

UNIVERSIDADE FEDERAL DE SANTA CATARINA  
CENTRO DE COMUNICAÇÃO E EXPRESSÃO  
DEPARTAMENTO DE LÍNGUAS E LITERATURAS ESTRANGEIRAS  
CURSO LETRAS - INGLÊS

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**A Mighty Voice:** A Comparison of Emily Brontë's Work in the Notebook Manuscripts and in  
the 1846 *Poems*

Florianópolis  
Março, 2022

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**A Mighty Voice:** A Comparison of Emily Brontë's Work in the Notebook Manuscripts and  
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Trabalho Conclusão do Curso de Graduação em Letras  
- Inglês do Centro de Comunicação e Expressão da  
Universidade Federal de Santa Catarina como requisito  
para a obtenção do título de Bacharel em Letras –  
Inglês.  
Orientadora: Profa. Dra. Maria Rita Drumond Viana

Florianópolis  
2022

### Ficha de identificação da obra

Lima, Lavine

A Mighty Voice: A Comparison of Emily Brontë's Work in the Notebook Manuscripts and in the 1846 Poems / Lavine Lima ; orientador, Maria Rita Drumond Viana, 2022.

62 p.

Trabalho de Conclusão de Curso (graduação) - Universidade Federal de Santa Catarina, Centro de Comunicação e Expressão, Graduação em Letras Inglês, Florianópolis, 2022.

Inclui referências.

1. Letras Inglês. 2. Emily Brontë. 3. Gondal Saga. 4. Poetry. 5. Comparative Literature. I. Drumond Viana, Maria Rita . II. Universidade Federal de Santa Catarina. Graduação em Letras Inglês. III. Título.

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Este Trabalho Conclusão de Curso foi julgado adequado para obtenção do Título de Bacharel  
em Letras e aprovado em sua forma final pelo Curso Letras – Inglês.

Florianópolis, 25 de março de 2022.

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## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

Firstly, I would like to thank my advisor, Maria Rita Drumond Viana, for sharing her knowledge with me, being patient during this process that took a long time and keeping me calm with her positive outlook. I would also like to thank George Alexandre Ayres de Menezes Mousinho and Andrey Felipe Martins for accepting to examine this thesis. In addition, I would like to thank my family and my dear friend Thais for believing in me and supporting my choices. Finally, I want to thank all the amazing professors with whom I had the privilege to study and who inspired me to be a better student.

**RESUMO**

**A Mighty Voice: A Comparison of Emily Brontë's Work in the Notebook Manuscripts  
and in the 1846 *Poems***

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**Universidade Federal de Santa Catarina**

**2022**

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De acordo com Christine Alexander (2010), quando Charlotte descobriu os cadernos manuscritos da obra de Emily e orquestrou uma publicação conjunta dos poemas das três irmãs, Emily foi convidada a tornar o material mais pessoal e distinto do mundo ficcional de Gondal, uma antiga e permanente criação das Brontës quando mais jovens - Emily e Anne especificamente. Nesse sentido, o objetivo deste estudo é avaliar as mudanças que Emily Brontë (1818-1848) realizou nos poemas que ela havia escrito anteriormente em seus cadernos pessoais, antes de prepará-los para a publicação de *Poems by Currer, Ellis e Acton Bell* (1846). Portanto, minha análise se concentrará nas diferentes versões dos poemas da autora, tais como publicadas em *Poems* de 1846 e na transcrição disponibilizada na edição de Oxford de Alexander (2010), de modo a problematizar essa longa tradição de separar os poemas de Gondal dos poemas publicados.

**Palavras-chave:** Emily Brontë; Poemas; Mundo de Gondal; Literatura Comparada.

**ABSTRACT****A Mighty Voice: A Comparison of Emily Brontë's Work in the Notebook Manuscripts  
and in the 1846 *Poems*****Lavine dos Santos Lima****Universidade Federal de Santa Catarina****2022****Profa. Dra. Maria Rita Drumond Viana**

According to Christine Alexander (2010), when Charlotte discovered the manuscript notebooks of Emily's work and orchestrated a joint publication of all three sisters' poems, Emily was asked to make the material more personal and distinct from the fictional world of Gondal, a long-standing creation of the younger Brontës – Emily and Anne, specifically. In this regard, the aim of this study is to assess the changes Emily Brontë (1818-1848) made to the poems she had previously written in her *Gondal Poems* notebook when she prepared them for publication in *Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell* (1846). My analyses will thus focus on the different versions of the author's poems, as published in the 1846 *Poems* and in her notebook manuscripts, as made available in transcription in Alexander's Oxford edition of 2010, in order to problematise the long-established tradition of separating the Gondal poems from her published poems.

**Keywords:** Emily Brontë; Poems; Gondal World; Comparative Literary Analysis.

## List of Figures

Fig. 1 – Unknown photographer. Haworth Parsonage. (18-). Anne Brontë: In search of Emily Brontë and her family.....	18
Fig. 2 – Brontë, “The Gondal Poems” (18-)	21
Fig. 3 – Brontë, “The Gondal Poems” (18-)	27
Fig. 4 – Brontë, “The Young Men’s Magazine” (1830)	28



## Table of Contents

1. Introduction.....	10
2. Emily Brontë's literary upbringing: influences, writings and how she was published.....	11
3. Editing Emily Brontë's Poems.....	23
4. Reception.....	29
5. A comparative analysis of the published <i>Poems</i> (1846) and <i>Tales</i> edition (2010) .....	34
6. Conclusion.....	51
7. Appendix.....	52
8. Works Cited.....	61

## 1. Introduction

In her *Biographical Notice of Ellis and Acton Bell* (1850), Charlotte Brontë recollected: “I looked [the notebook] over and something more than surprise seized me – a deep conviction that these were not common effusions [...]. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear, they had also a peculiar music – wild, melancholy, and elevating” (Brontë viii). These impressions were recorded by Charlotte after she reportedly encountered by accident a volume of poems that belonged to her sister Emily. Best known for her only novel *Wuthering Heights* (1848), Emily Brontë composed more than two hundred poems, and her poem “Cold in the Earth” was even considered “the finest poem in the nineteenth-century part of the *Oxford Book of English Verse*” (Leavis, 1936, 13). However, Brontë’s poems are still underread, and her poetry is often neglected in relation to her contemporary male poets in the Romantic traditions. In this regard, in the monograph *Last Things: Emily Brontë’s Poems* (2007), Janet Gezari questions the lack of critical studies on the early writing, especially in the case of poems recorded in single-leaf manuscripts.

In this study, I intend to collate two versions of six poems which make part of the manuscripts *Gondal Poems* (British Library Add MS 43483) and *E. J.B. Notebook* and that made it to print while the poet was still alive. For this, I rely on transcriptions of the MS made by Christine Alexander for her 2010 *Tales of Glass Town, Angria, and Gondal: Selected Early Writings* and the digital facsimile of *Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell* (1846), available in the Internet Archive from a copy held at Brandeis University Library. There has traditionally been a tendency to marginalize the Gondal writings as inferior works or mere documentation providing insight or background to the genesis of *Wuthering Heights*. Thus, my aim is to identify the differences between these poem versions in order to question the distinction between Gondal and “personal” poems.

In order to contextualise the genesis of the poems and the importance of the Gondal creations and their opposition to the supposedly “personal”, in the following chapter I will investigate Emily Brontë’s life and experiences. As Laura Inman states in her book *The Poetic World of Emily Brontë: Poems from the Author of Wuthering Heights* (2014): “Knowing about Emily Brontë adds to or even creates an interest in her poetry because she was a fascinating person: an independent spirit, a forward thinker, and a literary genius” (11). After delving into her life, I aim to explore her creative process and how she edited her poetry manuscripts and how her writings were then further edited for publication with her sisters. I then analyse salient differences in both manuscript and published versions of six poems that are present in her *Gondal Poems* notebook and in *Poems* so as to highlight how the editing can affect interpretation. I also provide a side by side comparison of each of the six poems in full tables provided in the Appendix. For these tables, I collated both versions of the poems here discussed separating each stanza. The differences in the texts are highlighted in bold. Following this analysis, I will present my final remarks and tentative conclusions to this study.

## **2. Emily Brontë’s literary upbringing: influences, writings and how she was published**

In her monograph *Last Things: Emily Brontë’s Poems*, Janet Gezari (2007) states that, in her poetry, Emily Brontë allows herself to play a role as a subject of her involvement in the world around her, without considering whether her experience was singular, meaningful, trivial, or profoundly significant to others. In this regard, her poems are personal and impersonal at the same time, in accordance with Yeats’s insight: “a poet writes always of his personal life, in his finest work, out of its tragedy, whatever it be, remorse, lost love, or mere loneliness” (Yeats, 1961, 509 qtd. in Gezari 2). Brontë’s poems can be said to be profoundly personal because of their loyalty to the poet’s experience of agony and solitude, whereas their

impersonality lies in her reason for writing them, which was related to the vast ambition to express the interconnections between the endless powers and the entire human race (Gezari 2).

Gezari claims that Brontë's daily life – and therefore the life of her poems – was a life of deep contemplation. Among the activities which she would do with contentment was the work needed in the household: shaping the bread, feeding the dogs, and cleaning the carpets. In her poem “The Glass Essay” (1995), contemporary poet Anne Carson gives an account of these states of contemplation and even adopts Emily's usual spelling for “watched”. In this poem, it is possible to understand the contemplative nature of Brontë's daily activities:

Whacher is what she was.

She whached God and humans and moor wind and open night.

She whached eyes, stars, inside, outside, actual weather.

She whached the bars of time, which broke.

She whached the poor core of the world,

wide open. (lines 8-13)

Although Brontë's poems approach themes of immortality and mysticism, these associations are often connected to her love of nature and freedom, especially related to a sense of home. Besides, in these mystical expressions, Brontë strives to achieve “a state of undifferentiation where the subject is identified with its object and the imagination has sovereign authority” (Gezari 3). In this regard, as Gezari claims, Brontë does not deny Christianity nor lack faith. However, in her poems, she often expresses disinterest in conventional beliefs and doctrines. In this respect, her poems portray a powerful and independent mind associated with a stern morality. Her faith bears many similarities to some

principles of Stoicism, such as rejection of a permanent afterlife and the concept of a divine nature within human beings, and self-reliance (4).

Apart from what can be found in her poems and novel, Brontë's thoughts and personality are almost unknown. However, some additional information is provided by the essays written in French during the period when she stayed with her sister Charlotte in Brussels.

In her book *Emily Brontë: The Artist as a Free Woman*, Stevie Davies (1983) claims that Emily Brontë's early childhood is crucially important for any investigation of her later life and creations, for childhood is the main theme which she explores in her works (8-9). Emily was raised in a big family of half-orphaned children, who, as stated by Hewish (1969) in *Emily Brontë: A Critical and Biographical Study*, were firmly confined with a somewhat recluse father and an elderly and scarcely affectionate aunt, so they grew up "intellectually precocious and socially immature" (25). In that scenario, the absence of her mother, who died in 1821, was one of the most essential aspects of her life, a significant fact that constituted the beginning of a series of "losses which her art tried to redeem" (Davies 3). As Davies claims: "In *Wuthering Heights* [...], Emily created an art of memory, in which it is revealed that we always contain, and essentially are, the child we once were" (9). It is like staring into a deep well. As you contemplate it, you encounter the image of your seemingly outlived self looking back at you. This process is like falling into a profound dream in your awakened state. In this context, there is a passage that leads to the past, which is reachable in the mind. In the current reality, the past realizes itself and becomes indistinct in texture from the events that succeed in the present moment. Davies adds that: "No moment is ever lost; no incident or event shed. Character and relationships, for Emily Brontë, are immutable, stable, and eternal. They echo and mirror one another. Emily's characters are like envelopes: if you unfold and open them,

you can find a message which was written there long ago and placed inside for the future” (9).

At the Parsonage, Emily and Anne would sit down in the kitchen and write letters on their birthdays. These writings, known as “Diary Papers”, were addressed to their future selves and meant to be opened at a specific date. The sisters would mention what was happening in the household and write about their plans, dreams, and hopes regarding the future, as well as narrate the current state of events in the Gondal saga, the imaginary world collaboratively created by them – and then these papers were put aside to be accessed in certain anniversaries. When these dates were finally reached, the conditions and features of the writers had changed, but the content sealed in those letters had remained the same (Davies 9). In this regard, Davies notices that: “Personality for Emily Brontë is like this, sealed, fixed, arrested and immutable. You are bounded where your deepest affinities rest; and those affinities are brought into the world with you when you first enter it [...]. This is why Emily’s earliest days deserve our lingering affection” (9-10).

