

[illegible]

assented, in haste - twisted in haste - how two sisters span it - and twin brothers
netted it - and the sisters were flying across the Sortanen Sohia (the Sortan stream)
to the sea. The fish which should divide the important secret - They spread
the net in vain. Long appeared the gentle Virgin & bade them fling the net into
the wide sea. They did so, & caught nothing. They appeal again to the Virgin, who points them to
throw their net in the Pää, and they catch the kalakarkki (torpedo). But who shall
discover the secret that is hidden within it. Who? They looked - The black man rose from
the white, packing man. He was only three fingers high. He looked fierce as a murder and
frightful as one of the damned. He had stone shoes on his feet, a stone helmet on his head,
long hair spun down his back, a black beard full on his bosom. He opens the fish: The
fire springing forth as from a forge, it scorched a man (woman), & killed him: it set the forest in a
blaze - The conflagration reached Lapland. Who, who shall assist the flames? It
was lighted by a dwarf, it can only be quenched by a Giant. The Giant came in the
Northwestern clouds, in storm & hail & snow & rain. He was clad in icy garments, horned with
icy branches. He plunged his steady arm into the fire, and extinguished it. Then came the
bird "the little bird of the songs", & sang the song of triumph. It flew to the sea, he flew
to the moon, he wandered from star to star. Kodala heard the story & rejoiced.
"Father", said a young Poet, "how kind through many vicissitudes; the frost of many
winters have not frozen them nor the storm of many generations swept them away". I know
I was touching a poet's susceptible string. The old man rose from his seat, & lifted up
his right hand; And the song said not die. Then, after a moment's pause, and as if
suddenly recollecting himself, "Excuse me, stranger! the work of the tale swept away
all other thoughts. I heard not the crashing of the trees; I forgot the claims of hospitality".
Hudi, my female attendants, understood the hint, as he pointed to the numerous circles of
hard bread, which in every cottage in Finland, are suspended on long forks across the roof,
being the provisions of a year produced by the toils of one busy week. The pole was
low, the quaid hung out of the ring-shaped loaves, like a bracelet on end,
and it soon appeared again on a platter with a large mug of beer, and
on the top of which then floated a large quantity of hops, through which the Scandi-
navian chosen to drink the blood of Sir John Barclaycorn. "Can you put up with
our daily fair?" said the old man. "The storm without and a hearty welcome
within." - he shook my hand cordially as he spoke - "may make it not unpalatable".
I wanted no new motives to appropriate the urbanity of the cottager. He gave new
 zest to my enjoyment by the ceaseless flow of happy feelings. "We have a
blest winter & abundant stores: you might have found us with nothing but
bread made from the bark of the fir trees, & have washed down the unvarnished
bitterness with melted snow". A bottle of antique foam next appeared on the table:
it was filled with that coarse, raw spirit which is provided in every part

- given. He pledged me, & I pledged him in return. I had already forgotten the inclement weather. The high temperature of the stove heated apartment had thoroughly dried my garments, the contented atmosphere of the place seemed to have passed into me, & we were no longer the acquaintances of half an hour but as friends of long departed days.

"Every thing looks cheerful here father", said I: "Can you tell me the ingredients out of which you produce so much content, so much felicity?" Easily, he answered: the recipe is simple enough. I don't grieve for that which I cannot mend by grief, nor allow any source of enjoyment to pass away unenjoyed; so by making as many pleasures & as few pains as possible, I manage, as every body may to keep up a pretty handsome stock of every day happiness. We have a Finnish proverb which says "Don't waste your tears." Ay, said I, but in this exclusion, far from the interruptions of the world - its toils and vanities, its jealousies & hatreds - "Not so fast" he retorted: we have had our portion of adverse visitations. The invading stranger has possessed himself of our wealth, & oppressed us with his foreign ordinances. What then? We resisted as long as we could: but what can the little streamlet do against the mountain torrent? We did what we could here was only to hope - and hope, let me tell you, friend, is everlasting sunshine: True but if you have suffered something as a patriot, as a friend & father, you have been blessed." - "And tried; for I have followed many children to the grave & know not whether I would give up the sweet memory which dwells with the departed for any

pleasure that is left in life

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