

Romanticism

the Gothic novel

- terror, mystery, supernatural phenomena (ghosts, apparitions); set at an ancient castle or a decaying mansion; dark villains, murders, jealousy, insanity
- Horace Walpole: *The Castle of Otranto* (1764)
Anne Radcliffe: *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794)
Matthew Lewis: *The Monk* (1796)
Mary Shelley: *Frankenstein* (1818)



Horace Walpole

The Castle of Otranto (1764)

- characters:
 - Manfred, ruler of Otranto
 - Hippolyta, his wife
 - Matilda, his daughter
 - Conrad, his son
 - Isabella, Conrad's bride
 - Frederic, Isabella's father
 - Theodore, rightful heir of Otranto

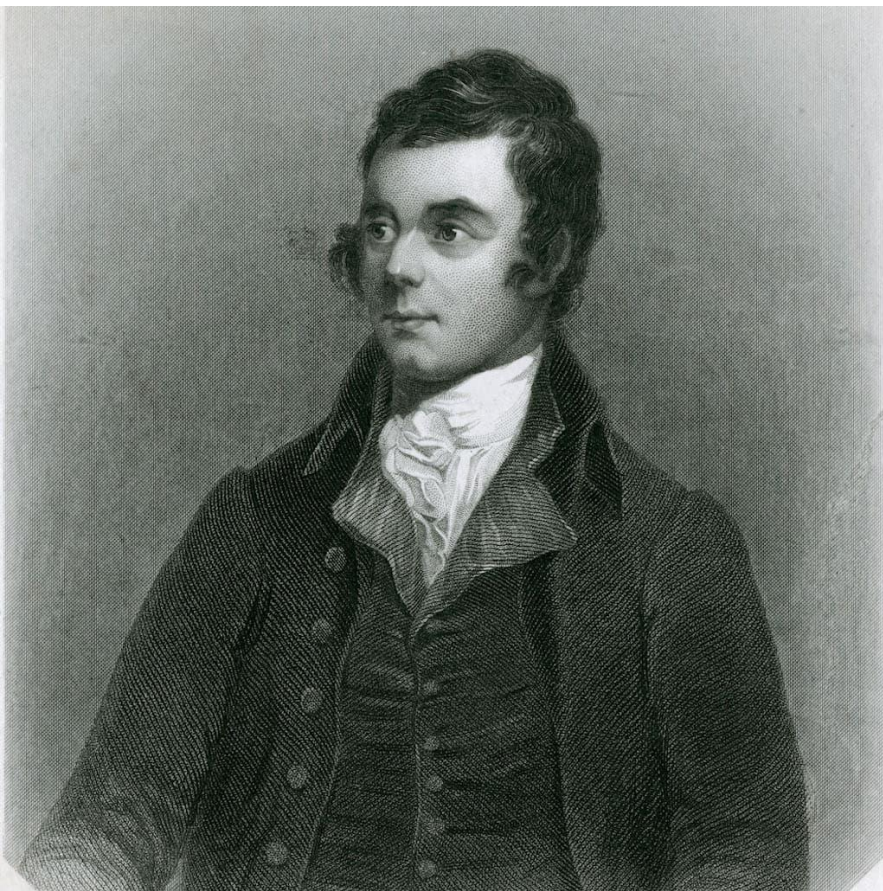
The Castle of Otranto

Manfred threatens to rape Isabelle and is distracted by an apparition

I tell you, said Manfred imperiously, Hippolyta is no longer my wife; I divorce her from this hour. Too long has she cursed me by her unfruitfulness: my fate depends on having sons,—and this night I trust will give a new date to my hopes. At those words he seized the cold hand of Isabella, who was half-dead with fright and horror. She shrieked, and started from him. Manfred rose to pursue her (...) At that instant the portrait of his grandfather, which hung over the bench where they had been sitting, uttered a deep sigh and heaved its breast. (...) Manfred, distracted between the flight of Isabella, who had now reached the stairs, and his inability to keep his eyes from the picture, which began to move, had however advanced

some steps after her, still looking backwards on the portrait, when he saw it quit its pannel, and descend on the floor with a grave and melancholy air. Do I dream? cried Manfred returning, or are the devils themselves in league against me? Speak, infernal spectre! Or, if thou art my grandsire, why dost thou too conspire against thy wretched descendent, who too dearly pays for—Ere he could finish the sentence the vision sighed again and made a sign to Manfred to follow him. Lead on! cried Manfred; I will follow thee to the gulph of perdition. The spectre marched sedately, but dejected, to the end of the gallery, and turned into a chamber on the right hand. Manfred accompanied him at a little distance, full of anxiety and horror, but resolved. As he would have entered the chamber, the door was clapped-to with violence by an invisible hand. The prince, collecting courage from this delay, would have forcibly burst open the door

with his foot, but found that it resisted his utmost efforts. Since hell will not satisfy my curiosity, said Manfred, I will use the human means in my power for preserving my race; Isabella shall not escape me.



