

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY J. T. MILHENNY.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXVIII.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 8, 1857.

NUMBER 9.

## DO YOU WISH BARGAINS?

**Schick's Cheap Store.**  
Corner of the Diamond and Baltimore street.  
J. I. SCHICK has just returned from Philadelphia 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, Cottons and Linen Goods, for Men's wear; and Satin, Silk, and Marcelline vesting; also, Snapshirts, 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, Borego de Laines, Ginghams, Brillants, Calicoes, Irish Linens, Swiss, Book and Cambric Muslins, Dutch Swiss and Plain 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 rush to 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, 1857.—if

## BIGGEST STOCK.

**And the Cheapest!**  
THE undersigned would inform the good people of Adams county and the rest of the world, that he has received an extra large supply of all kinds of MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Buffalo Robes, &c., from New York; and although goods have advanced in price, he is able and determined to sell at a less price than heretofore.  
Country Merchants are invited to call—he will sell them Goods lower than they can buy in the city. No one can compete with him, unless he buys his Goods as he does; that is to say, go to New York and stay two, three or four months, and watch the chances.  
A word to the wise is sufficient. If you need such Goods as he keeps, go to him and make your purchases, to save money.  
MARCUS SAMSON.  
Oct. 31, 1856.

## NEW FAMILY GROCERY.

**E. H. MINNICK**  
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Gettysburg and the public generally, that he has opened a new  
**Grocery and Confectionary Store.**  
on the Northwest corner of the Diamond, formerly occupied by A. B. Kutz; where he will have constantly on hand a choice variety of GROCERIES, CONFECTIONARIES, and CELESTIAL WARE, and everything in his line. Every article that the Eastern Market can afford will be kept on hand or supplied at the shortest notice. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.  
All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for Goods.  
Feb. 29, 1857.—if

## SPRING MILLINERY.

**MISS MARY H. LAUGHLIN** has just returned from the City with the LATEST STYLES and importation of fancy  
**MILLINERY GOODS.**  
to which she invites the attention of her old customers, and the Ladies generally.  
RUMS at Mrs. WHITE'S, Baltimore Street, at the doors South of the Presbyterian Church, April 17, 1857.—if

## BONNETS! BONNETS!

**MISS M'CREEARY**  
HAS just returned from the city, with a new and beautiful assortment of BONNETS and  
**Fancy Goods.**  
of the most fashionable styles, which she invites the ladies to call and examine, confident that they will be pleased with her selection.  
Miss M'Creeary will carry on the  
**MILLINERY**  
business, in all its branches, and hopes by her superior work, and reasonable prices to merit the patronage of her friends.  
April 17, 1857.—3m

## NEW GOODS, NEW FIRM.

**And the Cash System.**  
**GEORGE ARNOLD & CO.**  
HAVE just received from Philadelphia a handsome assortment of Goods suitable for the season. Our stock of  
**Ready-Made Clothing,**  
and all Goods in that line is extensive. Cheap Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmerettes, Drab, Detete, Linens, Vestings, Drillings, &c., &c. Call and see us. If we cannot please you in our garment ready-made, we have our Tailors constantly cutting out and making up, and can make you a garment upon short notice and in the very best manner. Our prices cannot be beat. Give us a call.  
**NOTICE.**  
I have given Mr. J. C. GUINN an interest, expressly for the purpose of settling up my old business. I have been open, operating 31 years and have never, until now, determined to settle up my business generally. Those, therefore, who are indebted to me, either by bond, note, or book account, will please call and pay the same.  
April 3. GEO. ARNOLD.

## NEW GOODS.

**Fresh Arrival of**  
**HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
Wall Paper, Window Blinds, Trunks, Carpo Bags, Tobacco, &c., &c.  
**COBBAN & PAXTON'S.**  
April 3, 1857.—if

## LADIES.

Gaiters, Buckskins and Saddles for sale cheap at BRINGMAN & AUGHINBAUGH'S.

## BRINGMAN & AUGHINBAUGH STILL AHEAD!

WE have just received a New lot of  
**HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
of the very latest Spring styles, and intend selling at small profits. Call and see them before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the place, Paxton's Old Stand, Chambersburg street.  
March 20, 1857.

## AND STILL THEY COME.

JUST received at HOKES Store, a large supply of Winter Goods, the cheapest ever offered in market. Call and see before purchasing elsewhere, as he is determined to sell very cheap for Cash.  
Also very cheap Millinery Goods. All Goods cut free of charge.  
Ready-made Clothing on hand, which will be sold low.  
JOHN HOKES.  
Gettysburg, Dec. 19, 1856.

