

ing; and there was a certain oppressive feeling in the atmosphere, which experience had shown me to be a sure forerunner of a storm. My fears were soon verified: the whole heavens were rapidly covered with a heavy and sombre curtain, and down came the rain, with its usual uncompromising force and severity. My route lay through St. Thomas in the Vale, which has the name of being highly cultivated; but it might have been "a howling wilderness" for aught I could tell: a driving rain shrouded the whole landscape in one impenetrable mist. For eight hours I battled with the storm; twice I came to unfordable rivers, and was compelled to go miles round to regain the road. At length I was dead beat; the long exposure to the pitiless pelting rain had chilled me to the bone; my fingers were so benumbed that I could not feel the bridle. "Ha!" said I, "I have sat here too long; my blood wants circulating a bit." With that I jumped off, but my feet had no feeling in them; they seemed like lumps of ice: I staggered forward a few paces, and finally sprawled upon my hands and knees in the middle of the muddy road. I soon picked myself up, and stamped a little life into my feet. Cupid was deaf to all remonstrance; in vain I told him he would be frozen if he did not dismount and walk. "Me lub to walk a horseback, massa," was his sole reply to both my entreaties and commands. So I gave him my horse to lead, and away I trudged at as smart a pace as I could manage.

"Strange fellows, these blacks," I thought; "they seem to bear both heat and cold far better than we Europeans."

I had not walked more than half a mile when signs of a harbour of refuge presented themselves, in the shape of a range of long low buildings and a tall white house. There was no chance of my being able to reach Shirley that night, even if I were fit to proceed, which I was not; it was past eight o'clock, and darkness was settling over the earth. Hospitality is "a household word" throughout the length and breadth of Jamaica. The bushers are roughish specimens of the *genus homo*: they are not usually polished men, but always hospitable. It is a melancholy fact, but, as far as my experience teaches, it is a fact, that hospitality decreases in exact proportion with the increase of civilization.

England is the most civilized and the least hospitable country I am acquainted with. We keep a debtor and creditor account of our hospitality. We ask those to dine with us to whom we owe a dinner; we ask those to visit us whom we have visited; and we dole out this miserable *quid pro quo* exchange of civilities with a spare and niggard hand. We not only fix the day of our dear friend's arrival, but also of his departure, as much as to say: "I am not going to let you decide how long you will stay with me: if I did, there is no saying when I should get rid of you."

What a fine, liberal, generous sentiment! The North American Indians do not so; no, neither do the majority of Scotch and Irish gentlemen who live on their own estates, and follow the customs and traditions of their forefathers, unless they have had the advantage of an English education and a season in London; then, indeed, the rust of an old-

fashioned hospitality would soon be rubbed off by constant contact with the harder, colder, but more polished surface of "good society."

I turned through an iron gate, and pursued my way along a straight road which led direct to the white house. Arrived there, my troubles were over for the night: Mr. Jones, the busher, received me most kindly. Dry clothes, a good supper, and some hot rum-and-water, soon caused the blood to circulate freely; and I went to bed apparently none the worse for my severe and protracted drenching. When I awoke the next morning, without pain or ache from head to foot, I confess that I felt somewhat relieved in mind, for I well knew that I richly deserved a fever.

#### THE MIDSUMMER MIDNIGHT SUN.

THE trip is a long one from Stockholm to Haparanda and Torneo, the Swedish and Russian frontier towns, close together at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where, for a few nights at the summer's solstice, the sun does not descend below the horizon, and may be seen just grazing it at midnight, if the weather is favourable. Some two or three times in the season, a steamer goes the entire distance, very little short of eight hundred miles, stopping at all the ports on the coast, and occupying five or six days on the passage. There was one also that went weekly about half way. But, having ample time at command, with two intelligent companions, bent on fishing, shooting, geologizing, and seeing the picturesque Dalecarlian peasantry, the journey was made by land after reaching Gefle, a hundred miles north of the capital. This small town, as it would be called in England, containing only about 8000 inhabitants, is yet the sixth in Sweden in point of population, the third in commercial importance, coming next to Stockholm and Gottenburg, and the principal port on the Gulf. After leaving it behind, not a single place was met with more than one-third the size, through an extent of country equal to the distance from John o' Groat's to the Land's End. Towns there were, entitled to the rank, from possessing privileges for corporations and trade, but scarcely rising above villages, somewhat Swiss-like, diminishing by regular gradation from south to north.

