

## Spec/Text Sheet

Hand and machine stitched bed coverings. Machine embroidered text.

### Antique wood doll bed

10 1/2" (W) x 15" (L) x 10" (H) at spindles

### Sham Pillowcase (vintage green jacquard fabric)

8" (W) x 4 1/2" (L)

### Sham Pillow (vintage cotton sheet with ink jet printed house image, cotton stuffing)

7" (W) x 4" (L)

### Pillowcase (vintage cotton sheet)

7 1/2" (W) x 4" (L)

### Pillow (vintage cotton sheet with digitally printed Bronte School Flyer image, cotton stuffing)

6 1/2" (W) x 3 1/2" (L)

### Bedspread (vintage green jacquard fabric)

24" (W) x 21" (L)

### Charlotte Quilt (cotton fabric, cotton batting stuffing, hand pieced quilt, designed and quilted by Tracy Chevalier)

17" (W) x 16" (L)

### Branwell Quilt (cotton fabric, cotton batting stuffing, hand bound with ink jet printed image on silk satin, hand embroidered flowers and details)

17" (W) x 16" (L)

### Emily Quilt (cotton fabric, cotton batting stuffing, hand bound with ink jet printed image on cotton, hand embroidered flowers and image text)

17" (W) x 16" (L)

### Anne Quilt (cotton fabric, cotton batting stuffing, Yorkshire moors' sheep wool, hand tied and bound with ink jet printed image on cotton, hand embroidered flowers)

17" (W) x 16" (L)

### Blanket 1 [Emily] (vintage pink wool blanket, hand bound)

18" (W) x 18" (L)

### Blanket 2 [Branwell] (vintage Esmond Slumberest lavender/green wool blanket, hand bound)

18" (W) x 18" (L)

### Top sheet [Anne] (vintage white cotton bed sheet)

18" (W) x 19 1/2" (L)

### Bottom Sheet [Emily/Anne] (vintage white cotton bed sheet with digital printed image)

15 1/2" (W) x 18" (L)

### Mattress cover (vintage white cotton bed sheet, with bottom opening)

11 1/2" (W) x 15" (L)

### Mattress (cotton fabric, stuffed with cotton batting, hand tied)

10 1/2" (W) x 14 1/2" (L) x 1/2" (H)

**Sham Pillowcase, front**

**Sham Pillowcase, back**

Many people seem to recall their departed relatives with a sort of melancholy complacency—but I think these have not watched them through lingering sickness nor witnessed their last moments.

—it is these reminiscences that stand by your bedside at night, and rise at your pillow in the morning.  
At the end of all, however, there exists the great hope –  
Eternal Life is theirs now.  
Charlotte, 1850

**Sham Pillow, front**

**Sham Pillow, back**

[Pillow image – Charlotte’s drawing of her house from little book, 1826-1829]

*I long to travel, to work,  
to live a life of action.*

*Meantime,  
life wears away.  
I shall soon be thirty, and  
I have done nothing yet.*  
Charlotte, 1845

**Pillowcase, front**

**Pillowcase, back**

*I feel calmer now that I have written all this; and I will go to bed, and try to win tired nature’s sweet restorer.*

Helen, *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*

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!

Emily, 1846

Helen Huntingdon, *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, 1848 [Anne]

Emily, poem: *Song* 1846

**Pillow, front**

**Pillow, back**

[pillow image – Bronte school flyer c. 1841]

*I believe single women should have more to do—better chances of interesting and profitable occupation than they possess now.*

Carolyn, *Shirley*

**...if I hear Mr. C. —or**  
Each Young Lady to be provided with One Pair of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Four Towels, a Dessert and Ten-spoon.  
**anybody else say anything to the disparagement of single women, I shall go off like a bomb-shell.**

Quarter's Notice, or a Quarter's Board, is required previous to the Removal of a Pupil. **Charlotte, 1854**

Carolyn Helstone, *Shirley*, 1849

**Bedsread, front**

Sometimes when I wake in the morning, and know that Solitude, Remembrance, and Longing are to be almost my sole companions all day through—that at night I shall go to bed with them, that they will long keep me sleepless, that next morning I shall wake to them again—I have a heavy heart of it. But crushed I am not, yet; nor robbed of elasticity, nor of hope, nor quite of endeavour. I have some strength to fight the battle of life. ...I can *get on*. To sit in a lonely room, the clock ticking loud through a still house—and have open before the mind's eye the record of the last year, with its shocks, sufferings, losses—is a trial.  
Charlotte, 1849

