E.Y. LOCAL HISTORY SERIES : No. 7.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË ON THE EAST YORKSHIRE COAST

by

the late

F. R. PEARSON, B.A.

THE EAST YORKSHIRE LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY
1957

Two Shillings and Sixpence

Further copies of this pamphlet (price 2s. 6d. to non-members, 2/- to members) and of others in the series may be obtained from the Secretary, East Yorkshire Local History Society, 10, Priory Street, Micklegate, York.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

ON THE

EAST YORKSHIRE COAST

by

the late

F. R PEARSON, B.A.

Frederic Richard Pearson, Senior History Master at Bridlington School, died on the 22nd October, 1951.

Well known as a writer and broadcaster on local historical subjects, he was the author, among other works, of "Yorkshire" (Borzoi County Histories, 1928) and "Roman Yorkshire" (1936).

The East Yorkshire Local History Society wishes to express its thanks to Mrs. Pearson for the privilege of being able to publish this paper as a tribute to his memory.

PREFACE

In this booklet I have endeavoured to piece together, from Charlotte Brontë's correspondence with her intimate friends, the frequent references to her holidays on the Yorkshire coast. Apart, therefore, from a brief running commentary, there is little here that is original, and my debt to previous pioneers in Brontë study is naturally considerable. Among the works from which my material has been largely drawn I may mention the following :

Mrs. Gaskell : "The Life of Charlotte Brontë".
The Shakespeare Head Brontë : "The Brontës : Their Lives, Friendships and Correspondence".

C. K. Shorter : "The Brontës : Life and Letters".
"The Brontës and their Circle".
"Charlotte Brontë and her Sisters".

Mrs. Chadwick : "In the Footsteps of the Brontës".

H. E. Wroot : "Sources of Charlotte Brontë's Novels : Persons and Places". (Publications of the Brontë Society, No. 4 of vol. VIII, 1935).

P. F. Lee : "Charlotte Brontë in the East Riding". (Publications of the Brontë Society. Part IV, 1896).

I should like to express my thanks to Mr. F. P. White, Tutorial Bursar of St. John's College, Cambridge, and to Miss F. M. Dodgson, for information regarding the Rev. C. H. Lutwidge, and to the Rev. G. Alcock, Vicar of Reighton, for supplying me with a description of Speeton Church as it was a century ago. I am also greatly indebted to my friend, Mr. H. L. Gee, who has read my manuscript and made many valuable suggestions.

As far as possible, I have tried to reproduce Charlotte Brontë's letters exactly as they were written, with their peculiarities of punctuation, in particular her partiality for the use of numerous dashes rather than the more conventional commas and periods. In this form it seems to me that they reveal more intimately that eager appreciation of homely incident and keen sense of humour, which render her, to a degree not generally realized, one of the really great letter writers of the English language.

September, 1939. F.R.P.

I

ALTHOUGH the characteristic scenery of East Yorkshire finds little or no reflection in the novels of Charlotte Brontë, it is worthy of note that the famous authoress had an intimate connection with this corner of her native county. It was here—a hundred years ago—that she had her first glimpse of the sea, a memorable experience never to be forgotten, as her subsequent letters amply testify; it was from an East Riding clergyman that she received her first offer of marriage; and it was to the Yorkshire coast that she returned time and again for rest and refreshment during her short and troubled life.

Charlotte Brontë paid her first visit to the seaside, at Bridlington, in September 1839. She was twenty-three years of age at the time and—apart from her schooldays at Cowan Bridge—the 'Lowood' of 'Jane Eyre'—the whole of her life had been spent in the West Riding. Born at Thornton, near Bradford, the third of the six children of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, she had removed with the family to Haworth when only four years old, and it is with the old parsonage here, now the Brontë Museum, that her memory is inseparably associated.

There can be no need at this time of day, when the world has witnessed so remarkable a revival of interest in the story of the three sisters, to endeavour to evoke again the spirit of that stern and sombre countryside, which has been immortalised in their works. This was done for our Victorian forbears, perhaps with pardonable exaggeration, by Mrs. Gaskell, whilst the spate of stage plays, films, and character studies forthcoming in our own time, has served to make us only too familiar with the forbidding yet fascinating atmosphere of Haworth Parsonage. This is the environment of the novels, and it remains with most of us the authentic picture of Northern England in the first flush of the Industrial Revolution—a region, in Charlotte's own words, "of smoke dark houses clustered round their smoke-vomiting mills". But there is another and, even to-day, less industrialised portion of the great county, where the fresh green wolds meet the sea in cliffs of gleaming white, and it is with Charlotte Brontë's love for this part of Yorkshire that we are here concerned.

Let us see then how she first came to know the East Riding. On leaving the Clergy Daughters' School at Cowan Bridge, after the death of her two elder sisters, Maria and Elizabeth, Charlotte spent the following five or six years at home. Here, along with Emily and Anne, she amused herself by writing those childish stories and magazines, some of which, in their incredibly minute handwriting, are among the treasures of the Museum at Haworth.

Then in 1831 she was again sent to school. This time it was with Miss Wooler at Roe Head, between Leeds and Huddersfield. Here, among her fellow pupils, she met Ellen Nussey of Birstall, who became her lifelong friend and the most intimate correspondent of her later years.

The following year, Charlotte left Roe Head and returned to Haworth, for the ostensible purpose of acting as governess to her two younger sisters. Before long, however, the straitened circumstances of the family, and in particular a somewhat grandiose scheme for completing Branwell's education at the Royal Academy in London, rendered it necessary for her to look out for a situation. Hence, in the summer of 1835, we find her once more at Miss Wooler's in the capacity of teacher, and with her sister Emily as a pupil. The next year the school moved to a new home at Dewsbury Moor, where her health appears to have suffered as a result of the change.

It is more than doubtful whether Charlotte Brontë was really suited for the career of a schoolmistress, and yet it was essential that she should earn her own living. After a brief stay, therefore, at Dewsbury Moor, she was again looking out for a more congenial post, and in the early part of 1839 she became governess in the household of Mr. John Benson Sidgwick, a cousin of Archbishop Benson, and a wealthy manufacturer. The family resided at Stonegappe, near Skipton. a house which is now well-known as a Youth Hostel. By all accounts the Sidgwicks were estimable people, though Charlotte does not seem to have been much happier than in her former employment. "I see now more clearly", she writes, "than I have ever done before, that a private governess has no existence, is not considered as a living and rational being, except as connected with the wearisome duties she has to fulfil." We can hardly be surprised that within a couple of months she was back again at Haworth, revelling in the freedom of the moors, and thinking anxiously about some change of occupation. It was under these circumstances that Ellen Nussey came to the rescue with the proposal of a holiday at the seaside.

