

tion. I wrote, however, the same day; and by the same post I despatched a letter to the Reverend George Hinton, who is the rector of the parish wherein papa and mamma lived for so many years, and in which Henry and I were born. Mr. Hinton was an intimate friend of poor mamma's, and I knew he would reply favourably in my behalf in so far as he could conscientiously do so.

"He responded forthwith, inclosing a letter, in which he spoke kindly and generously, and I fear even flatteringly, of my disposition and acquirements, and my suitability to the situation; and at the same time he wrote me that he had sent a private letter to the advertiser, which he thought would serve me.

"Of course I sent his testimonials to Falmouth after my own letter; and in a few days I received a reply from Cornwall, and learnt that the advertiser was the Rev. Archibald Sinclair, rector of the parish of St. David, and learnt also that Mr. Hinton and Mr. Sinclair had been school-fellows at Harrow, and had latterly renewed their school-boy acquaintanceship.

"Mr. Sinclair wrote that he was perfectly well satisfied with Mr. Hinton's testimonials in my favour, and also with that gentleman's account of my parentage; and he added that my youth was far from being an objection—in fact, that it was in my favour—since he wished the 'instructress'—so he phrased it—to be as nearly as possible of the age of those over whom he trusted she would exercise a beneficial influence.

"In a word, he said everything that was kind, courteous, and encouraging,—even"—Mary said this with a smile—"style me a young lady; and I'm sure he's a dear, kind old gentleman, and I shall like him very much. Indeed, I like him already before I have seen him.

"Of course I replied to his letter, and he then wrote that he wished me to come to Cornwall as soon as ever I could with convenience to myself.

"I wrote to say that I could set out from London on Monday, three weeks hence; for, you see, I have some drawings to finish and my other engagements to conclude, and then I wanted one whole week's holiday with you, my best friend; and this morning I received a letter from Mr. Sinclair, which informs me that he will send a carriage to meet me at Falmouth, and convey me to St. David, which I suspect is somewhere in the wilderness, where I should never find it of my own accord. All the better; I want to be away—away in the country, where I shall see nothing but pretty cottages, and fields, and woods, and the seashore, by the way—for it's near the sea that I've so often longed to live.

"Now, dear Mrs. Margaret, I've told you all. I dare say you've wondered at the sudden increase in my correspondence of late—I, who never received a letter except from Henry, and who never wrote to any one else. You mustn't be angry or vexed. Only think, seventy-five pounds a year and a home, and all besides, to be earned by my own exertions! Tell me, now; don't you think it will be a real good thing for me?"

"My love," replied the old lady, "when young people makes up their minds to a thing, it ain't easy to turn 'em from it. Neither do I know as it's allers right. There's Master Henry, with all his larnin', will go to 'Merica, when I'm sure such as he 'ud do better at home; and now you, who I love as I'd ha' loved a darter of my own, are goin' to leave the old 'ooman. Well, well, my dear, I won't say no more about it. I see you've set your heart upon it, and p'raps it's all for the best. But mind, dear, if the situation arn't all it promises, you'll be welcome back so long as I live; and when I'm gone, all I have to leave 'll be yours and Master Henry's."

From that moment, though Mrs. Jenkins would gladly have kept Mary with her, she said not a word to dispirit her, but even encouraged her when, as the day of departure drew near, the young lady herself began to despond, by assuring her again and again that, if she were disappointed in her expectations, she had a home to which she could return, and to which she would be ever welcome, since it would one day be her own.

At length, on the appointed day, Miss Talbot took an affectionate farewell of her kind old friend, she and Mrs. Margaret parting with mutual promises to correspond frequently, and the old housekeeper promising that, if her health and the growing infirmities of age permitted, she would visit her adopted daughter in Cornwall before the autumn was over.

Henry Talbot, who was still employed at the lawyer's office in London, but who had by no means given up his original purpose to emigrate to America, accompanied his sister to the coach office, and saw her fairly off.

Henry had decided to embark for America in the October following, and it was arranged between the brother and sister that Henry should visit his sister at St. David, and spend a week or two with her before he sailed.

If Mary had listened to her brother, she would, even at the last moment, have resigned the situation she had accepted. Henry thought his sister was degrading herself in accepting, as he termed it, a situation as "a village schoolmistress." It would not be long, he argued, before he should be able to send her money enough to enable her to maintain herself in perfect independence.

Mary, however, wisely preferred to exercise her own judgment, and decided that it was her duty, so long as she had health and strength, to maintain herself through her own exertions. Little did either the brother or sister dream of the important results to both that would be brought about by Mary Talbot's acceptance of this engagement in the little village of St. David.

### AMONG THE LAPPS.

BY THE REV. W. BEAMLEY-MOORE, M.A.



I.

Most of us know the mystery with which our young imaginations invested the name of some distant town or mountain, when after school drudgery it became graven upon our refractory memories. It was with such fugitive associations of the past that, in company with some friends, I commenced the ascent of that mountain plateau in the interior of Norway called the Dovre-Fjeld.

The top of a fjeld often runs for many miles at almost a dead level; and, in this respect, forms a great

contrast to the rest of Norway, which is proverbially hilly. Jerkin, the station at the foot of Sneehøtten, and at the crest of the upland steppe, is an oasis for the traveller, whether sportsman, angler, naturalist, or botanist. At this place we fell in with a party from Scotland; and, after the first diffidence had been overcome, we agreed to alter our programme, and make an excursion to the Lapps. This would cost us three days' travelling, as none could be found nearer than the borders of Sweden. What romance was infused into the name "Laplander," and how many a picture over which one had paused in boyhood was again imaged in the photographs of memory!

The road from Jerkin to the Glommen was very dreary, but we were much struck with the first appearance of a mountain covered with Arctic lichen. It was a high and conical hill, without a tree or shrub of any kind; and the moss looked chill and icy, more so as its white beauty glistened in the rays of the setting sun.

On the evening of the second day, we reached the town of Røraas, remarkable for its being the highest parish in Norway—being 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the only one south of the Arctic circle where corn cannot be cultivated. Its large population, which exceeds 3,000, is due to the copper mines in the neighbourhood, which from their purity rank among the richest in Europe. They were discovered, in 1644, by a peasant of the district, Hans Olsen Aasen, by an accident like that which revealed the silver mines of Potosi, in Bolivia.\* Aasen had gone out to shoot reindeer; and the frightened herd, in making their escape, tore up some of the moss on the side of the mountain; and the fortunate huntsman was astonished to find veins of shining copper disclosed beneath. Owing to the destruction of wood in the neighbourhood for the smelting works, the country is now very barren, and the climate has gradually increased in severity.

