

but would have put to flight a legion of blue devils. Paul, notwithstanding his children's degradation, and his own misery, was cosily concocting a glorious bowl of punch; while Barbara, though years had left silvery traces of their passage on her silken curls, had all the matured charms of fat, fair, and forty. And well might both parents feel happy as they gazed on their blooming, joyous children. The girls were not 'poor governesses, interesting victims,' but conscientious, well-informed women, who had entered on high duties, and were prepared to fulfil them to the best of their endeavors, and were in the meantime enjoying home with twofold pleasure; and Harry, no yellow kid daudle waiting for his friends' exertions, had already made a way for himself in the stirring world. But this was not all; the aim of Barbara's late years had been achieved—Paul's debts were entirely paid off; by her own long-continued and little suspected savings, she had early laid by a sum for that purpose; as each child was able to understand her, the story of her trials was related, and each was devoted to the good work. Their economy was added to hers; and gradually the whole interest of her property was reserved also. Money makes money; it accumulates like a snow-ball; interest and compound interest heaped on each other soon formed a round sum.

A happier family never sat down to a Christmas table than the Chepstoves. They had self-respect and contentment to bless them, what cared they for the world?—but little; and therefore, as is usual in these cases, the world chose to think a great deal of them. The only piece of plate on their modest sideboard was a handsome salver, a present from his creditors to P. Chepstowe, Esq., as a mark of respect, of which his wife and daughters were duly proud, and by this salver lay certain visiting cards, dearer still to Harry. His employer's wife, a rich and high-born woman, visited his family on equal terms; two of his friends were always hovering round Annie and her sister Barbara; he had a shrewd suspicion that it was not for his sake only that John Gray and Tom Frankland came so frequently to the cottage, no, nor even for the walk, though both had frequently declared that it was the pleasantest in England.

Paul was doomed to be a disappointed man and to be happy withal. When his first emotions were over he hoped his daughters would remain at home with him. But to Annie was to be married as soon as John was comfortably settled, and wished in the meanwhile to continue her exertions, for they now meant to lay by on Harry's account, that he might have a little capital to begin business upon without encroaching on their father's income. And thus they toiled on, and each was provided for; while Paul at length, to please his admirable wife, gave up his post, and lived comfortably on the fruits of her settlement.

From Hogg's Instructor.

MEDITATION

ON THE WONDERS OF THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

I took up (says the Rev. Legh Richmond) my kaleidoscope; and, as I viewed with delight the extraordinary succession of beautiful images which it presented to my sight, I was struck—1. With the singular phenomenon of perfect order being invariably and constantly produced out of perfect disorder—so that, as by magical influence, confusion and irregularity seemed to become the prolific parents of symmetry and beauty. 2. It occurred to me, that the universality of its adoption would imperceptibly lead to the cultivation of the principles of taste, elegance, and beauty, through the whole of the present and following generations, and that from the philosopher and artist down to the poorest child in the community. 3. I admired the effects produced by new and varied combinations of colors, as well as forms. The analysis of this kind of arrangement is here attended with unprecedented facility and advantage. The artist, the philosopher, the admirer both of the works of nature and of art, may here find a source of amusement almost peculiar to the use of this instrument. 4. I saw a vast accession to the sources of invention, in its application to the elegant arts and manufactures, and the consequent growth of a more polished and highly cultivated state of habits, manners, and refinement, in both. 5. I mused with delight on the powers and effects of geometrical arrangement and combination, so easily exhibited to the eye, and so characteristic of the optical principle on which the instrument is constructed. 6. I was struck with the idea of infinite variety more strikingly demonstrated to the eye than by any former experiment. Here the sublime mingles with the beautiful. 7. I perceived a kind of visible music. The combination of form and color produced harmony—their succession melody: thus, what an organ or pianoforte is to the ear, the kaleidoscope is to the eye. I was delighted with this analogy between the senses, as exercised in this interesting experiment. 8. I thought that God was very good to afford and permit to innocent and gratifying a source of recreation to all ranks of my fellow-countrymen—a recreation arising partly from the exhibition of so much loveliness to that sense of sight which he had formed, and partly from the exercise of the mental faculties of reason and taste in meditating upon the beautiful vision. I laid my kaleidoscope down, and thought of the adorable attributes of Him from whom all blessings, earthly and heavenly, flow. I took up my kaleidoscope again, and was lost in the contemplation of its use and beauties,

