

Introduction

I cannot remember a time when I was not ^{interested in} thrilled by the achievements, and the personalities and the tragic story of the Brontë" family. They stand alone in the annals of English literature. Their restricted and unhappy lives, their indomitable courage, their fierce determination in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, their diverse and original literary productions--are subjects to return to again and again. They are fascinating to any student of humanity, as their works are to any student of literature.

When in the summer of 1936, I was able to fulfil a dream of mine, and to visit the Parsonage at Haworth in Yorkshire, the home of the family for forty years, the whole drama of their lives became increasingly ^{dear to} alive for me, so that now they seem indeed to have become a part of my own memories.

The attraction of the study of the Brontës is one that has been experienced by many people. When you begin to study Charlotte and Emily Brontë especially, you are amazed to discover the number of ~~many~~ books that have been written about them. The classic life, of course, is that of Mrs. Gaskell, who was Charlotte's friend (after she became famous and after the death of her brother and younger sisters) and was written in 1857, two years after Charlotte's death. But since then, and particularly within recent years, when an analysis of Victorian greatness has become increasingly fashionable, there have been innumerable accounts of one or other of this famous family and often of the four of them together. For many years, Clement Shorter was the accepted authority. He wrote a life of Charlotte and in 1896 ^{he edited} The Brontës and their Circle--a most interesting ^e collection of letters, centering around each member of the family and their intimate friends. Augustine Birrell, also in the 90s wrote about them. Mary F.

Robinson was for long the greatest authority on Emily Brontë. May Sinclair in 1911 wrote *The Three Brontës*, Abbé Dimnet, the author of *The Art of Thinking*, wrote *The Brontë Sisters* in 1910. Romer Wilson and Clemence Dane have each written about them, one a book, the other a play called *Wild Decembers*. Isabel C. Clarke and Rosamond Langbridge have both done modern interpretations of the life of Charlotte Brontë. The best, however, and the latest story of Charlotte Brontë was published in 1932 and written by E. F. Benson. In this book, evidence has been sifted, old stories authenticated or disproved and a very comprehensive life has emerged, sympathetically written. Plays about Haworth Parsonage, in which all the members of the family figure, have been numerous. I saw a rather poor one called *The Brontës of Haworth Parsonage* by John Davidson, in Malvern in 1936. It was an imitation, about another family, of the Barretts of Wimpole Street. There have been a great many lesser accounts, too numerous to mention. So it is apparent that the interest in this remarkable family is alive among a great diversity of people.

Nearly everyone, of course, has read *Jane Eyre* and has felt the tremendous interest of the story, even if many of us read it too early to understand the masterly analysis of love and passion between Jane and Rochester. Many of us have tried to read *Wuthering Heights* and some few of us have really felt its sinister power, and most of us know Emily Brontë's four wonderful poems included in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*: *Remembrance*, *The Prisoner*, *My Lady's Grave* and *Last Lines*. Charlotte's other novels, *Shirley* and *Villette*, and some of Emily's other poems are very remarkable also, but nothing is more remarkable than the story of their lives and the vivid accounts of themselves and their environment that they have left for posterity.

Let me try to give you, as clearly and as concisely as I can, that story, even at the risk of telling you much that you already know. And let me add that I despair of ever doing them justice.

who was born in 1777 He was the son of a peasant farmer by name
 Patrick Brontë, the father of this family was Irish and poor. But he *Brontë*
 was aspiring and although he had very little money and was the member of a
 large family, he came to England and went to Cambridge University, where he
 obtained his A.B. degree. *Shortly afterwards he changed the spelling of the surname Brontë to*
 He became a curate, first in Essex and then in *Brontë*
 Yorkshire. While he was at Hartshead, a village near Halifax, he met and
 married a lady from Cornwall, called Maria Branwell, who happened to have
 come from Penzance to Yorkshire on a visit, to relatives. She was unused to
 the rigorous ways of the north, but she never again returned to her sunnier
 and more genial Cornwall. They were married in 1812.