**Bedsread, back**

*At last a day and night of peculiarly agonizing depression were succeeded by physical illness, I took perforce to my bed. ...Indian summer closed and the equinoctial storms began; and for nine dark and wet days... the Hours rushed on all turbulent, deaf, dishevelled... I lay in a strange fever... Sleep went quite away. I used to rise in the night, look round for her, beseech her earnestly to return... Sleep never came!*  
*I err. She came once, but in anger. Impatient of my importunity she brought with her an avenging dream... sufficing to wring my whole frame with unknown anguish; to confer a nameless experience that had the hue, the mien, the terror, the very tone of a visitation from eternity.*  
Lucy, Vilette

Charlotte letter to Ellen Nussey, post Emily's death, July 14, 1849

Lucy Snowe, Vilette, 1853

**Charlotte Quilt, *front***

**Charlotte Quilt, *back***

My home  
is humble and  
unattractive to strangers,  
but to me it contains what I shall  
find nowhere else in the world  
—the profound, the intense  
affection which brothers and sisters  
feel for each other when their  
minds are cast in the same mould,  
their ideas drawn from the  
same source; when they have clung  
to each other from childhood, and  
when disputes have never sprung up  
to divide them.

Charlotte, 1841

In the meantime, Emily and I  
are sufficiently busy, as you may suppose:  
I manage the ironing, and keep the rooms  
clean; Emily does the baking, and attends to  
the kitchen. We are such odd animals that we  
prefer this mode of contrivance to having a  
new face amongst us.  
I excited aunt's wrath very much by burning  
the clothes, the first time  
I attempted to iron;  
but I do better now.  
Human feelings are queer things;  
I am much happier black-leading the stoves,  
making the beds, and sweeping the floors at  
home, than I should be living like  
a fine lady anywhere else.

Charlotte, 1839

Charlotte letter to Rev Henry Nussey, May 8, 1841

Charlotte letter to Ellen Nussey, December 21, 1839

**Branwell Quilt, front**

[Quilt image – Branwell drawing, “A Parody” c1848]

Branwell is the same in conduct as ever;  
his constitution seems much shattered.



Papa, and sometimes all of us,  
have sad nights with him,  
he sleeps most of the day, and  
consequently will lie awake at night.  
But has not every house its trial?

Charlotte, 1848

**Branwell Quilt, back**

Life is a passing sleep  
Its deeds a troubled dream  
And death the dread awakening  
To daylight's dawning beam

We sleep without a thought  
Of what is past and o'er  
Without a glimpse of consciousness  
Of aught that lies before

We dream and on our sight  
A thousand visions rise  
Some dark as Hell some heavenly bright  
But all are phantasies...

How will that Future seem?  
What is Eternity?  
Is Death the sleep? Is Heaven the Dream?  
Life the reality?

Branwell, 1835

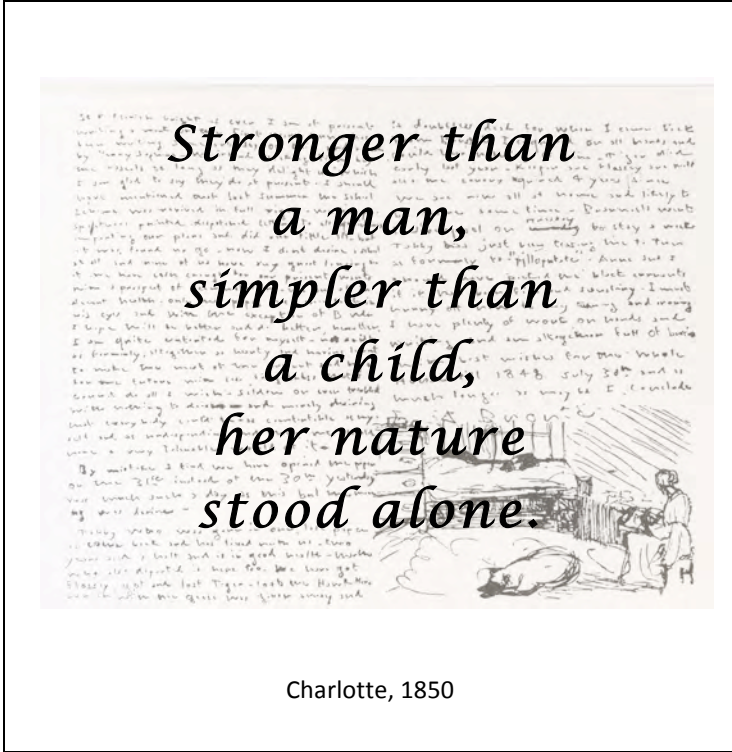
Charlotte, July 1848

Branwell, *The Doubter's Hymn*, 1835

Emily Quilt, front

[Quilt image – Emily Bronte diary page, 1845]

