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The Tenant of Wildfell Hall

Chapter I

A Discovery

YOU MUST GO BACK WITH ME to the autumn of 1827. My father, as you know, was a sort of gentleman farmer in —shire, and I, by his express desire, succeeded him in the same quiet occupation, not very willingly, for ambition urged me to higher aims, and self-conceit assured me that in disregarding its voice I was burying my talent in the earth* and hiding my light under a bushel.* My mother had done her utmost to persuade me that I was capable of great achievements, but my father – who thought ambition was the surest road to ruin and change but another word for destruction – would listen to no scheme for bettering either my own condition or that of my fellow mortals. He assured me it was all rubbish, and exhorted me, with his dying breath, to continue in the good old way – to follow his steps, and those of his father before him, and let my highest ambition be to walk honestly through the world, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left,* and to transmit the paternal acres to my children in, at least, as flourishing a condition as he left them to me.

“Well! An honest and industrious farmer is one of the most useful members of society. And if I devote my talents to the cultivation of my farm – and the improvement of agriculture in general – I shall thereby benefit not only my own immediate connections and dependants but in some degree mankind at large. Hence I shall not have lived in vain.”

With such reflections as these I was endeavouring to console myself as I plodded home from the fields one cold, damp, cloudy evening towards the close of October. But the gleam of a bright red fire through the parlour window had more effect in cheering my spirits – and rebuking my thankless repinings – than all the sage reflections and good resolutions I had forced my mind to frame. For I was young then, remember – only four-and-twenty – and had not acquired half the rule over my own spirit that I now possess – trifling as that may be.

However, that haven of bliss must not be entered till I had exchanged my miry boots for a clean pair of shoes, and my rough surtout* for a respectable coat, and made myself generally presentable before decent

society – for my mother, with all her kindness, was vastly particular on certain points.

In ascending to my room, I was met upon the stairs by a smart, pretty girl of nineteen, with a tidy, dumpy figure, a round face, bright, blooming cheeks, glossy, clustering curls and little merry brown eyes. I need not tell you this was my sister Rose. She is, I know, a comely matron still, and doubtless no less lovely – in *your* eyes – than on the happy day you first beheld her. Nothing told me then that she, a few years hence, would be the wife of one entirely unknown to me as yet, but destined hereafter to become a closer friend than even herself, more intimate than that unmannerly lad of seventeen by whom I was collared in the passage, on coming down, and well-nigh jerked off my equilibrium, and who, in correction for his impudence, received a resounding whack over the scone,* which, however, sustained no serious injury from the infliction, as, besides being more than commonly thick, it was protected by a redundant shock of short reddish curls that my mother called auburn.

On entering the parlour, we found that honoured lady seated in her armchair at the fireside, working away at her knitting, according to her usual custom, when she had nothing else to do. She had swept the hearth and made a bright blazing fire for our reception. The servant had just brought in the tea tray, and Rose was producing the sugar basin and tea caddy from the cupboard in the black oak sideboard that shone like polished ebony in the cheerful parlour twilight.

“Well! Here they both are,” cried my mother, looking round upon us without retarding the motion of her nimble fingers and glittering needles. “Now shut the door, and come to the fire, while Rose gets the tea ready. I’m sure you must be starved. And tell me what you’ve been about all day – I like to know what my children have been about.”

“I’ve been breaking in the grey colt – no easy business that – directing the ploughing of the last wheat stubble – for the ploughboy has not the sense to direct himself – and carrying out a plan for the extensive and efficient draining of the low meadowlands.”

“That’s my brave boy! And Fergus, what have you been doing?”

“Badger-baiting.”

And here he proceeded to give a particular account of his sport, and the respective traits of prowess evinced by the badger and the dogs, my mother pretending to listen with deep attention and watching his animated countenance with a degree of maternal admiration I thought highly disproportioned to its object.

“It’s time you should be doing something else, Fergus,” said I, as soon as a momentary pause in his narration allowed me to get in a word.

