

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. BUEHLER.

VOLUME XXVIII.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 24, 1887.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

NUMBER 7.

THE FARMERS & MECHANICS' SAVINGS INSTITUTION

OF ADAMS COUNTY.
Opens Saturday, 11th of April.
This institution receives deposits for which it pays interest as follows: For one month 4 per cent. per annum. For three months 5 per cent. per annum. For six months 6 per cent. per annum. For one year 7 per cent. per annum. For two years 8 per cent. per annum. For three years 9 per cent. per annum. For four years 10 per cent. per annum. For five years 11 per cent. per annum. For ten years 12 per cent. per annum. For twenty years 13 per cent. per annum. For thirty years 14 per cent. per annum. For forty years 15 per cent. per annum. For fifty years 16 per cent. per annum. For sixty years 17 per cent. per annum. For seventy years 18 per cent. per annum. For eighty years 19 per cent. per annum. For ninety years 20 per cent. per annum. For one hundred years 21 per cent. per annum.

At the first meeting weekly deposits were subscribed by responsible citizens, for the current year, to an amount exceeding \$10,000, which will be paid in as required by the business of the association.

For loans applied on Wednesday. Funds received on deposit as low as a dime.

Interest to be allowed whenever the deposits amount to \$5.00, and on each additional \$5.00 upwards.

Office in South West Corner of Public Square, next to George Arnold's store. Open daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., and for receiving deposits, every Saturday, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

PRESIDENT. GEORGE THORNE.
TREASURER AND SECRETARY. GEORGE ARNOLD.
DIRECTORS. John Brough, John Horner, Samuel Durbin, George Arnold, A. Heintzelman, Jacob Musmann, David McCreary, D. McConomy, William Culp, John Mierke, Robert Horn, John Thorne.

List of Paupers Remaining in the Almshouse of Adams County on the 1st day of January, 1887.

Males	51
Females	63
Children	13
Colored people	3
Total	110

Articles Manufactured from the 1st of March, 1887, to 1st of March 1887.

Barrels of Soap	25
Do of Starch	300
Do of Flour	300
Do of Beans	117
Do of Peas	110
Do of Corn	110
Do of Potatoes	79
Do of Apples	59
Do of Strawberries	62
Do of Raspberries	78
Do of Blackberries	45
Do of Currants	18
Do of Grapes	12
Do of Pears	20
Do of Plums	14
Do of Peaches	10
Do of Apples	21
Do of Pears	18
Do of Plums	12
Do of Peaches	10
Do of Apples	21
Do of Pears	18
Do of Plums	12
Do of Peaches	10

JOHN SCOTT, Owner.

THE CHEAP STORE.
The Truth is Known.

MISS McLELLAN.
on the N. E. corner of Centre Square, that her stock is the largest and cheapest assortment of FANCY and Millinery Goods at the Store.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.
Call and examine for yourselves.
Gettysburg, April 17, 1887.

NOW IS THE TIME.
Call and examine for yourselves.
Gettysburg, April 17, 1887.

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MAP OF ADAMS COUNTY.

BY M. S. CONVERSE.
From actual surveys carefully taken by O. M. Jenkins, Civil Engineer.

This map is drafted upon a scale of 11 inches to a mile, making it very convenient to find by it the distance from one place to another in the County, and it will have upon it every

PUBLIC ROAD.
All Post Offices, Hotels, Stores, Churches, School Houses, Cemeteries, Mills, Mechanics' Shops, &c., will be marked, and the residence of every prominent citizen in the County will be indicated by a dot, and his name carefully inserted. It will be distinctly engraved in handsome colors, and the border ornamented with views and engravings of Public Buildings, and Private Residences in the County, and delivered to subscribers

For \$5.00 per Copy.
The undersigned has examined the draft of the Map of Adams County, now being prepared by Mr. CONVERSE, and are well satisfied with its general correctness. When finished in the style of the Maps of other counties shown as specimens, it will be a beautiful and valuable map, and should be possessed by every family able to own it in the County. As the maps are to be made only for subscribers we hope no person will fail to secure one while the opportunity presents itself.