Six children were born, all in rapid succession, two at Hartshead
 and four at Thornton, another Yorkshire parish: Maria 1813, Elizabeth 1815.
 Charlotte 1816, Patrick Branwell, the only boy 1817, Emily Jane 1818 and
 Anne in 1820.

"And then," as Mr. E.F. Benson says, "came the final ecclesiastical
 step for Mr. Brontë and on that step he remained without further promotion,
 for forty-one years. On Feb. 25th 1820, he was licensed to the chapelry of
 Haworth, ten miles from Bradford and in the parish of that town..... Some-
 time during the spring the move was made and from thenceforth with one
 exceedingly important exception, the setting of the Brontë drama was laid
 at the Parsonage there. Standing at the top of a steep hill, which the
 village climbs, it faces, across an oblong walled-in garden, the west door
 of the church... It is ~~gi~~ft about with the graveyard; the public house, the
 "Black Bull" is neighborly; a "short lone lane" leads to the moors. These
 four, parsonage, and church, public house and moors are the main furnishing
 of the scene. Of them the church is the least significant and the moors, the
 most, for from the moors came ^{of} Wuthing Heights."

The village of Haworth straggles along a winding cobbled road to
 the top of a steep hill, where the Parsonage and church stand up against the

sky, in the direct path of the fierce winds that blow over the moors. The scene has been described times without number, and bits of it appear again and again in the letters and novels and poems of the sisters. The house itself, built of gray stone and looking out upon the large graveyard of the church was small for so large a family, but it accommodated them all.

Mrs. Brontë, when they came to Haworth, was already ill and all her life in the Parsonage was one of suffering and failing strength. In the autumn of 1821, when her eldest child, Maria, was eight and Anne, the youngest was a year and a half, she died.

So here were six motherless children in charge of ignorant Yorkshire servants and a father, who was notoriously inept at coping with youth, who was a student and rather silent and not too good tempered. He tried to find a second wife, but when he failed, he asked his wife's sister, Miss Elizabeth Branwell, to come from Cornwall to look after his children. She came and stayed with them until they grew up and until her own death. She did her duty ^{sternly} with sternness and Victorian thoroughness, never becoming reconciled to the Yorkshire climate and forever comparing it unfavorably with her native county. The children called her Aunt Branwell, never Aunt Elizabeth, which I think is significant. She was a little old spinster who wore a silk gown, a large bonnet trimmed with ruching and carried a gold snuff box. The small girls had to do endless sewing, they had to learn to work and do all manner of domestic tasks with care and punctiliousness. They never loved their aunt, though they respected her. The one she showed partiality for was the boy, Branwell, he, who would have done so much better without a doting and too easily forgiving aunt. But how often in life, matters arrange themselves like this.

The children, as may be imagined and as Mrs. Gaskell ascertained from many inhabitants of Haworth, were strange, quiet, unusual little creatures. Their father did not like being disturbed by noise and so they

early learned the quietest of games. The two eldest took over the responsibility of looking after the youngest and none of them, I think, ever really romped or learned how to play as normal children do. They all could read soon and would discuss the news and politics with their father at a ridiculously early age.

In July 1824 Mr. Brontë took his two elder daughters, Maria and Elizabeth to a school at Cowan Bridge, which had recently been established for the daughters of poor clergymen. It was most inexpensive, the fees being only fourteen pounds a year. In September, Charlotte and Emily also went there. So much controversy has gathered around this establishment, that it has taken years to find out the real truth, about it. The terrible picture which Charlotte drew in Jane Eyre of the Lowood Orphan Asylum branded this clergymen's school for all time. While some of her statements were exaggerations and while the lapse of years made her picture over emphatic, the story in reality is painful enough. Charlotte, at the age of nine had etched in her ~~memory~~ mind the memory of great suffering, not only for herself but for her sisters. In the spring of 1825, a low fever broke out in the school, it was thought because of the poor and insufficient food and rough accommodations. None of the Brontë children caught it, but soon it was apparent that Maria had developed rapid consumption. She was taken home and died in May and no sooner had she gone than Elizabeth showed the same symptoms. She was brought home too and died in June. Mr. Brontë was definitely frightened and he removed Charlotte and Emily from the school.

