhat disjointed tale. A more natural unnatural story we do not remember to have read. Inconceivable as are the combinations of human degradation which are here to be found moving within the circle of a few miles, the *vraisemblance* is so admirably preserved; there is so much truth in what we may call the *costumery* (not applying the word in its narrow acceptation)—the general mounting of the entire piece—that we readily identify the scenes and personages of the fiction; and when we lay aside the book it is some time before we can persuade ourselves that we have held nothing more than imaginary intercourse with the ideal creations of the brain. The reality of unreality has never been so aptly illustrated as in the scenes of almost savage life which Ellis Bell has brought so vividly before us.

The book sadly wants relief. A few glimpses of sunshine would have increased the reality of the picture and given strength rather than weakness to the whole. There is not in the entire *dramatis personæ* a single character which is not utterly hateful or thoroughly contemptible. If you do not detest the person, you despise him; and if you do not despise him, you detest him with your whole heart. Hindley, the brutal, degraded sot, strong in the desire to work all mischief, but impotent in his degradation; Linton Heathcliff, the miserable, drivelling coward, in whom we see selfishness in its most abject form; and Heathcliff himself, the presiding evil genius of the piece, the tyrant father of an imbecile son, a creature in whom every evil passion seems to have reached a gigantic excess—form a group of deformities such as we have rarely seen gathered together on the same canvas. The author seems to have designed to throw some redeeming touches into the character of the brutal Heathcliff, by portraying him as one faithful to the "idol of his boyhood"—loving to the very last—long, long after death had divided them, the unhappy girl who had cheered and brightened up the early days of his wretched life. Here is the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin—but it fails of the intended effect. There is a selfishness—a ferocity in the love of Heathcliff, which scarcely suffer it, in spite of its rugged constancy, to relieve the darker parts of his nature. Even the female characters excite something of loathing and much of contempt. Beautiful and loveable in their childhood, they all, to use a vulgar expression, "turn out badly." Catherine the elder—wayward, impatient, impulsive—sacrifices herself and her lover to the pitiful ambition of becoming the wife of a gentleman of station. Hence her own misery—her early death—and something of the brutal wickedness of Heathcliff's character and conduct; though we cannot persuade ourselves that even a happy love would have tamed down the natural ferocity of the tiger. Catherine the younger is more sinned against than sinning, and in spite of her grave moral defects, we have some hope of her at the last.

Wuthering Heights is not a book the character of which it is very easy to set forth in extract; but the following scene in which Catherine and Heathcliff—the lovers of early days, each wedded to another—are the actors, will afford a glimpse of Ellis Bell's power. Catherine, it must be premised, is dying; and, through the agency of a servant, Heathcliff has obtained admittance to the sick chamber:—

With straining eagerness Catherine gazed towards the entrance of her chamber. He did not hit the right room directly; she motioned me to admit him; but he found it out ere I could reach the door, and in a stride or two was at her side, and had her grasped in his arms.

He neither spoke, nor loosed his hold, for some five minutes, during which period he bestowed more kisses than ever he gave in his life before, I dare say; but then my mistress had kissed him first, and I plainly saw that he could hardly bear, for downright agony, to look into her face! The same conviction had stricken him as me, from the instant he beheld her, that there was no prospect of ultimate recovery there—she was fated, sure to die.

"Oh, Cathy! Oh my life! how can I bear it?" was the first sentence he uttered, in a tone that did not seek to disguise his despair.

And now he stared at her so earnestly that I thought the very intensity of his gaze would bring tears into his eyes; but they burned with anguish, they did not melt.

"What now?" said Catherine, leaning back, and returning his look with a suddenly clouded brow—her humour was a mere vane for constantly varying caprices. "You and Edgar have broken my heart, Heathcliff! And you both come to bewail the deed to me, as if you were the people to be pitied! I shall not pity you, not I. You have killed me—and thriven on it, I think. How strong you are! How many years do you mean to live after I am gone?"

Heathcliff had knelt on one knee to embrace her; he attempted to rise, but she seized his hair, and kept him down.

"I wish I could hold you," she continued, bitterly, "till we were both dead! I shouldn't care what you suffered. I care nothing for your sufferings. Why shouldn't you suffer? I do! Will you forget me—will you be happy when I am in the earth? Will you say twenty years hence, 'That's the grave of Catherine Earnshaw. I loved her long ago, and was wretched to lose her; but it is past. I've loved many others since—my children are dearer to me than she was, and, at death, I shall not rejoice that I am going to her, I shall be sorry that I must leave them!' Will you say so, Heathcliff?"

