

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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New Series--Vol. XV, No. 3.

DR. J. LOCKE,
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 Lewis-
town, offers his professional services
to the citizens of town and country. Office
West Market St., opposite Eisenbise'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 Swine-
hart's Hotel. my3-ly

EDWARD FRYSSINGER,
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 at-
tend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Hunting-
don counties. my26

NOLTE'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 re-
tail.
Yeast to be had daily during summer.
my21-yr

McALISTERVILLE ACADEMY
Janata County, Pa.
GEO. F. McFARLAND, Principal & Proprietor.
LUCAS MILLER, Prof. of Mathematics, &c.
Miss JENNIE S. CRIST, Teacher of Music, &c.
The next session of this Institution com-
mences 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
best opportunity of preparing for fall examina-
tions.
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 of Forks,
Spoons, Ladles, Butter Knives, Castors,
Tea Sets, Urns, Kettles, Waiters, But-
ter 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 plas-
tered, constituting them a serviceable and durable article
for Hotels, Steamboats and Private Families.
Old Wares repainted in fine color. 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-
est and most fashionable styles. ap19

LEWISTOWN ACADEMY.
THE Fall Session will commence on MON-
DAY, 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 Pre-
ceptress, 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 respect-
fully 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 Depart-
ment will be opened in this Academy on the
10th of October, for all grades of small school-
children. Number of scholars limited to twenty.
Drawing and Painting.—An excellent
teacher of Drawing and Painting has been en-
gaged, 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 head 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,
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 more by the roadside,
When the flowers are all decayed.
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the hope of a son's glad smile,
And they will speak with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

We shall hope to our father's house—
To our father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of a son shall have no night,
Or love no broken ties.
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And one of the boys of the land shall be
The little boy that died.

The Beauty of the Family.
We leave it to you, reader, if the beau-
ty of the family don't invariably turn out
the worst of the lot? If she don't culti-
vate 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 la-
zily 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 com-
fortable home of that snubbed member of
the family who was only our 'John or
Martha,' and who never, by any possibili-
ty, 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 con-
ceit and affectation, while he fancies he is
the admired of all eyes—if he don't squan-
der away all the money he can lay his
hands on, and die in the gutter? We've
seen a very handsome child of either sex,
set up on the family pedestal, to be admir-
ed by that family and friends to the exclu-
sion 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 what? Quit telling your innocent,
confiding, trembling children about ghosts
and hobgoblins. You are throwing a sor-
row 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 moth-
er 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 fol-
lows; 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
inhuman 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 plant-
ed 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 night-
fall!—The peaceful night; so full of sweet-
ness, and the night that brings the honey-
ed drops of dew to bless the flowers and re-
fresh the leaves, the night that brings rest
to the weary, this dearest time of all, is to
be made terrible to children. What wicked-
ness! 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 fa-
miliar 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 Lap-
land was drawing to a close, and I remem-
bered with regret that the hour of my de-
parture 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 Nor-
way; and its silver river and emerald pas-
tures 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 lone-
ly Arctic Sea. There, among those hills,
the northern bear roamed unmolested in
his shaggy strength, the unhabited wolf
howled along the deep ravines, the marten
clung to the pine branch, and the elk rang-
ed the brakes, free from any fear of intru-
sive 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 lav-
ishness 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 gar-
den 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 ev-
erywhere in Lapland, whose profusion is
such that they stain the boots of the rein-
deer and the sledge of the traveler, yet
are so delicious and matchless in flavor,
that the czar himself sends for them, by
retajettes, all the long, long way to the
summer palace of Tzarzkoj-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 pur-
ple heaths; and even the dangerous quag-
mires 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 Lap-
land. 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 wel-
come, 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 unpar-
alleled, perhaps, even a great black bear
brought all the way from Norway (for Lap-
land has no bread) to do honor to the for-
eign 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, enchan-
ters, 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 hab-
it 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 ad-
ded 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 pavil-
ions; and beneath them, with only a low
chimney, like a magnified mole hill, peep-
ing 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 wigwag 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 re-
bed me of my sleep, and made me think
like an owl at the unwearied sun that
would shine at midnight, and which upset
all the habits of my previous life. I re-
collected what a strange sensation that had

been, how new, fresh, and piquant! and it
is not often, let me tell you, that a some-
what 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 Glouces-
tershire, to be sure; but 'shaw! I thought
I, '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 anti-
podes. 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 dependants 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 determina-
tion to rough it out through the long win-
ter with them was taken as a compliment
by the entire community. Accordingly we
moved into our winter quarters.

