BOWRING

ON THE

RUNES OF FINLAND.
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BY JOHN BOWRING.

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PROFESSOR Rask, in a very curious essay, which we have now before us, considers the Finnish language as the key to all the non-Slavonian dialects employed in Russia and in Northern Asia, and as sure to reward the student, by pouring streams of new light upon the early history of the Scandinavian tribes. He calls it—and his authority is of the very highest character—one of the most original, regular, and graceful of tongues; melodious as the Italian, from the admirable distribution of its vowels and consonants; rich as the Greek and German, from its prodigious variety of compound words, and the boundless power of creating them. It is free from the constantly recurring sibilants and gutturals of the Lapland and Slavonian languages. Its nouns have twelve cases,* but only two, or at most three declensions. Its verbs have more forms than the Latin, but they are almost universally subjected to one common rule for their conjugation; the general character of the language being one of order and harmony, seldom disturbed by variations or irregularities in any shape whatever.

The origin and vicissitudes of language, whether regarded as a means of illustrating and assisting history, especially as connected with the migrations of the human race, or as a subject of curious philological inquiry into the varieties of construction, the creation of conjugates, the marks of affinity, the modification

* On this subject see Renvall’s *Dissertatio de signis Relationum nominum in Lingua Fenicica: Aboæ, 1815*. It contains the best definition of the powers of, and shades of difference between, the cases of the Finnish nouns.
and changes produced by civilization and literature, is a study of comparatively modern date. Our early writers, when they speak of other than the classical tongues, commit the most ludicrous and absurd blunders. Of what was not Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, they seem to have known nothing, and to have cared little to inquire. They deemed—like the Athenians of old—everything jargon which they did not understand, and the better informed among them were unacquainted even with those broad distinctions which characterize the idioms derived from different and remote sources. William Wootton, for example, whose reputation as a linguist was probably greater than that of any man of his time, pronounces the Lettish to be a dialect of the Finnish tongue.* It is a very remarkable fact,

* He says the same of the Esthnian, which, though it cannot be called a dialect of the Finnish, is undoubtedly derived from the same source. But there is scarcely any affinity between the Lettish and the Finnish. The former resembles the old Prussian tongue. Wootton says, in the same place, that the Hungarian differs toto ccelo from every other European language. This is not the fact: it clearly resembles the Albanian, and has very many Finnish and Lapponian words [See Rudbeck. Specimen Usus Linguæ Gothice: Upsala, 1717, p. 77-81]. Those who wish to pursue this investigation, may consult Samowicz's Demonstratio Idioma Ungarorum et Lapponum idem esse: Copenhagen, 1770: or Gyarmath's Affinitus Linguæ Hungaricae cum Linguæ Fennicae originis grammaticè demonstrata: Gottingen, 1799. Some very curious peculiarities common to the Hungarian and Finnish languages are mentioned by Adelung, in the notes to his Mithridates, in 772-775. As specimens of these several idioms, we will give the four first paragraphs of the Lord's prayer:

**FINNISH.**
Isa meidän, joca olet Taiwais, 
Pyhitely olcon sinun Nimes 
Lähestykön sinun Waldakundas 
Olcon sinun Tahtos 
Kjn Maasa cuin Taiwais, &c.

**LETTISH.**
Muhsau Tehws Debbessis 
Sswethtiis lai tohp taws Wahrds 
Lai nahk pee muus tawa valstiba 
Taws Prahts lai noteek ka Debessis 
Tä arridran wirss Semmes, &c.

**ESTHNIAN.**
Issa meie, kes sa olled Taewas, 
Puhhitstud sago sinni Nimmi 
Tulgo meie sinno Rilk 
Sinno Tahtminne sündko kiuTaewas 
Nenda ka Ma peál, &c.

**HUNGARIAN.**
Mi Atyank, ki vagy a Mennyekben 
Szenteltessek-meg a te Neved; 
Ijöjö-nel a te Orszagod 
Legyen-meg a te Akavalod, 
Mint a Mennyeben, úgy 
Itte Földön-is, &c.

**LAPLANDISH.**
Attje mijn jucko le Almisn 
Ailesia sjaddes to namme 
Pates to Rike 
Sjaddes to Weljö ko almem 
Nau ai Adnamen nahn, &c.

Lenquist seems disposed to derive the English word Woman from the Finnish Waimo.
that some of the earliest, and the most important, contributions to the history of language have had their origin in Russia. In the year 1713 Leibnitz called the attention of Peter the Great to the subject, as worthy of his glory "who ruled and sought to improve so many nations," to collect the Ten Commandments, the Lord’s Prayer, &c. in the idioms of all the tribes subjected to the Tzar’s extensive sway—thus throwing light upon ancient history and the origin of nations, and preparing the way for the extension of Christianity. To gather together the materials for an extensive comparison of dialects and tongues became afterwards a passion with the empress Catherine, and we have ourselves seen, in her own hand-writing, the outline of that great work, which was afterwards filled up by Pallas, and which must be deemed one of the most valuable museums of philological knowledge.

Anterior to the 12th century, no authentic history of Finland exists. That the Finns were then in a very low state of civilization is evident from the fact that a great number of the words, such as city, town, market, street, &c. which imply some advance in the arts of cultivated life, are derived from the Swedish. The Finns are called Schuden by the Slavonians; and one of the most intelligent of the Finlanders (Rudbek) has fancied the analogy of name sufficient to establish their descent from the Scythians of Herodotus. The Finns are undoubtedly of an oriental origin. The Finnish language has many Sanscrit and many Hebrew words; the similarity, nay the identity, of names of places, rivers, towns, and districts, in Persia and in Finland, is such as can have had no accidental source.

Hallola, for example, is the name of a town or province in Persia, in lat. 34, and it is that of a lake and a district in Tavastia, in lat. 62.

Jumalech, and Jumalen, a district, in lat. 38.

Jumalai, a district in Finland, lat. 61.

Chaja, a town, in lat. 40.

Cuja, another town in Cajania, lat. 66.

* Witsen, who published at Amsterdam in 1672, a volume of Travels in Tartary, in which he gives specimens of twenty languages, praises the Tzar Peter for his support and countenance, and there is some reason to believe his book was printed by order, and probably at the cost of the Tzar. For a detailed account of what has been done in Russia on the subject of languages, see Catherinens der Grossen Verdienste um die Vergleichende Sprachenkunde, by F. Adelung: Petersburg, 4to, 1815.

