WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

THE POET TRAVELER VISITS THE OLD HOME OF THE BRONTES.

A Fascinating Description of an Outside Mossgrown Village Made Famous Through Women's Gentler Precious Relics of the Author of "Jane Eyre."

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HAWORTH, England, March 26.—In the entire history of the relation of woman to English literature there has not been anything like the same woman, if some what mediaeval, lineage that will always cling to the temperamental genius, the were expressions and the extraordinary personality of the author of "Jane Eyre."

If your impulse is to visit Haworth, come in the summer only. Then there is at least sunshine. Then flower-clouds crowd over and between the hills as if shadows there were manufactured behind them. Then and there splashes of color in against old walls and house fronts. The modest blushes from the mossy-stained green of moss. And one can then easily locate bits of Apollian pastoral scenery beside the glaciers and their flocks. The rugged Tale or Leader of dancing material, with a perspective of billowy lines and misty clouds, and here and there a savage bite of more human setting against the river flows and outlines in its hunger for runway South points or graves.

But at any other time and your impressions all the way from Keighley on the little valley of the Worth river, the stream being swollen and muddy, the hills being cold, wet, will be dismal enough indeed. This entire Yorkshire district, of which Bradford is the trade metropolis, is given over to the manufacture of woolens. To the right and left of the little branch of the Midland railway, which follows the stream up the valley past Haworth to Oxenhope, are clusters of deserted and neglected mills, rotten wares, great steam power mills with their huge half smoke-hidden chimneys, denuding arches, rows of factory-lined cottages with elsewhere women at the door, gnarled, stunted trees springing apparently from impoverished soil in shadowy gorge and glen, and in farthest reaches of prospect, beneath a leaden covered sky, the entire outline of barren hills, the hollows between showing farther, dimmer outlines of black, bare moors, suggesting the weave of a mountainous-waved, measureless sea.

The tiny Haworth railway station stands in the center of the horseless shaped valley head to which you have come from the north. There could be a no more cheerless sight than that presenting itself in every direction as you alight from your railway carriage. The station master, the single human being in sight, is a sparsely cut, Herculean authority, tries stood stiffly rigidly for a moment as if frozen, starved and cold, and then snaps himself up in his little den with a sharp click, as if in flight from the surrounding desolation. Across the track, where there has some time been a little patch of flowers, a lonely, almost footsteps, altogether bedraggled hen pecks at the dead stalks fiebly, querulously. This is all of life there is near the station. Over to the left, a long distance away on the level bed of the valley, are several huge mills. They are prisons in every sense. The black smoke rolls sullenly from their stacks. But no human being is visible. Then there are a half score rows of workmen's homes, little, mean, hard and cramped, huddled in grimy, shrouded masses, or set on the low side in all manner of angles, as though they had set out to run away from the place, and, in footing to escape, had stuck fast where they now stand. High above this modern Hawarth, Brownmore stretches away in interminable swells of savage, treeless hills. Them circle around to the south and west, and your eye follows them until it catches a steely gray line of rock and frost-scoured, jagged pieces of rock, cutting in diagonal transversion from the bottom to nearly the top of the bare escarpment of another height, Hillside, terminating in the brilliant, frontier Haworth moor. This brief defined, rugged line of gray is the ancient village of Haworth.