to think—1. Here I seem to see, on the one hand, the ruin and disorder of human nature, and, on the other, the marvellous influence of grace in producing out of these materials order, beauty, and restoration. 2. My instrument I compared to a telescope-glass, which faith and hope had put into my hand; I saw through one end of the tube the world, and our life in it, a scene of confusion and tribulation, strange revolutions, and mysterious complexities. Through the other I beheld promised delights, heavenly realities, beauty for ashes, and the wilderness blooming like a rose. I took the hint, and saw reasons for resignation, contentment, and patient waiting for the glory that shall be revealed. 3. I observed, as I gently turned my instrument round, how quickly the pleasures of sense vanished. The phantom which delighted me but a moment before was gone—for ever gone—irrevocably lost! Let me not, then, said I, set my heart on that which so quickly taketh wing and fleeth away. Such is the world and its delights. 4. But, again, as I looked, new beauties constantly succeeded those which had passed away. Now, I thought, how does the Lord multiply his mercies in constant variety and succession! In the succession of beautiful configurations in my glass is an emblem of the endless goodness of my God, whose tender mercies are over all his works. 5. In this chaos of confusion, thus made to produce beauty and order, I seem to see a representation of the primitive work of the great Creator, who, when the earth was without form, and void, sent forth his Spirit, and therewith created an universe in all its original perfection. 6. When I look at my little fragments of glass and stones, and observe how, from such apparently despicable materials, such beauty and symmetry arise, I learn not to despise the day of small things, and to count nothing unworthy of my notice. I learn how God has chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and base things of this world, and things which are despised, both God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things which are, that no flesh should glory in his presence. I concluded by reflecting how the works of creation, the principles of natural philosophy, the discoveries of science, and the ingenuities of art, illustrate and demonstrate the attributes of the God of redemption. My kaleidoscope shows me, in the harmony of its colors, the union of His excellencies—in the symmetry of its forms, His wisdom—in the invariable efficacy of its principles, His faithfulness—in the endless diversities of its figures, His infinity—in the simplicity of its essential character, His unity—in its faculty of producing novelty, His power—in its ability to delight, His goodness—in its affording me this opportunity of so seeing Him in it, His love. I laid down my kaleidoscope, that I might praise and pray to the Author of all my mercies.

CURRY AND RICE.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, in the third series of his entertaining 'Fragments of Voyages and Travels,' gives us the following information:—"While we are on the subject of curry, a word or two on the history of this most delicious of all the varieties of the family of stews may prove acceptable to true lovers of good eating. In the first place, I dare say it will surprise most people—old Indians inclusive—to learn that the dish we call curry (pronounced kari by the natives) is not of Indian, nor, indeed, of Asiatic origin at all. It is not known to the Persians, Arabs, Chinese, Burmans, Siamese, or to any of the Indian Islanders. Neither is it known, even at this day, to the inhabitants of Hindostan itself, except to such as are in frequent communication with Europeans. Even the word curry, or kari, is not supposed to be of genuine Indian origin: in short, there is reason to believe that curries were first introduced into India by the Portuguese; and this view is in some degree supported by the consideration that chillies or capsicums, so invariably one of the most important ingredients, are known to be natives not of Asia, but of America. I have so often watched the palanquin-bearers and other natives preparing their supper, which, after the fashion of the Romans, is their great meal, that I think, upon a pinch, I could make a tolerable curry. I would set about it thus:—I would first pound together twelve parts of coriander seed, two of black pepper, one of cayenne, three of cummin, and five of pale turmeric; then add a few cloves, a bit of cinnamon, half a nutmeg, and two or three onions. In India (I mean on the continent of Hindostan), the liquid or gravy which is added to these spices, before the fish or meat is put in, consists generally of ghee, which is boiled or clarified butter. This ghee, which is a considerable article of commerce in India, is preferred to butter in making curries, and that which is formed from the milk of the buffalo is considered superior to that made from cow's milk. In the northern provinces of India, it is common to add a little milk or cream, and still more frequently a little curdled and acidulated milk, called dhye. The Malays generally make the gravy of their curries of the ground kernel of the fresh cocoa nut, instead of using butter or ghee. As to the kinds of rice which are eaten with curry, they are innumerable. They differ in almost every province of India, in each of which, also, there are upwards of a dozen varieties. What is curious enough, the inhabitants are so attached to the particular kinds of rice produced amongst themselves, that it is with extreme difficulty they can be made to eat any other kind. Thus, at the first establishment of our new settlement of Singapore—at the extreme or southern end of the Malay peninsula—the native