REFERENCES.
D. A. Beehler, Dr. H. L. Baugher, Dr. S. S. Schaeffer, Prof. M. L. Steever, Falmouth Brothers, M. Jacobs, Dr. C. F. Schaeffer, D. McConomy, S. R. Russell, David Wills, G. Swope, C. H. Buehler, Coban & Paxton, Rev. Jacob Ziegler, J. L. Schickel, H. J. Smith, Rev. G. P. Van Wyck, H. Houck, Dr. D. H. Homer, Dr. W. McClean, John L. Hill, Dr. H. S. Haber, Dr. H. S. Haber.

DR. KELLING'S CANCER INSTITUTE.
FOR THE TREATMENT OF CANCERS, TUMORS, WENS, Ulcers, Scrofula, any Growth or Swelling, Glands, generally, can be cured (if curable) without surgical operation or pain. For all particulars, write, state disease plainly, and enclose twenty-five cents for advice. All letters must have a postage stamp attached to prepay answer. Medicine can be sent any distance. Address: C. L. KELLING, M. D., Mechanicians, Cumberland Co., Pa. Dr. Kelling's Institute is 8 miles from Harrisburg, Pa., on the York and Susquehanna R.R., and accessible from all parts of the State.

DO YOU WISH BARGAINS?
IF SO, GO TO Schick's Cheap Store.
Cancer of the Diamond and Baltimore street.

J. L. SCHICK has just returned from Philadelphia, Pa., with a full and complete assortment of Spring Goods, consisting of Black and Fancy colored

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES of all styles and patterns; also Satinets, Jeans, Cottonades and Linen Goods, for Men's wear; and Satin, Silk, and Marcelline vesting; also Suspender, Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, and Gloves, at prices to suit the times; which gentlemen wishing a complete outfit, would do very well to examine.

FOR THE LADIES.
Just received a superior assortment of Black Silks, which will be sold low; also, Hosiery, Gingham, Brilliant, Calicoes, Irish Linens, Swiss, Book and Cambric Muslins, Dotted Swiss, and Plaid Muslins, Gloves, Ribbons, Collars, Dress Trimmings, &c., &c., which for variety, excellence and cheapness cannot be surpassed in this market.

RECOLLECT, that although there is a great risk in Schick's for bargains, all can be accommodated. No trouble to show Goods. Therefore call in, and examine the largest, richest and cheapest stock you ever laid your eyes on.

Gettysburg, April 17, 1887.

NEW GOODS.
Fahnestock Brothers
WOULD respectfully inform their customers and the public generally, that they have just received the largest and best selected stock of

Spring and Summer Goods ever offered to them. Having purchased for the OASH, they are prepared to offer such inducements as to defy all competition. Give us a call - we are ready to show Goods.

Fahnestock Brothers, Signs of Red Front.
April 10, 1887.

MARCUS SAMSON
HAS just received at his Ready-made Clothing Store, on York street nearly opposite the Bank, the best assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING, or Spring and Summer wear, ever offered in this place. If you want a well-made

COAT, VEST, PANTS, or anything in the line of Ready-made Clothing, at less cost than they can be had outside of the city, call at

\$500 REWARD.
By order of the Council of the Borough of Gettysburg, a REWARD of \$500 is hereby offered for such information as shall secure the detection and conviction of the person or persons who fired the shot which killed John H. Hock on the night of the 20th inst. JOHN H. HOCK on the night of the 20th inst. JOHN H. HOCK on the night of the 20th inst. JOHN H. HOCK on the night of the 20th inst.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL. A NEW SONG.

BY DOCTOR F. MORRIS.
Thank God for pleasant weather!
Oha! it, merry hills!
And clap your hands together,
Ye exulting hills!

