## Charlotte Bronte-A Visit to Haworth.

Grace Greenwood writes as follows to the New York Times, from Leeds, England, July 7th:

This morning at Carlisle, our fellowtravelers left us for the English lakes, while E. and I started on our lonely pilgrimage to Haworth, the grave, and grave-like home, of Charlotte Bronte. There is no railroad direct from Carlisle to Haworth; we managed to get there by rail, but the changes were by no means "few and far between." On across two old women, with whom we entered into conversation. One of them, who was "fat and scant of breath," said she had known "Char-lotte," as she familiarly called her, all her life. "She was the kindest lady I ever knew," she added. " she always ever knew," she added, " she always found out all the sick people in the Parish and did what she could for them, Parish and did what she could for them, bless her sweet face! The other two girls," meaning Emily and Anne, " were very *likely*, but they kept at home mostly." E. asked if Mr Nichols, Miss Bronte's husband, was still living. The woman replied that he was, and that he had visited Haworth the week bafora accompanied by his second before, accompanied by his second wife, whom he had recently married. They had taken away with them, on their return to Ireland, she said, Martha, the former servant of the

ing her last illness. The lane led into the one street talkative old woman lived. She invit-ed us into her queer stone-floored house to show us "Charlotte's picture," Assyriologists, Sir This and Sir That ed us into her queer stand house to show us "Charlotte's picture," Assymous, a faded photograph of the pertrait fa-miliar to us all. It was neatly framed, and occupied the most conspicuous place on the wall of her best room. The old church was only a few steps The old church was only a few steps to the little state of a hitherto unknown eivili-explorer of a hitherto unknown eivili-explorer of a hitherto unknown eivili-tente. further on. We went first to the little cottage of the sexton, opposite—oddly enough, the only cheerful-looking house in the village, and not finding that functionary at home, easily pre-vailed on bis wife to open the church for us. Never shall I forget my feelings on entering! First a chill from the sunsense of terrible oppression. I have been into many old churches, but never one which seemed so frightfully close and unwholesome. It was musty, and had about it a strange odor of mortal decay, as though exhalations were coming up through the very stones, from the charnel-house beneath. I only wondered that the delicate Bronte sisters lived as long as they did, having to sit through perhaps three long ser-vices every Sunday in that dreadful place. The family are all buried in the place. The lamity are an ouried in the chancel, one above another—old Mr. Bronte, who died in 1861, last. This, it seems, was according to his wish—for the sexton's wife, who, by the way, was one of Charlotte Bronte's Sabbathschool scholars, told us that the strange old man had always expressed a desire to live to see them all buried. The stone which covers them is hidden by a wooden platform, and over that a carpet; but on the wall above is a plain tablet, on which are insribed the eight names, father, mother, sisters, and brother. Here Charlotte Bronte was married. I wonder that she could have borne to kneel during the cerenave oorne to kneer during the ceres-mony above her dead sisters. The old pew used by the family has been re-moved— why I don't know. The church also has been somewhat altered stnce Mr. Bronte's death, the organ-loft has been changed, the tower high tened, and a clock added, though the old sundial is still on the south side. In the vestry, where we wrote our names, and could find no record of other American pilgrims in the visitor's book, the sexton's wife showed us the register of the marriage of Arthur Bell Nichols and Charlotte Bronte—her name written in a rather trembling hand. In one corner of the page were the signatures of the witnesses, Miss Wooler, her much-loved teacher, and Ellen Nussey, the "E" to whom so many of the letters in Mrs. Haskel's Life of Charlotte Bronte are addressed. In the church-yard, which is literally packed with the dead, and paved with gravestones, we found quite an impos-ing slab, under which lies "Tabby," the Brontes' faithful old servant. The parsonage is not shown to visitors, and we found it so much changed by many alterations that we did not care to enter it, but went instead to the moors, taking the favorite path of the sisters, and almost feeling their presence beside us. We climbed quite high and sat for some time among the soft heath-er, which was all in bloom. I did not pick nearly as much of it as I wanted, because of the strong feeling that Emi-ly, who was fondest of the moors and the lovely heatherbells, was near me, jealously regarding my depredations.