## COME ONE! COME ALL!

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!  
WITH the handsome and cheapest Stock of NEW GOODS to be found in this place. All the newest styles are to be seen in the assortment, and many of them are really magnificent, without being costly. No time for particulars. Call in and see for yourselves.  
J. L. SCHICK'S, On the Public Square.  
Oct. 31, 1856.

## NEW GOODS.

Come this way, if you want to save at least 20 per cent. of your money.  
**COBBAN & PAXTON** have just received, and are now opening the largest and best selected stock of GOODS, in their line of business, ever offered in Gettysburg, &c. Call at COBBAN & PAXTON'S, south east corner of the Diamond. No trouble to show Goods.  
**Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes.**  
Overboots and socks, Umbrellas, Trunks, Carpet Bags, Fancy Window Blinds, Stationery, Perfumery, and a variety of Notions; also the largest stock of  
**QUEENSWARE, CHINA, GLASS,**  
Stones and Earthen Ware, ever offered in Adams county—all of which they are determined to sell lower than they can be had at any other establishment in the County. Call at COBBAN & PAXTON'S, south east corner of the Diamond. No trouble to show Goods.  
Oct. 10, 1856.

## NEW FIRM!

**Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.**  
THE undersigned having purchased from Wm. V. Paxton, Esq., his entire Stock of Goods, will continue his business at the old stand, in Chambersburg street, a few doors west of the Diamond under the firm of BRINGMAN & AUGHINBAUGH, and solicit the patronage of their friends and the public generally. We have made arrangements largely to increase our stock.  
**Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.**  
and will always keep on hand a full assortment of all kinds, suitable to the season, which will be sold at the lowest possible prices. Hoping, by strict attention to business, to merit a liberal patronage, we invite all needing anything in our line to call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere.  
GEO. E. BRINGMAN, H. AUGHINBAUGH,  
Gettysburg, Jan. 9, 1857.—if

## THE CHEAP STORE.

**The Truth Acknowledged.**  
IT is a common remark made by those who have examined the new and elegant assortment of FANCY and Millinery Goods, at the Store.  
**MISS M'CLELLAN,**  
on the N. E. corner of Centre Square, that her stock is the largest and cheapest brought to town. The assortment consists of  
Cashmeres, Silks, De Laines, Ginghams, Calicoes, De Laine, Coburg Cloths, Muslin, Linens, Sack Flannels, Bonnets and Bonnet Trimmings, Satins, Ladies' Dress Trimmings, Velvets, Artificial Black Vells, Blue do, Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, French Worked collars, Cambric, Jackson and Swiss Edgings, Hairnets, Wollins, Silveses, Mo-hair and Silk Mitts, Black Lace and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Brades, Fans, &c., &c.  
Call and examine for yourselves.  
Gettysburg, April 17, 1857.—if

## The Gettysburg Railroad Company.

RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of Capitalists and those having money to invest, to their BONDS, now being issued. The length of their Road, now under contract, is 164 miles, the grading and masonry of which is more than two-thirds finished, and rapidly progressing toward completion. By a resolution of the Board of Directors, a Mortgage of the entire road from Hanover to Gettysburg, and also of the unfinished work of the Pennsylvania Extension, from Gettysburg to the Maryland line, beyond Waynesboro', will in a few days be executed to GEORGE SWORN, Esq., as Trustee, for the security of the bond holders.  
The Bonds will be issued in sums of \$100 and \$500 each, bearing 6 per cent. interest, with coupons attached, payable semi-annually. They certainly will form a very safe and desirable investment, as the Bonds will be free from taxation, and yield interest payable semi-annually, at 6 per cent. per annum. Persons wishing to subscribe for them, can do so by calling on the President, Secretary or Treasurer of the Company, or any of its Managers, with any of whom they will find the conditions of sale.  
R. M. McCURDY, President.  
DAVID WILLS, Secretary.  
J. S. H. McLELLAN, Treasurer.  
March 20, 1857.

## OUR STOCK OF HARDWARE.

has been very much increased, and persons building or requiring anything in this department, should first call and see FARNESTOCKS cheap stock.

## FOR RENT A HOUSE.

Inquire of GEORGE E. BRINGMAN.

