



TO A FRIEND ABOUT TO MARRY A SECOND TIME.

*Ne profectura peccandi.*—OVID.

Oh, keep the ring, one little year;  
Keep poor ELIZA'S ring,  
And shed on it the silent tear,  
In secret sorrowing.

Thy lips, on which her last, last kiss,  
Yet lingers moist and warm,  
Oh, wipe them not for newer bliss,  
Oh, keep it as a charm.

These haunts are sacred to her love,  
Here still her presence dwells;  
Of her the grove, of her the grove,  
Of her the garden tells.

Beneath these elms you sate and talk'd,  
Beside that river's brink,  
At evening arm-in-arm you walk'd,  
Here stop to gaze and think.

Thou'lt meet her when thy blood beats high,  
In converse with thy bride;  
Meet the mild meaning of an eye  
That never learnt to chide.

Oh, no, by Heaven, must not here  
Thou canst not, another bring;  
Nay, keep it—but one little year,  
Keep poor ELIZA'S ring.

ORIGIN OF THE RED ROSE.

As erst in Eden's blissful bowers,  
Young Eve surveyed her countless flowers,  
An opening Rose, of purest white,  
She marked, with eyes that beam'd delight;  
Its leaves she kissed, and, straight, it drew  
From beauty's lip the vermeil hue.

### Literary Extracts, &c.

FROM THE "SKETCH BOOK."

#### The Pride of the Village.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

Perhaps there could not have been a passion, between the sexes, more pure than this innocent girl's. The gallant figure of her youthful admirer, the splendor of his military array, might at first have charmed her eye; but it was not these that had captivated her heart. Her attachment had something in it of idolatry. She looked up to him as a being of a superior species. She felt in his society the enthusiasm of a mind naturally delicate and poetical, and now first awakened to a keen perception of the beautiful and grand. Of the sordid distinctions of rank and fortune, she thought nothing; it was the difference of intellect, of appearance, of manner, from the rustic society to which she had been accustomed, that elevated him in her opinion. She would listen to him with charmed ear and down-cast look of mute delight, and her cheek would mantle with enthusiasm; or if ever she ventured a shy glance of timid admiration, it was as quickly withdrawn, and she would sigh and blush at the idea of her comparative unworthiness.

Her lover was equally impassioned; but his passion was mingled with feelings of a coarse nature. He had begun the connexion in levity; for he had often heard his brother officers boast of their village conquests, and thought some triumph of the kind necessary to his reputation as a man of spirit. But he was too full of youthful fervor. His heart had not yet been rendered sufficiently cold and selfish by a wandering and a dissipated life: it caught fire from the very flame it sought to kindle; and before he was aware of the nature of his situation, he became really in love.

What was he to do? There were the old obstacles which so incessantly occur in these heedless attachments. His rank in life—the prejudices of titled connexions—his dependence upon a proud and unyielding father—all forbid him to think of matrimony:—but when he looked down upon this innocent being, so tender and confiding, there was a purity in her manners, a blamelessness in her life, and a beseeching modesty in her looks, that awed down every licentious feeling. In vain did he try to fortify himself, by a thousand heartless examples of men of fashion, and to chill the glow of generous sentiment, with that cold despotic levity with which he had heard them talk of female virtue; whenever he came in her presence, she was still surrounded by that mysterious, but impassive charm of virgin purity, in which no guilty thought can live.

The sudden arrival of orders for the regiment to repair to the continent completed the confusion of his mind. He remained for a short time in a state of the most painful irresolution; he hesitated to communicate the tidings, until the day for marching was at hand; when he gave her the intelligence in the course of an evening ramble.

The idea of parting had never before occurred to her. It broke in at once upon a dream of felicity; she looked upon it as a sudden and insurmountable evil, and wept with the guileless simplicity of a child. He drew her to his bosom, and kissed the tears from her soft cheeks; nor did he meet with a repulse, for there are moments of mingled sorrow and tenderness, which hallow the caresses of affection. He was naturally impet-

uous, and the sight of beauty apparently yielding in his arms, the confidence of his power over her, and the dread of losing her forever, all conspired to overwhelm his better feelings—he ventured to propose that she should leave her home, and be the companion of his fortunes.