into it, and I helped them all I could in Trumbull county. Then in Cincin-nati I went with the ladies to the temperance meetings, and by talking to the knots of men 1 gained confidence enough to address a throng, and I preached to clusters of the poor of the city. Then I addressed a throng in the Exposition Building. I made up my mind that I could not be contented any more without an active work in the ministry. Of course 1 thought that girls would have to be educated, if they became preachers, as well as boys. I applied first to the seminaries cur arrival, the station-master directed of my own church (Congregational), us to a narrow lane, winding up the and they refused me. Then I applied hill, which he said was an easier way to the Presbyterian seminaries, and of reaching the church than by the they were very dignified and exclu-tions treated of which we have need to be they were very dignified. of reaching the church than by the they were very dignified and exclu-steep street of which we have read so sive. I applied to fourteen in all, and much. As we toiled along we came at last found a University in Boston

so much. I have a year more to stay in Boston, when I expect to apply to the Methodists for license to preach."—

N. Y. Sun. SMITH, THE ASSYRIOLOGIST.—In his last "Commercial" letter, Mr. Conway says:—Mr. George Smith, the now famous though young Assyriologist, began on Saturday a series of lectures upon his late researches before a large upon his late researches before a large audience. It was his debut as a lec-turer, and it was plain that he needs experience in expressing bimself. It was something now for the fashionable audience at the Royal to listen to learn-Brontes, who was with Charlotte dur- ed narratives from one who talked about "Igsduba and is 'Istory," and who concluded "on the 'ole" thus and which Haworth boasts, and where our so. Still, there was something to my isms of a man who has eclipsed all the Assyriologists, Sir This and Sir That, whose fame is in part due to the plaudits always offered to anything done by a titled personage, however explorer of a hitherto unknown civili-zation, is a man of the people. He speaks rather slowly, without gesture, and conveys, notwithstanding his h's, a weight of valuable matter. He gave us an account of the scraps of an ancient mythology which many us in the feet mythology which grew up in the first on entering! First a chill from the sun-less dampness of the building, then a and its divine Triad—Ann, God of heav-sense of terrible oppression. I have en; Bel, God of earth; Hea, God of the sea, and of the region of the dead. Also, he told us of Ishtar (prototype of Demeter) who searched for her beloved one in Hades, in passing through the seven chambers of which she had to give up one of her orgaments. He described a tablet on which was represented the fall. (I asked him after the lecture if the serpent was represented and he said there was an animal in the case which he could not make out, but it was not exactly a serpent.) He showed that the story of Moses hid in the bulrushes was pretty faithfully told of a Sarbon. The monuments and tablets described are about 4,000 years old. He says the region is not half explored yet, and believes that the limits of history concerning Assyria may yet be carried back to more than B. C. 4,000.

> Lord Byron once expressed the wish that he might be buried without any ceremony of any kind, and that no inscription, save his name and age, should appear on the tomb or tablet. Subse-quently, in writing to Mr. Murray of some epitaph which had particularly pleased him, he said that he would like to have the words, "Implora pace," and no more, placed over his remains. These sentiments have been revived by a slight disagreement between the poet's descendants and the Byron Memorial Committee. This latter body, at the head of which is Mr. Disraeli, passed a resolution, in the abin the chancel of Hucknall Torkard church. On being notified of this action, Mrs. Anne Isabella Noel Blunt, a grand daughter of Byron, wrote to Dis raeli to correct the impression that such a proceeeing could be gratifying to her or to her brother, or to the other near relations of the poet. She calls to mind the fact that Byron's remains were refused a last resting place in Westminster Abbey, and severely says: " It is not for the public, who denied a worthier grave, to take now, after fifty years, unasking, from his family the guardianship of their dead." Under the circumstances, the committee will, of course, reconsider its intention.

## ELEGY

## On the Kentucky Soldiers who fell at Buena Frate.

The following lines were read on the occasion of the bringing back of the dead Kentucky solders from the field of Buena Vista, in Mexico, to be inhumed with due honors at Frankfort. Stanzas of them have been inscribed on many British head-stones in the Crimes and on hundreds of Federal and Confederate tomb stones, while probably but faw ever suspected their authorship.

The author of the poem was Col. Theodore O'Hara, a native of Kentucky, who was present at the battle of Buena Vista. Col. O'Hara joined the Confederates during the late war. and died in Georgia in 1867. Last year the Legislature of Kentucky made an appropriation (with only six dissenting votes) to bring back his remains for burial in the soil of his native State, under a monument (erected by the State), and on which is to be inscribed the poem, or a portion of it.

There are many inaccuracies in the lines as usually published, but the following is a correct copy, as revised by the author in the vear 1863 :

- The mufiled drum's sad roll has beat The soldier's last tattoo : No more on life's parade shall meet That brave and fallen few. On Fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread, And Glory guards with solemn round The bivonac of the dead.

