



From the Boston Recorder.
THE LAST WALK.

"I supported my sister to take her final walk in the garden. It was a fine evening in the month of May, and, the garden of which she was peculiarly fond, was dressed in its best array. The voices of the manifold birds, happy beyond utterance, were pouring out their living strains of joy, love and harmony. My little children, as happy as they, were playing on the daisy lawn.

"She carefully visited all her favorite plants, she spoke of them, with more admiration than ever before; and we jointly paid them any little attention which they happened to require. At length her measure of strength was exhausted, and we turned toward our quiet habitation. The big tears started from her eyelids, and were again suppressed. "One last look, Brother!" said she, as she turned round to the spot which had so often contributed to her innocent gratification. It was indeed the last look that she was taking, and she entered the cottage to come out no more."—**MARTHA** By the Rev Dr. Reed.

The vernal eve was soft and pure,
The cottage garden fair;
And feeble was her step who sought
To breathe its balmy air;
Upon her brother's arm she leaned,
That arm from childhood dear,—
And tenderly her plaintive tone
Rose murmuring to his ear.

The birds with merry warbling seem'd
Her languid heart to cheer,
The robin, by her bounty fed,
Confiding, hovered near,
And 'mid the incense breathing flowers,
And neath the embowering shade,
The infant nursings that she loved
In sportive gambols played.

Grey twilight o'er the glowing scene
A hurried curtain threw,
And in its ruby cup, the rose
Received its freshening dew;
Yet still that lingering form was seen
With wearied step to stray,
All pensive as a parting friend,
Was it the last walk,—say?

It was. The tear drop on her cheek,
In pearly richness bore
The language of her deep farewell,
Who trod those paths no more:
But her next walk—mid brighter flowers,
In holier climes than this,—
The seraph habitants of Heaven,
Alone can tell its bliss.

TEN YEARS.—We are astonished when we contemplate the changes which have been effected within ten years! How rapidly the sweeping tide of time rolls on!—The morning of life passes off like a dream, and we look round in vain for the companions of our youthful days.—Where are the gay, the beautiful, the happy, with whom we once sported in the buoyancy of youth and sprightliness of enjoyment?—They were here; we knew them; we loved them; we sailed with them down time's sunny stream, with pleasures fragile bark; but where are they

now? Alas they have gone before us; the whirlwind of death drove them rapidly onward, and they are now sailing upon eternity's wide, shoreless sea! The scenes of our childhood, too, fade away, and soon, not a vestige of them is left as a token that they have existed.—Time's stupendous wheel is ever rolling on. Ten years more, and where will we be? Our present friends, our present companions, will they still be here? No; that is improbable. The grave, perhaps will have swallowed them; or they may be scattered far away; strangers and in a strange land. Ten years, and the aspect of things to many, very many, will be changed. The pale, emaciated miser, that now bends over his heap of useless gold, (the wrecks of ruined families, and the last remains of forlorn wretchedness,) where will he be? He and the beggar whom he drives from his door, will have gone to their long homes; his wealth will have passed into other hands. Ten years, and the student that is now poring over volumes, and seeking with such avidity for knowledge, will have acquired, and perhaps forgotten it. The lovely maiden, whose mind and person are just matured; she is beautiful, she is happy; pleasure beams in her countenance, and joy sparkles in her eye; with a light foot and lighter heart, she steps upon life's slippery stage; but alas! ten years, and this lovely being will indeed be changed;—the bright, fascinating smiles no longer plays upon her cheek; her laughing eye speaks deeper misery now, than ever it did of pleasure. Ten years, and what is now beautiful, will have decayed, will have faded like the morning flower! Ten years, and many that sport in the sunshine of prosperity, will be wrapped in misfortune's gloomiest shade. Ten years and the man of business will have settled "his final account," the fool will have grown wise, and the wise will have discovered his ignorance. The Atheist will have found out his mistake, and the Christian will have realized his hopes.

EXTREMES BEGET EXTREMES.—No axiom is more universal than the truth that extremes, whether in physics, politics, commerce, morals, or religion, always beget opposite extremes. Extraordinary animal or mental excitement is invariably followed by a corresponding depression and debility. Despotism produces rebellion, and not unfrequently rebellion terminates in anarchy. The commercial world, like the ocean, has its ebbs and flowings, and the higher the tide, the greater the depression. Stoicism begets Epicurianism.—Intolerance will always produce secession, and the reforming party, whether in Church or State, are in great danger of the opposite extreme. Slavery begets Abolitionism; and Abolitionism is likely to beget a more intolerable species of slavery. Ultraism begets Ultraism in all things. Two wrongs to one right, is a

universal axiom. The truth always lies between the two extremes—get in the centre, and then you are right. Violent partizans, whether in religion or politics, are always on one or the other of the extremes. Sober-minded reflecting men usually occupy medium ground.

BEAUTY AND HOLINESS.—Religion is every thing to women. Nothing is more disgusting than a syllable of disrespect uttered against institutions which are the stay and staff of women. A woman never appears so lovely as when she is at her prayers. A mother's word, a mother's prayers have more sway over the son than all the homilies of the pulpit. The simplest phrase from her will draw a tear that no eloquence can bring forth.

CANDOUR.—We are so used to disguise ourselves to others, that at last we become disguised even to ourselves. Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

RELIGIOUS DISPUTATIONS.—The age of the church which was most fertile in nice questions, was most barren in religion; for it makes people think religion to be only a matter of wit in tying and untying of knots.

MERT.—A man of brilliant talents combating the storms of adversity and misfortune, is like the sun behind the cloud; hid, but not impaired, obscured, not forever, but only for a time, to shine with greater splendour when those storms are over, like the sun when the clouds are passed over.

If your enemy is forced to have recourse to a lie to blacken you, consider what a pleasure it is to think of your having supported such a character as to render it impossible for malice to hurt you without the aid of falsehood.

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