† Sravniteljnle slovari vsekh jasikov i narjechii sobranie desnitzei vsevsochafti osobii. Linguarum Totius Orbis Vocabularia Comparativa: Petropoli, 1786.
Ollau is the proper name of the river Kurr, lat. 43.
Oulou, a town and river in Ostrobothnia, lat. 66.
Checmechu, a district in Persia, lat. 35.
Kekimechi, the same in Finland, lat. 62.
Sechmechi, in Tavastia, lat. 62.
Rasalain, a lake, lat. 36.
Rozelain, the Carelian lake, lat. 63.
Vassa, a town beyond the Euphrates, lat. 33.
Vassa, a town and river in Finland, lat. 60. This resemblance Rudbeck [Acta Lit. Suec. ii. 304] declares he has traced through more than six hundred oriental names of places.

The Finnish language forms the connecting link between the Laplandish and the Esthnian (Esthonian). The number of its conjugates is very remarkable; for though it has a great variety of adverbs and prepositions, all its nouns are susceptible of from twelve to fifteen modifications of purpose, possession, time, and place. An almost universal form creates substantives from its adjectives and its verbs. It is very extraordinary, that the Finnish language wants the first five consonants of our alphabet—b, c, d, f, g. They have been introduced, indeed, with exotic words, but are so little suited to the organs of the Finlanders, that the foreign names to which they belong have been gradually finnicized, and Biblia is now written Piplia; Banki (Bank), Pankki; Carta, Kartta; Ceremonia, Seremonia; Cymbali, Sympali; Demanti (Diamond), Temantti; Directori, Tirehtoöri; Doctori, Tohtori; Fabriki (Fabric), Wapriiki; Formu (form), Wormu; Galeja (Galley), Kaleja; Glasi (Glass), Klasi; Guwernöri (Governor), Kuwernööri. The Finnish alphabet thus consists of only twelve consonants, but it has eight vowels of which a' and o' may rather be considered as diphthongs, or modifications of a and o, than separate sounds. Like the Swedes, however, the Finlanders place those two letters at the end of their narrow alphabet. The poverty of the Finnish alphabet forms a curious contrast to the overflowing and encumbering richness of the Slavonic, the latter having, at least, double the number of letters.

Porthan, in his dissertation De Poesi Fennica, to which we refer, as containing very minute, though sometimes not very judicious, criticisms on the structure and peculiarities of Finnish poetry, divides it into three classes—the Runes, the rhymed, and the measured.

The Runes (Runot, singular Runo, from the Hebrew יִרְתוֹ, whence יִרְתוֹ canticum, through the Gothic Runor (singular Runa), are almost universally composed of four trochees. They
are full of remarkable alliterations. Almost every single verse has a repetition of the same syllables, as, for example,

“Suru suuri Suomalaisten
Parku poru Pohjalaisten.”

Or,

“Syren syntyi Sysmäläinen
Poikki puolin Pohjalainen
Syrmipä minäkin synnyyn
Poikki puolin ponnistelin.”

Another favourite species of jingle is produced by the stringing together of words in which there is the variation only of a single letter; as,

“Hylleröinen, pylleröinen
Kulleroinen, kalleröinen
Pellon pieni pymperöinen
Elä knaa kuaalian
Kaiskoo ruoka-ruohojain.”

Of rhymed verses there are few examples in the Finnish Runes.

It would not be easy to communicate a correct and perfect notion of the Finnish Pantheon, without translating nearly the whole of Ganander’s Mythologia Fennica† (Åbo, 4to, 1789). To that work we must, therefore, refer our readers, cautioning them, however, beforehand, to receive his theories with some distrust, especially when they are not supported by appropriate evidence.

It is much to be regretted that the greater part of Ganander’s quotations from the Finnish Runes are unaccompanied by either Latin or Swedish translations; and his inattention to this is the more remarkable, as Porthan, Lenquist, Renvall, Gottlund, and most of the writers on the literature of Finland, have given Latin versions of all the Finnish poetry they have introduced. The study of the Finnish language will be greatly facilitated by the admirable Dictionary whose title we have placed at the head of this article, but of which we have only received the first part, and believe the other has not yet been published.

* This passage is thus appropriately translated by Gottlund:

“Tantilla, quantilla
Convexa, conflexa
Pygmea agri parvicula
Noli Brassicas meas evertere
Herbas meas fructiferas corrumpere.”

† Consult, further, Gabriel Arctopolitanus, De Origine et Religione Fennorum, xi. p. 260. et seq.
Those who understand Swedish will do well to consult the Anvising til Finska og Svenska Sproket: Stockholm, 1772-1784; and especially the Finsk Grammatik by Becker, published at Åbo in 1824; those who do not, may employ a small manual by Vhæl, though they will be greatly disappointed if they expect that half the promises of its title* will be fulfilled; but the best work on the subject is Jurden’s Forsök til Utredanda af Finska Språkets Grammatik: Viborg, 1818.

The Finnish mythology has invested with supernatural charms, or committed to the guardianship of its divinities, many of the mountains, streams, fountains, and woods in Finland. Eräphyä, a promontory in Orihvesi, is endowed with a sacred character. Pyhämaa, or the Holy Land, is the name of a district. There are several cataracts and lakes with which old religious associations are blended. A curious letter of Pope Gregory the ninth to a bishop of Finland (dated Feb. 1228) mentions the dedication to Christian service of the forests and altars formerly employed for the celebration of idolatrous rites. Pain and Death had their controlling divinities, and so had most of the casualties of human existence. As tribes, in their migrations, carry with them the religion of their forefathers, to ascertain and compare the mythologies of nations is one of the surest guides to their origin and their early history. The identity of many of the Finnish deities with those of the East and of the North would, if we could pursue it, throw much light upon some of the darkest and most difficult questions of very remote time.

