

inhospitality on the part of some fishers, the only inhabitants, he found himself under the inspection of two soldiers, who had been sent from the nearest settlement, Kuja, to examine the stranger's luggage and passport. These agents of authority proved his salvation; for finding his passport in order, they conveyed him in their boat to Kuja, where the authorities treated him kindly, and when sufficiently recovered forwarded him on by sea to Archangel. Here, with only fifteen rubles in his pocket, he found some Samoyede beggars still poorer than himself. One of these, for the reward of an occasional glass of brandy, consented to become at once his host, his servant, and his private tutor in the Samoyede language. In the hut and society of this man, in a village some seventeen versts from Archangel, he passed the remainder of the summer. Human thirst for knowledge has seldom, we imagine, been more strongly illustrated. Letters of recommendation from high authorities, lay and ecclesiastical, and supplies of money, at length reached him from St. Petersburg. Towards the end of November, he started with renewed enthusiasm for the Tundras, or deserts of European Russia, which intervene between the White Sea and the Oural. As far as Mesen, 345 versts north of Archangel, the scanty population is Russ and Christian. At Mesen, as at Kola, civilization ceases, and further north the Samoyede retains for the most part, with his primitive habits and language, his heathen faith; having, in fact, borrowed nothing from occasional intercourse with civilized man, but the means and practice of drunkenness. During the author's stay at Mesen, his studies of character were principally conducted in the neighbourhood of a principal suburban tavern, the Elephant and Castle or Horns of that city. The snow around was constantly chequered with dark figures, who, with their faces pressed into it to protect them from the frost, were sleeping away the fumes of alcohol. Ever and anon some one would stagger out from the building with a coffee-pot in hand, and searching about for some object of affection—wife, husband, or other relation—would turn the face upward, and pour a draught of the nectar, which was not coffee, down the throat. Such are the pleasures of the Samoyede on a visit to the metropolis. Mr. Castren left Mesen on the 22nd December. At Somski, the first station on his route, he had made an appointment with a Tabide or Samoyede magician, of great repute for professional eminence. The sage kept his

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