

## **(RE)DISCOVERING EMILY BRONTË: A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY OF HER EARLY POEMS**

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### **The Birth of a “No coward soul . . .”<sup>1</sup>**

Emily Jane Brontë was born in 1818, on 30<sup>th</sup> July at her father Patrick Brontë’s personage at Thornton in the parish of Bradford. She was the fifth one in the family of Brontë(s), and Anne who was just after two years in January, 1820, became her only companion, a confidante and a boon to the most introvert, strong and taciturn girl. There are less information regarding her infancy, but from the diary entry of her parent’s young friend Elizabeth Firth, she was Christianized at her father’s church, St. James’s, Thornton on 20<sup>th</sup> August 1818. Emily’s godparents were Mr. and Mrs. John Fennell, their daughter Jane was married to Mr. Brontë’s friend William Morgan, Emily derived her middle name from this lady, even its also known that Mr. Brontë’s elder sister’s name was Jane who died at the time of Emily’s birth, it may be a link to her middle name.

The shy and introvert girl since beginning, she loved to cherish the beauty of life within the house, in fact she did sickly avoid going out of doors. The strange child among the whole household, she used to enjoy listening to stories with Tabitha Aykroyd at their home, according to F. B. Pinion in *A Brontë Companion*, “She took them for strolls, and they heard many stories from her in broad Yorkshire dialect. Emily was never happier than in the moorland country above Haworth. Its features and detail appear continually in her poetry, and it provided the setting for *Wuthering Heights*”(55-56). Even from some of the diary entries and servants’ information we come to know, Emily had been a very beautiful naturally as Charlotte with tight curl and frizz, eyes , “kind, kindling liquid eyes; but she did not often look at you; she was too reserved” (Pinion 56).

Her courage was unfortunately could not be equated with her destabilizing health and her mother’s death of cancer, when she was just thirty-eight. The life of Mr. Brontë and the girls got affected for this grave loss of a mother figure. Their aunt Elizabeth Branwell looked after them all after Emily’s mother’s death, though the experience of living with the stern lady was not so complimentary, the only appreciation we can find out by Charlotte and Emily’s portrayal of character is that, she made them a good, obedient, punctual instances of a perfect lady, and Emily from this ‘surveillance’ of their aunt, frustrated her, Anne and Branwell when were free, they used to play with other children, this with several conditions of their house and Emily remained unseen, unaffected. In a way, she was like an authoritarian maiden aunt under whom the children

became a subject. Her sister Anne and she went to ramble through the neighborhood and enjoyed the solitude of the natural site of Yorkshire, she and Anne were like twins, “[i]nseparable companions, and in the very closest sympathy, which never had any interruption” (Pinion 56).

Emily’s early sketches<sup>2</sup> dexterously show us the love for the wild life and pets, at the same time her strange interest in various sorts of music (56). Apart from these inborn talents, Emily and her siblings had a strong educational phase, as Mr. Brontë thought it most important to, sent them to Wakefield, Crofton House School, where she learned French and German, not only that, horse-riding, shooting, music, “to fit them to earn livings later as teachers and governesses” at that time of nineteenth century conservative England. Pinion says that, she also joined a school at some place called Southowram Bank, above Halifax, where she came in contact with the outside world more than any other time in her life, though it still seems a puzzle to the readers about the phases of Emily’s life.

Emily’s excellent educational phase, with some deviant acts of personality is the *raison d’être* of her beginning of writing phase. Her loss of mother figure perhaps created a vacant compartment in deep heart, but since then she started accepting the shocks of human life, and through the love for wilderness of the Yorkshire, broke the ground of deadly instances of mortality and supernatural ecstasies, grabbing the pen and ink within the nineteenth century stone walls.

