

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

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DR. J. LOCKE,
DENTIST.
 Office on East Market street, Lewistown, adjoining F. G. Francis' Hardware Store. P. S. Dr. Locke will be at his office the first Monday of each month to spend the week.
 my31

DR. A. J. ATKINSON,
 Having permanently located in Lewistown, offers his professional services as a citizen of town and country. Office West Market St., opposite Eisenhise's Hotel. Residence one door east of George Blymyer. Lewistown, July 12, 1860-11

Dr. Samuel L. Alexander,
 His permanent location at Milroy, and is prepared to practice all the branches of his Profession. Office at Swinehart's Hotel.
 my3-ly

EDWARD FRYNSINGER,
 WHOLESALE DEALER & MANUFACTURER
 OF
CIGARS, TOBACCO, SNUFF,
 &c., &c.,
LEWISTOWN, PA.
 Orders promptly attended to. j-15

GEO. W. ELDER,
 Attorney at Law,
 Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Huntingdon counties.
 my26

HOLTE'S BREWERY,
 Seigrist's Old Stand,
 Near the Canal Bridge, Lewistown, Pa.
 Strong Beer, Lager Beer, Lindenberger and Switzer Cheese—all of the best quality constantly on hand, for sale wholesale or retail.
 Yeast to be had daily during summer.
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McALISTERVILLE ACADEMY
 Juniata County, Pa.
 GEO. F. McFARLAND, Principal & Proprietor.
 LEON MILLER, Prof. of Mathematics, &c.
 Miss JENNIE S. CRIST, Teacher of Music, &c.
 The next session of this institution commences on the 26th of July, to continue 22 weeks. Students admitted at any time.
 A Normal Department
 will be formed which will afford Teachers the opportunity of preparing for fall examinations.
 A NEW APPARATUS has been purchased, Lecturers Engaged, &c.
 Terms—Boarding, Room and Tuition, per session, \$55 to \$60. Tuition alone at usual rates. Circulars sent free on application.

SILVER PLATED WARE,
 BY HARVEY FILLEY,
 No. 1222 Market Street, Philadelphia,
 MANUFACTURER OF
 Fine Nickel Silver, and Silver-Plated Forks, Spoons, Ladles, Butter Knives, Cutlery, Tea Sets, Urns, Kettles, Waiters, Butter Dishes, Ice Pitchers, Cake Baskets, Communion Ware, Cups, Mugs, Goblets, &c.
 With a general assortment, comprising none but the best quality, made of the best materials and neatly plated. Constituting them a serviceable and durable article for Hotels, Steamboats and Private Families.
 Sole Agents, Philadelphia and Lewistown.
 Feb23-1y

WILLIAM LINS,
 has now open
 A NEW STOCK
 OF
Cloths, Cassimeres
 AND
VESTINGS,
 which will be made up to order in the neat and most fashionable styles.
 ap19

LEWISTOWN ACADEMY.
 THE Fall Session will commence on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24. We are happy to announce to those desiring instruction in Music, that we have secured the services of Miss S. E. Vanduzer for another year. We have also employed Miss Nettie Stray as Preceptress, a successful teacher, who comes to us with the best recommendations.
 We shall aim to make this institution equal in all respects to any in this section of the State.
 Thankful for past patronage, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.
 Rates of Tuition, \$3.00, \$4.50, \$6.00 per quarter. Incidentals 25c per quarter.
 Primary Department.—A Primary Department will be opened in this Academy on the 10th of October, for all grades of small schools. Number of scholars limited to twenty.
 Drawing and Painting.—An excellent teacher of Drawing and Painting has been engaged, who will commence giving lessons in those branches October 10th. Specimens can be seen at the Academy.
 For further particulars inquire of
 M. J. SMITH,
 Principal.
 sep27

MILLINERS will take notice that our stock of hat bands, wire ribbon, and all other goods in their line will be sold by low cost, for we are determined to clear out the stock.
JOHN KENNEDY & Co.