Five years followed this episode, when the four children who were left, lived at the parsonage and were taught their lessons by their father and their Aunt Branwell. Abbé Dimnet says: "The children were well and began to live their solitary life with the intensity that always characterized it. Anne was only 5, Emily was 9, Branwell 10 and Charlotte 11 and they

were all prodigiously intelligent." They saw almost nobody but each other. They were all shy and their shyness was accentuated--all but Branwell who was brilliant, unstable and gregarious. They began to have elaborate games in which they took fictitious names and which ^{led} directly to literary efforts. *As Charlotte said they established plays.* They made up ~~plays~~ and they started that game of Gondal land which, in the case of Emily and Anne continued right into their mature years.

Note: Explain the two sagas:

1. Angria (Charlotte and Branwell)
west of Africa--hot country
poems, chronicles, pamphlets, proclamations.

discontinued when Branwell was 19.

2. Angora--/ (Emily and Anne)
inhabited by Gondals--cold country
Emperor Julius
Royalist and republican wars
histories, chronicles, poems

continued until their last years.

They wrote in tiny little note books only a few inches square. They called these volumes and many of them you can see ~~yo~~-day in the British Museum and at Haworth Parsonage itself. Their writing was microscopic, very fine and neat. As much of it was done by feeble candlelight or even by fire light, it is no wonder that Charlotte ruined her eyes and was always very short-sighted, holding her book or her work very near her face.

I must hurry over their next educational steps. In 1831 Charlotte went to Miss Wooler's school at Roehad- where she was much happier and where she made two lasting friendships, with Ellen Nussey and Mary Taylor. Her many letters to Ellen are the source of a great deal of our knowledge of the life of the family. I might say here that Mr. Benson in his ^{life}, gives it as his opinion, that if Charlotte had only her letters to her credit and no novels or poems, her fame would have been established.

She went back to Roehead in 1835 as a teacher and Emily went as a student, but Emily was so shy and so silent and so miserable away from the moors that she visibly grew thinner and thinner. Charlotte in alarm had her sent home and Anne took her place. Branwell, who had more need of the discipline of school than any of his gentle sisters was kept at home and taught by his father. But he began at an early age to enjoy the society of occasional travellers who stopped at the "Black Bull" where drinks were plentiful and already the seeds of his downfall were sown. Again in 1837, ~~Emily was at school in Halifax.~~

By this time the girls were maturing. They had to think of earning their living, as their father could not support them all on his slender stipend. They had great hopes of Branwell, who was very clever at drawing and who had a passionate desire to go to London to study his art. He also had literary ambitions and had written a remarkable letter to the Poet Laureate Southey, enclosing some of his verses. The girls' chief preoccupation had been his advancement and they longed for him to be able to cultivate himself. They were sure he was destined to be great. For themselves, however, there was only the possibility of their becoming governesses, which they proceeded to do, coming back at holiday intervals to Haworth. But before Charlotte started out, she had her first proposal of marriage from Henry Nussey, the brother of her friend, Ellen, but she could not bring herself to accept him. A second proposal came the same year, 1839 from a curate, Mr. Bryce, who had spent one day at the parsonage as a guest. Charlotte was much amused by it and quickly sent her definite refusal.

Anne Brontë had several positions and was a governess longer than Charlotte. Of her miseries one can find abundant testimony in Agnes Grey, her first book. She was unfitted to manage children or to adapt herself to alien homes. Charlotte was equally unsuccessful, underpaid and very unhappy as a governess. The theme of the poor brow-beaten gentlewoman be-

came the central idea of her literary efforts. Emily, who was obviously more unhappy away from home than any of them, stayed a good part of her time at Haworth, working hard about the house, but living, all the times, a luminous, intense spirit life of her own that almost no one shared, except occasionally Anne and Branwell.

All this time, all the four of them were writing--plays, poems, stories, chronicles. It was their solace and their escape.