### **One who ‘scarcely paralleled among women’**

When, at the dawn hymns are sung, the souls of the mortals sooth with pacific energy of it. Emily’s poems of her early writing do the same treatment to the inner world of the corporeal body. A mother-less child Emily, finds her niché in the wild beauty of her habitat and in the mysterious serenity of Yorkshire moors. F. B. Pinion’s deliberate depiction in *ABrontë Companion*:

[E]mily’s greatest poetry has an individuality which makes it arresting by any standard; it possesses qualities which are scarcely noticed in that of Charlotte, or Anne, or even Branwell. Charlotte found its excellence ‘starling’. When she read the poems ‘alone and in secret’, she heard the notes of ‘genuine’ poetry; they stirred her heart ‘like the sound of a trumpet’. She tried to analyze their power, and found ‘condensed energy, clearness, finish – strange, strong, pathos’ (letter to W. S. Williams, September 1848). (190)

Much reluctant about attending boarding-school, Emily in her life could not even imagine that she has to live out of doors in cage like place for several days Winifred Gérinsays, “She felt imprisoned, bound and helpless, and a deep sense of frustration was the result. The loss of Anne’s companionship was an added misery” (54). Too simple in all aspects and ways of life, Emily’s need for her solitude and obsession for her own imaginary world finds much acute than her elder sister. And probably this obsession led to her negligence and opposition about conventional patterns of standard education; in a way we find a little strange similarity with Rabindranath Tagore, who went not out of doors in most of his lifetime, still created brilliant masterpiece of children writings and mature verses and stories as well. Even if we think of contemporary modern Bengali poets like Srijaato, who sternly objected to the rat-race of contemporary conventional standard education, neglected school and higher education, curves out a substantial nook with his mighty pen and poetic excellence. Liberty was the breath of their nostrils, and that’s why Charlotte wrote about her darling sister, recorded by Gérin:

Liberty was the breath of Emily's nostrils; without it, she perished. The change from her own home to a school, and from her own very noiseless, very secluded, but unrestricted and inartificial mode of life, to one of disciplined routine [...] was what she failed in enduring. [E]very morning when she woke, the vision of home and the moors rushed on her, and darkened and saddened the day that lay before her. [I]n this struggle her health was quickly broken; her white face, attenuated form, and failing strength threatened rapid decline. I felt in my heart she would die, if she did not go home, and with this conviction obtained her recall. (55)

This disaster led to homesickness of Emily and constant decline in her health and growth so drastically, that Mr. Brontë and Ms. Branwell accepted this matter *sans* arguments, and immediately brought her home. During her boarding at Roe Head the declination affected her so much, that she evacuated from heart to paper(s), when she was a mere schoolgirl, "Strong I stand though I have borne/Anger, hate, and bitter scorn; /Strong I stand, and laugh tosee/How mankind have fought with me/ Shade of Mast'ry, I condemn/ All the puny ways of men; / Free my heart, my spirit free; / Beckon, and I'll follow thee. / False and foolish mortal, know, / If you scorn the world's disdain, / Your mean soul is far below/ Other worms, however vain. / Thing of Dust— with boundless pride, / Dare you take me for a guide? / With the humble I will be; / Haughty men are naught to me" (Shorter 108).

Simply speaking, even if Emily was proud of herself, her ignorance and failure to remain in boarding-school, did not affect her care of the guardians— her father, aunt and others were quite supportive. The long period of leisure and cure she found, "I am happiest when most away/ I can bear my soul from its home of clay/On a windy night when the moon is bright/ and the eye can wander through worlds of light—/ When I am not and none beside—[...]/ But only spirit wandering wide/ Through infinite immensity" (Gérin 64). From this phase of her poems, we find her longing to escape the miseries of the world, her immense dissatisfaction not only with herself but with her life per se. Emily's most solitary soul gives her brilliant assertion in her poems of this phase as; " Sun, set from that evening heaven./ Thy glad smile wins not mine;..."(64). Her girlhood eventually passed through the dallied bunch of frustrated, dissatisfied and 'an abortive act' (66) and exerted through the legacies of 'emotional poetry':

[B]ecause I could not speak the feeling,  
 The solemn joy around me stealing  
 In that divine, untroubled hour.  
 I asked myself, 'O why has heaven  
 Denied the precious gift to me,  
 The glorious gift to many given  
 To speak their thoughts in poetry?' (L 7-13)