He was quite a novice in seduction, and blushed and faltered at his own baseness; but so innocent of mind was his intended victim, that she at first was at a loss to comprehend his meaning; and why she should leave her native village, and the humble roof of her parents? When at last the nature of his proposals flashed upon her pure mind, the effect was withering. She did not weep—she did not break forth into reproaches—she said not a word—but she shrunk back agast as from a viper, gave him a look of anguish that pierced to his very soul, and clasping her hands in agony, fled, as if for refuge, to her father's cottage.

The officer retired, confounded, humiliated, and repentant. It is uncertain what might have been the result of the conflict of his feelings, had not his thoughts been diverted by the bustle of departure. New scenes, new pleasures, and new companions, soon dissipated his self-reproach, and stifled his tenderness. Yet, amidst the stir of camps, the revelries of garrisons, the array of armies, and even the din of battles, his thoughts would sometimes steal back to the scene of rural quiet and village simplicity—the white cottage—the footpath along the silver brook and up the hawthorn hedge, and the little village maid totering along it, leaning on his arm, and listening to him with eyes beaming with unconscious affection.

The shock which the poor girl had received, in the destruction of all her ideal world, had indeed been cruel. Faintings and hysterics had at first shaken her tender frame, and were succeeded by a settled and piping melancholy. She had beheld from her window the march of the departing troops. She had seen her faithless lover borne off, as if in triumph, amidst the sound of drum and trumpet, and the pomp of arms. She strained a last aching gaze after him, as the morning sun glistered about his figure, and his plume waved in the breeze: he passed away like a bright vision from her sight, and left her in darkness.

It would be trite to dwell on the particulars of her after story. It was, like other tales of love, melancholy. She avoided society, and wandered out alone in the walks she had most frequented with her lover. She sought, like the stricken deer, to weep in silence and loneliness, and brood over the barbed sorrow that rankled in her soul. She would sometimes be seen sitting in the porch of the village church late of an evening; and the milkmaids, returning from the fields, would now and then hear her voice singing some plaintive ditty in the hawthorn walk. She became fervent in her devotions at church, and as the old people saw her approach, so wasted away, yet with hectic bloom, and that hallowed air which melancholy diffuses round the form, they would make way for her, as for something spiritual, and, looking after her, would shake their heads in gloomy foreboding.

She felt a conviction that she was hastening to the tomb, but looked forward to it as a place of rest. The silver cord that had bound her to existence was loosed, and there seemed to be no more pleasure under the sun. If ever her gentle bosom had entertained resentment against her lover, it was extinguished. She was incapable of angry passions, and in a moment of saddened tenderness, she penned in a farewell letter. It was couched in the simplest language; but touching from its very simplicity. She told him that she was dying, and did not conceal from him that his conduct was the cause. She even deprecates the sufferings she had experienced, but concluded with saying, that she could not die in peace, until she had sent him her forgiveness and blessing.

By degrees her strength declined, and she could no longer leave the cottage. She could only totter to the window, where, propped up in her chair, it was her enjoyment to sit all day and look out upon the landscape. Still she uttered no complaint, nor imparted to any one the malady that was preying on her heart. She never even mentioned her lover's name; but would lay her head on her mother's bosom and weep in silence. Her poor parents hung, in mute anxiety, over this fading blossom of their hopes, still flattering themselves that it might again revive to freshness, and that the bright unearthly bloom which sometimes flushed her cheek might be the promise of returning health.

In this way she was seated between them one Sunday afternoon; her hands were clasped in theirs, the lattice was thrown open, and the soft air that stole in, brought with it the fragrance of the clustering honeysuckle, that her own hands had trained round the window.

Her father had just been reading a chapter in the bible; it spoke of the vanity of worldly things, and the joys of heaven; it seemed to have diffused comfort and serenity through her bosom. Her eye was fixed on the distant village church—the bell had tolled for the evening service—the last villager was lagging into the porch—and every thing had sunk into that hallowed stillness peculiar to the day of rest. Her parents were gazing on her with yearning hearts. Sickness and sorrow, which pass so roughly over some faces, had given to hers the expression of a seraph's. A tear trembled in her soft blue eye.—Was she thinking of her faithless lover?—or were her thoughts wandering to that distant church-yard, into whose bosom she might soon be gathered?

