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Poetry.

SONG TO ALTHEA,

BY LOVEFACE.

Written during his imprisonment for loyalty.

When Love, with unconscious wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grate;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye—
The birds that warble in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no alloying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tinkle in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller notes shall sing,
The sweetness, merriment, majesty,
The glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,—
Enlarged wings, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an iron grating;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

ADDRESS TO LUCASTA,

BY LOVEFACE.

On his preparing to take arms for King Charles.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nursery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True: a new mistress now I chase,
The first for me in bed;
And, with a stranger face, embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

MATCH-BREAKING.

A TALE OF AN ENGLISH COUNTRY TOWN.

(Concluded.)

Some years ago, Saville had been driving in a gig with a friend, and the horse took fright. Saville, anxious, as he afterwards expressed himself, "to know the worst at once," threw himself from the gig, and received the information of which he was desirous, in the shape of numberless severe contusions and bruises, which confined him to the house for several weeks, while his friend, who was one of "the take-things-easy" class of men, sat perfectly quiet, and when in the course of a few minutes the horse was stopped, was assisted from his seat without having had a fold of his cravat rumpled, or a curl of his hair disarranged. Ever since, Saville, under circumstances of difficulty, had been disposed to wait patiently, and let things take their course, rather than to accelerate their progress by any strong procedure on his own part. Besides, to tell the truth, Saville was not particularly desirous to impede the flight of the love-letter, in his opinion; if Rose refused him, he should know his fate more decidedly than he could otherwise have done, and his pride would suffer no wound from her disdain, since he should then immediately disclaim the letter. Saville returned to the Hall, and told Sir Peregrine that on reconsidering the matter he should be happy to avail himself of his hospitality for a day or two longer. The baronet clapped him on the shoulder, told him he was glad he had thought better of it, and predicted that he should yet see him and the pretty Rose Stapleton man and wife. Saville was nervous and dispirited all the evening, and lost his temper at the backgammon to Sir Peregrine, wondering all the time, in the inmost recesses of his mind, what would be the precise time at which Miss Malford's messenger with the

flapped hat would deliver the letter, and what conversation Rose and her mother would hold touching its contents. The next morning Sir Peregrine went out shooting, and Saville remained in solitude, nervously starting every time a servant entered the room, expecting that he would be the bearer of Rose Stapleton's refusal on a silver salver. Miss Ogley was almost as anxious; she expected that Mrs. Stapleton or Rose would call on her to inform her of Saville's letter, or perhaps that Saville himself would come to disclose to her the trick that had been played on him, and she strictly enjoined her "little foot-page" to summon her immediately from her "musical-luncheon party," if either of the above-mentioned three persons called to see her." At eleven o'clock Mr. Scrapeall, and the rest of the amateurs arrived: none of them played well, even when they played their best, and the reader may conclude, that as they met expressly for rehearsal, their present performance was not of the most harmonious nature; however, they were abundantly complimentary to each other. Mr. Jenks said that Mr. Todd had quite Mr. Jenks' touch; and Mr. Todd responded that Mr. Jenks put him amazingly in mind of Paganini. Miss Simpkins thought that Miss Dibb's lower tones were an advantageous resemblance to those of Pista; and Miss Pabb retorted that Miss Simpkins went two notes higher than Grisi. Miss Higgins, a little pink and white, and just emancipated from boarding-school, sang "Child of Earth, with the golden hair;" in a small, faint, shrill, fluttering voice, and was universally compared to Mrs. Wood; and a pale, sickly, sily looking lad, who was heir to a large fortune, sang, "The light of other Days," in remarkably husky, broken tones, and was pronounced by all the ladies to be immeasurably superior to Phillips. In the midst of this scene of urbanity and politeness a young man entered the room, who took the first violin at the Allingham monthly concert; he was clever in his profession, and the Allingham amateurs liked to have him at their little social meetings; and as they all took tickets for his benefit, he was too wise to give them any unpleasant information on the subject of their perfect ignorance of the delightful science which they professed to understand and patronize.

"Now Mr. Tunewell is come," said Miss Ogley, "we will have the overture to 'Der Freischutz.'"

