

## TRAVELLING IN LAPLAND.

After proceeding along the river Alton, between sixteen and twenty miles, we left it to continue its course through ravines, and began the ascent of the mountains. The cold was intense, and the weather rather stormy—but fortunately the wind blew on our backs, and except when a sudden turn presented our sides to the blast, we escaped much inconvenience. A few seconds, however, in this situation was sufficient to cover our faces with a mask of congealed drift, and form icicles from our eyelashes. At one time the wind rose to a whirlwind, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could keep in sight of one another. We stopped twice in the course of the day, but found no moss, and were obliged to proceed without feeding the deer. \* \* \* After the short interval of daylight, the journey became very wearisome—as, beside the cattle being hungry and tired, a mist arose which prevented us forming any idea of any thing around us. \* \* \* From a reverie of this kind, we were roused by several voices which we heard near us, but we were sometime discovering whence they arose. At length we distinguished the dim forms of reindeer, which extended on each side of us as far as the eye could perceive in the haze, and we learned that they belonged to a train of two hundred sledges that were crossing the mountains, conveying merchandize from the coast to the interior. Caravans of this kind are continually traversing the country, which could not be supplied at any other season of the year, as the reindeer is of little use for carrying burdens. Each reindeer draws two hundred pounds after him, and a string of ten requires the care of only one man; they are each tied to the sledge that precedes them, and follow in Indian file. The usual way in which a reindeer evinces his fatigue, now began to show itself. The leader, who drew the Wapphus's sledge, kept continually running off the track, and as often the driver was obliged to jump out and drag him by the rein into the right road. As the whole suite followed every step of the leader, on several occasions the tail of the train got entangled with its head, and more than once the reindeer that formed the centre were taken off their hind legs by a sudden jerk from those before and behind them, and dragged some fifty yards on their sides. One awkward deer, I remember, got the thong that held him entangled round both one of his antlers and forefoot, and in this helpless state was carried along, half throttled, till he was released by the horn breaking off. At last we reached our halting place. I naturally looked round to survey my resting place for the night, but was sometime before I discovered a sort of circular trench within which the ground rose to an apex, perhaps three feet higher than the surrounding plain. By this time the Wapphus having disengaged my companion, offered to conduct us to the "gamma," as it is called in Finmark. In the side of the trench, upon closer examination, there appeared a doorway, about four feet high, which led to a vestibule of corresponding grandeur. When I had crept into this place,—for the accumulation of snow made it impossible to enter in a more dignified manner,—I found a little door which opened into a room about twelve feet square. The roof sloped up to an opening in the middle, which served to let the smoke out. Four upright posts with cross trees occupied the centre, where the fire was to be made, and the kettle to be hung. \* \* \* When the company had sat down round the blaze, the kettles were brought out, and frozen reindeer's chopped up and partially thawed. \* \* \* Now that the cravings of hunger were appeased, and each had wedged in his body so as to have a sight of the fire, we became sensible of one inconvenience which, however grave, had as yet been unnoticed. The fresh fuel collected in the neighbourhood caused a most awful smoke. Every part of the gamma was filled with it, and it was impossible to sit in comfort,—as for standing up it was out of the question, as there was immediate danger of being stifled. Once or twice I was obliged to rush out into the open air, but was soon driven back to the hut by the bitterness of the cold. Nothing, however, could inconvenience the natives, and gradually the labors of the day, aided by their potations, sent them to sleep. The group was curious, and I never saw a heap of human beings jumbled together in such a glorious confusion. \* \* \* When I awoke the fire was out, and the remains of last night's supper were frozen hard in the kettles. My limbs were stiff with cold, and ached from the uncomfortable position in which I had passed the night.—*Dillon's Winter in Lapland.*

From the German of Herder.

## THE SONGS OF THE NIGHT.

When in his youth, David sat upon the plains of Bethlehem, the spirit of Jehovah passed over him, and his soul was opened to hear the songs of the night. The heavens proclaimed the glory of God, and all the stars united in a chorus. The echo of their harps reached the earth—to the ends of the earth rolled on their silent song.