### **From the Drawing-Room to the Dales of Yorkshire**

"If poetry comes not as naturally as leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all." Emily Brontë's zeal of creating her world of imagination within stone walls, fueled by her own mystic power, i.e., unpalatable, unattainable and beyond understanding for readers. Companionless from childhood, she drew her inspiration from the great romantics of Eighteenth century like Percy Bysshe Shelley, William Wordsworth, John Keats and a little bit from Lord Byron, which turned her up to create the anti-hero; Heathcliffe. The journey well started from her boarding and teaching at Law Hill in 1837, the occasional wandering through the moors of West Yorkshire and the beauty of outside wilderness. Pinion records:

It was in the autumn that Charlotte ‘accidentally lighted on’ her Gondal book, and was so impressed that her thoughts turned immediately to publication. Emily was furious that her secret had been discovered, and refused to consider her sister’s proposal for many days. She probably began, or resumed, *Wuthering Heights* at this time, for only one of her poems belongs to the period from 9 October 1845 to 14 September 1846[...]. (61)

“‘Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone’, Charlotte wrote” (qtd. in Pinion 62). Emily life shrouded under a thick cloud of detestation, distress of her soul and a lack which could get deciphered, neither by her siblings, family, biographers, her critics, readers nor by herself. Her fragmented life gets exerted through her fragmentary poems like “The Prisoner, A Fragment”, “Stars” symbolizing the ‘women mystics’ (Gezari15) and fantastic tricks of wildness of her soul in one hand, in the other, it captures the essence of her dreamy, romantic, ‘escape from the ordinary daylight’(Gezari 25) to world of thrill(s).

Amongst Emily’s early poems we find the spectacular lyric quality, which is much deviant as, in the poem “The Prisoner: A Fragment”, she may not have painted a grim picture of frustration and dissatisfaction, but this particular poem harks us to release from the shackles of desolation and makes our reading critical what Georges Bataille calls, “naked anguish”, “— which destroys us” (00). The poem not only gives us the idea of lyrical liquidity but it also shows strange similarity with the poems of Shelley, following whom Brontë has ‘much... travelled’ on the realms of strange solitude, “[Y]ear after year in gloom, and desolate despair;/ A messenger of Hope comes every night to me/And offers for short life, eternal liberty(L 34-6).” In fact in some lines like, “Then dawns the Invisible; the Unseen is truth reveals; / My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels: / Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbor found, / Measuring the gulf, it stoops and dares the final bound (L 49-52, 22).” We find the Shelleyan understanding of Will and the spirit of Liberty arising from the dust of ‘Pestilence-stricken’ mortal world. Inasmuch as in the poem “Remembrance”, which veers around Emily’s dreadful experience of her past, the death of two elder sisters, Maria and Elizabeth and the constancy of the mourning loaded upon her the threat of onslaughts of mortality as in— “No later light has lighten up my heaven,/ No second morn 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” (L 17-20, 11). What she calls “rapturous pain” it’s what we think of addiction to grief, i.e., the only way to relate our reminiscences of the beloved persons we have lost, a strong undercurrent of deep pathos, like “Faith and Despondency”, and her instinctual understanding of evanescence of human existence perfectly caught here. Much so the theme of mortality and death is very often comes in discussion of Brontë’s poems.

Especially in poems like, “A Day Dream” where the speaker, dreams of the serene weather between the months of May and June as if it were a wedding and Emily wandering over the West Yorkshire moors, on their invitation. Where she “Was sullen there!” amongst the gay guests, caroling birds and gorgeous plumage of trees, the vision the deadly winter over there loathed Emily, the winter which shrouds everything on earth, the dust and the decay of nature seems to load upon the speaker the darkness of despair, hopelessness and turns out as, “We thought, ‘When winter comes again, /Where will these bright things be? /All vanished, like a vision vain, /An unreal mockery!” (L 25-28, 26). Possibly we find here, her attraction towards death and intolerance towards life, while her health was declining bit by bit because lack of consumption and frustration. One may find similar visions in Shelley’s poem “Ode to the West Wind”, the speaker envisions the ghostly wintery weather, and the world covers herself with the

