

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot's passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies;
Dear is that shed to which the soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

THIS is one of the assertions which people believe to be true, because nobody has taken the trouble to contradict it; but, in reality, it is totally against nature, and therefore must be false. The *maladie de pays* of the Swiss peasant is quoted as an example of the love of country, which its poverty and bleakness rather enhance than diminish. Do you think that the hardy Switzer, who is toiling under the weight of great fur caps and ponderous muskets, in the sunny plains of Lombardy, hates those plains merely because they are sunny, and loves his own mountains merely because they are bleak. No such thing, but in the intervals left him between war and danger, he recalls the scenes of his youthful hours, of his youthful joys—the craggy hill is made dear to him by the recollection of his having wandered among its steep slopes with his young Annette,—by his pulling the solitary harebell which grew up far on the rock, and fixing it with a trembling hand and beating heart among the soft curls of the bright-haired mountain maid. He thinks of these scenes, as connected with “the old familiar faces” that light up his memory like dreams; he sees the rude hut that sheltered his youth, standing upon the rugged heath; he sees also his grey-haired mother's smile, and hears his father's voice almost tremulous with age, and shaking with emotions, the bitterest a father's heart can feel, when parting forever from his only son. He hears the light songs of his sisters, and sees the arch sparkle of their eyes, as they banter him about the beautiful Annette—and the young man starts from his waking dreams to sad realities—and marvel ye, as his eye takes in the blossoms of the vine, or his ear drinks the wild carols of the vintage train, that he despises them as things foreign to his heart, and his affections; and that he longs with a passionate longing, for the rude rocks which friendship has clothed for him with beauty, and the desolate height which love has sprinkled for him with flowers? Reverse the matter, and see if the proposition holds. Take some fat Cockney, for instance, and keep him in any of the Highland moors for a year—see if he won't have a longing to return to his snug house, his pint of port, and rubber of whist. Ask him, when he was sojourning among the roes, and moorcocks, if he didn't frequently wish to be comfortably seated on his sofa in the parlor, with his wife by his side, and his two or three children about his knee? and then ask him after looking at Johnny's squinting eye, and little Sophy's swelled cheek, whether he was anxious for his home, merely because it was warm, and *bien*, and comfortable, or whether it was not the presence of his wife and little ones that made him pant for it as the hart does for the water-brook? Even Betty, his Dorsetian cook, with her red arms and carrotty hair, seemed to him in his dreamings on that Aberdeenshire desert, more beautiful than the loveliest mountain lassie that tripped barefoot among the heather, and vanished in a moment from his jaundiced eyes, as light as the butterfly that fluttered among the thyme which bloomed beneath her feet. Think ye not that the peasant of some rich land in England, loves that plain in all its richness of vegetation and beauty of sky; as truly and as devotedly as the “habitant” of the Hebrides loves his native hut, with the cataract roaring over the linn a few yards from the door, and the tempest howling down the unsheltered ravine,

where at midnight he fancies he hears the yelling of disembodied ghosts, and the voices of the spirits of the storm? Every man loves his country—but it is not the earth, the insensate cold, that is the bond—it is the associations of his youth, his manhood, or even his ancestry which bind him with such intensity of strength; and never may those feelings be eradicated from human hearts! Still dear to men be the homes, however bleak, where first their pure hearts rose to heaven, and taught their young lips to lisp the name of God—still dear be the sunny vale or barren heath or the shrubless mountain, where they wandered in their thoughtless youth—and dear be the solemn Isle or small desolate church-yard, where they have laid their wee bairn that died, with its sweet smiles and long soft hair, and where they may shortly be laid themselves, to mingle their bones with their fathers and grandfathers, who lived and died in the same quiet valley, an hundred years before.

THE MORALITY OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

IF there be one feature in Odd Fellowship which is more gratifying to us than another; one which indicates a more hopeful and encouraging moral tone, it is the disposition, which is everywhere being developed, to purge itself of all wrong, and to throw its influence against all the vices and evils of society.

We have recently noticed several examples as illustrative of this tendency upward. And in the present number of the Rule, we have given the action of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana in reference to duelling, declaring its utter antagonism to the great principles of our fraternal institution. This is as it should be; and this is the only position on which Odd Fellowship can take its stand with the hope of a permanent, active, and useful existence. If through any cowardice, or mistaken notions of policy, it tampers with wrong or sin; if it fears to speak out bravely and manfully against whatsoever is wrong; then, like all other institutions which are not adapted to the wants and demands of the age, it will pass away and perish. The pressure of wrong will crush it in upon itself, like a globe of glass, and leave it in fragments, which, though they may glitter, are worthless and dangerous.

The true course of Odd Fellowship in regard to all the great evils of the day, is to reduce its principles to practice; to set its face like flint against all wrong, against every injurious social influence. Nothing that is prejudicial to the interests of man must be allowed to come within its borders; nothing that will lead away from the high profession of principles with which it sets out. There must be a perfect harmony between its words and deeds. It must live what it teaches. It must obey its own charges and lectures. This done, and its course with regard to all evil practices, with regard to whatsoever is immortal, unjust or oppressive, will be ever worthy of its character, ever onward and heavenward. This done, and though the vicious and loose in principle may turn from it, it will be more and more honored and supported by the wise and good, and be crowned with the blessing of God.

At night, by the glimmer of the moon and stars, not only has the external world a different aspect, but also the internal world of man's soul. We are then more disposed to a belief in the extraordinary, the supernatural, the fearful, the wonderful, whatever that old wiseacre Reason may say against it. Reason is the sun of the spirit; everything becomes clear and palpable in her light. But imagination is its nightly moon; everything becomes strange and shadowy by her doubtful glimmer and magical darkness.—*Heinrich Zschokke.*