Thank Him, morning valley!
For the golden sunshine,
And the silver rain.
Thank God, O God the Giver!
Shout it, sportive breeze!
Respond, O tuneful river!

To the budding trees,
Thank Him, bud and birding!
As ye grow and sing!
Mingle in thanksgiving!
Every living thing!

Thank God, with cheerful spirit,
In a glow of love,
For what we inherit,
And our hopes above -
Universal Nature
Reveals in her birth,
When God, in pleasant weather,
Smiles upon the earth!

"SLAVERY IN ITS MILDEST FORM."
"We have no slavery in St. Louis, or only in its mildest form; and what few slaves there are here are far better off than the laboring whites or free negroes, and would not be free, not one of them, if they could." Such were the remarks that fell upon my ears a few days ago from the lips of a lady famous for her goodness of heart and kindly charity, her universal benevolence, and never-ending patience with the sins and follies of the world. Such are the remarks you hear daily from all classes of people, if you dare approach the forbidden subject, "Slavery in its mildest form," let us see what it is.

Month after month, as the days rolled on, and I sat at my desk in a summer evening, or sallied out to market in the morning, I noticed two little children playing upon the pavement - two boys and two girls. The eldest was a slender child, with rather a dark Southern skin, hair almost black, and a large bushy black eye. Her motions were quick, her laugh kind, and her ways seemed as of one fearless of some impending evil. Yet she was ever watchful and careful of two little ones who were almost always with her at play; and one whom, as the older, she appeared to have charge. Next her in size was a curly-headed, round-faced, dark-browed boy - a hollering, devil-may-care little chap, who defied all sorrow and sadness, and made one forget gray hairs, and wish he were "a boy again." He might have been five years old, the eldest girl seven. The two younger children, pretty and delicate, seemed like brother and sister to the elder boy. I had noticed that the smaller ones were dressed more tastefully, and with richer material. I had also noticed the going out at noon, and the coming in at eve of a trim, neat girl, of about twenty, as I supposed, who seemed to live in the same house; but she passed me, she never looked up, and a shade of care rested upon her brow, that told of some deep suffering. Sometimes I would see her sitting to and fro daily; sometimes she would go weeks, and then I would see the two older children clinging to her, as she turned the corner, and hanging to her skirts with shouts of joy, as if she were a loved mother just returning from a long absence, or a dear sister, gentle and kind, who held their little hearts in her keeping. Of one thing I was sure - they were the children of the same father, and that father often sat at his door, of a summer night, and watched their gambols upon the street, and held the two younger ones about, or drew the baby in his little carriage.

A year went by, and I still thought them of one household. I needed a seamstress, and asked a neighbor where one could be found. "Could you not hire Mrs. Lizzie's?" "Lizzie?" "Who do you mean?" "A colored girl. No, she's not colored; she's as white as I am; but she's a slave. Did you never see her? That pretty, neat girl that you see going in and out the neighbor of Ella and Charley?" "I almost forgot for breath. 'Is Lizzie a slave, and Ella and Charley her children?" "To be sure they are."

"I thought these children were all Mr. L.'s?" "Well, I suppose they are," said the lady, with a leer; "but the oldest one, Lizzie's, the other two, Mrs. L.'s. She is a second wife, you know, and he came here a widower, and talks about Lizzie's husband down at Memphis. Lizzie is a splendid seamstress, and stays at home and sews round part of the time in warm weather; in winter, she goes on steamboats as chamber-maid. She is obliged, when on the boat, to pay her master thirty dollars a month; and all she gets over she has for herself to clothe her children. That's why they are kept so nice. She is better off than many a free girl!"

We went to the seamstress, and, after a while we heard her tale of woe. "Better off than many a free girl!" How could a woman's tongue speak those words, and not grow pained in her mouth?