The Runes which have been published by Schröter, with German translations, form but a small part of the existing popular poetry of Finland. Independently of written collections, which have been multiplied in the interior provinces, the peasantry throughout the country have received from their fathers, and are accustomed to communicate to their children, the songs in which the heathen mythology of a very remote age is so singularly interblended with Christian legends. Nor has Christianity by any means driven the ancient gods of Finland from the field. Jumala and Wänämöinen are yet familiar to the thoughts, and associated with the daily language of the Finlanders. The harp, as invented by Wänämöinen (Kantelet), is still the

* Grammatica Fennica, adcuratione methodo, penitiori cura et labore reserans antiquissimæ hujus, ac natura sua praestantissimæ linguae adytæ, ejus peculiarum, ab alis Europæis linguæ differentum, genium, flexiones et conjugationes orientalibus, primææ imprimis, adiones, illustrans, opera et studio B. G. Vhæl. Editio nova Helsingsforsiae, 1821.
national instrument, and is used, even in our day, to accompany the singing of the ancient Runes, not indeed without some improvement since the old god tore the hairs from the tail of the wild stallion for its strings.*

It is scarcely possible to determine with accuracy the antiquity of these Runes, which have been preserved by oral tradition alone, but they very naturally arrange themselves under three epochs or divisions, namely, those composed anterior to the introduction of Christianity, in which the old mythology of the Finlanders is preserved, without any mixture of Christian legends or Christian names. The curious affinity between the early Scandinavian fables, and the fables of classical story, cannot fail to awaken inquiry. The birth of Kawe, for instance, is a counterpart to that of Minerva, and the birth of the harp is the tale of Orpheus to the very letter. Of the mythological Runes, there are many written collections, which the possessors have been unwilling to publish, from an apprehension that mischief might be done to Christianity by their more extended circulation. To the second class belong the Runes which followed the conversion of the Finlanders to the Christian faith. In many of these the personages of the Old and New Testament are confounded or associated with the objects of pagan adoration, and sometimes the names of the ancient idol and the modern saint are used indifferently, wherever these attributes correspond. A third portion comprises those of a more decidedly modern origin, of which the authors are known, or at least the period of their first appearance. We shall give specimens of each of these classes in their turn.

This arrangement is, in fact, somewhat like that proposed, but not adopted, by Schröter, who suggests, that the poetry of Finland be classed under the head of Mythic, Magic (Zaubergesänge) and Lyric pieces. But the division excludes the Finnish romances, many of which are undoubtedly of foreign origin, though none of them that we are acquainted with throw any light upon the history of Finland. The history of a people not very numerous, but very widely scattered, inhabiting a frigid and inhospitable climate, is in truth soon told, and the vicissitudes of sovereignty, the change of masters, affect this race of man almost as little as they affect the wolves, whose troops occupy their magnificent pine-tree forests, or the seals that play about the borders of the Bothnian Sea. Porthan thinks

* Two other instruments are used in Finland: the Harpu, with three strings of brass, and the Iö-hti-Kantele (horse-tail harp) with three strings of horse-hair. They are both struck with bows.
that no materials for history anterior to the Reformation can be found among the Finnish Runes. The fragments which exist treat of the irruptions of the Russians, and their wars with the Swedes.

Under the first class of mythological poetry we shall give the original, and a translation of the Rune on the birth of Kawe. *Kawe* is the Saturn of the Finnish gods. He was born from the bosom of *Kunotar*, the virgin nature. He was the father of twelve sons, among whom the most distinguished were, *Hirsi*, the evil principle, who, with a great variety of names, and in sundry shapes, is spread over the whole field of mythology. *Wäinämöinen*, the good principle, engaged in ever-during war with Hirsi. *Ilmarinen*, the god of the winds, who borrowed fire from Wäinämöinen, and invented iron. *Soini*, the jester and life-inspirer, the god of gaiety. *Liekiöinen* and *Kihawaniskoimen*, the cultivators of the land, and clearers of the forests. Kawe is sometimes called Ukko, the old, the grey-headed, the thunderer. *Pitkäinen*, the tall one. *Isäinen*, the father: he is identified with Jumala, which name is applied in the Finnish bible to the God of the Mosaic and Christian dispensations. *Turilas*, who is here spoken of, was one of the ancient giants, whom Ganander supposes was synonymous with the Scandinavian *Stark Otter*. This Rune was part published in the *Mythologia Fennica*, but without a translation.

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Kawe ukko pojian Herra
Ikäinen iku Turilas
Isä wanhä Wäinämöinen
Makais äetinsä kohdusa
Kolme kymmmä käsi;
Ikäwystyi aikojaan
Oudostui elämitään;
Wijlaisi äätinsä kohdun
Potkaisi punaista tuota
Sormella nimittömällä
Wasemmalla waspahalla

Päästö sotamiehen miekconeen
Satuloinen orihin
Kupehesta Kunottaran
Lapsen waimon lappiosta.

Ancient Kawe! northern sovereign, 
Older thou than old Turilas, 
Aged Wäinämöinen's father. 
In his mother's breast he slumber'd, 
Slumber'd more than thirty summers; 
Weary was the long, long slumber,
On the Runes of Finland.

So he made a wond’rous exit,
For he tore his mother’s bosom,
With his foot he tore it open,
With his little nameless finger,
With his left-foot’s toe; and girded
With a sword, a mounted warrior,
On a saddled steed, he sprung forth,
From the side of Kunotarri,
From the woman’s breast an infant.

Of the following, one of the most popular and poetical of the Finnish Runes, the writer, when at Åbo, received a copy in MS. from Tengström, the archbishop of Finland, an excellent old man, the very model of episcopal simplicity.* It has, however, been published, with a Latin version, by Lenquist, *De Superstitione Veterum Fennorum*, p. 36, 37, and with a Swedish translation by Ganander, whose fancy it is to derive Wäinämöinen’s name from the Greek φαυνομενος, or, more appropriately, perhaps, from φαναος Ζευς, a cognomen of Apollo, with many of whose attributes Wäinämöinen is undoubtedly invested. There is a free version of this Rune by Argängen in the *Kalender für Damer: Upsala, 1819.*

KANTELEEN SYNTY.

Birth of the Harp.

He, the aged Wäinämöinen,
Up the rock his boat has lifted;
On its height the harp created.
Whence the concave harp created?
From the body of the birch-tree.
And the harp’s keys, whence created?
From the oak-tree’s equal branches.
And the harp’s strings,† whence created?
From the tail of mighty stallion,
From the stallion’s tail of Lempo.‡

He, the aged Wäinämöinen,
Call’d on youths and call’d on maidens,
That their fingers might awake it;
Rapture answer’d not to rapture,
Song was not by song repeated.
Then he call’d on men unmarried,
Then he call’d on married heroes;
Rapture answer’d not to rapture,
Song was not by song repeated.

