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Poetry.

A WELCOME TO WINTER.

BY TOM SPRING.

All hail! holy namesake, thrice welcome art thou,
Thou'lt hold us in thy care, and frozen thy brow;
Envelop'd in fog, child's! by tempest and storm,
Walk into my parlour, and make thyself warm.

Thou'lt give us all room, & with age, you shake,
We'll care you, old lad, without any mistake!
Thou'lt be our year's days, & thou'lt long be your nights,
With a jug of brown stout we'll set you to rights.

With song and with mirth all your ills we can cure,
And trust in return you'll be kind to the poor;
Don't be hard, my old blade, to half-perishing souls,
But keep down the price of provisions and coals.

Ah, let not these thoughts of thy presence with dread,
Whose bones are rattling, whose sides are unfeeling,
Don't frown on them fiercely, howe'er, raving & wild,
But follow my practice, old cove—draw it cold!

And we'll honor your annual visit, my boy,
With spirit all buoyant, and features all joy;
With frolic and fun your long nights we will cheer,
And christen old Winter "the King of the Year."

Merry Christmas, your hantling, shall stir up his fire
And with beef and plum pudding shall welcome
his sire!

Your stern disposition good humour shall soothe,
And punch from your brow every wrinkle shall smooth.

The schoolboy releas'd from the pedagogue's sway,
You summons to freedom will promptly obey;
Should you frown on the youngsters, your threats
they'll deride.

And beg a few snowballs, and pray for a slide,
Now, on the same throne tho' I've no wish to harp,
Tell your Aid-de-Camp, Fraught, not to come it too sharp.

And when, "mid bright starlight he calmly shows off,
Let him think of rheumatics, of chilblains & cough.

And don't be exciting the dark raging wave
The seaman to swamp in a watery grave;
Though Korea may bluster and billows may foam,
Conduct him in safety to friends and to home.

So, welcome old Winter!—if shabby and stiff,
Take a seat by the fire, and of "becco a whiff;
But be sure to had temper and wrath you incline,
I'm sure if you're not any relation of mine.

And if—your old knowledge-box covered with snow—
You won't chaff as a friend, but approach as a foe,
With a bumper of Seager, or spirits to mellow,
We'll dare you to go it your hardest, old fellow!

And, enjoying my bottle, my friend, and my song,
Your progress I'll mark as you bluster along;
Till surrounded by buds and by blossoms of May,
Merry Spring shall rejoice in Winter's decay.

MATCH-BREAKING.

A TALE OF AN ENGLISH COUNTRY TOWN.

(Continued.)

The very day after Saville's arrival, however, in walking down High Street with Sir Peregrine, they encountered Miss Ogley, who, when she was in London, about a year before, had met Saville at the Riley's; she eagerly seized his hand, and congratulated him on his acquisition of fortune, an event which, she said, had been communicated to her a short time ago in a letter from her dear young friend, Mary Jane Riley. Saville could have spared her presence and her congratulations, but he saw that he had no resource but to be extremely civil to her, and thereby engage her in his interests; accordingly he asked her if she had mentioned the circumstance to any one in Allingham, and when she replied in the negative, earnestly requested her to keep it secret during his stay. This Miss Ogley instantly promised, and with the fullest intention of performing her promise; she never liked to talk about any one's good fortune so much as their bad, and the good fortune of Saville would have been particularly disagreeable to her, because she felt convinced that, as soon as Mrs. Stapleton became acquainted with it, she would invite him to her house, throw Rose in his way, and very likely completely console him for the loss of Miss Anna Maria Riley. Miss Ogley remembered that Shakespeare, that wonderful master of human heart, had made Romeo's ardent passion for Juliet immediately succeed to disappointment in Rosaline; and she apprehended that the artless, blooming, and unsuspecting beauty of Allingham might, by a similar process, banish from Saville's memory, the artful,

overdressed, semi-fine lady of Bloomsbury. Miss Ogley only departed from her bond of concealment so far as to reveal the circumstances of the case to Miss Malton, who eagerly united with her in the expediency of never breaching them to any person in Allingham, especially the Stapletons.