A Lapland winter hut 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 ei-
der-down quilts in plenty, as became the
owner of five hundred reindeer. 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-suffi-
cient tendencies might have constructed,
for it was without a window of any kind,
and air was admitted by means of the hol-
low 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 ever
loomed; 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 doz-
en 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 Pe-
ter Wow pointed proudly as to a proof of
intercourse with the civilized world of mod-
ern 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 fan-
cied 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 im-
memorial 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 with-
out its touching pathos, that assemblage of
vintagers of every age, from the wrinkled
granose, 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-
ly 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 com-
mon intensity of feeling upon the sinking
luminary. All kinds of wild imaginings,
all manner of poetic memories rushed in
upon my mind as the sun approached the
horizon, and prepared for the final plunge.
The wild and mystic verses of Blegner, per-
haps 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 ab-
surd in wishing to stop a winter in Lap-
land like a mole in its burrow. I began
to sigh after Gloucestershire, where the
sun would shine out, many a day, on the
grass 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. Hark! the long
wailing cadences of the sweet sad chant—
an old, old heathen chant of the days when
Freya was worshipped, Freya, at once Ve-
nus 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 strain-
ing 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 sud-
den 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 be-
lieve 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 grotes-
que, and their piquant figures im-
posed 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 actual-
ly 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 ho-
spitable halls underground. Torches bla-
zed 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 abun-
dant of tobacco, gossip, and strong liquors
for the seniors of the village. A pet rein-
deer—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 pre-
tently 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 gay-
est circle of Stockholm, a primitive cap-
ital, 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 fawn-
like elasticity and grace of childhood in
all their motions. I felt the thrill of the music
awake forgotten sympathies, and I halt
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
elders 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 a passing
gnomes, or that, like the Rhymer, I had
been borne away to fairy-land, and had but
a faint prospect of revisiting the real day-
light world again.

Peter Wow, the tallest man in the com-
munity, had attained the gigantic stature
of five feet four, and with his high red cap
set jauntily upon his gray locks, his enor-
mous white beard and mustaches flowing
down like a frozen river, and his uniform
costume of reddish-brown cloth, looked un-
commonly 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 complex-
ion; but age, it seems, comes on with ter-
ribly swift strides among these dwellers of
the frozen world, as well as with the sun-
soreched 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
young were fine active little fellows, wonder-
fully strong, in spite of their pigmy stature,
and full of life and fire. It has been es-
sayed more than once to raise troops among
the Laplanders, but in vain, for the lithe
warriors cannot endure the ridicule of their
big comrades of Swedish or Norse stock,
and endless quarrels are sure to keep a gar-
rison 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, Norse gnomes,
and Southerners generally, as a heavy and
stupid race, whose large limbs and bony
forms are given them as a compensation
for their scanty stock of brains. And in-
deed the Norseman always says, 'he who
deals with a Lap gets the worst of the bar-
gain'; for the small folks have wondrous
abilities, 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 prob-
ably 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 else-
where.

The next morning I had a surprise in-
deed. A shout from the upper earth
aroused me, and scrambling to the outer
air, I beheld the rocks, the black pine
copses, the illimitable moorlands, one daz-
zling, all-pervading sheet of blinding snow.
All gone! the fair flowers, the song birds,
the meadow fruits that offered their pro-
fusion 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 as
dark as I had expected. A sort of hazy,
shimmering light pervaded, like moon-
beams 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 dan-
cing and cooking to say nothing of eating-
drinking, and gossiping, went into a pro-
miscuous 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 hun-
gry ate, and the thirsty drank; the perpet-
ual fires constantly cooked the most out-
landish messes; the fiddles and drums went
on as if self-acting; the reindeer was fed,
tended, and milked; birchen bowls were
carved, horn trinkets chiseled, 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 stand-
ing. I passed great part of that wonder-
ful winter not unpleasantly but in a sort of
aimable nightmare. Of course I saw no
newspapers; the world might be as it
pleased. It was in the twilight—I was
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
gant of a bear, who presumed on supersti-
tious respect the Laps have for 'Old Grand
father Wizard,' as they call him, had pos-
sessed the store-houses, until his threats be-
came unbearable. The wolf hunt was
rather dangerous; but the bear was a ter-
rible fellow; he wounded four of our best
hunters, cowed the dogs with his mung
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 sweeping 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 moor-
lands! The worst of it is, it takes away
(See fourth page.)