* The *Oratio Funeris in Memoriam Professoris Porthan*, of Archbishop Tengström, contains some valuable notices of Finnish literature.
† Schröter translates kielet, tongue.
‡ Lempo, a son of Kawe.
Then he call'd on ancient women,
Then on men of middle ages;
Rapture answer'd not to rapture,
Song was not by song repeated.
Then the aged Wäinämöinen,
On his seat accustom'd seated,
Took the harp between his fingers,
On his knees its form supporting,
Underneath his hand it rested:
Play'd by aged Wäinämöinen,
Song was then by song repeated,
Rapture was by rapture echo'd.
Not a tenant of the forest,
On his four feet hurrying forward,
On his little patties tripping,
But came hast'ning then to hear him,
As the father wakened rapture,
Wäinämöinen, aged, playing.
'Neath the hedge the bear conceal'd him,
As old Wäinämöinen play'd there,
All the tenants of the forest,
Waving there their double pinions,
All the famous of the flying,
Thither came, in flocks assembled.
Not a tenant of the ocean,
On his six fins travelling forward,
Some had eight on which they travelled,
But came there to listen to him.
Even the mistress of the waters,
On the sea-weed sprung and rested,
And upon the water-pebbles,
She repos'd upon her bosom.
Then from Wäinämöinen's eye-lids,
Fell a stream of purest water,
Drops as round as hurtle berries,
Big as are the eggs of moor-fowl,*
On his venerable bosom;
From his bosom to his knees down,
From his knees down to his sandals,
Fell, in water-drops descending,
Fell through five thick woollen mantles,
Thro' eight ample woollen garments.

The Rune which follows, describes the contest for pre-eminence between Wäinämöinen and Joukkawainen, a youthful giant. There are many versions of the story recorded,—one, which has undoubtedly modern interpolations, records, that Wäinämöinen pierced the heart of Joukkawainen with a spear, on which the

* Pyyliämmät Pyyn muneä. The Tetrao bonaria.
latter appealed to all the divinities of the land and the sea, and the Virgin Mary interfered and healed his wound. In the copy which Lenquist has given, Wäinämöinen is made to indignantly fling Joukkawainen into the ocean.

**WAINAMOINEN AND JOUKKAWAREN.**

Once the aged Wäinämöinen,
And the youthful Joukkawainen,
Met upon the way together;
And one sledge beset the other,
Harness was with harness tangled:

Then said Joukkawainen in his youthful ardour,
Let him now his way go forward,
Who is wiser than the other,
And let him at once go backward,
Who knows less than knows the other.
I know how the deep was measur’d,
Lands into their parts divided,
Masts how planted in the forests,
Highest mountains how erected,
Hills, by stones on stones up-piled.

But Wäinämöinen knew he was older than Joukkawainen, and seized him to dash him into the sea, saying

Children’s wisdom, women’s knowledge,
Far beneath a bearded hero;
’Twas I measur’d out the ocean,
I the different lands divided,
Planted masts within the forest,
I that round the highest mountain,
Stones on stones for hills up-piled.

On which the other intreated Wäinämöinen to sing, saying,

Sing, O sing, thou Wäinämöinen,
Thou of noble birth, wake music.
But the aged Wäinämöinen,
Gave a rapid, final answer,
Now to sing is far too early,
Yet too soon to waken rapture.

But as Joukkawainen did not cease to plague him, Wäinämöinen sung,

Beards were shaking, heads were trembling,
Stones were on the sea-shore dancing,
Splinters from the rocks were scattered,
With old Wäinämöinen’s singing;
North’s white doors were burst asunder,
And its caves were all torn open,
At the song of Wäinämöinen.
To the Runes of the second department of Finnish poetry, the Finlanders give the name of Luwut (perhaps from Luuset, the art of enchantment): of these the greater part of their popular poetry is composed, and in them will be found the most extraordinary amalgamation of the beings of their ancient and their modern adoration. Catholicism and idolatry are blended in strange but very intelligible union. Kawe, or Jumala, and God the father, Wainämöinen, and Jesus Christ, Kunotar, and the Virgin Mary, are names employed almost indifferently, and as if they awakened precisely similar emotions in the speaker’s mind. Of these Runes a whole class relate the history of the creation of different objects. They record the birth (synty) of the bear and the seal, of fire, of iron, of the harp, of pain, and of medicine, in a word, of all those objects which were supposed to be produced by the special interference of the gods, by the influence of magical incantations. With the exception of that on the birth of the harp, these Runes must have been either corrupted in their progress downwards to more modern times, or be of a date posterior to the introduction of Christianity. These are never sung, but uttered in a slow and solemn voice, characteristic of the awful rites they generally describe.

The Tulen Synty gives the history of the origin of Fire.

‘It was,’ says the poet, ‘created by Ilmarinen and Wainämöinen, in the dark north, the instruments being five feathers from the tail of an eagle, a sword of steel, and a block of iron. Above the ninth heaven, the clouds flash, and a spark, accompanied by a blue and scarlet skein (kerii) falls to the bottom of an inland lake (Liemo*), and is entangled in the sea-weed. Thrice in the summer, nine times in the autumn nights, it calls on the fishes† to swallow and release it. Several fish at last devour it, and a fisherman’s boat puts to sea. Meanwhile hemp was sown in the night, in a field that had been ploughed in the moonshine; it was hastily plucked, hastily dipped in water, hastily warped, hastily spun, and hastily wrought into a net. Brothers‡ bound it, sisters spun it. It was midsummer night when the net was launched into the lake, and great was the haul, but the desired fish were not caught. Then they pray to the Virgin—“the mild and tender mother” (Rakas ääta, armollinen), to assist; she bids them venture further into the deep, and at last the fish are netted. They seek for some one to open them, but in vain. At last a black man rises up from the sea.