Emily’s father, Patrick Branty or Brunty, was born in Northern Ireland in 1777. He was the eldest of the ten children of a peasant farmer. As Bentley (1965) mentions in her biographical book *The Brontë Sisters*, working as a blacksmith and linen weaver, Patrick earned his living from a very young age, and when he was sixteen worked as a schoolmaster in a small school. Then he acted as instructor to the sons of a neighbouring clergyman, who advised the young lad, helped him to save up and led him to the University of Cambridge, where he entered as a sizar (a student who receives financial help in return for certain services) in 1802. As Davies states: “Emily Brontë was therefore blessed with a father who was in himself a sort of embodied social revolution: refusing to accept the lowly status into which he had been born, he had arduously struggled upwards, to shed his class, his country,

and his condition [...]. As Patrick Brontë fought his class, so Emily Brontë sloughed the restrictions of her sex” (4).

In 1809, Mr Brontë (as he began to sign his name after the great Nelson became Duke of Brontë) went to Yorkshire, where he would live until the end of his life. According to Bentley (13), a friend introduced him to the family of his fiancée, Miss Maria Branwell, with whom Mr Brontë fell in love and married in 1812. At that time, Mr Brontë was curate at Hartshead. Their marriage resulted in six children: Maria (1813) and Elizabeth (1815) in Hartshead; Charlotte (1816), Patrick Branwell (1817), Emily Jane (1818), and Anne (1820) in Thornton. One year after Anne was born, Mrs Brontë died, so her sister Elizabeth Branwell went to live in Haworth in order to take care of the children. During the Brontës’ early formative years, their household atmosphere was characterized by a deep religious feeling along with the faith in self-development by reading and study (14).

In his youth, Mr Brontë had literary aspirations and published in Bradford and nearby towns two volumes of poems, two tales, three pamphlets and a couple of sermons. Moreover, before her marriage, Mrs Brontë wrote an essay entitled *On the Advantages of Poverty in Religious Concerns* intending to publish it in some periodical. These publications are important as conveying the intention of writing for the press into the Brontë family. As stated by Bentley, quoting Charlotte Brontë in her *Biographical Notice of Ellis and Acton Bell* (1850, ix): “[...] the selection of type, the sight of one’s name on the title page, the correction of proofs were familiar notions to the little Brontës, so that they ‘very early cherished the dream of one-day becoming authors’” (15).

According to Bentley, due to his belief in education, after his wife’s death, Mr Brontë sent his eldest children, Maria, Elizabeth, Charlotte, and Emily, to a school for the daughters of clergymen in Westmorland in the nearby county. At Cowan Bridge, the rigid discipline and harsh conditions may have contributed to the spread of tuberculosis, and both Maria and

Elizabeth died in 1825. After that event, Emily and Charlotte were taken home. However, the idea that the Brontë sisters were uneducated and ignorant, and that their brilliance unfolded out of nothing, is entirely inaccurate, for their father always encouraged them in reading, study, and self-culture. According to Hewish, the discovery of the diary papers (for 1834 and 1837) and Charlotte's earliest letters demonstrate that they were not devoid of the common extras and achievements in their instruction at home. They had drawing and music lessons with a local teacher. Besides, Ellen Nussey's – Charlotte's close friend – portrayal of Emily's musical skills is supported by her teaching the young children at the boarding school in Brussels (26). In addition to that, as Bentley states, Mr Brontë would bring newspapers and magazines to the children, who frequented a library in the neighbouring town and read voraciously. Furthermore, at the age of eighteen, Charlotte suggests a list of books to a friend that includes works by Byron, Goldsmith, Milton, Pope, Scott, Shakespeare, Southey, Wordsworth, and many others. In that context, Branwell and Charlotte personally wrote to Wordsworth and Southey and asked for impressions on their writings (10).

The Brontë family had no relatives within reach, apart from Mrs Brontë's cousin, in whose house the children stayed at a young age. Therefore, when their mother died, the young Brontës were confined to the direct family circle; they never belonged to a family group and had no relatives close by. In that context, when the Brontës moved to Haworth Parsonage, this sense of isolation and loneliness might have been emphasized (Bentley 11).

To comprehend the significance of Haworth in the children's lives, it is important to know a little of its physical location, history, and the people who lived there. The village of Haworth stands between the Yorkshire highlands, and the parsonage was surrounded by the heathery hills of the Pennine Chain. According to Fraser (1887), in his critical essay *The Brontës*, there was little vegetation, "whilst behind and right up to the kitchen door, is a wild



expanse of the bleak and melancholy moor” (497). Besides, during long weeks, the inhabitants are restricted by the snow that the northerly winds pull down from the heights.

Despite being an impoverished farming land, the West Riding had sheep and many streams, and for many years that place had been the setting of a woollen cloth factory. When Patrick Brontë moved to Yorkshire, the manufacture was in a process of mechanization, which was received with resistance on the behalf of some more skilled cloth workers, who feared the replacement of their labour by the machinery. During the Brontës’ childhood, Haworth was thus in a period of transition and transformation. Haworth was traversed by wild pathways of moorland and countless steep interconnecting hills, and its inhabitants interacted with the surrounding world only by walking, by a hired carriage, or by a carrier’s cart. The railway was constructed in Keighley and Hebden Bridge (just a few miles away) during the 1840s. However, in the folds of the highlands, at the end of the steep packhorse trails, there were still farmers and weavers of strongly independent personality, who had always worked for themselves and had never had any boss. Even though, down in the lowlands, three extensive automatized mills were active, contrastively creating a class of wage-earning workmen and the new middle class (Bentley 11-12).

As claimed by Hewish, amid churchyard and the moors ideal of elementary nature (as one may observe in Figure 1), the dramatic surroundings of the parsonage represent properly this period: it symbolizes the intellectual and spiritual concerns of the nineteenth century. In that setting, the Brontë sisters’ attitudes concerning their homes were conflicting and present a curious illustration of the condition of women in the early Victorian era: “they combined intense attachment and pride, with tension and revolt” (Hewish 24).



Fig. 1: Unknown photographer. Haworth Parsonage. (18-). Anne Brontë: In search of Emily Brontë and her family. August 4<sup>th</sup>, 2021. Available at: <<https://www.annebronte.org/2019/08/11/the-brontes-family-and-friends-in-colour/>>.

Hewish claims that one important motive for the predominance of the domestic daily life of the Brontës was that it allowed them to give rise to the most peculiar and outstanding fantasy-lives registered of any Victorian storyteller (27). Regarding the significance of the home life to little the Brontës, Bentley states:

These moors exalted the spirits of the Brontës, nourished in their souls the love of liberty. Especially was this the case with the reserved Emily, who, “stronger than a man, simpler than a child” in Charlotte’s estimation, was “a native and nursling of the moors [...]. Liberty was the breath of Emily’s nostrils” (xiv). It would seem that Emily’s poetry derived its austere magnificence cadence, and her philosophy its ‘space sweeping’ vision, from this wild and sombre moorland which she so deeply loved (12-13).

All the Brontë children wrote since childhood (with intervals of discouragement and suspension); they wrote stories, poems, drafts of novels, translations and even created whole imaginary worlds (Hewish 27). These fantasy worlds were both escape and confinement; a

subtle vocation that justifies their approach to real-life events and circumstances, considering that “the artist’s burden of living two existences at once is heavier when one of them is largely an escape” (28).

As stated by Bentley, the creation of the daydream worlds by the Brontë children started when a box of twelve wooden soldiers was given to Branwell in 1826. Animated into heroes, these little soldiers undertook various fascinating adventures, which culminated in the foundation of kingdoms, such as the Glasstown Confederacy, located on the coast of Africa. In addition to inventing this world, the four Brontës wrote entire stories about it, both in prose and verse – stories, poems, biographies, and magazines. After some period, the children were divided into two pairs: Charlotte and Branwell invented another kingdom, Angria, while Emily and Anne retired to a fictional island named Gondal, located in the North Pacific. The texts regarding these worlds were recorded in minute handwriting on tiny handmade books, “whose pages were sometimes only five by three centimetres in size” (Bentley 13).

In her research *Emily Brontë’s Paper Work* (2017), Deborah Lutz claims that a possible reason for the Brontë children’s use and reuse of paper was its cost. They “had a daily awareness of paper’s expense in the 1830s and ’40s (when Emily composed all of her surviving poetry and her one novel) and the need to wring every bit of potential out of the dear substance” (292). Besides, as children, Charlotte and Branwell created miniature booklets and magazines by sewing small leaves of paper. They used scraps and fragments of anything at their disposal, “such as grey or yellow parcel paper, sometimes with the address and conveyance still legible, spotted flower wallpaper, wrappers for books that contained advertisements for books, blank sheet music, and blue sheets that had contained salt or sugar” (294). Anne and Emily likely handcrafted their books as well.

As stated by Lutz, several theories have tried to explain why the Brontës created such microscopic manuscripts. Roper (9 qtd. in Lutz 294) affirms that Gondal and Angria had their

starting point with the toys that were given to Branwell, so the manuscripts, that were produced “by” the characters personified in the little soldiers, had to be tiny to equate their size. Another justification is related to secretiveness, with the Brontës wanting to keep these creations particular among themselves “by creating print too meagre for adult eyes to read without magnification” (Lutz 294).

According to the British Library webpage about these sources<sup>1</sup>, Gondal was created by Emily and Anne in 1831. It is a fictional world located on a North Pacific island. Its landscapes resemble the Yorkshire moors where the poet used to live, as well as the Scottish landscapes, the setting for Sir Walter Scott’s novels — Emily’s favourite author as a child. The poet continued to create stories and poems about Gondal until 1848, the year of her death, at thirty years old. The stories have been lost, so the poems — as well as the *Diary Papers* and a list of characters — are the only source used to reconstruct the saga (BL n.d.).

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<sup>1</sup>British Library. Collection Items: Manuscript of Emily Brontë’s Gondal Poetry. Available at: <https://www.bl.uk/collection-items/manuscript-of-emily-bronts-gondal-poetry>.

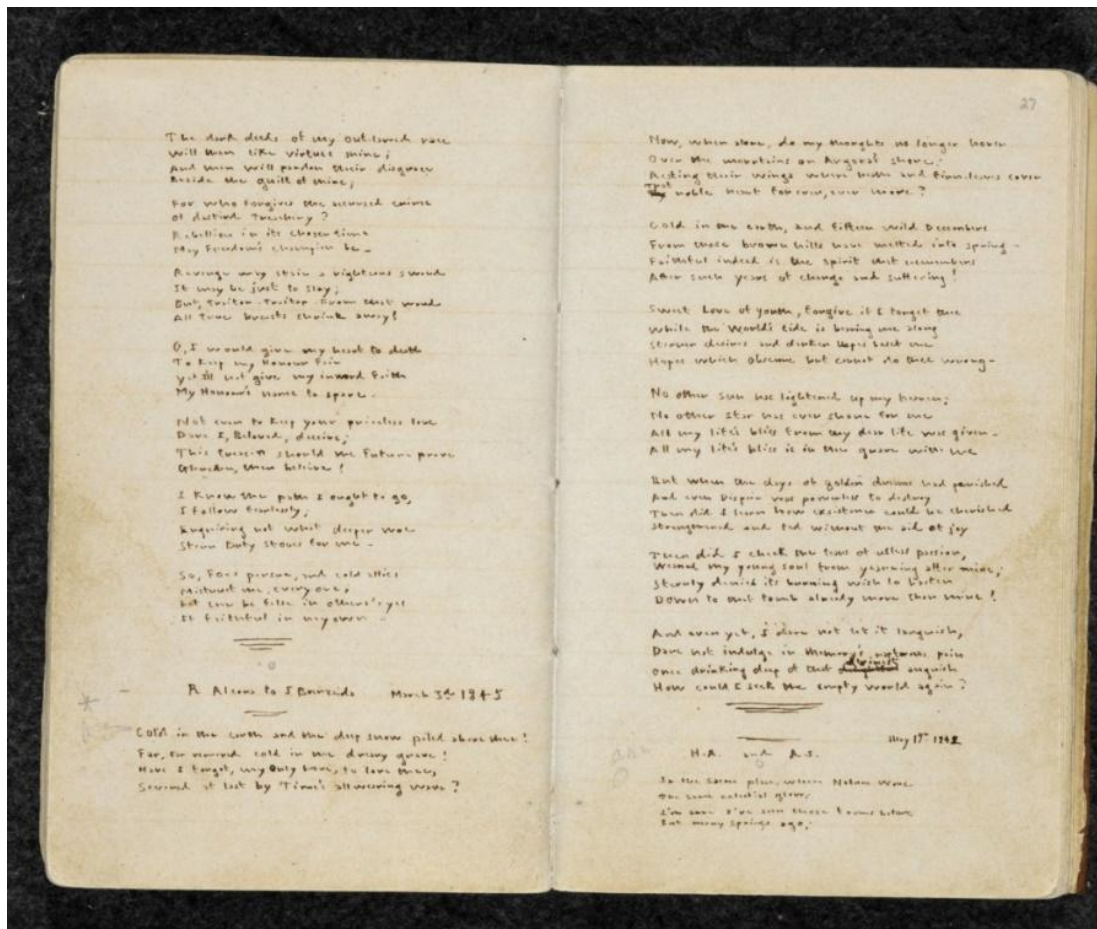


Fig. 2: Brontë, “The Gondal Poems” (18-). British Library website. January 2022.

