

To make a long story short, as it is wearing late, and Sophy, I see, is very impatient, Isabella was, in a twelvemonth, what she should have been at first, Mrs. Welwood.

Here some of the party drew the breath which had been for a time suspended. Some smiled, some wiped their eyes, the little cues clapped their hands. Others, among whom was Sophy, for want of some other means of expressing their feelings clustered round the good grandfather, hung on his neck, and kissed his cheek.

'But the glad, grandfather?' cried Emily. 'We were not to have a mere catalogue of miseries.'

'Glad,' rejoined he, 'they were glad afterwards as long as they lived. The Welwoods of Forest-end are their children; you have heard of them.'

'Now, children,' said the old man, 'the moral.'

'That Jack Raffles was a bad man!' cried a smart child.

The old people smiled, and said, there was no doubt of that.

'That Robert Welwood was a good man!' put in another.

'I am very glad she was made happy at last, though she did not deserve it, and it is not every young man that would have behaved so nobly as Robert,' ventured a sedate young lady, who had not spoken before.

'What think you of this moral?' cried Mr. Rysdale, as if he were going to say something smart for once in his life:

'Better marry a good man with a lame foot, than a bad one with a handsome face.'

This burst of genius having excited due commendation, the aged story-teller said the morals given were all very good, and he would only add the moral he had intended which was—

Children do not disregard the counsels of your parents who are likely to be your best friends in this world: they have the advantage of experience. Of course, he added, 'parents ought to make allowances too for younger hearts.'

—*Family Economist.*

Lapland and its Inhabitants.

We translate and condense for the *Tribune* the following interesting particulars, drawn from recent North Russian journals, of a country and people but little known:

The number of the Russian Lapps does not exceed 2,000; 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 shore of the White Sea several villages of Russians, stretching along from Kerett to the Bay of Kandalasch (or Candalax.)

Between the village of Kandalaschka and Kola, on the coast at the mouth of the Touloma, a distance of 213 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.

This mode of transport, 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 to the River Touloma, and down that 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 off-shoot. The Lapps in general are of 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 cultivated, 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 800 reindeer,

while the former possess from 2,000 to 3,000. In Sweden and Norway, whoever owns from 400 to 500 passes for a man in moderate circumstances; with 200 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 or fishing grounds.

Fish, game, and the flesh of the reindeer are the useful food of 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 anti-scorbutic. They are very fond of salt, and eat nothing uncooked. Their cookery is all done in untinned copper vessels, perhaps because in all 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 that 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 odor, 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.

Petition from Pandemonium.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CITY ALLIANCE.

SIR: It is rumored that a petition written by an old man with a queer foot will be presented to the New-York Legislature at its next session. It will doubtless soon be made public, but I have been indulged with some extracts from it which I hasten to communicate to you. With much respect,

T. O.

Petition from Pandemonium to the Legislature of the State of New-York.

We, the inhabitants of a neighboring region, beg leave to present our humble petition to your honorable body. Though we cannot boast that any alliance has ever subsisted between our respective governments, authorizing us thus to address you; yet as the broad principle of emigration is important to both, and at this crisis peculiarly interesting to us, we take the liberty to request a patient hearing.

The population of our territory depends on accession from other climes. War has been the favorite mode by which earth has, from the beginning, freed herself from supernumeraries and sent colonies to our shores. We have therefore been ever assiduous to foster the ambition of kings, and to swell with our breath the trump of fame, which proclaimed the praise of heroes.