## THE KNICKERBOCKER.

**THE GATE OF PARADISE.**  
Twas evening, and the gentle Eve,  
Still lovely as the morn,  
Sat in the glorious moonlight  
With her loved oldest born.  
Twelve summers ripened up his cheek,  
And glowed within his eyes,  
"Tell me," he said, "dear mother,  
The tale of Paradise."  
"To-morrow, when the morning sun  
Doth first begin to rise,  
Then will I lead you on your way,  
To the gates of Paradise."  
The morn'ning came, and as they went,  
She said, in accents low:  
"Now shall you learn and tell to me  
What long I've wished to know."  
"First see if from the eastern gale  
The flaming sword is seen,  
And if the presence of the Lord  
From the garden is withdrawn.  
Trace every winding pathway,  
That once I used to tread,  
And see if all my lovely trees  
And all my flowers are dead."  
"Then go you to the well-spring, Cain,  
Where I was wont to lave  
My burning cheeks, and stoop to taste  
Its cool o'erflowing wave.  
Deep in the shadow of the fount  
My statue you may see,  
With no vesture but its innocence  
And overshadowing hair."  
"When you are there, my dearest one,  
Fail not to look and see  
If still remains the rose-bush  
Once planted there by me.  
So planted, that the crystal well  
Reflected leaf and flower,  
And I could see the image  
From the window of my tower."  
"Look—look you down the garden,  
On yonder distant wall:  
O' lovely spot! my happy home!  
Still, still I love you well!"  
She knelt upon one snowy knee,  
And I could see the image  
From the window of my tower.  
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From the window of my tower.

## FALLING IN AND FALLING OUT.

BY T. A. ALDRICH.  
When autumn winds were sighing,  
And autumn leaves were rustling,  
And the year was dying, dying,  
I was then I met with Joey!  
Her hair was soft and brown,  
And her voice was sweet and low,  
Her words were floods of singing birds,  
That fluttered to and fro!  
She was just the dearest thing  
A mortal man could know!  
When autumn winds were sighing,  
And autumn leaves were rustling,  
And the year was dying, dying,  
I fell in love with Joey!  
I would I had not met her!  
I would I could forget her!  
For 'tis an anguish to remember  
The russet woodland places  
We haunted in November,  
And to think how cold her face is,  
Now I meet her in December!  
When autumn winds were sighing,  
And autumn leaves were rustling,  
And the year was dying, dying,  
Then I fell out with Joey!

## SWEETER FAR IN HEAVEN.

He was evening—right, star-kissed evening,  
We were seated alone at the piano, breathing a song of beauty, and joy; and as our fingers glided lightly up the silver-keyed octaves, and music, "the soul of beauty," gushed forth responsive to our touch, it seemed that nowhere in this glad earth could there be hearts beating so light and joyous were our own.  
The last chord had died away in the distance, and turning from the instrument, our eye rested upon the silvered locks and bending form of one, whose countenance bespoke a pure and noble heart. We had never met before, but he whispered softly, while a smile of beauty wreathed his colorless lips. "Young maiden, 'twill be sweeter far in heaven!" O! how those few simple words changed the current of our thoughts; and when, in words of winning eloquence, he spoke of the comforts of our holy religion, and urged us to consecrate our life, our talents, our all, to the service of our Maker, we thought no sacrifice too great, if, like him, we, too, might see the unfolding before our spirit's vision, the glories of the Celestial city.  
Weeks fled, and that old man, wearied of earth, folded his thin arms, and went to sleep. They laid him to rest, away in the churchyard, but we knew that there was but the caskey—that the spirit, so long fettered, was basking in the sunlight of the Saviour's smile; and that his voice, no longer tremulous, mingled in the anthems of the "just made perfect." Yes, gifted one, the autumn winds are sighing mournfully around thy tomb, and faded leaves, typical life, are scattered o'er thy pulseless heart; yet thy influence can't die. The hearts won by thee from paths of sin, are weaving garlands of affectionate gratitude to twine around thy memory; and when at twilight hour we breathe a song of the "olden time," beautiful, indeed, through the vista of the past, comes the remembrance of those joy-inspiring words: "Twill be sweeter far in heaven!"  
An honest Dutchman, in training up his son in the way he should go, frequently exercised him in Bible lessons. On one of these occasions he asked him:  
"Who was that would not sleep with Botta-pher's wife?"  
"Sheeph!"  
"That's a good boy. Vell vat ras do reason would not sleep with her?"  
"Don't know! I sposo he vassn't sleepy."  
"Why is a dram-drinker like the hay cropper? Because the better the weather, the sooner he gets 'cocked.'"  
"A young lady who was asked to study French, replied, that she thought one tongue sufficient for any woman."