Emily Quilt, back



*I couldn't lie there;  
for the moment I closed my eyes,  
she was either outside the window, or  
sliding back the panels, or  
entering the room, or  
even resting her darling head on  
the same pillow as she did when a child;  
and I must open my lids to see.  
And so I opened and closed them  
a hundred times a night—  
to be always disappointed!  
It racked me!*

Heathcliff, *Wuthering Heights*

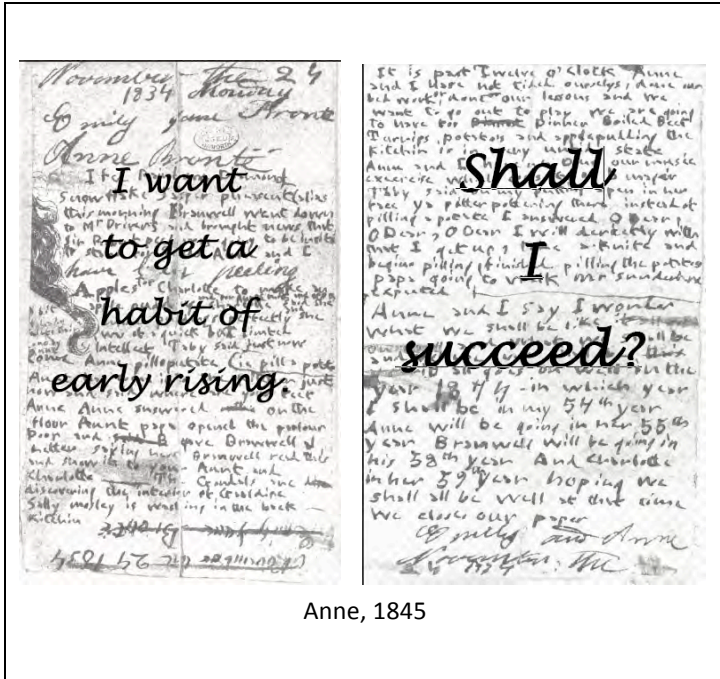
Charlotte, Preface on Emily - *Wuthering Heights*, 2nd edition, 1850

Heathcliff, *Wuthering Heights*, 1847

Anne Quilt, front

[Quilt image – Emily/Anne Bronte diary pages, 1834]

Anne Quilt, back



Anne, 1845

I think there is no time to be lost.  
 I have no horror of death:  
 if I thought it inevitable,  
 I think I could quietly resign myself  
 to the prospect...  
 But I wish it would please God to spare me,  
 not only for Papa's and Charlotte's sakes, but  
 because I long to do some good in the world  
 before I leave it. I have many schemes in my head  
 for future practice, humble and limited indeed,  
 but still I should not like them all to come  
 to nothing, and myself to have lived  
 to so little purpose.

Anne, 1849

Anne diary, 1845

Anne, letter to Ellen Nussey, April 1849

**Blanket 1 [Emily], front (pink)**

**Blanket 1 [Emily], back (pink)**

Haworth, Thursday, July 30th, 1845.  
My birthday—showery, breezy, cool.  
I am twenty-seven years old to-day...  
I am quite contented for myself: not as  
idle as formerly, altogether as hearty,  
and having learnt to make the most of  
the present and long for the future...  
seldom or never troubled with nothing to  
do, and merely desiring that everybody  
could be as comfortable as myself and  
as undesponding, and then we should  
have a very tolerable world of it...  
I must hurry off now to my turning and  
ironing. I have plenty of work on hands,  
and writing, and am altogether full of  
business.  
Emily

*I sank back in bed, and fell asleep.  
Alas, for the effects of bad tea and bad  
temper! What else could it be that made  
me pass such a terrible night? ...  
I began to dream, almost before I ceased  
to be sensible of my locality.  
Lockwood, Wuthering Heights*

