

***PAUL
B. DU CHAILLU***

***THE LAND
OF THE LONG
NIGHT***

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Introduction

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MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

Friend Paul has led many of you into the great Equatorial Forest of Africa. We met there many strange and wild tribes of men, and lived among cannibals and dwarfs or pygmies. We hunted together, and killed many elephants, fierce gorillas, leopards, huge crocodiles, hippopotami, buffalos, antelopes, strange-looking monkeys, wonderful chimpanzees of different varieties,—some of them white, others yellow or black,—and many other kinds of animals.

In this book I am going to take you to a very different part of the world. I am going to lead you towards the far North, to "The Land of the Long Night,"—a land where during a part of the year the sun is not seen, for it does not rise above the horizon, and in some parts of the country does not show itself for sixty-seven days, during which time the moon, stars, and the aurora borealis take its place.

"The Land of the Long Night" is a land of darkness, of snow, of wind, and at times of intense cold; and we shall have a long journey before us, and shall have to change horses and vehicles at many post stations, and at those places we shall get meals and lodgings.

When once in "The Land of the Long Night," we shall roam far and wide—east, west, north—over a vast trackless region, covered with deep snow, drawn by reindeer instead of horses, and sometimes we shall walk or run with skees, which are the snowshoes of that country, and very unlike those used by our Indians.

We shall sleep on the snow in bags made of reindeer skins, follow the nomadic Laplander and his reindeer, live with him and sleep in his *kåta* or tent. We shall hunt wolves, bears, and different kinds of foxes and other animals, and sail and fish on the stormy Arctic seas.

We shall have plenty of fun, in spite of the snow, the terrific wind, and the cold we shall encounter; and, thanks to the houses of refuge which we shall find in our times of peril, we shall not perish in these Arctic regions. But woe to the man who wanders in that far northern land without a guide or without knowing where these houses or farms of refuge are to be found, for he will surely succumb in some one of the storms that are certain to overtake him.

We shall cross the Swedish and Norwegian mountains of the far North, which rise to a height of several thousand feet, and come to the desolate shores of the Arctic Ocean, and there live among the people.

In a sunny room at the Marlborough in Broadway I have written this book. It is a dear little room, made bright at night with electric lights, and full of delightful reminiscences of cheerful evenings with friends, all kinds of knick-knacks, tin horns, "booby" prizes, mugs, etc.,—souvenirs of frolics at which I have had fine times. My two windows look out on the roof of a church; it is all I can see; the noise of a wheel never reaches my ears. It is an ideal room to write books in.

I am surrounded by pictures of boys and girls, and many older friends; they look down upon me and cheer me, and when I write they all seem to say, "Go on, Paul," and at other times, they cry, "Stop, Paul, you have written enough to-day; go and take a walk, go and see people and life, dine

with friends; you will work much better to-morrow. 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' We shall be here to welcome you when you come back."

How good it is to have friends, no matter how humble some of them are. I love them all. No one ever has too many friends, and life without them is not worth having.

Now, as I am ready to lay down my pen, I draw a long breath—"The Land of the Long Night" is ready for the printer. I am just thinking: all my books have been published in New York, and all but two have been written, in the dear old city.

Your friend,
PAUL DU CHAILLU.

THE LAND OF THE LONG NIGHT

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CHAPTER I

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On the Way to "The Land of the Long Night."—Homesick.—Tempted to Return.—Girls and Boys say "No; Go on, Go on, Paul."—Decide to Continue my Journey.—Winter Coming On.—Don Warmer Clothing.—From Stockholm North.

AT the time when this narrative begins I was travelling on the highroad that skirts the southern coast of Sweden, then turns northward and follows the shores of the Baltic Sea and the Gulf of Bothnia. I had reached that part of the highway overlooking the narrow part of the Sound which separates Sweden from Denmark, and had just left the pretty little city of Helsingborg, and was looking at the hundreds of vessels and steamers which were moving towards the Baltic or coming out of that sea. It was a most beautiful sight.