After the usual difficulties in arranging conditions as to guides and horses, which beset travellers who can only advance in one way, and who will not recede without the attainment of their object, we effected the compromise between English stubbornness and Norwegian cupidity, through the intervention of a tall, sandy-haired citizen, who united the traits of a canny Scotchman with those of a tall, lank Kentuckian. Our cavalcade started in the early morning, and we availed ourselves of a rough carriage road for several hours. This came to a termination about the middle of the day, when we unharnessed our horses, and, during our hour of refreshment, cast a coy fly upon the stream for some wayward trout. Our route now led us over high swampy moorlands, interspersed with patches of low birch, edging pools or bogs, with here or there a stunted or blasted fir, inspiring a chill feeling o'er this forlorn aspect of nature. We should not have been true to the weaknesses of travellers if we had not often asked how far it was to the Swedish frontier; what the probability was of our finding Lapps; whether they would have their reindeer; with other inquiries, to relieve the monotony of our march. We travelled until seven p.m., when we saw, in the distance, a lake glistening in the

waning sunshine, on the borders of which rumour had located an encampment.

Having reached a mountain *gaard* or farm on the water's edge, we behold an object which excites our curiosity. He is a quaint specimen of male humanity, under five feet in height; his head is covered with a close-fitting cap made of a reindeer skin, under which peeps a disfigured sensual countenance. The deep-set eyes, converging to a point and slanting downwards, the flat snub nose, the broad ugly mouth stained with tobacco juice, stamped the characteristics of the Lappish type upon the dwarf. As regards his clothing, he was encased in reindeer skin, of which his jacket or smock, his gloves, his girdle holding his knife, his pantaloons, and his large shoes were made. The skin is worn with the hair outwards, and, from its peculiar texture, is an excellent protection against cold. Beware lest your imagination asks when those robes were last laid aside, or when the crystal wave of the lake invaded that human shrine. The dwarf soon acts up to the spirit of the verse which convulsed the ancient theatre with admiration, *Homo sum et nihil humani a me alienum puto*, by stretching out his hand to the strangers, saying, with a sly expression, "Tabak, tabak;" and his eyes sparkle when the flask is produced, and he quaffs the brandy—alas! his acme of human bliss. After a round of "schnapps," our new acquaintance readily engaged to conduct us to the settlement. We forthwith straggled into the birch brake and juniper bushes, over bogs and swamps, hollering out, to guide each other by our shouts. The "half-mile" (three-and-a-half English), which was a very "old" one, came, like all things else, to an end; when, from the scrub, we emerged suddenly upon two wigwams. Shouts of terror arose from the half-naked urchins who were playing about, and whom only the presence of the enemy was sufficient to rout.

The site of a Lapp tent is generally selected with much taste. It is pitched in a sheltered place, commanding an extensive view, in the neighbourhood of a birch wood, and near a river or a lake. The summer tent is not so elaborate as a winter's one, consisting of reindeer skin stretched over long conically-placed poles, with a circular opening at their converging point. In winter, the Lapp constructs a log hut, covered with birch bark and turf, also in the form of a truncated cone.

We hastened into the hut, crawling in through a very "gate of humility," to wit, an opening about three feet high, covered over with a flap of reindeer skin. Being informed, however, that the deer were about to be milked, we deferred our minute survey, and proceeded to the inclosure, where the herd had been collected by the help of the faithful dogs. There were about 250 of these beautiful deer, full of frolicsome life, and rubbing against one another with skittish playfulness. They had sleek skins, of a grayish brown colour, and many of the males had magnificent branching antlers, coated with the softest velvet. A kind of lasso was thrown over the horns of a female, and the process of milking began. A Lappish woman soon presented us with some milk in a wooden bowl for us to taste, but it was so much richer than our cream that one sip was quite sufficient. It is used as an article of daily food, either liquid or thickened with meal (forming a sort of porridge or *gröd*), or in the form of butter and cheese. The presence of the reindeer in these regions is due to one of those kindly decrees of a gracious Creator, whose resources are infinite, and "whose tender mercies are over all His works." It is an example of nature's

\* The discoveries of the mines at Røraas in North Europe, and of Potosi in South America, are somewhat similar both in their circumstances and results. An Indian was out hunting, and, chasing some wild goats, suddenly came upon a precipice. To save himself from falling, he caught hold of a shrub, which, giving way, brought with its roots lumps of silver, and disclosed beneath a still further mass of the rich metal. In the course of fifty years a city with a population of 150,000 stood there, and the yield of the mines reached three thousand millions of dollars annually. Potosi, moreover, is remarkable as being the highest city in the world, being 13,300 feet above the level of the sea.

*multum in parvo.* What the Polar bear is to the most northerly outcast; the agave to the Mexican, the palm-tree to the Orinoco Indian—such is the reindeer to the Laplander, supplying him with almost every necessary for the support of life. Its flesh is prepared in different ways; and, when cut into slices and dried, is used instead of bread—a rare luxury to the Lapp. Its skin furnishes the necessary articles of his clothing, the bed he lies on, and the covering of his tent. The sinews are chewed with the teeth, and form thread and cord; of its horns are made spoons, drinking cups, and other useful articles; its milk is made into butter and cheese, affording marketable articles; and last, but not least, it supplies means of locomotion to its nomade master, in the reindeer sledge, or “*pulk.*” Moreover, it supports itself, living on the greenish yellow lichen called reindeer moss (*Cladonia rangiferina*) which covers those popularly miscalled “Scandinavian mountains” in great abundance. Though the moss apparently looks dry and valueless, yet it is a most important and providential gift, as the means of supporting thousands of reindeer, both tame and wild, in these barren regions. In the midst of winter, the deer will remove the snow to a depth of four or five feet with their hoofs, or with their short lower palmated horns, in order to get at this particular lichen, without which, together with bracing air and perpetual snow, they cannot thrive, nor indeed live for any considerable time. Some of the rich Lapps in Finmarken have herds of 2,000, and occasionally of 4,000 animals. It is computed that the tame reindeer in the provinces of Nordland and Finmarken belonging to the Lapps amount to 28,000. They are exposed in winter to many dangers from the wolves and other beasts of prey.

