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From *Hour to Hour*, from *Youth to Age*,
 Fitz's New-Yorker takes the uncertain Stage.

The Last Stage.

THE course through which our Life is past,
From our first moments to our last,
Has been describ'd in various forms:
The river's calm, the ocean's storms;
The tranquil path, the beaten road,
By the great bulk of mortals trod.
Some in the wherry glide along,
Or tug the oar 'gainst billows strong,
Or turn with skill the swelling sail,
As fair or adverse winds prevail:
But though the emblem may be rude,
It is as clearly understood
If for our symbol we engage
The common Carriage call'd a STAGE.

Few who their destin'd course begin,
Or from the SUN or ANGEL INN,

Of the known way complete the whole
 Through which the wheels are bound to roll.
 When beaming Phœbus 'gins his race,
 Each Passenger asserts his place ;
 And with no small impatience waits
 Till the Coach moves between the Gates.
 Some, e'er a few short hours are run,
 Will find their early Journey done:
 Others, before the Noon is come,
 May reach, in peace, their destin'd home.
 As from the Journey they retreat,
 New Comers fill each vacant seat ;—
 But, from events of every day,
 Which shorten or obstruct the way,
 Few Trav'lers, in the Journey, ken
 Of mile-stones full threescore and ten.

Such was the fate of Mrs. CHERRY,
 At once, fat, cumbersome and merry.
 —Many a year was gone and past,
 Since she had been at *London* last,

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And all the wonders of the spot
Which she then saw, were now forgot.
But a dear Daughter young and fair
Had married, and was settled there ;
Besides, a little Stranger came,
To bless her with a Grannam's name.
More than enough was this to call
The Lady from a country Hall :
This had the instant power to charm
Her absence from the wealthy Farm,
Where she had long been us'd to reign
The Mistress of the Village train.

Turkey and Fowl, and Ham and Chine,
On which the Cits prefer to dine,
With Partridge too, and eke a Hare,
The luxuries of country Fare,
She closely pack'd with bounteous care ;
And the next morn, at Turnpike Gate,
The Coach received her comely weight.
But the tear stood in either eye,
When her dear Yeoman said, " Good bye."

For twenty years were gone, for aye,
 Since she had left him for a day.
 She felt the joy that would attend
 And wait upon her journey's end;
 But now they were about to part,
 The Mother shar'd but half her heart;
 And fond Affection's tender strife,
 Betray'd the feelings of the Wife.

The Sun had scarce sunk to the West,
 E'er she became her Daughter's guest:
 She kiss'd the Baby o'er and o'er
 As babes have oft been kiss'd before;
 And, when it smil'd, was charm'd to see
 Each feature of the Family.
 —About the Town she whilom rang'd,
 And ev'ry day the sight was chang'd:
 Each various shew she went to view,
 With BONAPARTE'S Carriage too:
 The Panorama's magic space,
 And Lord Mayor's Sword and gilded Mace.

She saw once more *St. Dunstan's* men
Strike, with fierce stroke, the hour of Ten;
Nor did she think her time ill-spent,
In viewing many a Monument,
Which tells the Hero's patriot story,
And forms the *Abbey's* gloomy glory.
From *St. Paul's* domineering dome,
She bade her wond'ring eyes to roam,
And LONDON view'd in all its pride,
With a surrounding world beside.
She felt th' unrivall'd powers of KEAN,
And Miss O'NEIL was heard and seen;
But still with all these new delights,
Her pleasant days and social nights,
She gladden'd when the time was come
That call'd her to her much-lov'd home.
But she was doom'd no more to see
Nor Home nor Husband ;—the Decree
Of Fate had bade her eyes to close,
E'er the next morning's dawn arose.

She kiss'd, with fond, renew'd em-
 brace,
 The Offspring of her honest race;
 Then sought the Coach—to take her place.
 When DEATH was there, with horrid grin,
 To shove the cumbrous Matron in.
 But she, unconscious of her Fate,
 Join'd in the Vehicle's debate,
 And did her mild discourse supply
 With inoffensive pleasantry,
 Till the three passengers were gone,
 And she, at length, was left alone.
 —The Sun had beam'd with cheering ray,
 And brighten'd Nature through the day,
 But at the Evening's latest hour,
 The clouds, as they began to lour,
 Did the departing scene deform,
 And all foretold the coming storm.
 Soon it came on, with beating rain;
 The fierce winds blew an hurricane;
 The thunder roll'd,—dark was the night,—
 The Horses, seiz'd with sudden fright,

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No more obey the firm command
Of the stern Coachman's steady hand ;
Then madly quit the beaten road,
And plunge into the river's flood.
Where the impetuous, waters rage
Was Mrs. CHERRY's last, sad stage.
She scream'd at first, then prayer preferr'd,
But neither scream, nor pray'r was heard.
Thus this devoted Matron died,
Where she had only meant to ride.