- No rumor of the foe's advance
- Now swells upon the wind : Now swells upon the wind : No troutded thought, at midnight, haunts Of loved ones left behind ;
- No vision of the morrow's strife The warrior's dream alarms ;
- Nor braying horn, nor screaming fife, At dawn shall call to arms.
- Their shivered swords are red with rust,
- Their pluned heads are bowed— Their haughty banner trailed in dust Is now their martial shroud ;
- And plenteous funeral tears have washed
- The red status from each brow, And the proud forms by battle gashed Are free from anguish now.
- The neighing troop, the flashing blade, The bugle's stirring blast, The charge, the dreadful cannonade, The din and shout, are past; Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal, Small thrill with fierce delight These breasts that norse more may feal

- Those breasts that never more may feel The rapture of the fight.
- Like the fierce Northern hurricane That sweeps his broad plateau, Flusbed with the triumph yet to gain .Cama down the scried loe. Who heard the thunder of the fray Break clost the dad beneath
- Break o'er the field beneath, Knew well the watchword of the day Was "victory or death."
- Long had the doubtful conflict raged O'er all that stricken plain, For never flercer fight had waged The vengeful blood of Spain;
- And will the storm of battle blew, Still swelled the gory tide— Not long our stout oldjehieftain knew Such odds his strength could bide.
- Twas in that hour his stern command
- Called to a martyr's grave The flower of his own loved land, The nation's flag to save. By rivers of their fathers' gore-His first-born laurels grew, And well he deemed the sons would pour Thair lives for slore, too

- Their lives for glory, too.
- Full many a Norther's breath hath swept
- O'er Augostura's plain— And long the pitying sky has wept Above its mouldered slain. The raven's scream, or eagle's flight, Or shepard's nonsive lay, Alone awake each sullen height That frowned o'er that dread fray.

- Sons of the " Dark and Bloody Ground," Ya must not slumber there,
- Y a must not studioer inere, Where stranger sleps and tongues resound Along the beedless air; Your own proud land's heroic soil Shall be your fitter grave— She claims from war his richest spoil,
- The ashes of her brave. So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
- Far from the gory field, Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
- On many a bloody shield. The sunshine of their native sky
- Smiles sadly on them here,

Will the Icelanders Leave Iceland? Home Mutual Commenting upon an article from the Springfield R problem, in which that paper speculates upon the probability INSURANCE that the recent rightful cruptions in Iceland will drive the people away from that island, the Cincinnati Commercial COMPANY. Fire and Marine Insurance. says: The leclanders are not likely to leave their beloved island while there Is good pasturage on any part of it. The notion that they are about emi-grating to Ab-ska in large numbers is DIRECTORS: Gregon Eranch. PORTLAND-P. Wasserman, C. H. Lowis, B. Gold-smith, D. Macleay, Light Brooke, SALESM-L. P. Forwer, ALBANY -J. A. Crawford, D. (LEWIS FOX--), Lowconderg, not warranted by anything coming from the leelanders themselves. As for earthquakes and outbursting volcaloes, they are the normal pheno-omena of the land of frost and fire. There are very few inhabitants in the eastern portion of Leland, and if the HAMILTON BOYD. General Agent, POUTLAND, OREGON. volcanic action is confined to that quar-R. REID, Agent, Salem. ter, the showers of ashes will be harmless in the tremendous desort. The volcanic region is the southern central part of the island, where the climate is WOOL BAGS mildest and the pasturage richest, and the rivers are filled with fine fish. If ....AND..... the earthquakes are serious and the fall of ashes great in that part of the coun-try, the loss of life will be very great. Grain Sacks When the island is severely shaken the AT THE fish desert the rivers, and there is a dust from the volcanoes that, falling on SALEM BAG FACTORY the grass, poisons the cattle and sheep. In this way the food supply is destroy-ed, and the death of the cattle is fol-AND lowed by pestilence among the people. During the historic period of Iceland, extending over one thousand years, T. Cunningham & Co.'s, there have been thirty eruptions of Heela, the last occurrence in 1845, since AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES. which date no alarming volcanic dis-turbances occurred until this spring. In 1845 the glare of Hecla and her thunders were terrible at Reikiavik, Salem May 14, 1874.

NORTH SALEM STORE.