"Light is the countenance of Jehovah!" said the descending sun, and the crimson twilight answered him: "I am the fringe of His garment."

The clouds towered above them, and said, "We are His evening pavillion," and the water of the clouds uttered in the evening thunder; "The voice of Jehovah moves upon the clouds; the God of glory thunders—the God of glory thunders on high!" "He rides upon my wings!" murmured the rustling wind; and the silent air responded, "I am the breath of God—the tissue of His quickening presence."

"We hear songs of praise," said the fainting earth, "and must I be still and speechless?" "I will bathe thee," answered the falling dew, "that thy children, newly refreshed, may rejoice—that thy sucklings may blossom like the rose."

"We blossom gladly!" said the enlivened field; and the full ears of grain rustling, replied, "We are the blessings of God; the army of God against the extremity of hunger."

"We bless you from above," said the moon; "We bless you!" answered the stars. The grasshopper chirped and whispered, "He blesses me also with a little drop of dew."

"And quenches my thirst," answered the hind. "He refreshes me," said the bounding roe,

"And gives us food," dreamed the deer; "And clothes our limbs," bleated the flock.

"He heard me," croaked the raven, "when I was forsaken." "He heard me," answered the goat; "when my time came, and I went out and brought forth."

The turtle dove cooed, and the swallow and all the birds afterwards slumbering, said, "We have found our nests, our habitations; we dwell upon the altar of God, and sleep under the shadow of his wings, in silent rest."

"In silent rest!" answered the night, and prolonged the lingering tone. Then crowed the announcer of the morning dawn: "Lift up the gates, the doors of the world: let the King of Glory enter in. Awake, ye men, and praise the Lord, the King of Glory is come!"

Up rose the sun, and David awoke from his dream so rich in psalms; and so long as he lived, the tones of this harmonious creation lingered in his soul, and were daily breathed forth from his harp.

## THE MORNING DAWN.

Hast thou beheld the beautiful Aurora? She shines forth from the chamber of God—a ray of imperishable light, the comforter of mankind. \* \* \*

When David once, persecuted by his enemies, sat one dreary night upon Mount Hermon, playing that most melancholy of his psalms, "Lions and tigers howl around mine ear, the bands of the wicked surround me, and I see no helper!" lo, the morning dawn appeared. With glittering eyes she sprang up, the early hunted hind, and darted upon the mountains, and spoke to him as an angel upon the hills: "Wherefore grievest thou, that thou art forsaken? I burst forth from the dark night—from the most gloomy darkness comes the morning!"

Consoled, his eyes hung upon her countenance, while she led forth the sun, which arose with his mighty wings, a healing power to the world. Gladdened, the tones of the Psalmist's song became changed, and he called it the song of the morning dawn—*The early hunted hind.*

In after times also, he often sung his psalm, and thanked God for the afflictions that overclouded his early youth. And always with that psalm the morning dawn beamed into his dark soul.

Daughter of God, holy Aurora, thou lookest daily down, and sanctifiest the heavens and the earth;—sanctify daily, also, my heart for thy silent dwelling.

## GREECE.

Greece has lately made considerable progress in respect to security and order. Traffic increases, as is proved, among other signs, by the restoration of the hotels on many of the principal roads, which had been destroyed during the revolution. It is not, however, to be denied, that many districts are infested with robbers, and it is indeed a question whether the country can be entirely freed from these gentry. The government ordered the most difficult mountain passes to be guarded by armed peasants, in bands from half a dozen to a dozen; but though the country is thus, so to say, up in arms, the schemes of the wily plunderers are seldom frustrated.

Beside robbers and tax-gatherers, who are for the most part shameless speculators and farmers of tithes, the Greek peasant has also to contend with a tribe, whose rapacity here is unfortunately too successful, viz. lawyers. The country abounds with numerous individuals who rejoice in this appellation, without having just claim, at any rate as far as judicial knowledge goes, to deserve it, and who are sure never to let a client quit them without they have seen the bottom of his purse.