I retain none but pleasant impressions of Gefle. It was seen, indeed, in its best summery dress, but the people, with whom it was necessary to communicate, were unselfishly obliging. The town stands on both banks of the river, issuing from the Stornjon Lake, and on two islands formed by the stream dividing into three branches. Dull enough it may be in the long winter, when all navigation is arrested; but the folk were astir and abroad early and late, availing themselves of free waters for the export of produce from the adjoining forests and mines of Dalecarlia. The principal lion of the place, the court-house, has a melancholy historic interest. It was erected by the unfortunate Gustavus III, whose assassination was intended when he met the Swedish Diet within its walls. Circumstances then prevented the foul attempt

being made, in which Ankerstrom fatally succeeded afterwards in the opera-house of Stockholm.

In the neighbourhood of Gefle the evidence becomes decisive, and is so along the whole coast northward, that the relative level of sea and land in Sweden is slowly changing at present, and has been largely altered in historic times. Celsius, in the former part of the last century, first called attention to this fact. He quoted the testimony of inhabitants on the shores, that towns formerly *sea-ports* were then inland, while the sea was still constantly leaving dry new tracts along its borders. The same persons also affirmed that insulated rocks rose higher above the sea than they remembered them to have done in their youth, and that marks had been cut on rocks to indicate the water-stand which already denoted its lower level. This last plan of bringing the matter to the test, as well as of ascertaining the amount of change, has been extensively adopted, for the hard texture of the rocks, with the absence of tides, facilitates the accurate determination of the mean or ordinary height of the water. Near Gefle, the celebrated stone at Löffsgrund, which has had its water-marks since the year 1731, shows an alteration of level of about three feet in the interval. A visit was duly paid to the spot, and former visitors thought of Linnaeus and Von Buch.

On starting for the north in a carriage, we seemed tacitly agreed to be content with mischances, rough accommodation, and scant fare, provided the clouds allowed us to accomplish the main object of the journey—that of paying our respects to the sun at midnight—seeing him face to face. I had some misgivings, fortunately not realized, knowing the common experiences of Swiss tourists on the Righi. A finer sunset and sunrise there could not be than the one I had witnessed from its summit. But crowds go up toiling, panting, and perspiring, to come down again unfortunates, not having seen anything but mists, clouds, and woe-begone countenances. Some lines in the album at the mountain hotel record an instance, perhaps not remembered with verbal exactness:—

“Two weary up-hill leagues we sped,  
The setting sun to see;  
Sullen and grim he went to bed,  
Sullen and grim were we.

Five sleepless hours of night we pass'd,  
The rising sun to see;  
Sullen and grim he rose at last,  
Sullen and grim were we.”

It is much the same, frequently, with pilgrims to the top of Snowdon. But no similar disappointment awaited us in the neighbourhood of the arctic circle, for the sky could scarcely have been more propitious.

Superb weather, new ground, good health and spirits, with few annoyances, except from the insatiable blood-thirsty gnats, rendered the journey an enjoyable one. But I should not choose to traverse the whole length of the Gulf of Bothnia a second time, unless some urgent duty required it, or the same excellent companionship was offered; for we parted eventually with mutual regret, each mentally saying, “When shall we three meet