* The name of a lake in Finland.
† Several species of fish are particularly referred to. Siliä Siika, the flat salmon (salmo lavaretus). Halewa Hauki, the grey pike (esox lucius). Lohi Punanen, the red salmon (salmo).
‡ These brothers were Ilmarinen and Wainämöinen.
Uros,* not taller than three fingers, comes out of the waves; "he is little better than a corpse, and hideous as one of the damned." He has stone shoes on his feet, a stone helmet on his head, his hair hangs down to his heels, and his beard covers his breast; he cuts open the fish; he finds the blue and scarlet skeins, which he rolls up, and within these the spark of fire. It bursts forth—burns the knees of the youth, the skirts of the women, the breasts of the maidens; so they knew it was fire. Then an aged woman (Hommalainen) threw it into a birchen basket, and fled with it to the forests, and the wastes of Lapland. The fishermen call on seers and sages to control and to subdue its ravages, but they are unable. Again they appeal to the black dwarf of the waves—could he exorcise what he had awakened? † No! that was beyond his power. At last, a youth appears from the north—a giant youth from Pimentola.‡ His under garments are a fathom wide, two fathoms and a half from the girdle to the knee. He thus apostrophizes them: "I knew your wants, and came. The icy hares leaped; the icy ducks swam by the snowy rivulets, by the falls of snow. Ukko,§ thou golden king, bring a cloud from the north-west, another from the west, and lightning from the east, and let them mix together, and thunder to one another. Let there be showers of snow, and showers of rain, and hail as hard as iron over the burnt spots. Let the glow of fire be harmless, under the glance of my eye, the stretching forth of my hand, the breathing of my breath. Impi! ‖ come forth from the north, from the distant lands. Thy hose are of snow, thy shoes of ice, thy garments of the hoar-frost, thy capes of many icicles, and ice is thy whole apparel. Let the glow of fire be harmless when my eyes look on it, when my hand touches it, when my breath breathes upon it. Daughter of the east, maiden of the west, housewife of the south,¶ come in an icy sledge, drawn by an icy swan of a year old. In the sledge is an icy cauldron—in the cauldron an icy trowel; spread with it the snow over the burnt places, and make the scorching harmless. The bare-headed flame-maiden ** glides midst flakes that burn her knees, her elbows in sparks of fire, and a hundred horns upon her back. They

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* Uros is one of the most awful and mysterious beings of the Finnish mythology: he is often introduced into the Runes. In the contest between Wainamöinen and Joukkawainen, Uros is called in as the arbiter.

† The latter portion of this Rune turns on the healing of wounds produced by fire, an art of which the dwarf of the lake had no knowledge.

‡ Pimentola, verbally, the abode of darkness—the dark and distant land, where the arrows of death were shaped and sharpened.

§ The oldest of the Finnish deities after Jumala. Ganander supposes Ukko to be synonymous with the Saxon Thor.

‖ Impi. She had her dwelling at the pole. Once while bathing in the sea, Meri-Tunas, the Finnish Neptune, grew enamoured of her, and she bore him nine profligate sons.

¶ The east, west, and south winds, supposed to have the virtue of soothing and cooling wounds.

** Kiwutar, daughter of Wainamöinen: her name expresses Daughter of the Dwelling of Pain. She is sometimes called Tuonen Lyitto, Daughter
have water there, they have honey, they have choice ointments, and there are nine ointment-preparers, and eight intelligent seers. All around are the ointments to free from suffering, to heal wounds, to preserve from corruption, and to prevent the blood from turning to water. If thou obey not, I have a black dog and an iron-haired bitch to devour the sorcerer of the village.* Virgin Mary, youthful and merciful mother! come hither, for thou art wanted—wanted to preserve, wanted to protect. If thy way be over the land, slide upon snow-shoes; if upon the ocean, take the helm of a swift vessel. Take the silk from thy forehead, the fillet from thy head; pour the water from thy lap upon the burnt places.

"Bee! thou bird of the clouds! fly at my bidding over the nine broad seas; to the borders of the South Sea, on the shoulders of Ota­wainen.† Fly to the camp of the Creator, to the chambers of the Almighty, above, towards the moon; beneath, towards the sun; behind, among the stars of heaven. Dip thy wings in sweets, in melted oil; make honey with thy fingers; melt honey with thy mouth. Bring fragrant ointment hither, from the eight intelligent seers. Bring the sweet hands of Jesus, the gentle finger of God. Touch us with thy finger, O Jesus. Kiss us, gentle God, with thy lips."

Hylkeen Synty, or the Birth of the Seal, was first printed in 1818, among a small collection of Runes made by Gottlund, whose Dissertatio de Proverbiis Fennicis contains a century of Finnish proverbs, with Latin translations, introduced by a valuable Essay on the language and poetry of Finland, of which we have freely availed ourselves.

HYLKEEN SYNTY.

Birth of the Seal (Phoca.)

Bird of day, the little swallow,
All a summer’s day was flying,
All a harvest day was hov’ring,
Seeking land on which to rest him,
Bow’ry grove on which to linger,
Field on which her nest to fashion,
Plain, her eggs to hold in safety.
But she found no land to rest on,
Found no plain her eggs to harbour,
Found no grove on which to linger,
Found no field to build her nest on.

of Death. Her abode is in the Kippumäki, or mountain of suffering, where her employment is to prepare plagues for mankind.

* A rival deity, probably Lumojä, against whom this menace is directed.
† The constellation Ursa major. Otawatar is the goddess of the northern stars, and in one of the Runes given by Lenquist [p. 16], she is called "Paiwan Tytto," Daughter of the Sun.
To the mountain top she hastened,
Saw a vessel in the ocean,
Vessel with its red masts sailing.
'Neath the vessel's deck she hid her,
Made herself a nest of copper,
Laid a golden egg within it:
Then the wind's bride o'er the ocean
Came and blew the vessel sidelong,
And the egg dropt in the water.
Then it grew a fish of ocean,
Then into a seal was hardened.
Ocean's bed has many monsters,*
But they are not sea-dogs only.†

The *Kawan Synty* (birth of iron) is another curious illustration of the magical Rune. It begins thus:

'I have learnt the [history of the] birth of iron, and the value of steel. Steel was torn from the mountain, iron from the rock. Not from myself—not alone from my own pure lips, but with the good spirit of the Lord I speak. Iron will scorch, will grow rusty, before my words will deceive. Place a blade of grass at the opening of your wounds; let not the milk flow forth, nor the red blood, the blood of Jesus, the sweet milk of Mary; let not the red blood drop, let it not fall. When the flesh is torn, let it unite; when the skin is riven, let it grow together; where the veins burst, let them be bound.‡

Luonto's three maidens,§ went, constrained by the brides. Their hard breasts had fresh and naked tips; they went to pile the hay, and to gather up the dog-grass. They spilt their milk on the ground, and hung with their bosoms over the green sod. The milk of one was red; of another, white; of the third, it was mixed with blood. From the red milk sprung the ductile iron; from the white, the iron of steel; from the blood-mingled, the fragile iron.