“What *can* I do?” replied he. “My mother won’t let me go to sea or enter the army, and I’m determined to do nothing else – except make myself such a nuisance to you all that you will be thankful to get rid of me, on any terms.”

Our parent soothingly stroked his stiff, short curls. He growled and tried to look sulky, and then we all took our seats at the table in obedience to the thrice-repeated summons of Rose.

“Now take your tea,” said she, “and I’ll tell you what *I’ve* been doing. I’ve been to call on the Wilsons, and it’s a *thousand* pities you didn’t go with me, Gilbert, for Eliza Millward was there!”

“Well! What of her?”

“Oh nothing! I’m not going to tell you about her – only that she’s a nice, amusing little thing when she is in a merry humour, and I shouldn’t mind calling her—”

“Hush, hush, my dear! Your brother has no such idea!” whispered my mother earnestly, holding up her finger.

“Well,” resumed Rose, “I was going to tell you an important piece of news I heard there. I’ve been bursting with it ever since. You know it was reported a month ago that somebody was going to take Wildfell Hall, and – what do you think? – it has actually been inhabited above a week! And we never knew!”

“Impossible!” cried my mother.

“Preposterous!” shrieked Fergus.

“It has indeed! And by a single lady!”

“Good Gracious, my dear! The place is in ruins!”

“She has had two or three rooms made habitable, and there she lives, all alone – except an old woman for a servant!”

“Oh dear! That spoils it. I’d hoped she was a witch,” observed Fergus, while carving his inch-thick slice of bread and butter.

“Nonsense, Fergus! But isn’t it strange, Mamma?”

“Strange! I can hardly believe it.”

“But you may believe it, for Jane Wilson has seen her. She went with her mother, who, of course, when she heard of a stranger being in the neighbourhood, would be on pins and needles till she had seen her and got all she could out of her. She is called Mrs Graham, and she is in mourning – not widow’s weeds* but slightish mourning – and she is quite young, they say – not above five- or six-and-twenty – but *so* reserved! They tried all they could to find out who she was, and where she came from, and all about her, but neither Mrs Wilson, with her

pertinacious and impertinent home thrusts, nor Miss Wilson, with her skilful manoeuvring, could manage to elicit a single satisfactory answer, or even a casual remark or chance expression calculated to allay their curiosity, or throw the faintest ray of light upon her history, circumstances or connections. Moreover, she was barely civil to them, and evidently better pleased to say ‘goodbye’ than ‘how do you do’. But Eliza Millward says her father intends to call upon her soon, to offer some pastoral advice, which he fears she needs, as although she is known to have entered the neighbourhood early last week, she did not make her appearance at church on Sunday, and she – Eliza, that is – will beg to accompany him, and is sure *she* can succeed in wheeling something out of her – you know, Gilbert, *she* can do anything. And *we* should call sometime, Mamma – it’s only proper, you know.”

“Of course, my dear. Poor thing! How lonely she must feel!”

“And pray be quick about it. And mind you bring me word how much sugar she puts in her tea, and what sort of caps and aprons she wears, and all about it, for I don’t know how I can live till I know,” said Fergus very gravely.

But if he intended the speech to be hailed as a masterstroke of wit, he signally failed, for nobody laughed. However, he was not much disconcerted at that, for when he had taken a mouthful of bread and butter, and was about to swallow a gulp of tea, the humour of the thing burst upon him with such irresistible force that he was obliged to jump up from the table and rush snorting and choking from the room – and a minute after was heard screaming in fearful agony in the garden.

As for me, I was hungry, and contented myself with silently demolishing the tea, ham and toast, while my mother and sister went on talking, and continued to discuss the apparent, or non-apparent, circumstances, and probable or improbable history of the mysterious lady. But I must confess that, after my brother’s misadventure, I once or twice raised the cup to my lips and put it down again without daring to taste the contents, lest I should injure my dignity by a similar explosion.