again?” Our two-wheeled spring-carriage, bought for the occasion, proved a somewhat crazy vehicle; it more than once gave way at an inconvenient distance from the next post-station. Mischances also happened to the tackling of the horses, which consisted chiefly of well-worn ropes, while the steeds themselves sometimes came to a halt on the long stages, or where there was much up-hill work, having evidently seen the best of their days. There was no danger, however, of being benighted through a break-down, for, as implying darkness, there was no night at all. As we got north, it was not till after eleven o'clock that the sun descended to set, seeming to do it then with great reluctance. Even at midnight the descended orb threw streaks of crimson light across the heavens, imparting a fiery tinge to the landscape; and soon after 1 A.M. the animal creation awoke to life, song-birds announced the approach of morn, and the solar glory was again above the horizon. Our postilions varied. Sometimes an old woman officiated, or a boy, or a girl, of from twelve to fifteen years old, yet by no means inexperienced in driving, or wanting in resources. For creature comforts by the way, there was always capital salmon and trout to be had, with *strömlinge*, a small species of herring, much superior to ours, which, broiled and served up with vinegar-sauce, deserves high commendation. Good coffee, milk, and eggs, were likewise at command, and comfortable night quarters as far as relates to cleanliness. But as for prime joints of meat, there were none; and the bread was often a very indifferent compost.

There is grand scenery occasionally along the rivers, but a vast extent of the country is tame and uninteresting. The road follows the line of coast, and seldom diverges far from it, so that sea-views frequently relieve the monotony of the landscape. Now you wind around the head of deep bays, anon you pass along the side of small lakes, and a score times a day, or more, you cross rivers and streams, some of which are of considerable magnitude, and abound with cataracts. In spring, when the snows melt, they become ungovernable floods, and pour an immense quantity of water into the Gulf, contributing to its freshness. This quality was often remarked with surprise by our naval officers and sailors, during the late war with Russia. “The water is not salt up here,” wrote one to a home landsman; “how queer!” Boulders of granite of all sizes are often met with, scattered over a large extent of surface. So huge are some, so confusedly disposed are all, as to suggest the idea of armies of Titans having pelted one another with them. One gazes with interest, even with awe, upon these erratic blocks, drifted from the Scandinavian Alps by an unrecorded mighty catastrophe in past ages, the same which transported others in shoals to a greater distance, and left them where they now lie, across the adjoining waters, on the plains of Livonia, Courland, and Prussia. But the route lay for leagues through flat districts clothed with forests, in which the trees are so nearly all of the pine family, that it became a positive relief when we at length found the aspen and the birch intermingling with them.

After a long tramp on a hot day, owing to a mishap right welcome was Pitea. Crossing the river, we found the door of the inn open, the host a-bed, and a female attendant about to retire to similar repose. But he was quickly up, and in a very short time coffee and salmon were placed before us. It did not require many minutes the next morning to survey the whole town, a respectable village in size, prettily situated on the coast, and literally a rising place, for the progressive rise of the land is so conspicuous as to attract the notice of the common people. In less than half a century half a mile of ground has been raised above the water; while at Lulea, further north, a mile has been gained in less than thirty years. This last-named town, founded by Gustavus Adolphus, with a population which might conveniently enter one of our country churches, has been removed to a different site, owing to the elevating movement having separated the old locality from the sea. It is very remarkable that while Sweden, north of the capital, is subject to this upward movement, the country to the south of it is subsiding. This slow and silent oscillation seems like an expiring effort on the part of those forces by which the vastly greater geological changes of ancient epochs were effected. Our landlord's intelligence did not extend so far as to recognise the name of Dr. Solander, a native of Pitea, who went round the globe with Captain Cook. The terminating vowel *a* in the name of this place, with Umea, Lulea, and Tornea, pronounced *o*, signifies a river, and indicates their position at the embouchure or on the borders of a stream.

All in good time we made Haparanda, and were hospitably received by the owner of one of its repainted dwellings, to whom a letter introduced us, and who enforced free quarters. It stands on the right bank of the river, opposite to Tornea, the Russian frontier, and has sprung up within the last half century. On the annexation of Finland to the empire of the Czar, those inhabitants of Tornea who wished to remain under the government of Sweden had a certain time allowed them to retire from the place and remove their property. Some families withdrew to the contiguous bank of the river, and originated the new settlement, giving it the name of Haparanda, "a shore covered with aspens," from trees of the species being common in the vicinity. At first a mere collection of log-built huts, it has now churches, warehouses, neat wooden dwellings, and surpasses its elder neighbour in appearance, though of smaller size. The two towns communicate by a bridge, and maintain the most amicable relations. This was exemplified during the late war, when the flying squadron under Admiral Plumridge visited the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. An expeditionary force from the "Leopard" and "Valorous" landed at Tornea, and took possession of it. Finding that the small Cossack garrison had destroyed the barracks before withdrawing, the marines returned to the ships without offering any molestation to property. This forbearance was greeted with loud shouts from the Haparanders, who stood on the opposite bank watching anxiously the proceedings of the troops. The Swedish authorities are said to