I intended to follow the road as far north as it went, and enter "The Land of the Long Night" when the sun was below the horizon for many weeks. I had plenty of time to spare, for it was the beginning of October.

On that day my horse was trotting at the usual gait of post-horses, going at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. He knew every stone, ditch, bridge, and house on the road, for many and many a time the dear old animal had made this journey to and fro, often twice each way in a day. He had been a post-horse for over twelve years.

His master, my driver, was very kind to him. He always alighted when there was a hill to ascend, and walked by his side, gently urging him to go on. When the top of the hill was reached, he stopped to give the animal time to take

breath; then, before starting again, he would give him a piece or two of black bread, sometimes a potato, which he had put in his pocket before leaving. The people of Scandinavia are always kind to their dumb animals. Believe me, dear young folks, there is something mean and cowardly about a man who is not kind to dumb creatures. Do not have him for a friend!

As I looked at the ships sailing from the Baltic, a sudden yearning to go home took hold of me, and I forgot all about "The Land of the Long Night." I thought of all my dear friends, of all the school girls and boys whom I knew, and I wanted to see them ever so much, even if it might be only for a day. It would have made me so happy to look upon their faces once more. Sometimes one feels very lonely when away from home, and that day I could not help it. I thought of dear Jeannie, of sweet Gertrude, and Hilda, of Marie, of Pauline, of Helen, of Laura, of Blanche, of Julia, of Melissa, of Rowena, of Beatrice, of Alice, of Maude, of Ethel, of Evelyn, of Louise, of Iphigenia, and others that were also dear to me. Then I thought of Charles, of Arthur, of William, of Louis, of John, of Robert, of Frank, of George, of Anson, of Mortimer, of Eddy, of Fred, and of many others.

Many of the girls and boys call me either "Paul," "Friend Paul," or "Uncle Paul;" some of the girls call me "Cousin Paul." These are my chums, and it is lovely to have chums! I thought of the fun and good times I had had with all of them; and I felt on that day that I loved them more than ever as the great ocean separated us.

I thought of all the young folks whom I had talked to in the public or private schools in many of the States,—for if

there is a thing Friend Paul likes, it is to talk to the young folks at school. As I thought of this, it seemed as if I could see them listening to me.

I suddenly became very homesick. I said to myself: "I will go to America and see my dear friends, and then return to go to 'The Land of the Long Night.'" I could cross the Sound, go to Copenhagen,—the city was almost in sight, and a nice city it is,—and take one of the comfortable steamers of the Thingvalla Line, now called Scandinavian-American Line, for New York.

As I was thinking of this, it suddenly seemed to me that I heard voices coming across the Atlantic,—voices from friends, from school girls and boys, calling: "Friend Paul, go on, go on to 'The Land of the Long Night' first, and then come and tell us how it is there. Be of good cheer; no harm will befall you; you will be all right."

Friend Paul cheered up when in imagination he had heard the voices of his young friends urging him to go on, and he answered back: "Girls and boys, you are right. I am going to 'The Land of the Long Night' first, and on my return I will tell you all that I have seen there."

The dear old horse did not know what I was thinking, and was trotting along—until suddenly he made a sharp turn and entered the post station, the end of his journey. There I changed horse and vehicle, took some refreshment, and started again. During the afternoon, I came to the town of Landskrona. There, looking towards the Sound, I saw a steamer of the Thingvalla Line gliding over the sea on its way to New York, and I said aloud, "Steamer, you are not going to take me home this time. I am going to 'The Land of

the Long Night' first, to the land of snow and of gales, the land of the bear, of the wolf, of the fox, and of the ermine. Good-bye, good-bye, dear steamer! I hope you will have a successful passage, and also that you have on board many Scandinavians going to our shores to make their home with us."

I thought I again heard the same voices as before cry in response, "Good for you, Paul, good for you!"

I felt now that I was a different man. It was as if I had actually heard the voices of the dear young people encouraging me to go forward. I suddenly became very restless and full of energy. I wanted my horse to go faster. The young folks wished me to go to "The Land of the Long Night." To that country I should go.