Their first choice was Cleethorpes, on the Lincolnshire coast, but eventually Bridlington was decided upon instead. The reasons for this change of plan are interesting and worth noting in some detail. Only a short time before the date of the projected holiday, Miss Nussey's brother, Henry, had left the East Riding, where he had been acting as curate to the Rev. Charles Henry Lutwidge, M.A.. Rector of Burton Agnes, a delightful, picturesque village some five or six miles from the coast. Mr. Lutwidge was in charge of the adjacent parishes of Burton Agnes and Harpham from 1833 to 1840, and is remembered as the uncle of Charles Lutwidge

Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, author of 'Alice in Wonderland'. Charlotte Brontë had been acquainted with Henry Nussey for some years, having visited his family frequently at 'The Rydings', Birstall, and it was doubtless on his recommendation that the two girls decided to spend a holiday at Easton, near Bridlington, in the late summer of 1839.

But the connection between Charlotte and the young clergyman was more intimate still, for in February of the same year she had received from him her first offer of marriage. She appears to have had no doubts, however, as to the advisability of turning down the proposal. Writing to her suitor in March, 1839, at Donnington, Sussex, where he had accepted a curacy on leaving Burton Agnes, she explains in no uncertain terms her reasons for refusing the offer. "I have no personal repugnance to the idea of a union with you, but I feel convinced that mine is not the sort of disposition calculated to form the happiness of a man like you. It has always been my habit to study the character of those amongst whom I chance to be thrown, and I think I know yours and can imagine what description of a woman would suit you for a wife. The character should not be too marked, ardent, and original, her temper should be mild, her piety undoubted, her spirits even and cheerful, and her personal attractions sufficient to please your eyes and gratify your just pride. As for me, you do not know me ; I am not the serious, grave, cool-headed individual you suppose ; you would think me romantic and eccentric ; you would say I was satirical and severe. However, I scorn deceit, and I will never, for the sake of attaining the distinction of matrimony and escaping the stigma of an old maid, take a worthy man whom I am conscious I cannot render happy."

But it was not incompatibility of temperament alone that led Charlotte Brontë to reject Henry Nussey's offer of marriage. Another, and perhaps more tangible reason is hinted at in a letter to Ellen Nussey written only a week later, "Henry says he is comfortably settled at Donnington, that his health is much improved, and that it is his intention to take pupils after Easter. He then intimates that in due time he should want a wife to take care of his pupils, and frankly asks me to be that wife." Here is the old repugnance towards the dull and drab career of a governess, to which the Brontë sisters seem to have been committed by fate, asserting itself with typical forcefulness and candour. Henry Nussey, fortunately, does not appear to have been unduly perturbed by Charlotte's rejection of his suit, for we find him writing in his diary under date, 9th March, 1839, "Received an unfavourable reply from C.B. The will of the Lord be done." It may be worth mention that only a short time before he had been rejected by Mr. Lutwidge's daughter, Mary, and that six months later he became engaged to someone else !

It has been suggested that Mr. Henry Nussey was the prototype of St. John Rivers, the Vicar of Morton in "Jane Eyre", who, it will be remembered, made a desperate but futile attempt to persuade Jane to accompany him as a missionary to India. "He was young", writes the novelist, "perhaps from twenty-eight to thirty—tall, slender; his face riveted the eye; it was like a Greek face, very pure in outline: quite a straight, classic nose; quite an Athenian mouth and chin . . . His eyes were large and blue, with brown lashes; his high forehead, colourless as ivory, was partially streaked over by careless locks of fair hair."

It must always be a thankless task to endeavour to link a character in fiction with its counterpart in the flesh, and Henry Nussey seems from the evidence of his Diary—still preserved in the Museum at Haworth—to have been a far less inspired individual than the high-souled fanatic depicted in the novel. Yet, in view of the fact that Henry Nussey became Vicar of Hathersage, Derbyshire, in 1844, and that Hathersage has been authoritatively identified with the Morton of 'Jane Eyre', we may perhaps be justified in thinking that Charlotte Brontë had the young Yorkshire curate in mind when writing her most famous work. At all events, there is no doubt that it was Mr. Nussey's connection with this part of the East Riding that induced Ellen and Charlotte to fix on the neighbourhood of Bridlington as the scene of their first seaside holiday together.

II

It is amusing in these days of quick travel to read of the extensive and pernickety preparations that were made by the two friends for the long-anticipated trip. Writing to Ellen Nussey on the 26th July—nearly two months before the date finally fixed for their departure—Charlotte waxes enthusiastic over the prospect. "Your proposal has almost driven me 'clean daft'," she admits, with true Yorkshire bluntness. "If you don't understand that ladylike expression you must ask me what it means when I see you—the fact is an excursion with you anywhere—whether to Cleethorpes or Canada just by ourselves—without any ninnies to annoy us—would be to me most delightful—I should indeed like to go—but I can't get leave of absence for longer than a week and I'm afraid that wouldn't suit you—must I then give it up entirely? I feel as if I could not—I never had such a chance of enjoyment before—I do want to see you and talk to you and be with you—when do you wish to go? could I meet you at Leeds? to take a gig from Haworth to Birstall would be to me a serious increase of expense—and I happen to be very low in cash—O Ellen rich people seem to have many pleasures at their command which we are debarred from—however no repining—if I could take the coach from Keighley to

Bradford and from Bradford to Leeds and you could meet me at the inn where the coach stops—on your way to Cleethorpes for I presume you go by the Leeds and Selby Railroad—it would be the most convenient plan for me."

There appear, however, to have been certain domestic obstacles in the way of the two girls spending a holiday together on the East coast. These are hinted at in a postscript to the above letter. "If I find it impossible to stay for longer than a week, could you get someone else to bear you company for the remaining fortnight? Since writing the above I find that aunt and papa have determined to go to Liverpool for a fortnight, and take us all with them. It is stipulated, however, that I should give up the Cleethorpes scheme. I yield reluctantly. But aunt suggests that you may be able to join us at Liverpool. What do you say?"

But the redoubtable Patrick Brontë, her father, and his sister-in-law, Miss Branwell, cannot have been very persistent in their objections to the proposed plan, for only a week later we find Charlotte again writing to her friend and suggesting a change from Cleethorpes to Burlington—the Bridlington of our own day. "The Liverpool journey", she says, "is yet a matter of talk, a sort of castle in the air—but between you and I, I fancy it is very doubtful whether it will ever assume a more solid shape—Aunt—like many other elderly people—likes to talk of such things but when it comes to putting them into actual practice she rather falls off. Such being the case I think you and I had better adhere to our first plan of going somewhere together independently of other people—I have got leave to accompany you for a week, at the utmost stretch a fortnight, but no more—where do you wish to go?—Burlington I should think from what Mary Taylor says would be as eligible a place as any."