Ah! thou poor iron! then thou wert not yet great; thou wert not great nor small (i.e. thou hadst no form), nor proud, while as milk thou

* Paljon on mustea meressä. Literally, the sea has many black things in it.
† Another version of this Rune, with a Swedish translation, will be found in the Mnemosyne, No. 102, a journal published at Åbo, and frequently containing interesting pieces of Finnish poetry, and intelligent remarks on the history, mythology, and literature of Finland.
‡ These introductory stanzas are not perfectly intelligible to us: they appear to have some connexion with the "healing art," which is a common subject of the Finnish Runes. The latter part of the poem, however, throws some light upon the subject.
§ Luonto-Luonot, Nature, the Creatoress, Kawe's wife. The root of the word is Luon, luoda, Inuia rei pono vel funi (Renwall in loc.). The maidens are the personifications of labour or strength.
On the Runes of Finland.

wert sleeping in the breast of the virgin, under her arm-pits. Thou wert not yet great, nor small, nor sorrowful, nor beautiful, while thou wert growing on the moor, when thou wert spilt upon the morass. Thou wert not great nor small when thou wert dug out from the earth, and dragged forth from the clay.

Ilmarinen, the smith-god (Ite seppā Ilmarinen), hath fixed his forge upon the flinty summit of Histola.* He sought a firm and broad foundation for his forge; he made a bellows of his shirt; of his fur garments a blower; a pipe of his doublets. Then he bid his youths blow; they forced the blower: they laboured at the bellows one whole day, another, and a third; and on the third day, Ilmarinen himself looked into the forge—“What will my fire bring forth? who will urge on my forge?” Then the iron pressed itself out of the fire—heavy iron from the sources; ore from the water’s navel. The iron rushed forth steaming; the steel came on like gold—it glistened like silver when it springs from the furnace. Ilmarinen himself forged it quickly; he hammered it then, in his doorless and windowless smithery. Then he looked round while he bent it to and fro.

“Ha! poor iron! thou ore ingredient (koito-kuona)! thou wert neither great nor small while thou lingeredst in the fire, when thou wert brought to the forge, when thou wert spread like wheaten dough; like dough, too, didst thou ferment when I flung thee into the forge.” Then the iron swore a heavy oath—By the curse of the foot of Jesus, no evil shall come from me, if thou wilt suffer me to ripen.* * * * *

Virgin Mary—thou young mother—thou mother with the beautiful brow, bring water—bring water to harden the iron. Kerhilainen,+ the bird of Hiisi, flew around the forge, offering all his plagues. He brought the hisses of the snake, the stings of the ant, the tricks of the frog, the black gall of the worm—all in the hardening water. Did they not bring evil—the snake’s hiss, and the ant’s sting, and the frog’s tricks, and the worm’s black gall. Alas! poor iron! thou ore ingredient! Thou wert then neither great, nor small, nor vigorous, when thou wert worked out from the heath, and spilt upon the morass. Alas! poor iron! Thou wert neither great nor small when thou slumberedst in the virgin’s milk. Thy descent is from the mists, thy strength from the waters; thou art dissipated in dews like the salt in the ocean—like the milk in the bosom of a maiden—like the fat which is melted away—like butter when it seethes.* * * * *

O thou poor iron! who reminds thee of thine evil deeds? Is it thy father, is it thy mother, thy full-aged ancestors, or is it thine own thoughts? If thine own thoughts—if thou know thy works, correct

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* Histola, the dwelling-place of Ohiis.
+ The Hornet. Karlilainen [Ganander, p. 32], a crippled and ill-formed god, dug with his toes and heels an abode for it in the earth, where, with Mehiläinen (the bee) they might share their honey together.
thine errors, ere I tell thy mother—ere I proclaim it to thy ancestors. Thy mother has more to do; but the burden is heavy on forefathers, when a son is trained to evil, or a daughter destroys the fur.* Virgin Mary, young mother! come swiftly, go hurriedly. Wounds and corruption are abroad. Bee! thou bird of the clouds! fetch honey; bring honey hither, over nine seas, and half way over the earth. Fly to the moon’s edge, fly to the sun’s borders; bring honey from Mehtola,† bring sweetness from the dwelling of Tapio. Short be thy stay; pass over the violets; look around thee, and come, waving thy wings, with six bowls at thy sides, seven on thy back, loaded with ointment. There is honey, there is water, there are fragrant salves.

* Virgin Mary—young mother! come swiftly; take the wings of a wittwal; † the feathers of a snow-sparrow; § loosen the tail of a swallow, and anoint the smarting wound; ointment above and below, and within, to relieve from suffering; and beneath, that nothing be left undone.

And thou Kiwutar—thou maiden of disease! wind the plague on thy bonds; wind sufferings round the bosoms; then conduct them to thy streams.

Virgin Mary—young mother! come swiftly, go speedily. Thou canst supply us with a hundred bones (for strength); thou hast a hundred mighty blessings; thine are the veins (knots) in our arms, and thine the callosities of our elbows. || Lay upon them the leaf from Lempo’s tree ¶—the leaf of the golden flower. Lay upon them the fetters and the braids of the Creator.

Not out of my own mouth do I speak. I speak with pure lips, and with the good breathings of the Lord. I breathe warm breathings—

"Lend us thy spirit, O God (Jumala); lend us thy mouth to speak; pour not forth thy milk to waste; waste not thy blood in drops; let tar ooze forth, and turpentine from the pine-tree, but not the blood of innocence. If one drop fall, let Jesus take it into his keeping, ere he visits the earth, or reaches its foundation. But do not thou descend to visit the world, and to be scattered over the sand (to be treated with contempt)."

We give a specimen of a religious Rune. It is the prayer of a Finnish herdsman to St. Katherine and Mary, for the protection of his flocks.

Katrinatar! lovely woman,
Swiftly gird an iron girdle
All around my herds of cattle,

* Iron is the son and daughter; the spoilt fur (skin) is the wasted ore.
† The abode of the forests. Tabio, the god of the forests.
‡ Emberiza citrinella.
§ Emberiza nivalis.
|| This passage would seem to be a fanciful way of speaking of different diseases.
¶ Schröter supposes Lempo to be synonymous with Hiisi. It was from the foal of Lempo that Wainämöinen took the hair with which he strung his harp.
On the Runes of Finland.