After inspecting the herd, we returned to the wigwams. On our first entrance the smoke was so dense as to make our eyes ache, and it is owing to this cause that so many of the Lapps suffer from blear eyes; for it must find egress from the circular outlet as best it can, in defiance of wind or storm. The scene round that wood fire in the centre was curious. More than thirty persons were crowded together in that outlying hut, the representatives of nations widely differing in habits and feelings. Our English party consisted of three ladies and seven gentlemen; next came our Norwegian *skjyds-carls*, who looked down upon the Lapps with the hereditary contempt felt for a degraded and exotic race; and lastly our Lappish entertainers, behind whom divers children, guiltless of clothing, appeared and disappeared into miscellaneous piles of reindeer skins. Birch branches were cast on the fire, and threw a flickering glare on our various countenances. Tobacco was handed round, followed by “*schnapps,*” and all good wishes were duly given to the “*Fremde Folk*” (strange people). They then favoured us with some songs and hymns, in a strain which, like the rural minstrelsy of the north, was nasal, lugubrious, and most unmelodious. They showed us their prayer-books, and informed us that they attended the Lutheran worship whenever they had an opportunity. They were familiar with the name of our Saviour, and with the mission of redemption which He came to accomplish; and to all our remarks on this subject they gave a hearty assent. Various articles made of reindeer horn, thread made of the chewed sinews, ornaments, books, and domestic articles, were handed round and inspected.

There is considerable obscurity as to the origin of this race, as with the Gipsies or Zingarees in other parts of Europe. Some consider them to be descended from aboriginal Norwegians, others from a colony of Finns. They

have led a nomade life from the earliest times; and that which is dearer to them than wealth, civilisation, or aught else, is their liberty and vagrancy. The mountain Lapps call themselves “*Same,*” or “*Samie,*” and consider the term “*Laplander*” as a title of contempt given to them by the Norwegians. Those who have come down to the sea-coast and are more stationary, and support themselves by fishing, are called Quains, or Finns; but the term “*Finn*” really belongs to the inhabitants of Russian Finland, who have some affinity of race with the Lapps, but in many points are entirely distinct.

The Lapp is of a very hardy nature, and will go for thirty miles through swamp and over rock, quaff his milk, sleep in his wet clothes, and start again as brisk and active as at first. When overtaken by a snow-storm, he does not think it dangerous to allow himself to be “*snowed up,*” and after the storm is over he coolly digs himself out as if nothing particular had happened. Often does the Lapland woman become a mother in the midst of her wintry wanderings; but the child is put into a box made of hollowed wood, and covered with leather, called a “*stock,*” which she slips on her back, and after a short repose pursues her journey without any evil consequences. This rough exposure, however, makes them prematurely aged, and, like the old crones of South Italy, intensely ugly. When falling sick in old age, they are, like the African bushmen, sometimes left on the road under a tree with some provisions; and it has occasionally happened that their remains have been found gnawed by the wild beasts, who had hastened their death.

We talked of spending the night here; but a couch of birch branches and skin, well stocked with the plagues which civilisation extends, but cannot extirpate, a wooden box as hard as the nether millstone for a pillow, served to turn the romance into a very dreary penance. A few of us, however, determined to venture. Our first care was to place the iron tripod on the fire, anxious to join in the Lapps’ evening meal. It consisted of a thick porridge made of meal, milk, and salt, repulsive save to the hungry. We then turned our feet to the fire, and courted sleep under every disadvantage. The attempt on my part was hopeless, and I lay for three hours on my comfortless bedding; now raising myself up to contemplate the group of sleepers, now fretful under an icy draught, a shower of soot, or rain; now scarred with personal wounds. I realised that if the episode of a night in the Lapps’ camp was a pleasant subject of relation, it was in the reality a hard-wrung and unromantic experience.

## THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

FEBRUARY.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

ON comparing our southern diagram for midnight in the middle of February\* with that for the middle of January, it will at once be perceived that considerable changes with respect to the meridian have taken place, all the stars having bodily travelled towards the west. Beginning from the west, or right-hand side of the diagram, we find that the constellation Orion has, for the most part, passed out of its limits, though it is still visible in the heavens very near the horizon a little south of west.

\* In the February maps the size of the stars is given larger than in January, both for greater clearness, and because the proportional sizes can be better preserved in printing. All the stars in the field of vision down to those of the sixth magnitude are laid down from accurate computation. There are about six hundred stars in the two maps.—E. D.

could tell nothing, and continued their occupation of sawing. The servant, however, lost his composure, and began to display evident signs of trepidation. Sir William, observing this, sternly bade him mind his work, and energetically ordered him to cut "through." The man thus recalled to a sense of his perilous position worked with a right good will, and the officers of justice, not being able to gain any satisfactory information, retraced their steps. On his return to safety, Sir William adopted as his crest an oak tree fructed with gold acorns, and penetrated through the stem transversely by a frame-saw, the blade thereof bearing the word "Through."

The armorial bearings of the Earl of Errol, and even his family name of Hay, are said to have originated from a historical incident. In the reign of Kenneth III of Scotland, A.D. 980, the Danes invaded Perthshire and routed the Scottish troops. The retreat, however, which threatened to be of a most complete nature, was unexpectedly prevented by the intrepidity of an old yeoman and his two sons. These persons, though only armed with yokes, managed, by their bravery and expostulations, to rally the Scotch soldiers and lead them to victory. In the battle the old man was severely wounded; and, on being asked his name, could only incoherently utter the word "Hay." The monarch, as a reward to the victor, gave him substantial pecuniary gifts, and also as much of the royal domain as a falcon, which was then sitting on his hand, should fly over before it alighted. The bird flew six miles, and alighted upon an eminence that is even to the present day styled the "Falconstone." In commemoration of this circumstance, the family of Hay has for centuries past, borne in its armorial bearings, some allusion to the prowess of its rustic ancestor. There are several branches of the family, but the one whose arms are now charged with the greatest number of references to the historical incident is Sir John C. D. Hay, M.P. for Stamford. In the second and third quarters, with other charges, he bears a yoke, and each of his two crests are symbolic. The first is a rock, over which is the motto "Firm;" the second being a falcon rising. The supporters are two men in country habits, the dexter one holding in his hand a ploughshare, and the sinister holding an ox-yoke; while the motto is "Serva jugum" (Preserve the yoke).

The crest borne by the Stanley family, the head of which is the Earl of Derby, is most peculiar, viz., an eagle with wings extended, preying upon a child swaddled in a cradle, placed upon a *chapeau*. There are two versions as to the origin of this device. One is that the head of the Lathom family (from whom Earl Derby is maternally descended), wishing to get rid of a natural child, caused it to be placed in an eagle's nest. The bird, however, instead of killing the infant fed it, a circumstance which so affected the father that he brought up the boy as his acknowledged heir. The other tradition is that, in the reign of Edward III, one Sir Thomas Lathom, having an only daughter, desired an heir; and, having a natural son by one Mary Oskatel, he determined to acknowledge the child. To give a colourable pretext for introducing the boy into his family, he directed that it should be laid at the foot of a rock, where an eagle had built its nest. He then, in company with other persons, went to the locality of the rock, and pretended that he had accidentally discovered the infant. His wife adopted the child, who was subsequently known as Sir Oskatel Lathom. Before his death, however, Sir Thomas revealed the fraud, and left the bulk of his property to his daughter, the wife of Sir John Stanley, whose descendants altered the Lathom crest of an eagle regardant to that previously described.

