THE BRONTES, BROTHER AND SISTERS

The Tragedy of Branwell Bronte-How Emily Stood by Him -Her Untimely Death-"Wuthering Heights."

in the absence of any prominent influ- his sister's fortitude, deriving a con- out both being chucked into hell, which ence in her life from which, as from temptible support from her strength. a little hill, one can overlook the monotonous level of her days. "There fell never once on her ears," says M. Mae- consistent feature in it is his unvarying feelings which form the black spot terlinck, "the lover's magical footfall, and for all that, this yirgin, who died noteworthy half hour of his life-the in her twenty-ninth year, has penetrat- one deed by which he deserves mention ed its most impenetrable secrets to or the faintest approbation. The same such a degree that those who have temperament of fire which kindled the There was practically nothing to doloved the most deeply must sometimes pages of his sisters' lives burnt in the line was but newly opened — few uneasily wonder what name they Branwell; he used it as a candle to should give to the passion they feel, "light the way to dusty death." when she pours forth the wild exalta-

faint tinkle of autobiography seems to of shame." sound, as of a pebble dropped in the deep well of her nature. Here are two verses of it:

No later light has lighted up my No second morn has ever shone for

All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given, All my life's bliss is in the grave

had perished.

destroy.

A Temperament.

We cannot, with a nature such as hers, deduct a final inference from the mere fact of this openness of her "poor life." For, on the surface of her ex- ness, more visible to his biographers Black Bull for Branwell. It is from family, and, to the Haworth people, the wife of his employer, the Rev. E. for the message: Keep away from me. Bronte possessed that temperament older than himself, who became after- me, and never seek to renew what has which seems almost jealous of its own wards Lady Scott. strength, which hoards and hides its nobleness as others hide their shame. readily believed that Branwell's paspathetic spectator of his own ruin, of The surface of her life itself is witness sion for this lady was the cause of his vain hones. The naturalists were often goaded to near felt, the deeper she would hide this intensity away. Although the love-poem As a very young man, long before room where he is left. They enter, was written at an age when most girls Branwell Bronte went into his situa- and find him lying in a fit upon the are dreaming children's dreams, how tion as the tutor of Mrs. Robinson's floor. shall we affirm that her soul, which was boy, he had cultivated a taste for mature for death at twenty-nine, was whisky, which, together with that Celnot, at fifteen, capable of understanding, even of entertaining, mature love? mensely in request at the Black Bull, The imagination of this woman was the village inn of Haworth. So brilgreat enough, her sister tells us, to liant and effervescent a conversationconceive, by intuition merely, the life alist was Branwell that the landlord of of the village about her with which the Black Bull had made a practice of the village about her with the Black Bull had made a placific that great soul knew. One vivid pictor of New Guinea, as the never came in actual touch. How of sending for "t' Vicar's Patrick" to ture has been spared us of the brother in Great Britain. that at a single meeting with some mind akin to hers the almost divine inilluminating words, of Branwell's as to
her father should not wake and know.

M. Heger, the master of the school in drunken revel with some boon compan-Belgium, to which she went, "a great ions at a Kendal inn. There he adnavigator." At home she was known among her people as "The Major," a quaint name which she acquired, we

It is a pathetic paradox that the strength of Emily Bronte, which had have another pleasing glimpse of him fashioned her for the reception of a during this first period of his engageperfect love, became the very instrument which held love back from her.



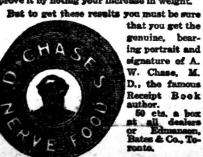
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It is almost as difficult to judge a; "Stronger than a man, simpler than woman's life in which, as playwrights a child," said Charlotte, "her nature thwarted passion driving his fist say, there is "no love interest," as it is stood alone." There were none of those through the panel of the door as an hard to criticise a novel without a plot. refreshing trivialities in her nature in outlet for his feelings, Branwell passed As in a book the plot becomes a nat- which the self-importance of a man ural centre from which the comments delights to bathe itself. Few men would of the critic radiate, so the "love inter- have dared to match their strength on the Leeds and Manchester Railway. est" in a woman's life is the point at against a first encounter with, this Of this period of his life he wrote: which the reviewers of her life take woman's soul. She had fashioned hertheir usual stand, the point from which self to protect, more than to be proher subsequent development of mind tected, to love, more than to be loved, dendon Foot appear like a nightmare, and character are judged. The plot, and so it comes about that the man's for I would rather give my hand than indeed, of most women's lives is to be shadow which falls across her life is undergo again the grovelling carelessfound in their love episodes alone. The the black shadow of her brother, the ness, the malignant, yet cold, defirst difficulty which encounters the an- despicable Branwell, who becomes bauchery, the determination to find alytical reviewer of Emily Bronte lies henceforward the limpet on the rock of how far mind could carry body with

> chroniclers of it are agreed: the most and seeking relief in the indulgence of worthlessness. Out of it stands the one in my character."

