

or, as animal life has always accompanied floral life, were there not always admirers of the bright-eyed flowers? Verily we are not the only æsthetic beings among God's creatures. We shoot and hunt and fish, and ill treat these denizens of the forest, lake and stream; in fact, may we not do them great injustice in sentiment. Inability to expound feeling is not an assurance to us of its absence. Here is a fine region for romance, not indeed altogether untrodden—the sublime and beautiful in the eyes of animals. Moore has given us the “Loves of the Angels,” and the Rosicrusians have told us of ghouls, nymphs and salamanders; and we have the old mythologies of Greece and Rome, and fairy tales; but could we not by any means get some more correct knowledge of the thinkings of the butterflies and the bees, and the simia and the parrots, and the browsing kine, and the horse,—especially as to how they look upon the uses and beauties of Nature and Art?

Leaving such speculations to romancists, we turn our attention to use and beauty in the interior of the home. In the savage and semi-savage state, there is not found much to admire. The wild man has too much difficulty in adorning his person to have time for ornamenting his house. He is content with a bed of branches and a covering of skins. No article in his hut has any pretensions to beauty. The same holds good of the pioneer in his log cabin. But there is a great change when, comfort having been attained, ornament becomes possible. Not in the parlor alone with its elegant chairs, vases, what-nots, and bijouterie; nor in the bed-room only with its shining mirrors, graceful pitchers, carved bedsteads and snowy coverings; nor solely on the dinner or tea-table with their costly apparatus of plates, and dishes, and knives, and spoons of various shapes, is the abode of taste. Go to the kitchen, and in the stove, the dresser, the bright covers, the culinary wares, you will see beauty paramount. Romantic stories are pictured on plates. The old “willow pattern” suggests a tale of love, and devotion, and tragedy,—Chinese lovers, separated by a river, seeking communion in the boat which skims the lake, divided in their loves, and dying in their devotion, re-appear as two doves in the air to dwell for ever together in the spirit world. The change of taste has discarded this earliest product of Chinese imagination and art for white ware, yet we must confess to a strong fancy for this old favorite which we sometimes yet find among “old cracked tea cups, wisely kept for show” in some corner of the kitchen, or laid up in cupboards, or stowed away in the recesses of the pantry.