By 1841 ^{Charlotte}, who, from the first took the lead in trying to acquite for herself and her sisters, a measure of independence, conceived the idea of opening a school at the Parsonage. But in order to offer acceptable accomplishments, she thought she ought to have a knowledge of French and German. So, after getting from their aunt an advance of manoev, Charlotte and Emily, started out in February 1842 for the Pensionnat Heger in Brussels. Mr. Brontë went with them via London, where they stayed at the Chapter Coffee House, a little old hotel in Paternoster Row under the shadow of St. Paul's, just as did Charlotte's heroine, Lucy Snowe, in her novel, *Villette*, written ten years later. Charlotte was now nearly 26 and Emily 24. and this was their first sight of London.

The adventure of these provincial English girls, shy, clever, calvinistic, in this strange foreign Catholic pensionnat, makes a most diverting and extraordinary story. They were older than the other pupils, rigid and terribly earnest in their views and appallingly reticent. They were ardent protestants and had only disapproval and prejudice for Roman Catholic doctrine and ritual. M. and Mme. Heger were very kind to them. They worked exceedingly hard and soon gained a very good knowledge of French. For the first time, Charlotte met a man in M. Heger who was really intellectual, who could lead her to a new culture. Her thirsty soul drank it all in. Nearly all of the story of *Villette* is autobiographical and we have Charlotte's letters and the accounts of M. and Mme. Heger and other pupils at the school to fill in the picture. They girls had been in Brussels only ten

Picture of them
 pacing in the
 dining room
 after dinner

months, when news came in November of the illness of their Aunt Branwell. They hastened home at once but found that she had died, while they were on their way to England. She left her very tiny fortune to her nieces, so that they were better off than they had been. Emily remained at home after this, to look after the house and her father, but Charlotte, at the invitation of M. and Mme. Heger returned to Brussels for another year, as part time teacher and part time student.

This second visit had a profound effect upon Charlotte's heart and mind. Great arguments have centered around this episode in her second sojourn. She remarked in a letter of a later date:

"I returned to Brussels after aunt's death against my conscience, prompted by what seemed an irresistible impulse. I was punished for my selfish folly by a withdrawal for more than two years, of happiness and peace of mind."

This passage and the fact that she grew melancholy and unhappy in Brussels and was aware that Mme. Heger's attitude towards her had changed, and that she was jealous of Charlotte's interest in M. Heger, led people to believe that Charlotte had fallen in love with him. In 1913 four letters of Charlotte to M. Heger in French, written during the years 1844 and 1845 were published in The Times and their tone certainly showed that she had a very great longing for his answers and that she had conceived a tremendously warm admiration and affection for her Master, as she called him. These letters, which she wrote on her return to England, had been seen by Mrs. Gaskell, when she visited Brussels. Extracts were made from them but she did not publish them complete and it was left to M. Paul Heger years later to present them to the British Museum, as new.

It is a long story--how they were rescued from the waste paper basket and preserved by Mme. Heger. The tone of these letters is painful and heavy with longing and it seems almost like sacrilege to be reading them at all. M. Heger did not reply, or at very long intervals, in an impersonal

letter, dictated to his wife and in her handwriting. He was no doubt embarrassed by Charlotte's passionate admiration. I am quite sure, and all Charlotte's life and letters bear me out, that she was never "in love" with M. Heger in the ordinary sense of the word. He was the most intelligent ~~man~~ and cultivated man she had ever known at all well, ~~though she herself was his superior, if she had only known it.~~ The only others had been raw curates in her father's parish, whom she pilloried so cleverly in her later novel, Shirley; her father, who was dull and pedantic and her weak brother, who already showed signs of never fulfilling the high hopes his sisters had for him. Instead of trying to explain in my own words, Charlotte's case, let me quote from Abbe Dimnet, who writes about the matter in the appendix to his book The Brontë Sisters. Before reading him, let me give you a tiny part of the last extant letter (1845) a year and a half since her return from Brussels.