have informed the officer in command that the two towns, though separated by a frontier river, had common interests, and injury to the one would be an equal disaster to the other.

Contrary to expectation, there was nothing of the slightest interest in Tornea itself, old or new. A wooden post bore the inscription, painted in large letters, "To St. Petersburg, 1735 versts." But the place has some antiquity and historic celebrity, besides being the outlet of a considerable amount of polar produce. An archbishop of Upsal consecrated a church at the spot as early as the year 1350; but the town was founded as such by an order of Charles ix, who passed through the district in 1602. It was visited in the first half of the last century by the French *savans*, Maupertuis, Clairaut, and Lemonnier, and others deputed by the Academy of Sciences to measure an arc of the meridian. This was with the view of testing the truth of the Newtonian doctrine respecting the oblateness of the earth's figure. The party arrived in the summer of 1736, selected the valley of the Tornea for their trigonometrical stations, and commenced in the following winter measuring a base line on the frozen surface of the river. The result obtained, though not considered a strictly accurate determination, proved the earth to be a sphere flattened towards the poles. Svanberg, the Swedish astronomer, repeated the operation on the same site at the beginning of the present century.

About two hours of daylight is the quantum supplied to these northern towns at midwinter, leaving twenty-two hours for the night; and, brief as is the day, it is often darkened by tremendous falls of snow, which is sometimes drifted in the streets to the very roofs of the houses. The tale is told of a mayor of Tornea, that, on returning from a visit in the neighbourhood, he found his doors and windows completely blocked up, and had to get into his dwelling through a hole at the top. The people have, however, superabundant light at the opposite season, and annually witness the arrival of many strangers among them, anxious to share it, and hail the solar orb at the midnight hour. Charles xi paid the place a visit in 1694, for the purpose, and stood on the steeple of the church to enjoy the sight. You must indeed be on an elevation here to command the view at all. But some thirty miles further north the spectacle is observable from high ground through a longer interval, and travellers usually proceed thither, more certain, from the lengthened period, of securing a horizon without clouds, and of accomplishing the object of their journey. The spot in question, the mountain or hill of Avasaxa, was one of the trigonometrical stations of Maupertuis; and off we went to it with our host, duly provisioned. There were Swedes, Finns, Russians, Germans, and French, bound in the same direction, equally with ourselves pilgrims to the sun at a kind of midnight levée.

Anecdotes are current respecting the visits of our countrymen to the site, which are somewhat characteristic. One came galloping up at half-past eleven o'clock. Being invited by a Swede who spoke English to join his party at a collation, he declined, intent upon accomplishing the grand

object of his mission. As the critical moment drew near, he ordered his servant to produce a bottle of champagne, which had travelled with him from St. Petersburg; and at the precise moment when his timepiece told twelve, he quaffed a bumper, looking at the luminary, and was off as quickly as he had come. Of another it is related, that he made the long journey twice, and contrived each time to be too late. Nothing daunted, he paid a third visit, and had now a few hours to spare; but, being thoroughly knocked up, he went to bed at the village, after refreshing the outward man, ordering his servant to call him in proper time. The slumberer was accordingly aroused, though with difficulty, and awoke in an oblivious state. "What? Eh!" said he, "the sun, is it? Oh! ay! yes, I remember; the sun, I'll see him to-morrow."