Lizzie had been torn from a home at the South by a slave's sale. Mr. L. had bought her as a fancy girl, and her fate was like all others - now subject to the caprice of a jealous wife, her children often ill-used, when this wife died. She was driven away to earn wages on a boat, sometimes at a fearful rate, and only able to satisfy a mother's love for her children by yielding to the exactions of her master, who was good if she obeyed, cruel to her children if she dared resist any encroachment of his will. She had high and deep thoughts. Her love for her children was deep and strong. When at home, she would gather them to her arms, and weep over them through the long night, and almost pray that they might die ere they were old enough to know their fearful degradation. I never talked with

FROM THE N. Y. TRIBUNE. BAYARD TAYLOR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

NO. XIV. CROSSING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.
JUNE 20, 1857, in the Frigid Zone, Jan. 6, 1857. I was obliged to remain three days in Harstad, applying bloodless, gages and liniments, according to the doctor's instructions. As my Swedish was scarcely sufficient for the comprehension of prescriptions, or medical technicalities in general, a written programme of my treatment was furnished to, and I complied with the doctor's instructions with the responsibility thereby devolving upon her. Frederick, no doubt, thought that my life was in her hands, and nothing could exceed the energy with which she undertook the preservation. Functionally to the minute I performed the prescribed application, and, if she perceived or suspected any dereliction of my part, it was sure to be reported to the doctor at his next visit. I had the favor of examining and malting in my mouth, from morning till night; the skin of my jaw blistered under the scorching of ammonia; but the final result was that I was cured, as the doctor and Frederick had determined.

This good-hearted girl was a genuine specimen of the Northern Swedish female. Of medium height, plump, but not stout, with a rather slender waist and expansive hips, and a foot which slipped firmly and nimbly at the same time, she was as cheerful and as one could wish to see. Her hair was of that silky blonde so common in Sweden; her eyes clear, pale blue, her nose straight, and well-proportioned, her cheeks of the delicate pink, wild-rose leaf, and her teeth so white, regular, and perfect, that I was sure they would make her kind and active; she had moderate-sized hands, and she was like the best of the kind, and had a good deal of the good sense of the Northern people.

These few remarks, exceedingly primitive and unphilosophical in the manners of these Northern people - a straight forward honesty, which takes the honesty of others for granted - a latent kindness and good-will which may be first overlooked, because it is not demonstrative, and a total unconsciousness of the self, in highly civilized circles, propriety. The very steepness of manners which, in some countries, might denote a lack of morals, is here the evident stamp of their purity. The thought has often occurred to me - which is the most truly pure and virginal nature the fatidical American girl who blushes at the sight of a pair of boots outside a gentleman's bed room door, and who requires that certain unoffending parts of the body and articles of clothing should be designated by delicately circumlocutory terms, or the simple-minded Swedish woman, who comes into our bedrooms with coffee, and makes one free with us to get up and dress, and going during all the various stages of the toilet, with the frankest unconsciousness of impropriety. This is modesty in its healthy and natural development, and it is the result of the strictest discipline of the virtue of the Northern people.

"I have given you my name and my address, and I have ready respect for woman or more faith in the inherent purity of her nature."

We had long quarters in Harstad, and our situation was therefore by no means irksome. A large room, carpeted, protected from the outer cold by double windows, and heated by an immense Russian stove, was allotted to us. We had two beds, one which became a bed during the day, a backgammon table, the ordinary appliances for washing, and beside a number of engravings on the walls, (among them a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Baird), our window commanded a full view of Tornea, and the ice lay across the river, where hundreds of persons daily pass by and fro. The eastern window showed us the Arctic day, growing brighter through its wonderful gradations of color, for four hours, when the pale orange sun appeared above the distant shores to slide along their roofs for two hours, and then dip again. We had plentiful meals, consisting mostly of reindeer meat, with a sauce of Swedish cranberries, potatoes, which had been frozen, but were still palatable, salmon roes, soft bread in addition to the block rings of Raddor, English porter and excellent Umea beer. In fact, in no country of the United States could we have been more comfortable. For the best which the place afforded, during four days, with a small provision for the journey, we paid about seven dollars.