A bull's scalp, which is the crest of the Cheney family, owes its origin to a peculiar action that is stated to have been performed by an ancestor. Sir John Cheney, an eminent soldier fighting under the banner of Henry of Richmond, at Bosworth, personally encountered King Richard, and was felled to the ground by that monarch, who also laid open the knight's helmet and knocked off the crest. For some time Sir John lay upon the ground stunned and uncared-for. Recovering himself, however, he cut the skull and horns off the hide of an ox which chanced to be near, and fixed them upon his own head to supply the loss of his helmet. Thus equipped, he returned to the field of battle, and did such signal service that, on being proclaimed king, Henry assigned to his faithful follower the crest since borne by his descendants.

For services of loyalty not performed on the battlefield many instances of grants of arms are extant. For instance, the Boycotts of Salop bear for their arms three grenades, and for a crest an armed arm casting a grenado. These were assigned by Charles II to Sylvanus Boycott, of Hinton, and his brother Francis, for having manifested their loyalty to his Majesty by sundry services in the times of his great distresses, in the same manner as their father had done to Charles I, by furnishing the army and garrisons with great shot, grenades, and other habiliments of war, and for their prudent deportment in sundry employments of trust, which deserved worthily of their prince and their country. The same monarch, who is not celebrated for acknowledging the claims of his adherents, also granted to Colonel Carlos the following arms, viz., an oak tree on a gold mount, and over these, on a red fesse (or band across the shield), three gold regal crowns, in recognition of the valuable services rendered in assisting him to preserve his life in the celebrated Royal Oak, and facilitating his escape at the battle of Worcester.

Among the curiosities of heraldry may be mentioned the crest borne by the Greenhill family, viz., a red demi-griffin, powdered with thirty-nine mullets (or stars of five pounds) which was granted in 1698 to a Mr. Greenhill, in commemoration of his being the thirtieth child of one father and mother. In future papers we shall return to the subject, as one not only of romantic incident but of historical interest.

## AMONG THE LAPPS.

### II.

AFTER various wanderings, we descended from the Fille Fjeld, and experienced the feelings which the new, the grand, the beautiful in nature can awaken, as we entered into those deep gorges which lead to the Sogne Fjord. This scenery was quite a contrast to the barren plateau of mountain, and even to the wider views of Southern Norway, with its dashing rivers and expanse of dusky firs. Colossal mountains hem in a narrow valley, which at last terminates in the fjord, or inland arm of the sea. It was the middle of June when we arrived at Leirdalsoren. There, from some cause or other, we had an altercation with our postboys in the streets, they doubtless presuming on our ignorance of the *skyds* law, and we on our part expressing the wrong idea with the wrong word. However, a gentleman passed by, and, seeing that we were English, interposed, solved the difficulty, and saw us comfortably settled in the inn. We asked our friend to tea, and obtained much interesting information from him. He informed us that he had a brother who was pastor among the Lapps up in Finmarken, and

who had been nearly murdered, owing to some religious outbreak which had taken place the year before. We were interested in the details, especially as we felt the romance attaching to the unknown; and, as our friend showed his confidence in our national character by a considerable loan to help us on our way to Bergen, we entertained, therefore, a grateful recollection of his services, his loan, and his information. As yet, the class of English who visit Norway for the most part are gentlemen; but we regret to have heard of instances of Englishmen not paying, and thus bringing disgrace on our national character, which stands high in Norway.

Three years afterwards I was travelling with the same two college friends up to the very north of Norway, in the coast steamer, and, as an election for the Storting was going to take place at Hammerfest, we began to get very crowded after leaving Tromsø, for the voters had to go to Hammerfest to vote personally. The member selected was an Englishman, who had long lived at Kaa fjord, and had been naturalized, but who was the first instance of an Englishman being returned to sit in the Storting. Amongst other names, I heard that of Pastor Vosslef; and I thought, "Surely that was the name of the gentleman we met three years ago in the Sogne Fjord."

Awaiting an opportunity, I addressed the *prest*: "I believe your name is Vosslef; and, if so, I should be glad to know if you are brother to Herr Vosslef, who told us he had a brother who was *prest* in Finmarken."

"Undoubtedly that is my brother," he replied, in good English. "Did you meet him accidentally in your wanderings?"

"We did; and we are bound to entertain a grateful memory of him, for he was a good Samaritan to us in more ways than one, even to the practical lending us a handsome sum until we could reach our resources at Bergen. But he mentioned to us your adventure with the Lapps; are you the one to whom he alluded as having undergone that fearful ordeal?"

"Yes, I am the one. God be thanked we have survived it! I shall be happy to relate it to you briefly if you care to hear it."

"My parish," he began, "is at Kantskeino, a place now and then visited by English travellers, distant sixteen Norwegian miles from Alten. There are generally a great many Lapps in that neighbourhood who flit on the borders of Sweden or Norway, as the weather guides, the quantity of moss, or the state of the reindeer. Now, over the frontier in Sweden was a clergyman, by name Lestadius. This gentleman seemed more fitted for the Mosaic than for the Christian economy, from the austerity of his manners, and he used to preach very violent and exciting sermons. I need not tell you what is one of the prevailing sins of the Lapps."

"No; I have read of it in books, and perhaps saw glimpses of it when I visited some Lapps three years ago near Röraas. It is a sin which is a national disgrace to Englishmen as well as Laplanders—that sin of drunkenness."

The love of brandy is a great curse to these Arctic "Bushmen;" and, at marriages, fairs, or holiday-making, their reason returns only when the brandy is finished and the intoxication slept off; for, as long as there is any "Finkel," men and women, young and old, vie with each other in getting drunk, and are more like beasts than human creatures.

"Well, then, there was a great deal of drunkenness in his parish among the Lapps, and he was anxious to put down the evil to the best of his ability, and he suc-

ceeded in effecting a considerable outward reformation; but, with this reformation in manners, a great degree of spiritual pride and fanaticism was associated. The converts were urged to become preachers and apostles, whereupon they preached with the greatest violence, urging upon all the necessity of repentance. The contagion spread until it reached the Finns in the Norwegian territory, many of whom also became very fanatical. This was shown more and more by their behaviour. They began to treat their clergy and their superiors with marked insolence—to interrupt the service with howlings and other disturbances, so that broils during Divine service were of frequent occurrence."

"They forgot," I remarked, as the narrator paused, "that whatever may be our judgment as to the truth we hold, or the errors of our neighbours, the wrath of man can never work the righteousness of God."

