

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 batting 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 batting stuffing)*

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

Bedspread *(vintage green jacquard fabric)*

24" (W) x 21" (L)

Charlotte Quilt *(hand pieced cotton quilt, designed and quilted by Tracy Chevalier)*

17" (W) x 16" (L)

Branwell Quilt *(cotton fabric with ink jet printed image on silk satin, hand embroidered)*

17" (W) x 16" (L)

Emily Quilt *(cotton fabric with ink jet printed image on cotton, hand embroidered)*

17" (W) x 16" (L)

Anne Quilt *(cotton fabric with ink jet printed image on cotton, hand quilted pieces)*

17" (W) x 16" (L)

Blanket 1 [Emily] *(vintage pink wool blanket, hand sewn binding)*

18" (W) x 18" (L)

Blanket 2 [Branwell] *(vintage Esmond Slumberest lavender/green wool blanket, hand sewn binding)*

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 w/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

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.

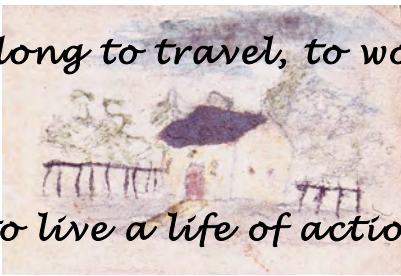
Sham Pillowcase, back

—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

[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.*



Sham Pillow, back

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



Pillowcase, front

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*

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

Pillowcase, back

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

Emily, poem: *Song* 1846

Pillow, front

[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*

Carolyn Helstone, *Shirley*, 1849

Pillow, back

...if I hear Mr. C. —or
Each Young Lady to be provided with One Pair of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Four Towels, a Dessert and Tea-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**