The day before our departure, I endeavored to obtain some information concerning the road to Lapland, but was disappointed. The landlord ascertained that there were skua, or relays of post-horses, as far as Altonjok, 210 English miles; but beyond this I could only learn that the people were all Finnish, and spoke no Swedish, were miserably poor, and could give us nothing to eat. I was told that a certain official personage at the apothecary's, a certain officer, and a certain minister, but the official, a dark-eyed, olive-faced Fin-

FROM THE N. Y. TRIBUNE. BAYARD TAYLOR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

land, could not understand my first question. The people even seemed audibly ignorant of the geography of the country beyond Upper Tornea, or Matarskog, 40 miles off. The doctor's wife, a buxom, motherly lady, who seemed to feel quite an interest in our undertaking, and was as kind and obliging as such women always are, procured for us a supply of fad-dor made of rye, and delightfully crisp and hard - and this was the substance of our preparations. Reindeer mittens were not to be found, nor a reindeer skin to cover our feet; so we pulled, as before, on plenty of hay and my Scotch plaid. We might, perhaps, have had better success in Tornea; but I know of no one there who would be likely to assist us, and we not even visit the old place. We had taken the precaution of getting the Russian rye, together with a small stock of roubles, at Stockholm, but now find that it was quite unnecessary. No passport is required for entering Tornea, or traveling on the Russian side of the frontier.

Trusting to luck, which is fallow the best plan, after all, we started from Harstad yesterday at noon. The day was unpropitious, the sky cloudless and resplendent as polished steel, and the mercury 31° below zero. The sun, scarcely more than the breadth of his disc above the horizon, shed a faint orange light upon the broad, level snow-plains, and the bluish-white hemisphere of the Bofman Gulf, visible beyond Tornea. The air was perfectly still, and exquisitely cold and bracing, despite the sharp grip it took upon my nose and ears. These Arctic days, short as they are, have a majesty of their own, and well-remembered though it is, a breadth and permanency of hue imparted alike to the sky and to the snowy earth, as if tinted glass were held before your eyes. I find myself at a loss how to describe these effects, or the impressions they produce upon the traveler's mood. Certainly, it is the very reverse of that depression which accompanies the Polar night, and which even the absence of any real daylight might be considered sufficient to produce.

Our road was well beaten, but narrow, and we had great difficulty in passing the many hay and wood beams which met us, on account of the depth of the loose snow on either side. We had several violent overturns at such times, one of which occasioned us the loss of one of our pipes - a loss which rendered the discomfiture for the rest of the day. We had but one, between us, and the bareness was not slight. Soon after leaving Harstad, we passed a small white obelisk, with the words "Russian Frontier" upon it. The town of Tornea, across the frozen river, looked really imposing; with the sharp roof and tall spire of its old church rising above the line of low red buildings. Campbell, I remember, says:

"Cold as the rocks of Tornea's hoary brow, with the same disregard of geography which makes him grow pale trees along the Susquehanna River; there was Tornea; but I looked in vain for the 'hoary brow.' Not a hill within sight, nor a rock within a circuit of ten miles, but one appearing level like the western shore of the Adriatic, formed by the deposits of the rivers and the retrocession of the sea."

Our road led up the left bank of the river, both sides of which were studded with little villages. The country was well cleared and cultivated, and appeared so populous and flourishing that I could scarcely realize in what part of the world we were. The sun set at a quarter past one; but for two hours the whole southern heaven was superb in its hue of rose and orange. The sheepskin tent us by our landlady kept our feet warm, and we only felt the cold in our faces; my nose, especially, had, having lost a coat of skin, was very fresh and tender, requiring unusual care.

