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The Patriot & Union.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 9, 1860. A WINTER UNDERGROUND.

The short but glorious summer of Lapland was drawing to a close, and I remembered with regret that the hour of my departure from Kullitz was at hand.

Kullitz is a place little known. It lies in Swedish Lapland, about a hundred and fifty miles beyond the extreme limits of Norway.

But I will try to describe Kullitz itself, as I saw it first, basking in the short lived smiles of the arctic summer.

One never knows what a summer really is, nor how the wild extravagance of those who are not acquainted with the climate of winter.

The village of Kullitz was built of green birch bark, brought in from the coast, and each cottage being of pine timber.

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.

It was a strange idea, indeed, that I had been here through the daylight, that had been months' day, that puzzled me so terribly at first, and robbed me of my sleep.

A pretty long night, too, reader—a night that begins in early October and ends in June.

her astonished eyes and hands; all the daughters twittered, and all the sons stared at this remarkable decision on my part.

A Lapland winter hut has generally two drawbacks of a nature almost unbearable to Europeans—it is too crowded, and it is shockingly smoky.

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ders, 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.

It 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 those little, small-limbed elms of Lapland, who were sweeping so trippingly past me.

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 on his gray locks, his enormous white beard and moustaches flowing down like a frozen river, and his uniform costume of reddish-brown cloth, looked uncommonly like the King of the Gnomes or Gnomes, as Norse superstitions describe him.

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 break a garrison in hot water if a Lap is enlisted.

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.

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, already an icy breeze had sprung up from the dim northward, and I shivered.

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