TO RHEA.

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Tree, dear friend, a brother soothes
Not with flatteries but truths,
Which tarnish not, but purify
To light which dims the morning's eye.
I have come from the spring woods,
From the fragrant solitudes,
Listen what the poplar tree
And murmuring waters counselled me.

If with love thy heart has burned,
If thy love is unreturned,
Hide thy grief within thy breast,
Though it tear thee unexpressed.
For when love has once departed
From the eyes of the falsehearted,
And one by one has torn off quite
The bandages of purple light,
Though thou wert the loveliest
Form the soul had ever drest,
Thou shalt seem in each reply
A vixen to his altered eye,
Thy softest pleadings seem too bold,
Thy praying lute will seem to scold.
Though thou kept the straightest road,
Yet thou errest far and broad.
But thou shalt do as do the gods
In their cloudless periods:
For of this be thou assured,
Though thou forget, the gods secured
Forget never their command,
But make the statute of this land.
As they lead, so follow all,
Ever have done, ever shall.

Warning to the blind and deaf,
'Tis written on the iron leaf,
Who drinks of Cupid's nectar cup
Lover downward, and not up.
Therefore who loves of gods or men,
Shall not by the same be loved again;
His sweetheart's idoltry
Falls in turn a new degree.
But when a god is once beguiled
By beauty of a mortal child,
And by her radiant youth delighted,
He is not fooled, but warily knoweth
His love shall never be requited,
And thus the wise Immortal doeth.
It is his study and delight
To bless that creature, day and night,
From all evils to defend her,
In her lap to pour all splendor,
To ransack earth for riches rare,
And fetch her star to deck her hair;
He mixes music with her thoughts,
And saddens her with heavenly doubts;
All grace, all good, his great heart knows
Profuse in love the king bestows;
Saying, 'Hearken! Earth, Sea, Air!
This monument of my despair
Build I to the All-Good, All-Fair.
Not for a private good,
But I from my beatitude,
Albeit scorned as none was scorned,
Adorn her as was none adorned.
I make this maiden an example
To Nature through her kingdoms ample,
Whereby to model newer races,
Statelier forms and fairer faces,
To carry man to new degrees
Of power and of comeliness.
The Tourney.

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 BREEZ¥ 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 n'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 gracestomy 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 twin and suavestering,
Down mazy paths in ancient woods,
The garland of such solitudes."

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

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's and Cimabues; 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 painter.

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...