At 10 o'clock, when we reached Kukula, the first station, the northern sky was no broad flush of the purest violet, melting into blue at the zenith, where it met the fiery skirts of a comet. We refreshed ourselves with milk, and pushed ahead, with better hopes. At 11 o'clock it was bright moonlight, with the slightest air. We got on bravely over the level, heavy road, and in two hours reached Korpela, a large low inn, where we found very tolerable accommodations. Our beds were made of reindeer skins; a frightfully ugly Finnish girl, who knew a few words of Swedish, prepared us a supper of tough meat, potatoes and milk. Everything was no more Finnish, and the first question of the girl, *Uusi kuu kuu kuu?* (Where do you come from?) showed an ignorance of the commonest Swedish form of address. She awoke us with a cup of coffee in the morning, and negotiated for the purchase of a reindeer skin, which we procured for something less than a dollar. The *huvande* (house-pedant) as the landlady is called, here made no charge for our entertainment, but said we might give what we pleased. I offered, at a venture, one shilling equal to about fifty cents, whereupon he sent the girl to say that she thanked us most heartily.

"Today has been a day to be remembered, such a glory of twilight splendors for six full hours was beyond all the charms of daylight in any zone. We started at seven, with a temperature of 20° below zero, still keeping up the left bank of the Tornea. The country now rose in bold hills, and the features of the scenery became broad and majestic. The northern sky was again pure violet, and a pale red tinge from the dawn rested on the tops of the snowy hills. The increasing color of the sky slowly brightened into blue, then into pink, then rose color, which again gave way to a flood of splendid orange when the sun appeared. Every change of color affected the tone of the landscape. The woods, so wrapped in snow that not a single green needle was to be seen, took by turns the hues of the sky, and seemed to give out, rather than to reflect, the opalescent lustre of the morning. The sun-shine brightened instead of dispelling these effects. At noon the sun's disc was not more

FROM THE N. Y. TRIBUNE. BAYARD TAYLOR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

than 1° above the horizon, throwing a level golden light on the hills. The north, before us, was as blue as the Mediterranean, and the result of a heavy, overcast, snarled up with pink. Every object was glorified, and trans- figured in the magic glow.

At the first station, we got some hot milk, with raw salmon, shingle bread and frozen butter. Our horses were good, and we drove merrily along, up the frozen Tornea. The roads were filled with people going to church, probably to celebrate some religious anniversary, to-day being Tuesday. Fresh, roddy faces, red, brick, with a very handsome holm - positively ugly, and by contrast with the frank Swedes, their expression was furled and sinister. Ned Packlin was passed a fine old phrygian of red, brim, with a very handsome holm - At Nienka, we changed horses in ten minutes, and hastened on up the frozen Tornea to Matarskog, where we should reach the Arctic Circle. The hills rose higher, with the sweeping outlines, and the river was still half a mile marked out by bushes. We kept a sharp look-out for the mountain of Avassua, one of the highest of the Caledonia Mountains, and the French observations, who came here in 1836 to make observations determining the exact form of the Arctic Circle, passed through our maps are neither sufficiently minute, nor correct to determine the point. We took it for granted, however, as a mile one way or the other could make but little difference, and as Matarskog lies due west of Avassua, across the river, we decided to stop there and take the line of the Arctic Circle.

The increase of villages on both banks, with the appearance of a large church, denoted our approach to Matarskog, and we saw at once that the tall, green-roofed, spire-topped, cupola, now blazing with golden light, could be none other than Avassua. Here we were, at last, entering the Arctic zone, in the dead of winter - the realization of a dream which had often flashed across my mind, when lounging under the tropical palms; so natural is it for one's thoughts to suggest the opposite. I took our bearings with a compass, as we drove forward, and as the summit of Avassua bore due west with goodly show, which started our position and rigidly ticked the path of our horses. It was impossible to take our compass, for they were not only tied upon our heads, but frozen fast to our heads. So here we are at last, in the true dominion of Winter. A mild rain has been in the air, but it has not yet proved a desert, before we have found with him.