MORAL & RELIGIOUS

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.
 I am all alone in my chamber now,
 And the midnight hour is near,
 And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
 Are the only sounds I hear;
 And over my soul in its solitude,
 Sweet feelings of sadness glide,
 For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
 Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house,
 I went home to my dear one's side,
 And softly I opened the garden gate,
 And softly the door of the hall,
 My mother came out to meet her son,
 She kissed me and then she sighed,
 For her heart fell on my neck and she wept,
 For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
 In the garden where he played;
 I shall miss him on the garden gate,
 When the flowers are all decayed;
 I shall see his toy and his empty chair,
 And his home in its desolate state,
 And they will speak with a silent speech,
 Of the little boy that died.

The Beauty of the Family.
 We leave it to you, reader, if the beauty of the family don't invariably turn out the worst of the lot? If she don't cultivate the outside of her head to the total forgetfulness of the inside? If she is not petted, and fondled, and flattered, and shown off till selfishness is written all over her? If she is not sure to marry some fellow who will bruise her body to a jelly, and be glad to come, with her forlorn children, for a morsel of bread, to the comfortable home of that snubbed member of the family who was only our 'John or Martha,' and who never, by any possibility, was supposed capable by them of doing or being anything? We leave it to you if the beauty of the family, be he a boy, if he don't grow up an ass? If he be not sure to disgust every body with his conceit and affectation, while he fancyes he is the admired of all eyes—if he don't squander away all the money he can lay his hands on, and die in the gutter? We never see a very handsome child of either sex, set up on the family pedestal, to be admired by that family and friends to the exclusion of the other children, that we do not feel like patting these children on the back and saying—Thank Providence, my dears, that you were not born beauties!

Quit That!
 Quit that? Quit telling your innocent, confiding, trembling children about ghosts and hobgoblins. You are throwing a sorrow upon young hearts that will cling there through life. How many mothers there are who quiet their children by saying, 'the bug-a-boos will come and take you off—come old nigger; come and—well, will you hush this minute?'
 The poor child believes all its own mother says, and why shouldn't it? It ought to believe. That is its filial duty. The sobbing, fluttering heart is quieted, but not composed. Those fearful eyes close in a sleep of terror; a weary brother rest follows; the child dreams—but oh! who can tell the sadness of a child while it dreams in a sleep frightened upon it by alarms of all that is terrible and repulsive? Such nuncheon treatment endangers the mind—the intellect. Mothers, beware!—And see that no nurse or servant, or older brother or sister, drive arrows of grief to the very soul of your child. A sorrow early planted and watered by tears will bring forth a harvest of bitterness and despair.

How common a habit is this to teach children to fear unseen dangers at nightfall!—The peaceful night, so full of sweetness, and the night that brings the honey-drops of dew to bless the flowers and refresh the leaves, the night that brings rest to the weary, this dearest time of all, is to be made terrible to children. What wickedness! Why, it is blasphemy to make the little ones believe that God forgets them, and sends tormentors to trouble them in the silent watches of the night.
 Parents, think of this. See that your children hear no ghostly lessons. See that they are taught to love the ever present Saviour, and to honor his ever blessed name.
 How heavenly the teachings of that familiar hymn, when breathed from a true mother's soul over a sleeping child:—

'Hush my babe, be still and slumber,
 Holy angels guard thy bed'

MISCELLANY.

A WINTER UNDERGROUND.
 The short but glorious summer of Lapland was drawing to a close, and I remember with regret that the hour of my departure from Kubitiz was at hand. Still I lingered, for I had spent several of the happiest weeks of my life in that fairy spot of earth so far remote from the track of the bustling British tourist. I had grown attached to my simple-hearted hosts; and their constant kindness, their gay good humor, and the freshness and novelty of the holiday life, had indescribable charms for me.

Kubitiz is a place little known. It lies in Swedish Lapland, about a hundred and fifty miles beyond the extreme limits of Norway; and its silver river and emerald pastures are surrounded by the far stretching

moorlands, of which by far the greater part of the country consists. Far away to the south might be seen, on a clear day, rising dimly above the vast purple moors, a line of blue peaks that fairly dotted the distant horizon. These are the Kohl Mountains, the mighty Scandinavian Alps which divide Norway from Sweden, and whose northernmost summits have often seemed to me, as I thus gazed on them from the Lapland wastes, the very outposts of European civilization. To the north, a line of low hills broke the distant sky-line—the last range, I was told, between fair Kubitiz and the grim icebergs of the lonely Arctic Sea. There, among those hills, the northern bear roamed unmolested in his shaggy strength, the un hunted wolf howled along the deep ravines, the marten clung to the pine branch, and the elk ranged the brakes, free from any fear of intrusive man. Nothing would have tempted my kindly Lapland hosts to explore that mountain-range, guarded by a thousand superstitious legends, and named in their figurative tongue, the Witches' Hills.

