



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

BY J. H. R. BAILEY.

Beautiful flowers, your bloom is bright,
Wherever ye lead in your own pure light;
Ye robe the forest, ye deck the glade,
Ye smile in the sunbeam, and purple the shade;
Ye please the savage, attract the sage,
Shed your sweets o'er youth, and your charms o'er age.
Ye are loved by all, yet ye will not stay,
Wherefore so soon do ye perish away?

Beautiful flowers, ah, tell me now,
Under the leaves of the strawberry brow,
Or, if not there, let an answer come
With the plaudering breeze, as he hasteth home,
Or whisper a word to the fragrant gale,
As it kisses your lips for a balmy tale;
Hark! hark! I hear from the rosyate bowers
The hoarse voice of the "Queen of Flowers."

Mine is the realm of the fair and free,
Fragrance and beauty were made for me;
But light-becked nymphs have snatched my girls,
And busy themselves in my bowers of light;
And fairies rifle my sweetest flowers
Of their mellowest hues and their rippest powers;
And thus, through the wanton wreck they've made,
"Tis the brightest of blossoms that succor find."

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

One of the most striking cases of presence of mind, or of self-possession ever recorded came to light in a trial which took place some time since in Ireland. A woman travelling along a road to join her husband, who was a soldier, and quartered at Athlone, was joined by a pedlar, who was going the same way. They entered into conversation during a walk of some hours; but as the day began to wane, they agreed that they should stop for the night at some house of entertainment, and pursue their pedestrian journey the next day. They reached a humble inn, situated in a lonely spot by the road-side, and, fatigued after a long day's walk, they were glad to find themselves under the shelter of a roof.

Having refreshed themselves with the substantial asper before them, they expressed a wish silently to retire. They were shown into the traveller's-room, and went to their respective beds. The pedlar, before retiring, had called the landlord aside, and giving into his keeping the pack which he had strapped from his back till morning, telling him that it contained a considerable amount of money, and much valuable property. They were not long in bed before the pedlar fell into a sound sleep; but the poor woman, perhaps from overfatigue, or from thoughts of seeing her husband next day, lay awake.

A couple of hours might have passed, when she saw the door slowly opened, and a person slowly entered, holding a light, which he screened with his hand. She instantly recognized in him one of the young men she had seen below—soon to the landlord. He advanced with stealthy step to the bedside of the pedlar; and watched him for a few seconds. He then went out, and entered with his brother and father, who held in his hand a large powder basin. These went on tiptoe to the bedside, where the pedlar lay in a deep sleep.

One of the young men drew up a knife, and, while the father held the basin so as to receive the blood, he cut the poor victim's throat from ear to ear. A slight, half audible groan, and all was still, save the cautious movements of the party engaged in the fatal deed. They had brought with them a large sack, into which they thrust the unresisting body. The poor woman lay silently in her bed, fearing her tears would come next. She heard low murmurings among them, from which she soon gathered that they were debating whether they should murder her too, as they feared that she might have it in her power to betray them.

One of them said that he was sure she was fast asleep, and there was no occasion to trouble themselves more; but, to make sure of this being the case, he came to her bedside, with the candle in his hand, and the other with his knife. She kept such perfect command over herself, as not to betray in her countenance any sign that she was conscious of what was going on. The candle was passed close to her eyes; the knife was drawn across

close to her throat; she never winced, or showed by any movement of feature or of limb, that she apprehended danger. So the men whispered that she was soundly asleep, that nothing was to be feared from her, and went out of the room, removing the sack which contained the body of the murdered man.

How long must the night of horror have seemed to that poor lone woman! How frightful was its silliness and darkness!—The presence of mind which had so astonishingly enabled her to act a part to which she owed her life, sustained her all through the trying scenes which she had yet to pass. She did not hurry from her room at an unusually early hour, but waited till she had heard all the family stir for some time. She then went down, and said she believed she had overslept herself, in consequence of being greatly tired. She asked where the pedlar was, and was told that he was in too great a hurry to wait for her, but that he had left a sixpence to pay for her breakfast.

She sat down composedly to that meal, and forced herself to partake with apparent appetite of the food set before her. She appeared unconscious of the eyes, which, with deep scrutiny, were fixed upon her. When the meal was over, she took leave of the family, and went on her way, without the least appearance of discomfiture or mistrust. She had proceeded but a short way when she was joined by two grapping-looking women; one look was sufficient to convince her that they were the young men; and one thought, to assure her that she was yet in their power and on the very verge of destruction.

They walked by her side, entered into conversation, asked her where she was going, and told her that their road lay the same way; they questioned her as to where she had lodged the night before, and made most minute inquiries about the family inhabiting the house of entertainment. Her answers were quite unembarrassed; she said the people of the house appeared to be decent and civil, and had treated her well.

For two hours the young men continued by her side, conversing with her, and watching with the most scrutinizing glances any change in her countenance, and asking questions which, had she not been fully self-possessed, might have put her off her guard. It was not till her dreadful companions had left her, and till she saw her husband coming along the road to meet her that she lost her self-command, which she had so successfully exercised, and throwing herself into his arms, fainted away.