"Don't torture me till I'm as mad as yourself," cried he, wrenching his head free, and grinding his teeth.

The two, to a cool spectator, made a strange and fearful picture. Well might Catherine deem that Heaven would be a land of exile to her, unless, with her mortal body, she cast away her mortal character also. Her present countenance had a wild vindictiveness in its white cheek, and a bloodless lip, and scintillating eye; and she retained, in her closed fingers, a portion of the locks she had been grasping. As to her companion, while raising himself with one hand he had taken her arm with the other; and so inadequate was his stock of gentleness to the requirements of her condition, that on his letting go, I saw four distinct impressions left blue in the colourless skin.

"Are you possessed with a devil," he pursued, savagely, "to talk in that manner to me, when you are dying? Do you reflect that all those words will be branded in my memory, and eating deeper eternally, after you have left me? You know you lie to say I have killed you; and, Catherine, you know that I could as soon forget you as my existence! Is it not sufficient for your infernal selfishness, that while you are at peace I shall writhe in the torments of hell?"

"I shall not be at peace," moaned Catherine, recalled to a sense of physical weakness by the violent, unequal throbbing of her heart, which beat visibly, and audibly under this excess of agitation.

She said nothing further till the paroxysm was over; then she continued, more kindly—

"I'm not wishing you greater torment than I have, Heathcliff! I only wish us never to be parted—and should a word of mine distress you hereafter, think I feel the same distress underground, and for my own sake, forgive me! Come here and kneel down again! You never harmed me in your life. Nay, if you nurse anger, that will be worse to remember than my harsh words! Wont you come here again? Do!"

Heathcliff went to the back of her chair, and leant over, but not so far as to let her see his face, which was livid with emotion. She bent round to look at him; he would not permit it; turning abruptly, he walked to the fire-place, where he stood, silent, with his back towards us.

Mrs. Linton's glance followed him suspiciously: every movement woke a new sentiment in her. After a pause, and a prolonged gaze, she resumed, addressing me in accents of indignant disappointment.

"Oh, you see, Nelly! he would not relent a moment, to keep me out of the grave! *That* is how I'm loved! Well, never mind! That is not *my* Heathcliff. I shall love mine yet; and take him with me—he's in my soul. And," added she, musingly, "the thing that irks me most is this shattered prison, after all. I'm tired, tired of being enclosed here. I'm wearying to escape into that glorious world, and to be always there; not seeing it dimly through tears, and yearning for it through the walls of an aching heart; but really with it, and in it. Nelly, you think you are better and more fortunate than I; in full health and strength—you are sorry for me—very soon that will be altered. I shall be sorry for *you*. I shall be incomparably beyond and above you all. I *wonder* he wont be near me!" She went on to herself. "I thought he wished it. Heathcliff dear! you should not be sullen now. Do come to me, Heathcliff."

In her eagerness she rose, and supported herself on the arm of the chair. At that earnest appeal, he turned to her, looking absolutely desperate. His eyes wide, and wet, at last, flashed fiercely on her; his breast heaved convulsively. An instant they held asunder; and then how they met I hardly saw, but Catherine made a spring, and he caught her, and they were locked in an embrace from which I thought my mistress would never be released alive. In fact, to my eyes, she seemed directly insensible. He flung himself into the nearest seat, and on my approaching hurriedly to ascertain if she had fainted, he gnashed at me, and foamed like a mad dog, and gathered her to him with greedy jealousy. I did not feel as if I were in the company of a creature of my own species; it appeared that he would not understand, though I spoke to him; so, I stood off, and held my tongue in great perplexity.

A movement of Catherine's relieved me a little presently: she put up her hand to clasp his neck, and bring her cheek to his, as he held her: while he, in return, covering her with frantic caresses, said wildly—

"You teach me now how cruel you've been—cruel and false. *Why* did you despise me? *Why* did you betray your own heart, Cathy? I have not one word of comfort—you deserve this. You have killed yourself. Yes, you may kiss me, and cry; and wring out my kisses and tears. They'll blight you—they'll damn you. You loved me—then what *right* had you to leave me? What right—answer me—for the poor fancy you felt for Linton? Because misery, and degradation, and death, and nothing that God or satan could inflict would have parted us, *you*, of your own will, did it. I have not broken your heart—*you* have broken it—and in breaking it, you have broken mine. So much the worse for me, that I am strong. Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you—oh God! would you like to live with your soul in the grave?"