Quote: 1. letter
2. Dimnet P. 255, 256

All this story is treated in a detailed and interesting manner by Mr. Benson.

Begin here

In January 1844 Charlotte returned from Brussels. Now the sisters were equipped for their ~~school~~ project and they wanted to open a school at the Parsonage. They got out ~~little circulars~~ and sent them to the limited number of their friends and acquaintances, but not one application did they have. Charlotte and Emily were at home together, Anne and Branwell being respectively governess and tutor with the Robinson family & Charlotte was depressed and sad. All her projects seemd to have failed. Branwell, too, when he came home, was ~~being~~ ^{beginning} to drink heavily. To add to anxiety, Mr. Brontë was suffering from cataract and his sight was getting gradually worse. In the summer of 1845 Anne returned home from the Robinsons. She and Emily went ~~xxxxxxx~~ off for a short holiday to York and all this time they played at Gondals, impersonating and writing about and weaving stories around fictitious people. Charlotte visited her friend, Ellen at Hathersage. When she

returned, she found Branwell had been dismissed from his position at the Robinsons. He was ^{discouraged and morose} ~~discouraged and morose~~ ^{as a result} and his decline was rapid from now on. ^{because of an affair, so it was said with his employer's wife}
 For the next three years he presented the terrible picture of a profligate and drunkard, going to pieces mentally and physically before the agonised eyes of his sisters.

In this dreary autumn of 1845 however, a wonderful discovery was made.

Quote E. F. Benson's Life of Charlotte Brontë P 159-162.

+ A ^{hand} ~~hand~~ on adoption of masculine "nom de plume"

The poems of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell were published in one small volume by Aylott and Jones of Paternoster Row in the early summer of 1846. All the merits were for Ellis (Emily) said Charlotte. The book cost the authors nearly fifty pounds and only two copies were sold. ^{Charlotte did all the correspondence concerning this venture.}
 No one in the family besides the three sisters knew of this ^{publication} venture.

Although it was far from successful- they kept on writing. Each continued with a novel: Emily--Wuthering Heights; Anne--Agnes Grey; Charlotte--The Professor. They sent them the weary rounds and for long could not find a publisher. Finally the Professor came back from the publishing firm of Smith, Elder and Son with so sympathetic a note saying that a book with more dramatic quality was needed, ~~so~~ that Charlotte then and there began Jane Eyre. As a matter of fact, she was at that moment in Manchester with her father, having gone there for an operation for his eyes. And such was her courage and determination, that while she waited for the convalescent to recuperate she sat down to write her most famous novel, without saying a word to anyone. After a year and a half Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey found publishers in Messrs. Newby in one volume--Dec. 1847. Jane Eyre appeared three months earlier with Smith Elder and Son in October 1847. All the authors kept their masculine pen names.

Jane Eyre was an immediate and an immense success. Th other books

were not so popular but they too received some notice. The reviewers all thought the authors were men, but some guessed they might be women and much controversy raged in the literary world, while these quiet, shy sisters were immured in their Yorkshire parsonage. But their lives were beginning to expand and Charlotte did a good deal of correspondence with her publishers and others who admired her work.

In July 1848--Acknowledgment of authorship--Quote E.F. Benson P. 208 et seq.

*identity of the writers
but the authorship was known only to their publishers*

Brighter days seem^d to be dawning for the family and their fortunes should have been in the ascendant as a reward for past sorrow and labor. Charlotte was famous as Currer Bell, the author of Jane Eyre. She began another novel, the heroine of which was to be her sister Emily, whom she called Shirley. Anne had written her second novel. They had all their secret lives as well as the beginnings of recognition. But instead of peace, tragedy piled itself up upon them with unbelievable swiftness and cruelty.

By this summer of 1848, not a year after the publication of the three novels, it was evident that Branwell was not only a complete moral wreck, but was stricken with the terrible scourge of the family and the locality, consumption. The sisters were afraid and ashamed to ask anyone to visit them. Their austere calvinistic upbringing did not help them to sympathize ~~the~~ with the once brilliant but terribly weak brother. They had seen him gradually declin^g for three years and finally in Sept. 1848, he died.

