

### East India Cottage.

Nature has wonderfully maintained the compensating principle in the midst of all her apparent inequalities and partialities. The inhabitants of a frozen zone are fitted by constitution and range of mind for their home; blest with contentment, they admire the snowy wastes, luxuriate in feasts of "fat things," and wrapped in reindeer robes defy the keenest blasts of an arctic latitude. There the stars, those night lamps with which the Creator has emblazoned the sky, shine with burnished splendor, ice fields glisten like silver, and mountains of snow radiate ten thousand minor lights to beautify the vast solitudes, where the Greenlander and white bear divide the right of possession. It is possible that the hardy sons of the North feel as keen interest in managing their kajaks, amid the cold billows of the Arctic Ocean, as the expert Indians of the South Pacific experience, while darting towards the shore of some reef-bound island, on the bosom of a returning wave. The principle of adaptation secures happiness to both classes.

When the scanty gleanings of an Icelandic harvest are gathered, and stores of moss, dried flesh, and other necessities are arranged by thrifty Icelandic housekeepers, the bustle of their short summer's labors is suspended. The cold is soon too intense to admit of much stirring about. A lamp hanging from the centre of a large room burns continually, and there those simple and honest people convene, passing the long winter cheerfully, blessing a kind Providence for casting their lot in "the best land the sun ever shone on."

From the hut of the Esquimaux, cemented with ice, to the light and elegant proportions of an East Indian cottage, man has displayed his taste and skill in the construction of his habitations, and adapted them to the variations in climate and natural features in different parts of the world.

Far away from the rugged shores of

the frigid zone, fanned by a gentle wind, the tufted palm, the graceful cane, and broad-leafed banana, wave their wide-spread verdure round Oriental homes. Here nature has atoned for ardent heat, by the abundant growth of every thing beautiful and enchanting in the animal and vegetable kingdom. Green jalousies adorn the houses, and in the day time exclude the sun, while in the evening, the air softly sways delicate muslin curtains that fall down before the open windows, and every breath comes freighted with spice odors, or balmy with perfume of rose gardens. The East Indian, reclining on a luxurious divan, sipping his miniature cup of coffee, or regaling himself with cooling fruits, dreamily revolves some mystic doctrine of faith. Filled with grand and over-wrought conceptions, he calls out to his attendants to rehearse to him some legend of the past, some wonderful tale of the early ages of the world, when, according to his sacred books, Earth was yet pure, and mankind progressed from one stage of excellence to another.

The story teller is an important personage in the establishment of a wealthy Oriental. His office is privileged, half servant, half companion; at one moment, with a profound salaam, he offers the well filled hookah to his master, and in another perpetuates some witticism, or relates some unheard-of prodigy, to beguile the time.

The inhabitant of India loves to adorn his dwelling with a fanciful style of furnishing—shading fairy pictures in folds of costly drapery, dazzling the beholder with bunches of variegated feathers, which glisten or emerald, and gold, and silver hues, in arresting the attention by a beautiful cabinet inlaid with pearl—the *toute ensemble* is elegant in the extreme. Just, however, as the eye grows weary of the luxurious divans, the cashmere shawls that lie in graceful display, and the dusky-browed at-