From that day I was ready for any amount of hardships, of bumping and knocking about in sleighs. I did not care if my ears and nose were frozen. All I wanted was to go ahead as fast as I could until I reached "The Land of the Long Night."

I was in splendid condition for the journey. I had been roughing it all summer in the mountain fastnesses of Norway. I had been living on cream, butter, cheese, and milk, and had had bacon twice a week, on Sundays and Wednesdays.

There were about one hundred and forty or fifty post stations before I reached Haparanda, the most northern town on the Gulf of Bothnia.

Every day's travel brought me nearer to "The Land of the Long Night," but it was still a very long way off. I had yet to

sleep at many post stations and to change horses and vehicles many times.

I entered and left many towns—Malmö, Skanör, Falsterbö, Trelleborg,—these last three were quaint, and the most southern towns in Sweden. How charming, clean, and neat are those little Swedish towns! I wished I could have tarried in some of them. Then I made a sweep eastward, following the coast, and passed the town of Ystad, and then I gradually drove northward, for now the road skirted the shores of the Baltic. I passed Cimbrishamn, Sölvesberg, Carlshamn, and Carlskrona.

From Carlskrona the country was very pretty, and on my way to Kalmar, and further north, I could see the Island of Öland with its numerous windmills.

The continuous driving, often in vehicles without springs, was rather hard on my trousers, and I had not many pairs with me. In a word my outfit was very modest. To travel comfortably, one must have as little baggage as possible; for if you have too much baggage it is as if you were dragging a heavy log behind you; you are not your own master, all kinds of difficulties come in the way, and you have become the slave of your own baggage. I bought clothing as I went along. I wished I could have found some trousers lined with leather, like those used by cavalry soldiers and by men who ride much on horseback; these would have lasted a long time.

The weather was getting colder every day, winter was coming, and we had had a few falls of snow. I passed Oscarshamn and Westervik, and at last about the middle of November I arrived in Stockholm. But I had yet to travel

more than nine hundred miles to the north before I came to the southern border of "The Land of the Long Night."

I had to give up my New York overcoat for warmer clothing and get a new winter outfit. I bought a long, loose overcoat coming down to my feet. It was lined throughout with thick, hairy wolf skin, which is said by the people of the far North to be the warmest lining after the skin of the reindeer. I also purchased big top-boots lined inside with furry wolf skin, and a round beaver cap with a border which, when turned down, protected my ears and came to my eyes. I had besides a big, heavy hood, lined with fur, to be used when it was very cold. I had a pair of leather mittens lined inside with fur (mittens keep one's hands much warmer than gloves, because they are not so tight and they do not impede the circulation of the blood). The collar of my coat rose above my head and almost hid my face, and when I wore my hood only my eyes could be seen. In this winter costume I could drive all day long without feeling cold.

From Stockholm I drove to Upsala by road—for I did not care for railway travelling—changing horse and vehicle at every post station. When I reached Gefle winter had come on in earnest. Now all the houses in the hamlets and towns which I passed had double windows, and at the bottom, between the two, a layer of cotton was spread to absorb the moisture. Instead of sliding sashes, French windows opening like doors are used, and one of the panes of each is free for ventilation. The rooms were uncarpeted, just as in summer, but rugs were spread on the floors.

As I drove along it was pleasant to see at the windows, behind the panes of glass, pots filled with roses, carnations,

geraniums, and other plants, all bending in the direction of the sun. The sun gave scarcely any heat, yet all the plants in a room liked to look towards the light.

I was always so glad at the end of the day's travelling to rest at a post station, to enter the "stuga," the every-day room, where the family lives, and see the blazing open fireplace. How nice it was to jump into a feather bed, and sink deep and be lost in it, and to cover myself with a quilt filled with feathers or eider down!