The next to go was Emily. The story of her heroic fight against death, of her stalwart spirit, of the firece reserve of her nature reads like an epic, like a Greek tragedy. I cannot go into all the painful details of Charlotte's fears and the misery she went through in seeing her sister suffer and not be allowed to help of even to call a doctor. These things you can read for yourselves in her letters and in her wonderful tribute to her sister in the preface to the second edition to Wuthering

add here 9 mts.

Heights, which she wrote two years later. Suffice it to say that three months after Branwell, ~~whom~~ Emily, who on the very day of her death insisted on getting up and dressing herself and coming downstairs, -the gallant and silent Emily died. It was December 19, 1848. She was thirty years old.

You would think that Charlotte's burden was heavy enough but there was one sister left. I am quite certain and the ~~idea~~ ^{idea} ~~thought~~ can hardly bear thinking about, that ignorance of the infectious nature of consumption, and of its cure by means of sunshine, ^{not} light, good food and peaceful minds (things unknown at the Parsonage) ^{were} largely the cause of the rapid successive deaths of Branwell, Emily and Anne. Anne became ill the winter of Emily's death. She was gentle and passive, resigned and good. She made no fight as did Emily but had a doctor soon. He confirmed the worst fears of the sisters. Charlotte took Anne to Scarborough by the sea, in May 1849 and Ellen her staunch, and understanding friend came with her. But Anne died only a few days after they reached their destination.

Charlotte was in the middle of Shirley when Emily died. She left it untouched till after Anne had followed her elder sister. And when Charlotte returned from Scarborough to her desolate home, inhabited now by her father alone, she kept her sanity, only by making herself work hard to finish her book. Her eloquent letters at this time bear witness to the marvellous tenacity of purpose, to the depth of her devotion, to the fact that in the achievements of her mind, she could still feel, after all this tragedy, a solace, a comfort, an escape.

In the autumn of the year of Anne's death 1849 Shirley was published. Charlotte thought that although her identity was known to her publishers, she could keep it from the rest of the world. But the setting of Shirley was her own Yorkshire moorlands and the curates, whom she made such fun of in her book were living in and about Haworth. Indeed the very man whom she even-

tually married recognised himself in the book, as well as his colleagues, and roared with laughter at the clever caricatures. People at last knew that Currer Bell was none other than the small, shy, short-sighted clever daughter of the incumbent of Haworth village church.

After this, she began to be lionized to a certain extent. She made several trips to London. She met famous literary people, but all her social activities were terrible ordeals to her and she was made literally ill with shyness. She met Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Martineau, with both of whom she became good friends. She saw her childhood hero, the Duke of Wellington. She was entertained by Thackeray, whom she had adored at a distance. But her sorrows and her seriousmindedness and the long struggle she had had against adversity, robbed her of the ability to enjoy the legitimate fame that came her way. She made a strange impression on people and not ^{always} a very happy one. With her publishers she maintained very cordial relations, and they sent her regularly boxes of new books, in which she revelled. She had many intellectual correspondents and these she thoroughly enjoyed.

Among them was a certain very clever little man called James Taylot, reader for the firm of Smith, Elder and ~~Son~~. In 1851 he proposed to her and she hesitated for a moment, but was never really in love with him and knew it. Her father was anxious that she should marry him and perhaps that feeling had something to do with his disapproval of the curate, Mr. Anthur Nicholls, who in 1852 told him, he wanted to marry Charlotte.

This brings us to the final act in the drama of Chalotte's life. By 1852, she had written Villette, to a large extent an account of her experiences in Brussels and she had also refused Mr. Taylor's offer. She was now 36. Mr. Nicholls had been curate at Haworth for more than eight years, and had had every opportunity of knowing Charlotte and her family. She was very much surprised when he revealed his feeling for her, but from the first she admired and respected him. Her father, for two years was v**ib**ently

opposed to the marriage and like a dutiful Victorian daughter she acquiesced, for a space. But finally she took things into her own hands and winning friends in the town who sympathized with her, she met MR. Nicholls and corresponded with him, even though he had been banished from the parsonage for ~~the~~ ^a time. ~~This~~ ^{of} course this romance is one with the strange, fantastic life on the edge of the moor. Again I can refer you to Mr. E.F. Benson for a most excellent account of it.