The next day, my mother and Rose hastened to pay their compliments to the fair recluse – and came back but little wiser than they went, though my mother declared she did not regret the journey, for if she had not gained much good, she flattered herself she had imparted some, and that was better: she had given some useful advice, which she hoped would not be thrown away. For Mrs Graham, though she said little to any purpose, and appeared somewhat self-opinionated, seemed

not incapable of reflection – though she did not know where she had been all her life, poor thing, for she betrayed a lamentable ignorance on certain points and had not even the sense to be ashamed of it.

“On what points, Mother?” asked I.

“On household matters, and all the little niceties of cookery and such things that every lady ought to be familiar with, whether she be required to make a practical use of her knowledge or not. I gave her some useful pieces of information, however, and several excellent receipts, the value of which she evidently could not appreciate, for she begged I would not trouble myself, as she lived in such a plain, quiet way that she was sure she should never make use of them. ‘No matter, my dear,’ said I, ‘it is what every respectable female ought to know. And besides, though you are alone now, you will not be always so. You *have* been married, and probably – I might say almost certainly – will be again.’ ‘You are mistaken there, ma’am,’ said she almost haughtily. ‘I am certain I never shall.’ But I told her *I* knew better.”

“Some romantic young widow, I suppose,” said I, “come there to end her days in solitude, and mourn in secret for the dear departed – but it won’t last long.”

“No, I think not,” observed Rose, “for she didn’t seem *very* disconsolate after all, and she’s excessively pretty – handsome rather. You must see her, Gilbert – you will call her a perfect beauty, though you could hardly pretend to discover a resemblance between her and Eliza Millward.”

“Well, I can imagine many faces more beautiful than Eliza’s, though not more charming. I allow she has small claims to perfection, but then I maintain that, if she were more perfect, she would be less interesting.”

“And so you prefer her faults to other people’s perfections?”

“Just so – saving my mother’s presence.”

“Oh, my dear Gilbert, what nonsense you talk! I know you don’t mean it – it’s quite out of the question,” said my mother, getting up and bustling out of the room under pretence of household business, in order to escape the contradiction that was trembling on my tongue.

After that, Rose favoured me with further particulars respecting Mrs Graham. Her appearance, manners and dress, and the very furniture of the room she inhabited, were all set before me, with rather more clearness and precision than I cared to see them, but – as I was not a very attentive listener – I could not repeat the description if I would.

The next day was Saturday, and on Sunday everybody wondered whether or not the fair unknown would profit by the vicar’s remonstrance and come to church. I confess, I looked with some interest

myself towards the old family pew appertaining to Wildfell Hall, where the faded crimson cushions and lining had been unpressed and unrenewed so many years, and the grim escutcheons, with their lugubrious borders of rusty black cloth, frowned so sternly from the wall above.

And there I beheld a tall, ladylike figure, clad in black. Her face was towards me, and there was something in it which, once seen, invited me to look again. Her hair was raven black, and disposed in long glossy ringlets, a style of coiffure rather unusual in those days, but always graceful and becoming. Her complexion was clear and pale. Her eyes I could not see, for being bent upon her prayer book they were concealed by their drooping lids and long black lashes, but the brows above were expressive and well defined, the forehead was lofty and intellectual, the nose a perfect aquiline and the features in general unexceptionable – only there was a slight hollowness about the cheeks and eyes, and the lips, though finely formed, were a little too thin, a little too firmly compressed, and had something about them that betokened, I thought, no very soft or amiable temper. And I said in my heart:

“I would rather admire you from this distance, fair lady, than be the partner of your home.”

Just then she happened to raise her eyes, and they met mine. I did not choose to withdraw my gaze, and she turned again to her book, but with a momentary, indefinable expression of quiet scorn that was inexpressibly provoking to me.

“She thinks me an impudent puppy,” thought I. “Humph! She shall change her mind before long, if I think it worthwhile.”

