

## SEA-SHORE COLLOQUY: TIME, A WINTER-NIGHT.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER

POET.

NORTH-WIND! of what complainest thou?  
 Whence comest, with that strange, weird moan?  
 Perchance thy wings have fanned the brow  
 Of manhood frozen into stone.  
 Thy wailing grieves the poet's heart:  
 Make known thy mission, and depart.

NORTH-WIND.

I come from the deep, and I left asleep  
 The dead on an ice-bound shore.  
 They clung to the deck of the luckless wreck,  
 Till she struck — and all was o'er.

POET.

Thy shriek uproused the wintry wave,  
 And drove their vessel on the reef!  
 Back to thy gloomy polar cave,  
 Wild, moaning counterfeit of grief!  
 Hadst thou been quiet, cruel gale,  
 In port they would have furled the sail.

NORTH-WIND.

When the KING of Kings unchains my wings,  
 And clouds the sky deform,  
 I must leave my lair, though the brave and fair  
 Are lost in the howling storm.

POET.

Woe to the maid who fondly dreams  
 Of her lover safe, and homeward-bound!  
 Woe to the wife who little deems  
 That her faithful mariner is drowned!  
 Deaf, like his mess-mates, to the dirge  
 Growled by the hoarse and rocking surge.

NORTH-WIND.

To the lover woe! who soon will know  
 That his bride that vessel bore  
 Over the foam: but the sill of home  
 Her feet will cross no more.

## P O E T.

A vision bursts upon my sight,  
 Now fades, and all is drear and dark!  
 Stay, fearful wanderer of the night!  
 Did woman perish with that bark!  
 The long-expected, the adored,  
 The beautiful — was she on board?

## N O R T H - W I N D.

The spray-drops glare in her stiffened hair,  
 And frost-sealed are her eyes!  
 Thou'lt wait in vain for her coming again;  
 In an icy shroud she lies.

*Brooklyn, Feb. 24, 1855.*

## A N E W S P A P E R I N 1 7 6 1.

*New-York, March, 1855.*

THROUGH the kindness of a friend, I have lately become possessed of three copies of one of the earliest, if not the very first newspaper published in this city, *The New-York Gazette*, printed by W. Weyman in Broad-street. The dates of these three are: November second, and December fourteenth, and twenty-first, 1761; and from the comparison of them, it appears to have been a weekly newspaper, issued every Monday morning. They are much torn, as might readily be supposed from their great age, and only one has the number of the issue. Allowing the supposition that it was a weekly paper to be correct, it was established in January, 1759, exactly ninety-six years ago. In size it is ludicrously small, being scarcely twenty inches square, and as for editorials, it does not profess to have any. The difference between the journalism of that day and the present is still more marked when we examine its columns for news. It is headed as containing, '*The freshest advices, both foreign and domestic.*' Two numbers, however, have no news from Europe at all, although at that time, when the mother-country was engaged in the 'seven-years' war,' it must have been anxiously looked for. In the third number, of December twenty-first, they had received advices up to the *seventeenth of October*, and the news appears to have been carefully copied, but *without a word* of comment. Some of these news-items are quite interesting, and in particular I would notice an extract from a letter, dated in London, October sixth, 1761, on the coronation of George III., which took place a month before:

'The coronation was a splendid show indeed! I was in Westminster Hall in the evening, and surely nothing could exceed it. The quantity of jewels and fine clothes was immense, which made a brilliant appearance, as the Hall was lighted up with near four thousand wax-candles. The King behaved like an angel. At his coronation, he seemed to feel the importance of the oath he was taking, and conducted