"Let me alone. Let me alone," sobbed Catherine. "If I've done wrong, I'm dying for it. It is enough! You left me too; but I wont upbraid you! I forgive you. Forgive me!"

"It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes, and feel those wasted hands," he answered. "Kiss me again; and don't let me see your eyes! I forgive what you have done to me. I love *my* murderer—but *yours!* How can I?"

They were silent—their faces hid against each other, and washed by each other's tears. At least, I suppose the weeping was on both sides; as it seemed Heathcliff *could* weep on a great occasion like this.

This is at least forcible writing; but, to estimate it aright, the reader must have all the scenic accompaniments before him. He must not fancy himself in a London mansion; but in an old north-country manor-house, situated on "the dreary, dreamy moorland," far from the haunts of civilised men. There is, at all events, keeping in the book—the groups of figures and the scenery are in harmony with each other. There is a touch of Salvator-Rosa in all.

Agnes Grey is a story of a very different stamp. It is a tale of every-day life, and though not wholly free from exaggeration (there are some detestable young ladies in it), does not offend by any very startling improbabilities. It is more level and more sunny. Perhaps we shall best describe it as a somewhat coarse imitation of one of Miss Austin's charming stories. Like *Jane Eyre*, it sets forth some passages in the life of a governess; but the incidents, wound up with the heroine's marriage to a country clergyman, are such as might happen to any one in that situation of life, and, doubtless, have happened to many. There is a want of distinctness in the character of Agnes, which prevents the reader from taking much interest in her fate—but the story, though lacking the power and originality of *Wuthering Heights*, is infinitely more agreeable. It leaves no painful impression on the mind—some may think it leaves no impression at all. We are not quite sure that the next new novel will not efface it; but *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* are not things to be forgotten. The work of Currer Bell is a great performance; that of Ellis Bell is only a promise, but it is a colossal one.

Ma chère Charlotte,

Bruxelles, le 1er Décembre 1842.

Mlle Demoiselle - Charlotte Brunet

Marcellon

MARDI 24 OCTOBRE 1843,

á 8 heures du soir,

GRAND CONCERT

DONNÉ PAR

Mme LATY,

Mrs EMILIANI ET ALARY,

Dans la Salle de la Société Royale de la Grande Harmonie.

PROGRAMME.

1° Duo de *Norma*, ... *Bellini.*
chanté par Mmes Van Praag Hillen et Laty.

2° Adagio, thème et variations pour le violon, composés et exécutés par M. Emiliani.

3° Duo de *Picaros et Diego*, ... *Dalayrac.*
chanté par Mrs Cornelis et Geraldy.

4° { Air de *Rinaldo*, ... *Haendel.*
{ Air d'Église (1667), ... *Stradella.*
chantés par Mme Laty.

5° Élégie pour violon, ... *Ernst.*
exécutée par Mr Emiliani.

6° Quatuor de l'*Irato*, ... *Mehul.*
chanté par Mmes Van Praag Hillen, Laty et Mrs Cornelis et Geraldy.

7° Air chanté par Mme Van Praag Hillen.

8° Fantaisie pour violon, composée et exécutée par Mr Émiliani.