But then it flashed upon me that these were very improper thoughts for a place of worship, and that my behaviour, on the present occasion, was anything but what it ought to be. Previous, however, to directing my mind to the service, I glanced round the church to see if anyone had been observing me – but no, all who were not attending to their prayer books were attending to the strange lady – my good mother and sister among the rest, and Mrs Wilson and her daughter, and even Eliza Millward was slyly glancing from the corners of her eyes towards the object of general attraction. Then she glanced at me, simpered a little and blushed, modestly looked at her prayer book and endeavoured to compose her features.

Here I was transgressing again, and this time I was made sensible of it by a sudden dig in the ribs from the elbow of my pert brother. For the present, I could only resent the insult by pressing my foot upon his toes, deferring further vengeance till we got out of church.

Now, Halford, before I close this letter, I'll tell you who Eliza Millward was. She was the vicar's younger daughter, and a very engaging little creature, for whom I felt no small degree of partiality – and she knew it, though I had never come to any direct explanation, and had no definite intention of so doing, for my mother, who maintained there was no one good enough for me within twenty miles round, could not bear the thought of my marrying that insignificant little thing who, in addition to her numerous other disqualifications, had not twenty pounds to call her own. Eliza's figure was at once slight and plump, her face small, and nearly as round as my sister's – complexion, something similar to hers, but more delicate and less decidedly blooming – nose, retroussé – features, generally irregular – and, altogether, she was rather charming than pretty. But her eyes – I must not forget those remarkable features, for therein her chief attraction lay, in outward aspect at least – they were long and narrow in shape, the irids black, or very dark brown, the expression various and ever changing, but always either preternaturally – I had almost said *diabolically* – wicked or irresistibly bewitching – often both. Her voice was gentle and childish, her tread light and soft as that of a cat, but her manners more frequently resembled those of a pretty, playful kitten that is now pert and roguish, now timid and demure, according to its own sweet will.

Her sister, Mary, was several years older, several inches taller and of a larger, coarser build – a plain, quiet, sensible girl who had patiently nursed their mother through her last long, tedious illness, and been the housekeeper, and family drudge, from thence to the present time. She was trusted and valued by her father, loved and courted by all dogs, cats, children and poor people, and slighted and neglected by everybody else.

The Reverend Michael Millward himself was a tall, ponderous, elderly gentleman, who placed a shovel hat* above his large, square, massive-featured face, carried a stout walking stick in his hand and encased his still-powerful limbs in knee breeches and gaiters – or black silk stockings on state occasions. He was a man of fixed principles, strong prejudices and regular habits – intolerant of dissent in any shape, acting under a firm conviction that *his* opinions were always right, and whoever differed from them must be either most deplorably ignorant or wilfully blind.

In childhood, I had always been accustomed to regard him with a feeling of reverential awe, but lately, even now, surmounted, for though he had a fatherly kindness for the well-behaved, he was a strict

disciplinarian, and had often sternly reproved our juvenile failings and peccadilloes. And moreover, in those days, whenever he called upon our parents, we had to stand up before him and say our catechism, or repeat "How doth the little busy bee",* or some other hymn, or – worse than all – be questioned about his last text and the heads of the discourse, which we never could remember. Sometimes the worthy gentleman would reprove my mother for being overindulgent to her sons, with a reference to old Eli, or David and Absalom,* which was particularly galling to her feelings. And, very highly as she respected him and all his sayings, I once heard her exclaim, "I wish to goodness he had a son himself! He wouldn't be so ready with his advice to other people then. He'd see what it *is* to have a couple of boys to keep in order."

He had a laudable care for his own bodily health – kept very early hours, regularly took a walk before breakfast, was vastly particular about warm and dry clothing, had never been known to preach a sermon without previously swallowing a raw egg – albeit he was gifted with good lungs and a powerful voice – and was, generally, extremely particular about what he eat and drank, though by no means abstemious, and having a mode of dietary peculiar to himself – being a great despiser of tea and such slops, and a patron of malt liquors, bacon and eggs, ham, hung beef and other strong meats, which agreed well enough with his digestive organs, and therefore were maintained by him to be good and wholesome for everybody, and confidently recommended to the most delicate convalescents or dyspeptics who, if they failed to derive the promised benefit from his prescriptions, were told it was because they had not persevered and, if they complained of inconvenient results therefrom, were assured it was all fancy.