<https://www.bl.uk/collection-items/manuscript-of-emily-bronts-gondal-poetry>.

During her teenage years, although the toy soldiers may not have been a creative element for her, Emily continued to perform the Gondal saga with Anne, and possibly also by herself, speaking aloud and acting out some parts. By the age of twenty-seven, in a diary paper of 1845, she writes that she and Anne assumed Gondal roles while travelling to York. Lutz notes that, although Emily was still acting out Gondal stories with Anne, she became less collaborative as an adult and did not tend to share her writings with her siblings. In a July 1845 diary note, Anne remarks that her sister is “writing some poetry” and she wonders about its content (Lutz 294).

Although Brontë transcribed her poems into separate notebooks, she wrote both Gondal and non-Gondal poems throughout her life. Regarding this distinction, Gezari declares: “For me, a Gondal poem is one in which a lyrical impulse converges with an

occasion provided by a narrative about invented characters with aristocratic names” (7). She complements:

I do not ignore the presence of Gondal in the poems, but I resist dividing poems that belong to a Gondal narrative from poems that probably do not, either because Brontë transcribed them into her manuscript instead of her Gondal Poems notebook or because they include no references to Gondal characters or places (7).

During varying periods, the Brontë sisters frequented a prestigious boarding school maintained by Miss Wooler in the district well-known for being the setting of Luddite riots. In that place, Charlotte met her long-lasting friend Ellen Nussey, to whom students and scholars owe the hundreds of letters that refer to the lives of the Brontës. Besides, during a space of ten years (1835-1845), the Brontë sisters made significant efforts to earn their living by teaching. This experience included Emily as well, even though she had to leave that place due to the homesickness that compromised her health. Since they felt unhappy when far away from home and apart from each other, the Brontës decided to establish their own school. In order to pursue this goal, they went to Brussels to seek extra qualifications and learn German and French (Bentley 16). However, this project was soon abandoned, and the three sisters remained at home and supported each other during the period in which Branwell succumbed to his addictions. In the same period, the autumn of 1845, Charlotte accidentally found a poems volume in Emily’s handwriting. According to Bentley (17), “Charlotte was intensely struck by the power, the originality, and the wild melancholy music of Emily’s poems, and thought at once of publication”. By this time, Charlotte already knew that her sister had written poems. Although at first Emily appears to have felt offended by that invasion of her privacy, she was finally persuaded to join Charlotte’s publication project. From Emily Brontë’s poetic production of over 200 poems, only twenty-one were printed during her

lifetime. They were published in *Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell* (1846), which is usually referred to as *Poems*.

In the 1846 edition, the sisters' poems alternate between each other, creating relationships between each of their poems. In his article *The Poems of Ellis Bell: The Version Printed in 1846 and the Manuscript Version*, Geoffrey D. Hargreaves (1994) affirms that the manuscript versions of Emily's poems are divided into two notebooks in which she transcribed her poems, using her usually tiny letters: fifteen of the poems are present in the undesignated volume – commonly named Honresfeld manuscript –, and six are written in the notebook entitled “Gondal Poems” (49).

To avoid personal publicity and prevent the condescension or disdain with which reviewers would usually treat women writers, the Brontës utilized the pseudonyms Currer (referring to Charlotte), Ellis (Emily), and Acton (Anne) Bell. Charlotte elucidates that they chose these ambiguous names, which could refer to people of either sex, because they did not want to assume masculine Christian names (Brontë ix qtd. in Bentley 17). Additionally, in 1847, one year after the publication of *Poems*, the three sisters, inspired by “the sight of one's words in print” (Bentley 18), published three novels: *Jane Eyre*, under the name of Currer Bell, *Wuthering Heights*, by Ellis Bell, with *Agnes Grey* by Acton Bell. Their brother, Branwell, did not join this collective project, which was kept from him due to his poor mental and physical health. His health deteriorated rapidly, and he died in September 1848. This passing of a promising and beloved brother was extremely painful to all the three sisters. At his funeral, Emily caught a cold that worsened her health and died three months after Branwell (Bentley 18-19).

### **3. Editing Emily Brontë's Poems**

According to Susan L. Greenberg (2018, *v*) in her theoretical book *A Poetics of Editing*, “writing is thought in performance”, that is, the connection between arbitrary ideas and images which translates into something that can be acknowledged by others. To be successfully executed, this practice presents many issues, thus the relevance of rewriting, of the revision and edition of a text. In addition, Greenberg (*v*) claims that, although the difficulties that authors encounter in the composition process are commonly discussed in popular and academic narratives, the image of those who carry out acts of editing is still obscure and fragmented, for “the practice is invisible and so ill-defined” (1). Therefore, our culture’s perception of editing needs a change in emphasis, shifting the focus from norms and rules to a more elaborate consideration of the complexity of collaboration, decision-making process, and communication (25).

Regarding the definition of the term “edition”, Greenberg states that the earliest registered usage of “‘edition’ conveys the intertwined nature of editing and publishing as does the verb “to edit” whose primary definition “to publish, give to the world’ is distinguished from a finished work that exists in manuscript, but has not yet been shared with readers” (5). In an attempt to establish a definition, Greenberg affirms that:

Editing is conceived as a decision-making process, usually within the framework of a professional practice, which aims to select, shape and link the text, thereby putting it into a context that helps to deliver the meaning and significance of the work to its readers. This involves a relationship between author, editor and text, with the editor standing in for the eventual reader (14).

In brief, editing can be defined as the art of perceiving a text as if it is unfinished (Greenberg 14). Besides, Greenberg describes this practice as part of a process, that is, editing a text makes it go through a creation cycle. In this respect, it has a specific and “intrinsic decision-making process and it is part of a wider sense-making process” (15).



Editing also involves selection, and each publishing house has its norms, preferences, and criteria. In this process, shaping the text is an important role according to Greenberg (17):

Some types of editing focus on “bringing forth” the text by giving it shape, in an engagement with natural language [...]. Shaping concerns everything to do with changes to the content itself at both “macro” level (developmental concerns such as structure, focus, tone and voice) and ‘micro’ level of copy-editing (including grammar, spelling and usage).

Each context and material demand a distinct decision-making process of how the text is selected and shaped. This process involves taking reception into consideration. According to Greenberg (20): “Reception takes place in the author’s mind during composition, while imagining the ideal reader; and in the reader’s mind, once the text has been put out into the world”. In that context, the process of writing and editing “a text is an exercise in reimagining words in the minds of other people” (33).

Greenberg states that authors frequently recognise the relevance of self-editing to their work: “My process of writing had developed until I preferred the act of revision to first draft [...]. The move to revision became so complete that I no longer cared about the story as product [...]. The more I worked, the more I understood that a writer never really stops writing” (Conroy 1999, 219 qtd. in Greenberg 34). Besides, for some of these writers, “rewriting/revising/reimagining is the very life’s blood of the creative enterprise” (Baker 2007, 144 qtd. in Greenberg 34). In addition, Greenberg mentions that dedication to self-editing is a crucial difference between those who write considering their own intentions and those who have a wider audience in mind (35).

Like her life, Emily Brontë’s process of writing poetry is almost intangible. In her poems, Brontë often expresses her creative experience. However, that elusiveness associated with her life also permeates her poems, and very little is known about the process of

composing them. In the diary papers, she refers to some events and characters in Gondal, but there is only a brief mention that Emily is writing a poem. Although she wrote letters during the rare periods she travelled abroad, only three have survived and they were not directed to her sisters. In these letters, she does not mention any of her own activities or the composition of her poems. As Gezari claims, Charlotte's friend and novelist Elizabeth Gaskell often depicted the three sisters walking around the sitting room of the Parsonage while discussing their stories, which indicates that talking about their poems was not a characteristic of those evening conversations (4-5).

Regarding her practice of self-editing, when Emily Brontë revised a poem, she would normally either eliminate the first version by removing it from its collection sheet or crossing it out if it was part of a page with one poem that was not meant to be transcribed elsewhere, and then had to be preserved (Lutz 295). Besides, her manuscripts contain many poems that seem incomplete or unfinished, usually defined as fragments, and her intentions for them is unknown (Gezari 80). The following picture, provided by the British Library website, demonstrates Emily's revisions in her *Gondal Poems* notebook:

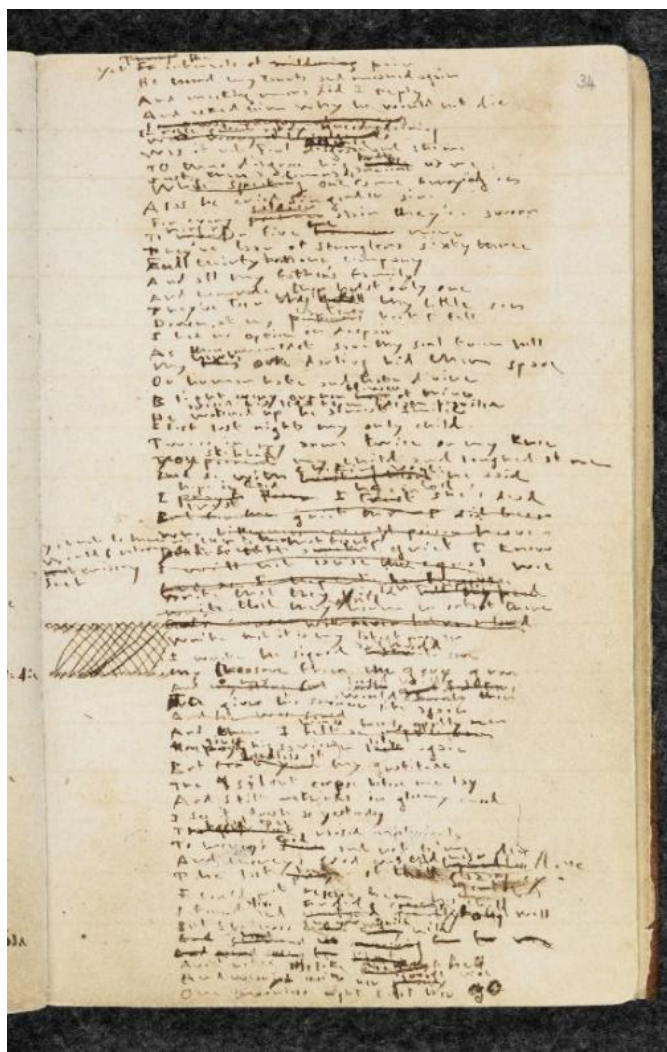


Fig. 3: Brontë, “The Gondal Poems” (18-). British Library website. February 2022.

<https://www.bl.uk/collection-items/manuscript-of-emily-bronts-gondal-poetry>.

Lutz affirms that Emily’s creative process involved small shreds of paper: “She penned many of her poems on pages torn or cut with scissors, probably from notebooks, then divided into halves, quarters, or portions even smaller” (291). She adds that: “Some fragments had been used already — for Latin exercises, accounts, geometry exercises, or doodling — and Brontë ripped or scissored a rectangle from them and turned them over to the blank side” (291). Besides, she recorded or composed her poems in minute handwriting meant to imitate a printed book but on a little scale. To the Brontës, paper was more than a carrier of text, and its numerous domestic facades take shape in their fiction, in which twists, clippings, pieces of paper, and even entire books are reutilized in various ways (293).