The next day, Miss Ogley called on Mrs. Stapleton, and mentioned, with seeming carelessness, that Sir Peregrine had a very shy, stupid young man staying with him, whom she had met in London, and she forthwith did the honors of his social situation in the India House, and his rejection by Anna Maria Riley, adding that "it was very silly of him to be breaking his heart about the matter, for that dear Anna Maria had never given him the least encouragement, and was as happy as the day was long with Mr. Hobson, who had the spirit of a prince, and would look ten years younger than he was, if it were not that he was so amazingly stout." The ladies were not prepossessed in Saville's favor by this account of him; and although they were in his company three times the next week, there appeared no chance of a close intimacy between him and Rose. Miss Ogley was constantly at her side, rallying Saville whenever he approached in no very measured terms on his ill-fate in having been crossed in love, and making delicately playful allusions to green willow, pining swains, and "Barbara Allen's cruelty."

Saville, however, was as completely fascinated with Rose as the spinsters could have feared, but he was timid, silent, and easily kept at a distance. Mrs. Stapleton treated him with all the freezing constrained civility which she considered the proper portion of a young man possessing so very small a life-income; that it would be impossible even to squeeze a settlement out of it in the shape of life-insurance, and Rose felt no great interest in the victim of the cruelty of a Guildford Street Anna Maria, who had refused him in favor of a fat elderly common-councilman! Rose and Saville, however, were destined to become better acquainted.

Every year the town of Allingham was enlivened by a visit from the county yeomanry, and they were certainly very amusing, not from the similarity of their movements to those of the military, but from their utter dissimilitude; the heroes themselves, however, did not perform their parts so badly, but the horses, who were many of them in the habit of drawing wagons and market carts, were singularly obstinate and intractable; they stood still when they were required to move, and the maneuvers and evolutions which they were forced to perform, and partly caused to execute, always produced a scene of "most a mixed disorder." At the conclusion of their visit, they favored the inhabitants of Allingham with a sham fight, (a very sham one indeed,) which took place in a large field about a mile from the town, and it was the custom for the beauty and fashion of Allingham to attend, to witness their harmless attacks and powerless defenses. The review was at this time about to take place, and Sir Peregrine had promised to convey Mrs. Stapleton and her daughter to the scene of action. Accordingly his carriage and carriage drove up to the door, and Mrs. Stapleton found that she was expected to occupy a seat in the coupé, with Sir Peregrine and a married couple in the neighbourhood, while Saville was to have the pleasing office of driving Rose in the curicle. It was too late to make any objection to this plan, and the parties proceeded on their destination. The review was rather more ridiculous than ever. The young pair were both amazingly entertained by it, and nothing equalizes and makes people sociable like a mutual joke. Rose had dazzling teeth, an enchanting smile, and also that prime attraction, a sweet-toothed, musical laugh; a pretty girl is never more fascinating than when she is laughing, provided always that her laughter be neither silly, coarse, nor sarcastic. Saville expressed much wonder at seeing both the contending armies with pistols in their hands. Rose informed him that on the preceding year they had muskets, but that the effect of the first volley of firing on the horses

was such, that when the smoke cleared away it was discovered that every rider on the field was dismounted. Ensign Sockling lost a false tooth in the fall; Captain Papping's nose bled for ten minutes, though he was surrounded by a levy of old maids, possessing each keys, and writing paper; and Colonel Tun's face was severely scratched and his wig thrown down and trampled upon by the crowd; the rest of the unhorsed warriors ran wildly about the field for about half an hour, catching their stray charges, and many, after all, caught that of their neighbor by mistake. Consequently it was resolved, on the next review, to have nothing but pistols which on this occasion were of so delicately diminutive a size, that when a dozen of them were fired at once, (it was not considered safe or expedient to discharge a greater number,) the report somewhat resembled that occasioned by the artillery of the "Marvellous Fleas." Happily no body was dramatised; the horses, unused to the 44-pipe, pined, and circumstance of glorious war, certainly excited, roared, and frothed by their manes; and, with the exception of a few hysterical shrieks from the old maids in the immediate vicinity, no firing passed off very quietly.

Saville's spirits were exhilarated by the fitness of the morning, the novelty of the scene, and the society of the lovely girl beside him; he became very agreeable, and raised himself considerably in the opinion of his companion.