## THE BACHELOR AND BABY.

"What shall I do?" and the old bachelor stamped about the sitting room in a perfect state of doubt, looking first at the napping babe in the willow cradle, and then at the busy French clock on the mantle-shelf.  
"As sure as my name is Joseph Phelps that little two-fisted large-lunged nephew of mine is about waking, and it wants one whole hour of the time which my mother appointed for her return. Whew! I actually sweat thinking about it. What can I do with it—how can I treat it to sugar what d'ye call 'ems, or hold it or trot, or do anything with it?"  
At this juncture a faint wail from the baby receptacle brought bachelor Joseph to his feet. With an energy and alacrity that would not fitly become a husband and baby tender, he commenced rocking the cradle, sending the indignant baby into perfect terror of kicks and squalls. Backwards and forwards, from one side of the pillow to the other, the round red face rolled; the infant fists were clenched with a force that purpled them; while from the white plump throat, came a cry that set the bachelor wild with fear.  
"Again Joe looked at the clock."  
"What in the deuce can I do," he exclaimed, viewing woefully the little inflamed face before him.  
He sat down in a big chair before baby, spread a double cradle-quilt over his knees, and with a look of terror upon his face, proceeded to take baby from its resting place. He held the young hopeful in his lap, just as a very neat old lady would pick up a pocket handkerchief, with his thumbs and fingers. A fresh yell from the rosy mouth of the baby was the only expression of thanks as he commenced the never out of fashion baby-trot.  
"With lifted hands and eyes,  
While her young son bed sweetly  
To the gates of Paradise."

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## Bayard Taylor in Northern Europe.

NO. XVIII. KAUTOKIINO—A DAY WITHOUT A SUN—THE LAPPS.  
KAUTOKIINO, Norwegian Lapland, Jan. 20, 1857.  
While in Dresden, my friend Ziegler had transferred to me a letter of introduction from Herr Berger, a merchant of Hammerfest, to his housekeeper in Kautokino. Such a transfer might be considered a great stretch of character; but, in a benighted country like Lapland, there was no danger of very fine distinctions being drawn, and Ziegler judged that the house which was to have been placed at his disposal had made the journey, would as readily open its doors to me. At Muoniovara, I learned that Berger himself was now in Kautokino, so that I needed only to present him with his own letter. We arrived so late, however, that I directed Long Inace to take us to him until morning. He seemed reluctant to do this, and I could not fathom the reason of his hesitation until I had entered the hotel to which we were conducted. A single room, filled with smoke from a fire of damp birch sticks, was crammed with Lapps of all sizes, and of both sexes. There was scarcely room to spread a desk on the floor, while the small exhaled from their greasy garments and their unwashed bodies was absolutely stifling. I have traveled too much to be particularly nice in my choice of lodgings, but in this instance I instantly retreated, determined to lie on the snow, under my overturned park, rather than pass the night among such bed-fellows.  
We drove on for a short distance, and drew up before a large, substantial log house, which Long Inace informed me was the residence of the Landmann, or magistrate of the district. I knocked at the door, and inquired of the Norwegian servant-girl, who opened it where Herr Berger lived. Presently appeared a stout, rugged gentleman—no less than Herr Berger himself—who addressed me in fluent English. A few words sufficed to explain everything, and in ten minutes our effects were deposited in the guest's room of the Landmann's house, and ourselves, stripped of our Polar robes, seated on a sofa, in a warm, carpeted room, with a beautiful supper-table before us. Blessed be civilization! I was in my own element. Blessed be that yearning for comfort in man, which has led to the invention of beds, of sofas and easy chairs, which has suggested cleanliness of body and of habitation, and which has developed the noble art of cooking! The dreary and perilous wastes over which we had passed were forgotten. With hearts warmed in both senses, and stomachs which reacted gratefully upon our hearts, we sank that night into a paradise of snowy slumber, which sent a consciousness of pleasure even into the oblivion of sleep.  
The Landmann, Herr Lin, a tall, handsome man of 23, is a native of Altagard, and he speaks tolerable English. With him and Herr Berger, we found a third person, a theological student, stationed at Kautokino to learn the Lapp tongue. Pastor Hvoslef, the clergyman, is the only other Norwegian resident. The village, separated from the Northern Ocean by the barren, uninhabited ranges of the Kio-mountain, and from the Finnish settlements on the Moonio by the swampy tundra and most frozen places in all Lapland. Occupying, as it does, the centre of a large district over which the Lapps range with their reindeer herds during the Summer, it is nevertheless a place of some importance, both for trade and for the education, organization and proper control of the barely reclaimed inhabitants. A church was first built here by Charles XI. of Sweden in 1660, although, in the course of subsequent boundary adjustments, the district was made over to Norway. Half a century afterward, some families of Finns settled here; but they appear to have gradually mixed with the Lapps, so that there is little of the pure blood of either race to be found at present. I should remark that throughout Norwegian Lapland the Lapps are universally called Finns, and the Finns, Quans. As the change of names, however, might occasion some confusion, I shall adhere to the more correct Swedish manner of designating them, which I have used hitherto.  
Kautokino is situated in a shallow valley, or rather basin, opening toward the north-east, with its river flows to join the Alten. Although only 835 feet above the sea, and consequently below the limits of the birch and the fir in this latitude, the country has been stripped entirely bare for miles around, and nothing but the scattering groups of low, dark luts, breaks the snowy monotony. It is with great difficulty that vegetables of any kind can be raised. Potatoes have once or twice been made to yield eight-fold, but they are generally killed by the early Autumn frosts before maturity. On the southern bank of the river, the ground remains frozen the whole year round, at a depth of only nine feet. The country furnishes nothing except reindeer meat, milk and cheese. Grain, and other supplies of all kinds, must be hauled up from the Alten Fjord, a distance of 112 miles. The carriage is usually performed in Winter, when, of course, everything reaches its destination in a frozen state. The potatoes are as hard as quartz, next day would probably bring down the tide-mark of sunshine to the tops of the houses. One day, however, was enough to satisfy me. You, my heroic friend, may paint with true pencil, and still truer pen, dreary solemnity of the long Arctic night; but, greatly as I enjoy your incomparable pictures, much as I honor your courage and your endurance, you shall never tempt me to share in the experience. The South is a cup which one may drink to inebriation; but one taste from the icy goblet of the North is enough to allay curiosity and quench all further desire. Yet the contrast between those two extremes has come home to me vividly but once during this journey. A traveler's mind must never stray too far from the things about him, and long habit has enabled me to throw myself entirely into the conditions and circumstances of each separate phase of my wandering life, thereby preserv-