Robert Burns

*Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish
Dialect (1786)*

image: wordsworth-editions.com

A Red, Red Rose

O My Luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O My Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
O I will luv thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only luv,
 And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luv,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.



Walter Scott

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border
(1802-3)

Waverley (1814)

Rob Roy (1817)

The Heart of Midlothian (1818)

Ivanhoe (1820)

- founder of genre of historical novel

The Heart of Midlothian

Jeanie visits Effie in prison before the trial

Again Effie threw herself into her arms, and kissed her cheek and forehead, murmuring, “O, if ye kend how lang it is since I heard his name mentioned?—if ye but kend how muckle good it does me but to ken onything o’ him, that’s like goodness or kindness, ye wadna wonder that I wish to hear o’ him!”

Jeanie sighed, and commenced her narrative of all that had passed betwixt Robertson and her, making it as brief as possible. Effie listened in breathless anxiety, holding her sister’s hand in hers, and keeping her eye fixed upon her face, as if devouring every word she uttered. The interjections of “Poor fellow,”—“Poor George,” which escaped in whispers, and betwixt sighs, were the only sounds with which she interrupted the story. When it was finished she made

a long pause.

“And this was his advice?” were the first words she uttered.

“Just sic as I hae tell’d ye,” replied her sister.

“And he wanted you to say something to yon folks, that wad save my young life?”

“He wanted,” answered Jeanie, “that I suld be man-sworn.”

“And you tauld him,” said Effie, “that ye wadna hear o’ coming between me and the death that I am to die, and me no aughten year auld yet?”

“I told him,” replied Jeanie, who now trembled at the turn which her sister’s reflection seemed about to take, “that I daured na swear to an untruth.”

“And what d’ye ca’ an untruth?” said Effie, again showing a touch of her former spirit—“Ye are muckle to blame, lass,

if ye think a mother would, or could, murder her ain bairn—Murder!—I wad hae laid down my life just to see a blink o' its ee!”

“I do believe,” said Jeanie, “that ye are as innocent of sic a purpose as the new-born babe itsell.”

“I am glad ye do me that justice,” said Effie, haughtily; “ifs whiles the faut of very good folk like you, Jeanie, that, they think a' the rest of the world are as bad as the warst temptations can make them.”

“I didna deserve this frae ye, Effie,” said her sister, sobbing, and feeling at once the injustice of the reproach, and compassion for the state of mind which dictated it.

“Maybe no, sister,” said Effie. “But ye are angry because I love Robertson—How can I help loving him, that loves me better than body and soul baith?—Here he put his life in a niffer, to break the prison to let me out; and sure am I, had it stude wi' him as it stands

wi' you"—Here she paused and was silent.

“O, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of my life!” said Jeanie.

“Ay, lass,” said her sister, “that's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited, frae ane that winna ware a word for me; and if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time eneugh to repent o't.”

“But that word is a grievous sin, and it's a deeper offence when it's a sin wilfully and presumptuously committed.”

“Weel, weel, Jeanie,” said Effie, “I mind a' about the sins o' presumption in the questions—we'll speak nae mair about this matter, and ye may save your breath to say your carritch and for me, I'll soon hae nae breath to waste on onybody.”



Anne, Emily and Charlotte Brontë

Charlotte: *Jane Eyre* (1847)

Emily: *Wuthering Heights* (1847)

Anne: *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* (1848)

Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre*

- first person narrative
- characters:

Jane Eyre, narrator

Aunt Reed, who brings her up

Helen Burns, Jane's friend at Lowood boarding school

Edward Rochester, owner of the Thornfield mansion

St John Rivers, a missionary

Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre*

second chapter: Jane is punished unjustly by her aunt and is afraid

Daylight began to forsake the red-room; it was past four o'clock, and the beclouded afternoon was tending to drear twilight. I heard the rain still beating continuously on the staircase window, and the wind howling in the grove behind the hall; I grew by degrees cold as a stone, and then my courage sank. My habitual mood of humiliation, self-doubt, forlorn depression, fell damp on the embers of my decaying ire. All said I was wicked, and perhaps I might be so; what thought had I been but just conceiving of starving myself to death? That certainly was a crime: and was I fit to die? Or was the vault under the chancel of Gateshead Church an inviting bourne? In such vault I had been told did Mr. Reed lie buried; and led by this thought to recall his idea, I dwelt on it with gathering dread. (...)