Mary Taylor was a friend of Charlotte's school days at Roe Head, who later emigrated to New Zealand. Evidently anxious to get down to details, she continues, "I had almost forgotten to settle about how we are to join if I take the coach from Keighley to Bradford and from thence to Leeds—I think I could arrive in the latter town by 10 or at the latest 11 o'clock in the morning—will that be soon enough for your plans? and will it suit your convenience to meet me at the inn where the coach stops? If this project should be deemed in some way inconvenient I must conceive some other—on some accounts it would be far better to get to Brookroyd (the house to which the Nusseys had moved from 'The Rydings' some two years earlier) the day before—do you know whether there is any daily coach from Bradford runs anywhere within a mile of you? After all I have not yet ascertained whether my limited time for staying at the sea-side will interfere with what is necessary for your health if it would I throw the

whole scheme up at once—write very soon. What luggage will you take ? much or little ? "

Four days later, on the 9th of August, Charlotte once more takes up the thread of preparation for the trip. "In the greatest haste I scrawl an answer to your letter—I am very sorry to throw you back in your arrangements, but I really cannot go to-morrow —I could not get my baggage and myself to Leeds by 10 o'clock to-morrow morning if I was to be hanged for it. You must write again, and fix a day which will give me a little more time for preparation. Haworth, you know, is such an out-of-the-way place, one should have a month's warning before they stir from it. You were very kind to try to get me fetched—but indeed Ellen, it was wrong of you—do you think I could comfortably have accepted so unreasonable a favour ? my best plan will certainly be to come to Brookroyd the day before we start. I'll try to manage it".

But the way was not clear even yet. "I have in vain packed my box", she writes to Ellen Nussey on August 14th, "and prepared everything for our anticipated journey. It so happens that I can get no conveyance this week or the next. The only gig let out on hire in Haworth is at Harrogate, and likely to remain there, for aught I can hear. Papa decidedly objects to my going by the coach, and walking to Birstall, though I am sure I could manage it. Aunt exclaims against the weather, and the roads, and the four winds of heaven ; so I am in a fix, and, what is worse, so are you".

The outing, however, was only postponed for a week or two, and at last the long anticipated day arrived.

The two girls—Charlotte from Haworth, and Ellen from Birstall—met in Leeds, where they embarked on the tedious and arduous journey to the coast. It was Charlotte's first experience of travelling by rail, and one can well imagine her feeling of emancipation in escaping, if only for a short time, from the cramping atmosphere of the parsonage at Haworth.

The Railway Mania, associated with the name of George Hudson, the York draper, was just beginning, and the line from Leeds to Selby had been opened only five years before. The Leeds office of the company was in Kirkgate, and passengers were conveyed from here to the railway station in Marsh Lane by omnibus, at a charge of fourpence a head. On reaching Selby, after an hour and a half or so in the train, the friends would have to complete the next stage of the journey, as far as York, by coach, as the York and North Midland line was not opened until the following year. It is interesting to note that the fare from Selby to York was 7/- or 4/6 according to class.

Since, moreover, there was no railway at that date from York to the coast, they had perforce to finish their journey by the same means of transit. Finding, however, that all the seats in the coach were booked, they engaged a 'fly' to take them as far as Driflield. But even now their troubles were not at an end. Mr. Hudson, with whom they were to stay at Easton, near Bridlington, had arranged to meet them at Driffield, but, somehow or other, there had been a hitch in the arrangements, and they were therefore obliged to complete the remaining twelve miles or so by post-chaise.

If she had not unfortunately misplaced her spectacles, Charlotte Brontë would have caught her first glimpse of the sea from the crest of Bessingby Hill, where the road from Driffield leaves the edge of the wolds for the coastal plain. A hundred years ago, the prospect must have been a pleasing one. In the middle-distance were clustered the mellow red roofs of the old market town of Burlington, dominated by the towers of its Priory Church, one of them crowned by the stunted octagon which can be seen on old prints of the church as it was before its restoration. Beyond, on the low, sandy shore, would be seen the fishermen's cottages and little shops, which constituted the Quay, with the chalk cliffs of Flamborough stretching out into the blue of the horizon.

It is a moot point as to whether this district is depicted in any of the Brontë novels. It has been suggested that Bridlington may be the 'Bretton' of 'Villette', and, apart from the similarity in name, the description of the view from Mrs. Bretton's house might well fit the narrow, winding High Street of the old Yorkshire town, "a fine antique street, where Sundays and holidays seemed always to abide—so quiet was its atmosphere, so clean its pavement." Later on in the same book, Charlotte may have had Bridlington in mind when describing the convalescence of Lucy Snowe in Brussels, when she exclaims, on finding herself unexpectedly with friends, "Am I in England? Am I in Bretton?" Hastily pulling up the blind with which the lattice was shrouded, I looked out to try and discover where I was: half prepared to meet the calm, old, handsome buildings, and clean grey pavement of St. Anne's Street, and to see at the end the towers of the minster".

The attempt to disentangle the multifarious impressions fused in the mind of a writer to form a composite picture of some place or person must always be an impossible one. But no one who is at all acquainted with the place where Charlotte Brontë came on holiday in that September of 1839, can help believing that more than a fleeting impression of it passed through her receptive mind when she penned these lines.

III

On this, her first visit to the Yorkshire coast, Charlotte Brontë spent the earlier part of her holiday at Easton, a tiny hamlet of only two or three houses, which lies a short distance inland from Bridlington Quay. The situation is charming, and would be more so a century ago. At this point, the valley of the Gypsey Race—one of the few streams in this countryside of rolling chalk lands, merges almost imperceptibly into the sea plain, whilst along the low ridge to the south runs the old Roman road to Stamford Bridge and York. A little way up the valley is the delightful village of Boynton, embosomed in its woods, the former home of the Yorkshire branch of the historic Strickland family, on whose entailed estate the hamlet of Easton was situated.

The house where Charlotte and her friend stayed may still be seen, on the left of the road from Bridlington to Boynton, though it has been considerably altered since her time. In 1839 it was a two-storied farmstead, with the red tiled roof characteristic of the East Riding, and its front covered with ivy and trailing rose trees; it had a small garden with a laurel border, which was formed into an arch above the little wooden gate.

During her holiday at Easton, Charlotte Brontë painted a small water-colour of the house, a reproduction of which can be seen in the Bayle Museum at Bridlington. In the background is the summer-house and in the foreground, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson—he in a very Victorian top-hat—are sitting on a rustic seat with their pet dog. She also drew the portrait of Mrs. Hudson, but this has unfortunately been lost, as has also a pair of slippers which she worked at the same time.

The members of the Hudson family had been in occupation of the property for some years at the time of Charlotte's visit. The first of them to live at Easton was Mr. William Roundell, who died at an advanced age in the early years of the nineteenth century. His nephew, Mr. John Hudson, succeeded him, and he himself was followed in the tenancy by his son John Hudson, junior; the latter married Miss Sophia Whipp in 1830. It was to this couple that Charlotte Brontë had been introduced by her friend, Henry Nussey, who had made their acquaintance during his curacy at Burton Agnes, a village only three or four miles away.