At the end of all it flickers into an which all else seems pallid and casual." spirit was not altogether quenched. his return—he never could retain a post then, and in spite of her sisters, feeds "for in this poor life of hers all lies waited for death standing-he refused open, that she neither loved nor was to welcome it tamely or lying down. be it added, that of his sisters, too—at loved." Nevertheless, she has left be- We are glad to think of that one deed, hind her a love-poem from which a after the "expanse of spirit in a waste

Here is a pen-picture of this barnacle on the life of his magnificent sister, this drainer of her home, despoiler of is the offspring of his frayed and frittered mind! The picture by his friend, Mr. Grundy, is more than enough for

"He was insignificantly small-one of his life's trials. He had a mass of Branwell was now no less open in his red hair, which he wore brushed high But, when the days of golden dreams off his forchead-to help his height, I fancy-a great, bumpy intellectual And even despatr was powerless to forehead, nearly half the size of his whole facial contour; small, ferrety Then did I learn how existence might eyes, deep sunk, and still further hidden by the never-removed specta- a woman of the vinage has described. He holds court in the Black Bull, cares Langbridge, in T. P.'s Weekly. Strengthened and fed without the aid cles; prominent nose, but weak lower features. He had a downcast look which never varied, save for a rapid, momentary glance at long intervals. Small and thin of person, he was the reverse of attractive at first sight."

A Sorry Romance. In the light of this habitual boastful-

was scarcely discovered by her own deathless love with which he inspired self! He goes down to the Black Bull Emily Robinson, a woman seventeen years the letter commands, do not come near

> opium habit. It is far more probable Later, a strange, gurgling, half-canine ers to the Haworth folk.

tuition of Emily Bronte had not abanthe way in which the idol of his
doned itself to a love from which no
father's house took leave of his days of
without help, her sisters too horrified retraction could be possible, although liberty before entering on regular ema grave or cruel chance should interployment. In a letter to a friend ne well then in her own bed, and retiring savage Papuans, whose characteristics grubs, with an occasional wild pig as a describes how he "took a half-year's for the night to sleep, where, it was they soon discovered were untrustworthing "She should have been a man," said farewell of old friend whisky" in a not known. jures "toddy, hot as hell." Later, having Grundy, hearing of the abandoned entered into regular work, he fancies plight and illness of his friend, comes standing of the most elementary virtues light from white rocks on the are told, from her gallant defence of himself reformed, and "tasting nothing to Haworth, puts up at the Black stronger than milk and water." "My Bull, and by his father sends Branweil were of good physique and lived partly by Bull, and by his father sends Branweil were of good physique and lived partly by hand shakes no more," adds this vicar's an invitation to a dinner which he has agriculture, but their habits were loathment with the Rev. E. Robinson, sitting the baulked of the excitement which the baulked of the excitement which they fancied that the traveller must carry their explorations still further into the property of the control of the excitement which they fancied that the traveller must carry their explorations still further into the control of the excitement which they fancied that the traveller must carry their explorations still further into the excitement which they fancied that the traveller must carry their explorations still further into the excitement which they fancied that the traveller must carry their explorations still further into the excitement which they fancied that the traveller must carry their explorations still further into the excitement which they fancied that the traveller must carry their explorations still further into the excitement which they fancied that the traveller must carry their explorations are carry their explorations and the excitement which they fancied that the traveller must carry their explorations are carry their explorations. Bull!) with some young ladies. In mentioning a young girl near whom he sat,

> Meanwhile, in the "vacations," which he mentions, Branwell was full of a swaggering suggestiveness to Emily and her sisters. They noted the rapidly increasing change in him-the alternate tendency to brood and to exult. to despair and triumph; but their der its influence, and that of the little later, and Anne Bronte joined him at the Robinsons as governess to the little girls.