16y18m8

dæwtf

W. L. WADE, AT THE BRICK STORE. HAS JUST RECEIV-ed a full assortment of

General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Hardware, Clothing,

Calculated for the City and Country Trade. Bought as ow, and will be cold at as SMALL A PROFIT, as those who SELL AT COST. For Goods delivered to inv part of the city free of charge. Nover pens in part from this circumstance, that Icelanders know something of Chicago and a great deal about Milwau-



Scab,

Screw Worm. Foot Rot,

AND ALL Parasites that infest Sheep. TT IS SAFER, BETTER, AND VASTLY CHEAP. THAN ANY OTHER EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR THE TREATMENT OF SHEEP. IT

Improves the Health OF THE ANIMAL, AND THE QUALITY OF THE WOOL.

Come gallon is enough for one hundred to two undred Sheep, according to their age, strength, and additional strength in the strength in the strength in the strength is a strength in the strength in the strength in the strength is a strength in the strength in the strength in the strength in the strength is a strength in the strength It is put up in FIVE-GALLON CANS-Price, \$12 Send for circular, to

T. A. DAVIS & Co., PORTLAND, OREGON, Wholesale Agents for the State, Or to your nearest Retail Druggist.

A GIRL IN THE PULPIT .- Miss Annie Oliver, the girl preacher, whose sermons have been listened to by many who called on her yesterday, she said: "Oh, I preach because I love to, and because I feel that I have been call-

WEALTHY PRELATES .- The Funfulla, of Naples, gives the following information relative to the annual revenues of some Italian Cardinals, which may be compared with those of some English prelates, to which the Ultra-montane organs are constantly referring. Each of the Princes of the Church has an annual income of 30,000 francs. In addition, Cardinal Patrizzi has 40,-000 francs as Cardinal-Vicar of Rome, and an equal sum from his benefices, without speaking of his large private fortune. Cardinal Amat draws 110,000 francs from his enormous benefices: he nie Oniver, the girl preacher, whose sermons have been listened to by many persons at Sea Cliff and other places, was born in this city, and is a graduate of Rutgers Female College. She is a slight built young woman, with coal-black eyes, abundant brown hair, and very graceful manners. To a reporter, who called on her vesterday, she candinal Sacconi has a similar revenue to Di Pietro. De Luca possesses an very graceful manners. To a reporter, casual dues alone bring in 40,000 francs to Cardinal Bigarri. Berardi touches and because I feel that I have been call-od to the ministry. I was reared in a very rich family. Franchi has a the most retired circles, and never stipend of 60,000 francs, besides a large dreamed of public life when I was a period of source frames, besides a large dreamed of public life when I was a period of Spain. Useless to speak school girl. I loved art, and began to learn landscape painting in Cincinnati. When the crusade against liquor deal-ers grew strong in Ohio, I was drawn a year.

- kindred eyes and hearts watch by The hero's sepulcher.
- Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead, Dear as the blood ye gave, No impious footstep here shall tread The berbage of your grave;
- Nor shall your glory be forgot While Fame her record keeps, Or Honor points the hallowed spot Where Valor proudly sleeps.
- You marble minstrel's voiceful stone In deathless song shall tell, When many a vanished age hath flown, The story how ye feil; Nor wreck, nor charge, nor winter's blight, Nor Time's remorseless doom,
- Can dim one ray of holy light That gilds your glorious tomb.

Gen. Howard sees the opportunity for Gen. Howard sees the opportunity for some one to do a good work among the Coast Indians in Alaska, which he is anxious not to have neglected. "If there is no appropriation," he writes to Com-missioner Smith, " ask the Presbyter-ians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Catholics, or other working Christians, to send us teachers for these tribes. For two thous-and dollars Leould get two of the sight teachers for these tribes. For two thous-and dollars I could get two of the right kind ofmen to go. It really needs at each place, Wrangel and Sitka, a man and his wife, both well fitted for the best type of Christian teaching, to make substantial headway. You must under-stand the need. The Alaska field is just ready for the most regumenting Chrisready for the most remunerative Chris-tian teaching. I deem it the cheapest and best of all the ways devised to keep order, namely, the giving of proper in-struction to these Indians. I am told that the Episcopal missionary at Methakatlah has done more to keep the peak and for has done more to keep the peace and fur-ther the prosperity and happiness of the people, Indians and whites, than all oth-er government agencies, not forgetting the English gunboats."

F. A. Smith, Artist, Salem, Oregon, dealer in Stereoscopes and Storso-copic Views, and scenes of Salem and the surronno-ag country. Life size Photographs, in India Ink. (91) 2011 honey. He estimates over 100 tons in sight, and believes that 1,000 tons would not be an unfair estimate. This immense deposit is unequalled by any ever found. According to the above estimate it would take every barrel and hogshead in Sau Bernardino to hold it. -San Bernardino Argus.

one hundred and forty miles distant.