ing distinct the sensations and experiences of each, and preventing all later confusion in the memory. But the other day, at Muoniovara, as I sat before the fire in the early afternoon darkness, there flashed across my mind a vision of cloudless Egypt—palm-trees rustling in the sea wind, yellow mountains rising beyond the emerald plain of the Nile, the white pencils of minarets in the distance, the creamy odor of bean-blossoms in the air—world of glorious vitality, where Death seemed an unaccountable accident. Here, life existed only on sufferance, and all nature frowned with a robber's demand to give it up. I flung my pipe across the room, and very soon, behind a fast reindeer, drove away from the disturbing reminiscence.  
I went across the valley to the schoolmaster's house, to make a sketch of Kautokino, but the frost was so thick on the windows that I was obliged to take a chair in the open air and work with bare hands. I soon learned the value of rapidity in such an employment. We spent the afternoon in the Landmann's parlor, occasionally interrupted by the visits of Lapps, who, having heard of our arrival, were very curious to behold the first Americans who have ever reached this part of the world. They came into the room with the most perfect freedom, saluted the Landmann, and then turned to stare at us until they were satisfied, when they retired to give place to others who were waiting outside. We were obliged to hold quiet a lull during the whole evening. They had all heard of America, but knew very little else about it, and many of them questioned us, through Herr Berger, concerning our religion and laws. The fact of the three Norwegian residents being able to converse with us astonished them greatly. The Lapps of Kautokino have hitherto exalted themselves over the Lapps of Karajok and Karassuova, because the Landmann, Berger, and Pastor Hvoslef could speak with English and French travelers in their own language, while the merchants and pastors of the latter places are acquainted only with Norwegian and Swedish; and now their pride received a vast accession. "How is it possible?" said they to Herr Berger, "these men come from the other side of the world, and you talk with them as fast in their own language as if you had never spoken any other?" The schoolmaster, Lars Kaino, a one armed fellow, with a more than ordinary share of sciences, and intelligence came to request that I would take his portrait, offering to pay me for my condition. I agreed to do so gratuitously, and that he should bring his wife to be included in the sketch.  
He assented, with some sacrifice of vanity, and came around yesterday morning, in his holiday suit of blue cloth, trimmed with scarlet and yellow binding. His wife, a short woman of about twenty five, with a face as flat and round as a platter, but a remarkably fair complexion, accompanied him, though with evident reluctance, and sat with eyes modestly cast down while I sketched her features. The circumstance of my giving Lars half a dollar at the close of the sitting was immediately spread through Kautokino, and before night all the Lapps of the place were ambitious to undergo the same operation. Indeed, the report reached the neighboring villages, and a Hammerfest merchant, who came in this morning from a distance of seven miles, obtained a guide at less than the usual price, through the anxiety of the latter to arrive in time to have his portrait taken. The shortness of the imperfect daylight, however, obliged me to decline further offers, especially as there were few Lapps of pure, unmixed blood among my visitors.  
Kautokino is the northern limit of my Winter journey. I shall visit Altagard next Summer, on my way to the North Cape, and there is nothing in the barren tract between to repay the excursion at this time. I have already seen enough of the Lapps to understand me in regard to previously formed opinions respecting them, and to take away the desire for a more intimate acquaintance. In features, as in language, they resemble the Finns sufficiently to indicate an ethnological relationship. I could distinguish little, if any, trace of the Mongolian blood in them. They are fatter, fairer, and altogether handsomer than the scrawny offshoots of that race, and resemble the Esquimaux (to whom they have been compared) in nothing but their rude, filthy manner of life. Von Buch ascribes the difference in stature and physical stature between them and the Finns to the use of the rapar-bark by the latter and the aversion to water of the former. They are a race Northern Gipsies, and it is the restless blood of this class rather than any want of natural capacity which retards their civilization. Although the whole race has been converted to Christianity, and education is universal among them, no Lapp being permitted to marry until he can read and write—they have but in too many respects substituted one form of superstition for another. The spread of temperance among them, however, has produced excellent results, and, in point of morality, they are fully up to the prevailing standard in Sweden and Norway. The practice, formerly impugned to them, of sharing their conjugal rights with the guests who visited them, is wholly extinct—if it ever existed. Theft is the most usual ofence, but crimes of a more heinous character are rare.  
Whatever was picturesque in the Lapps has departed with their paganism. No wizard now ply their trade of selling favorable winds to the Norwegian coasters, or better their incantations to discover the concealed grottoes of silver ore in the Kioion Mountains. It is vain, therefore, for the romantic traveler to seek in them the materials for world stories and wild adventures. They are faithfully pious and common-place. Their conversion has destroyed what little of barbaric poetry there might have been in their composition.