But let me try to describe Kubitiz itself, as I saw it first, basking in the short-lived smiles of the arctic summer, when nature seems to compensate by a wondrous lavishness of love and care for the ephemeral character of the enjoyment. All that rocky glen where the village nestled, all those verdant prairies that encircled it, those shrubby woods that belted the meadows, and were bounded in their turn by the trackless moors, had blossomed like a garden in fairyland. Fruit and flowers! every where fruit and flowers! The gray rocks that rose above the houses blushed liberally crimson with the wild strawberries—those wondrous strawberries that spring up everywhere in Lapland, whose profusion is such that they stain the boots of the reindeer and the sledge of the traveler, yet are so delicious and matchless in flavor, that the czar himself sends for them, by *velafettes*, all the long, long way to the summer palace of Tsarskoy-Chele. But strawberries are not the only gifts that bounteous summer flings with full hands upon Lapland. The crags, the meadows, the thickets, glow and blossom with a thousand many hued flowers; the moors and pools are white with lilies; the woods are full of strange fruits, and joyous songs of birds; the grass springs up luxuriantly; the ferns, mosses, lichens, have all their varied tints of deeper or brighter green; the moors are carpeted with red and purple heaths; and even the dangerous quagmires are ruddy with the tempting fruit of the cranberry.

One never knows what a summer really is, never knows what exuberant mirth the world can rejoice at bursting from the chains of winter, until one has seen Lapland. And the people! Well, all I can say is, I liked them and they me. I never met a young face or an old one among these simple folk that had not a pleasant smile for the stranger; I never went into a Lapland hut without finding a kindly welcome, for my worthy little hosts would bustle to fill the biggest bowl with milk, and the largest basket with berries, and to produce great piles of 'smoke' and dried fish from the sea coast, and luxury unparalleled, perhaps, even a great black bear brought all the way from Norway (for Lapland has no bread) to do honor to the foreign guest. How could I help growing fond of these queer, elfin-looking, soft-hearted people? I had heard ugly stories of them among the Swedes and Norwegians, they were called savages, idolaters, enchanters, even cannibals; but I can only say that they only did not eat me, but even abstained from fleeing me, as nations much more polished and accomplished are in the habit of doing to wayfarers.

The village of Kubitiz was built of green boughs and wattles, the posts alone which supported each cottage being of pine timber. In fact, the huts were not cottages, they were leafy booths, such as the roving Tartar sometimes constructs; and these summer palaces of living verdure added to the holiday air of the place, and were suggestive of a perpetual picnic. But the true houses were under the earth, not above its surface. The green tents I have been describing were mere temporary pavilions; and beneath them, with only a low chimney, like a magnified mole hill, peeping above ground, were the true homes of the Laplanders, the covered store-houses for all their worldly wealth and their own dwellings for more than nine months of the year.

And now the time was coming when the green booths were to be deserted, and the sun to vanish, and the strange underground life, like a mole's, was to begin again for the long iron-bound arctic winter. Peter Wow, the chief man of the village, in whose wigwam I dwelt, warned me that the daylight would speedily cease, and that he had better prepare the boat to convey me down the river southwards, so that I might reach Norway before it got dark. A strange idea seized me—what if I were to stop behind! I have been here through the daylight, the long three months' day, that puzzled me so terribly at first, and robbed me of my sleep, and made me think like an owl at the unwearying sun that would shine at midnight, and which upset all the habits of my previous life. I recollected what a strange sensation that had

been, how new, fresh, and piquant! and it is not often, let me tell you, that a somewhat world-worn and world-weary man, who has passed his grand climacteric, can discover a sensation that shall be at once new, fresh, and piquant. I had promised to spend Christmas with my sister in Gloucestershire, to be sure; but 'shaw! I thought I can go next summer. Maria Jane hasn't seen me these eighteen years and more, so she can probably wait till Easter; and my nephews and nieces won't fret too much, I dare say, about the non-appearance of an uncle they never set juvenile eyes upon. My mind is made up. I'll stay all night.'