"Wuthering Heights." On the return of Anne for the holimisgivings by her half-dropped allu- whom he should find waiting for him glorious sions to the brother whom they had in the guise of host. With that knife return from Haworth, where he was miliation pouring down his piteous threatening horse-whipping and open he lingered only a short time, dying missionaries in 1855. degredation if he did. Then Branwell suddenly, almost unexpectedly, upon threw off his disguise. His vanity his feet, after a twenty minutes wresthumiliated, his "passion" denied him, ling bout with death. he throws the reins upon the neck of his last reserve of speech and character. In the absence of Charlotte and Anne, during their engagements, or

visits to their friends, Emily, the stayat-home sister, the one store of silent sympathy and strength upon which he of us at three-score years and ten are Emily, his confidante, had to listen to the drugged and drunken railings of Branwell against fate, against Mr. Robinson, against the nightmare world at large, which he had created for himself. The world knows how this influenced her aspect of her womanhood, branded her mind with such impress of violence and shame that it had, perforce, to seek relief in pouring forth its haunted fears in "Wuthering Heights."

And yet her large humanity to this

unfortunate victim of himself does not

cannot, cease. Periods came when Anne shrank from him, Charlotte never spoke to him, but Emily does not fail him. Rapidly consuming the energy of which he had so great a store, that a friend described him in an excess of to the position of stationmaster at an isolated place called Luddendon Foot, "And yet this quiet life, from its contrast, makes the year passed at Ludtoo often marked my conduct when Over this wretched creature's life all there, lost as I was to all I really liked,

At the "Black Bull."

It was the last place to which Branpassengers called there. He brooded, flung himself violently against the tion and mystery of a love beside act of memorableness; the Bronte into the abyss of drink and opium, On reels against the wall. She rallies the Black Bull, of course. From an the fire, her comb falls into it, where inhabitant of the inn we have an ac- she wathes it burn away. When the the inn very early in the morning, draws her attention to it: raking in his pockets for what coin her gladness, usurper of the place of drinking his last copper away, and lover, who repays her unfaiing patience raving, without reserve or shaine, to whatever audience would listen to him, about the woman whom he loved, and her husband, to whom he desired nothing but ill.

In 1846 Mrs. Robinson's husband, abandonment of joy than in his abandonment of despair. When he heard the news he "fairly danced down the churchyard, as if he was out of his mind, he was so fond of that woman," These were the last words of the last not who hears his vain assertions of the faithfulness of Mrs. Robinson, her unswerving adoration for himself, the prospects of life-long happiness that he paints in delirious, boastful language, the position which he will enjoy as lord of her estate.

istence, there was no life. Beneath the than to the simple and harrowed her. All has come right, his devotion surface lay deep life, so deep that she hearts of his sisters, we view the vain is rewarded by her lands and by herbeen between us.

Emily-with Anne and Charlotte- Branwell is left alone, sole and

Branwell's End.

Such is the romance that presented itself daily to Emily Bronte, such the conception of the "tender passion." rapacious, envious, violent, and selfconsuming, which, we are bidden to infer, was the sole conception of love and sister: Branwell lying drunken at night in the bed to which his candle

The end comes quickly-two years the landlord to bring him husband. Branwell's friend, Francis after themselves to the utmost. though Branwell is in bed when the

"Presently the door opened cautiously, and a head appeared. It was a notified by the Dutch authorities that any "Wuthering Heights," "She wildly floating round a great, gaunt prompt vengeance. mass of red, unkempt, uncut hair, harm to the naturalists would meet with with a touch of the Heathcliff of forehead; the cheeks yellow and hollow, the mouth fallen, the thin, white guarded by a fierce watchdog, of which lips not trembling, but shaking, the the natives were much afraid. sunken eyes, once small, now glaring daytime this dog always remained with with the light of madness, all told the the others explored in company invarisad tale but too surely. I drew him ably. In this way they have gathered quickly into the room, and forced upon large collections of birds, insects and him a stiff glass of hot brandy. Un- plants.

self."