## WINTER HUTS; BUT, FOR SOME YEARS PAST, THE STATUARY POPULATION HAS INCREASED, AND THE CHURCH IS KEPT OPEN THE WHOLE YEAR.

Winter, however, is the season when the Lapps are found at home, and when their life and habits are most characteristic and interesting. The population of Kautokino at present is perhaps about eight hundred; in Summer it is scarcely one-tenth of this number. Many of the families, especially those of mixed Finnish blood—live in wooden huts, with the luxury of a fire-place and chimney, and a window or two; but the greater part of them burrow in low habitations of earth, which resemble large mud-hills raised in the crust of the soil. The inequalities of the earth, one would never imagine, but for the smoke here and there issuing from holes, that human beings existed here. On both sides of the stream are store-houses, wherein the Lapps deposit their supplies and household articles during their Summer wanderings. These structures are raised upon birch posts, each capped with a smooth horizontal board, in order to prevent the rats and mice from effecting an entrance. The church stands upon a slight eminence to the south, with its low red brick standing apart, as in Sweden, in a small grove of birches which have been spared for a Summer ornament to the sanctuary.  
We awoke at 8 o'clock to find a clear twilight and a cold of 10° below zero. Our stay at Muoniovara had given the sun time to increase his altitude somewhat, and I had some doubts whether we should succeed in beholding a day of the Polar Winter. The Landmann, however, encouraged us by the assurance that the sun had not yet risen upon his residence, though nearly six weeks had elapsed since his disappearance, but that his return was now looked for every day, since he had already begun to shine upon the northern hills. By 10 o'clock it was light enough to read; the southern sky was a broad sea of golden orange, dotted with a few crimson cloud-islands, and we set ourselves to watch with some anxiety the gradual approach of the exited god. But for this circumstance, and two other drawbacks, I should have gone to church to witness the Lapps at their religious exercises. Pastor