The enigmatic minuteness of Emily's notebooks may have had the intention to hide them, attributing certain secretiveness to them. A possible motive for Brontë's noticeable attention to the edge of her page (which she used to rip and cut) and to the margins of her poetry (which she removed entirely or restricted by filling them with drawings and doodles) was that the action of peeling off was an element of her writing process. In addition, she used to regularly organise her writings in "final" drafts (even though they were occasionally revised and arranged in more "final" drafts). At the beginning of her writing process, she did this by adopting a piece of paper and adding as many poems as she could in the entire sheet, neatly recorded in the "book print" all of the children used (Lutz 295). In the following image, the minuteness of these books is evident in the example of Branwell and Charlotte's little manuscript, which, according to the BL website, corresponds to *The Young Men's Magazine*, n<sup>o</sup>. 3:



Fig. 4: Brontë, "The Young Men's Magazine" (1830). British Library website. February 2022.

<https://www.bl.uk/collection-items/bronte-juvenilia-the-young-mens-magazine-no-third>.

In Emily's case, the product was a kind of completed collection of her work, and she possibly had many of these sheets at her disposal which could be prearranged more unrestrictedly than if they had been recorded in a notebook or any kind of volume, considering that these alternatives create a certain sequence in the collection, determined by the turning of the page and order of the poems (Lutz 295).

According to Lutz, in addition to the anthology of pieces of paper, Emily implemented a new method in 1839. She revised and transcribed some poems into a new notebook, with a non-chronological disposition that was meaningful for her. It seemed that she intended to arrange the poems together as a distinctive kind of product from the pile of miniature papers. Some years later, she edited and rearranged chosen poems, adding new compositions – one was entitled *Gondal Poems* and the other was untitled. In this process, she removed poems from the first notebook – which was transformed into a sort of worksheet – and discarded their respective pages when they were edited and transcribed into one of the new notebooks (295-296). She adds that: “The poems that exist only on one of the manuscript snippets can be seen, arguably, as a kind of finished product, a presentation of work, if for herself alone, akin to Charlotte and Branwell's miniscule magazines [...]. Their fragmentary, roughshod nature should be understood as a deliberate choice, part of the works' creative whole” (296).

Regarding the fragmentary nature of some of Emily's poems, Gezari (72) claims that she was not devoid of the ability that Emily Dickinson referred to as the grace to terminate in her poem 1196, “To make Routine a Stimulus,” but she would rather compose poems that seem to stretch into infinity instead of reaching a conclusion: “A sense of an enduring outcome usually replaces a sense of an ending in her poems” (72).

#### **4. Reception**

In Matthew Arnold's poem about Emily Brontë, which commemorates Charlotte Brontë in the occasion of her death in 1855, there are the following lines:

... and She—  
 (How shall I sing her?)—whose soul  
 Knew no fellow for might,  
 Passion, vehemence, grief,  
 Daring, since Byron died,  
 That world-fam'd Son of Fire; She, who sank  
 Baffled, unknown, self-consum'd;  
 Whose too-bold dying song  
 Shook, like a clarion-blast, my soul. (lines 158-166 qtd. in Gezari 126)

Gezari states that he approximates Emily Brontë to Byron due to the qualities both shared, such as “Passion, vehemence, grief”, but differentiates their reception. Byron is characterized as “That world-fam'd Son of Fire”, while Brontë “...sank/Baffled, unknown, self-consum'd”. Even though, his discovery of her poems “Shook, like a clarion-blast, [his] soul”. In Arnold's view, his appreciation for Emily Brontë was not shared by his contemporaries (126).

In her critical essay *The Politics of Textual Scholarship*, Michelle R. Warren states that textual scholarship emphasizes “the constructed nature of all texts, it opens perspectives on the various political forces that traverse those constructions – from historical circumstances to textual content, from intentional manipulation to the more diffuse effects of ideology, from assertions of power to its resistance” (119). In this respect, the concept of politics in textual scholarship involves both the conception of texts and their application. Therefore, a political perspective indicates that textual scholarship is related to both its

readers and its producers, in a way that “attention to politics can orient both the creation and reception of edited texts” (119).

In the context of publishing and editing, the publication of new editions usually responds to politically reflected preferences while their circulation seeks to promote those preferences in new readers (Warren 124). In this respect, when Charlotte assumed a new edition of poems by Emily and Anne in 1850, along with the novels *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*, her main goal was to secure more appreciation for both her sisters works after their deaths. Her objective is perceived not only in the *Biographical Notice of Ellis and Acton Bell*, but also in her revisions to Emily Brontë’s poems (Gezari 126).

According to Warren, the precise ways in which the creators and readers of editions discuss about editing and its products express relations of power. Various metaphors define textual scholarship in concepts that both suggest and apply ideological force: “Every descriptive term carries prescriptive potential; whether we speak of ‘corruption’ or ‘variance’, diplomatic ‘neutrality’ or critical ‘intervention’, ‘readability’ and ‘clarity’ or the ‘clutter’ of zealous erudition, we find ourselves entangled in a plethora of connotations that condition our textual experiences” (127).

In her thesis *A Study of the “Post Genetic”: Emily Brontë’s “EJB” Notebook, 1844 to the Present*, Patricia A. Ayrton (2018) states that Emily Brontë’s criticism started in 1846 with the reviews of *Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell*. However, the criticism was not substantial and usually did not distinguish between the works of the three “Bells” (8). As the first posthumous editor of Emily’s poems, Charlotte expresses her appreciation of her sister’s poetic works. Nevertheless, Ayrton states that Charlotte creates a portrait that hinders the perception of Emily as a systematic intellectual and thinker (iv), since she is applying her descriptive or narrative abilities to recreate the image of Emily as a poet through her revisions to the poems (16). Furthermore, “the critical history of Emily Brontë’s writing is not just

based on the work that she produced, but also on the interpretations, additions, and biographical details provided by her sister Charlotte” (Ayrton 7). Regarding this, Gezari states that Charlotte’s main interest was to defend Anne and, for the most part, Emily, against the complaints that reviewers of *Wuthering Heights* and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* had made about their demeanour and morals (126-127): “With the 1850 edition of *Agnes Grey* and *Wuthering Heights*, Charlotte hoped to persuade the world that Emily and Anne were ‘genuinely good and truly great’. Each sister required and received a different kind of defence” (127). With this in mind, she wrote that Emily did not understand enough nor had complete control over *Wuthering Heights* and that she had “immature but very real powers” in her novel (Brontë xi qtd. in Gezari 127). According to Gezari, a possible explanation about why Charlotte did not recognize the maturity of Emily’s novel was because she had a profound investment in her sister’s immaturity (128).

Regarding Charlotte’s 1850 edition, Gezari claims that her revisions to the poems moulded Emily’s reception and reputation during that century and afterwards. In addition, the seventeen poems printed in 1850, along with twenty-one poems already printed in *Poems* and the poem “A Farewell to Alexandria” published in 1860 in the *Cornhill Magazine*, shaped the whole canon of Emily Brontë’s published poetic production until 1902. She adds that: “The 1850 poems were known to nineteenth-century readers only in Charlotte’s versions of them. When Emily Dickinson asked to have ‘No coward soul is mine’ read at her funeral, she was asking to have the poem as altered by Charlotte read: she knew it in no other form” (128).

According to Gezari, even though there are at least four poems that Charlotte edited and revised more extensively than “No coward soul is mine,” excluding or adding lines to them, there is a purpose behind her revisions to this poem in particular. They promote an assertion of faith that Charlotte considered necessary to support any claim regarding Emily’s goodness and greatness. Because of this, it was convenient to consider “No coward soul is



mine” as the last poem Emily composed, even though Charlotte was aware that this was not the case since the poem had been written in January of 1846. As in *Poems*, all the poems composed by Emily that were printed in 1850 – except for “Often rebuked, yet always back returning,” for which no document has ever been discovered – are found in her two manuscript notebooks: *Gondal Poems* and *E.J.B* (128).

An anonymous reviewer of the British literary magazine *The Athenaeum* perceptively defined the 1850 publication “as a more than usually interesting contribution to the history of female authorship in England” (qtd. in Gezari 129). According to Gezari, it is even more interesting in terms of “contribution to the history of Brontë biography”. She adds that in analyzing Charlotte’s revisions to “No coward soul is mine” and two other poems, her main focus is to see what she attempted to “make of these poems and at what she hoped to unmake about them” (129).

Editions mould the possibilities for interpretative engagements. Therefore, editions are extensively political regardless of their form or content merely because they circulate certain kinds of knowledge to the detriment of others (Warren 131). In relation to the 1850 volume, according to Gezari, the editorial control attributed to Charlotte is based on her appreciation and love for Emily and her trust in her sister’s love for her. However, it also demonstrates her self-assurance that her understanding is more developed and mature than Emily’s (137).

Warren states that scientific discussions contribute to the concept of “progress” in textual scholarship – that is, the preferable process to an “authoritative” edition of the “greatest” material utilizing the upmost “standards”. The pursuit of ultimate and definitive forms motivates publishers, editors, and audience alike to disregard the constructed attributes of their textual representations and to reject everything which antecedes or exceeds the definitive printed text (128). Regarding this approach, Warren affirms that:

We should therefore be wary of the “myth of progress” by which a “good” edition renders its predecessors obsolete. Similarly, the idea of selecting the “best” manuscript for editing implies hierarchies of value that imbue certain phenomena with greater authority than others. Editions themselves are often assigned lesser value than the “original” and “unique” materials that inspire them (128-129).

There is no indication that Charlotte had the intention to sound like Emily in the context of her revisions or alterations to the poems published in 1850, but she had the aim to improve them based on a model that she believed was better (Gezari 141).

##### **5. A comparative analysis of the published *Poems* (1846) and *Tales* edition (2010)**

According to Hargreaves, the manuscript version and the 1846 edition differ considerably in terms of “titles and other non-textual matter, wording of the text, emphasis (capitalization and italics), spelling, punctuation, and layout” (49). Gondal references are excluded as well. Each of Emily Brontë’s twenty-one poems has a title in the 1846 edition. However, in the manuscript version, only seven of the titles are recorded, and it is unknown how many more were indeed written by Emily. Contrastingly, the 1846 version excludes all the Gondal titles, initials, and references (as well as the only saga date – September 1846) that were present in the Gondal manuscript. In addition, the *Poems* version omitted twenty individual dates of writing, “ranging from 14 November 1839 to 9 October 1845” (49).

Explicit references to the Gondal saga were present in two poems in the manuscript were removed for the published 1846 edition; “Julian M. and A. G. Rochelle –” – titled “The Prisoner” in the 1846 imprint – and “Alcona to J Brenzaida” – entitled “Remembrance” in *Poems*. In the Gondal notebook, in the seventh stanza of “Julian M. and A. G. Rochelle –,” there is the following occurrence:

**‘Yet, tell them, Julian, all,** I am not doomed to wear  
 Year after year in gloom and desolate despair;  
 A messenger of Hope comes every night to me  
 And offers, for short life, eternal liberty — (Brontë, lines 65-68)

In *Poems*, the highlighted words “Yet, tell them, Julian, all” were removed; instead, the subsequent stanza was published:

**‘Still, let my tyrants know,** I am not doomed to wear  
 Year after year in gloom, and desolate despair;  
 A messenger of Hope comes every night to me,  
 And offers for short life, eternal liberty. (lines 33-36)

These exclusions were probably made due to the acknowledgement that readers would not comprehend such references to places and characters. Despite the removal of such allusions, the poem’s meaning may be still understandable to readers, even though its context has been considerably altered.

According to Christine Alexander in the selection of works of Anne, Branwell, Charlotte, and Emily entitled *Tales of Glass Town, Angria, and Gondal: Selected Early Writings*(2010), “The Prisoner (A Fragment)” is part of the Gondal poem “Julian M. and A.G. Rochelle—: ‘Silent is the House — all are laid asleep’,” whose lines 13-44 and 65-92, with some alterations and inclusion of a new final stanza, were selected to be published in 1846 (588). When comparing both poems, one is surprised to acknowledge they concern one single composition, such it is the magnitude of transformation in theme and tone provoked by a few changes and exclusions that culminate in “The Prisoner (A Fragment)”.