Suddenly the clang of hoofs was heard—a horseman galloped to the cottage—he dismounted before the window—the poor girl gave a faint exclamation, and sunk back in her chair.—It was

her repentant lover! He rushed into the house, and flew to clasp her to his bosom; but her wasted form—her death-like countenance—so wan, yet so lovely in its desolation, smote him to the soul, and he threw himself in an agony at her feet. She was too faint to rise; she attempted to extend her trembling hand—her lips moved as if she spoke, but no sound was articulated—she looked down upon him with an expression of unutterable tenderness, and closed her eyes forever.

Such are the particulars which I gathered of this village story. I have passed through the place since, and visited the church again from a better motive than mere curiosity. It was a wintry evening; the trees were stripped of their foliage; the church yard looked naked and mournful, and the wind rustled coldly through the dry grass. Evergreens, however, had been planted about the grave of the village favourite, and osiers were bent over it to keep the turf uninjured. The church door was open, and I stepped in.

There hung the chaplet of flowers and the gloves, as on the day of the funeral: the flowers were withered, it is true, but care seemed to have been taken that no dust should soil their whiteness. I have seen many monuments, where art has exhausted its powers to awaken the sympathy of the spectator, but I have met with none that spoke more touchingly to my heart, than this simple, but delicate memento of departed innocence.

### Political Journals.

FROM "MILLER'S RETROSPECT OF THE 18TH CENTURY."

The method of announcing political events, and the various articles of foreign and domestic intelligence, which usually engage the attention of the public, by means of *Gazettes* or *Newspapers*, seems to have been first employed in Italy, as early as the year 1536.\* It was in that country that these vehicles of information received the name *Gazetta*,† which they have ever since retained.‡

The earliest newspaper printed in Great Britain was "*The English Mercurie*," by Christopher Barker, her highness' printer, in 1588. But public prints of this kind, after the dispersion of the Spanish Armada, seldom appeared. The first regular weekly newspaper published in that country was by Nathaniel Butter, in August, 1622, entitled "*The certaine Newes of this present weeke*." Three years afterwards, another of a similar kind was established. But, during the civil wars, which took place under the Protectorate of Cromwell, these channels of public intelligence became more numerous than ever; and were diligently employed by both parties to disseminate their opinions among the people. About that time appeared the *Mercurius Aulicus*, the *Mercurius Rusticus*, and the *Mercurius Civicus*, &c. And, it is said, that "when any title grew popular, it was frequently stolen by some antagonist, who, by this stratagem, obtained access to those who would not have received him had he not worn the appearance of a friend. These papers soon became a public nuisance. Serving as receptacles of party malice, they set the minds of men more at variance, inflamed their resentments into greater fierceness, and gave a keener and more destructive edge to civil discord. But the convulsions of those unhappy days, left few either the leisure, the tranquility, or the inclination to treasure up occasional or curious compositions; and so much were they neglected, that a complete collection is now no where to be found, and little is known respecting them."

The earliest British *Gazette*, of which any distinct record remains, was that published in 1663, by Sir Roger L'Estrange, under the title of the *Public Intelligencer*. This he continued until the year 1665, when a kind of court newspaper was established at Oxford, then the seat of government, and issued every Tuesday. The first number was printed in the month of November of that year, and appears to have superseded Sir Roger's. Soon after this the court was removed to London, on which the title of the paper was changed to the *London Gazette*, the name which it still bears.

From the middle of the seventeenth century, the employment of newspapers as channels of intelligence became more frequent and popular, not only in Great Britain, but also in several other countries of Europe.—Newspapers and pamphlets were prohibited in

\* The first *Gazette* is said to have been printed at Venice, and to have been published monthly. It was under the direction of the government.

† The word *Gazetta* is said, by some, to be derived from *Gassera*, a *Masque* or *Chatterer*; by others, from the name of a little coin called *Gazetta*, peculiar to the city of Venice, where newspapers were first printed, and which was the common price of these periodical publications; while a third class of critics suppose it to be derived from the Latin word *Gaza*, colloquially lengthened into the diminutive *Gazetta*, and, as applied to a newspaper, signifying a little treasury of news.—*Continuation of Literature*, vol. i. p. 271.