*“Nelly, do you never dream queer  
dreams?”  
“Yes, now and then,” I answered.  
“And so do I. I’ve dreamt in my life  
dreams that have stayed with me ever  
after, and changed my ideas: they’ve  
gone through and through me, like  
wine through water, and altered  
the colour of my mind.”  
Catherine, Wuthering Heights*

Emily diary page (with dog/bed sketch), 1845

Lockwood, Wuthering Heights, 1847  
Catherine Earnshaw, Wuthering Heights, 1847



**Blanket 2 [Branwell], *front* (green)**

**Blanket 2 [Branwell], *back* (lavender)**

I took a half year's farewell of old friend whisky...  
There was a party of gentlemen ... I gave sundry toasts,  
that were washed down at the same time, till the room  
spun round and the candles danced in our eyes.  
I found myself in bed next morning, with a bottle of  
porter, a glass, and a corkscrew beside me.  
Since then I have not tasted anything stronger than  
milk-and-water... My hand shakes no longer...  
Write directly. Of course you won't show this letter;  
and, for Heaven's sake, blot out all the lines scored  
with red ink.  
Branwell, 1840

I went into the room where Branwell was, to speak  
to him... he took no notice, and made no reply;  
he was stupefied...  
Emily concluded her account by saying he was a  
“hopeless being”; it is too true...  
What the future has in store I do not know.  
Charlotte, 1846

Dear Ellen...  
Branwell is quieter now, and for a good reason; he has  
got to the end of a considerable sum of money...  
You must expect to find him weaker in mind, and a  
complete rake in appearance. I have no apprehension  
of his being at all uncivil to you; on the contrary,  
he will be as smooth as oil. I pray for fine weather  
that we may be able to get out while you stay...  
Prepare for much dulness and monotony.  
Charlotte, 1847

The final separation, the spectacle of his pale corpse,  
gave more acute, bitter pain than I could have  
imagined.  
Till the last hour comes, we never know how much  
we can forgive, pity, regret a near relation.  
All his vices were and are nothing now.  
We remember only his woes.  
Charlotte, 1848

Branwell letter on his experiences while working as Secretary at  
Masonic Lodge, March 13, 1840

Charlotte letter to Ellen Nussey, March 3, 1846

Charlotte letter to Ellen Nussey, May 12, 1847

Charlotte letter to Ellen Nussey, October 9, 1848

**Top Sheet, front**

**Top Sheet, back**

July the 30th, 1841

We are now all separate... and all are doing something for our own livelihood except Emily, who, however, is as busy as any of us, and in reality earns her food and raiment as much as we do.

How little know we what we are  
How less what we may be!  
Anne

*I found my bed so intolerable that, before two o'clock ...I got my desk and sat down... to recount the events of the past evening. It was better to be so occupied than to be lying in bed torturing my brain with recollections of the far past and anticipations of the dreadful future. ...when I cease writing, I find my head aches terribly; and when I look into the glass, I am startled at my haggard, worn appearance.*

Helen, *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*

My object in writing the following pages was not simply to amuse the Reader; neither was it to gratify my own taste... I wished to tell the truth, for truth always conveys its own moral to those who are able to receive it...

Is it better to reveal the snares and pitfalls of life to the young and thoughtless traveller, or to cover them with branches and flowers? ... if there were less of this delicate concealment of facts... there would be less of sin and misery to the young of both sexes who are left to wring their bitter knowledge from experience.

All novels are, or should be, written for both men and women to read, and I am at a loss to conceive how a man should permit himself to write anything that would be really disgraceful to a woman, or why a woman should be censured for writing anything that would be proper and becoming for a man.

Anne, 1848

Anne letter from Thorp Green, July 30, 1841

Helen Huntingdon, *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, 1848

Anne Preface *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition, 1848

**Bottom Sheet, front**

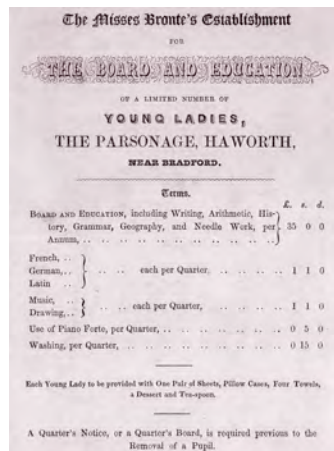
[Sheet image – Bronte school flyer c. 1841]

September 29, 1841

Dear Aunt...

They say schools in England are so numerous, competition so great, that without some such step towards attaining superiority we shall probably have a very hard struggle, and may fail in the end. ...when we actually commenced a school... we could take a footing in the world afterwards which we can never do now...