"I remember well," continued the Norwegian pastor, "how once, in the middle of the service, one of them advanced towards the altar, and from thence cursed the officiating minister and denounced him as a traitor, and a wolf in sheep's clothing, whereupon a scene of great uproar ensued.

"Things went on getting worse and worse, until one morning our servant came running in to us in breathless haste to say that Lapps from the adjoining camp were coming, armed with weapons and intending to fight. They took us quite by surprise; they made an attack on the village, killing two persons, a tradesman and a policeman, and destroying property on all sides. A body of them attacked the parsonage; our resistance was hopeless: the windows were broken, the furniture was smashed, and they made me a prisoner, and, having bound me on the floor, I was, I may say, in immediate expectation of death. They then formed rods of birch boughs and commenced flogging me, which they continued to do more or less the whole day, until my flesh was raw and bleeding, and the room covered with the broken twigs. The only trait of humanity which I am glad to record is that they did not molest my wife, nor actually ill-treat her, on whose account I was in terrible suspense as she was on the eve of her confinement. In this way the miserable day dragged its slow length along; we were comparatively alone in these upland wilds, at the mercy of these fanatics, but one remove from savages; yet, nevertheless, under the protection of God. One of our peasants had made his escape early in the morning, and had gone to a neighbouring settlement to bring succour. But it was not until nightfall that the joyful shout announced that help was at hand. The pillagers hearing the noise, and suspecting that vengeance would ensue, left beating the prisoners and rallied for battle. An indiscriminate *mêlée* then began, which lasted for more than an hour, at the end of which the rioters had lost two or three killed, and several wounded, while the rest were overpowered and secured. In due time they were taken down the valley and tried on the charge of insurrection and murder; one of them was executed, and the rest sentenced to imprisonment and hard labour—some for life, others for a term of years."

"Your brother did not exaggerate when he told me in '53 that you had been nearly murdered by the Lapps in Finmarken, but I little expected to have the pleasure of meeting you and hearing the narrative from your own lips. As regards their views, did you learn any details, so as to be able to refer their conduct to any class of phenomena such as fallen, and especially fanatical, human nature from time to time presents?"

"I fear their character is described in 2 Peter ii. 10," continued he, referring to his Bible: "'But chiefly them that walk after the flesh in the lust of uncleanness, and despise government. Presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities.'

"They, like the Anabaptists in Germany, were great adepts at quoting the Old Testament to suit their purposes, and to veil the self-righteous pride of their own bigotry. They forgot that religion must begin in the heart, and subdue every disposition to the law of Christ; that a humble and holy love, and a chastened will, are the brightest fruits of true godliness. They were satisfied with washing the outside of the cup and the platter, laying an undue emphasis on external reformation, as seen in their enforced temperance. Upon this an extraordinary, not to say absurd amount of spiritual pride and egotism developed itself, which, under circumstances less painful, would border on the ludicrous. They assumed to themselves a power in heaven and earth; they declared that they had received the gift of the Holy Ghost, direct from heaven; they were the sons of God, and therefore could sin no more; and I remember that when I was lying bound on the floor, between every stripe of their flogging they asked me, 'Are we the sons of God? Have we the Holy Ghost? Can we sin? Do you admit we are right?' To which I replied that their conduct did not afford any evidence of the truth of their tenets, if it was to be judged by its results and fruits. They then renewed their attack with redoubled vigour, shouting out these questions with a demoniacal wildness. Their further assertion was but a natural step in the path of self-delusion and arrogance. They declared that, having received the Holy Ghost from heaven, they were above the written Word of God, and did not need the Scripture, which they now both disregarded and despised. They paid great attention to the feelings, by which I mean the transient emotions which arise from heated brains and misguided impulses. They said that you must have a personal assurance from Christ himself, or an angel from heaven, of the forgiveness of your sin; and that you must have been present, in body and soul, both in heaven and hell. Those persons who could respond to the above tests of experience were acknowledged as brothers, while the moderate and sincere were branded as heretics and wicked sinners, worthy of vengeance and destruction. Many persons were, from their great fury and perseverance, frightened into compliance with their creed, lest they should have become objects for their vials of wrath."

"Thank you much for your narrative," I replied. "We know that history often reproduces itself in facts of this kind, and that as human nature, so far as its sinfulness goes, is the same everywhere, so its developments under parallel circumstances are often analogous. The setting oneself up above the written Word of God is one of the usual developments of spiritual pride and misguided fanaticism. But I suppose we shall soon reach Hammerfest, where perhaps we shall separate for ever. If so, may the bonds of the Gospel unite us to the great living Head of the Church, that we may meet with joy on the final day of the world's history."

Thus we parted with Pastor Vosslef.

#### ABYSSINIAN NOTES.

DR. BLANC'S DIARY.

In the "Times of India" has been published a long diary, written by Dr. Blanc, formerly resident surgeon at Massowah, one of the captives of King Theodore.

Like the journal of Mr. Rosenthal, printed in our January part, Dr. Blanc's manuscript is described as a marvel of neatness, exhibiting the utmost patience and care. Paper and ink being scarce at Magdala, the most has been made of a little space, and the writing is close and compressed. We may add that the Abyssinian ink is such that care had to be taken lest it should be rubbed off the paper.

Dr. Blanc's narrative gives an account of the first reception by the King, strangely contrasting with the subsequent treatment of the prisoners.