Soon afterward, we drove into the inn at Matarskog, which was full of ordinary people, who had come to attend church. The landlady, a tall, watery-eyed Finn, who knew a few words of Swedish, gave us a room in an adjoining house, and furnished a dinner of boiled fish and potatoes, to which we added a bottle of *Uusi kuu*, brought from Harstad for the occasion. At a supper of ham, buttered bread, a scorching pipe, so that nothing was wanting to complete our jubilee. We swallowed the memory of all who were dear to us, in the delicious beverage, inaugurated our Arctic pipe, which we proposed to take home as a souvenir of the place, and set forth in a cheery mood.

Our run now crossed the river and kept to the Russian side to a place with the charming name of Torneakirk. The attention of the landlady was very wonderful when that of the forenoon. There were broad bands of purple, pur crimson and intense yellow, all fading together into fiery orange at the South, while the North became a semi-circle of pink; then lilac, and then the softest violet. The dazzling Arctic hills participated in this play of colors, and did not fade, as in the South, into gray, and stayed, as if God wished to compensate by this twilight glory for the loss of the day. Nothing in nature, nothing in the Tropics, equals the magnificence of these Polar skies. The twilight gave place to a brilliant, scarcely less brilliant. Our road grew hardly broken, leading through deep snow, sometimes on the river, sometimes through close little hedges, hedged in with fine, frost-worked, white Arctic scultures, which, when we were tired, we could see in the distance.

We reached here at 10 o'clock. The place is wholly Finnish, and the landlady, who does not understand a word of Swedish, endeavored to make us go on to the next station. We pointed to the beds and quietly carried in our baggage. I made the usual signs for getting, which speedily procured us a pair of our filthy bread and butter, and two immense tin drinking-horns of sweet milk. The people upon a little afraid of us, and kept away. Our position was a silly fellow, who could not tell us whether his inquiry was correct. In the course of our "linguistic" conversation, I learned that *uus* signifies *you*. When I passed his drink, he said *uus* and *uus* and went going out the door *uus* - so that I have at least discovered the Finnish for "thank you" and "good bye." This, however, is no matter to order horses at 10 o'clock to-morrow. We are likewise in a state of delightful uncertainty as to our future progress, but this very uncertainty gives us a zest to our journey, and it will be difficult to find two joyful men with frozen noses.

The mercury has risen to zero, with a heavy sky and damp air, threatening snow. If we can but get to Matarskog, before the storm comes.

But not being in a hurry to get into the snow, we have not the errors of this own are more than thou canst answer.

Never tip your tongue to a *uus* lady, and pass a poor widow without seeming to see her.

True charity you cannot see, but the effects are felt.

FROM THE N. Y. TRIBUNE. BAYARD TAYLOR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

landlady, could not understand my first question. The people even seemed audibly ignorant of the geography of the country beyond Upper Tornea, or Matarskog, 40 miles off. The doctor's wife, a buxom, motherly lady, who seemed to feel quite an interest in our undertaking, and was as kind and obliging as such women always are, procured for us a supply of fad-dor made of rye, and delightfully crisp and hard - and this was the substance of our preparations. Reindeer mittens were not to be found, nor a reindeer skin to cover our feet; so we pulled, as before, on plenty of hay and my Scotch plaid. We might, perhaps, have had better success in Tornea; but I know of no one there who would be likely to assist us, and we not even visit the old place. We had taken the precaution of getting the Russian rye, together with a small stock of roubles, at Stockholm, but now find that it was quite unnecessary. No passport is required for entering Tornea, or traveling on the Russian side of the frontier.

Trusting to luck, which is fallow the best plan, after all, we started from Harstad yesterday at noon. The day was unpropitious, the sky cloudless and resplendent as polished steel, and the mercury 31° below zero. The sun, scarcely more than the breadth of his disc above the horizon, shed a faint orange light upon the broad, level snow-plains, and the bluish-white hemisphere of the Bofman Gulf, visible beyond Tornea. The air was perfectly still, and exquisitely cold and bracing, despite the sharp grip it took upon my nose and ears. These Arctic days, short as they are, have a majesty of their own, and well-remembered though it is, a breadth and permanency of hue imparted alike to the sky and to the snowy earth, as if tinted glass were held before your eyes. I find myself at a loss how to describe these effects, or the impressions they produce upon the traveler's mood. Certainly, it is the very reverse of that depression which accompanies the Polar night, and which even the absence of any real daylight might be considered sufficient to produce.