When I found a pleasant station I would remain there a day or two to rest, for it was hard to drive day after day, for ten, twelve, or fifteen, and sometimes eighteen hours. It was interesting to see the whole family at their daily occupations; to see the women spin, weave, or knit; to see the men make skees, wooden shoes, etc., and the girls and boys go to school and have fun and play together, throwing snowballs at each other; making snow forts and defending them against other girls and boys that came to attack them. I wished sometimes to join in the fray, for I love fun.

The snow was deep, and the snow-ploughs, drawn by three horses, were seen pretty often on the road. The streets in the little hamlets or towns were often blocked.



"On the road were many snow-ploughs at work levelling the snow."

CHAPTER II

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Snow Land.—A Great Snowstorm.—Fearful Roads.—Snow-ploughs.—Losing the Way.—Intelligence of the Horses.—Upset in the Snow.—Difficulty of Righting Ourselves.—Perspiring at 23 Degrees below Zero.—Houses Buried in Snow.

AFTER I left the town of Gefle the blue sky became obscured by clouds, a few flakes of snow began to fall, then more and more came down, and soon they covered the old snow, that was already of good depth.

I had never before had a post-horse that went so fast, and I wondered why. The horse knew, but I did not: a big snowstorm was coming! He was afraid of being caught in it, and wanted to reach his stable in time. After a while the snow fell so thick that I could see nothing ahead. To make things worse it began to blow hard. Then I dropped the reins and let the horse go as he pleased. As he knew that the snowstorm was coming, so he would know how to get home. Suddenly he gave three or four loud neighs; this announced his arrival. Then he turned to the right and entered a yard. He had reached home!

The next morning it was still snowing; nevertheless I started. On the road were many snow-ploughs at work levelling the snow. These ploughs were of triangular form, made of heavy timber braced with crossbeams. They were generally from eight to ten feet in width at the back, which was the broadest part, and above fifteen feet long. They were drawn by four horses and attended by two men.

The ploughs were followed by heavy rollers of wood to pack the snow.

Erik, my driver, said that every farmer is obliged to furnish horses to clear the road and level it after a snowstorm. The number of horses he furnishes is regulated by the size of his farm. It is very important that the road should be kept in good order, and the rules are strictly enforced.

As we travelled along the road, it was amusing to see horses and dogs roll in the snow; they enjoyed it! The horses that we drove would often take a nip of the snow, and the dogs that followed us did likewise.

One day when I was looking at two horses rolling in the snow near a farmhouse, I suddenly felt a great jerk and we were pitched out headlong! Our horse wanted to have some fun! So he fell on his side and was about to roll over and enjoy himself, taking the sleigh with him; but we did not see the joke. We succeeded in putting him on his legs. The driver gave the animal a good scolding: "Shame on you, shame on you!" he said to him. The horse listened, and seemed to understand him. I think he felt ashamed.

As I journeyed further north the snow got deeper and deeper every hour. Snow-ploughs were now drawn by five horses and generally attended by three men.

The snowstorm still continued. It had now lasted over four days, and with no appearance of holding up. The wind at times blew very hard.

In spite of the snowstorm I continued to travel, and had passed the towns of Söderhamn, Hudicksvall, Sundsvall, and Hernösand, with their streets deep in snow. On the fifth day

we had great difficulty in getting along. In some places the ploughs had not passed over the road since two days before, for we were now going through a very sparsely inhabited country. Some parts of the road were honeycombed with holes about fifteen inches deep, made in this way: each horse that had passed stepped in the tracks of the one that had preceded him, and made the holes deeper and deeper, which made walking very difficult for the poor animals.

The further north I went the deeper became the snow, and travelling became tedious. Our sleigh tumbled on one side or the other, upsetting before we could say "Boo!" At each effort the poor horse made to extricate himself, we had either to get out of the sleigh or be thrown out. The poor brute would often sink to his neck, and sometimes almost to his head when he got out of the snow-plough's track! In order to make some headway and to make up for the slowness of the horses and bad roads, I travelled sixteen and eighteen hours a day, and when I came to a post station I was pretty tired.

The ploughs I now met were drawn by six horses and attended by four or five men. The struggles of the poor animals as they sank continually in the deep soft snow and tried to extricate themselves, were sometimes painful to behold.

