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Document A

Emily Brontë (1818-1848), *Wuthering Heights* (1847).

We crowded round, and over Miss Cathy's head I had a peep at a dirty, ragged, black-haired child; big enough both to walk and talk: indeed, its face looked older than Catherine's; yet when it was set on its feet, it only stared round, and repeated over and over again some gibberish that nobody could understand. I was frightened, and Mrs. Earnshaw was ready to fling it out of doors: she did fly up, asking how he could fashion to bring that gipsy brat into the house, when they had their own bairns to feed and fend for? What he meant to do with it, and whether he were mad? The master tried to explain the matter; but he was really half dead with fatigue, and all that I could make out, amongst her scolding, was a tale of his seeing it starving, and houseless, and as good as dumb, in the streets of Liverpool, where he picked it up and inquired for its owner. Not a soul knew to whom it belonged, he said; and his money and time being both limited, he thought it better to take it home with him at once, than run into vain expenses there: because he was determined he would not leave it as he found it. Well, the conclusion was, that my mistress grumbled herself calm; and Mr. Earnshaw told me to wash it, and give it clean things, and let it sleep with the children.

Hindley and Cathy contented themselves with looking and listening till peace was restored: then, both began searching their father's pockets for the presents he had promised them. The former was a boy of fourteen, but when he drew out what had been a fiddle, crushed to morsels in the great-coat, he blubbered aloud; and Cathy, when she learned the master had lost her whip in attending on the stranger, showed her humour by grinning and spitting at the stupid little thing; earning for her pains a sound blow from her father, to teach her cleaner manners. They entirely refused to have it in bed with them, or even in their room; and I had no more sense, so I put it on the landing of the stairs, hoping it might be gone on the morrow. By chance, or else attracted by hearing his voice, it crept to Mr. Earnshaw's door, and there he found it on quitting his chamber. Inquiries were made as to how it got there; I was obliged to confess, and in recompense for my cowardice and inhumanity was sent out of the house.

This was Heathcliff's first introduction to the family. On coming back a few days afterwards (for I did not consider my banishment perpetual), I found they had christened him 'Heathcliff': it was the name of a son who died in childhood, and it has served him ever since, both for Christian and surname. Miss Cathy and he were now very thick; but Hindley hated him: and to say the truth I did the same; and we plagued and went on with him shamefully: for I wasn't reasonable enough to feel my injustice, and the mistress never put in a word on his behalf when she saw him wronged.

He seemed a sullen, patient child; hardened, perhaps, to ill-treatment: he would stand Hindley's blows without winking or shedding a tear, and my pinches moved him only to draw in a breath and open his eyes, as if he had hurt himself by accident, and nobody was to blame. This endurance made old Earnshaw furious, when he discovered his son persecuting the poor fatherless child, as he called him. He took to Heathcliff strangely, believing all he said (for that matter, he said precious little, and generally the truth), and petting him up far above Cathy, who was too mischievous and wayward for a favourite.

So, from the very beginning, he bred bad feeling in the house; and at Mrs. Earnshaw's death, which happened in less than two years after, the young master had learned to regard his father as an oppressor rather than a friend, and Heathcliff as a usurper of his parent's affections and his privileges; and he grew bitter with brooding over these injuries.

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Document B

Samuel Smiles (1812-1904), *Physical education; or, The nurture and management of children...*
Edinburg: Oliver & Boyd, 1838.

/.../ So constituted, and so entirely dependent on a parent's care during so long a period of life, it were but natural to expect that some degree of attention would be paid to the nature and physical constitution of the child, and the means they point out for the preservation of his health and happiness, commensurate with his importance to his parents, and the place he is ere long to occupy in the great
 5 social scale of civilized life. And it were at least reasonable that the reflection with which man has been endowed, instead of the mere instinct that actuates the lower animals, should be exercised for the purpose of preserving the child from those noxious influences that are in constant operation around him.

On a certain degree of knowledge of his physical and mental nature, his relation to external objects, his
 10 gradual growth and development, the nutritive processes by which these are accomplished, ever going on within his frame; on these alone can a proper and healthy management of the child be founded. And the objects of this management, let it be observed, chiefly consist in non-interference with the natural processes, or rather in aiding the powers of nature in their careful development of the infant man.

15 But when, instead of such a system, nature is thwarted and opposed at every stage of her progress, her plainest dictates are neglected, and her operations checked by an observance of fashions founded in ignorance or prejudice; what other result is to be looked for than a mortality amounting to nearly one-half of all that are introduced alive into the world. When we observe the child so much the mere sport of the prejudices and the fears of his parents, who have grown up to maturity under an erroneous
 20 system of management, and perpetuate its evils in their offspring because it has the sanction of ancient custom and habit, -are we not justified in assuming that in the premature decay and disease of their children, and the poignant moral suffering that thus ensues, they endure only the legitimate result of transgression of the natural laws which regulate the constitution ?

But why, then, do not mothers as well as fathers make themselves acquainted in some measure with
 25 the physical and mental nature of their offspring, and so be enabled in a great measure to avoid the causes of such decay and consequent suffering? Alas! unfortunately for the young, this part of education is as yet *unfashionable*. While no showy accomplishment, no matter how trivial, is neglected, and no pains spared for acquiring it, the knowledge of living structure, of the laws of animated nature, though ever before their eyes, is almost studiously avoided /.../

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Document C

William Powell Frith (1819-1909), "Many Happy Returns of the Day", 1856, oil on canvas, 32 x 45 in, Mercer Gallery, Harrogate