John Hudson was a gentleman farmer of the old school, kind and retiring in disposition, whilst his wife is described by one who knew her well as "a model of primness and old-world sweetness", though with a more marked individuality than her husband. The household was conducted with a clockwork regularity that must have made an instant appeal to such a lover of neatness and

orderliness as Charlotte Brontë. They rose at half past six in the morning, breakfasted an hour later, had dinner at noon and tea at half past four, and retired to rest at half past nine, unless 'company' happened to be present. The Hudsons retired from Easton to Bridlington in the early seventies of last century, where they died—she in 1876 and he in 1878. Both are buried in the graveyard of the Priory Church. As they had no family, the house passed into other hands on their death.

In such an atmosphere of homely simplicity, the two girls enjoyed their country holiday to the full. This is evident from the letters written by Charlotte in October, soon after their return to the West Riding.

"Our visit at Easton", she tells Henry Nussey, "was extremely pleasant; I shall always feel grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Hudson for their kindness. We saw Burton Agnes during our stay, and called on two of your former parishioners—Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Dalton. I was pleased to hear your name mentioned by them in terms of encomium and sincere regard". Only a few days before she had conveyed her impressions to Ellen Nussey in similar terms. "I think of Easton very often, and of worthy Mr. Hudson and his kind-hearted help-mate and of our pleasant walks to Harlequin-wood—to Boynton—our merry evenings with little Hancheon etc. —if we both live this period of our lives will long be a theme of pleasant recollection".

She concludes this letter with a personal enquiry. "Did you chance in your letter to Mrs. Hudson to mention my spectacles? I am sadly inconvenienced by the want of them—I can neither read, write nor draw with comfort in their absence. I hope Madame Booth won't refuse to give them up". Unfortunately the identity of Madame Booth must remain a matter for speculation.

The reference to "little Hancheon" introduces us to another member of the family circle at Easton. This was John Hudson's niece, Fanny (or Hancheon) Whipp, a lively, interesting child of about seven years of age, who afterwards became Mrs. North of Bridlington, and who died there in 1866 at the early age of thirty-five. Generally speaking, Charlotte Brontë's relations with children do not appear to have been too cordial, and she does not have a great deal to say about them in her works. Whether this attitude was an unhappy inheritance from her father, or whether it resulted from her experience as a governess, can never be determined, but there can be no doubt of her affection and admiration for "little Hancheon". It has been suggested, indeed, that the child may have furnished the original of the portrait of Paulina Mary Home, "the little Countess", whose childlike charm is depicted so enthusiastically in the opening chapters of 'Villette' "a neat, completely-fashioned little figure, light, slight, and straight.———her

neck, delicate as wax, her head of silky curls". If, as has been claimed, it is possible to identify the Bretton of 'Villette' with the Yorkshire Bridlington, it may not be impossible to discern in the picture of the Countess de Bassompierre an idealized portrait of Fanny Whipp. As a further indication of the impression made by the Easton household on Charlotte's mind, it may be worth noting that the landlady of one of the curates in 'Shirley' bears the uncommon name of Mrs. Whipp.

Some years after the events with which we are dealing, Ellen Nussey was again spending a holiday at Bridlington, and in a letter to her, dated 4th March, 1845, Charlotte recalls once more the happy memory of their first holiday together. "Remember me very kindly to Mrs. Hudson, to whom I shall again direct this letter—not knowing your address at the Quay. Tell her that our stay at Easton is one of the pleasantest recollections of my life—one of the green spots that I look back on with real pleasure. I often think it was singularly good of her to receive me, a perfect stranger, so kindly as she did".

IV

Much, however, as Charlotte Brontë enjoyed the quiet autumnal beauty of the countryside, it was the sea which made the chief appeal to her sensibility, and which left the most enduring impress on her mind. "The idea of seeing the sea", she had written to Ellen Nussey just before their visit, "of being near it—watching its changes by sunrise, sunset, moonlight, and noonday—in calm, perhaps in storm—fills and satisfies my mind". Can we wonder then that, during her stay at Easton, despite the generous kindness of the Hudsons, she longed with ever increasing ardour to be within actual sight and sound of the sea? Two days after their arrival, she and Ellen had walked down to the Quay at Bridlington, and here, when she caught sight of the magnificent bay, bounded on the one side by the white cliffs of Flamborough, and on the other by the wasting, sandy shores of Holderness, Charlotte found it impossible to control her emotion. Begging her friend to leave her alone for a while, she was discovered some time later, her eyes red with weeping and her hands trembling—so intense was the effect upon her sensitive spirit of that element which she had never seen before but of which she had dreamed so long and ardently.

After staying, however, at Easton, the two girls persuaded the Hudsons to allow them to spend the remaining week of their holiday in lodgings at Bridlington. A vivid account of their residence here is given in the first volume of Clement Shorter's book, 'The Brontës—Life and Letters', and is itself based on Ellen Nussey's own narrative.

"Whenever the sound of the sea", we are told, "reached her ears in the grounds around the house wherein she was a captive guest, her spirit longed to rush away and be close to it. At last their kind and generous entertainers yielded to their wishes and permitted them to take wing and go into lodgings for one week, but still protecting them by everyday visits, and bounteous provision from their dairy. What Charlotte and her friend had desired for themselves was to be their own providers, believing in their inexperience that they could do great things with the small sum of money they each had at their disposal, but at the end of the week, when bills were asked for . . . they discovered that moderate appetites and modest demands for attention were of no avail as regards the demands made upon their small finances. A week's experience sufficed to show them the wisdom of not prolonging their stay, though the realization of enjoyment had been as intense as anticipation had depicted".

"The conventionality of most of the seaside visitors amused Charlotte immensely. The evening parade on the Pier struck her as the greatest absurdity. It was an old Pier in those days, and of short dimensions, but thither all the visitors seemed to assemble in such numbers that it was like a packed ball-room ; people had to march round and round in regular file to secure any movement whatever. Charlotte and her friend thought they would go away from this after making one essay to do as others did ; they took themselves off to the cliffs to enjoy the moonlight, but they had not done this long, ere some instinct as to safety warned them to return ; on entering their lodgings, another novelty impressed itself upon them—they encountered sounds which came from a Ranters' Meeting-house across the street. There was violent excitement within its walls, and Charlotte was wild to go in amongst the congregation and see, as she said, 'what they were up to' ; but was restrained by the reflection that these people who were making such awful noises were acting, as they believed, on religious impulse, and ought neither to be criticized nor ridiculed in their midst".