Hopping and stalling along the sinuous, slopy path, you reach the lower end of the long, climbing, winding village street. Everything is of stone—the houses, the gutters, the rain troughs, the gutters spouts, and the cobbled way, like an open stone sewer cut along the hillside to carry off the sewage of the many human sewers. There is but the single street. Main street, it is called. Dark, dark closes sometimes extend for a house length to the right and left. The yard-wide pavement is an series of stone stairs and platforms. Beneath the latter are shadowy alcove and living rooms. All stand open, but few inhabitants are to be seen. Those of whom glimpses can be caught are little children, still too young to be grouped in the mills, and bowed and aged women slowly ground by the mills into valetudinous and shapeless ones. Up, up, one for a mile, you have to climb and climb a long, open street. The houses are so second to slowly. Quaint eaves and ancient lines crowd it at all sorts of curious angles. This is the head of the village, topographically, in the lines and in aristocracy. Not for its aristocracy, but because it seems an outlet to somewhere, I took a turn to the left upon behind the Black Bull inn. It is a mass of sagging and wrinkle. Suddenly another thing upon which confronts you. Here are an old, strong, two-story stone house, with a few yards of green plot at its side, a little church, attached to, rather than blended with, it gives Norman tower, a graveyard clustered with crumbling stones, the whole covering lovely as sore of ground. Two houses, the parsonage, church and churchyard, the sacred and final home of the Brontes; and their living area over round on Haworth moor, which rises immediately above the churchyard like a wall of rounded stone.

Here, within the village cast of the numerous, mean, sour Haworth paces and tell the history of the Brontes as a family. The father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, who was of a family from Down, Ireland, formerly whose real name was Prunty, came to here Pentecostal day, 1877, his name being changed to Brontë at the suggestion of his patron, Lord Nelson, Duke of Brontë, the Rev. Mr. Parker, curate of Drumgoonah parish, in Down. Five in appearance, handsome and ambitious before every parochial life, and, month after the manner of the "Poor Scholar" in Goldsmith's elegiac tale, gained enough learning at Cambridge to enroll a small private school, soon became a tutor, went to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1806, obtained his B. A. degree four years later, was ordained to a curacy, and we find him as his marriage, in 1812, to Maria Branwell, a sweet and gentle Christian maiden of Penzance, the young lady of Cornish descent, living in Hartlands, a little village near Hadleigh, about twenty miles across the moors to the northeast of Haworth. They were five years at Hartlands. Then Mr. Brontë was transferred to Thornton, another Yorkshire West Riding manufacturing hamlet "near the station" (which is, now, incidentally, a little—four miles north of Haworth, on the gray old wolds-shaped manor at Thornton, which, lying from the heights of Brownmore, just over there across the valley. Mr. Brontë was given the living of Haworth in 1820, and with his family took possession of the old parsonage just as you see it today. He preached until his death in 1861, a period of forty-one years, the incumbent of St. Michael's and All Angels', the new world hewed church, which with the parsonage, the graveyard and three or four dozen houses of stone make up a grim old village scenery.

It will be your fortune to be driven from this parsonage door, just as was Miss Thackeray and scores of English literators in the past, as was the Rev. Dr. Tait, F. Cuthbe of Brooklyn, last summer, and as I was yesterday. But you may see the old grave the Brontes saw, standing upon the moors they knew, study the epitaph "Sacred to the memory of Charlotte, the wife of the Rev. P. Brontë, A. B., late curate of this parish. Then, if you will be cautious, and will accept the simple hospitality of strangers that you will not accept from the present parochial incumbent, Mr. Michael's, wife of "Jenny" Hostelries—half inn and half boarding house—you will be taken by her kin for the Brontë family. Running doubtful and helpless on the end upon which you stand, you will be taken, perhaps, at the moment you meet the curate's Haworth daughter, the last of the grace, in mind and form, of the school of Brontë sisters, and you will be taken to the home of the curate's family, and, if the parsonage be full of visitors, the curate's wife will be your hostess, and great is the honor to the new comers half of the parsonage the loss of Charlotte's two sisters, who died some years ago and lie beside their mother in the old church yard, and Arthur Bell Nicholls, the curate, who married Charlotte, and who, lost the other day, in ireland, of the surviving sister, the last of the Brontë family, and, finally, the young lady, cousin Charlotte's husband, Mr. Arthur Nicholls, the curate's son, and now a retired English Regular Army—all is so tender a way that you will more and more appreciate the best with those perfect women kind.

Time crawls lagging leisurely about the old parsonage, where now the spirit of every kind, gentle and delicate, of the three women that ever lived, and have walked like one into another life, lies