shroud of death, these thoughts make the speaker stupefy by the onslaughts of the west winds, “[W]hat if my leaves are falling like its own!” (V, L 58); reminding us Shelley’s obsessions for ghostly thoughts, dark scientific experiences, “Thou, from whose unseen presences the leaves dead/ Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeting, / Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red, / Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou, / Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed/ The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low, / Each like a corpse within its grave,…” (I, L2-8). So also in her poem, “Love and Friendship” from the troop of the ‘Posthumous Poems’ published in 1850, we find the under-covering nature of winter (Shorter 65). One may remind of her poems; “Death” and “Self-Interrogation” where Emily’s idea of eternal slumber heightens, with the pleasure of ‘repose’. In “Self-Interrogation” the speaker, splits into her two beings, questions and problematizes the faculty of her inner-self, with the metamorphosed one. The past which was weary of being restless and desolate on the earth, finds a perfect peace in: “Time stands before the door of death, /Upbraiding bitterly; /And conscience, with exhaustless breath, /Pours black reproach on me: [...] ‘Then art thou glad to seek repose? /Art glad to leave the sea, /And anchor all thy weary woes/ In calm Eternity? [...] / ‘And rest is sweet, when laurelled fame/ Will crown the soldier’s crest; /But a brave heart, with a tarnished name, /Would rather fight than rest.” (L 9-32, Shorter 36-37). The speaker’s self-interrogation with the conscience and analysis the weary nature of death, turns out to be a brilliant self-realization of a “[ l]ong war closing in defeat—/ Defeat serenely borne,—/ Thy midnight rest may still be sweet, /And break in glorious morn!” (L 45-48 38). So also in the poem “Death” she beautifully presents before us the seasonal changes, from dreary winter to the hued spring, Brontë takes Death into task by ‘Cruel Death!’ and learns him of the unfathomable, and unpalatable power of imagination which can subside the larking visions of scythe of doomsday:

Strike it down, that other boughs may flourish  
 Where that perished sapling used to be;  
 Thus, at least, its mouldering corpse will nourish  
 That from which it sprung—Eternity. (L 29-32, Shorter 40)

The stroke of death so affected Emily that she, by the times could not even feel fright, the loss of the near and dear persons in the family one by one, conditioned her heart and conscience in a way of naturalization, her “...own personal and additional cause for grief”(Gérin 141).

Again if we put the case of the cruel game of Death, Tagore’s life could have been a stark reference. The periodic death(s) in his lifetime, twist and turned his mental stability, his poems and verses are witness to them. Young Rabindranath lost his mother when he was quite young, lost his beloved sister-in-law Kadambari at the phase of his young adulthood, at the zenith of his artistic career. Then one by one his little son, daughter Mira, wife Mrinalini, his elder brothers and more near ones. The continuity of the sudden strokes of stormy destruction transformed him into a stoic figure. In one way those unnatural, and premature death(s), especially the suicide of Kadambari, and the arguments regarding it made his life much depressed that at one moment he decides to snatch his own leaves from the life-tree. In 1915, 29<sup>th</sup> January, he wrote to a friend C. F. Andrews: “I feel that I am on the brink of breakdown.” This was what the martyr of arts’ life; at the labyrinth of mental breakdown, since 1914. In one hand he fears the onslaughts of evanescence of life, on the other, he equates death as heavenly phenomenon, “in account of the great universe, this Death is so serene and a pacifying place of humane solace” (translation mine). In his *Song Offerings* we find an exact replica of his ingenious faculty:

On the day when death will knock at  
 thy door what wilt thou offer to him?

Oh, I will set before my guest the  
 full vessel of my life— I will never let  
 him go with empty hands.  
 All the sweet vintage of all my  
 autumn days and summer nights, all  
 the earnings and gleanings of my busy  
 life will I place before him at the close  
 of my days when death will knock at  
 my door. (114)

Even Bibhutibhusan Bandyopadhyay creates a *magnum opus* of his understanding of death, the Judgment day and picturizes views of after life, & journey of the soul, in his novel *Debjaan*.