Accordingly they all applied themselves to their respective parts, and went on tolerably well for about two minutes, when with an amiable anxiety to have all things in common, each began to encroach upon the part of the other. In two minutes more, Mr. Todd, inspired by a noble feeling of emulation, not far below the rest of his comrades; Mr. Scrapeall, actuated by interesting timidity, kept far behind; the other amateurs each committed some separate infraction, and Mr. Tunewell was the only steady and ordinary individual who played precisely as he ought to do. They could not longer pretend to remain unconscious of the dreadful disorders they were producing. At length Mr. Scrapeall spoke.

"It is all Tunewell's fault—he plays dreadfully out of time—it is impossible to keep pace with him."

"Yes," said little Miss Higgins, who presided at the piano, "I was just thinking how admirably I could get on with the other gentlemen, but Mr. Tunewell quite discomposes us."

"Really, Tunewell," said the pale, silly-looking young heir, in a patronizing tone, "you must be more careful: here is a whole company put into confusion by your slovenly playing."

Poor Tunewell bowed to one, and apologized to another, confessed that he was very stupid; but that he had been sitting up late last night, and had a violent cold and headache; and having received a condescending permission to depart, gladly gathered his violin under one arm, and a roll of music under the other, and quitted the room, the whole chole agreeing that Tunewell was a good sort of young man, but certainly never intended by nature for a musician.

Luncheon followed, scraped beef sandwiches,

baked custards in tea cups, heart cakes, pastry-cook's lathies, prawns clinging to lemonade glasses, and interspersed with spoons of parsley, and guinea hen's eggs reclining on a bed of moss to do duty for plovers, Hot, hard port, and deep colored, fiery sherry, constituted the libations at the banquet. Mr. Scrapeall, who was a member of the Temperance Society, having inadvertently taken a glass of the sherry, begged leave to exchange it for one of the port, since he observed that "it hurt his conscience to take any thing mostifiestly containing so large a portion of brandy." Whether he meant this speech for a compliment or a sarcasm, I cannot pretend to say, but it was evidently considered to be the former; for Mr. Jenks helped himself to a second bumper of the aforesaid sherry benevolently remarked that Miss Ogley's wine merchant (who was also his own) was a capital fellow, and always did justice to his customers. After a few more songs, sonatas, and fine speeches, the musical luncheon party separated, delighted with their morning's amusement and with themselves, settling to meet that day week at Mr. Scrapeall's, and unanimously expressing a hope that Tunewell would profit by the hints that he had received, and be more attentive to his playing.

Though, however, the guests departed satisfied, the hostess and Miss Malford were restless, excited, and full of wonder, that they heard nothing of the poor young people whom they hoped to actuate. Saville had just finished his solitary luncheon, when the wished for, yet dreaded letter was delivered to him: it was from Mrs. Stapleton. He opened it in fear and trepidation—could he believe his eyes? it was a letter of acceptance, and expressing the wish of herself and Rose to see Mr. Saville as soon as possible. Saville almost beside himself with joy, made a hasty toilette, directed a servant to beg Sir Peregrine not to wait dinner for him, and ran all the way to Mrs. Stapleton's house.

I will not dilate on the conversation that ensued; suffice it to say, that Saville had, but not wholly, enlightened the ignorance of his fair friends; he confessed the fact, that he possessed a large, independent fortune, but he did not own his love-letter was the composition of another person; he feared that the delicacy of his darling rose, and the dignity of her mother, would be wounded at the idea that he had been in a manner entrapped into an engagement; and as the letter, to do justice to Miss Malford's powers of eloquence, was a very tolerable one, he determined to sit down quietly under all the honors of it. He, however, ventured to beg that Mrs. Stapleton and Rose would be very enquired and distant in their manners to Mrs. Ogley and Miss Malford, observing that he had good reason to know that these ladies were by no means so sincere and friendly as they appeared to be; and they readily promised him that the spinsters should hear of the engagement through some other channel. Saville returned to Sir Peregrine at night, full of spirits and happiness, and informed him that he was engaged to Rose Stapleton, but not of the means by which the engagement had been brought about. Sir Peregrine was unaffectedly delighted, told Saville that he must stay with him till the wedding day, offered to give the bride away, and to be trustee to the settlement, and spread about the news in every part of Allingham through the whole of the next day.