Ripe for Death,

The same year, but a few months afterwards, his sister Emily died. Branwell gone, the necessity for her existence was withdrawn, and at 29 her totally unprepared, and welcome death as a shy child receives a stranger, with tears and fretfulness, her spirit ran out joyously to meet in death the



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friend from whom she had been too long parted. After the funeral of Branwell she never left the house again. A cold settled on her chest against which the "quenchless will," of which her poems speak, fought without avail. Unsuspected, Emily Bronte was wrestling with acute inflammation of the lungs. Shortly before her death she takes the dogs the last meal they will receive from her loving hands. Going down the stone-flagged passage, her breath fails, and in her weakness she more than a few months-he spent the animals from her own hands. The his spare time, his spare cash-and, morning of her death she rises to dress herself, as usual. Sitting before count of how Branwell would arrive at old servant comes into the room she

> "My comb's down there; I was to weak to stoop and pick it up."

The same day, at night, she dies. like Branwell, with protestation, trying to rise from the sofa to her feet.

There is not room for death No atom that his might could render Thou-Thou art Being, Breath.

And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

poem Emily Bronte wrote.—Rosamond

SCIENTISTS IN A BOILER.

Devoted scientists have been underlege attached to the London hospital, suited to act as divers, Lying full length in an iron tomb, alent to much more than those pre- rapidity makes them fall ready divers have attained

sionally noting his own symptoms and whiling away the time by telehoning to his friends in the outer world few inches away while the air inside is pressing upon him at 40, 50 or 60 pounds to the square inch. inside the "boiler," a pump worked by an engine gradually increases the air pressure until the subject cries "enough," through the tele-Dr. Leonard Hill, the wellknown authority on oxygen, is in

experimenter lies on his back, occa-

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charge of the investigations. An important point which has been elucidated by these experiments is that the poisonous factor in the atmosphere, nitrogen, is absorbed five times faster by the fat than by any going a mild martyrdom inside a for-other tissue in the body, and that, midable boiler-like device at the col-therefore, fat men are peculiarly uncompressed-air caissons, etc., for their they are enduring air pressures equiv- liability to absorb nitrogen with undue vailing at the greatest depths that tims to heart and circulatory troubles

STILL LIVING IN STONE

Naturalists Among New Guinea Savages.

After two years among the savages in-Dutch New Guinea, Mr. Pratt, a British sult is that fear and treachery stalk like naturalist, and his two sons have returned to Samarang, Java, with strange experionces to tell.

Mr. Pratt is a seasoned explorer of 55 fields, with a man guarding them with years. His travels have extended over wide territories in China, Tibet, South America and Asia Minor. He had four their own methods have rued the day, for years in the British and Dutch sections

Two years ago be came out with his wo sons and landed at Doreh, in Geelvink Bay, where missionaries have been stationed for over fifty years. Behind Doreh stretch the Arfak Mountains, with two large lakes lying at a height of 8,000 ness and thirst for blood.

They were right on the extreme fringe after the death of Mrs. Robinson's of the Dutch territory, so had to look Mountains. Certain scientists have scof-They found the savages far below the African latitude there are no snow mountains, and even kindliness or thankfulness. They tops. Mr. Pratt is convinced, however,

It was largely due to his ability to keep have supernatural powers to con rel his the unknown recesses of savage regions. anger, and in addition to that they were

At night the tent of the explorers was the one of the party left on guard, while

Their tent was pitched in an exposed bright, cheerful surroundings, he position far from any native dwellings, looked frightened-frightened of him- and into those huts they never went un-Then Branwell, producing cau- less it became necessary, and then never tiously from his coat-tails a carving- sions, plantains and potatoes, but so knife, tells Mr. Grundy that when he tough were their constitutions that this received the message from the Bull he scanty range of diet did not affect them. days she fills Emily and Charlotte with felt certain that it was Satan himself Besides, the climate around the lakes was

Two thousand feet higher up the mounadored. From this point the morbid said Branwell, he came prepared to tains it was bitterly cold at night, but horror of the story quickens to its murder Satan. Francis Grundy left the natives could stand it without any morbid end. Branwell received a letter him, finally, standing hatless in the from Mr. Robinson, forbidding him to road, the tears of weakness and hundred the first road, the tears of weakness and hundred the first road, the tears of weakness and hundred the first road, the tears of weakness and hundred the first road, the tears of weakness and hundred the first road of spending his vacation, to his house, face. After this flicker of excitement the latter having been introduced by Perpetual warfare is waged among the

tribes, for treachery is constant, and



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naturalists were often goaded to near the danger point of shooting, but restrained themselves, and so won to some the confidence of the savages. Head hunting is a custom of the land, and not merely are villages, but also houses at war against houses. The retwin demons through the island. Women never go out except under armed masculine guard. They do the work in the

his native weapons. their own methods have rued the day, for of New Guinea, and then took a vacation | vengeance has maken switch in the of New Guinea, and then took a vacation | It is a country where every rustle may mean the approach of death-bearing treachery. Even their warfare is stealthy murder, not open fighting in which bravery is required.