Our road was well beaten, but narrow, and we had great difficulty in passing the many hay and wood beams which met us, on account of the depth of the loose snow on either side. We had several violent overturns at such times, one of which occasioned us the loss of one of our pipes - a loss which rendered the discomfiture for the rest of the day. We had but one, between us, and the bareness was not slight. Soon after leaving Harstad, we passed a small white obelisk, with the words "Russian Frontier" upon it. The town of Tornea, across the frozen river, looked really imposing; with the sharp roof and tall spire of its old church rising above the line of low red buildings. Campbell, I remember, says:

"Cold as the rocks of Tornea's hoary brow, with the same disregard of geography which makes him grow pale trees along the Susquehanna River; there was Tornea; but I looked in vain for the 'hoary brow.' Not a hill within sight, nor a rock within a circuit of ten miles, but one appearing level like the western shore of the Adriatic, formed by the deposits of the rivers and the retrocession of the sea."

Our road led up the left bank of the river, both sides of which were studded with little villages. The country was well cleared and cultivated, and appeared so populous and flourishing that I could scarcely realize in what part of the world we were. The sun set at a quarter past one; but for two hours the whole southern heaven was superb in its hue of rose and orange. The sheepskin tent us by our landlady kept our feet warm, and we only felt the cold in our faces; my nose, especially, had, having lost a coat of skin, was very fresh and tender, requiring unusual care.

At 10 o'clock, when we reached Kukula, the first station, the northern sky was no broad flush of the purest violet, melting into blue at the zenith, where it met the fiery skirts of a comet. We refreshed ourselves with milk, and pushed ahead, with better hopes. At 11 o'clock it was bright moonlight, with the slightest air. We got on bravely over the level, heavy road, and in two hours reached Korpela, a large low inn, where we found very tolerable accommodations. Our beds were made of reindeer skins; a frightfully ugly Finnish girl, who knew a few words of Swedish, prepared us a supper of tough meat, potatoes and milk. Everything was no more Finnish, and the first question of the girl, *Uusi kuu kuu kuu?* (Where do you come from?) showed an ignorance of the commonest Swedish form of address. She awoke us with a cup of coffee in the morning, and negotiated for the purchase of a reindeer skin, which we procured for something less than a dollar. The *huvande* (house-pedant) as the landlady is called, here made no charge for our entertainment, but said we might give what we pleased. I offered, at a venture, one shilling equal to about fifty cents, whereupon he sent the girl to say that she thanked us most heartily.

"Today has been a day to be remembered, such a glory of twilight splendors for six full hours was beyond all the charms of daylight in any zone. We started at seven, with a temperature of 20° below zero, still keeping up the left bank of the Tornea. The country now rose in bold hills, and the features of the scenery became broad and majestic. The northern sky was again pure violet, and a pale red tinge from the dawn rested on the tops of the snowy hills. The increasing color of the sky slowly brightened into blue, then into pink, then rose color, which again gave way to a flood of splendid orange when the sun appeared. Every change of color affected the tone of the landscape. The woods, so wrapped in snow that not a single green needle was to be seen, took by turns the hues of the sky, and seemed to give out, rather than to reflect, the opalescent lustre of the morning. The sun-shine brightened instead of dispelling these effects. At noon the sun's disc was not more

than 1° above the horizon, throwing a level golden light on the hills. The north, before us, was as blue as the Mediterranean, and the result of a heavy, overcast, snarled up with pink. Every object was glorified, and trans- figured in the magic glow.

At the first station, we got some hot milk, with raw salmon, shingle bread and frozen butter. Our horses were good, and we drove merrily along, up the frozen Tornea. The roads were filled with people going to church, probably to celebrate some religious anniversary, to-day being