LAPLAND AND ITS INHABITANTS

Respecting Lapland and its inhabitants, the following interesting particulars are translated and condensed from recent North Russian Journals. The number of the Russian Lapps does not exceed 2000; those of Swedish Lapland were estimated in 1844, at 4,000, and those of Northern Norway, 5,000—an aggregate of only 11,000 souls. Besides the Lapp population, there are to be found on the shores of the White Sea, several villages of Russians, stretching along from Korret to the Bay of Kamshach (or Candahax). Between the village of Kamshach and Kola, on the coast of the mouth of the Toloma, a distance of 214 wersts, (141 miles,) there are seven post stations, the mails being carried from one to another by reindeer, four of which animals are kept at each station. The mode of transportation, however, is only employed in winter; in summer everything being transported first, a few miles by land to Lake Imandra, then the whole length of that fine body of water, some 60 miles, thence across the River Toloma, and down the stream to Kola. The navigation of the Lake, by the way, is not always free from danger. The language of the Lapps is similar to that of the Finns, from which race they are originally an offshoot. The Lapps in general are of a middle stature. They have large heads, short necks, small brown-red eyes, owing to the constant smoke in their huts, high cheek bones, thin beards, and large hands. Those of Norway are distinguished from the Russian Lapps by the blackness, luxuriance and gloss of their hair, the more northern portion of the race are somewhat larger, more muscular and of a lighter complexion than the rest. Those of Sweden and Norway are to some extent more civilized, enterprising and industrious, than those of Russia, and make light of the greatest privations and hardships. The richest of the latter have not more than 300 reindeer, while the former possess from 2,000 to 3,000. In Sweden and Norway, wherever there are from 400 to 500 passes for a man in moderate circumstances; with 300 a small family with proper prudence can live without suffering from want, but less than this number plunges a family into all the

troubles of poverty. Whoever has not more than 50, adds his herd to that of some rich man, and becomes his servant—almost his slave, and is bound in the proper season to follow him to the hunting grounds. Fish, game, and the flesh of the reindeer, are the usual food for the Lapps. Bread they never eat, though of the rye meal, which they procure in Kola, or of the fishermen in barter for the products of their reindeer herds, they make a sort of flat or pan cakes, mingling the meal with the pounded bark of trees. For this purpose the meal is first soaked in cold water, and the cakes baked upon a hot iron. They are eaten with butter or codfish oil, which is esteemed a great luxury. The mingling of the bark with the meal is not done merely for the sake of economy, the Lapps considering it an excellent antiscorbatic. They are very fond of salt, and eat nothing uncooked. Their cookery is all done in untinned copper vessels, perhaps because in Lapland there are no pewterers; more probably, however, it is a long descended custom, since in all Northern Asia the use of copper was formerly universal, and the art of overlaying the metal could hardly be known by the rude inhabitants. Nevertheless cases of poisoning from the copper never occur, being rendered impossible by the perfect cleanliness of the copper vessels, which after every meal are scoured with sand till they shine like mirrors. Besides, after the food is sufficiently cooked, it is immediately poured into wooden vessels of home manufacture. The Norwegian and Swedish Lapps make cheese of reindeer milk, and carefully save for use all the whey, &c. They milk their animals summer and winter, and freeze the milk, which is set apart for cheese. The women consider this as a great luxury. It is remarkable for its pleasant odour, and has a ready sale in Norway at a rather high price. The Russian Lapps have no idea of making cheese from their reindeer milk, although the manufacture beyond a doubt, would be of great advantage to them. This milk is distinguished for its excellent flavor; in color and consistency, it is like thick cream from the milk of cows, and is remarkably nourishing.—Tribune.

CADDERY IS THE FACT.—A certain notable housewife had observed that her stock of pickled cockles were running remarkably low and she spoke to the cook in consequence, who alone had access to them. The cook's character was at stake; unwilling to give warning with such an imputation on her self denial, not to say honesty, she nevertheless felt that all confidence between herself and mistress was at an end. One day the jar containing the escarment crocodile being placed as usual on the dresser, while she was busily engaged in basting a joint before the fire, she happened to turn suddenly round, and beheld to her great indignation, a favorite magpie, remarkable for his conversational powers and general intelligence, perched by its side, and dipping its beak down the open neck with every symptom of gratification. The mystery was explained—the thief detected. Grasping the ladle of scalding grease, which she held in her hand, the exasperated cook dashed the whole contents on the hapless pet, accompanied by the exclamation "Oh, d—e, you've been at the pickled cockles, have you?" Poor Mag, of course, was dreadfully burnt, most of his feathers came off leaving his little round pate, which had caught the principal part of the volley, entirely bare. The poor bird moped about, lost all spirits, and never spoke for a year. At length, when he had pretty well recovered, and was beginning to chatter again, a gentleman called at the house, who, on taking off his hat disclosed a very bald head. The magpie, who happened to be in the room, appeared evidently struck by the circumstance, his remonstrances were at once powerfully excited by the naked appearance of the gentleman's skull. Hoping upon the back of his chair, and looking him hoistly over, he suddenly exclaimed in the ear of his astonished visitor, "Oh, d—e, you've been at the pickled cockles have you?"

In a recent exhibition of antiquaries at Belfast Museum were to be seen the leathery jerkin worn by King William III., at the battle of the Boyne; the bell of St. Coleridge; the shield and sword of O'Sullivan, killed at the battle of Callinacross—the watch of Marshal Scherberg, and the Speaker's mass of the Irish House.

Don't dispute against facts well established, merely because there is something unaccountable in them. That the world would be created of nothing is to us inconceivable; but not therefore to be denied.

Always be sure of the fact before you make an accusation.