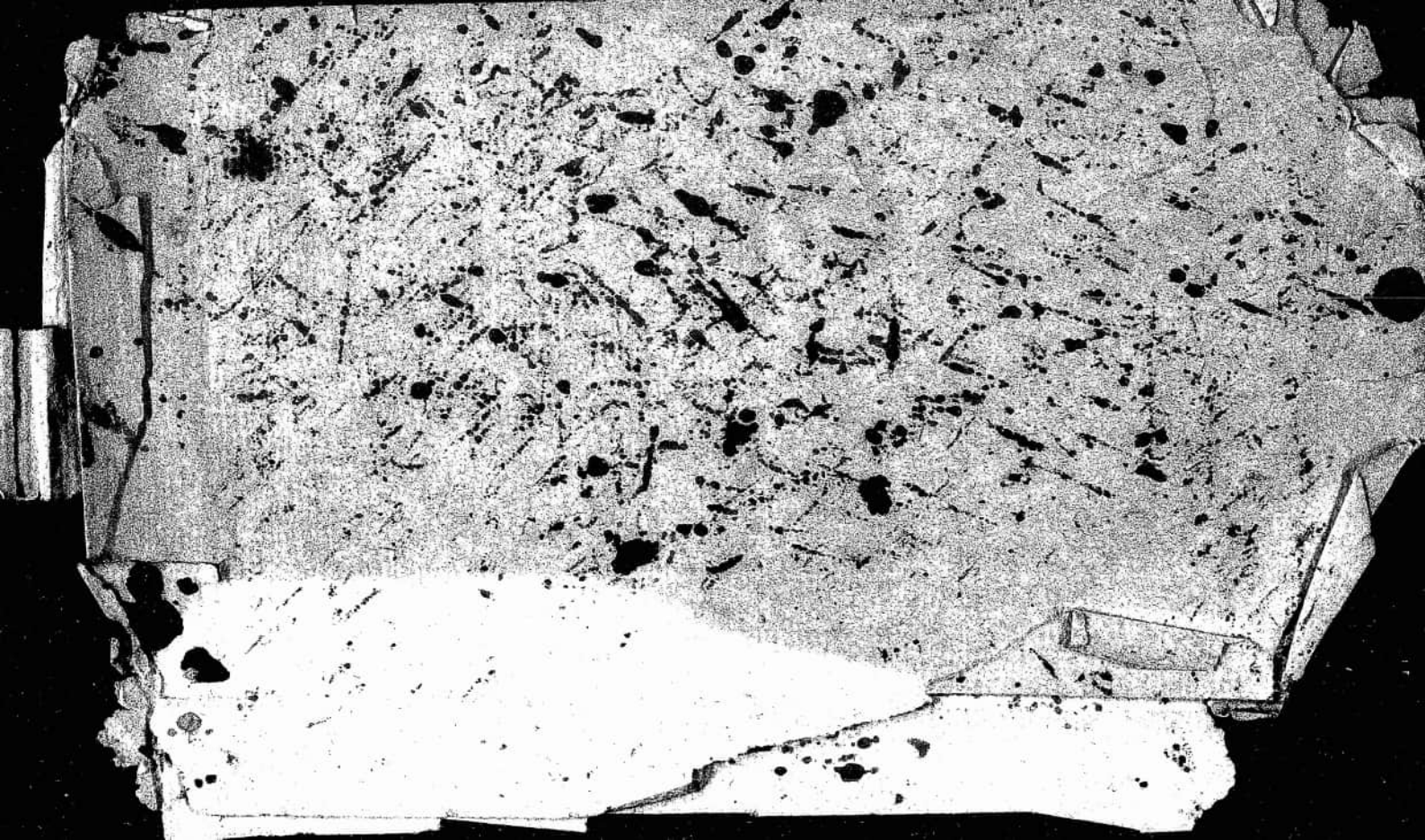
9° Scène et Romance de *Rosmunda*, avec accompagnement de voix, . *Alary.*
chantées par Mmes Laty, Van Praag Hillen, Mrs Cornelis, Devries, d'Hooghe et Geraldy.