After a year at the lakes the travellers went to Humboldt Bay, where the moundelicacy.

In the distance they sighted the standfed at the title, maintaining that in that what has been seen is the reflection of that they are veritable snow caps. The sons are staying for three or four months in Schouten Island, where there is a military post. Then they are going -Pall Mall Gazette

THE GREAT ENGLISH CAR-TOONIST.

Harry Furniss, familiarly known as "the Punch artist," has been popular with two generations of readers and consequently many people suppose that he is a very old man. He was recently asked by a young Englishwoman: "Did your father, the Punch artist, work as as you do? You never seem to tire." "My dear young lady," replied Mr. Furniss, "my father was not an artist. I was on Punch many years." "Good gracious." said the young lady. "You are that Harry Furniss! I thought he was dead, or re tired, or too old to work years ago!" Yet Harry Furniss is only 55 years old When asked how and when he came to adopt drawing as a profession he stated that it was while he was attending school in Dublin when he was 12 years of age. 'The first cartoon I ever drew," says he 'appeared in the Schoolboys' Punch, of which I was sole proprietor, producer (it was in pen and ink, published monthy), editor and contributor. By the way, George Bernard Shaw was at the same has achieved both these deeds. He has school; I remember him well. My first cartoon was, artfully, a complimentary at the morning service, good, sensible treatment of the head master. was my juvenile effort received that it going back to very old times when we decided my future career. From that remember that he took his degree from day forward I clung to the pencil, and All Souls, Oxford, in 1833. He has lived in a few years was regularly contribut- in the reigns of five sovereigns of Enging cartoons to public journals and prac- land.-The Gentlewoman. ticing the profession I have ever since ollowed.'

As a result of overwork a few years ago, Mr. Furniss was advised to go for a problems that Roebling, also of Niagara sea voyage. "Round the world I went," River fame, had to solve when he designcountries, America, Canada and Austra- practically killed him in the end. To menia. I have sketched crowned heads on tion one of the simple problems that had their thrones, bishops in their pulpits, to be considered: We know that the centhieves in then dens, and beauties in their tre of the river span rises and falls lrawing-rooms: nervousness as I did when I had to cari- partly due to the loadings and partly to cature myself on the occasion of my first the temperature changes. The maximum experience of American interviewing."— deflection of the Williamsburg bridge, a Exchange. Exchange.

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again—running sores, blotches, rheumatic pains, looseness of the hair, swellings of the glands, palms of the hands scaling, itchiness of the skin, dyspeptic stomachet. I had given up in despair when a friend advised me to consult you, as you had cured him of a similar disease 8 years ago. I had no hope but took his advice. In three weeks' time the sores commenced to heal up and I became encouraged. I continued the New METHOD TREATMENT for four months and at the end of that time every symptom had disappeared. I was cured 7 years ago and no signs of any disease since. My boy, three years old, is sound and healthy. I certafoly can recommend your treatment with all my heart. You can refer any person to me privately, but you can use this testimonial as you wish."

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his people. The Rev. Prebendary Hutch inson, vicar of Burton, Stoke-on-Trent, been preach on each Sunday this year So well earnest, extempore sermons. It seems like

DEFLECTION OF GREAT BRIDGES. People nowadays hardly "visiting among many other ed the Brooklyn bridge; in fact, the strain but I never felt such probably more than nine feet each way, 9 inches. Its four main cables are each contains 208 wires, making 7,696 wires in

on and contraction, as well as to the effect of the live load on the bridge, to allow the centre of the bridge to deflect feet 9 inches, and yet this is a very rigid suspension bridge. The extreme deflection of the Blackwell's Island bridge. due to temperature and loading, is expected to be about 20 inches, as against nearly 7 feet for Williamsburg and 18 feet or so for the old Brooklyn bridge.-Engineering Magazine.

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