A singular notion dawned upon me. I doubted not—never doubted—that if Mr. Reed had been alive he would have treated me kindly; and now, as I sat looking at the white bed and overshadowed walls—occasionally also turning a fascinated eye towards the dimly gleaming mirror—I began to recall what I had heard of dead men, troubled in their graves by the violation of their last wishes, revisiting the earth to punish the perjured and avenge the oppressed; and I thought Mr. Reed's spirit, harassed by the wrongs of his sister's child, might quit its abode—whether in the church vault or in the unknown world of the departed—and rise before me in this chamber. I wiped my tears and hushed my sobs, fearful lest any sign of violent grief might waken a preternatural voice to comfort me, or elicit from the gloom some haloed face, bending over me with strange pity. This idea, consolatory in theory, I felt would be terrible

if realised: with all my might I endeavoured to stifle it—I endeavoured to be firm. Shaking my hair from my eyes, I lifted my head and tried to look boldly round the dark room; at this moment a light gleamed on the wall. Was it, I asked myself, a ray from the moon penetrating some aperture in the blind? No; moonlight was still, and this stirred; while I gazed, it glided up to the ceiling and quivered over my head. I can now conjecture readily that this streak of light was, in all likelihood, a gleam from a lantern carried by some one across the lawn: but then, prepared as my mind was for horror, shaken as my nerves were by agitation, I thought the swift darting beam was a herald of some coming vision from another world. My heart beat thick, my head grew hot; a sound filled my ears, which I deemed the rushing of wings; something seemed near me; I was oppressed, suffocated: endurance broke down; I rushed to the door and shook the lock in desperate effort.

Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre*

Mr Rochester tries to persuade Jane to stay with him after the truth is revealed about his wife

“You see now how the case stands—do you not?” he continued. “After a youth and manhood passed half in unutterable misery and half in dreary solitude, I have for the first time found what I can truly love—I have found *you*. You are my sympathy—my better self—my angel. I am bound to you with a strong attachment. I think you good, gifted, lovely: a fervent, a solemn passion is conceived in my heart; it leans to you, draws you to my centre and spring of life, wraps my existence about you, and kindling in pure, powerful flame, fuses you and me in one.

“It was because I felt and knew this, that I resolved to marry you. To tell me that I had already a wife is empty mockery: you know now that I had but a hideous demon. I was wrong to attempt to deceive you (...). This was cowardly: I should have appealed to your nobleness and magnanimity at first, as I do now—opened to you plainly my life of agony—described to you my hunger and thirst after a higher and worthier existence—show to you, not my *resolution* (that word is weak), but my resistless *bent* to love faithfully and well, where I am faithfully and well loved in return. Then I should have asked you to accept my pledge of fidelity and to give me yours, Jane—give it me now.”

A pause.

“Why are you silent, Jane?”

I was experiencing an ordeal: a hand of fiery iron grasped my vitals. Terrible moment: full of struggle, blackness, burning! Not a human being that ever lived could wish to be loved better than I was loved; and him who thus loved me I absolutely worshipped: and I must renounce love and idol. One drear word comprised my intolerable duty—"Depart!"

"Jane, you understand what I want of you? Just this promise—"I will be yours, Mr. Rochester."

"Mr. Rochester, I will not be yours."

Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre*

ending

I have now been married ten years. I know what it is to live entirely for and with what I love best on earth. I hold myself supremely blest—blest beyond what language can express; because I am my husband's life as fully as he is mine. No woman was ever nearer to her mate than I am: ever more absolutely bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. I know no weariness of my Edward's society: he knows none of mine, any more than we each do of the pulsation of the heart that beats in our separate bosoms; consequently, we are ever together. To be together is for us to be at once as free as in solitude, as gay as in company. We talk, I believe, all day long: to talk to each other is but a more animated and an audible thinking. All my confidence is bestowed on him, all his confidence is devoted to me; we are precisely suited in character—perfect concord is the result.

Emily Brontë: *Wuthering Heights*

- main characters:

Catherine Earnshaw

Heathcliff, an orphan raised in the Earnshaw family

Edgar Linton, a neighbor and later Catherine's husband

- narrators:

Lockwood, a newcomer in the area

Nelly Dean, a servant at the Linton household, Catherine's nanny

- places:

Wuthering Heights – the Earnshaw home

Thrushcross Grange – the Linton home

Emily Brontë: *Wuthering Heights*

toward the end: Heathcliff longs to die and be united with Catherine

“Nelly, there is a strange change approaching—I’m in its shadow at present—I take so little interest in my daily life, that I hardly remember to eat and drink (...) what is not connected with her [Catherine] to me? and who does not recall her? I cannot look down on this floor, but her features are shaped on the flags! In every cloud, in every tree—filling the air at night, and caught by glimpses in every object by day, I am surrounded by her image! The most ordinary faces of men and women—my own features—mock me with a resemblance. The entire world is a dreadful collection of memoranda that she did exist, and that I have lost her!” (...)

“Afraid! No!” he replied. “I have neither a fear, nor a presentiment, nor a hope of death—Why should I? (...)

I have a single wish, and my whole being and faculties are yearning to attain it. They have yearned towards it so long, and so unwaveringly, that I'm convinced it will be reached—and soon—because it has devoured my existence—I am swallowed in the anticipation of its fulfilment.”