The Icelanders are not energetic-they have not the spirit of adventure-they

are fond of reading their old romances through the long winter nights, and with milk and fish and corn brandy

they can get along so as to satisfy them

They were never thinking less of com-ing away from their old home than at

present. A few years ago some small parties of Icelanders came to this coun-

try and settled in Wisconsin. It hap-

kee. The tendency of the letters writ-ten to Iceland by those who have settled

in this country is to discourage further emigration. It is gravely stated in Iceland that they complain of the cli-

mate. There have terrible stories of

the wintry storms in our Northwest and of the prostration of business

caused by the panic. It is about as probable that the inhabitants of Paris will emigrate to Ohio as that the Ice-landers will insist upon going to

A MINE OF SWEETNESS. - Generally

when we hear of rich strikes it is in the gold or silver line, but this time it

turns out to be honey, pure and sweet. A few days since, as the workmen on the tunnel at Cajon Pass were hauling over some rocks they came across a de-

posit of honey, and taking a pole and running it into the mountain were sur-

prised to find no bottom. They got a long pole, some twenty feet in length,

and were unable to touch bottom with that. Upon withdrawing the pole the

honey began to run out, and so in tubs,

buckets, and two barrels were filled, and still it flowed. Some parties came in town and loaded up with barrels, and propose to make a business of it. They put in a charge of powder and blew off a portion of the rock, which disclosed tows upon tem of her ock.

disclosed tons upon tons of honey. Our informant states that after exploring it

from below to where the bees were

found to enter, it was found to be about

one-fourth of a mile, and it is his opin-

ion that the whole cavity is filled with

selves.

Alaska.

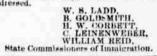
The Boston Advertiser says: " As to the young men who go out as graduates— the world nowadays takes no man's ability and courage for granted. A college education does not give its possessor the pre-eminence which used to be accorded without question. Every one is chal-lenged at once to show of what stuff he is made. Very likely at the first it will appear that while he has been studying appear that while he has been studying in retirement, others have acquired the knack of managing men and dealing with affairs for temporary ends that will make him question whether he has spent his time wisely. They will catch the popular car when he cannot. They will accumulate fortunes before him. They will perhaps acquire influence and obtain responsible positions while he re-mains unknown. But let him not lose heart or faith. Training is not a mistake unless he forgets what it is for. To be unless he lorgets what it is for. To be sure, to be exact, to be strong, to be hon-orable, earnest, and sincere—these are first of all scholars' aims. Let the super-ficial and the disingenuous win their short heats as they may. He has but to be patient and steadfast, and he will see them foll bettind in the context for the them fall behind in the contest for the higher prizes, which should be his sole concern. Their honors will fade, but his will endure. In the long race training will tell, "

The London Gazette announces officially that Lieut.-Commander Freder-ick Pearson, of the United States Navy, has been appointed by Queen Victoria to be a Companion of the Order of the Bath. This would authorize Mr. Pearson to write C. B. at the end of his name; but in order to accept this dis-tinction he will have to obtain the consent of Congress.

## To Farmers and Others.

I MMIGRANTS ARE ARRIVING IN THE STATE by every steamer in search of employment, and the Board and difficulty in gotting vacancles for them We therefore earnestly request Farmers and others who require Farm Hands or labor of any kind, to im-mediately communicate with us and we will gladly supply them with such labor free of charge on our part. Please state the wages offered, the class of men you want, and for how long employment will be given. The Assistant Secretary is in daily attendance at the Board Rooms. Ankeny's Building, Portland, from 10 to 3 p. m. each day, to whom all letters should be addressed. W. S. LADD.

NEW TIN STORE.



T HAVE REMOVED MY SHOP FROM SOUTH Opposite the Express Off ce. Where I can supply city and country with TIN-WARE OF ALL KINDS, Manufactured by experienced workmen. Prices very reasonable, and cash an object. J. C. KENDALL. Salem, July 9, 1875. dæwtf WOOL Grading & Packing House, PORTLAND, OREGON. S. A. SEYMOUR

WILL AGAIN CARRY ON THE BUSINESS OF Wool Grading and Packing, and calls the atten-tion of Producers and Dealers to the advantages of having their Wool preperty graded, packed, and placed on the Eastern market as an Oregon product. AN EXPERIENCED GRADER, who thoroughly understands the Eastern market, will superintend the work, and it is guaranteed that the wool he grades will command at the East the highest market price, according to the grade mark.

\$25 Well Auger Warantoed unt ar

The A Mit Hereit