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, Villette

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

Lucy Snowe, Villette, 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

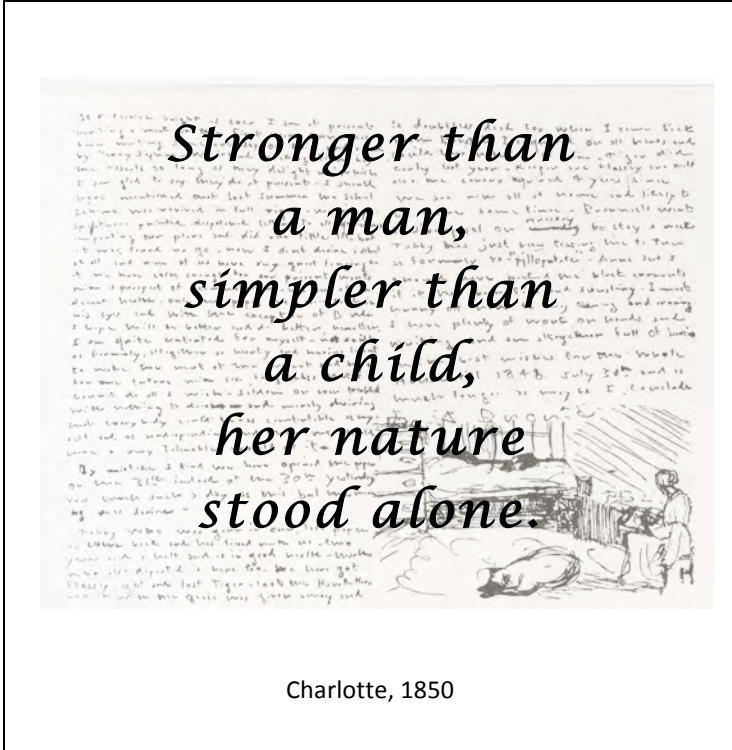
Charlotte, July 1848

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*

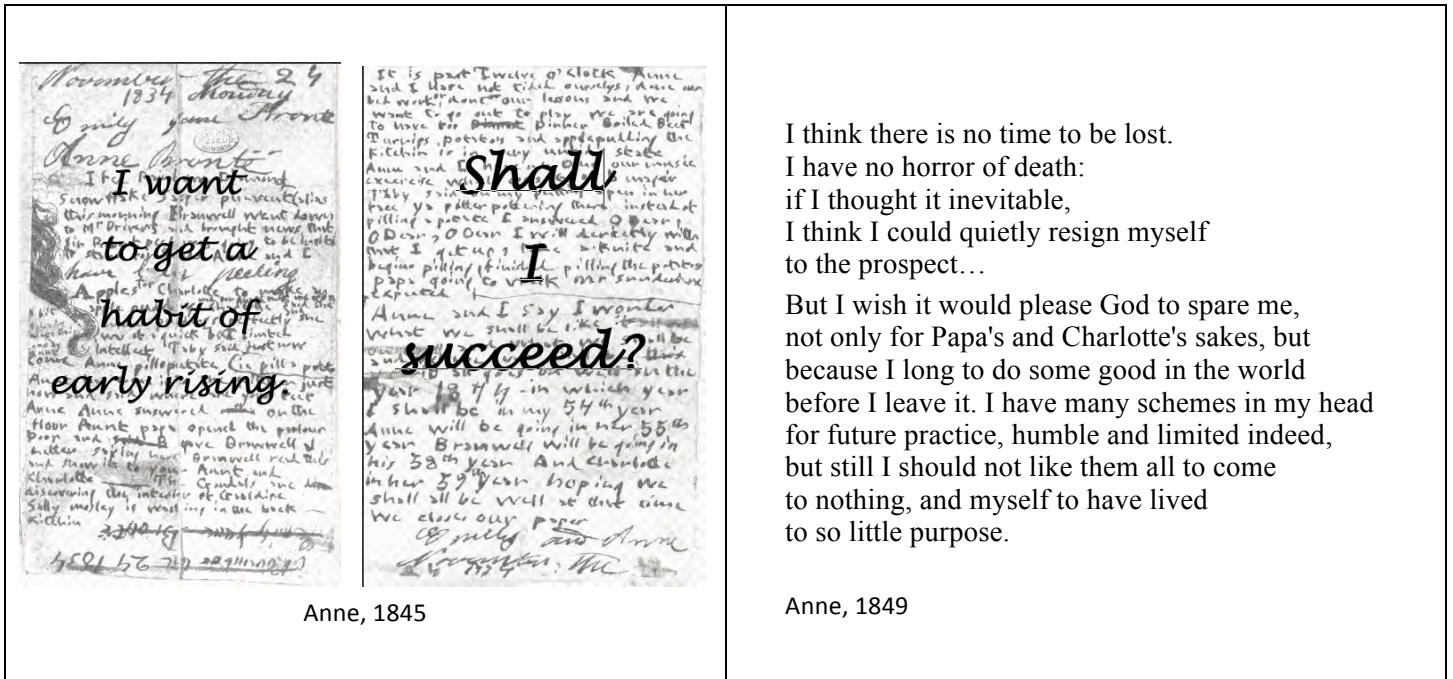
Charlotte, Preface on Emily - *Wuthering Heights*, 2nd edition, 1850

Heathcliff, *Wuthering Heights*, 1847

Anne Quilt, front

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

Anne Quilt, back



Anne, 1845

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*, 2nd Edition, 1848

Bottom Sheet, front

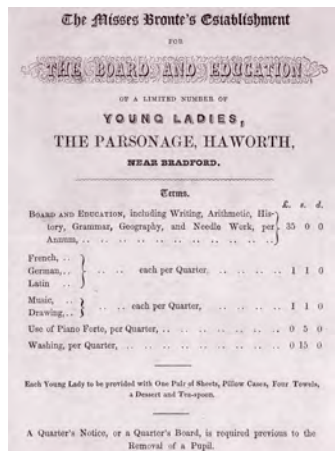
[Sheet image – Bronte school flyer c. 1841]

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