troops or sepoys would not touch a grain of the beautiful rice of Java, Siam, and Cochin-China, although the Europeans preferred it greatly to that of Bengal. Mr Crawford, the governor of Singapore, from whom I have procured most of these details, had the greatest difficulty in prevailing upon the Bengal convicts to eat the fine rice of China, just as if the superintendent of the hulks in the Thames were to find coercive measures necessary to induce the Pats and the Saunderses of their gangs to eat the wheaten bread of Kent, instead of the potatoes and oaten cakes of their native land! The finest rice in Hindostan, in the opinion of many persons, is produced in the province of Behar, commonly called, from the capital, Patna rice. This is cultivated in about the latitude of 26 deg. north. But the finest of all is grown considerably further north, in the province of Rohilcund, and called, from its principal market, Pilibet, a town lying between the 20th and 29th degrees of north latitude. And it is a singular fact that these, which are undoubtedly the two best kinds of rice, should be produced in countries and in latitudes where it is only an occasional object of culture. Rice is not the staple corn in any country lying beyond the tropic."

From Hogg's Instructor.

CONJUGAL FELICITY.

SWEET thing of beauty! life would be
A waste devoid of all things fair,
Did not my bosom leap to thee,
The soother of its grief and care:
For woman's hand and woman's heart
Can minister a healing balm;
Snatch from the soul the quivering dart,
And breathe o'er all a halcyon calm:
A ministering angel she,
To lighten mortal misery!

O, when I first beheld thy face,
And press'd in mine thy gentle hand,
Thy blooming cheek and modest grace
Waved o'er my soul a magic wand.
Thy kindly tone, thy playful smile,
Bespeaking innocence and love;
The lustre of thine eyes the while
That beam'd like angel-orbs above;
All join'd upon my heart, to pour
A joyance never felt before!

I deem'd the bosom must be blest
That lean'd so confidently on thine;
But honor then the wish suppress'd
That e'er such blessing might be mine.
I saw thee bloom, a floral gem
Such as the earth has rarely shown—
How beauteous on its graceful stem!
And yet between us was there thrown
A passless bar! But that is past:
Sweet rosebud! thou art mine at last!

And O the ardours of my soul
At our first happy interview,
Know no abatement, but control
My bosom wholly as when new.
I then but knew the garniture
That lent its beauty to the rose;
But now I taste the essence pure
That from its core divinely flows,
Absorbing all those bitter tears
That follow in the wake of years!

Perchance thine eyes are dimmer now,
Thy step less light, thy cheek less fair;
More grave thy voice and smile; but thou
Art still the soother of my care.
Now from thy lips a current flows
Of meek intelligence and truth,
And kindness in thy bosom glows
More sweet than all the charms of youth;
And, dove-like, thither would I bound,
When troubled waters rage around.

Life is a changeable scene; and we
May scarce have felt its sorrows yet;
But still, whate'er the prospect be,
The path howe'er with thorns beset—
Still true to thee and Heav'n above,
I shall not seek another shrine
For solace, but hold fast the love
That ever guides my soul to thine:
Still shall I to thy breast repair,
And find my consolation there!

DIGNITY OF AUTHORS.

THE difference between the tone and character of literature and of social life, is worthy of more attention than it generally receives. The ignorance of those who are called 'book-men' arises, in a great part, from a disregard of this distinction. Many of them think they can obtain a knowledge of history and human nature by haunting libraries; and if 'standard' histories fairly reflected events and persons, and 'standard' philosophies gave us man instead of ethics and metaphysics, they would not be in the wrong. But this is not the case. Before books can be rightly interpreted, a knowledge of life and affairs is necessary. A very slight acquaintance with the different ranks and modes of society, a familiarity with two or three politicians who contribute to congressional or parliamentary debates, a little companionship with the world's rulers in literature and government, will soon teach us the difference between actions and the record of actions, between the man and the author. We then, to some extent, see the world, not in its official costume, but in nightgown and slippers. The dignitary, whose sonorous sentences caught and charmed the ear, and seemed to lift him above the weaknesses of humanity, becomes simply a man—perhaps a prattler or a coxcomb. Many a statesman, whose talk is garnished with ribaldry and profanity, and who utters in conversation the grossest personalities against his opponents, no sooner

risks to make an oration, than his whole course of speech undergoes a change, and the newspapers inform us of the grandeur of thought which characterized what is justly termed his 'effort.' A state document is often one of the rarest of juggles. Who shall say what false notions we obtain of governors from their missives and governors? Who can calculate what a vast amount of deception and quackery is hidden in the jargon of official papers and legislative enactments? The difference between Hume's James I. and Scott's King Jamie, between a newspaper report of a public dinner and that of an eye and ear witness, hardly measures the difference between a dignitary in undress and a dignitary in buckram.—E. P. Whipple.

