

O mighty city by the shore,
Hushed is your pulses' throb and roar ;
To-night God sends you rest once more.

And o'er yon steeple's shafted height,
The pale moon floods her misty light,
The benediction of the night.

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SYMPATHY.

A cry came to me this afternoon across the wide Atlantic—a cry that cut to my heart and unmanned me straight. A blow was struck that left me prostrate as under night and day toil for many a weary month ; and my soul was stricken with a consuming, maddening thirst for sympathy, and writhed in agonies that have hardly left me yet. I confess I thought of you, brother, in my desperation, as the only one who knew and could sympathize with what I and another suffered. I was even going to brave your politest sarcasms and beg for sympathy. But the fit is over now, and I can theorize and grasp the sunbeams and the mist, and mould and build gay castled unsubstantialities.

What a curious thing, for instance, is this very sympathy. Why are we not like isolated atoms ? or why do we not resemble what everywhere we find in elemental nature ? Nearest in approximation, quickest in conjunction, is the law. "Hydrogen to oxygen" is the simple edict. Hydrogen to oxygen, therefore, the world over—quick, direct, with lightning flash, no wayward caprice, but rigid, invariable law. We do not know, but it seems to me it *must* be beneficent, painless law.

But what a mad, unreasonable thing is this capricious human sympathy, overleaping the intervening space of one thousand leagues to find its brother. Locked fast the hearts are as ever any associate atoms of oxygen and hydrogen—close-wrapped, welded in indissoluble union—and yet the distance one thousand leagues. That's the insane mystery of the thing. I've pondered, baffled, over it many an hour. Can it be that underneath, guiding it all, lies a universal law ?—or is the thing lawless ?

Then, this need, this hunger for sympathy. I've a picture now before me in imagination of what the world is and of what it might be. The many souls I see moving through the labyrinthine mazes of their goings to and fro. And each is cased in hard crystal ; and as they jar in a whirling chaos they make unlovely music—noise of envy, suspicion, hate—wild wailing of pain—dumb moaning of woe—and unseemly cackling of a thing called joy.

But ah, what has happened ? where is now the jarring ? whence this new harmony, thrilling to the soul ? where now the hard crystal ? Soul to soul in flux and reflux of electric currents of sympathy. One heart-throb for humanity, beating deep and strong with high hope and mighty endeavor, driving the race on to sublime, undreamed of apotheosis. And the ravishing harmony !—silence before the memory of it !

GUEUX.

CONCENTRATION.

You declare that the common fault of writers is that they are too diffuse. Is that your quarrel with them, Sir Critic ? Mine is, that those of to day and of all times, have never written one tithe of what they should. What subject is treated sufficiently ? Which one do your miraculous German doctors, your Neanders, Heynes, Rankes with their tons of writing, mountains of folio, and acres of library, dare to say they have exhausted ! The glaring fault of one and all is their reckless bald concentration.

A case in point. A handsome young Englishman is travelling

in Italy ; he writes verse and has letters in his pocket that admit him to the most cultured society of the day. The poet is in his first youth, with its countless visions and bursts of heart, its vivid intense living and endless precious thought. All this is quickened into a fire by the contact of equal minds taught how to flatter with southern courtesy. In the Eternal City the goal of all artists in every age, he meets a young and lovely singer. Music's spell is on him. Its thousand thronging delights are entranced by the liquid language of the south, glowing with a passion warm as southern skies, poured forth from an eloquent Italian heart, matched with a lovely face. If, still thrilling with such music, he writes a sonnet, good Elia calls it "almost profane." Is it at all adequate, think you ? Then the author takes all this infinitude of life and feeling and thought, sets it down in ten lines of print, and says this is the story of Milton and the Baroni.

With these ten lines, then, you would coldly put me off, and call it the history of a life dowered by its maker, above all others when each successive thought of the commonest of earth's sons is an Apocalypse, a constant miracle that we do not dream of. Is not this concentration, as of the universe compressed into a cubic inch ?

BOHEMIEN.

TO A SNOW-BIRD.

A starry sheen now fills the bloomless earth,
Summer hath gone, and gone the delicate rose,
With perfumed petals sunk in deepening snows,
Faded and dumb the emerald fields of mirth,
Where the wild warbler used to tune his pipe at birth
Of spring with sweet melodious song.
Sporting amid an airy throng
Of tangled boughs and drooping bowers of leaves.
Empty is every silken nest,
Where grew the tender brood, caressed
Mid whispering trees, whose mingled shadow weaves
Cool haunts, languid with ease and dreamful rest.

How throbs the heart at gay approach of spring
When Beauty plays upon the silver grass,
Or trembles in the weedy pools of glass,
Lulled with sweet song and lilies pale that sw
On slender stalks. In her luxuriant tresses cling
Violet and moss and bleeding—heart ;
Gently she sleeps, with lips apart,
On blossom beds, her scented bosom heaves
Glad with the thought of future boon,
She dreams beneath the curved moon,—
Dreameth of harvest with its yellow sheaves,
And fruit on r sy branches strewn.

Ah, soon forgotten Spring when Summer glows !
And the wild bee roams round the fragrant lime
Long after sunset flush and cheated time
Of rest, ere humming he reluctant goes
Through 'shadowy scented fields where juicy clover grows,
'Mid barley, wheat, and fluttering peas,
Whose bloom doth promise large increase
Of bearded ear, plump seed, and bending pod.
Along the fence wild bushes fling
Dew-laden berries, locusts sing,
The daisy, buttercup, and wild rose nod,
Brief bloom the days of summer bring.

Soon, soon the summer wanes in Autumn's sheen,
Then sumachs hang rich plumes along the hill,
And glossy groups of crows untiring fill
The woods and stubble fields ; reddening is seen
The hawthorne tree. Along the road canaries glean
Light thistle down in darting flight,
Dank golden rod throbs with delight ;