I will just touch upon two other persons whom I have mentioned, and then bring this long letter to a close. These are Mrs Wilson and her daughter. The former was the widow of a substantial farmer, a narrow-minded, tattling old gossip, whose character is not worth describing. She had two sons, Robert, a rough countrified farmer, and Richard, a retiring, studious young man who was studying the classics with the vicar's assistance, preparing for college, with a view to enter the Church.

Their sister Jane was a young lady of some talents and more ambition. She had, at her own desire, received a regular boarding-school education superior to what any member of the family had obtained before. She had taken the polish well, acquired considerable elegance of manners, quite lost her provincial accent, and could boast of more accomplishments than the vicar's daughters. She was considered a

beauty besides, but never for a moment could she number me amongst her admirers. She was about six-and-twenty, rather tall and very slender, her hair was neither chestnut nor auburn, but a most decided bright, light red, her complexion was remarkably fair and brilliant, her head small, neck long, chin well turned, but very short, lips thin and red, eyes clear hazel, quick and penetrating, but entirely destitute of poetry or feeling. She had, or might have had many suitors in her own rank of life, but scornfully repulsed or rejected them all, for none but a gentleman could please her refined taste, and none but a rich one could satisfy her soaring ambition. One gentleman there was from whom she had lately received some rather pointed attentions, and upon whose heart, name and fortune, it was whispered, she had serious designs. This was Mr Lawrence, the young squire whose family had formerly occupied Wildfell Hall, but had deserted it, some fifteen years ago, for a more modern and commodious mansion in the neighbouring parish.

Now Halford, I bid you adieu for the present. This is the first instalment of my debt. If the coin suits you, tell me so, and I'll send you the rest at my leisure. If you would rather remain my creditor than stuff your purse with such ungainly heavy pieces, tell me still, and I'll pardon your bad taste and willingly keep the treasure to myself.

Yours immutably,

Gilbert Markham

Chapter II

An Interview

I PERCEIVE, WITH JOY, MY MOST VALUED FRIEND, that the cloud of your displeasure has passed away – the light of your countenance* blesses me once more, and you desire the continuation of my story. Therefore, without more ado, you shall have it.

I think the day I last mentioned was a certain Sunday, the latest in the October of 1827. On the following Tuesday I was out with my dog and gun in pursuit of such game as I could find within the territory of Linden-car, but, finding none at all, I turned my arms against the hawks and carrion crows, whose depredations, as I suspected, had deprived me of better prey. To this end, I left the more frequented regions – the wooded valleys, the cornfields and the meadowlands – and proceeded to mount the steep acclivity of Wildfell, the wildest and the loftiest eminence in our neighbourhood, where, as you ascend, the hedges, as well as the trees, become scanty and stunted, the former, at length, giving place to rough stone fences, partly greened over with ivy and moss, the latter to larches and Scotch fir trees, or isolated blackthorns. The fields, being rough and stony and wholly unfit for the plough, were mostly devoted to the pasturing of sheep and cattle. The soil was thin and poor: bits of grey rock here and there peeped out from the grassy hillocks; bilberry plants and heather – relics of more savage wildness – grew under the walls; and in many of the enclosures ragweeds and rushes usurped supremacy over the scanty herbage – but these were not *my* property.

