

that it is ever soliciting companionship—communion; and because that never do we experience such all-sufficing delight in it, as when surrounded by beings whose hearts chime unisonant, and fancies blend in harmony, with our own. The May of the nightingale is ever most melodious when audited by its mate.

But there is a time when solitude is necessary. On first approach to any object of unendorsed *virtu*, it is expedient, nay, indeed, absolutely essential toward forming a correct impression of its merits, that we be entirely alone, in order that the attention be undisturbed, undistracted; for, whether we spring toward the new candidate for admiration in the freshness of welcome, the spirit of kind geniality that joys in awarding eulogium, or draw nigh with the stealthy pace of a cautious, false-searching critic, there is always a sort of misty spell enveloping a first view or hearing, that requires for its clear penetration a complete concentration of thought, an abstractedness, that a step, a word, a breath, may roughly discompose and dissipate. We must grapple with our intellectual challenger *alone—alone* must conquer it, and *alone* securely cage it, ere we earn the ability and right to exhibit its beauties, or descant upon its peculiarities to even our twin-soul. But the grand ordeal once over—the judgment once firmly decided—then, then it is that we earnestly call for participation in our treasure, for the presence of kindred ones, to whom we may impart our new found acquisition. There is no true miserliness in true art. Like the sun, it dispenses its brightest beams alike over all. According to its code, a pleasure unshared is no pleasure at all. The iteration of even the most enchanting strain waxes dull, and palls upon the sense, unless an echo be awakened in the direction of the heart's desire and summons.

When a singular, noble thought springs up into new-born life within the mind, restless, panting and impatient it walks, with resounding tread, up and down the solemn temple of the soul, demanding egress, that it may impart its electric influence to others, and sue for reciprocity. Immure a thought, no matter how vigorous it may be, in selfish seclusion, and it dies for want of action, for the soul can no more flourish without exercise than can the body. And what delight

hath life, compared with reciprocity of sentiment? It is a cordial for its heaviest woes, a precious salve for the deepest wounds of the heart, and an all compensating reward of its intensest struggles—as non-appreciation and neglect are the sorest pangs which the spirit can undergo.

When, after straining every power to accomplish some great thing which mayhap shall strike home to the coveted heart of a beloved one, and enkindle within it a respondent glow of sympathy and love, the effort proves futile, who can describe the anguish of the poor hopper, upon whom the whole burthen of his accumulated offerings of hopes, desires, longings and affections is, trampled on and withered, hurled scornfully back. Ah! many a fount of bitterness hath life bubbling up throughout its diversified journey, but none like unto this. What wonder that the stricken one, gasping with unassuaged thirst, turns away, exclaiming, in tones of despair, *Marah! Marah!*

The greatest efforts of mind are lost, wasted, except they have an individual aim; the mere generalizer but rarely accomplishes anything worthy of note. Genius never bends a random bow; there is always a choice prize which it secretly determines to secure. Singleness of motive is invariably necessary to ensure sublime results. The truly wise orator, though he seem to address with equal personality every member of the promiscuous crowd before him, in *reality* urges his argument upon a prominent few, or, perhaps, even one auditor in the assemblage, whom he has selected. Petrarch smelted his burning soul into lays for one, Laura, careless of all others; the musician pours forth his most impassioned harmonies in an absorbing thought of the beloved one, as did Beethoven for his faithless, cruel idol, Adelaide; and the ardent painter, working in momentary obliviousness of fame, leaves, as his proudest monument, the semblance of his bosom's queen.

On the loftiest summit of the heart's altar, genius offers his gift of love, and though the rich incense be consecrated to one alone—the spirit-love—yet may the multitude also be free partakers in the fragrant perfumes that float from off it.

To elucidate our meaning more fully; the mind requires a cynosure to look up to, both for encouragement and reward. There nev-