The Match-breakers heard of it with horror; and Miss Ogley had a violent quarrel with her dear friend Miss Malford, telling her that she had foreseen every thing that had happened, and that Miss Malford's officious letter had been the cause of the explanation taking place. The ensuing morning, Miss Ogley was walking alone, and met Saville. She fixed her eyes on him with that determined, fearless stare, which is the constant branding mark, designating women of undaunted disposition and bold manners, and said, "Well, you took us all by surprise by your engagement to Rose Stapleton."

"Did I?" retorted Saville, drily.

"Yes," she proceeded, affecting an air of great playfulness; "pray, may I ask whether

you made your offer by letter or word of mouth?"

"Proposals of marriage," answered Saville, "are I believe, generally made by letter."

"That is an equivocation, and not a direct answer," rejoined Miss Ogley.

"Well, then," said Saville, "I did not make my offer by word of mouth."

"With this answer Miss Ogley was forced to seem contented.

"One more question and I have done," said she, "I have a strange fancy to know what messenger you sent with our letter?"

Saville, for the first time in his life, met Miss Ogley's stare, with an equally fixed gaze, and rejoined, "I cannot tell you the name of the person; but your friend Miss Malford, has done him some favors, and he knows himself to be in her power; on the occasion alluded to, he could not easily be recognized by any body, for he was directed to flap his hat carefully over his eyes."

Miss Ogley, for the first time in her life, looked on the ground, and appeared discomposed and embarrassed. She immediately went to Miss Malford, and taxed her with having betrayed the secret. Miss Malford replied that she had never mentioned it to a creature, and that the disclosure of it was doubtless owing to Miss Ogley's gossipping loquacity. Severe recriminations ensued, which ended in a quarrel; a week, however, had not elapsed before they were again the "inimitable inseparables;" they were wont to be. Saville being always anxious to reveal the truth to Rose, and an opportunity having offered itself, while dining at Mrs. Stapleton's in company with Sir Peregrine, he detailed the whole history of the letter.

Sir Peregrine was highly indignant, and called the heroines of the plot "sarpies," "jules," and many other mythological and every day denominations, with which I will not trouble my readers. Mrs. Stapleton and Rose, truly good and ingenuous by nature, and rendered particularly amiable at the present juncture by the unclouded happiness and prosperity which they enjoyed, did not express themselves with equal acrimony. At last, however, Mrs. Stapleton said that she thought the spinsters ought to be punished, and suggested the truly rigorous chastisement of sending them no bridecake. Sir Peregrine, however, requested that he might have it, and that he might be entrusted with the care of wrapping it up and delivering it; he then requested Rose to give him the letter in question, this was easily produced; for the poor girl had laid it up in rose leaves, and kissed it half a dozen times a day, little surmising the withering yellow old fingers that had penned it; and on the wedding day, Sir Peregrine wrapped up one piece of cake in the love-letter, and another in the envelope, and himself left the former at the door of Miss Malford, and the latter at that of Miss Ogley. Nor did he stop here—he amused the whole town of Allingham by his comic detail of the business, and many of the young people openly exulted at the idea that such skilful match-breakers had been unconsciously playing the part of match-makers.

Saville and his bride passed the honeymoon with some of his relations, and Sir Peregrine considered it not more than kind to pay frequent visits to Mrs. Stapleton in her solitude. She had lately much raised herself in his opinion; the spinsters had always led him to consider her as worldly and interested in the desire of Rose to accept the hand of Saville when she believed his circumstances to be narrow, fully exonerated her from that charge, he could not but admire the good nature which she displayed in her observations even upon herself; and he could not be blind to the fact, that although a very handsome woman in the prime of life, she had never sought lover or distractions for herself, but had solely coveted them for her daughter. Sir Peregrine soon began to think he had been very foolish, a few months ago, in proposing to Rose instead of her mother; shortly he considered that his error, great as it was, might perhaps not be irreparable, and accordingly he addressed this hint to Mrs. Stapleton, and was dumbly