In a valley between the hills a large body of cavalry, about 20,000 strong, formed a double line, between which we advanced. On our right, dressed in gorgeous array, and all bearing the silver shield and the Bitwa, the horses adorned with richly-plated bridles, stood the whole of the officers of his Majesty's army and household, the governors of provinces and of districts, etc.; all were mounted, some on really noble-looking animals, tribute from the plateaux of Gedjars and the highlands of Shoa. On the left, the corps of cavalry was darker, but more compact than its aristocratic *vis-à-vis*. The horses, though on the whole, perhaps, less graceful, were strong and in good condition, and seeing their iron ranks we could well understand how thunder-stricken the poor scattered peasants must be when Theodoros, at the head of the well-armed and well-mounted band of ruthless followers, suddenly appears among their peaceful homes, and, before his very presence is suspected, has come, destroyed, and gone. In the centre, opposite to us, stood Ras Engeddah, the prime minister, distinguished from all by his gentlemanly appearance and the great simplicity of his attire. Bareheaded, the shama girded in token of respect, he delivered the imperial message of welcome, translated into Arabic by Samuel, who stood by him, and whose finely-chiselled features and intellectual countenance at once proclaimed his superiority over the ignorant Abyssinian. Compliments delivered, Ras and ourselves mounted, and advanced towards the imperial tents, preceded by the body of mounted grandees, and followed by the cavalry. Arrived at the foot of the hill, we dismounted, and were conducted to a small red flannel tent pitched for our reception on the ascent itself. There we rested for a while, and partook of a slight collation. Towards three o'clock we were informed that the Emperor would receive us; we ascended the hill on foot, escorted by Samuel and several other officers of the imperial household. As soon as we reached the small plateau on the summit, an officer brought us renewed greetings and compliments from his Majesty. We advanced slowly towards the beautiful durbar-tent of red and yellow silk, between a double line of gunners, who, on a signal, fired a salute very creditable to their untaught skill. Arrived at the entrance of the tent, the Emperor again inquired after our health and welfare. Having acknowledged with due respect his courteous inquiries, we advanced towards the throne and delivered into his hands the letter from her Majesty the Queen. The Emperor received it civilly, and told us to sit down on the splendid carpets that covered the ground. The Emperor was seated on an alga, wrapt up to the eyes in a shama—the sign of greatness and of power in Abyssinia. On his right and left stood four of his principal officers, clad in rich and gay silks, and behind him watched one of his trusty familiars holding a double-barrelled pistol in each hand. The king made a few complaints about the European prisoners, and regretted that by their conduct they had interrupted the friendship formerly existing between the two nations. He was happy to see us, and hoped that all would be well again. After a few compliments had been exchanged, on the plea that we must be tired, having come so far, we were allowed to depart.

This was towards the end of January 1867. They travelled with the king, halting at various places, till the captives, whose freedom they had come to ask, were sent for. They arrived on the 16th of March at Zagay.

On the 17th we received a message from his Majesty, telling us to go to him, as he desired to try before us the Europeans who had, he said, formerly insulted him. As soon as we approached, his Majesty rose and saluted us—received us, in short, as if we were still his honoured guests, and not the heralds from a great Power he had recently so grossly insulted. We were told to sit down. A few minutes of silence followed, and we saw advancing from an outer gate our countrymen, guarded as criminals, and chained two by two. They were

which he met with a more than ordinary share of encouragement. His talents were, however, too useful to his party for them to suffer him to remain for an indefinite period in seclusion. He had always been a profound admirer of Henry Clay, and indeed had set that statesman before him as a model for imitation on his first entrance on the political arena. When, therefore, in May 1844, Clay was nominated by the party to which Lincoln was attached, as candidate for the presidency, and at the same time a democrat of ultra principles was put in nomination against him, Lincoln yielded to the demands of the Illinois Whigs, and accepted a leading position as canvasser in behalf of Clay, an office which, however it might prejudice a professional man in this country, never has any such effect in America, where the conditions of political antagonisms differ greatly from those attending the like contests among ourselves. He traversed various parts of the State, attracting large audiences and keeping their fixed attention for hours, as he held up to admiration the character and doctrines of Henry Clay, and contrasted them with those of his opponent. He had always a fund of anecdote and illustration with which to relieve his close logical disquisitions, and to elucidate and enforce his views in a manner intelligible as well as pleasing to his hearers. When he had done all that could be done in Illinois he crossed over to his former State, Indiana, where he was equally well known and appreciated, and, by exerting himself to the utmost, did all that was possible towards turning the tide of battle in Clay's favour. His eloquence and active enthusiasm were, however, in this instance, fated to be of no avail beyond the effect of placing his own reputation as a political orator on a still broader and more permanent foundation. Mr. Clay was defeated, contrary to the hopes and confident expectations of his friends, and much to the chagrin of the intelligent portion of the American people.

In 1846 Mr. Lincoln was elected by a large and unprecedented majority as member of Congress for the Sangamon district. He took his seat in the national House of Representatives on the 6th of December, 1847. Though comparatively a young man he was fully equal to the business of legislation, and at once took a part in the discussion of public matters, never missing a division, and voting on all leading national subjects as he knew Clay or Webster would have voted had they occupied his place. He objected strongly to the conduct of the war then raging in Mexico, and introduced a series of resolutions of inquiry in regard to the origin of the war, which in his opinion "had been unnecessarily and unconstitutionally begun by the President of the United States;" and his first speech—a speech remarkable for its uncompromising frankness and comprehensiveness of view—was on this subject.

The first session of this Congress was prolonged beyond the date of the Presidential nominations of 1848, and the canvas was actually carried on by members on the floor of the House. Mr. Lincoln sustained the nomination of General Taylor, and was equally bold and unsparing in the use of argument and ridicule, and humorous sarcasm, in setting before the people the real issues of the contest. We shall quote a paragraph from one of his speeches at this time, to show the way in which he could handle an opponent when he chose to return a Rowland for an Oliver, and also as a sample of his rough humour.

"I have introduced General Cass's accounts," he says, "to show the wonderful physical capacities of the man. They show that he not only did the labour of several men at the same time, but that he often did it at several

places many hundred miles apart at the same time. And at eating, too, his capacities are shown to be quite as wonderful. From October, 1821, to May 1822, he ate ten rations a day in Michigan, ten rations a day here in Washington, and near five dollars' worth a day besides, partly on the road between the two places. And then there is an important discovery in his example—the art of being paid for what one eats, instead of having to pay for it. Hereafter if any nice young man shall owe a bill which he cannot pay in any other way, he can just board it out. Mr. Speaker, we have all heard of the animal standing in doubt between two stacks of hay, and starving to death; the like of that would never happen to General Cass. Place the stacks a thousand miles apart, he would stand stock-still, midway between them, and eat them both at once; and the green grass along the line would be apt to suffer some too at the same time. By all means make him President, gentlemen. He will feed you bounteously—if—if there is anything left after he shall have helped himself."

At the close of the first session of this Congress, in August, Mr. Lincoln made a journey to New England, where he delivered some most telling speeches, and spent the remainder of the recess in the West, canvassing for Taylor with redoubled energy among the partisans of Cass, the opposing nominee. This time his unwearyed exertions were crowned with success, and he reaped, in the return of General Taylor over all odds against him, a compensation for the defeat of 1844. Returning to Washington in December, Mr. Lincoln resumed his seat in the House, sedulously attending to his public duties until the close of Congress in March 1849. At this date he finished his career as a Congressman, refusing to become a candidate for re-election. It does not appear that he desired or would have accepted any place at Washington among the many at the disposal of the incoming administration in whose behalf he had so zealously laboured. He retired once more to private life, renewing the professional practice which had been temporarily interrupted by his public employment. The duties of his responsible position had been discharged with assiduity, and with fearless adherence to his convictions of right under whatever circumstances. As to deriving any profit, either immediate or remote, from the services he was able to render to his party or his country—the idea seems never to have entered his mind.