Near the top of this hill, about two miles from Linden-car, stood Wildfell Hall, a superannuated mansion of the Elizabethan era, built of dark-grey stone – venerable and picturesque to look at but, doubtless, cold and gloomy enough to inhabit, with its thick stone mullions and little latticed panes, its time-eaten air holes and its too lonely, too unsheltered situation – only shielded from the war of wind and weather by a group of Scotch firs, themselves half blighted with storms, and looking as stern and gloomy as the Hall itself. Behind it lay a few desolate fields, and then, the brown, heath-clad summit of the hill. Before it (enclosed by stone walls, and entered by an iron gate with

large balls of grey granite – similar to those which decorated the roof and gables – surmounting the gateposts) was a garden once stocked with such hardy plants and flowers as could best brook the soil and climate, and such trees and shrubs as could best endure the gardener's torturing shears and most readily assume the shapes he chose to give them; now, having been left so many years, untilled and untrimmed, abandoned to the weeds and the grass, to the frost and the wind, the rain and the drought, it presented a very singular appearance indeed. The close green walls of privet that had bordered the principal walk were two-thirds withered away, and the rest grown beyond all reasonable bounds. The old boxwood swan that sat beside the scraper had lost its neck and half its body, the castellated towers of laurel in the middle of the garden, the gigantic warrior that stood on one side of the gateway and the lion that guarded the other were sprouted into such fantastic shapes as resembled nothing either in heaven or earth, or in the waters under the earth,* but, to my young imagination, they presented all of them a goblinish appearance that harmonized well with the ghostly legends and dark traditions our old nurse had told us respecting the haunted Hall and its departed occupants.

I had succeeded in killing a hawk and two crows when I came within sight of the mansion, and then, relinquishing further depredations, I sauntered on, to have a look at the old place and see what changes had been wrought in it by its new inhabitant. I did not like to go quite to the front and stare in at the gate, but I paused beside the garden wall and looked, and saw no change – except in one wing, where the broken windows and dilapidated roof had evidently been repaired, and where a thin wreath of smoke was curling up from the stack of chimneys.

While I thus stood, leaning on my gun and looking up at the dark gables, sunk in an idle reverie, weaving a tissue of wayward fancies in which old associations and the fair young hermit now within those walls bore a nearly equal part, I heard a slight rustling and scrambling just within the garden, and – glancing in the direction whence the sound proceeded – I beheld a tiny hand elevated above the wall. It clung to the topmost stone, and then another little hand was raised to take a firmer hold, and then appeared a small white forehead, surmounted with wreaths of light-brown hair, with a pair of deep-blue eyes beneath, and the upper portion of a diminutive ivory nose.

The eyes did not notice me, but sparkled with glee on beholding Sancho, my beautiful black-and-white setter, that was coursing about the field with its muzzle to the ground. The little creature raised its face and called aloud to the dog. The good-natured animal paused,

looked up and wagged his tail, but made no further advances. The child (a little boy, apparently about five years old) scrambled up to the top of the wall and called again and again, but, finding this of no avail, apparently made up his mind, like Mahomet, to go to the mountain since the mountain would not come to him,* and attempted to get over – but a crabbed old cherry tree that grew hard by caught him by the frock in one of its crooked scraggy arms that stretched over the wall. In attempting to disengage himself, his foot slipped, and down he tumbled – but not to the earth: the tree still kept him suspended. There was a silent struggle, and then a piercing shriek, but in an instant I had dropped my gun on the grass and caught the little fellow in my arms.

I wiped his eyes with his frock, told him he was all right and called Sancho to pacify him. He was just putting his little hand on the dog's neck and beginning to smile through his tears, when I heard, behind me, a click of the iron gate and a rustle of female garments, and lo! Mrs Graham darted upon me, her neck uncovered, her black locks streaming in the wind.

“Give me the child!” she said in a voice scarce louder than a whisper, but with a tone of startling vehemence, and, seizing the boy, she snatched him from me, as if some dire contamination were in my touch, and then stood with one hand firmly clasping his, the other on his shoulder, fixing upon me her large, luminous, dark eyes – pale, breathless, quivering with agitation.

“I was not harming the child, madam,” said I, scarce knowing whether to be most astonished or displeased. “He was tumbling off the wall there, and I was so fortunate as to catch him while he hung suspended headlong from that tree and prevent I know not what catastrophe.”

“I beg your pardon, sir,” stammered she, suddenly calming down, the light of reason seeming to break upon her beclouded spirit and a faint blush mantling on her cheek.* “I did not know you, and I thought...”

