

Notes.

Brent's Dates

Births of Family:

Maria 1813 - 1825

Elizabeth 1814 - 1825

Charlotte 1816 - 1855

Branwell 1818 - 1848

Emily 1819 - 1848

Anne 1822 - 1849

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Mrs. Brent died 1821.

Came to Haworth 1820.

Cowan Bridge. (Lombard)

Second school Roe Head -  
Miss Wooller.

1842 - Brussels Charlotte 26  
Emily 24.

1842 Aunt Branwell died

1844 Char. returned to England.

1846 Poems published  
(The Professor written)

1846 Mr. Brown's operation  
cataract.

1847 Wuthering Heights & Agnes Grey.  
Jane Eyre published.

1848 Deaths of Emily <sup>Dec.</sup> & Branwell <sup>Sept.</sup>

1849 Anne.

Marriage of Charlotte 1854.

Death 1855.

Wuthering Heights 1847

Agnes Grey 1847

Shirley 1849

Villette 1853.

The Professor Posthumous.

Intro:

To talk informally about  
one of my greatest literary  
loves. A study.

Conclusion Emily's Poem?

Journeys to Haworth. Pictures.

It is impossible to write of the Three Brontes and forget the place they lived in, the black-gray, naked village, bristling like a rampart on the clean edge of the moor; the street, dark and steep as a gully-climbing the hill to the Parsonage at the top; the small oblong house, naked and grey, hemmed in on two sides by the graveyard, its five windows flush with the wall, staring at the graveyard where the tombstones, grey and naked are set so close that the grass hardly grows between. The church itself is a burying ground; its walls are tombstones, and its floor roofs the forgotten and unforgotten dead.

A low wall and a few feet of barren garden divide the Parsonage from the graveyard, a few feet between the door of the house and the door in the wall where the dead were carried through. But a path leads beyond the graveyard to "a little and lone green lane" Emily Bronte's lane that leads to the open moors.

It is the genius of the Brontes that made their place immortal; but it is the soul of the place that made their genius what it is. You cannot exaggerate its importance. They drank and were saturated with Haworth. When they left it they hungered and thirsted for it; they sickened till the hour of their return. They gave themselves to it with passion, and their works ring with the shock and interchange of two immortalities. Haworth is saturated with them. Their souls are henceforth no more to be disentangled from its soul than their bodies from its earth. All their poetry, their passion and their joy is there, in the place of their tragedy, visible, palpable, narrow as the grave and boundless.

Last Lines--- Emily Bronte.

No coward soul is mine,  
No trmbler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:  
I see Heavne's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,  
Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
Life that in me has rest,  
As I--undying Life--have powere in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds  
That move men's hearts:unutterably va n;  
Worthless as wither'd weeds,  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one  
Holding so fast by Thine infinity;  
So surely anchor'd on  
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love  
Thy spirit animates eternal years,  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissovles, creates and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,  
And suns and universes cease to be,  
And Thou were left alone,  
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is no room for Death,  
Nor atom that his might could render void:  
Thou--Thou art Bein' and Breath,  
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

**Boğaziçi Üniversitesi**

**Arşiv ve Dokümantasyon Merkezi**

Kişisel Arşivlerde İstanbul'da Bilim, Kültür ve Eğitim Tanıtı

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SCTETS0502101