In the Gondal notebook version “Julian M. and A. G. Rochelle,” Julian is casually exploring his dungeons when he encounters a prisoner called Rochelle, a youth playfellow, and becomes enamoured of her. Then Rochelle tells him that she has been restrained by

“nocturnal visionary flights” and desires only death. Nonetheless, Julian makes an offer to release her from imprisonment, which she accepts and, after some period of sickness during which he nurses her, falls in love with him. According to Gezari, when Emily edited the poem for publication in *Poems*, she reduced it by excluding lines from the beginning, the middle, and the end. In addition, Gezari (73) states that:

She removed twelve lines that open the poem and connect it to other poems about visionary experience that she had written during the previous spring (“Stars”) and summer (“Anticipation”); twenty lines in the middle of the poem, when the prisoner recognizes her visitor and both remember their childhood friendship; and sixty-two lines at the end, which tell the story of the prisoner’s release from the dungeon, Julian’s care of her during her long illness and recovery, and how he wins her love.

Moreover, Brontë composed a four-line stanza with which to end “The Prisoner (A Fragment),” in which the visitor leaves the prisoner in the dungeon with the conviction that her death is inevitable (Gezari 73):

She ceased to speak, and we, unanswering, turned to go —  
 We had no further power to work the captive woe:  
 Her cheek, her gleaming eye, declared that man had given  
 A sentence, unapproved, and overruled by Heaven. (lines 61-64)

In these lines, the speaker acknowledges that his words are vain to the captive, who firmly believes that her sentence was “overruled by Heaven” and thus she is not deprived of her true freedom, which transcends her earthly experience. In the biography *The Brontë Myth*, to argue against the idea that this poem suggests that Brontë wrote out of her own mystical experience, Lucasta Miller (2001) has stated that these stanzas allude to the near-death circumstance of a tortured prisoner, confined in a dungeon, whose consciousness is

repeatedly lost and regained, a state viewed as a liberty from pain: “On one level at least, Emily must have meant the lines to be taken literally in this sense. Since childhood, she would have known about the physical sufferings of prisoners during the French Revolution, which may have fed into her view of Gondal, a place riven by civil war between Royalists and Republicans” (286).

Lord Byron’s poem “The Prisoner of Chillon” is considered a possible source for Brontë’s text. In the ninth stanza, the narrator describes his momentary unconsciousness in a dungeon:

First came the loss of light, and air,  
 And then of darkness too...  
 There were no stars—no earth—no time  
 No check—no change—no good—no crime—  
 But silence, and a stirless breath  
 Which neither was of life nor death. (Byron, lines 233-248 qtd. in Miller 286)

Miller claims that, in Byron’s text, the prisoner has a less metaphysical complexity in relation to Emily’s, but the fundamental theme and imagery are present in his poem. In addition, the fact that the “The Prisoner of Chillon” could have been a possible source for Brontë, providing her with even the minimum inspiring spark, indicates her poem is not necessarily derived from a personal experience (286).

Regarding the alterations in the poem, Gezari supports that they confirm Emily’s participation in the 1846 version and refutes the assumption that “she was blocked as a writer by her sister’s discovery of her poems” (73). However, there is no independent documentary evidence confirming Brontë’s involvement in these alterations. In addition, she states that the complete poem as transcribed in the *Gondal Notebook* was first published only in 1938, when the Shakespeare Head Press printed a volume entitled *Gondal Poems by Emily Brontë*. Even

though, in her view, “the poem that is identified as incomplete in the 1846 volume, a part of something once larger or more nearly whole and complete, by the parenthetical words in its title – ‘A Fragment’ – is more conclusive than the longer poem” (72). By removing some lines and adding a final stanza that provides a sense of completion, Brontë creates a coherent version of the poem which terminates with a positive result for the captive. In this respect, Gezari claims that in *Poems*, Brontë engages “with an audience whose expectation of closure in poems she understands and is sometimes willing to satisfy” (72). This acknowledgement of the importance of closure may elucidate one characteristic of the poems in the 1846 version: most of them end with an exclamation point, even though these poems are usually unpunctuated in the manuscripts. According to Chartier (2013), punctuation does not always have dramatic importance in a literary text, “but always it constructs meaning by guiding the eye – or the voice” (87).

Another alteration in “The Prisoner” includes the substitution of the word “parents” by “kindred” in the eighth stanza, as well as the emphasis in the possessive adjective “my”, which is published with capital letters:

About her lips there played a smile of almost scorn,  
 ‘My friend,’ she gently said, ‘you have not heard me mourn;  
 When you my **kindred's** lives, **MY** lost life, can restore,  
 Then may I weep and sue, — but never, friend, before!’ (lines 29-32)

This stanza is spoken by the captive, who, after being told that her prayers were vain and would not grant the liberty she so intensely longed for, calmly answers “with a smile of almost scorn” that she has not complained in any circumstance and does not intend to do so unless her lament brings real results such as restoring her “kindred’s lives” as well as her own. This assertion shows strength and endurance, concepts that are often portrayed in Brontë’s poems. Regarding the replacement of “parents” for “kindred”, this could bring a

more general idea than “parents”, for the reader could not help but wonder what happened to her close family, while “kindred” could represent a more distant relationship. Additionally, the capitalization of the word “my” accentuates the speaker’s acknowledgement that her life is lost in the physical dimension.

Other changes made to the poem of the manuscript version include editorial corrections to Emily’s spelling of some words such “greif” (which appears as “grief” in the 1846 edition), and “gulf” (“gulph” in *Poems*). As stated by Hargreaves (51), in general, the orthography of *Poems* complies with contemporary expectations.

Another poem that was revised to be published in *Poems* and removed of references to the Gondal world is “Alcona to J Brenzaida” – entitled “Remembrance” in the 1846 publication. In the second line of the second stanza of both poem versions, there is a minimal difference regarding a reference to a place. In the second stanza of “Alcona to J Brenzaida,” as transcribed in the *Gondal Poems* notebook, the speaker says: “Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover/ Over the mountains on **Angora’s shore**” (5-6 lines). Angora was one of the kingdoms located in Gondal that was conquered by Julius Brenzaida. In this respect, taking reception into consideration, a reference to an unreal place, without adding at least a descriptive footnote, would be confusing to readers. Therefore, in *Poems*, the expression “on Angora’s shore” was substituted by “on that northern shore”, a vaguer, more deictic image. Although apparently minimal, this alteration changes substantially the context in which the poem is read. Similar to the reasoning behind the changes that resulted in “The Prisoner,” the 1846 imprint’s editor, whoever she might be, perceived the necessity to consider the public’s reception and understanding of these poems. Another change is the substitution of “that” by “thy” in the line 8 in “Remembrance”: “Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover/ **Thy** noble heart for ever, ever more?” (lines 7-8). Although

“thy” is no longer commonly used in Brontë’s period, it is the kind of elevated diction often associated with poetry.

The poem “Remembrance” (1846), in its Gondal MS version, refers to one of the characters (Rosina Alcona) addressing another (her dead husband Julius Brenzaida) after fifteen years of separation. In this poem, there is a duality concerning the expression of feelings; and the intense request for the ethereal world beyond death is completely denied (Alexander 587).

Other changes made to the poem include mostly vocabulary, such as the substitution of the words “sterner” and “darker” by “other” in both cases in the fourth stanza:

“Alcona to J Brenzaida” in <i>Tales</i> edition (2010), lines 13-16	“Remembrance” in <i>Poems</i> (1846), lines 13-16
Sweet Love of youth, forgive if I forget thee While the world’s tide is bearing me along <b>Sterner</b> desires and <b>darker Hopes</b> beset me Hopes which obscure but cannot do thee wrong —	Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee, While the world's tide is bearing me along; <b>Other</b> desires and <b>other hopes</b> beset me, Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

In the version that is read in the context of Gondal, “sterner desires” and “darker Hopes” add more intensity to the present, “which obscure” the memory of the speaker’s “Sweet Love of youth”. When these adjectives are replaced by “other”, the desires and hopes that torment the speaker are neutralized and therefore reduced in terms of importance when compared to the memory of a past lover, for these hopes veil her remembrance, but cannot erase it.

In the fifth stanza of “Remembrance,” the expression “other sun” was replaced by “later light”, and “other star” was removed and substituted by “second morn”:

“Alcona to J Brenzaida” in <i>Tales</i> edition (2010), lines 17-20	“Remembrance” in <i>Poems</i> (1846), lines 17-20
No <b>other sun</b> has lightened up my heaven; No <b>other star</b> has ever shone for me All my life’s bliss from thy dear life was given — All my life’s bliss is in the grave with thee	No <b>later light</b> has lightened up my heaven, No <b>second morn</b> has ever shone for me; All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given, All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.



In this case, the choice for “later light” and “second morn” could be justified by the attempt to avoid the repetitive usage of “other”, which was written twice in the previous stanza. However, considering that revision is not necessarily a linear process in which the editor starts revising from the beginning of the poem, this change can be regarded as more complex in terms of poetic devices than in the previous version. For instance, in line 17, there is the alliteration of the “l” sound – “No later light has lightened up my heaven” – which is not present in the manuscript version, and the same occurs in line 18, with the alliteration of the “s” sound – “No second morn has ever shone for me”.

Gezari states that there were many poems entitled “Remembrance” in 1846, including poems by Shelley, Byron, and Southey, whose poems Brontë presumably read. It contains an expression – “harass’d heart” – that she wrote in two poems, such as “Sleep Brings No Joy to Me,” in which the speaker affirms that “Sleep brings no joy to me/ Remembrance never dies” (lines 1-2). In this respect, according to Gezari (41): “Brontë’s conviction that remembrance never dies, even in sleep, anticipates Freud [...]. Brontë’s protest against death requires the survival of remembrance, and like Freud, she is alert to how memory threatens that survival”.

In the nineteenth century, there was a distinction between the definition of remembrance and recollection (Gezari 42). According to *The Etymological and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language* (1871), a dictionary more contemporaneous to the time of the Brontës, the definition of “remember” is to “make mindful of; to retain in the mind or memory; to bear in mind; not to forget” (Stormonth 519), while “recollect” is “to bring back to the mind or memory; to call to mind” (509). In this respect, “remembrance” is characterized as a passive memory that is instilled in someone’s mind, whereas the act of recollection is an active and conscious effort to recall a past memory. Regarding this difference, in his book *Sleep and Dreams* (1851), John Addington Symonds recognizes two types of memory:

The simplest form of memory is the mere reproduction of a sensation or the return of a thought, or of a former emotion to the mind. When the recurrence of certain feelings and ideas is brought about by an effort of the will, such an act of the mind is denominated *recollection*. But when the past images come unbidden, we say that they are the products of mere *remembrance* (Symonds 47-48 qtd. in Gezari 42).

To define “remembrance” in Brontë’s poetry, Gezari mentions a passage in *Wuthering Heights* in which the narrator and character Nelly alerts Heathcliff about the conflict that his return would provoke in Catherine’s life, who was already married to Edgar Linton, to which he replies: ““You suppose she has nearly forgotten me?” he said. ‘Oh, Nelly! you know she has not!’” (Brontë, 2008, 213 qtd. in Gezari 43). Heathcliff’s assumption is in accordance with Nietzsche’s idea regarding memory: “If something is to stay in the memory it must be burned in: only that which never ceases to hurt stays in the memory” (Nietzsche, 1989, 61 qtd. in Gezari 43). In Brontë’s novel and poems, what survives as persistent pain becomes remembrance, not recollection (43).

In *Poems*, the first stanza of “Remembrance” has two pairs of lines that are punctuated to appear as finished sentences:

Cold in the earth – and the deep snow piled above thee,  
Far, far, removed, cold in the dreary grave!  
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,  
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?” (lines 1-4).

According to Gezari (47), the first two lines oscillate between expressing imperative and indicative feelings; they may express grief over the long-ago death of a beloved or a command thrown at someone who died but refuses to leave. The two last lines of this stanza end with a rhetorical question: “Its predictable answer is ‘no, I haven’t forgot to love thee’.

Although Time claims to sever all ‘at last’, this lover has so far held out. The image of time as an ocean or stream, of life as a sea, and of death as a crossing figures often in the poetry of the period” (Gezari 47). The poem ends with a rhetorical question as well:

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,  
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;  
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,  
How could I seek the empty world again?” (lines 29-32)

Ending with “again” indicates continuance, not termination. As Gezari (53) states: “Rhyme is the ‘recurrence of termination’ and ‘again’ puts the stress on recurrence, not termination”. The impression provoked by “again” and the ascending emphasis of the question conflict with the reader’s perception of having achieved the last lines of the poem since they expect the full sound of the voice to fall on the final cadence (53).