A most delightful trip we had. The road winds through beautiful meadows along the margin of the still clear river. Here and there were patches of birch-wood, small peasant farms, and churches upon promontories by the stream. There was a succession of striking pastorals to the little village of Mattarenghy, seated upon a flat by the water-side, with a Finnish chapel on a height above, while wooded hills formed the horizon. An inconsiderable distance beyond, at the cataracts of Kattila, the latitude of 66° 30' marks the limit of the north temperate zone, and the line of the arctic circle. Soon after nine o'clock, we started from the village to the mountain, and reached its foot in about an hour, boating the distance. It rises up, a shapeless mass of granite blocks, to the height of some 600 feet, where there is a flat, crowned with birches, pines, and rich masses of heath between them. A hundred persons at least were assembled in little groups, and many languages were spoken. The eye took in a vast landscape from the station, upon which the sun shone, without absolutely lighting it up. There was the subdued illumination of sunset, without the setting. Bright but beamless was the orb, gleaming with a softened light, and casting a purple glow, till a white cloud spread its intercepting veil.

The night was calm, very warm, and fires were lighted by the peasantry to keep away the gnats. *Everything* seemed to invite the quiet enjoyment of a great festival of nature. The cloud left the sun. Now it was twelve o'clock. Many drank healths, and made noisy demonstrations. Lads ran about from one party to another, offering water from wooden vessels, and pleading hard to cut the names of the travellers upon the mountain. "Nothing remarkable," said one. "Like a great cheese," responded another. "A pewter plate," rejoined a third. For my part, at such an hour, the sun in mild splendour, pure and quiet, suggested the watchful eye of God beaming with love upon the world.

#### DR. VAN DER KEMP.

JOHN THEODORE VAN DER KEMP was, for sixteen years, a dashing officer of dragoons. He was a profane infidel, and the slave of vice and ungodliness. On marrying, his character improved out-

wardly; but his infidelity was only confirmed by his intercourse with the deists of Edinburgh, while studying medicine in that city. After a few years of medical practice in Holland, he retired from active occupation, intending to devote the residue of his days to literary pursuits. But the God whom he knew not had other work for him to do. After much restless thinking on the subject of religion, he concluded that it was beyond the reach of his reason to discover the true road to virtue and happiness. This, he says, he confessed to God, and owned that he was like a blind man who had lost his way, and who waited in the hope that some benevolent person would pass by and show him the right path.

His hope was realized, not, however, in the first place, by the still small voice, but by the fire and tempest. By a sudden storm he was bereft of his wife and only child, while his own life was rescued as by miracle. The sabbath after, he was found in the sanctuary, a broken-hearted mourner. The world was no longer to him what it had been: his home was dark and desolate; and there was something in the character of Jesus Christ that drew him to the gospel for comfort. The sophistries by which his intellect had been warped were gradually destroyed, and within a few short months the gospel was understood, believed, and loved.

Dr. Van der Kemp, now a Christian, could no longer live to himself. He became a missionary to the heathen at fifty years of age, shrinking from no danger and from no toil. During his sojourn in London on his way to Africa, he passed a brick-field; and it struck him that a great boon might be conferred on the Hottentots by teaching them to build better houses; in order to which it would first be needful to teach them the art of brick-making. Accordingly he sought leave to join the labourers, and for some weeks the venerable apprentice sweltered among the brick-kilns, lightening his labour by the thought of Africa. And when he arrived among the people of his choice, he consecrated himself to their service with the ardour of a lover and the zeal of an apostle. Undismayed by their offensive habits, he took up his abode in the midst of them, and often without any European comfort—sometimes without hat, or shoes or stockings—he not only taught their children, and preached to them the gospel, but, "labouring with his own hands," he showed them how, by their own industry, they might support themselves.

"Dr. Van der Kemp was a man of exalted genius and learning," says Mr. Moffat. "He had mingled with courtiers. He had been an alumnus of the Universities of Leyden and Edinburgh. He had obtained plaudits for his remarkable progress in literature, in philosophy, divinity, physic, and the military art. He was not only a profound student in the ancient languages, but in many of the modern European tongues, even to that of the Highlanders of Scotland, and had distinguished himself in the armies of his earthly sovereign. Yet this man, constrained by the love of Christ, could cheerfully lay aside all his honours, mingle with savages, bear their sneers, and continually