A pretty long night, too, reader—a night that begins in early October and ends in June. Having tried perpetual daylight, I was going to essay how I liked its antipodes. Peter Wow tried to dissuade me; I did not know what it was like, he said; but I told him that was my exact reason for going through the experience. Peter shrugged his shoulders; Madam Wow, or more correctly speaking, Huswife Wow (for Lapland is not a land of titles, and there is but one class, that of the yeomanry, with their dependents and servants) lifted up her astonished eyes and hands; all the daughters flitted and all the sons stared at this remarkable decision on my part. But as I not only paid Peter for my board and lodging at the unprecedentedly liberal rate of four silver rix-dollars a week, but could speak and sing on occasion in Swedish and Norse, knew a little of the Lapponic tongue, and played the violin and flute, besides being the owner of a musical-box, I was quite a popular character among my worthy entertainers, and my determination to rough it out through the long winter with them was taken as a compliment by the entire community. Accordingly we moved into our winter quarters.

Lapland winter but has generally two drawbacks of a nature almost unbearable to Europeans—it is too crowded, and it is shockingly smoky. But Peter Wow, chief of the village, was a rich man in his way, and had a roomy and commodious set of caverns for his dwelling, with furs and eider-down quilts in plenty, as became the owner of five hundred render. The family slept in a quaint tier of little box-beds, about the usual length of mignonette troughs, which were sunk into the clay walls like a row of sleeping-berths on board a packet-ship. But I, as a distinguished foreigner, had a den to myself, such as a hermit of especially austere and self-mortifying tendencies might have constructed, for it was without a window of any kind, and air was admitted by means of the hollow trunk of an alder tree, which had been thrust through the roof of the cave and made a sort of wooden shaft overhead. The floor was carpeted, however, with soft dried moss, softer and more luxurious than the most costly three piled velvet that everloom wove; the bed was a pile of dressed deer-skins, as supple and pliant as silk; a copper lamp hung by a chain from the roof; I had pillows and bolsters stuffed with the plumage of the eider duck and wild swan, two bear-skin coverlets, and at least a dozen quilts of yielding eider down; and crowning magnificence! there was an old-fashioned chest of oaken drawers, with brass handles and key-plates, to which Peter Wow pointed proudly as to a proof of intercourse with the civilized world of modern Europe. It was evidently some relic of a wreck off the North Cape, and had been dragged many a weary mile by the patient deer that drew the sledges. I fancied the scent of the sea hound about it still.

Scarcely were we snugly established in our underground quarters when one fine evening I was summoned to join a solemn procession which annually, according to immemorial custom, ascended a neighboring hill to see the last of the sun for that year, and bid the orb of day 'good by!' It was a strangely picturesque sight, and not without its touching pathos, that assemblage of villagers of every age, from the wrinkled grandeur, who tottered on his staff, and with a palsied hand shaded his aged eyes as he watched the fast declining sun which was setting, not for a night, but for a drear winter, and which he might scarce hope to mark again, down to the child whose wondering eyes noted the scene for the first time since its reason began to dawn. All were there—the maidens and young men, the reverend elders and the feeble crones, who shivered already in the strange ominous chill that pervaded the air, the hardy hunters, the no less hardy shepherds, or rather deerherds; old and young were gazing with a common purpose and a common intensity of feeling upon the sinking luminary. All kinds of wild imaginings, all manner of poetic memories rushed upon my mind as the sun approached the horizon, and prepared for the final plunge. The wild and mystic verses of Blegner, perhaps suggested by that very spectacle of the death of the northern sun, returned to me with boding clearness. I began to wonder whether I had not been very rash and absurd in wishing to stop a winter in Lapland like a mole in its burrow. I began to sigh after Gloucestershire, where the sun would shine out, many a day, on the crisp snow and frost-silvered boughs, when I should be left in limbo in darkness. Plunge! the red sun had dashed down be-

low the horizon. A heavy twilight settled as if by magic, over the fair landscape, still gilded by the smiles of summer. Alas! the good fairy, so beneficent, so bright in her rainbow robe studded with flowers was gone, and King Frost was to reign over her devastated realm. Haik! the long wailing eulogies of the sweet sad chant—an old, old heathen chant of the days when Freya was worshipped, Freya, at once Venus and summer of this far remote race, in which the Laplanders bewail the parting day.

