

Charlotte Brontë—A Visit to Haworth.

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

This morning at Carlisle, our fellow-travelers 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 Brontë. 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 our arrival, the station-master directed us to a narrow lane, winding up the hill, which he said was an easier way of reaching the church than by the steep street of which we have read so much. As we toiled along we came across two old women, with whom we entered into conversation. One of them, who was "fat and scant of breath," said she had known "Charlotte," as she familiarly called her, all her life.

The lane led into the one street which Haworth boasts, and where our talkative old woman lived. She invited us into her queer stone-floored house to show us "Charlotte's picture," a faded photograph of the portrait familiar 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 further on. We went first to the little cottage of the sexton, opposite—oddy enough, the only cheerful-looking house in the village, and not finding that functionary at home, easily prevailed on his wife to open the church for us.

Never shall I forget my feelings on entering! First a chill from the sunless dampness of the building, then a sense 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.

into it, and I helped them all I could in Trumbull county. Then in Cincinnati I went with the ladies to the temperance meetings, and by talking to the knots of men I 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 I thought that girls would have to be educated, if they became preachers, as well as boys. I applied first to the seminaries of my own church (Congregational), and they refused me. Then I applied to the Presbyterian seminaries, and they were very dignified and exclusive. I applied to fourteen in all, and at last found a University in Boston which accepted me as a student.

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 audience. It was his debut as a lecturer, and it was plain that he needs experience in expressing himself. It was something new for the fashionable audience at the Royal to listen to learned narratives from one who talked about "Isis and Osiris," and who concluded "on the 'ole'" thus and so. Still, there was something to my ear rather pleasing in these cockneyisms 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 poor. George Smith, just now a mechanic, at present the discoverer and explorer of a hitherto unknown civilization, 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 grew up in the first civilization of the Euphrates Valley and its divine Triad—Anu, God of heaven; Bel, God of earth; Hea, God of the sea, and of the region of the dead.

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. Subsequently, in writing to Mr. Murray of some epitaph which had particularly pleased him, he said that he would like to have the words, "Impiura 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 absence of the chairman, directing a slab to be placed over Lord Byron's grave in the chancel of Hucknall Torkard church. On being notified of this action, Mrs. Anne Isabella Noel Blunt, a grand daughter of Byron, wrote to Disraeli to correct the impression that such a proceeding 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.

WEALTHY PRELATES.—The *Fanfulla*, 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 Ultramontane 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 possesses, besides, immense estates. Cardinal Di Pietro receives 60,000 francs as Bishop of Albano, and an equal sum is allowed him by Portugal. Cardinal Sacconi has a similar revenue to Di Pietro. De Luca possesses an annual revenue of 150,000 francs. The casual dues alone bring in 40,000 francs to Cardinal Bigarri. Berardi touches 500,000 francs a year. Chigi belongs to a very rich family. Franchi has a stipend of 60,000 francs, besides a large pension from Spain. Useless to speak of Antonelli; the promotion of Cardinals, Bishops, and prebends alone produces him a fixed sum of 300,000 francs a year.

ELEGY

On the Kentucky Soldiers who fell at Buena Vista.

The following lines were read on the occasion of the bringing back of the dead Kentucky soldiers 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 Crimea and on hundreds of Federal and Confederate tomb-stones, while probably but few 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 year 1863:

The muffled 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 bivouac of the dead.
No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No trumpled thought, at midnight, hammers
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
Nor braying horn, nor screaming file,
At dawn shall call to arms.
Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed—
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains 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,
No thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.
Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe,
Who heard the thunder of the fray
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 fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide—
Not long our stout old soldiers 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
Their lives for glory, too.
Full many a Northern's breath hath swept
O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or hawk's descent, he never saw,
Alone awake each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.
Sons of the "Dark and Bloody Ground,"
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
See 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 sunbeams of their native sky
Smile sadly on them here,
And 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 hearse 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 fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That glids your glorious tomb.

Will the Icelanders Leave Iceland?

Commenting upon an article from the Springfield *Republican*, in which that paper speculates upon the probability that the recent frightful eruptions in Iceland will drive the people away from that island, the *Cincinnati Commercial* says: "The Icelanders are not likely to leave their beloved island while there is good pasturage on any part of it. The notion that they are about emigrating to Alaska in large numbers is not warranted by anything coming from the Icelanders themselves. As for earthquakes and outbursting volcanoes, they are the normal phenomena of the land of frost and fire. There are very few inhabitants in the eastern portion of Iceland, and if the volcanic action is confined to that quarter, the showers of ashes will be harmless in the tremendous desert. The volcanic region is the southern central part of the island, where the climate is mildest and the pasturage richest, and the rivers are filled with fine fish. If the earthquakes are serious and the fall of ashes great in that part of the country, the loss of life will be very great. When the island is severely shaken the fish desert the rivers, and there is a dust from the volcanoes that, falling on the grass, poisons the cattle and sheep. In this way the food supply is destroyed, and the death of the cattle is followed by pestilence among the people. During the historic period of Iceland, extending over one thousand years, there have been thirty eruptions of Hecla, the last occurrence in 1815, since which date no alarming volcanic disturbances occurred until this spring. In 1815 the glare of Hecla and her thunders were terrible at Reikiavik, 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 themselves.

They were never thinking less of coming away from their old home than at present. A few years ago some small parties of Icelanders came to this country and settled in Wisconsin. It happens in part from this circumstance, that Icelanders know something of Chicago and a great deal about Milwaukee. The tendency of the letters written 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 climate. 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 Icelanders will insist upon going to Alaska.

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 deposit of honey, and taking a pole and running it into the mountain were surprised 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 soon 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 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 opinion that the whole cavity is filled with 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 San Bernardino to hold it.—*San Bernardino Argus*.

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 challenged at once to show of what stuff he is made. Very likely at the first it will 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 ear when he cannot. They will accumulate fortunes before him. They will perhaps acquire influence and obtain responsible positions while he remains unknown. But let him not lose heart or faith. Training is not a mistake unless he forgets what it is for. To be sure, to be exact, to be strong, to be honorable, earnest, and sincere—these are first of all scholars' aims. Let the superficial and the disingenuous win their short heats as they may. He has but to be patient and steadfast, and he will see 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 Frederick 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 distinction he will have to obtain the consent of Congress.

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