One of the few modifications between the Gondal manuscript and the 1846 version is the replacement of the adjective “all-wearing” for “all-severing” in line 4:

<b>“Alcona to J Brenzaida” in <i>Tales</i> edition (2010), lines 1-4</b>	<b>“Remembrance” in <i>Poems</i> (1846), lines 1-4</b>
Cold in the earth and the deep snow piled above thee! Far, far removed cold in the dreary grave! Have I forgot, my Only Love, to love thee, Severed at last by Time’s allwearing wave?	Cold in the earth - and the deep snow piled above thee, Far, far, removed, cold in the dreary grave! Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee, Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Authorial revision is not necessarily melioration, and this substitution, as a consequence, asserts that “Time's all-severing wave”, after a long period, does disconnect the living – who is “severed at last” – from the dead (Gezari 56). Other changes in the poem include the spelling of words such as “Dispair” – which appears as “Despair” in *Poems* – and “devinest” – published as “divinest” in 1846, which, as discussed before, conform to the standard spelling of that century.

Changes in spelling are also present in poems as “Song” – untitled in the Gondal notebook – and “To Imagination” – the only poem in this analysis that has the same title in the manuscript version as well. For instance, few modifications were made to the poem entitled “Song,” and mostly were related to the hyphenation of some words, such as “moor-lark” (“moorlark” in the manuscript version) and “west-wind” (“west wind” in the Gondal notebook):

The linnet in the rocky dells,  
 The **moor-lark** in the air...  
 The **wild deer** browse above her breast;  
 The **wild birds** raise their brood;  
 And they, her smiles of love caressed,  
 Have left her solitude! (lines 1-2, 5-8)

Besides, Brontë’s spelling of words such as “carest”, “greif”, and “murmer” were altered according to the conventional orthography (and appear as “caressed”, “grief”, and “murmur” in the 1846 edition). Since few changes were made, this may indicate that there was not an inflexible distinction between Brontë’s “personal” poems and those that are sometimes only read in the context of Gondal. As Denis Donoghue (1970) states in his critical essay *Emily Brontë: The Latitude of Interpretation*, she “could not suppress herself in favour of her invented characters” (313).

Regarding the manuscript version, Alexander states that, in “The Linnet in the Rocky Dells,” – “Song” in *Poems* – Lord Eldred W is once more faithfully reminiscing the queen A.G.A, who was killed and presently has been entombed on the moorlands for some time. The natural scenery and the silent slumber of the dead, now free from the noise and agitation of human life, is reflected in Lockwood’s illustration of the tombs in the last paragraph of *Wuthering Heights* (585), which says: “I lingered round them, under that benign sky: watched

the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, 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” (Brontë 483).

As in “Remembrance,” *Wuthering Heights* and many other poems written by Brontë, “Song” represents “an affair of the heart and nerves that continues after death” (Gezari 114). In this respect, Gezari questions: “How exactly does one love someone who is dead? [...] And do the dead love back? Or are they annihilated, transfigured (in the language of the Christian burial service, a natural body become a spiritual body), or existent but without consciousness, “changed and careless” as in “Song” (“The linnet in the rocky dell”)?” (114). There are no definitive answers to these metaphysical questions.

In “To Imagination,” in addition to the changes in the spelling of words such as “dispair” – “despair” in *Poems* – in the first stanza and its correspondent plural “dispairs” in the last one, there are other modifications regarding the substitutions of words as well, such as “greif” for “guilt” and “unsullied” for “untroubled” in the third stanza in the 1846 edition:

“To Imagination” in <i>Tales</i> edition (2010), lines 13-18	“To Imagination” in <i>Poems</i> (1846), lines 13-18
What matters it that all around Danger and <b>greif</b> and darkness lie If but within our bosom’s bound We hold a bright <b>unsullied</b> sky Warm with ten thousand mingled rays Of suns that know no winter days —	What matters it, that all around Danger, and <b>guilt</b> , and darkness lie, If but within our bosom's bound We hold a bright, <b>untroubled</b> sky, Warm with ten thousand mingled rays Of suns that know no winter days?

In the manuscript version, while “greif” is associated with the feeling of sadness caused by a loss or someone’s death, in *Poems* the choice for “guilt” implies a responsibility for one’s action and consciousness in a world where trouble and despair are caused by human actions and “Nature’s sad reality” (line 20). Additionally, the substitution of “unsullied sky” for “untroubled sky” is in accordance with the overall imagery of this stanza, in which the

speaker portrays a bright and cloudless sky: “Warm with ten thousand mingled rays/ Of suns that know no winter days?” (lines 16-17).

In “To Imagination,” the speaker creates an ode to imagination, which, in a world where “danger, and guilt, and darkness lie” (line 14), provides a sense of comfort. In the manuscript version, the last line of this stanza ends with a dash, while in *Poems* ends with a question mark. Even though punctuation does not have crucial importance, in the 1846 version, it creates a sense of uncertainty and indecisiveness when placed at the end of the third stanza: “Of suns that know no winter days?” (line 18). Regarding this aspect, Hargreaves (2013) claims that: “The heavy punctuation of *Poems* almost certainly reflects the conventions of Hasler’s printing shop rather than the manuscript[s] [...]” (296). Besides, in the poem, there is no direct reference to the Gondal saga. According to Alexander, this composition is much more related to a dialogue between Sense and Imagination rather than to Gondal characters (586).

Regarding the usage of capital letters, there are many changes in the poems that I analyse in this study. There is no consistency in these alterations. In some cases, capital letters are added, while, in other poems or stanzas, some of them are excluded. For instance, this is evident in the poems “Stanzas to ——” (1846) and “The Old Stoic” (1846).

In “Stanzas to ——” or “Well, some may hate and some may scorn,” in the E.J.B Notebook, apart from the title and the use of punctuation marks, there were few changes, and mostly include the use of capital letters in words such as “Pride”, “Pain”, and “Pity” in the 1846 publication, which highlight these words and attribute more importance to them:

Vain as thou wert, and weak as vain,  
 The slave of Falsehood, **Pride**, and **Pain** —  
 My heart has nought akin to thine;  
 Thy soul is powerless over mine...

Let **Pity's** heart as tender be;  
 Say, "Earth, lie lightly on that breast,  
 And, kind Heaven, grant that spirit rest!" (lines 11-14, 24-26)

Considering these subtle modifications, classifying this poem as an expression of the Gondal world, apart from Brontë's experience and poetic persona, while reducing the importance of her imaginary world, diminishes the complexity of her poetic production. In this respect, Alexander claims:

It is not hard to imagine that many of the poems classified as 'personal' might have originally been spoken by Gondal characters, whose views reflect those of their creator [...]; certainly a number of these personal poems either discuss the source of Emily's imaginative experience [...] or directly address her "God of Visions" (as in "To Imagination"). Her poems are chiefly dramatic lyrics, spoken by imagined characters at particular moments in time. Gondal allows Emily a lyric impersonality: she can participate in different scenarios, write with abandon and yet write intensely out of her own experience (xxxix).

"Well, some may hate and some may scorn" was written as a Gondal monologue that follows a transformation in attitude in relation to an untrustworthy lover who has died. According to Alexander (581): "Despite the initial temptation to moralize and scorn, the speaker affirms Emily's own belief that all creatures are destined to act according to their inherent natures — a belief that governs the behaviour of Gondal characters". It is not known to whom the poem is addressed. Brontë's brother Branwell has been suggested as one possible addressee even though the poem is supposedly part of the Gondal saga. The poem was written nine years before Branwell's passing, but his decline started around this period. This narrative has been considered a way for Emily to separate herself and predict Branwell's inglorious death as well as her feelings of disregard of his behaviour (582):

“Well, some may hate and some may scorn” in <i>Tales</i> edition (2010), lines 1-4	“Stanzas to ——” in <i>Poems</i> (1846), lines 1-4
‘Well, some may hate and some may scorn And some may quite forget thy name But my sad heart must ever mourn Thy ruined hopes, thy blighted fame’ —	Well, some may hate, and some may scorn, And some may quite forget thy name; But my sad heart must ever mourn Thy ruined hopes, thy blighted fame!

These lines can be interpreted as not only the expression of a fictional character in a Gondal narrative but also as Emily’s reproach of her brother’s addictions and irregular behaviour. The poet Shelley has also been considered an addressee, considering that Brontë had probably seen his portrait and read about his biography in Moore’s *Life of Byron*, and may have been acquainted with his poetry by this period (Chitham 528 qtd. in Alexander 582).

In the version of “‘Well, some may hate and some may scorn” published in *Poems*, as in most of the poems, many dashes were removed and substituted by an exclamation mark. The logic behind these changes is unknown.

In the poem’s first lines, the speaker expresses her disappointment towards the addressee, which culminates in the powerful assertion of the final line, in which she affirms her authenticity and independence from the person in that context: “My heart has nought akin to thine;/ Thy soul is powerless over mine.” (lines 13-14). However, in the middle of the poem, the speaker discards the previous thoughts and feelings:

But these were thoughts that vanished too;  
 Unwise, unholy, and untrue:  
 Do I despise the timid deer,  
 Because his limbs are fleet with fear?  
 Or, would I mock the wolf’s death-howl,  
 Because his form is gaunt and foul?  
 Or, hear with joy the leveret’s cry,



Because it cannot bravely die? (lines 18-22).

In addition, in the final lines, the speaker's compassion and tolerance triumph over the previous feelings of loathing and disdain: "Let Pity's heart as tender be;/ Say, 'Earth, lie lightly on that breast,/ And, kind Heaven, grant that spirit rest!'" (lines 27-29).

Regarding the poem "The Old Stoic" or "Riches I hold in light esteem," the opposite occurred in terms of capitalization when compared to "Stanzas to —". The removal of capital letters in words such as "fame" and "life" possibly had the intention to reduce the importance of these words, which is in accordance with the poem's overall theme of ephemerality and smallness of human's concerns and aspirations. In this respect, according to Alexander (583): "Although spoken by a character nearing death, the poem expresses Emily's attraction to stoicism". As a recurrent theme in Emily's poetry, the poem demonstrates sympathy for nature, as well as the liberty of the spirit in comparison to the body's limitations:

Riches I hold in light esteem,  
 And Love I laugh to scorn;  
 And lust of fame was but a dream,  
 That vanished with the morn (lines 1-4)

In this poem, although the speaker had felt initially tempted to pursue wealth, love, and fame, these preoccupations, as mere reflections, soon faded, providing space for what truly matters – that is, the ultimate freedom of mind and spirit. Besides the exclusion of capitalization, the editor of "The Old Stoic" removed dashes and, in the final stanza, substituted the preposition "through" by "in". In this stanza, the speaker reaffirms the initial detachment towards the material concerns associated with life and highlights only one request:

Yes, as my swift days near their goal:

'Tis all that I implore;  
**In** life and death, a chainless soul,  
 With courage to endure. (lines 11-12)

Regarding the poem's theme, Alexander claims that Brontë may have had contact with Elizabeth Carter's *The Discourses of Epictetus*, a collection of the ideas of the Stoic philosopher Epictetus, which may well explain her knowledge and attraction towards Stoicism. The poem expresses the idea of a *chainless soul*, which is also present in Byron's poem "Sonnet on Chillon": "Eternal spirit of the chainless Mind!/ Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art" (lines 1-2). According to Epictetus: "Fortune is an evil chain to the body, and vice to the soul. For he whose body is unbound, and whose soul is chained, is a slave. On the contrary, he whose body is chained, and his soul unbound, is free" (*Fragments vii*; qtd. in Alexander 583). This view is strongly related to Brontë's attitude in life, especially in the context of her death when she refused medical treatment in the final stages of tuberculosis. Like "The Prisoner (A Fragment)," this poem is also compared to Byron's "The Prisoner of Chillon" as a possible source.