Now for the long, long night! Already, as we turned to quit the hill, after straining our eyes until the last faint glow had died away too, an icy breeze had sprung up from the dim northwest, and I shivered and wrapped my cloak around me at the sudden sensation of cold. 'It is the snow wind,' said an old Laplander, as we paced down to the village; 'no more flowers for the lasses to braid in their hair this year.' I must confess that I felt uncommonly like a frightened child left alone in the dark, and regretted my whim for staying among the lads. Nay, but for very shame, I believe I should have proposed to hire Peter Wow's boat, before the ice should set up more and river, and start like a bird of passage, in pursuit of the sun. The country seemed to me to change in the unwonted twilight; the familiar rocks of the glen, the far-away moorlands, the pine thickets, assumed a weird aspect; even the faces of my entertainers looked strange and grotesque, and their piquant figures inish, in the deep shadow. Then, too, the singular feeling that all this was not a dream, that it was real, waking life; that I had actually seen the sun go down into an obscurity that was to last for the better part of a year; and that I was going to try and while away a winter night that would have given time to Schernzade herself to exhaust a quarter of her budget of stories—all this bewildered me.

But that night there were high revels held among the dwellers in caves. Peter Wow, as chief of the village, entertained all the beauty and wealth (all the ugliness and poverty as well) of Kubitiz in his hospitable halls underground. Torch-lights blazed and sputtered; lamps, fed by seal-oil and deer's fat, were lighted, and hung to every bracket and projection through all the subterranean dwelling; and at a very early hour the monotonous but impatient beating of the Lapland drum summoned the guests. All Kubitiz was there, young and old, in holiday garb. There were games and sweetmeats for the children, dancing for the lads and lasses, and abundance of tobacco, gossip, and strong liquors for the seniors of the village. A pet reindeer—a lovely milk-white creature, almost hidden by the flowers with which it was garlanded—was led through the room by a rope of roses held by six young maidens. Six young hunters followed, each with a drawn sword, with which they were pretently to figure in the ancient sword-dance of Scandinavia. The orchestra, composed of the strangest-looking instruments, still managed—for the Laps are a very musical people—to discourse sweet sounds, now of wild pathos, now almost maddeningly gay and exciting. Such hearty, vigorous, agile dancing I never beheld. Even in the gayest circle of Stockholm, a primitive capital, in which the elegant world has not yet become too languid for enjoyment, those Lapland dancers would have been wonders, and yet there was nothing boisterous or ungainly in their movements. Indeed, these were as sprightly and almost as small as fairies, and had something of the fanciful elasticity and grace of childhood in all their motions. I felt the thrill of the music awake forgotten sympathies, and I half wished to dance too, and regretted that I was too mature and too bulky to be a fitting partner for one of these lithe, small limbed eldins of Lapland, who were sweeping so trippingly past me. Peter Wow did offer to procure me a partner; but I saw, by the twinkle of his eye, that he meant nothing more than a jest, and I should have felt, like Gulliver, afraid of crushing the whole Lilliputian company. Indeed, it was a marvelous sight, that assembly of small folks under the level of the earth, and it put me in mind of what I had heard of the Baione Sheah of the Scottish legends, and their revelry within some haunted hill. I could hardly help fancying I was really a captive or a guest of a troupe of an oasing gnomes, or that, like the Rhymer, I had been borne away to fairy-land, and had but a faint prospect of revisiting the real daylight world again.

Peter Wow, the tallest man in the community, had attained the gigantic stature of five feet four, and with his high red cap set jauntily upon his gray locks, his enormous white beard and mustaches flowing down like a frozen river, and his uniform costume of reddish-brown cloth, looked uncommonly like the King of the Drows or Gnomes, as Norse superstitions describe him. The still more dwarfish assemblage presented every variety, from the grotesque and witchlike ugliness of the old women to the infantine and diminutive beauty of some of the young girls. The children were almost all pretty and rosy of complexion; but age, it seems, comes on with tardily swift strides among these dwellers of the frozen world, as well as with the sun-scorched Asiatic; and I looked in vain for