All around me and my meadow,
That the son of evil come not!
Child of night, and maid of twilight,
Come, and bring five trusty servants,
Bring six, faithful and obedient:
Let them watch around my meadows.
Maid Maria! youthful mother!
Build a fence along the hedges,
That the cold may not disturb them;
That the frost may not annoy them.
Let my cattle safely wander
Through this blessed Jesus' summer.
Through Jumala's lingering summer,
Chace they not the fine-hoof'd cattle!
Let them not alarm their offspring.
Midst the rocks my servants wander,
All my favourites in the forest:
From the eager grasp of robbers,
May Creator God preserve them.
May we trust in our Jumala;
Through this blessed coming summer,
May he shield our flocks from evil!

The next is the only specimen of a Rune divided into stanzas.

MERENKOSIA.

Anna, lovely, youthful virgin,
At the island bridge was seated;
Seated there, she wept in silence.
She would fain salute a lov'd one,
To a happy youth incline her.
Gold man issued from the ocean;
Golden lips and golden forehead,
Golden harness on his shoulders,
On his hands were golden gauntlets,
Golden rings upon his fingers,
On his heels, his spurs were golden.
"Will the virgin be propitious?"
Not to thee the virgin listens;
Prophecy and fate oppose it.
'Tis not thine to call her homeward—
Aged woman would not rock her,
Grey haired mother watch her slumbers.

Anna, lovely, youthful virgin,
At the island bridge was seated;
There she sat in silence weeping.
Fain would she salute a lov'd one,
To a happy youth incline her.
Silver man rose up from ocean;
Silver mouth and silver forehead,
Silver harness on his shoulders,  
On his hands were silver gauntlets,  
Silver rings upon his gauntlets,  
On his feet were spurs of silver.

"Will the virgin be propitious?"
No! the virgin will not hear thee;
Fate and magic both oppose it.
'Tis not thine to call her homeward.
Mother would not rock her cradle,
Grandmother ne'er lull to slumber.

Anna, lovely, youthful virgin,
At the island bridge was seated.
There she sat and wept in silence.
Fain would she possess a lov'd one,
Fain salute a happy lover.
Copper man awoke from ocean,
Copper mouth and copper forehead,
Copper harness on his shoulders,
Copper gloves upon his fingers,
On his gloves were rings of copper,
Copper spurs around his ankles.

"Come to me, to me, thou virgin?"
No, the virgin will not hear thee;
Fate and prophecy oppose it.
He shall never call her homeward.
Mother would not rock her cradle,
Grandam would not lull to slumber.

Anna, lovely youthful maiden,  
At the island bridge was seated.
There she sat and wept in silence,  
Longing for a youthful lover,  
For a happy lover sighing.
Iron man came forth from ocean,
Iron mouth and iron forehead,
Iron harness on his shoulders,
Iron gloves upon his fingers,
On his gloves were iron ringlets,
Iron spurs around his ankles.

"Come to me, to me, young virgin?"
No! to thee I may not listen;
Prophecy and fate oppose it.
Never wilt thou bear me homeward.
Mother would not rock the cradle,
Grandam would not lull to slumber.

Anna, lovely youthful maiden,
At the island bridge was seated.
Seated there, she wept in silence,
Fain would find a youthful lover,
For a happy lover longing.
On the Runes of Finland.

Bread man* sallied forth from ocean,
Bread his mouth and bread his forehead,
Bread the harness on his shoulder,
Bread the gloves upon his fingers,
Bread upon his gloves for ringlets,
Bread the spurs around his ankles.
"Come to me, to me, young virgin."
Yes! to thee, to thee I hasten ;
Fate and prophecy desire it.
Thou shalt lead the virgin homeward.
Mother, she shall rock the cradle,
Grandam lull the maid to slumber.

We give another Rune from the Pienjä Runoja.

ROKKO.
The Eagle.

Lo! an eagle came from Turja,+ Lo! a bird came down from Lapland,
And his mouth with fire was glowing,
Warm as summer wind his palate,
Eyes he had beneath his pinions,
Eyes among his upper feathers ;
One wing grazed the ocean's surface,
And the other flapp'd high heaven.
Hundred men beneath his pinions,
Thousands 'neath his tail were hidden,
Ten in every quill were hidden.

THE BARD.

'I am not of Runic fathers,
I can sing no songs of magic :
Tho' I oft to Runes have listen'd
Midst the morn heard words of wisdom,
Thro' the lakes heard ancient music,
From the walls heard Runic minstrels : I would sing too were I able,
But I fear the laughing village;
For the virgins would be scornful,
For the girls would all deride me.
Would that I could charm the wise ones,
Would I could delight the list'ners,
Singing of the Ocean flow'rets,
Singing of the Ocean roses ;
Of the sea, as if 'twere honey,
As if emerald peas its borders,

* Leipämies merestä nousi.
† Turja is the common name for a distant land. Turjan Tunturit are
the Norwegian mountains.
And its weeds like forest verdure,
And its sands like malt when sifted,
And its flints like precious treasures:
Ocean's walls must all be level'd,
Ocean-surf must all be scatter'd.
But if I delight the wise ones,
But if I transport the list'ners,
If the hay-stacks listen to me,
If I may invite the Oak-tree—
Verdant boughs upon the Oak-tree,
And on every bough an apple,
Golden wheels upon the apples,
And on every wheel a cuckoo,
Cuckoo there called out to cuckoo;
Gold from cuckoo's bill was flowing,
From his chin was copper streaming,
And his silver pinions trembled.'

This Rune looks very like ridicule of the exaggerations of Finnish song. Schröter translates it from the Pienjä Runoja, without any observation.

Our next specimen is given by Schröter from the Sawolanar dialect of Finland.

'O Jumala! send thy clouds to Viborg!
Let thy rainbow now o'er-arch Carelia!
Pour thy streams of fresh'ning water,
For the impatient youths are waiting.
Not as yet thy water gushes;
Dried are all the summer fountains,
All the wells are choked and parched,
Old men are in ovens burning,
Aged women sweat and perish,
Youths at th' oven steps are fainting,
And the maidens by their borders.'

Ballads and lyrical pieces are extensively circulated in the northern and inland parts of Finland, and form the habitual songs of the women. In these, however, a strong resemblance to the minstrelsy of other nations will be discovered. Some of them are the expression of natural and universal feelings, and grow out of the all-pervading influences of joy and sorrow, which mark the unvarying path of mortal man.

WERINEN POJKA.

_The Bloody Son._

"Whither com'st thou? whither com'st thou?
Joyous son of mine!"

