

The noble passages which formerly interested me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears allied to dotage. My broken and inspirited nature seems to sink before any thing great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

These are some of the instances concerning which I may say with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift up the veil of wickedness any further, or is this disclosure sufficient?"

KEEPSAKES.

A keepsake, like mercy, is twice blessed—it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes. No heart can be so dead to the best feelings of humanity, as not to throb with some little emotion when the eye is gazing in solace and secret on the last relic of one dearly loved. It hallows the mind and purifies the heart, and we have a saving faith, too, that it absolutely betters the morals. No very atrocious deed could be committed when the presence of one we esteemed and respected was near us to check every action. A locket containing the hair of one no longer living, is a melancholy, but yet gratifying memorial. It is a kind of pledge given to those on earth in anticipation of a blessed reunion hereafter. The hair too, is the last thing that decays, and is, therefore, the most appropriate relic of the dead. We never behold a locket suspended amongst the glittering jewellery in a pawnbroker's window, without being led into a train of most sombre reflections. What a struggle between life and death must that have been, that induced the possessor to relinquish this last token, to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It is too painful a theme to dwell upon long. The heart sickens at the sight of things, the very possession of which speaks of former opulence and present poverty—of a once happy home, now deserted. These glittering memorials of love, these sacred offsprings of friendship, are here exhibited like the bony integuments piled up in the Parisian catacombs, as part and parcel of the virtually dead.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)
R O M E .

Rome, tho' no more proud mistress of the world,
But from thy throne like a usurper hurl'd,
Still art thou glorious; in the book of fame,
What so refulgent as thy mighty name?
What name, like thine, can stir the poet's soul—
What name, like thine, revered from pole to pole?
Oh! mighty mother of a mighty race,
In History's first page thou hast thy place;
Tho' sad and lonely now, still art thou grand
Like the production of some giant hand.
No common city thou. Old Rome all hail!
Thy fallen greatness let us now bewail.
Where are thy temples, palaces and fanes—
Alas! a race degenerate now profanes
Their holy precincts, and with ribald jest
Tread scoffingly where Caesar was a guest,
Where is thy forum? What! is it too gone—
Where music, poetry and rhetoric shone?
Say, is this all remains of that proud dome
Where were decreed the destinies of Rome?—

Where lies interred the thing she held most dear—

A heart which never knew the taint of fear?

Are these few pillars all that now attests

That here proud Rome contrived her high behests?

Alas! too true. The Forum is no more

As once of Rome, the councillor and core.

'Tis gone!—The modern Roman opes his eyes,

When asked to show where "Marcus Curtius" lies.

What taints the breeze? Was that a smell of tar

And modern din, which comes our thoughts to mar?

Are those the sounds of wheels and busy life

Which with surrounding silence seem at strife?

No other are they. Rome!—how changed art thou!

Sad change! Is that a rope work—can it be—

Which 'mid time-honored fragments there we see?

Too true, alas! Nor is this yet the last

Of changes come upon thee since the past.

Thy Capitol, palladium of thy state,

Who are its masters?—what hath been its fate?

Do Roman hands repair to guard its pile—

And, guarding, talk of Roman fame the while?

No, no! Such fortune hath not been thy lot;

No Roman soldier guards the hallowed spot.

A Briton doth possess its shattered frame,

Scarce standing now—existing but in name.

A son of those who far in Thule's land

Died fighting bravely 'gainst thy conqu'ring hand;

Yes, Rome, that isle of thine far in the north,

Now sends like thee, her conqu'ring legions forth;

Yet different her motives, far, from thine—

To commerce, not to war, her sons incline;

But to protect them, will she bare the sword:

Freedom—sweet Freedom—is her battle word.

Where'er she comes, the slave's at once set free,

Sports him in sunshine, like the chainless sea.

All bless her name. Rome, would thy conquered lands,

Were they reanimate, upraise their hands

To call down blessings for maternal care

On them bestowed? Had all alike their share?

No, Rome, 'twas self that swayed thee, brought thee down,

Spoiled thee of conquest, reft thee of thy crown.

Hadst thou, like Albion, equal favour shown,

To thy new sons giv'n rights, e'en as thine own—

Hadst thou to commerce turn'd thine active mind,

And war and bloodshed for the plough resigned—

Thou hadst not fallen from thy high estate.

Thou wrought'st for this, and meritest thy fate!

Farewell, old Queen; the moral taught by thee

Before earth's Kings perpetually should be;

That they may learn to steer another course,

Avoiding thus thy fate—perhaps a worse.

The moral taught by thee this truth implies:—

"Prosperity in peace, not rapine, lies."

AUTUMN WINDS.

THERE is something peculiarly mournful in the sound of the autumn wind. It has none of the fierce mirth which belongs to that of March, calling aloud, as with the voice of a trumpet, on all earth to rejoice; neither has it the mild rainy melody of summer, when the lily has given its softness, and the rose its sweetness, to the gentle tones. Still less has it the dreary moan, the cry as of one in pain, which is borne on a November blast; but it has a music of its own—sad, low, and plaintive,