
There is a curiously old-fashioned air about this book, most obviously seen in the leisurely orotund style of the preface, which in enumerating the books written by the Brontes, begins 'Allow, still one more time a calling of the roll'. This same preface warns us against biographical speculation and 'Purple Heather' sentimentality, but both it itself and the selection that follows are not totally free from these faults. There is one obvious error in the short preface. Professor Orel says that the unreliable authority about Mr Bronte's eccentricity was nurse to Charlotte on her deathbed, when in fact she was nurse to Mrs Bronte. The statements that Charlotte would have certainly continued to write, and that Emily, as far as we know, never began a second novel are highly dubious....
of them never reprinted before in their entirety—which cast light upon the personalities and activities of the Reverend Patrick Brontë; his son, Branwell; and his three daughters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne. Arranged chronologically, the volume begins with T. Wemyss Reid's recollections of “the little family” of the Brontës and ends with C. Holmes Cautley's interviews with “old Haworth folk who knew the Brontës.” Among the many contributors are William Makepeace Thackeray, Harriet Mart