Two days afterwards, Saville had another opportunity of being in company with Rose, without being haunted by the intervening shadows of the Match-breakers. The married couple, who occupied a part of Sir Peregrine's barouche on the occasion of the review, had organized an impromptu picnic party for the next day but one, into which the lady vehemently protested Miss Ogley and Miss Malton should not be admitted, for she had every reason to suspect that they had spoiled a match for her young sister, by giving the irresolute admirer long and exaggerated details of one of her former flirtations. The day (probably owing to the very short notice that had been given to the picnic party) was splendidly fine. Rose and Saville were in intimate association during the whole of it; they walked home arm-in-arm, and before the close of the evening the feeble heroine of Bloomsbury was forgiven by Saville, and forgotten by Rose. Mrs. Stapleton, however, now began to look very awful and disapproving, and took leave of Saville with marked coldness. He complained of this to Sir Peregrine, and the good natured baronet, who by this time was quite cured of his passion for Rose, earnestly recommended his young friend to make public at once the state of his pecuniary circumstances, and boldly stand forward a candidate for the good graces of both mother and daughter; but Saville felt all his honor of maneuvering man and mercenary young ladies return upon him, and he did not rest till he had exacted a fresh promise from Sir Peregrine to preserve his secret inviolate.

The day after the picnic the town of Allingham was full of flirtation between Mr. Saville and Miss Stapleton, and the spinsters trembled with fear and envy at the tidings. Miss Ogley immediately called on Mrs. Stapleton, and so forcibly dwelt on the demerits of Saville's small income, so earnestly recapitulated Mrs. Riley's horror lest "poor dear Anna Maria should be induced to think of him," and so contemptuously dilated on the immeasurably superior pretensions to make a good match, possessed by "sweet lovely Rose," beyond the "faded old poor dear Anna Maria," that Mrs. Stapleton worked herself up to a pitch of thorough disdain and hard-heartedness. Saville called on her about an hour after the departure of the Match-breaker, and just as he entered the drawing-room, caught a glimpse of the retreating white muslin dress of the banished Rose. Mrs. Stapleton received him with a frown, answered him in monosyllables, and looked at her watch seven times during the ten minutes to which he limited his stay.

Poor Saville was deeply wounded and disconcerted. As Sir Peregrine had company that day, he had no opportunity of speaking to him till the ensuing morning; but at breakfast he made known to him his intention of quitting Allingham the next day, never to return to it until Rose remained with Miss Stapleton. Sir Peregrine in vain attempted to combat the romantic high-flown notions of his young friend; and after a time suffered him to pursue his own course, and to make preparations for his departure.

(To be continued.)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND PAINTING.—Poetry breathes a charm over the cold realities of life, and imparts a brilliant coloring to every object that surrounds us, and an interest to the most trivial incidents that occur. Seen through her glowing medium, earth is paradise, and love is heaven.—Music etherealizes humanity and lifts the soul to its original sphere; with a powerful hand she strikes the sensitive chords of memory, awakening alike the thrilling recollection of former enjoyments, or the mournful remembrance of past sorrow. But Painting possesses the power of an enchantress,—beneath her magic pencil spring those forms which are endeared to us by love, or rendered sacred by esteem and reverence. Over these cherished shadows death hath no power! we wear them in our bosoms, we place them in our closets, and enjoy with them a sweet and holy communion in our hours of retirement. As relics of those who sleep in the dust, they seem to confer with us in the language of other years; and while we remember some useful precept of friendly monition which once passed their lips, we regard them as benignant spirits still hovering in our paths, to remind us of our duty, and that we are also perishable.

IRRESOLUTION.—In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution. To be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent—to be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

A tourist in Germany gives the following description of the Saxon ladies:—"Ladies are models of industry; whether at home or abroad, knitting and needle work, no interruption. A lady going to a route would think little of forgetting her fan, but could not spend half an hour without her implements of female industry. A man would be quite pardonable for doubting on entering such a drawing-room, whether he had not strayed into a school of industry; and whether he was not expected to cheapen stockings, instead of dealing in small talk. At Dresden it is carried so far that even the theatre is not protected against stocking wires. I have seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears which the sorrows of Thekla had brought into her eyes, and immediately resume her knitting.

It was predicted of a young man lately belonging to one of our universities, that he would certainly become a prodigy because he read sixteen hours a day. "Ah!" but, said somebody, "how many hours a day does he think?"

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.—Pelisses will be fashionable in different materials, as silks, satins, and plain merinos. Some of the latter made with the collars high, and close to the shape, and closed by a single row of gilt buttons; the sleeves are full in the centre, but confined by a tight cuff fastened by buttons to correspond. Gilt and fancy buttons will be in request for dresses of this kind during the ensuing season.

SPENCERS.—This fashion, so long laid upon the shelf, will be revived this winter, both for carriage dress and for the theatre; those adapted for the carriage will be of velvet, made high and close, and trimmed either with expensive fur or fancy silk trimmings. The others will be of light colored satins, opening