In her article *Gondaliand* (1923), Madeleine Hope Dodds suggests that the reader can appreciate the poem "The Old Stoic" without questioning to whom the poem refers, since "it is the expression of a mood which we can recognize within ourselves" (9). This understanding contradicts Chitham and Winniffrith's affirmation, who claims that: "Gondal poetry is often an amalgam of stanzas and groups of lines which reflect Emily's deeper interests and a host of inconsequential Gondal ephemera which is simply not worth reading as poetry, though it may have biographical interest" (110). This disregard of the poems conceived as a part of the Gondal narrative was a frequent misconception in the twentieth century, and Chitham and Winniffrith's assertion reflects a common approach in relation to literary works firstly originated from juvenilia. However, in accordance with Alexander and

Gezari, this view is unfounded, especially in relation to Brontë's poems, which were produced and "acted out" during her entire life. Additionally, "The Old Stoic," with its minimal changes for publication in *Poems*, demonstrates that an inflexible distinction between her poems is not an effective approach to Brontë's poetry.

## 6. Conclusion

This study has investigated Emily Brontë's life, personality, influences, and her creative process, as well as analysed her poems as presented in the notebook manuscripts – as transcribed in *Tales of Glass Town, Angria, and Gondal: Selected Early Writings* – and in *Poems by Ellis, Currer, and Acton Bell*. The Gondal saga and characters were first created by Emily and Anne when they were children. Throughout her life, research shows that Emily continued to write poems that are conceived as part of the imaginary world of Gondal and even "perform" some of the characters and events of this saga. In addition, although initially Brontë separated her poems into two notebooks – one entitled *Gondal Poems* and other untitled and marked with her initials E.J.B. –, later she started copying poems from both manuscripts into a third one, which raises the question about the extension to which Gondal poems should be separated from those considered "personal".

Through analysis and comparisons of six poems in two versions each, originally associated with the Gondal saga and published in *Poems*, this study attempts to demonstrate that there should be a flexible approach to Brontë's poems, which can be viewed as a part of a whole and complex poetic creation that expands the barrier between imagination and real experience. In the poem "The Prisoner (A Fragment)," for instance, although there were many changes for publication in *Poems*, there was only one explicit reference to the Gondal saga. Besides, as Gezari states, even when it is present in the context of a "personal" poem, this text is more conclusive than the original in the manuscript version (72). As in "The

Prisoner (A Fragment),” the poem “Remembrance” contains only one direct reference to Gondal – “Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover/ Over the mountains on Angora’s shore” (lines 5-6). There are other alterations, but, in an overall sense, even if they were maintained, readers would still be able to understand and appreciate the poem as a literary piece apart from the Gondal saga. Following this same reasoning, the poem “To Imagination” (1846) has no reference to the Gondal saga. Besides, the alterations are mostly related to punctuation, spelling, vocabulary usage, and capital letters, which also occur in the last poems here analysed: “Stanzas To ——” – in which there are only changes in terms of capitalization – and “The Old Stoic” – in which capital letters are excluded and the word “Through” is substituted by “In”: “In life and death, a chainless soul,/ With courage to endure.” (lines 11-12).

This is a limited and brief study. Further research is not only important but necessary in order to expand the limits that separate Brontë’s poems and reduce the importance and value of the Gondal saga to mere stories that provide an insight into the life of Emily Brontë as a well-recognized novelist and author of *Wuthering Heights*. Additionally, there is insufficient research and focus on Emily Brontë as a talented and accomplished poet. In this respect, future studies should shift the focus on her poems as only documents to understand the genesis of *Wuthering Heights* and approach them as valuable poetical works *per se*.

## 7. Appendix

**Table 1**

Poem version in <i>Tales of Glass Town, Angria, and Gondal: Early Selected Writings</i> (2010)	Poem version in <i>Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell</i> (1846)
Julian M. and A.G. Rochelle —	The Prisoner
Silent is the House — all are laid asleep; One, alone, looks out o’er the snow-wreaths deep; Watching every cloud, dreading every breeze	

That whirls the wildering drifts and bends the groaning trees —	
Cheerful is the hearth, soft the matted floor Not one shivering gust creeps through pane or door The little lamp burns straight; its rays shoot strong and far I trim it well to be the Wanderer's guiding star —	
Frown my haughty sire, chide my angry Dame; Set your slaves to spy, threaten me with shame; But neither sire nor dame, nor prying serf shall know What angel nightly tracks that waste of winter snow —	
In the <b>dungeon-crypts</b> idly did I stray, Reckless of the lives wasting there away; "Draw the ponderous bars! open, Warder stern!" He dared not say me nay — the hinges harshly turn.	In the <b>dungeon crypts</b> idly did I stray Reckless of the lives wasting there away; 'Draw the ponderous bars, open Warder stern!' He dared not say me nay — the hinges harshly turn —
"Our guests are darkly lodged," I <b>whisper'd</b> , gazing through The vault, whose grated eye showed heaven more gray than blue; (This was when glad Spring laughed in awaking pride;) " <b>Ay</b> , darkly lodged enough!" returned my sullen guide.	'Our guests are darkly lodged' I <b>whispered</b> gazing through The vault whose grated eye showed heaven more grey than blue; (This was when glad Spring laughed in awaking pride.) ' <b>Aye</b> , darkly lodged enough!' returned my sullen guide.
Then, God forgive my youth, forgive my careless tongue! I scoffed as the chill chains on the damp flagstones rung; 'Confined in triple walls, art thou so much to fear, That we must bind thee down and clench thy fetters here?'	Then, God forgive my youth; forgive my careless tongue; I scoffed, as the chill chains on the damp flagstones rung: "Confined in triple walls, art thou so much to fear, That we must bind thee down and clench thy fetters here?"
The captive raised her face; it was as soft and mild As sculptured marble saint or slumbering, <b>unweaned</b> child It was so soft and mild, it was so sweet and fair Pain could not trace a line nor <b>greif</b> a shadow there!	The captive raised her face; it was as soft and mild As sculptured marble saint, or slumbering <b>unwean'd</b> child; It was so soft and mild, it was so sweet and fair, Pain could not trace a line, nor <b>grief</b> a shadow there!
The captive raised her hand and pressed it to her brow 'I have been struck,' she said, 'and I am suffering now Yet these are little worth, your bolts and irons strong And were they forged in steel they could not hold me long —'	The captive raised her hand and pressed it to her brow; "I have been struck," she said, "and I am suffering now; Yet these are little worth, your bolts and irons strong; And, were they forged in steel, they could not hold me long."
Hoarse laughed the jailor grim, 'Shall I be won to hear Dost think fond, dreaming wretch that I shall grant thy prayer? Or better still, wilt melt my master's heart with groans? Ah sooner might the sun thaw down these granite stones! —	Hoarse laughed the jailor grim:"Shall I be won to hear; Dost think, fond, dreaming wretch, that I shall grant thy prayer? Or, better still, wilt melt my master's heart with groans? Ah! sooner might the sun thaw down these granite stones.
'My master's voice is low, his aspect bland and kind But hard as hardest flint the soul that lurks behind: And I am rough and rude, yet, not more rough to see	"My master's voice is low, his aspect bland and kind, But hard as hardest flint the soul that lurks behind; And I am rough and rude, yet not more rough to see

Than is the hidden ghost which has its home in me!’	Than is the hidden ghost that has its home in me.”
About her lips there played a smile of almost scorn ‘My friend,’ she gently said, ‘you have not heard me mourn When you, my <b>parents’</b> lives — <b>my</b> lost life, can restore Then may I weep and sue, but, never, <b>Friend</b> , before!’	About her lips there played a smile of almost scorn, "My friend," she gently said, "you have not heard me mourn; When you my <b>kindred's</b> lives, <b>MY</b> lost life, can restore, Then may I weep and sue, — but never, <b>friend</b> , before!
Her head sank on her hands, its fair curls swept the ground The Dungeon seemed to swim in strange confusion round — ‘Is she so near to death?’ I murmured half aloud And kneeling, parted back the floating golden cloud	
Alas, how former days upon my heart were borne How memory mirrored then the prisoner’s joyous morn — Too blithe, too loving Child, too warmly, wildly gay! Was that the wintry close of thy celestial May?	
She knew me and she sighed ‘Lord Julian, can it be, Of all my playmates, you, alone, remember me? Nay start not at my words, unless you deem it shame To own from conquered foe, a once familiar name —	
‘I can not wonder now at aught the world will do And insult and contempt I lightly brook from you, Since those who vowed away their souls to win my love Around this living grave like utter strangers move!	
‘Nor has one voice been raised to plead that I might die Not buried under earth but in the open sky; By ball or speedy knife or headsman’s skillful blow — A quick and welcome pang instead of lingering woe!	
‘ <b>Yet, tell them, Julian, all</b> , I am not doomed to wear Year after year in gloom and desolate despair; A messenger of Hope comes every night to me And offers, for short life, eternal liberty —	" <b>Still, let my tyrants know</b> , I am not doomed to wear Year after year in gloom, and desolate despair; A messenger of Hope comes every night to me, And offers for short life, eternal liberty.
‘He comes with western winds, with evening’s wandering airs, With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the thickest stars; Winds take a pensive tone and stars a tender fire And visions rise and change <b>which</b> kill me with desire —	"He comes with western winds, with evening's wandering airs, With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the thickest stars. Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire, And visions rise, and change, <b>that</b> kill me with desire.
‘Desire for nothing known in my maturer years When <b>joy</b> grew mad with awe at counting future tears; When, if my spirit’s sky was full of flashes warm, I knew not whence they came from sun or <b>thunder storm</b> ;	"Desire for nothing known in my maturer years, When <b>Joy</b> grew mad with awe, at counting future tears. When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm, I knew not whence they came, from sun or <b>thunder-storm</b> .
‘But first a hush of peace, a soundless calm descends;	"But, first, a hush of peace — a soundless calm descends;

<p>The struggle of distress and fierce impatience ends; Mute music soothes my breast—unuttered harmony That I could never dream till <b>earth</b> was lost to me.</p>	<p>The struggle of distress, and fierce impatience ends; Mute music soothes my breast — unuttered harmony, That I could never dream, till <b>Earth</b> was lost to me.</p>
<p>‘Then dawns the Invisible, the Unseen its truth reveals; My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels — Its wings are almost free, its home, its harbour found; Measuring the <b>gulf</b> it stoops and dares the final bound!</p>	<p>"Then dawns the Invisible; the Unseen its truth reveals; My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels: Its wings are almost free — its home, its harbour found, Measuring the <b>gulph</b>, it stoops and dares the final bound,</p>
<p>‘Oh, dreadful is the check — intense the agony When the ear begins to hear and the eye begins to see; When the pulse begins to throb, the brain to think again, The soul to feel the flesh and the flesh to feel the chain!</p>	<p>"Oh <b>I</b> dreadful is the check — intense the agony — When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins to see; When the pulse begins to throb, the brain to think again; The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain.</p>
<p>‘Yet I would lose no sting, would wish no torture less; The more that anguish racks the earlier it will bless: And robed in fires of <b>Hell</b>, or bright with heavenly shine If it but herald <b>Death</b>, the vision is divine —’</p>	<p>"Yet I would lose no sting, would wish no torture less; The more that anguish racks, the earlier it will bless; And robed in fires of <b>hell</b>, or bright with heavenly shine, If it but herald <b>death</b>, the vision is divine!"</p>
<p>She ceased to speak and I, unanswering watched her there Not daring now to touch one lock of silken hair — As I had knelt in scorn, on the dank floor I knelt still, My fingers on the links of that iron hard and chill —</p>	
<p>I heard and yet heard not the surly keeper growl; I saw, yet did not see, the flagstones damp and foul; The keeper, to and fro, paced by the bolted door And shivered as he walked and as he shivered, swore —</p>	
<p>While my cheek glowed in flame, I marked that he did rave Of air that froze his blood and moisture like the grave — ‘We have been Two hours good!’ he muttered peevishly, Then, loosing off his belt the rusty dungeon key,</p>	
<p>He said, ‘you may be pleased, Lord Julian, still to stay But duty will not let me linger here all day; If I might go, I’d leave this badge of mine with you Not doubting that you’d prove a jailor stern and true’</p>	
<p>I took the proffered charge; the captive’s drooping lid Beneath its shady lash a sudden lightening hid Earth’s hope was not so dead heaven’s home was not so dear I read it in that flash of longing quelled by fear</p>	
<p>Then like a tender child whose hand did just enfold Safe in its eager grasp a bird it wept to hold When pierced with one wild glance from the troubled hazle eye It gushes into tears and lets its treasure fly</p>	
<p>Thus ruth and selfish love together striving tore</p>	