It would be a matter of interest to know where Charlotte Brontë lodged during her stay in Bridlington, and the above reference to "the Ranters' Meeting-house across the street" may help us to locate the spot. The Ranters were the Primitive Methodists, who had just obtained a footing in the town about the time of Charlotte's visit. Their first place of meeting was in a sail-loft near the pier, but not long after their establishment they erected a chapel near the edge of the cliff, on what is now the Esplanade. An old print still survives, on which this building can be seen, near the present site of the Lounge Cafe, and it must have been somewhere in the immediate vicinity that Charlotte Brontë and Ellen Nussey spent the last week of their holiday on the Yorkshire coast.

After her return to the West Riding in the late summer of 1839, we come across frequent mention in Charlotte's correspondence of her happy memories of the sea. "Have you forgotten the sea by this time, E, ? " she writes to Ellen at the end of October, "Is it grown dim in your mind ? Or can you still see it, dark, blue, and green, and foam-white, and hear it roaring roughly when the wind is high, or rushing softly when it is calm ? " And again, a few days later, she confesses to Henry Nussey, "I enjoyed my little excursion with Ellen with the greater zest because such pleasures have not often chanced to fall in my way. I will not tell you what I thought of the sea, because I should fall into my besetting sin of enthusiasm". A lingering echo, this, of eighteenth century respectability. "I may, however, say that its glories, changes, its ebbs and flows, the sound of its restless waves, formed a subject for contemplation that never wearied either the eye, the ear or the mind". Even a year afterwards, when the wind is whistling round the dark stonewalls of Haworth Parsonage, it only serves to awaken once again within her mind that first and unforgettable impression of the sea. "From what quarter the wind blows I cannot tell, for I never could in my life : " she writes, "but I should very much like to know how the great brewing-tub of Bridlington Bay works, and what sort of yeasty froth rises just now on the waves".

V

In March, 1841—some eighteen months after her return from her first holiday by the sea—Charlotte Brontë accepted a situation as governess in the family of Mr. John White, a Bradford merchant, of Upperwood House, Rawdon, then a small village some six miles from Bradford. The salary was only a nominal one of £20 a year, but, apart from this, she seems to have been no more comfortable than in her former employment. "Mrs. White expects a good deal of sewing from me", she complains. "I cannot sew much during the day, on account of the children, who require the closest attention. I am obliged, therefore, to devote the evenings to this business".

Her situation, in this respect, must have closely resembled that of her younger sister, Anne, who about the same time had also left home to act as a governess with the Rev. and Mrs. Edmund Robinson, of Thorpe Green Hall, between York and Boroughbridge. In spite, however, of the change of scene to a pleasant, pastoral countryside, on the banks of the slowly-moving Ouse, and of the warm affection of Mr. Robinson's two daughters for their new mistress, Anne was no more contented with her lot than was her sister. "This is Emily's birthday", she writes on July 30th, 1841, "She has now completed her 23rd year, and is, I

believe, at home. Charlotte is a governess in the family of Mr. White. Branwell is a clerk in the railroad station at Luddenden Foot, and I am a governess in the family of Mr. Robinson. I dislike the situation and wish to change it for another. I am now at Scarborough. My pupils are gone to bed and I am hastening to finish this before I follow them. We are thinking of setting up a school of our own, but nothing definite is settled about it yet, and we do not know whether we shall be able to or not. I hope we shall".

This mention of setting up a school of their own refers to a project which was much in the minds of the Brontë sisters at this time, and which establishes another interesting link with the Yorkshire coast. Here is a letter from Charlotte to Ellen Nussey, dated 19th July, 1841, and bearing on the question.

"In thinking of all possible and impossible places where we could establish a school, I have thought of Burlington, or rather of the neighbourhood of Burlington. Do you remember whether there was any other school there except that of Miss J— ? This is, of course, a perfectly crude and random idea. There are a hundred reasons why it should be an impracticable one. We have no connections, no acquaintances there ; it is far from home, etc. Still, I fancy the ground in the East Riding is less fully occupied than in the West. Much inquiry and consideration will be necessary, of course, before any place is decided on ; and I fear much time will elapse before any plan is executed".

But, although Miss Branwell, her Aunt, promised to advance £150 towards it, this scheme failed to materialize, as did a subsequent plan for setting up a similar establishment at Haworth. Nevertheless, the idea had important consequences in the life of Charlotte Brontë, as it furnished the immediate occasion of the visit to Brussels, for the purpose of perfecting her French, which is described in "Villette" and "The Professor".

At this period, domestic trial and disaster were brooding darkly over the parsonage. As we have just seen, Branwell—that wayward and precocious enigma of the Brontë family—had been working as a booking clerk on the old Leeds and Manchester Railway, though he left this post in 1843 to become gentleman-tutor to the Robinsons at Thorpe Green, where Anne was employed in a similar capacity. But he had already entered on that career of indulgence and dissipation that was to culminate in his premature death in September, 1848, at the early age of thirty-one. This, however, was not the heaviest blow. Only three short months later, the "Gate Of Death", leading from the rectory to the churchyard at Haworth, was opened once again—this time to admit the

remains of Emily Brontë, whose valiant soul, ever, as Charlotte said, "inexorable to the flesh", had met its first and only Conqueror.

Even then, the hand of sorrow was not to be lifted. In the spring of 1849, Anne's illness, which had been dogging her steps for some time, was diagnosed as consumption. Nothing would satisfy her but to be taken to Scarborough, which she had learnt to know and love during her sojourn at Thorpe Green. Scarborough had also been recommended as the most suitable place for her condition by Dr. Thomas Pridgin Teale, the well-known Leeds surgeon. But those at Haworth realized that she could only be taken there to die. Her father and the servants, wrote Charlotte, "knew when they parted from Anne they would see her no more. All tried to be resigned. I knew it likewise, and I wanted her to die where she would be happiest". And so, Charlotte Brontë was destined to pay her second visit to the Yorkshire coast, but this time with far different feelings from those she had experienced ten years before.

VI

"Next Wednesday", she writes on the 16th of May, "is the day fixed for our departure . . . Ellen Nussey accompanies us at her own kind and friendly wish. I would not refuse her society but I dared not urge her to go, for I have little hope that the excursion will be one of pleasure or benefit to those engaged in it. Anne is extremely weak. She herself has a fixed impression that the sea-air will give her a chance of regaining strength—that chance therefore she must have".

It was arranged that they should leave Keighley about half past one in the afternoon of Wednesday, May 23rd, and take the train from Leeds to York, though their departure was unavoidably postponed until the following day. On arriving at York, they had dinner at the George Hotel, in Whip-ma-Whop-ma-Gate, after which Anne was taken out in a bath-chair to make some purchases and to visit the Minster. It was her own desire to see the cathedral once more and, as Ellen Nussey afterwards told Mrs. Gaskell, "it was an overpowering pleasure; not for its own imposing and impressive grandeur only, but because it brought to her susceptible nature a vital and overwhelming sense of omnipotence. She said, while gazing at the structure, 'If finite power can do this, what is the———?' and here emotion stayed her speech, and she was hastened to a less exciting scene".