Truly speaking, an ordinary girl from childhood with bunch of extraordinary power of making a dreamland swarming with emotions, intellections, pathos, grief, she creates her nature mingled with the lust of wandering over moors of West Yorkshire. It is the beautiful and serene Yorkshire, ever changing, its weather varying day by day, creating terrific forms wetlands and weathers because of the west wind. Filled with natural greenery, exotic beauty of the moors, parks, and the whole area of various dale(s), harks poetic souls and triggers the emotions. Strangely enough it was also a boost to Emily's soul, her longing to hover over the areas, she has well engraved through the character(s) like Catherine, Heathcliff and Catherine Linton in *Wuthering Heights* (1847). The child of the dales, Emily, perhaps could not much go out to wader within wilderness but interestingly enough, she transforms the dales as a boon of her creations: her grief, sadness, happiness, agency of consolation; curved in her majestic poems and sole novel. One of the giants of the Romantic period, P. B. Shelley's extracts may be suitable reference, to depict the sense of natural writing of Brontë. For instance, "To a Skylark" it comes with strange similarity to Emily's early poems like, "To Imagination", where she regards the world of utmost imagination, to escape the world of 'danger', 'guilt' and 'darkness', so also "How Clear She Shines" as skylark and its chirping are insignia of his world of bliss and solace. Even William Wordsworth's poetic signature in the woods, banks of Derwent, Wye rivers, wandering through the banks of Duddon create sense(s) of Emily's, Haworth scene, "A little while, a little while..." (Posthumous Poems, I, Shorter 51-52). Again Emily's "No coward soul..." is Shelley's *Adonais*, where Keats's spirit is not dead, but mingled and made one with Nature, where Brontë says, "There is not room for Death/ Nor atom that his might could render void/ Since thou art Being and Breath/ And what thou art may never be destroyed", writes Pinion (201). One can remind of the Bengali poets of 20<sup>th</sup> Bengal just after Partition of 1951, especially, in the writings of poet Jibonananda Das, his towering depiction rural and countryside, marks as a treasury of beauty if Bengal, both before and after the Partition. His posthumously published *magnum opus*, *Rupashi Bangla* ("Beautiful Bengal", translation mine), its beauteous depiction of life by the banks of river Dhaleswari, Dhansiri, the flora and fauna(s) of Eastern Bengal, finds an unfathomable love for life and death from the speaker, turns out as the poet's own province per se. it curves out a substantial niche within the microcosm of Bengali Literature worthy of mentioning. No need to mention and agree with this idea that this Yorkshire moors, its dales, natural ecstasies moved the Romantics a lot being their 'hope' their inspiration, and subject of wilderness.

But, there is a little contrast, between the so called Eighteenth century Romantics and our Emily Brontë. It is that the Romantics, invoking the Nature and its bounties to enrich their poems and verses, going out of doors, out of own province, country; wandering all over seeking and

longing for enjoying & absorbing wild beauty, days after days of weeks, months and years. Creating ‘space’ out of the ‘wilderness’. For instance, Wordsworth’s “The Daffodils”, “The Green Linnet”, “Tintern Abbey”, “The Solitary Reaper” , *Prelude* & to name a few. And of Shelley’s, “Invitation”, “To a Skylark” et cetera. Now comes the contrast between Shelley’s invocation to the “Best and brightest” and Brontë’s loathing to the rays of great fire ball.

For Brontë of her Nineteenth century legacy, her poems are the creations of a general imaginative experience, she did not particularly went out of doors, but her poetic signature captures the agencies of romantic and terrific Yorkshire, where, the Eighteenth century romantics portray through their lived experiences. To Emily it’s her liquid electric flow of imagination and mystic, fragmented thoughts create tower of artistry, puzzling to the voracious readers even.