‡ Those who first wrote newspapers were called by the Italians *Menantis*; because, says Vossius, they intended commonly by these loose papers to spread about defamatory reflections, and were therefore prohibited by Gregory XIII. by a particular bull, under the name of *Menantis*, from the Latin *mentis*.—*Continuation of Literature*, vol. i. p. 273.

England, by royal proclamation, in 1680.— At the revolution, in 1688, this prohibition was taken off; but in a few years afterwards newspapers were made the objects of taxation, and were first stamped for this purpose in 1713. Their number, however, has been constantly increasing from that period till the present time. But since the beginning of the eighteenth century, this increase, particularly in Great Britain, France, Germany, and America, has been almost incredibly great.

Perhaps in no respect, and in no other enterprises of a literary kind have the United States made such rapid progress as in the establishment of political journals. At the beginning of the eighteenth century there was no publication of this kind in the United Colonies. The first newspaper printed in America was the *Boston News-Letter*, begun in 1704, in the town whose name it bears, by B. Green. The second was the *Boston Gazette*, which commenced towards the latter end of the year 1720, by Samuel Kneeland. The next year a third was published under the title of the *New-England Courant*, by James Franklin. Between the last mentioned year and 1730, three other newspapers were published in Boston, though some of them appear to have been soon laid aside.— As the first printing work done in North America was executed in Massachusetts, so in that colony the earliest, and, for a number of years, the most vigorous and successful exertions were made for the establishment and circulation of political journals.

The first newspaper printed in Pennsylvania, was *The American Weekly Mercury*, by Andrew Bradford, the publication of which commenced December 22, 1719. The first printed in New-York, it is believed, was by William Bradford, October 16th, 1725, under the title of the *New-York Gazette*. The first paper published in Rhode-Island was the *Rhode-Island Gazette*, by James Franklin, before mentioned, who began the publication in October, 1732. The first in Connecticut was by James Parker, in 1733; and the first in New-Hampshire, by Daniel Fowle, in 1736. The periods at which *Gazettes* were first introduced into the other states are not certainly known. In 1771, they had increased to the number of twenty-five; and in 1801, more than one hundred and eighty different newspapers were printed in different parts of the United States.

It is worthy of remark, that newspapers have almost entirely changed their form and character within the period under review.— For a long time after they were adopted as a medium of communication to the public, they were confined, in general, to the mere statement of facts. But they have gradually assumed an office more extensive, and risen to a more important station in society. They have become the vehicles of discussion in which the principles of government, the interests of nations, the spirit and tendency of public measures, and the public and private characters of individuals are all arraigned, tried, and decided. Instead, therefore, of being considered now, as they once were, of small moment in society, they have become immense moral and political engines, closely connected with the welfare of the state, and deeply involving both its peace and prosperity.

Newspapers have also become important in a literary view. There are few of them, within the last twenty years, which have not added to their political details some curious and useful information on the various subjects of literature, science and art. They have thus become the means of conveying to every class in society innumerable scraps of knowledge, which have at once increased the public intelligence, and extended the taste for perusing periodical publications. The advertisements, moreover, which they daily contain, respecting new books, projects, inventions, discoveries and improvements, are well calculated to enlarge and enlighten the public mind, and are worthy of being enumerated among the many methods of awakening and maintaining the popular attention, which more modern times, beyond all preceding example, abound.

At the commencement of the period under review, there were but three or four Printers in the American Colonies; and these carried on their business upon a very small scale, and in a very coarse, inelegant manner. But at present [1803] the number of Printers in the United States may be considered as near three hundred; and many of these perform their work with a neatness and elegance which are rarely exceeded in Europe. At that time the printing an original American work, even a small pamphlet, was a rare occurrence.

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§ There was no newspaper in Scotland till after the accession of King William and Queen Mary. At the Union there were three established in that part of the United Kingdom. In the Kingdom of Great Britain the whole number of newspapers printed in the year 1775, was 12,690,000. In 1780 the number had increased to 15,272,319. At the close of the century they were still more numerous.