But let us now turn to a more favourable side of the picture. The literary activity of Greece is in the highest degree encouraging. The great number of printing offices which have been lately established, is astonishing, when we reflect that they work for a population of only 800,000; to whom, however, may certainly be added, the Greek inhabitants of Turkey. Of the journals which are now published, the most popular is the *Athene*. This journal represents the Opposition, now called the Constitutional or English party, it does not sell, however, more than 700 copies. The *Acon* sells about 500 copies, and is the organ of the Russian, Capodistrian, or Conservative party, and is consequently not opposed to the government. The *Tachydrom* (*Courier*) is published both in French and Greek; this paper is the organ of the Government, and especially of the Minister of the Interior, who though he is accounted a very upright character, has not rendered the paper a

favourite with the public. The *Socrates*, a journal of the Constitutional party, is clever, and may perhaps have 600 subscribers. The *Soter*, nicknamed the *Weathercock*, was given up a short time ago, but is soon to re-appear. Besides these newspapers which are printed at Athens, political journals are published irregularly at Syra; but these are of no value. A journal with copper-plates, like the French *Universel Picturesque Review*, also exists at Athens, and will contribute much to the diffusion of useful information, though it is mainly translated from the French. There is a medical periodical, *Asklopios* by name, conducted by a society of physicians, and a *Collection of the decisions of Areopagus*, or Supreme Court of Justice, is shortly to appear. There are four booksellers at Athens, three of whom are from Germany; one is also a publisher. The principal works which the latter has sent out are: the ancient and modern *Greek Lexicon of Gogi*; the *Geography of Balbi*; a translation of Goldsmith's *History of Greece*; *Extracts from all Greek Classics*, &c. This publisher has also a type-foundry, the only one in Greece. The royal printing-establishment has its type principally from Paris. Beside the Athenian booksellers there are two others at Syra, and two at Nauplia, but they do very little business. Almost all the paper used here is imported from France. There is a lithographic institution, which belongs to the Government, and which sends out some very good works, among which may be instanced the beautiful Map of Greece.

In conjunction with a general literary activity, a system of education is in progress which cannot but be productive of the best effect: but some time must elapse before a country so long sunk in ignorance and barbarism, and so long trampled on by Turkish oppression, as the Greeks, can distinguish themselves by knowledge or intelligence.

## SPRING.

BY MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

The bud is in the bough,  
And the leaf is in the bud;  
And earth's beginning now  
In her veins to swell the blood;  
Which, warmed by summer's sun,  
In the alembic of the vine,  
From her founts will overrun,  
In a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom  
That shall decorate the flower,  
Are quickening in the gloom  
Of their subterranean bower;  
And the juices meant to feed  
Trees, vegetables, fruits,  
Unerringly proceed  
To their pre-appointed roots.

How awful is the thought  
Of the wonders under ground,  
Of the mystic changes wrought  
In the silent, dark profound;  
How each thing upward tends,  
By necessity decreed,  
And a world's support depends  
On the shooting of a seed.

The summer's in her ark;  
And this sunny pinioned day  
Is commissioned to mark  
Whether winter holds her sway.  
Go back, thou dove of peace,  
With the myrtle on thy wing;  
Say that floods and tempests cease,  
And the world is ripe for spring.

Thou hast fanned the sleeping earth,  
Till her dreams are all of flowers;  
And the waters look in mirth  
For the overhanging bowers.  
The forest seems to listen  
For the rustle of its leaves;  
And the very sky to glisten  
In the hope of summer eves.

The vivifying spell  
Has been felt beneath the wave,  
By the dormouse in its cell,  
And the mole within the cave.  
And the summer tribes that creep,  
Or in air expand their wing,  
Have started from their sleep,  
At the summons of the spring.

The cattle lift their voices  
From the valleys and the hills,  
And the feathered race rejoices  
With a gush of tuneful bills.  
And if this cloudless arch  
Fills the poet's song with glee,  
O, thou sunny month of March,  
Be it dedicate to thee.