### **Being ‘Idle’ or ‘Absurd’?**

Was it necessary to plunge into the dungeon of despair? Is it a matter of habituation? Or it was an addiction? What sorrow mattered to her so much that she abandoned herself within four walls of their Yorkshire home? Is it a matter of psychological ruptures working within the grey matter of her brain even? Was she looking for some legacies of her own to create a world apart from her imagination (s)? How can such a delightful soul (in childhood) the ‘darling child’ of the whole family traumatize herself ignoring all the entertainment of life and lack consumption? Was it a mental or nervous break-down of seeing the departure of the near ones since childhood, one after another the deaths of elders occurred in the family and friends? Was she trying to achieve a life which is unattainable? What muse inspired her, to create a gloomy world filled with pathos and a strange reliance with Nature? Did she want to co-mingle with nature, and its ecstasies? As if it had to become her ‘life’ and her ‘soul’, the moors, the dales of yonder from their cottage-house. As if she was looking for her alter-ego, a homo-spiritual being. Why such highly educated, intuitive lady at that time of conservative Victorian context of Yorkshire, England; left every aspect of the world, and devoted to her pen & paper, creating tower of imagination & dream (as we have seen of Mary Shelley), conjured into the house, and exorcised in a single novel that eventually became a world-piece, in spite of getting banned just after publication in 1847?

When a star falls from high up the sky, people stares and feels awe looking at it, but not when it shines in the dark sky among their million mates, it looks as common as any others. Inasmuch as in the part of Emily Brontë, the whirlwind of arguments and criticisms stormed only afterwards her active life, her writing career. Even her elder sister Charlotte, did not much look upon the brilliant artistry of her sister. At the later years of her life, Emily confined herself in Haworth home, doing almost all the household works, reading to her father when he lost his sight, in her letters to her sister; she called herself ‘idle’ in reply to that, Charlotte said, ‘Absurd!’ Well it must be absurd to fight about her idleness or whatsoever, she herself confessed with her sister in a diary-entry of July 1841, “...a good many books on hand, but I am sorry to say that—as usual I make small progress with any. However I have just made a new regularity paper! And I will Verb Sap—to do great things.’ When the next diary paper was written in July 1845, she could report that she ‘was not as idle as formerly’” (qtd. in Gérin 145).

As for her ‘visionary’ faculty is concerned, it could be observed that, the resemblance between the deity and the devote (i.e., P. B. Shelley & Emily Brontë) ‘went beyond their philosophy’, both of them were deviant, scarcely tamed, and proud. They both gave importance to personal freedom, imagination, own microcosm ‘with smile as sad as sighs’. But as for Shelley it was his voracious study of different subjects, but Emily’s, it was mere reading of great poets and philosophers, rest of all was her intellection and intuition. We can even draw

parallelism between Shelley’s “Night” and Brontë’s “Stars”; *Adonais*, “Ode to the West Wind”, “Invitation” with the early Nature oriented poems of Emily. As Charlotte said about her sister’s poems, as they are spurred by the speed of sensation, urgency of her emotion, Janet Gezari emphatically argued: “[E]arly poem [...] communicates an excess of vital stimulation and a readiness for sudden and fleeting visionary flights and plunges with a gallop of present participles that imitates the rapidly shifting motions of the natural world” (*Last Things: Emily Brontë’s Poems* 8). Oscar Wilde once praised as, “instinct with tragic power and quite terrible in their bitter intensity of passion, the fierce fire of feeling seeming almost to consume the raiment of form...” (Gezari 11).

Recently, the so called critics look down upon the Victorian poets especially women poets as ‘largely a male preserve’, but some of Feminists, challenged this idea of Victorian poetry largely by displacing the unnoticed, undervalued thematic concerns of women poets. But Feminists brought their own perceptions regarding Victorian poetry, which again problematizes Emily’s niché. Even some of them claim that, the poems lack eccentricity, representation et cetera, we better find it out in Virginia Blain’s critical work, *Victorian Women Poets: A New Annotated Anthology* (excluding Emily Brontë), published in 2001. One should not forget Charlotte’s conviction regarding her sister’s poems, “... not common effusions’ and not ‘at all like the poetry women generally write.” (Gezari 11). Even Isobel Armstrong concludes that they are ‘an established triad of middle-class poet’ in *Women’s Poetry, Late Romantic to Victorian* (12).