"From the sea-shore, from the sea-shore,
Golden mother mine!"
"What hast done there? what hast done there?
Joyous son of mine!"
"Horses watered, horses watered,
Golden mother mine!"
"What's the clay upon thy garments?
Joyous son of mine!"
"Horses splashed me, horses splashed me,
Golden mother mine!"
"Tell me why thy sword is bloody?
Joyous son of mine!"
"I have smote mine only brother,
Golden mother mine!"
"Whither, whither, wilt thou speed thee?
Joyous son of mine!"
"Far away in distant countries,
Golden mother mine!"
"Where hast left thine aged father?
Joyous son of mine!"
"Hewing wood within the forest;
Never more would he behold me,
Golden mother mine!"
"Where hast left thine aged mother?
Joyous son of mine!"
"She was seated at her spindle;
Never more would look upon me,
Golden mother mine!"
"Where thy youthful bride abandoned?
Joyous son of mine!"
"Well-attired, she took another;
Never more would she behold me,
Golden mother mine!"
"And thy son, where didst thou leave him?
Joyous son of mine!"
"In the school, 'neath bitter master,
Golden mother mine!"
"Where didst leave thy little daughter?
Joyous son of mine!"
"In the forest, gathering berries;
She would look on me no longer,
Golden mother mine!"
"When wilt thou be wending homeward?
Joyous son of mine!"
"When the north shall light the day-break,
Golden mother mine!"
"When shall day from north be lighted?
Joyous son of mine!"
"When the stones spring out of water,
Golden mother mine!"
"When shall stones spring out of water?
Joyous son of mine!"
"When the feathers seek the bottom,
Golden mother mine!"

"When will feathers seek the bottom?
Joyous son of mine!"

"When we all shall come to judgment,
Golden mother mine!"

Schröter gives this remarkable composition from the lips of a Finlander. He supposes it to be an imitation of the Swedish ballad *Iven i Rosengård*, though somewhat altered in the progress of its peregrinations. It has a striking resemblance to the Twa Brothers, in Jamieson's Popular Ballads.

**NAURO JA ITKU.**

"By a lovely mountain's side I wander'd,
On the loose sand by the ocean's borders;
So I hastened to my sister's dwelling,
And at meal sat down beside my sister.
Little did I eat, a very little,
For I only thought of my betrothed one.
On her bier reposes my betrothed one,
And the sharp sword on her neck is lying.
Fain would I have wept for that belov'd one,
But I could not weep for very laughter—
Laughter on my lips—my heart was weeping:
Then the tears flow'd downwards from my eye-lids,
Flow'd, as rushes down the mountain torrent,
Dashing from the rocky precipices."

The measure of the above is unusual.

An immense number of excellent poetical aphorisms might be collected in Finland. The poverty of the alphabet is a fruitful source of that alliteration which is the characteristic of Finnish poetry, and the general harmony of the words easily accommodates them to an agreeable and natural rhythmical arrangement. Among the most curious fragments of ancient Finnish literature, are the *fables*. They consist of dialogues between rocks, and rivers, and forests; between birds, beasts, fishes, and human beings. Some remarkable specimens are given by Gottlund.*

The university of Åbo is the principal source of the cultivation of Finland. Many of the professors have distinguished themselves in the annals of philosophy, and have added important contributions to science and literature. The chemical works of Gadolin, the Swedish poetry of Franzen, the philosophical writings of Ehrström and Ottelin, are known far beyond the Finnish borders. Translations of the Bible, of the laws of

* De Proverbiis Fennicis, 7 et seq.*
Sweden; and many religious publications, circulate pretty extensively.

Of the living poets of Finland, the most industrious and the most popular is Jacob Judén, of Tavastehus, now an inhabitant of Viborg. He has published a variety of critical remarks on Finnish literature; several volumes of Finnish poetry, among which those more immediately connected with our subject are a collection of national songs,* another of lyrical, humorous, and satirical poetry,† a third of religious compositions,‡ a fourth volume of general poetical specimens,§ and a fifth of moral and didactic pieces.|| He has written the only drama (Perhe Kunda) that exists in the Finnish tongue, and, by his own contributions to almost every class of poetry, has placed himself at the head of the modern literati of Finland. As a specimen of the later poetry of Finland, we give the translation of an elegy on the death of a brother, written by Paul Remes, in 1765.

SANAT KUOLLEN YLITE.

From the Universe-Supporter,
Lo! a mandate came from heaven;
"Hither come, for thou hast known me,
Enter here, my faithful servant;
Thou, Amona's son, here enter,
Leave thine earthly home of sorrow.
Heavy was thy sorrow-burthen;
Tears enough have dimm'd thine eye-lids,
Grief enough, and woe, and mourning.
Now has dawn'd thy day of freedom;
Thou from evil art deliver'd,
Joy and peace descend upon thee—
Thou art safe from grief for ever."
Then he mounted to his Father,
Hasten'd to the seats of glory,
Hasten'd to resplendent blisses,
Upward to the throne of freedom,
Far away from earthly suff'ring,
And this narrow earthly dwelling.'

It has been no part of our project to make English poetry, by decorating or mis-translating the Runes of Finland. We wish to give a correct, and, at the same time, a distinct, idea of

* Waikutuksia Suomalaisen Sydämessä.
† Pila Kirjoituksia.
‡ Wilpittömä Kirjoituksia.
§ Ajan Wiete.
|| Lausumisia.
the popular literature of that country. With it the literature, as well as the language, of Lapland is closely associated, and we should deem the adventurer most deserving the favourable regards of the public, who should lead the way into that remote and almost unknown region. While so much of life is wasted, so many energies idly engaged, in "beating and beating again the beaten track of literature," we can assure the intelligent inquirer, that there are many unvisited gardens, whose first-fruits and earliest flowers he may, if he pleases, cull. We are sure an honourable, and, we believe, an enduring, reputation might be created by directing the inquisitive attention into the untrodden paths of study. Even in Europe there are languages, and, connected with those languages, literary treasures, a thorough acquaintance with which would richly reward the labour of acquiring them. The time is past, we hope, in which learned ignorance can pour out its vials of scorn and contempt upon every thing which did not flow forth from the Alpheus or the Tiber. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" was candour and benevolence itself, compared to that denunciation which would exclude all but Nazareth, from the sympathy, the good opinion, the common justice, of intelligent man.

T. C. Hansard, Pater-noster-row Press.