We always had to be careful to drive in the middle of the road, where the snow had been cleared and packed by the snow-ploughs and the rollers. Sometimes we could not tell where it was, for the land around was deeply buried and the

track of the snow-ploughs was hidden by the fresh-fallen snow.

When my driver made a mistake and drove one way or the other outside of the track, the first intimation we had was that of the horse sinking suddenly, being ourselves upset or nearly so. Then we had a lot of trouble putting him on the track again.

After several of these mishaps, the driver would say to me: "Now I am going to let the horse go by himself. He is accustomed every year to go in deep snow on this road and he will know the way." "You are right," I would reply.

When let alone the horse would walk very slowly, and he would hesitate each time he put either his right or his left foot on the snow, to make sure he was on the right track. If he thought he was on the left of the road, it was his left foot that came down first; if he thought he was to the right of the road, he put his right foot down, but not until he had made sure that he was right. If he saw that he had made a mistake, he turned quickly to one side or the other.

One day the horse suddenly dropped one leg in the soft snow, on the right side of the track; this unbalanced him and—bang! he fell on his side, taking the sleigh with him. We were pitched out, and as we got up on our legs we found ourselves in snow up to our necks. Only after frantic efforts did the horse succeed in regaining his footing.

As I looked around and saw our situation, and that our three heads were just above the snow, with the horse's head looking at us, his eyes seeming to say, "Are you not going to help me out of this?" I gave a great shout of laughter, for the sight was so funny that I forgot being

pitched out—and I said to the driver, "Don't we look funny, the horse included, with only our heads and shoulders above the snow!"

What a job we had to extricate ourselves, put the poor horse on the track again, and afterwards right the sleigh. Then we found that the harness was broken in several places, and we had to mend it the best way we could with numb fingers. I had stopped laughing, for there was no fun in that.

"At this rate of travelling," I said to the driver, "it will take a whole day to go three or four miles. I do not know whether our poor horse will be able to stand it. Look at him! He looks as if he were a smoke-stack, so much steam is rising from his body. He may become so exhausted that he will not be able to go further, and we shall have to abandon the sleigh."

"It is so," coolly replied Lars the driver, and he remained silent afterwards.

I felt sorry for the poor horse, and reproached myself for not having tarried at the last post station.

Then I said to Lars, "If the horse gives out, we will try to build a snow house for us three. You have some hay, and he will not starve. As for ourselves, we will try to reach some farm and get some food and some oats for our poor dear horse. I am very sorry we have no skees with us."

There was so much snow over the land that I thought I had come to "Snow Land." It was over twelve feet in depth; it had been snowing for six consecutive days and nights, and it was snowing yet. I was now between the sixty-third and sixty-fourth degrees of north latitude, and I had to travel on the road nearly two hundred miles more before I

came to the southern part of "The Land of the Long Night." The little town of Umeå for which I was bound was still far away. I said to myself, "I have to cross this 'Snow Land' before I reach 'The Land of the Long Night.' What hard work it will be!"

A little further on we came to the post station—and how glad I was to spend the night there—to get into a feather bed. The following day the snow-ploughs and the rollers were busy, and the centre of the highway was made passable for some miles further north. So bidding good-bye to the station master and to my driver of the day before, I started with a fine young horse and a strong young fellow for a driver.

As I looked around, I could see snow, snow, deep snow everywhere. The fences, the stone walls of the scattered farms, and the huge boulders with which that part of the country is covered were buried out of sight; only the tops of the birches and of the fir and pine trees could be seen. I had not met such deep snow before! I had never encountered such a continuous snowstorm! "Surely," I said to myself again, as I looked over the country, "this is 'Snow Land.'"
I wondered how long it would take to cross it. The snow was nearly fourteen feet deep on a level.

I next came to a part of the country where thousands of branches of pine and fir trees had been planted in two rows to show the line of the road. I could not tell now when I was travelling over a river, a lake, on land, or over the frozen Gulf of Bothnia!