They were married on June 29th 1854 and for the next eight months Charlotte knew peace, contentment, real and constant happiness. She was literally surprised at her new joy and could hardly believe she was herself.

But a Nemesis followed the Brontës. In February of the following year, she was taken ill. She was with child and felt weak and miserable and unable to eat. Again one feels if only her doctors had known more they could have helped her. They were not really alarmed until too late. On March 30, 1855 she died. Her father survived her six years. Her husband, after her father's death, left Haworth for good and settled in Ireland.

Here then is ^{very briefly the} ~~the~~ brief and tragic story of the Brontë family. Though it is a story of defeat and death in most of its aspects, it has about it a victorious quality, which is difficult to describe, but which anyone really familiar with the works of these wonderful sisters cannot fail to feel very deeply.

see insert

omit

I wish I could pause here to deal with many different angles of this story; with the interplay of temperament, for instance, among members of the family; with the part which Branwell played in the literary output; with the theories of the authorship and the sources of Wuthering Heights; with the ^{contemporary} opinions of various other, literary people concerning the Brontës. Instead I would like to make brief mention of the published works and point out some of their excellences as well as their weaknesses. I will take them chronologically:

The Poems.

Charlotte and Anne--commonplace
 Religious resignation--imitative

Emily's really great
 some disguised as Gondal poems. Terse, strong the fire of genius
 Read The Moors
 My Lady's Grave

Jane Eyre

Old-fashioned now--then revolutionary: a heroine is plain and unknown
 (Cinderella--inferiority complex)

Fantastic Tale--deliberate
 Autobiographical elements
 St. John Rivers--Henry Nussey
 Lowood School--Cowan Bridge

Jane and Rochester-- a woman confesses she loves, even before the man
 declares himself.

Preaches a little--the Bronte failing

Malvern Festival--dramatization of Jane Eyre by Helen Jerome.
 Curigwen Lewis and Reginald Tate

Wuthering Heights

Like the work of a man--utterly different from Charlotte and Anne.
 Called pagan--mystic
 Incoherent story. Conception of Heathcliff, masterly; one with the moors
 Knowledge of low life--parsonage servants.
 Passion for 1. moors
 2. Animals
 3. Liberty

Really great --underestimated by sister. Impassioned English
 Sombre and dark throughout. No humor.

Agnes Grey

Short. one volume with W.H. Anne less inspired
 Love, making insipid. Governess and children very real
 Excellent English

The Tenant of Wildfell Hall

A pattern though labored.
 A picture of a drunkard--a warning to others--taken upon herself as a duty

Shirley

The moorland country,, Louis the recurring schoolmaster
 Padding--Curates

Villette

Material almost entirely autobiographical.
 Hero--M. Paul Emmanuel (M. Gonstantin Heger)
 Very uneven in quality--called by May Sinclair her best novel
 Bigotted attitude to the Catholic Church (mentione Abbe Dimnet)
 She captures the "foreignness" of the continent, tho her comparisons
 are often odious.

The Professor Posthumous.

The first novel she wrote--really the story of Villette in a milder and
 less convincing form.

Tell of Visit to Haworth on August 20, 1936.

Pictures--Places and People

Conclusion:

But when all is said and done, what is truly moving about this
 Haworth family is its nobility. They faced immense difficulties. They over-
 came with courage, poverty, obscurity and ill-health. They insisted on
 freedom for the enjoyment of intellectual things. They endured the immense
 labor of literary creation with scant encouragement or none at all. They saw
 life and were not afraid of it. They faced death early and with incomparable
 fortitude. And yet, they were so much alive, that even to-day, (more than
a hundred eighty) years after the dea last one died, their parsonage is full of their
 unconquerable personalities.

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