the pleasant matronly faces that never fail to meet the eye in a temperate climate. There seemed to be a quick transition from delicate youth to weird age. Some of the men were fine active little fellows, wonderfully strong, in spite of their pigmy stature, and full of life and fire. It has been essayed more than once to raise troops among the Laplanders, but in vain, for the little warriors cannot endure the ridicule of their big comrades of Swedish or Norse stock, and endless quarrels are sure to keep a garrison in hot water if a Lap is enlisted. There is the Swedish-Lapland corps of sharpshooters, who serve on snow shoes, and form a militia on the border; and these sensitive little heroes are less exposed to be derided because their heads can barely touch the sixty inch standard. The Laps profess to despise all Swedes, Norwegians, and Scandinavians generally, as a heavy and stupid race, whose large limbs and lofty forms are given them as a compensation for their scanty stock of brains. And indeed the Norseman always says, 'he who deals with a Lap gets the worst of the bargain'; for the small folks have wondrous aptitudes, with all their simple bearing. But I believe that in their secret hearts (the tiny tribe value size and height above all things. I know Peter Wow was prodigiously vain because his head was within an inch of being level with my shoulder, and I think many a young fellow would have bartered his youth for my six feet of perpendicular elevation, which never gained its owner any remarkable popularity elsewhere.

The next morning I had a surprise indeed. A shout from the upper earth aroused me, and scrambling to the outer air, I beheld the rocks, the black pine copses, the illumined moorlands, one dazzling, all-pervading sheet of blinding snow. All gone! the fair flowers, the song birds, the meadow fruits that offered their production everywhere, blooming heather, and green grass, all gone! buried, until next summer brought back the daylight, beneath a spotless, unvarying shroud of virgin snow. To my great relief, it was not so dark as I had expected. A sort of hazy, shimmering light pervaded, like moonbeams through a mist. The northern wind blew keen; and even as I gazed around, the blinding snow flakes came whirling down again, and seemed to bury the dead summer deeper at every instant. 'They are plucking the wild geese finely up there, north,' said Peter Wow, unconscious that his proverb was a British as well as a Lapland one.

We all laid by our summer clothes, put on our manifold wraps of fur and woolen, and betook us to winter avocations. And now came a strange season, when it was hard to say whether it was day or night, or both, or either. The lamps were never suffered to go out; the fiddles and drums, the bone flute and the musk-ox's horn, were never silent for three consecutive hours; and there seemed no regular times for meals, or sleep, or work, or recreation. On the contrary, music, and such simple labors as could be performed underground, and dancing and cooking to say nothing of eating, drinking, and gossiping, went into a promiscuous fashion through the twenty four hours of what would down earth, have been a legal day. If any one went tired or sleepy he or she went to sleep; the hungry ate, and the thirsty drank; the perpetual fires constantly cooked the most outlandish messes; the fiddles and drums went on as if self-acting; the reindeer was fed, tended, and milked; birchen bowls were carved, horn trinkets chased, and stories related to gaping listeners, all at once, and all forever. I left off looking at my watch at all, except mechanically. I went about as a sleep-walker might; I dreamed standing. I passed great part of that wonderful winter not unpleasantly, but in a sort of aimless nightmare. Of course I saw no newspapers; the world might be as it pleased. It was in the twilight—I in the dark. Of course I received no letters, the post courier was shut up along with the sun, and I was the tenant of a strange lamp lit, moon shiny world.

We were not always underground. In the fine weather the reindeer were driven out to browse on the lichens and mosses, from which they scattered away the snow with their fore feet. There were hunting parties, too, when we chased and slew the white wolves, the white hares, the martens, the deer, the birds, all and every one in their winter livery of white. There was the ermine chase, and the chase of the white fox, and a great battle with an old giant of a bear, who presumed on superstitious respect the Laps have for 'Old Grand father Wizard.' as they call him, had robbed the store-houses, until his threats became unbearable. The wolf hunt was rather dangerous; but the bear was a terrible fellow; he wounded four of our best hunters, cowed the dogs with his snuff-nugs, and nearly beat the whole community, when a lucky shot laid him low. And then there were the glorious drives! Oh, the wild excitement of stooping over the frozen snow in a deer drawn sledge, swift as a hawk on the wing, every bell jingling, and the wild driver singing as he cheers on his antlered team, that fly like the wind over the dazzling white moorlands! The worst of it is, it takes away (See fourth page.)