

Sympathy

Sympathy, as it operates in view of distress, is that tender affection which is common to man. Though not equally strong in all, we presume it is not wholly extinct in any. Often has the weary traveller, far from his kindred and home been refreshed & nourished under the hospitable, though rude dome of the native child of the forest. Wild and untutored as he unquestionably is, yet does give the clearest evidence of being fully alive to the generous principle that enters into the feelings of another's woe. Ambition and the pride of power that push forward the hero in a career of blood & carnage, laying cities in ashes and strewing the ground with heaps of slain bodies; may for awhile, blunt this natural affection of humanity, but cannot wholly eradicate it. Napoleon Buonaparte, whose common & expressive phrase was, that "the heart of a politician should be in his head," showed on a certain occasion, that though his military habits and his unconquerable thirst for supreme power enabled him to behold unmoved the slaughter of human beings by thousands and tens of thousands, that he was nevertheless susceptible of sympathetic feelings. As he with others passed over a field of battle in Italy, he saw a houseless dog lying on the body of his slain master. The creature came towards them, then returned to the dead body, moaned over it pitifully, and seemed to ask their assistance. Whether it were the feeling of the moment continued Napoleon, the scene, the hour, or the circumstance itself, I was never so deeply affected by any thing ~~I have~~ which I have seen on a field of battle!