As we were passing over one of the barren districts, a swamp in summer, full of stones and boulders, without a

house in sight, I said to my driver: "When are we coming to the next farm?"

"At the rate we are going," he replied, "it will take us two hours at least."

"Then let us stop and give a little of the hay you have brought with you to the horse. After he has rested a while, we will start again."

After the horse had eaten his hay, we started. We had not gone long, however, before we were upset. The horse had not kept to the road. We had a hard time to right the sleigh and bring the horse back to firm snow. It was such hard work that the perspiration was dripping from our faces, though it was 23 degrees below zero.

"I have had enough of this travelling," I said to the driver; "the snow is too deep and soft to go on. The snow-ploughs have not done much good here. They evidently could not go far."

"I do not believe," he replied, "that horses will be given to you at the next post station, even if we should reach there to-day. But I am sure we cannot do it, and we shall have to stop at the first farm we meet and ask the farmer for shelter until people can travel on the road again."

Two hours afterwards I saw in the distance a little hamlet, or a number of farms close together. What a sight! Many of the small houses were buried in the snow, and only their roofs or chimneys could be seen. From some of the chimneys smoke was curling upwards. I was delighted.

Every one was busy digging and making trenches, so that the light and air might reach the windows, or that communication could be had between the buildings,

especially those where the animals were housed. In some cases the exit had first to be made through the chimney.

It was a very strange sight indeed! and I said to myself, "Surely I am in 'Snow Land.'"

CHAPTER III

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Halt at a Farmhouse.—Made Welcome.—A Strange-looking Interior.—Queer Beds.—Snowed in.—Exit Through the Chimney.—Clearing Paths.—I Resume my Journey.—Reach Haparanda.

SOON after we stopped at one of these farms. A trench about fifteen feet deep had been made, leading to the door of the dwelling-house. Here lived friends of my driver. I alighted and walked through the narrow trench and opened the storm door. In the little hall hung long coats lined with woolly sheepskin; on the floor were wooden shoes, shovels, axes, etc. A ladder stood upright against the wall.

I opened the other door. As I entered I found myself in a large room. I saluted the farmer and family. They all looked at me with astonishment, for I was not one of the neighbors, and who could I be!

The farmer said: "What are you doing, stranger, on the highroad with snow so deep, and when travelling is suspended, snow-ploughs abandoned, horses belonging to them gone to the nearest farms? You cannot go further until the snow packs itself with its own weight, and the snow-ploughs and rollers are able to work on the road. Did you come here on skees?"

"No, I drove," I replied.

"Where is your horse?"

"At the gate," I answered.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I am going north as far as the extremity of Northern Europe. I want to be in that land during the time of 'The Long Night,' when no sun is to be seen for weeks; but I am afraid I cannot travel further for a few days on account of

the deep snow, and I shall have to wait; and as we cannot go further and reach the post station, I come to ask you if you can give shelter to a stranger far from his country."

"You are welcome," he replied; and his wife added, "We are poor people, we have a humble home, for our farm is small, but you will have the best we have."

"I thank you ever so much," I replied.

The farmer put more wood on the fire, the sticks being placed upright, in which manner they throw out much more heat, and a sudden blaze filled the room with a bright glow.

I like these farmers' fireplaces. They are always built of masonry in one of the corners of the room. The platform is about one foot above the floor and generally four or five feet square, with a crane to hang kettles or cooking pots on; and when only the embers remain a trap in the chimney is closed, to prevent the heat from getting out.

The wife put the coffee kettle over the fire, and one of the daughters kept herself busy with the coffee mill.

In the mean time my driver came in and was welcomed, and they asked him about me. When they heard I was from America they shouted, "From America!" and when they had recovered from their astonishment, the husband said, "I have a brother in America." The wife said, "I have a sister and two nieces in America," and tears came into her eyes. They did also into mine; there was at once a bond of union between us. To them the United States was so far away, and I was so far from home. They often thought of their folks and friends who had emigrated to our land.

The family was composed of three daughters and two sons. The girls had fair hair and large blue eyes, and were