

In the kitchen, however, though beauty be bright, it is in the drawing-room that it weaves a chain for the heart. There we find statuettes, and pictures, and books of art, and stereoscopes, and gems. We tread on flowery carpets, and look up to heavenly ceilings. The walls, and curtains, and furniture match. Harmony flows from agreeable contrasts and hidden correspondences. A tasteful room is a genuine poem, inviting admiration and defying criticism. There are not many such indeed. Too often, on entering amidst rich and costly furniture, we feel a jar to our sensibilities. That sofa does not harmonize with those chairs; those curtains are not of the right color; that piano does not correspond with the woodwork finish, and so we are put out of sorts with ourselves, and leave the place for a breath of fresh air, and take a journey to the woods to restore the balance of our powers. Upholstery is a divine art as much as poetry and painting, and none but true artists should meddle with its mysteries.

We might follow use and beauty into the fields of literature. There it might be a question which is first in order of time. The speech of the savage is highly ornate. The first history is in the form of verse. Homer and Hesiod preceded Herodotus. The poem became perfect while science was in its infancy. The poetry of Job is probably older than the cosmogony of Moses. The history of Joshua is indebted to the poetry of Jasher. The Vedas transcend, in time, all heathen literature. The Dawn leading out her cows; Indra chasing Daphne; hymns to Agni, the son of strength and conqueror of horses; prayers of poetic form for repentance and pardon, were the earliest themes of authorship. History and arithmetic, and the various bread and butter sciences followed at slow pace, and different distances, while the minstrel continued his song in the court, camp and grove, celebrating the triumphs of war and love, and weaving the songs of the affections. Still, too, does the poet stand in the foremost rank of artists,—possibly we might give the palm to the men of action. If Agamemnon and Cæsar were to come before us with Homer and Shakespeare, we might feel a greater desire to see the men who have held the world in awe. And yet we must confess to a preference to Longfellow over Grant,—conqueror and President though he be. He, who goes down into the depths and mysteries of our being, bringing up and marshalling armies of thought, which are destined to destroy the errors and evils which afflict us, is the