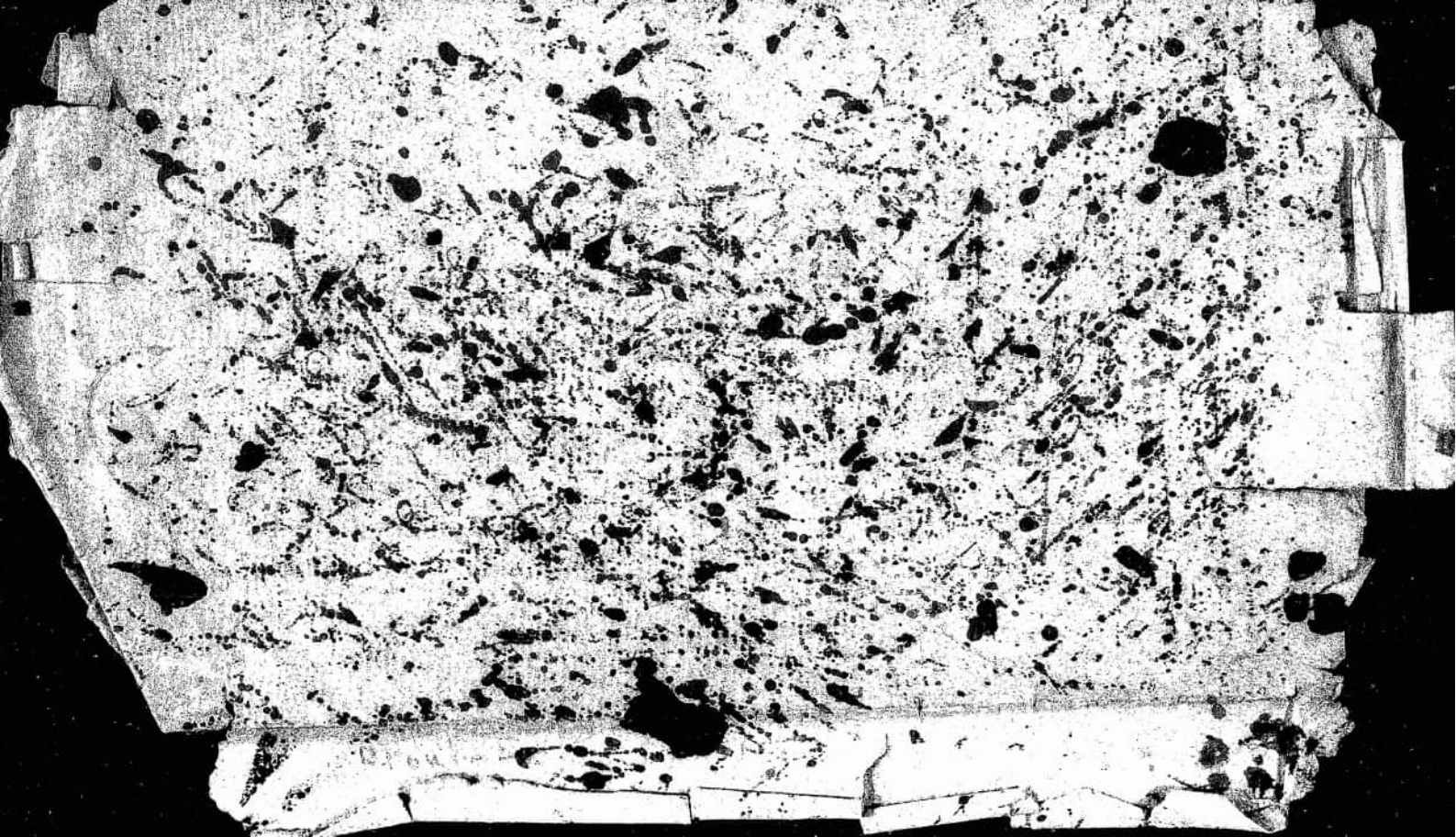
Le Piano sera tenu par M. ALARY.

Brux. Imp. de J. JOREZ, rue au Beurre.

1/9

Diploma.
given to me
by
Monsieur Regen
Dec^r 29^th 1843





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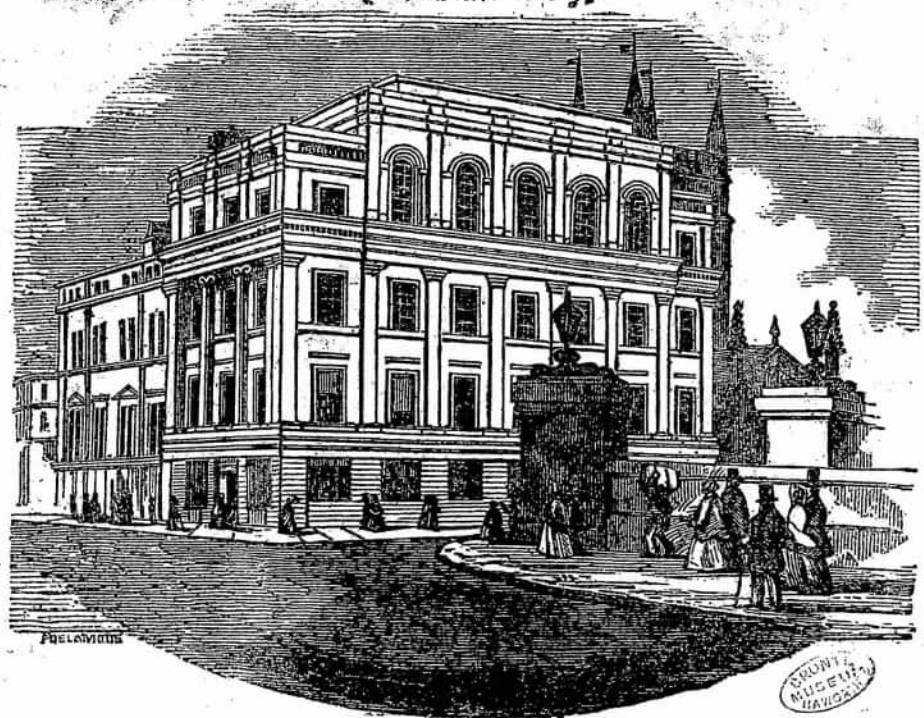