## AMONG THE LAPPS.

### III.

HAMMERFEST is remarkable as being the most northerly town in Europe, its latitude being  $70^{\circ} 49'$ ; but its surroundings are dreary, and not such as to detain the wanderer, for health or pleasure. It has a considerable trade with Spitzbergen, for which sloops of about thirty or forty tons are fitted out, manned by eight hands. The object of the voyage is the capture of white bears, walrus, reindeer, and eider-down nests. The cost of a vessel chartered for pleasure is about £50 a month. From this latitude the Aurora Borealis presents, at seasons, a magnificent spectacle—stretched across the sky like a rainbow of white light, then varying in form, now dipped in the colours of the bow, now broken into a golden shower, again shaped like an outspreading fan, or changing with weird-like mystery, as if the plaything of the spirits of the North.

The North Cape is about 91 miles from Hammerfest; but, apart from the fact that it is the North Cape,

presents little of interest in the way of scenery. The Cape is 935 feet high, and forms part of the island of Magerøe, a desolate moorland tract, all the romance of which must centre in the royal eagle or the free falcons. The sun is visible at the North Cape for about eight weeks, and at Hammerfest for about six weeks, day and night without intermission.\*

Driven from Hammerfest by the aroma of oil, and discarding all phantasies of visiting Spitzbergen, we returned from the North in the same steamer. On our southward journey we stopped at Tromsø, to see the first ordination conducted by Bishop Gislesen, the new chief pastor of this the most northerly of the five dioceses of Norway, who had been our fellow-traveller in our passage northward. The church was crowded, and the ceremony interesting. The Bishop preached a most appropriate sermon, full of the distinctive doctrines of vital Christianity. He was a man of an excellent spirit, with a calm depth of religious feeling, and anxious for the welfare of his diocese. I had much pleasant intercourse with himself and his wife, who was known in Norwegian circles as the translator of several works, and the authoress of some religious poems. On parting with them, he wrote in my Norwegian Testament the text Gal. iii. 28, "In Memoriam Knúd Gislesen, Bishop of Tromsø. June 25, 1856." Beneath is the autograph of his wife, "Henriette Gislesen," who gave me a small marker, composed of flowers, with the writing, "In die Bibel zu legen bei Joh. xiv. 27." When in Norway in 1864, it was with sincere regret that I heard they were both dead; their memories are much respected.

It was the 9th of July, 1856, when we reached Kaafford, the station for Bossekop, where are the copper works, now under English management; and the river Alten, famous for its splendid salmon fishing. We parted with many of our passengers, who had been to Hammerfest to record their votes; but in their stead we received fresh accessions. After we had left the fjord, I rambled about the ship, and was surprised at beholding some strange figures who had lately come on board huddled together in the bows. They seemed to be short in stature, with an oblique cast of eye, a square-built face, with low forehead, and something of the look of the Bushmen, or Root-diggers of the Pampas. They were curiously clad in skins, which I recognised as those of the reindeer. But one feature could not escape notice: not only had each one his feet chained together, but round the necks of several were large heavy iron collars, firmly riveted, so that it was impossible for the wearer to divest himself of his load at any time. The groups attracted my attention; I pronounced them to be Lapps; and, as they had been sent on board at Kaafford, I conjectured that they might possibly be some of the very men who had taken part in the riot at Kauto Keino in 1852. On inquiry from Mr. Vosslef, my conjecture proved to be correct, and they became a source of increased interest. There was one man among them who arrested our attention: the very expression of his face was stubbornness and unhumiliated self-will; he sat crouching with his knees together, and his head leaning on them, careless of being the observed of many observers. A vacant look of blighted hopes, withal, was visible in his expression, though his neck was iron and his brow brass. This man's name was Aslak; and, during the four years which had passed since the outbreak, he had never shown the least sign of contrition or remorse. It was difficult to hold any conversation with these people, as their *patois* would be almost unintelligible to a Norwegian. I endea-

voured, however, to establish communication with them by the help of Mr. Vosslef, who did not leave the steamer until Gildeskal.

Strange that he who had been once their victim should meet them in this casual manner four years afterwards under such altered circumstances. Having borrowed a Finnish Testament, I went near them and read, first, that exquisite passage in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It was no slight privilege to rehearse these words of eternal life in the ears of these degraded outlaws, whom human justice had sentenced to bonds and imprisonment during the term of their natural life. After this I read the three last verses of the first chapter of St. John's first Epistle, and a portion of the third chapter of the Ephesians. It was very difficult to extract much from them, owing to their dialect, and not being myself a fluent scholar in Norsk. I gathered, however, that all, except the one named above, were penitent, and regretted their past conduct. These unhappy men were now being taken far from Arctic regions, hundreds of miles away to Christiania, the capital, to finish, it might be, their lives, in the sweat of their brows and amid the clank of chains. And yet even these, notwithstanding their degeneracy and low rank in the scale of society, had had glowing memories in earlier life. Some of these men were husbands, some were fathers, and surely their hearts had some time beaten with a quicker throb to the inspiration of such ties.

In order to see the effect of kindness—that key which unlocks the human heart—I went to the steward and ordered some coffee for these poor creatures; and it did one's heart good to behold their pleasure and gratitude. They lay there huddled together for the five days of our voyage, until we reached Drontheim, without comfort or shelter, their only pleasure arising from the gift of some tobacco from some stray passenger. As the steamer remained two days at Drontheim, we were obliged to disembark; but on our return we found our unfortunate Lappish fellow-travellers still on board. Their next destination would be Bergen, where they would change steamers, in order to round the Naze, *en route* for Christiania.

It appeared strange that in our wanderings three years previously we should have met Mr. Vosslef in the Sogne Fjord; then that we should have encountered his brother, the sufferer in the tragedy of '52; and, further, that we should have accidentally selected the very steamer for our return, which gave us as fellow-passengers the very actors themselves. But we are nearing Aalesund, where we are to disembark. Before leaving I went to the bows of the steamer to bid them farewell, and before long the smoke in the dim distance announced to us their southerly course for their distant destination.

