

Behind one of these moors, as we walked, the sun set, and a great flush of crimson rose over half the sky; and then, as the twilight came slowly on, faint mists began to steal up out of the valley, and fall like a veil upon the hills, wrapping the whole wide beautiful view in a soft mysterious haze. And then high up, far above us, almost on the summit of one of the bleak moors, the Haworth lights began to steal out one by one, like stars in the deepening twilight. For full two miles before we reached it we could see the village, and the square church tower against the sky.

"For the most part of the way the road is level; the real ascent of the hill only begins at the entrance of the town. There it begins suddenly. We enter the street and then at once the ascent became abrupt, growing steeper at every step, until, after climbing nearly half a mile, it was almost precipitous; a narrow street, paved all across with long rough narrow stones, down which the wooden shoes of the villagers came clanking as we toiled upwards, with a strange, most unfamiliar sound.

"We were almost tired out when we reached the top, and saw at last, hanging out conspicuous against the sky, on the very summit, the welcome sign of the 'Black Bull,' our hoped-for destination for the night. We went straight to it, and our first inquiry was whether we could get beds. All through our walk we had been half afraid that at the end we should find ourselves compelled to return and sleep at Keighley; but a moment more set us at our ease now. The old inn had beds for us all—plenty of them—accommodation of all kinds.

"We told them what we wanted, ordered our beds to be made up, left poor M., who was utterly exhausted now, lying on a sofa; and then the rest of us—F., A., and I—far too excited to stay indoors, went out again into the village. It was almost ten o'clock now, and nearly dark. The inn joins the churchyard, and we stood at the churchyard gate as we came out of it. There was the church close beside us, and beyond the church was the Brontës' house. We spoke to a policeman whom we found standing near, and asked him the way to it, for there seemed no pathway. He took us in charge at once, guided us first to the front of the house, which, as it stands actually in the churchyard can only be seen from there,

and then took us round to the entrance, which is on the north side. As we stood looking up at the front, lights appeared at one or two of the windows, at the parlour down stairs, and at the window of the little room that used to be called the 'children's study.' We spoke to the policeman about the Brontës, and found that he seemed to have some glimmering notion of Charlotte Brontë's fame.

"Having finished our survey of the house we returned to the inn, and F. being too tired by this time to walk any more, we left him there, and A. and I, after a few minutes' rest, sallied out again. We wanted to make some little purchases before the shops closed; we went once more down that strange precipitous street, which, long past ten though it was now, was still all alive with men and women clanking up and down it in their wooden shoes, and we went into several of the little shops and bought various odd things in remembrance of the place. To several of the people too that we saw we spoke about the Brontës, and they all talked of them with a certain amount of kindly interest and regard, but with little or no warmth. On the whole, it struck us as very curious how little mark they seemed to have made upon the place. Nobody showed any desire to be communicative about them. Such questions as we asked were answered, but this was nearly all. Evident as our interest in the whole family must have been, it seemed to stir no desire in any one to gratify it. There was even an appearance of what almost might be called unwillingness to acknowledge any peculiar excellence or noticeableness in the Brontës, which is, perhaps, when they speak of their superiors, a common trait of the democratic, independent Yorkshire mind, but which, from its unfamiliarity, amused and struck us. 'Yes, they are very good people,' their whole tone seemed to say, 'but we haven't much to do with them. It's no business of theirs to meddle with us. They keep to their work and we keep to ours. As to their being more remarkable than other people—it may be so, but we know nothing about that.' Of what Charlotte Brontë had become, their knowledge was for the most part very vague indeed. The landlady at the 'Black Bull' said to us afterwards that she had heard there had been a book written about her, and there was one copy of it, she believed, in