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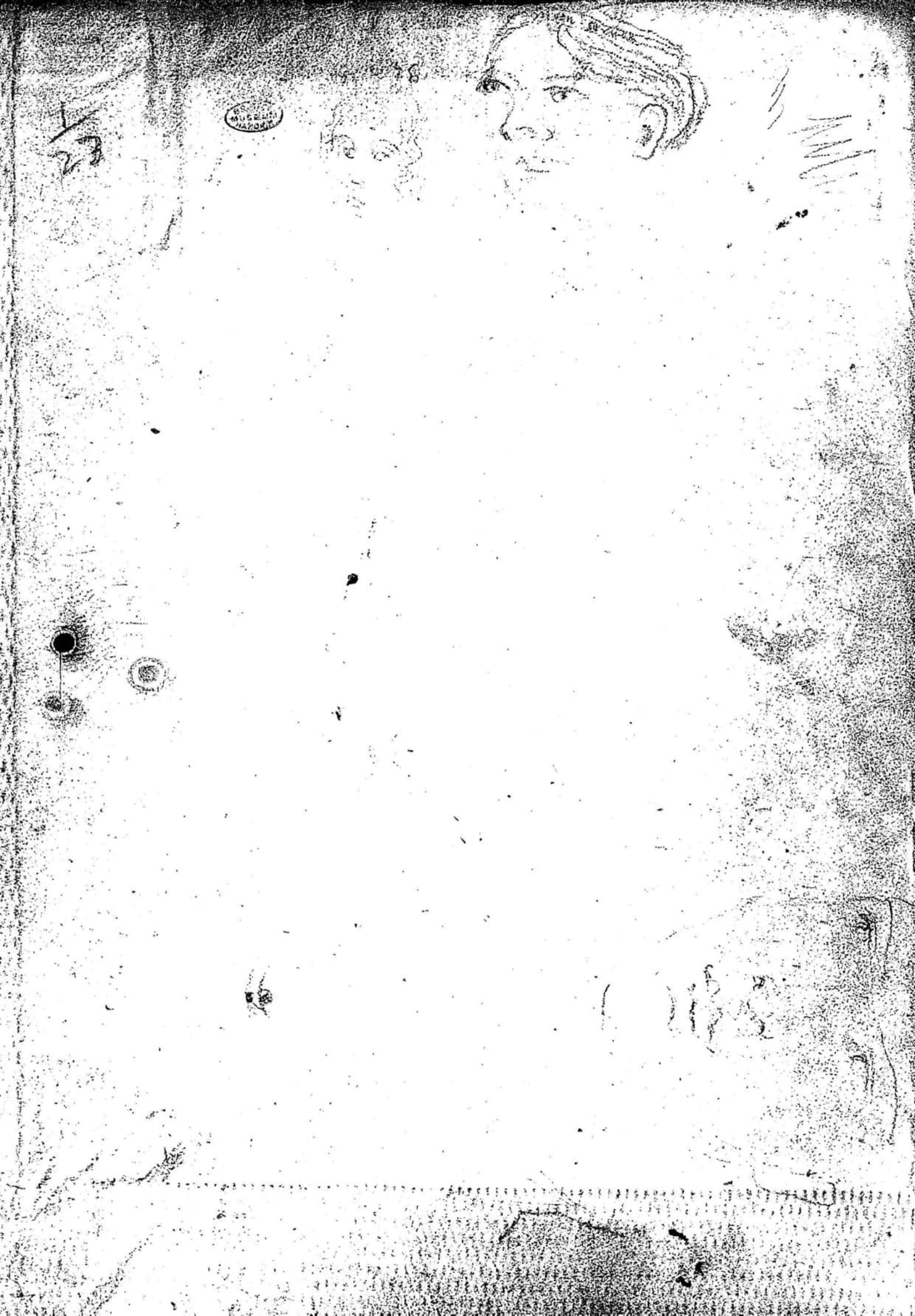

Contents of Emily's desk. Envelope addressed: 'Miss E.J. Brontë, Haworth, nr. Keighley,' and postmarked 'Keighley, Leeds, Dec. 28, 1847'. Envelope addressed: 'Ellis Bell, Esq'. June, 1842-February 15, 1848. MS Bonnell Manuscripts Bonnell MS 1. British Library. British Literary Manuscripts Online, link.gale.com%2Fapps%2Fdoc%2FMC4400000590%2FGDCS%3Fu%3Dmlin_b_bpublic%26sid%3Dbookmark-GDCS. Accessed 9 July 2025.