

sobbed audibly. With a frenzied gesture, Suffolk started to his feet; the powers of life seemed suspended, and he stood for a minute the image of mute and motionless despair. But soon the tide of feeling rushed back upon his heart; and the certainty that he was beloved overcame astonishment and anguish, and casting himself again at Mary's feet, he exclaimed in accents of impassioned tenderness:

"And must this sever us? this cruel fate for which I was so ill prepared, and to which the bitterness of death itself were joy. Tell me not so, beloved; poison not the bliss of an entrancing certainty, by cruel words of parting."

"Brandon, our doom is sealed, irrevocably sealed; no word of mine can change it, and on this night we part. Go, leave me,—leave me to my destiny, I can meet it best alone,—and yet farewell! and in this hour of grief and deep despair, I need not make to say, that I have loved you as seldom woman's heart has loved before, and had I not previously shunned this moment of free and fond communion, I might still enjoy that happiness which I have lost forever."

She spoke with the slow and measured calmness of despair, and Suffolk felt, as every thrilling word fell like molten lead upon his heart, that his misery was sealed—that fate had done her work. For an instant his scalding tears fell fast upon the small and trembling hand which he held with a convulsive pressure to his lips, then as she strove to withdraw it, he cast his arm about her, and strained her with passionate energy to his breast, then turning, left the balcony. He was seen no more that night, and early on the following day he departed for a distant estate, and Mary saw him not again before her departure for France.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BY C. MOIR, ESQ.

THE love of country, considered as a ruling passion in the human breast, may be ranked only second, if it can be said to be second, to the tie of kindred. It is a principle of our natural constitution, wisely planned by the Giver of all good for the wisest and best of purposes. Without it, man would be a roving animal, bound to no particular spot, having no affection for the land of his nativity, no chain to bind him, by one of the closest of all ties, to that soil which his fathers tilled, and with the dust of which their bones may, for generations, have mingled.

Ranked as a virtue, and one of no mean standard, love of country is of incalculable benefit, viewed both as to man's moral advancement, and in regard to his temporal comfort. Stimulated by its inspiring influence, he watches with jealous eye every attempt at innovation on his vested rights of possession. His property in the soil must not be disturbed by foreign

interference, without a strong and last attempt to preserve it free and unfettered as when, by birth, he entered on its possession. The laws and institutions of his country, framed by the wisdom of his ancestors, and secured to him, it may be, by many a severe struggle against the inroads of despotism, and the no less dangerous attacks of reckless innovation, are regarded with those feelings of reverence due to things tried by the experience of centuries. His whole heart, by the closest ties of affinity, is bound to the land of his nativity. Old recollections of infancy's hours of innocence, boyhood's thoughtless days, and manhood's busier and maturer prime, with all their sweet or melancholy reminiscences, are each and all of them links in that mysterious chain that rivets the heart of man to the soil on which his first footsteps tottered.

No advantage of climate, no temptation afforded by the changeless serenity of cloudless skies, and the profusion of a rich and teeming soil, can atone to the home-sick emigrant for even a partial banishment from the land of his birth. The ice-bound shores of Greenland, where the year is but a long winter, are as dear to its hardy race, as are to the effeminate Persian, the luxuriant gardens of the east. And the wild and untutored Indian, "the stoic of the woods, the man without a tear," would he exchange his green savannahs, and his trackless woods, for the splendid city, with its crowded marts, where civilization, hand in hand with every temporal comfort, dwells?

The love of country is so universal, that men regard with the keenest sensations of pleasure any spot, although it be a desert, provided it is their own. The Ethiopian imagines that God framed his sands and deserts, while angels only were employed in forming the rest of the globe. The Arabian tribe of Ouadelin conceive that the sun, moon and stars rise only for them. The Maltese, insulated on a rock, call their island "The Flower of the World;" and the Carribees look on their country as a paradise, and imagine that they alone are entitled to be called *men*. Who does not remember the eloquent reply of the American Indian, when an European advised him to emigrate to another district, "What!" said he, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers, Arise, and follow us to a foreign country!" When separation is a work of necessity, distance only renders more dear to us the land of our birth. In the Narrative of a private soldier, I think of the 71st, the author relates, with much simple pathos, the effect produced by a casual incident, where the chord was struck, whose vibrations responded to home. During the stillness of a night-watch on the Pyrenees, a comrade, to while away the long hours, began to whistle in a melancholy key, the national air of "Lochaber no more;" when, he says, "a whole flood of recollections rushed across my mind, and such a sincere longing to see my native land succeeded,