She stooped to kiss the child, and fondly clasped her arm round his neck.

“You thought I was going to kidnap your son, I suppose?”

She stroked his head with a half-embarrassed laugh and replied:

“I did not know he had attempted to climb the wall. I have the pleasure of addressing Mr Markham, I believe?” she added, somewhat abruptly.

I bowed, but ventured to ask how she knew me.

“Your sister called here a few days ago with Mrs Markham.”

“Is the resemblance so strong then?” I asked in some surprise, and not so greatly flattered at the idea as I ought to have been.

“There is a likeness about the eyes and complexion I think,” replied she, somewhat dubiously surveying my face. “And I think I saw you at church on Sunday.”

I smiled. There was something either in that smile or the recollections it awakened that was particularly displeasing to her, for she suddenly assumed again that proud, chilly look that had so unspeakably roused my corruption* at church – a look of repellent scorn, so easily assumed, and so entirely without the least distortion of a single feature that, while there, it seemed like the natural expression of the face, and was the more provoking to me because I could not think it affected.

“Good morning, Mr Markham,” said she, and without another word or glance she withdrew with her child into the garden, and I returned home, angry and dissatisfied – I could scarcely tell you why, and therefore will not attempt it.

I only stayed to put away my gun and powder horn, and give some requisite directions to one of the farming men, and then repaired to the vicarage, to solace my spirit and soothe my ruffled temper with the company and conversation of Eliza Millward.

I found her, as usual, busy with some piece of soft embroidery (the mania for Berlin wools* had not yet commenced), while her sister was seated at the chimney corner, with the cat on her knee, mending a heap of stockings.

“Mary, Mary! Put them away!” Eliza was hastily saying just as I entered the room.

“Not I, indeed!” was the phlegmatic reply, and my appearance prevented further discussion.

“You’re so unfortunate, Mr Markham!” observed the younger sister, with one of her arch sidelong glances. “Papa’s just gone out into the parish, and not likely to be back for an hour!”

“Never mind, I can manage to spend a few minutes with his daughters, if they’ll allow me,” said I, bringing a chair to the fire, and seating myself therein, without waiting to be asked.

“Well, if you’ll be very good and amusing, we shan’t object.”

“Let your permission be unconditional, pray, for I came not to give pleasure but to seek it,” I answered.

However, I thought it but reasonable to make some slight exertion to render my company agreeable, and what little effort I made was apparently pretty successful, for Miss Eliza was never in a better

humour. We seemed, indeed, to be mutually pleased with each other, and managed to maintain between us a cheerful and animated, though not very profound conversation. It was little better than a tête-à-tête, for Miss Millward never opened her lips, except occasionally to correct some random assertion or exaggerated expression of her sister's, and once to ask her to pick up the ball of cotton that had rolled under the table. I did this myself, however, as in duty bound.

"Thank you, Mr Markham," said she, as I presented it to her. "I would have picked it up myself, only I did not want to disturb the cat."

"Mary, dear, *that* won't excuse you in Mr Markham's eyes," said Eliza. "He hates cats, I dare say, as cordially as he does old maids – like all other gentlemen – don't you Mr Markham?"

"I believe it is natural for our unamiable sex to dislike the creatures," replied I, "for you ladies lavish so many caresses upon them."

"Bless them – little darlings!" cried she, in a sudden burst of enthusiasm, turning round and overwhelming her sister's pet with a shower of kisses.

"Don't, Eliza!" said Miss Millward somewhat gruffly as she impatiently pushed her away.

But it was time for me to be going: make what haste I would, I should still be too late for tea, and my mother was the soul of order and punctuality.

My fair friend was evidently unwilling to bid me adieu. I tenderly squeezed her little hand at parting, and she repaid me with one of her softest smiles and most bewitching glances. I went home very happy, with a heart brimful of complacency for myself, and overflowing with love for Eliza.

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- 349 Jean Webster, *Daddy-Long-Legs*
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