CONDITION OF THE HUMBLEST CLASS OF LABORERS.

As things now stand, it cannot be doubted that the daily corporeal labor which is the lot of this class of men supplies that kind of occupation which is most suited to their capacity, and which is, consequently, more productive of happiness than any other would. I even question if the diminution of the period of daily labor, when excessive, as in many cases it doubtless is, would add to their happiness. Unable for the most part to read books of instruction or amusement with understanding or profit; ignorant of all the sciences even in their very rudiments; uninstructed in any art that has relation to the higher faculties; with the imagination and the fancy, and all the other ministers of taste unawakened from their sleep; unacquainted even with most of the little arts having relation to their own domestic state; nay, unskilled in the very games which might innocently fill up a vacant hour—what could they do with more leisure? Alas, I fear we have an answer in what we all see around us in the proceedings which too generally characterise the haunts most frequented by them in the intervals of their weekly labor by day; in the evenings; and even in their Sundays and other holidays! Is such a state of things as this to last for ever? Is it even to last long? I believe not; certainly not long, according to the measure by which we mete out time in relation to momentous changes in man's condition on earth: once fairly assailed it must gradually vanish before that progress which has never yet ceased, in some degree or other, to animate and advance the race, and which, like material bodies in motion, will gain force as it proceeds. When this period arrives, labor will then take its just place and degree among the acknowledged elements of happiness; and the business of the world will be carried on, even in its lowest forms, not by unthinking, unreasoning, unenjoying machines in human form, but by men worthy of the name, men with minds as capable of labor as their bodies, and having the means and opportunity of exercising the one as well as the other in that active, earnest, but temperate manner which seems to have been ordained as the best manner for man in all his relations. The means whereby this happy change is to be brought about, as far as our feeble powers can foresee, seem to lie mainly in the general cultivation of men's minds—in other words, in the imparting of knowledge to all those capable of receiving it.—From a Lecture on Happiness in its Relations to Work and Knowledge.—By John Forbes, M. D.

PURITY OF MIND.

PURITY of mind and habit are essential to vigour of body, manliness of soul, the greatest force of thought, and the longest duration of life. 'A chaste soul,' says Bernard, 'is by virtue that which an angel is by nature; there is more happiness in the chastity of an angel, but there is more of courage in that of a man.' The remark of Cicero on this subject is striking, if we consider the age and country in which it was made. 'This grand law,' says he, 'differs but a little from the religious institutions of Numa. It requires that one should approach the gods with a pure heart, the central sanctuary of a chaste body; but we should understand that, if the body is required to be chaste, the soul is vastly superior to the corporeal frame, and therefore has still greater need to be pure; the stains of the body will of themselves disappear in a few days, or may be washed off by a little water; but neither time nor the greatest rivers can remove stains from the soul.' It is an interesting fact Providence allows only such creatures as are pure long to remain among mankind as the objects of their admiration. Corrupt genius, however potent, has never created a lasting work of art that is lascivious in character. The hand of violence or contempt, despite the depraved instincts of the heart, soon confine such works to oblivion. Paris, Florence, Rome, have no productions of art, essentially beautiful, grand or sublime, that are of a nature to create on the cheek of a vestal the slightest blush. Many have attempted lewd subjects; but, by the conservative law of God's holy government, such nuisances are speedily driven into darkness, and consigned to the worm; while those masterpieces which illustrate and edify virtue, like truth, live on forever. The virgin mothers and cherubic youth of Murillo and Raphael are heavenly beings on canvas, and will perish only when matter itself must die; and even then, the recollection of them will live in the memories of the sanctified as an element of immortal bliss. The group of Laocoon, which sends a thrill of emotion through one's soul years after it was first seen; Niobe, and her despairing children; Brutus with his impressive mien; the Gladiator, sinking in his own heart's gore; Apollo, beaming with supernatural glory; and the exquisite work of Cleomones,