

These presents be the hostages  
Which I pawn for my release;  
See to thyself, O Universe!  
Thou art better and not worse."

And the god having given all,  
Is freed forever from his thrall.

#### THE JOURNEY.

A BREEZY softness in the air  
That clasped the gentle hand of spring,  
And yet no brooklet's voice did sing,  
And all was perfect silence there,  
Unless the soft light foliage waved;  
Those boughs were clothed in shining green,  
Through which ne'er angry tempests raved,  
And sunlight shone between.

Beneath an oak a palmer lay,  
Upon the green sward was his bed,  
And rich luxuriance bound the gray,  
The silver laurel round his head.  
A picture he of calm repose,  
A dateless monument of life,  
Too placid for the fear of woes,  
Too grateful to be worn by strife;  
I should have passed, — he bade me stay,  
And tranquilly these words did say.  
"O curtain of the tender spring!  
Thy graces to my old eyes bring, —  
The recollection of those years,  
When sweet are shed our early tears;  
Those days of sunny April weather,  
Changeful and glad with everything,  
When youth and age go linked together,  
Like sisters twain and sauntering  
Down mazy paths in ancient woods,  
The garland of such solitudes."

c.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

[NOTE. A few sheets have fallen into our hands, which contain such good sense on the subject of architecture, that we shall not be deterred by their incomplete method from giving them to our readers, in the hope that they will come to the eye of some person proposing to build a house or a church, in time to save a new edifice from some of the faults, which make our domestic and what we call our religious architecture insignificant.]

#### ART.

THERE are three periods of art. First, when the thought is in advance of the execution. Second, when the expression is adequate to the thought. And third, when the expression is in advance of the thought. The first is the age of the Giotto and Cimabue; the second, of Raphaels and Michel Angelos. The third is the only one we know by experience. How inexpressibly interesting are those early works, where art is only just able to shadow forth dimly the thought the master was burdened with. They seem to suggest the more, because of their imperfect utterance.

True art is an expression of humanity, and like all other expressions, when it is finished, it cannot be repeated. It is therefore childish to lament the absence of good painters. We should lament the absence of great thoughts, for it is the thought that makes the painters.

Art is the blossoming of a century plant. Through hundreds of years the idea grows onward in the minds of men, and when it is ripe the man appears destined to gather it. It was not Raphael who painted, but Italy, Greece, and all antiquity painting by his hand, and when that thought was uttered, the flowers dropped. The aloe blossomed in the Gothic Architecture of the middle ages; — and Bach and Beethoven have in their art unfolded its wondrous leaves.

In this belief may we all find consolation when all around us looks so cheerless. The noble plant whose blossoms we would so fain see, must have its root, must have its slow growing, massive leaves, must have its cold and retarding spring, its green growth of the stalk, that it may in summer