In fact I think, the psychoanalytic(s) much disrupted the virtual and real existence of Emily Brontë, surgically delving deeper into all the fragments of her life. It critically interprets the cause of the recurrent mourning and sadness in her writings, as for example in Sigmund Freud’s seminal work *Mourning and Melancholia Volume XIV* (1914-16) we find:

[T]he phenomenon of mourning after the loss and death of a close loved one to the phenomenon of melancholia/ depression. Freud explains they both share a similar outward affect on the subject and are both due to the similar environmental influences. The inhibition, “absorbedness” of the ego, and the disinterest in the external world is evident in both, mourning and melancholia equally.

Despite their similarities, Freud states, there are some fundamental differences; mourning is recognized as a healthy and normal process that is necessary for the recovery of the loss and would not be seen as a pathology nor a need for medical intervention. However, melancholia is an abnormal pathology, and a dangerous illness due to its suicidal tendency.

Apart from these observations we also find a stark similarity of Emily’s obsession for mourning with Freud’s experimentations on loss of self-regard, lack of consumption, less energetic to all works and being ‘despicable’. Well, inference could be made that, we find such similarity in the information on her life & writing career this is true in one way, but we should always have to keep in mind that, Emily Brontë is above all an artist, a personæ who excels all the materialistic, cynical and scorching critical tornado, greets people with, “ ‘sweetness of manner [...]. Her countenance was lit up with a divine light. Had she been holding converse with Angels, it would not have been shone brighter. It appeared to me, holy, heavenly.” Winifred Gérin quotes John Greenwood’s diary, an acquaintance of the Brontë(s) (154).

Emily Brontë’s early poems may not be seminal, creating a height of representation of great Victorian women hood, creating ‘objective correlative’ of the liberation of stereotyped



notion of Nineteenth century ‘angel in the house’, Gezari states: “[B]rontë wrote no poems that campaign for changes in the lives of women and the opportunities available to them; unlike Rossetti, she doesn’t explore feminine subjectivity and female sexuality in her poems, or doesn’t do so in a vocabulary yet familiar to us [...]: she is listed among the women poets who remain unmarried and among those whose poems have been mined for biographical facts” ( *Last Things: Emily Brontë’s Poems* 12). The mystic world of Emily’s ‘imagining’ away from the so called ‘normal’ world of formal humankind; harks our heart and soul to delve deeper into the scriptures of her own bible. To explore the world, feel the thrill of adventurous mind, wandering ‘within’. As if she is telling her own story & warning the world—“[...] my pen create stories of the world that might have been, world of my imagining[...] and here is I’m going to tell, but take care not to smile at any part of it.”<sup>3</sup>

## Notes

1. The poem “No Coward soul is mine, [...]” is written by Emily Jane Brontë at the dusk of her writing phase and life as well. According to F. B. Pinion this very poem was completed by her on 2<sup>nd</sup> January, 1846, just eleven months before her departure from this world on 19<sup>th</sup> December, 1848. This poem was published in the collective works of the three Brontë(s) as; *Poems by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell* (4<sup>th</sup> July, 1846). It has its obvious affinities with her sole novel *Wuthering Heights*; suggests that the vision which dictated the one must equally have inspired the other. The fact remains that there are whole passages in the novel that read like paraphrases of the poem, terminating the spiritual union in spite of the division in physical existence.
2. Emily Brontë’s excellent sketches could be traced in Winifred Gérin’s book *Emily Brontë: A Biography* (1971) in the pages; 25, 46, 117, 227.
3. The quotation is a part of a dialogue of an authentic film adaptation; *Emily Brontë’s Wuthering Heights* of the novel *Wuthering Heights*, which was released in 1992 by PARAMOUNT PICTURES of A PARAMOUNT COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY, directed by Peter Kosminsky. At the beginning of the film it shows an assumed picturization of Emily Brontë, by figuring Sinéad O’Connor. Some extracts have also been taken by the director from the novel.

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