Although, as we have already stated, the generality of Lapps in Norway profess the Lutheran religion, attend "preaching" as opportunity offers, and have their children baptized, yet no doubt many vestiges of pagan manners and superstitions would be found if their interior life were better known. They appear formerly to have worshipped a deity under the name of *Iremala*, who was probably the same as Thor, or Stourra Passe, who was represented under the figure of a stone. The latter was a familiar household deity, every family having some stone with a supposed resemblance to a human being, which they worshipped. The stone,

\* A paper on the "Midnight Sun," by the author of these articles, appeared in the "Sunday at Home" for June, 1864.



which was usually a large one, was placed upon a pile of reindeer horns, while around the centre one were others of various sizes, which were honoured as the wife and children or servants of the presiding deity, according to their scale of magnitude. A Frenchman, by name Regnard, who travelled in Lapland in 1681, mentions having seen stones like these, which he declares were secretly worshipped by the Lapps, although they were nominally Christians. In their rites a sacred drum figured largely, which, as they had no official priesthood, might be inquired of by any private worshipper. This drum was made of the hollow trunk of a pine or birch tree, and was covered with skins. A variety of brass rings were placed on the drum, which was beaten with a hammer made of the horn of a reindeer; and, according to their movement to the left or the right, and their ultimate position, were the responses of the oracle favourable or the reverse. Divine honours were likewise paid to the sun, as in Persia and Peru; to the souls of the dead; and to aerial spirits, called *Irchles*, for whom they provided refreshments in baskets hung upon branches of trees. When a man died, they used, like the ancient Danes and Saxons, to bury his hatchet and warlike instruments with him—a practice common to many of the heathen nations of the world. The records of every unenlightened nation are the same: though varying in customs and superstitions, yet a monotony of folly, inconsistency, and ignorance stamps them all as the product of fallen human nature; which, though in its fears craving for something to worship, cannot, nevertheless, without revelation, rise to the conception of a pure, holy, and reasonable object of worship.

## Original Fables.

BY MRS. PROSSEE.

### THE OLD BEE'S HINT.

"WHAT! on a dandelion!" exclaimed a young Bee to an old one, in surprise and contempt.

"Why not?" said the old Bee; "do you suppose honey is to be found only in roses? If you do, learn this: honey is honey wherever it comes from, and there's no flower so humble but a little painstaking may get some out of it. I am not ashamed to confess that I have made a more profitable visit to this homely dandelion than I have idly done to many a splendid exotic. Besides, more depends on the way we use our opportunities than on the opportunities themselves."

### UNDERSTANDING A HINT.

"It's time to go," said the Swallows to the Starlings.

"Why?" said the Starlings; "winter is not come yet."

"No," said the Swallows, "not come exactly; but there have been chilling winds and gloomy skies frequent of late, and we prefer leaving with this gentle hint, to being starved or stormed out."

### WHERE IT COMES SHARP.

"WELL! that is surprising!" said a young Jackal to his mother. "I have seen the hunters rattle balls from their rifles against that elephant, and they fell from his tough hide like hailstones; and those flies have actually made him caper about quite in a fury!"

"Ah, son!" replied the old Jackal, "the secret is, that the flies have found out where his skin is thin; most of us have a tender spot somewhere; and even an elephant, when that is touched, feels the bite of a contemptible fly more than he would the stoutest rifle where he is invulnerable."

### NOT ALWAYS FLATTERING TO BE "LET ALONE."

"THEY never shoot us," said an old Crow to a Partridge, that after a flight of terror from a murderous gun had escaped to a quiet spot where some crows were feeding. She did not

answer, but cowered beneath the long grass, still panting with alarm.

"I say," said the old Crow, sidling up to her, "they never attempt to shoot us."

"Don't they?" said the Partridge.

"No; I can't think why. We are very handsome, and very useful, and highly respectable. I can't think why they let us alone, and are so fond of shooting you," said the old Crow, with an inquisitive look.

"Ah—I didn't know there was any difficulty about it. Are you not carrion?" said the Partridge.

"Caw, caw!" said the old Crow, "that didn't strike me!"

### UNDER A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"WELL! there's a great deal in knowing one's self," said Grim the yard-dog to a poor half-starved Cur that ran in and out by suzerance and picked up a bit or a bone as he could.

"Oh, yes, sir, I quite agree with you; only sometimes, as in my case, there's nothing worth knowing," said the Cur.

"Self-knowledge," observed Grim, "saves us from conceit. It is quite sad to observe the mistakes people make through ignorance."

"Well, there's a great advantage that way in being poor; for nobody flatters the poor, so they are in less danger of being conceited," remarked the hungry Cur.

"True," replied Grim; "but there's Mopsy—did you ever notice her? She is so self-satisfied, so full of admiration of her charms, she can hardly walk."

"Ah, she is very pretty indeed; I suppose her head is a little turned. Now there, you, sir, see the advantage of being ugly, for the ugly, like the poor, have no flatterers. So we—"

"We!—ugly! What do you mean by your impudence!" said Grim, showing his teeth. "I should hope I am as handsome as she is any day, only my beauty is of a different kind."

"Ah, yes, to be sure, sir—I hope no offence—only hers is a more common sort of beauty that strikes everybody, you see," said the Cur, in a fright.

"True; mine, I admit, is more refined, severe, and classical—greatly, you see, to be preferred to hers."

"Oh, no doubt, sir," said the Cur, much relieved to see the turn things had taken, for he had been afraid of entire banishment from the yard.

"And yet," continued Grim, "I never strut, nor assume airs. No! Aware of what I am, I am satisfied with the silent homage that I am sure I *must* receive from all competent judges; and were I to be petted and praised to the full as much as Mopsy, I should not be lifted a hair'sbreadth in my own esteem, so thoroughly do I know myself."

"Ah, self-knowledge is a fine thing indeed!" cried the Cur, "and I'm quite convinced by what your worship has said, that it's a very wise dog indeed that arrives at it. As for my poor self, I shall henceforth make sure of nothing concerning the subject, but that I am nearly always hungry—a fact that admits of no mistake."

### THE DISCONTENTED CROW AND HER WISE NEIGHBOUR.

"OH, dear! how tired I am," said a Crow, as she rested from building, and rocked gently backwards and forwards on the tree-top beside a neighbour.

"Don't you wish," she said again, "don't you wish you were a raven? Great and strong he is; never can feel tired as we do, I'm sure."

"I don't want to be a raven, though," replied her neighbour; "the sound of his voice frightens folks terribly; I shouldn't like to be feared and shunned."

"Well, no—that's true; but I should like at least to be a rook: they are so aristocratic. Wouldn't you rather be a rook? we are very vulgar in comparison, you must own."

"Rooks?" answered the neighbour; "rooks get shot and put into pies. No; I'd rather be a vulgar live crow than a genteel baked rook."

"I forgot that," said the Crow; "but I really *should* like to be a magpie; they are so handsome and so swift of flight."

"Should you?" said the neighbour; "I wouldn't be branded as a thief and a busybody, the very tip-top of all mischief, as she is, to be ten times as handsome. Why, the folks go about destroying her nest wherever they find it, because she is so good for nothing."

"Certainly, certainly; I agree with you her nest is never safe; but as to that, neither are ours. A storm comes, and