On Friday, the 25th, they continued their journey to Scarborough. Some weeks before, they had been making enquiries regarding suitable lodgings. "When the Miss Cockills went alone", wrote Charlotte to Miss Nussey in April, "do you know whether they went to a boarding-house or took lodgings? I wonder which would be the best plan—Anne is rather in favour of a boarding-house—but do you think it would suit our invalid? I know nothing about them myself—she thinks it would be more lively. Whether in lodgings or not—I should wish to be boarded—Providing oneself is—I think—an unsupportable nuisance—I don't like keeping provisions in a cupboard, locking up, being pillaged and all that. It is a petty, wearing annoyance". A delightful little cameo this, of the Victorian lodging-house!

They managed to secure accommodation at No. 2, Cliff, where they had a good-sized sitting-room with a sea view, at a charge of 30/- a week. The house, however, has long since disappeared, and the Grand Hotel now stands on the site.

On the morning of Saturday, the day after their arrival, Anne insisted on going to bathe, but was exhausted by the walk back to her lodgings. By the afternoon, however, she had recovered sufficiently to enjoy an hour's drive on the sands in one of the famous donkey carriages which, until the end of the nineteenth century, ranked among the amenities of the watering-place. Ellen Nussey recalls how she even insisted on taking the reins herself, "lest the poor donkey should be urged by its driver to a greater speed than her tender heart thought right". The next day, Sunday, she was anxious to go to church, being dissuaded only with difficulty, though in the afternoon she was able to take a short stroll near the beach. The evening of this day, says Miss Nussey, "closed in with the most glorious sunset ever witnessed. The castle on the cliff stood in proud glory, gilded by the rays of the declining sun. The distant ships glittered like burnished gold; the little boats near the beach heaved on the ebbing tide, inviting occupants. The view was grand beyond description. Anne was drawn in her easy chair to the window, to enjoy the scene with us. Her face became illumined almost as much as the glorious scene she gazed upon. Little was said, for it was plain that her thoughts were driven by the imposing view before her to penetrate forwards to the regions of unfading glory".

She was up by 7 o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 28th of May, and succeeded in dressing herself without assistance, though she had to be carried downstairs, where she partook of a basin of boiled milk, which had been prepared for her. But the end was at hand. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, she passed away, almost her last words being, "Take courage, Charlotte, take courage"—advice, surely, never less needed.

She was laid to rest in the graveyard of the weather-beaten old church on the cliff, hard by the castle, the only one of the Brontë family not buried at Haworth. Here her tombstone may be seen with the simple inscription :

> 'Here lie the Remains of Anne Brontë, Daughter of the Rev. P. Brontë, Incumbent of Haworth, Yorkshire. She Died, aged 28, May 28, 1849'.

The age given here is not correct, as Anne was twenty-nine at the time of her death.

Charlotte had deliberately arranged for the interment to take place at Scarborough, in order, as she said, "to save Papa the anguish of the return and a third funeral" ; though a good deal of indignation was expressed by the plain-spoken villagers of Haworth at the idea of a Brontë being buried in a 'foreign grave'. Anne's sister and her friend were the only mourners who followed her coffin to its final resting place.

During the course of the following month, Charlotte Brontë appears to have paid a second visit to the Hudsons at Easton, again accompanied by Ellen Nussey. On June 4th she writes to Mr. W. S. Williams, a reader in the publishing firm of Smith & Elder, and an intimate correspondent of her later years, "I am ordered to remain at the sea-side awhile. I cannot rest here, but neither can I go home. Possibly I may not write again soon—attribute my silence neither to idleness nor negligence. I do not know what my next address will be. I shall wander a week or two on the East Coast, and only stay at quiet, lonely places. No one need be anxious about me as far as I know".

It would be interesting to know the "quiet, lonely places" which Charlotte visited at this time. Some few years ago, an undated letter written by her to a Miss Ingledew was accidentally picked up in a London bookseller's shop. It is addressed from Hartlepool, which she describes as "a very filthy place and very badly paved". As there is no other record of her ever having been here, it may be that the visit took place at this period of her life just after her sister's death. But she spent some time at Easton, in view of a letter to Ellen Nussey, written soon after her return to Haworth, in July, 1849. "I cannot boast of vast benefits derived from change of air yet ; but unfortunately I brought back the seeds of a cold with me from that dismal Easton—and I have not got rid of it yet".

Much of Charlotte Brontë's time at Easton during this summer of 1849 was spent reading and writing in the garden. 'Jane Eyre' had been published two years before, and she had taken the manuscript of 'Shirley' with her to Scarborough, in the vain hope,

apparently, that Anne might recover, and that during her convalescence she herself might have the opportunity of getting on with her new work, for which her publishers were clamouring. There is a tradition that Chapter XXIV of 'Shirley' was written during this visit to the Hudsons. Significantly enough it is entitled 'The Valley of the Shadow of Death', and the vivid description of Caroline Helstone's recovery from a dangerous illness may well have been inspired by the emotional strain which the author must have endured during her sister's last days at Scarborough.

The next two or three years, however, were for Charlotte Brontë—now the sole surviving child of the parsonage at Haworth—among the happiest in her brief and chequered life. As a result of the fame which her work had brought her, she was beginning to make social and literary contacts in various parts of the country, and paid visits to London, Edinburgh and the Lakes. During a visit to the country house of Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth at Windermere in August, 1850, she first met her future biographer, Mrs. Gaskell. About the same time, she was introduced in London to some of the leading lights in the Victorian literary firmament, among them Thackeray, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, George Henry Lewes and Miss Harriet Martineau; though her incurable shyness usually served to render such meetings dull and disappointing.

During the autumn of 1851, however, she was again troubled by indifferent health, doubtless a reaction to the excitement of the previous summer, and became very depressed. In the following spring, therefore, she decided to take another holiday at the seaside. Writing to Margaret Wooler in March of that year, she says: "Ellen Nussey will probably go south about May to make a stay of two or three months—she has formed a plan for my accompanying her and taking lodgings on the Sussex Coast—but the scheme seems to me impracticable for many reasons—and moreover my medical man doubts the advisability of my going Southward in Summer—he says it might prove very enervating—whereas Scarborough or Burlington would brace and strengthen". And so, in the June of 1852, we find Charlotte Brontë once again on the Yorkshire coast, but this time at Filey.

VII

If there is one North-country watering place rather than another that has managed to retain something of the primness and respectability of early Victorian times, it is the charming little resort of Filey, midway between Bridlington and Scarborough. How long this restful atmosphere will remain immune from the devastating attentions of the speculative builder and amusement caterer is, to say the least, extremely doubtful; but, at any rate, one

may still come across quiet streets and dignified dwelling-houses that seem to have changed but little during the past seventy or eighty years.