I feel certain...you will see the propriety of what I say; you always like to use your money to the best... Of course, I know no other friend in the world to whom I could apply on this subject except yourself. I feel an absolute conviction that, if this advantage were allowed us, it would be the making of us for life. Papa will perhaps think it a wild and ambitious scheme; but who ever rose in the world without ambition? ... I want us *all* to go on. I know we have talents, and I want them to be turned to account. I look to you, aunt, to help us. ... your affectionate niece, C. Brontë.



**Bottom Sheet, back**

[Sheet image – Bronte school flyer c. 1841]

I should have mentioned that last summer the school scheme was revived in full vigour. We had prospectuses printed, despatched letters to all acquaintances imparting our plans, and did our little all; but it was found no go. Now I don't desire a school at all, and none of us have any great longing for it. We have cash enough for our present wants, with a prospect of accumulation.  
Emily, 1845

...we were thinking of setting up a school. The scheme has been dropt, and long after taken up againand dropt again because we could not get pupils.  
Anne, 1845

Charlotte letter to Elizabeth Branwell, September 29, 1841

Emily diary, July 30, 1845

Anne diary, July 31, 1845

**Mattress Cover, front**

*I started wide awake on hearing a vague murmur, peculiar and lugubrious... the night was drearily dark; my spirits were depressed. I rose and sat up in bed, listening. The sound was hushed...*

*I began to feel the return of slumber. But it was not fated that I should sleep that night. A dream had scarcely approached my ear, when it fled affrighted, scared by a marrow-freezing incident enough.*

*This was a demoniac laugh... uttered, as it seemed, at the very keyhole of my chamber door. The head of my bed was near the door, and I thought at first the goblin-laughter stood at my bedside—or rather, crouched by my pillow: but I rose, looked round, and could see nothing; while, as I still gazed, the unnatural sound was reiterated and I knew it came from behind the panels...*

**Mattress Cover, back**

*... still more was I amazed to perceive the air quite dim ...I became further aware of a strong smell of burning.*

*Something creaked: it was a door ajar; and that door was Mr. Rochester's, and the smoke rushed in a cloud from thence... Tongues of flame darted round the bed: the curtains were on fire. In the midst of blaze and vapour, Mr. Rochester lay stretched motionless, in deep sleep.*

*“Wake! wake!” I cried. I shook him, but he only murmured and turned: the smoke had stupefied him.*

*...I rushed to his basin and ewer... both were filled with water. I heaved them up, deluged the bed and its occupant, flew back to my own room, brought my own water-jug, baptized the couch afresh, and... succeeded in extinguishing the flames which were devouring it.*

*Jane, Jane Eyre*

Jane Eyre, Jane Eyre, 1847

**Mattress, front**

**Mattress, back**

Branwell had a habit of reading in bed;  
and on one occasion had retired rather  
early to his room, more I suspect to indulge  
in the gin bottle than to read.

At all events, he fell asleep with the loose  
periodical in his hands, and which had  
evidently let slip from his fingers, and in  
falling to the floor had come in contact  
with the blaze of the candle, placed at  
his bed-side, and set the bed on fire.

Anne...

was the first to discover what had occurred,  
and ... tried to rouse her brother by calling out –

*“Branwell! Branwell! Your bed is on fire!”*

*“O its all right”* was his unconscious reply,  
still asleep.

*“Branwell! Branwell!”* She again exclaimed.

*“Do get up, your bed is on fire.”*

*“Well, well, we’ll make it all right by & by,”*  
still asleep.

Seeing she could not awake him, she went...  
to her sister Emily’s bed room door, crying  
*“Emily! Branwell has set his bed on fire and  
I cannot wake him!”*

The words were no sooner spoken than  
out came Emily, without uttering a word,  
rushing at once into the room,  
seizing her brother and lifting him,  
apparently without an effort,  
from the bed & threw him into one  
corner of the room, where he cowered,  
stunned & bewildered. Then she  
tore the bedding off now all in flames,  
and threw that into the middle of the room—

the safest place—

then flew down stairs into the kitchen,  
seized a large can which happened to be  
full of water at the time,  
then up stairs she went and  
threw the whole of its contents  
on the blazing pile &  
quenched it at once.

The first words she uttered were

*“Don’t alarm Papa!”*

1848

John Greenwood diary, c. January 1848, reported by Historian Juliet Barker