<p>The heart all newly taught to pity and adore;          If I should break the chain I felt my bird would go          Yet I must break the chain or seal the prisoner's woe.</p>	
<p>Short strife what rest could soothe — what peace could visit me          While she lay pining there for Death to set her free?          'Rochelle, the dungeons teem with foes to gorge our hate —          Thou art too young to die by such a bitter fate!'</p>	
<p>With hurried blow on blow I struck the fetters through          Regardless how that deed my after hours might rue          Oh, I was over-blest by the warm unmasked embrace —          By the smile of grateful joy that lit her angel face!</p>	
<p>And I was over blest — aye, more than I could dream          When, faint, she turned aside from noon's unwonted beam;          When though the cage was wide — the heaven around it lay —          Its pinion would not waft my wounded dove away —</p>	
<p>Through thirteen anxious weeks of terror-blent delight          I guarded her by day and guarded her by night          While foes were prowling near and Death gazed greedily          And only Hope remained a faithful friend to me —</p>	
<p>Then oft with taunting smile, I heard my kindred tell          'How Julian loved his hearth and sheltering roofree well;          How the trumpet's voice might call the battle-standard wave          But Julian had no heart to fill a patriot's grave —'</p>	
<p>And I, who am so quick to answer sneer with sneer;          So ready to condemn to scorn a coward's fear —          I held my peace like one whose conscience keeps him dumb          And saw my kinsmen go — and lingered still at home.</p>	
<p>Another hand than mine, my rightful banner held          And gathered my renown on Freedom's crimson field          Yet I had no desire the glorious prize to gain —          It needed braver nerve to face the world's disdain —</p>	
<p>And by the patient strength that could that world defy;          By suffering with calm mind, contempt and calumny;          By never-doubting love, unswerving constancy,          Rochelle, I earned at last an equal love from thee!</p>	
	<p>She ceased to speak, and we, unanswering, turned to go —          We had no further power to work the captive woe:          Her cheek, her gleaming eye, declared that man had given          A sentence, unapproved, and overruled by Heaven.</p>



**Table 2**

Poem version in <i>Tales of Glass Town, Angria, and Gondal: Early Selected Writings</i> (2010)	Poem version in <i>Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell</i> (1846)
Alcona to J Brenzaida	Remembrance
Cold in the earth and the deep snow piled above thee! Far, far removed cold in the dreary grave! Have I forgot, my <b>Only</b> Love, to love thee, Severed at last by Time's <b>allwearing</b> wave?	Cold in the earth - and the deep snow piled above thee, Far, far, removed, cold in the dreary grave! Have I forgot, my <b>only</b> Love, to love thee, Severed at last by Time's <b>all-severing</b> wave?
Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover Over the mountains <b>on Angora's</b> shore: Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover <b>That</b> noble heart for ever, ever more?	Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover Over the mountains, <b>on that northern</b> shore, Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover <b>Thy</b> noble heart for ever, ever more?
Cold in the earth, and fifteen wild Decembers From those brown hills have melted into spring — Faithful indeed is the spirit that remembers After such years of change and suffering!	Cold in the earth — and fifteen wild Decembers, From those brown hills, have melted into spring: Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers After such years of change and suffering!
Sweet Love of youth, forgive if I forget thee While the world's tide is bearing me along <b>Stern</b> er desires and <b>darker Hopes</b> beset me Hopes which obscure but cannot do thee wrong —	Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee, While the world's tide is bearing me along; <b>Other</b> desires and <b>other hopes</b> beset me, Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!
No <b>other sun</b> has lightened up my heaven; No <b>other star</b> has ever shone for me All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given — All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee	No <b>later light</b> has lightened up my heaven, No <b>second morn</b> has ever shone for me; All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given, All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.
But when the days of golden dreams had perished And even <b>Dispair</b> was powerless to destroy Then did I learn how existence could be cherished Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy	But, when the days of golden dreams had perished, And even <b>Despair</b> was powerless to destroy; Then did I learn how existence could be cherished, Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.
Then did I check the tears of useless passion, Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine; Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten Down to that tomb already more than mine!	Then did I check the tears of useless passion — Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine; Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten Down to that tomb already more than mine.
And even yet, I dare not let it languish, Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain Once drinking deep of that <b>devinest</b> anguish How could I seek the empty world again?	And, even yet, I dare not let it languish, Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain; Once drinking deep of that <b>divinest</b> anguish, How could I seek the empty world again?

**Table 3**

Poem version in <i>Tales of Glass Town, Angria, and Gondal: Early Selected Writings</i> (2010)	Poem version in <i>Poems by Curren, Ellis, and Acton Bell</i> (1846)
	Song
The linnet in the rocky dells, The <b>moorlark</b> in the air, The bee among the heather bells That hide my lady fair —	The linnet in the rocky dells, The <b>moor-lark</b> in the air, The bee among the heather bells That hide my lady fair:
The <b>wilddeer</b> browse above her breast; The <b>wildbirds</b> raise their brood, And they, her smiles of love <b>carest</b> , Have left her solitude!	The <b>wild deer</b> browse above her breast; The <b>wild birds</b> raise their brood; And they, her smiles of love <b>caressed</b> , Have left her solitude!
I ween, that when the grave's dark wall Did first her form retain They thought their hearts could ne'er recall The light of joy again —	I ween, that when the grave's dark wall Did first her form retain, They thought their hearts could ne'er recall The light of joy again.
They thought the tide of <b>greif</b> would flow Unchecked through future years But where is all their anguish now, And where are all their tears?	They thought the tide of <b>grief</b> would flow Unchecked through future years; But where is all their anguish now, And where are all their tears?
Well, let them fight for <b>Honour</b> 's breath Or <b>Pleasure</b> 's shade pursue — The <b>Dweller</b> in the land of <b>Death</b> , Is changed and careless too —	Well, let them fight for <b>honour</b> 's breath, Or <b>pleasure</b> 's shade pursue — The <b>dweller</b> in the land of <b>death</b> Is changed and careless too.
And if their eyes should watch and weep Till sorrows' source were dry She would not in her tranquil sleep Return a single sigh —	And, if their eyes should watch and weep Till sorrow's source were dry, She would not, in her tranquil sleep, Return a single sigh!
Blow, <b>west wind</b> , by the lonely mound And <b>murmer</b> , summer streams, There is no need of other sound To soothe my <b>Lady</b> 's dreams —	Blow, <b>west-wind</b> , by the lonely mound, And <b>murmur</b> , summer-streams — There is no need of other sound To soothe my <b>lady</b> 's dreams.

Table 4

Poem version in <i>Tales of Glass Town, Angria, and Gondal: Early Selected Writings</i> (2010)	Poem version in <i>Poems by Curren, Ellis, and Acton Bell</i> (1846)
To Imagination	To Imagination
When weary with the long day's care And earthly change from pain to pain And lost and ready to <b>dispair</b>	When weary with the long day's care, And earthly change from pain to pain, And lost, and ready to <b>despair</b> ,

Thy kind voice calls me back again — <b>O</b> my true friend, I am not lone While <b>thou</b> canst speak with such a tone!	Thy kind voice calls me back again: <b>Oh</b> , my true friend! I am not lone, While <b>then</b> canst speak with such a tone!
So hopeless is the world without The world within I doubly prize Thy world, where guile and hate and doubt And cold suspicion never rise— Where thou and I and Liberty Have undisputed sovereignty.	So hopeless is the world without; The world within I doubly prize; Thy world, where guile, and hate, and doubt, And cold suspicion never rise; Where thou, and I, and Liberty, Have undisputed sovereignty.
What matters it that all around Danger and <b>greif</b> and darkness lie If but within our bosom's bound We hold a bright <b>unsullied</b> sky Warm with ten thousand mingled rays Of suns that know no winter days —	What matters it, that all around Danger, and <b>guilt</b> , and darkness lie, If but within our bosom's bound We hold a bright, <b>untroubled</b> sky, Warm with ten thousand mingled rays Of suns that know no winter days?
Reason indeed may oft complain For Nature's sad reality And tell the suffering heart how vain Its cherished dreams must always be And Truth may rudely trample down The flowers of <b>fancy newly blown</b>	Reason, indeed, may oft complain For Nature's sad reality, And tell the suffering heart how vain Its cherished dreams must always be; And Truth may rudely trample down The flowers of <b>Fancy, newly-blown:</b>
But thou art ever there to bring The hovering <b>visions</b> back and breathe New glories o'er the blighted spring And call a lovelier <b>life</b> from <b>death</b> And whisper with a voice divine Of real worlds as bright as thine.	But thou art ever there, to bring The hovering <b>vision</b> back, and breathe New glories o'er the blighted spring, And call a lovelier <b>Life</b> from <b>Death.</b> And whisper, with a voice divine, Of real worlds, as bright as thine.
I trust not to thy phantom bliss Yet still, in evening's quiet hour With <b>Never failing</b> thankfulness I welcome thee <b>benignant power</b> Sure solacer of human cares And <b>brighter</b> hope when hope <b>dispairs</b> —	I trust not to thy phantom bliss, Yet, still, in evening's quiet hour, With <b>never-failing</b> thankfulness, I welcome thee, <b>Benignant Power;</b> Sure solacer of human cares, And <b>sweeter</b> hope, when hope <b>despairs!</b>

**Table 5**

Poem version in <i>Tales of Glass Town, Angria, and Gondal: Early Selected Writings</i> (2010)	Poem version in <i>Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell</i> (1846)
	STANZAS TO —

<p>‘Well, some may hate and some may scorn  And some may quite forget thy name  But my sad heart must ever mourn  Thy ruined hopes, thy blighted fame’ —  ’Twas thus I thought an hour ago  Even weeping o’er that wretch’s woe —  One word turned back my gushing tears  And lit my altered eye with sneers —  ‘Then bless the friendly dust,’ I said,  ‘That hides thy unlamented head  Vain as thou wert, and weak as vain  The slave of Falsehood, <b>pride</b> and <b>pain</b> —  My heart has nought akin to thine —  Thy soul is powerless over mine’  But these were thoughts that vanished too  Unwise, unholy and untrue —  Do I despise the timid deer  Because his limbs are fleet with fear?  Or would I mock the wolf’s death-howl  Because his form is gaunt and foul?  Or hear with joy the leveret’s cry  Because it cannot bravely die?  No — then above his memory  Let <b>pity</b>’s heart as tender be  Say ‘Earth, lie lightly on that breast,  And kind Heaven, grant that spirit rest!’</p>	<p>Well, some may hate, and some may scorn,  And some may quite forget thy name;  But my sad heart must ever mourn  Thy ruined hopes, thy blighted fame!  ’Twas thus I thought, an hour ago,  Even weeping o'er that wretch's woe;  One word turned back my gushing tears,  And lit my altered eye with sneers.  Then "Bless the friendly dust," I said,  "That hides thy unlamented head!  Vain as thou wert, and weak as vain,  The slave of Falsehood, <b>Pride</b>, and <b>Pain</b> —  My heart has nought akin to thine;  Thy soul is powerless over mine."  But these were thoughts that vanished too;  Unwise, unholy, and untrue:  Do I despise the timid deer,  Because his limbs are fleet with fear?  Or, would I mock the wolf's death-howl,  Because his form is gaunt and foul?  Or, hear with joy the leveret's cry,  Because it cannot bravely die?  No! Then above his memory  Let <b>Pity</b>'s heart as tender be;  Say, "Earth, lie lightly on that breast,  And, kind Heaven, grant that spirit rest!"</p>
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**Table 6**

Poem version in <i>Tales of Glass Town, Angria, and Gondal: Early Selected Writings</i> (2010)	Poem version in <i>Poems by Curren, Ellis, and Acton Bell</i> (1846)
	THE OLD STOIC
<p>Riches I hold in light esteem  And Love I laugh to scorn  And lust of <b>Fame</b> was but a dream  That vanished with the morn —  And if I pray — the only prayer  That moves my lips for me  Is — ‘Leave the heart that now I bear  And give me liberty’ —</p>	<p>Riches I hold in light esteem,  And Love I laugh to scorn;  And lust of <b>fame</b> was but a dream,  That vanished with the morn:  And if I pray, the only prayer  That moves my lips for me  Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,  And give me liberty!"</p>

Yes — as my swift days near their goal  
 'Tis all that I implore —  
**Through Life** and death, a chainless soul  
 With courage to endure! —

Yes, as my swift days near their goal:  
 'Tis all that I implore;  
**In life** and death, a chainless soul,  
 With courage to endure.

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