So far as can be gathered from her correspondence, Charlotte Brontë first stayed at Filey in the summer of 1849, after the death of her sister, Anne. Her father had been unable to reach Scarborough in time for the funeral, but he wrote to Charlotte, strongly urging her to stay at the sea-side for a while, in order to obtain the rest and change she so sorely needed. Consequently, she and Ellen Nussey, not wishing to remain in a spot charged with such painful memories, left Scarborough for Filey, where they secured apartments at Cliff House, Belle Vue Street—only a short distance from the sea front, and here they spent three weeks. The house had been built in 1824 by a Mr. Smith, who was a land agent to the Strickland family, and it was with his widow that the two friends lodged. Mrs. Smith did not realize the identity of her distinguished visitor and, much to her subsequent regret, inadvertently destroyed the letters which she received from Charlotte at the time. The house, which is still in possession of the same family, has much the same appearance as when it was first built, save that the windows on the north side have been filled in, and that a straight window in front, which a hundred years ago would command a clear view of the sea, has been made into a bay. It can be easily identified by a plaque on the wall, bearing the word 'Yorkshire', with the date 1824 and the representation of a castle.

We find a reference to this visit in a letter written to W. S. Williams from Filey, dated 13th June, 1849. "Filey, where we have been for the last week—is a small place with a wild rocky coast—its sea is very blue—its cliffs are very white—its sands very solitary —it suits Ellen and myself better than Scarborough which is too gay. I would stay here another week—but Ellen says I must go to-morrow to Bridlington and after I have been a week there, I intend to return home to Papa.———Should you write to me again soon—and I shall be glad to hear from you—address—

'Miss Brontë,
J. Hudson's Esq.
Easton,
Bridlington'."

Three years later, in June, 1852, as already mentioned, Charlotte Brontë again visited Filey, this time "alone, utterly alone". Her visit was primarily the result of a pilgrimage to her sister's grave at Scarborough. Some time before, she had given orders for a memorial stone to be erected over the grave, and was anxious to inspect it; finding no less than five errors in the

inscription, she arranged for the stone to be refaced and relettered. Having completed this painful duty, she went on to Filey, where she found a warm welcome from her former landlady, Mrs. Smith. This time she stayed for a month. A selection from her correspondence will give an impression of her state of mind at the period when, as the anonymous 'Currer Bell', she ranked as one of the eminent women writers in England.

Writing to her father on June 2nd, 1852, she says: "On the whole I get on very well here, but I have not bathed yet, as I am told it is much too cold and too early in the season. The sea is very grand. Yesterday it was a somewhat unusually high tide, and I stood about an hour on the cliffs yesterday afternoon, watching the tumbling in of great tawny turbid waves, that made the whole shore white with foam and filled the air with a sound hollower and deeper than thunder. There are so very few visitors at Filey yet that I and a few sea-birds and fishing-boats have often the whole expanse of sea-shore, and cliff to ourselves. When the tide is out the sands are wide, long and smooth, and very pleasant to walk on. When the high tides are in, not a vestige of sand remains. I saw a great dog rush into the sea yesterday, and swim and bear up against the waves like a seal. I wonder what Flossy would say to that".

"On Sunday afternoon I went to a church which I should like Mr. Nicholls to see". This, incidentally, is one of her earliest references to her father's curate and her future husband, "It was certainly not more than thrice the length and breadth of our passage, floored with brick, the walls green with mould, the pews painted white, but the paint almost worn off with time and decay. At one end there is a little gallery for the singers, and when these personages stood up to perform, they all turned their backs upon the congregation, and the congregation turned their backs upon pulpit and parson. The effect of this manœuvre was so ludicrous, I could hardly help laughing: had Mr. Nicholls been there he certainly would have laughed out. Looking up at the gallery and seeing only the broad backs of the singers presented to their audience was excessively grotesque. There is a well-meaning but utterly inactive clergyman at Filey, and the Methodists flourish".

Two references in this letter are worthy of note. The clergyman mentioned was the Reverend Thomas Norfolk Jackson, who was Vicar of Filey from 1833 to 1873, and who died in January, 1891, at the age of eighty-three. The church which Charlotte Brontë visited that Sunday afternoon is more difficult to identify, though its diminutive dimensions seem to indicate the little Norman church of Speeton, which stands windswept and solitary on the high cliffs between Filey and Flamborough Head. Previous to its restoration in 1911, it was floored with brick, whilst even to-day traces of green

mould may still be seen at the foot of the chancel arch. There is no evidence of a gallery ever having been erected, though the word may well refer to a singers' pew, slightly raised above the floor level, such as was common in country churches a century ago.

Four days later, we find her writing to Miss Nussey. "I am in our old lodgings at Mrs. Smith's—not, however, in the same rooms —but in less expensive apartments—They seemed glad to see me —remembered you and me very well, and, seemingly, with great goodwill. The Daughter who used to wait on us is just married. Filey seems to me much altered ;—more lodging houses,—some of them very handsome—have been built ;—the sea has all its own grandeur—I walk on the sands a good deal, and try not to feel desolate and melancholy. How sorely my heart longs for you, I need not say. I have bathed once—it seemed to do me good—I may perhaps stay here a fortnight—There are as yet scarcely any visitors. A Lady Wenlock is staying at the large house of which you used so vigilantly to observe the inmates. One day I set out with intent to trudge to Filey Bridge, but was frightened back by two cows. I mean to try again some morning".

The Filey Bridge here referred to is the famous Brig, a curious ridge of low rocks that runs far out to sea at the northern end of Filey Bay. This is perhaps the most impressive geological formation on the Yorkshire coast and, especially when seen in stormy weather, must have made an immediate appeal to the mind of Charlotte Brontë, always sensitive as she was to the bizarre and eerie in natural phenomena. Can she have been thinking of this spot when she penned these lines in 'Shirley', which was published soon after her return from her first visit to Filey ? "A reef of rocks, black and rough, stretches far into the sea ; all along, and among, and above these crags, dash and flash, sweep and leap, swells, wreaths, drifts of snowy spray. Some lone wanderer is out on these rocks, treading, with cautious step, the wet, wild sea-weed ; glancing down into hollows where the brine lies fathoms deep and emerald clear, and seeing there wilder and stranger, and huger vegetation, than is found on land, with treasure of shells—some green, some purple, some pearly-clustered in the curls of the snaky plants".

Judging by the two following letters—the first to Ellen Nussey and the second to Margaret Wooler, and both written in June, 1852 —Charlotte must have felt better in health as a result of her holiday. "Be quite easy about me. I really think I am better for my stay at Filey—that I have derived more benefit from it than I dared to anticipate—I believe could I stay here two months and enjoy something like social cheerfulness as well as exercise and good air—my health would be quite renewed. This—however—cannot possibly be—but I am most thankful for the good received.

