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UP TOWN! PATENT WEIGH CARTS. For the convenience of my numerous up town customers, I have established, in connection with my old yard, a Branch Coal Yard opposite North Street, in a lot which the Pennsylvania canal, having the office formerly occupied by Mr. R. Harris, where consumers of Coal in that vicinity and Verbeekton can receive their Coal by the closed to look like now—also, Gentlemen's apparel.

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INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC. F. W. WEBER, nephew and taught by the well remembered late F. W. Weber, of Harrisburg, is prepared to give lessons in music upon the PIANO, VIOLIN, OBOLLO, VIOLIN and FLUTE.

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, when nature seems to compensate by a wondrous lavishness of love and care for the ephemeral character of the enjoyment.

One never knows what a summer really is, nor how the wild extravagance of the world can be so joyful at bursting from the chains of winter, until one has seen Lapland.

The village of Kullitz was built of green birch bark, brought up from the coast, and 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 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.

A pretty long night, too, reader—a night that begins in early October and ends in June. Having first perceived daylight, I was going to essay how I liked its antipodes.

JUST RECEIVED. FINE CONDIMENTS!—EXTRA A. FRENCH MUSTARD, a choice variety of SAUCES, DRESSINGS AND KETCHUPS of every description.

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.

A shout from the upper earth aroused me, and scrambling to the outer air, I beheld the rocks, the black pine copse, the illimitable mountains, one dazzling all-pervading sheet of blinding snow.

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 neither.

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 in the cold.

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 Kullitz in his hospitable halls underground.

Even in the gayest circles of Stockholm, a primitive capital, in which the elegant world has not yet become too languid for enjoyment, those Lapland dancers would have been won-