I may stay another week". And to Miss Wooler, her former schoolmistress, "The first week or ten days—I greatly feared the seaside would not suit me—for I suffered almost constantly from headache and other harassing ailments; the weather too was dark, stormy, and excessively—bitterly cold; my Solitude, under such circumstances, partook of the character of Desolation; I had some dreary evening hours and night-vigils. However—that passed; I think I am now better and stronger from the change, and in a day or two hope to return home. People with my tendency to congestion of the liver—should walk three or four hours every day; accordingly I have walked as much as I could since I came here, and look almost as sunburnt and weather-beaten as a fisherman or a bathing-woman with being out in the open air".

By the end of the month she was back once again at Haworth, ready to resume work on what was to be the last of her novels.

VIII

The completion of 'Villette' in the autumn of 1852 proved one of the most onerous tasks in Charlotte Brontë's career as an author. As she wrote to W. S. Williams, after her return from Filey, "The warm weather and a visit to the sea have done me much good physically; but as yet I have recovered neither elasticity of animal spirits nor flow of the power of composition". To add to her difficulties, Mr. Brontë had a seizure and was again threatened with loss of sight; whilst she must have sorely missed the companionship of Emily and Anne, which had served to ease the composition of her earlier works. Nevertheless she struggled bravely on, and by November 'Villette' was in the hands of the publishers.

Its appearance at the beginning of the following year was received, as Mrs. Gaskell says, "with one burst of acclamation", and finally established Charlotte Brontë's position in the front rank of English novelists. Her health, moreover, and that of her father seemed to improve now that the anxieties of publication were over. "This winter", she writes in February, "has, for me, not been like last winter. December, January, February, '51-2, passed like a long stormy night, conscious of one painful dream, all solitary grief and sickness. The corresponding months of '52-53 have gone over my head quietly and not uncheerfully. Thank God for the change and the repose! My father too has borne the season well; and my book and its reception thus far, have pleased and cheered him".

It was during the summer of 1853 that she planned what proved to be her last visit to the Yorkshire coast. This time it was on the invitation of her old friend and schoolmistress, Margaret Wooler, who was staying at Hornsea. Miss Wooler was the aunt

of Sir Clifford Allbutt, Regius Professor of Physics at Cambridge from 1892—1935, and it is from Charlotte Brontë's letters to his aunt, which he presented to the Fitzwilliam Museum, that we can glean a few particulars of this holiday.

Writing to Miss Wooler at the end of August, she confesses, "All the summer I felt the wish and cherished the intention to join you for a brief period at the seaside, nor do I yet relinquish the purpose, though its fulfilment must depend on my father's health". A week later, she writes again, "Your letter was truly kind and made me warmly wish to join you. My prospects however of being able to leave home continue very unsettled". But by the end of September she managed to get away, and spent a week at Hornsea with Miss Wooler. The following letter, written from Haworth after her return, records for us, fortunately in lighter vein, her impressions of her last holiday in her native county.

"My journey home would have been pleasant enough had it not been spoilt in the commencement by one slight incident. About halfway between Hull and Hornsea, a respectable-looking woman and her little girl were admitted into the coach. The child took her place opposite me; she had not sat long before—without any previous warning, or the slightest complaint of nausea—sickness seized her and the contents of her little stomach—consisting apparently of a milk breakfast—were unceremoniously deposited in my lap! Of course I alighted from the coach in a pretty mess, but succeeded in procuring water and a towel at the station with which I managed to make my dress and cloak once more presentable.———The week I spent at Hornsea was a happy and pleasant week. Thank you, my dear Miss Wooler—for the true kindness which gave it its chief charm. I shall think of you often, especially when I walk out—and during the long evenings. I believe the weather has at length taken a turn; to-day is beautifully fine. I wish I were at Hornsea and just now preparing to go out with you to walk on the sands or along the lake".

The remainder of the brief story is soon told. Not long after her return from Hornsea, Charlotte Brontë became engaged to her father's curate, the Reverend Arthur Bell Nicholls, whom she had depicted favourably in the concluding chapter of 'Shirley' under the pseudonym of 'Mr. Macarthey'. They were married in the summer of the year 1854, but enjoyed only a few precious months of wedded happiness. Then, in the early morning of Saturday, March 31st, 1855, her patient and heroic life came to its untimely close. And, perhaps, among her last thoughts, there may have passed some fleeting picture of that quiet countryside she had known and loved, where the Yorkshire Wolds sweep gently down to meet the Northern Sea.

PUBLICATIONS

EAST YORKSHIRE SERIES

No. 1	MASONS' MARKS by F. W. BROOKS ...	out of print
No. 2	THE OLD POOR LAW IN EAST YORKSHIRE by N. MITCHELSON (9d. to members)	1s. 6d.
No. 3	THE BEGINNINGS OF THE EAST YORKSHIRE RAILWAYS by K. A. MACMAHON (2s. 0d. to members) ...	out of print
No. 4	YORKSHIRE AND THE STAR CHAMBER by F. W. BROOKS (2s. 0d. to members)	2s. 6d.
No. 5	THE AGRICULTURAL REVOLUTION IN THE EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE by OLGA WILKINSON (2s. 0d. to members)	2s. 6d.
No. 6	THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD BRIDGE by F. W. BROOKS (2s. 0d. to members)	2s. 6d.

STANDING CONFERENCE SERIES

No. 1	A PLAN FOR THE STUDY OF LOCAL HISTORY	6d.
No. 2	THE COMPILATION OF COUNTY BIBLIOGRAPHIES	6d.
No. 3	A SELECTION OF BOOKS ON ENGLISH LOCAL HISTORY	9d.
No. 4	A DIRECTORY OF AUTHORITIES AND ORGANISATIONS FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF LOCAL HISTORIANS ...	6d.
No. 5	NOTES ON THE RECORDING OF LOCAL HISTORY	6d.
No. 6	LOCAL HISTORY EXHIBITIONS: HOW TO PLAN AND PRESENT THEM ...	9d.
No. 7	HOW TO WRITE A PARISH GUIDE ...	9d.
No. 8	DISCOVERING THE PAST (Illustrated)	2s. 0d.
No. 9	HANDLIST OF MEDIEVAL ECCLESIASTICAL TERMS	2s. 6d.
No. 10	ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND	out of print
No. 11	LOCAL HISTORY IN SCHOOL	2s. 0d.

Copies of the publications of the Society and of the Standing Conference for Local History listed above may be obtained from the office of the Society. Postage in each case is 2½d.

THE EAST YORKSHIRE LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY exists to promote and encourage the study of local history in East Yorkshire. Membership is open to all who are interested and the subscription is 7s. 6d. due on April 1st each year.

This pamphlet is the seventh in the East Yorkshire Local History Series, which is issued free of charge to members.

For further information please write to the Secretary, East Yorkshire Local History Society, 10, Priory Street, Micklegate, York.

Woodhouse Printing Co., Brett Stre