THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

Vol. I.—No. 123.] SATURDAY, 8TH DECEMBER, 1838. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Poetry.

(FOR THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.)

THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

I wish'd and sought the nearest way
Pleasure's seducing charms to clasp,
Regardless of what wise men say,
Her fleeting form eludes the grasp.

The vacant laugh, replenished bowl,
The fond excess of social glee,
Prov'd false conductors to the goal:
They wearied, left bewildered me.

I curs'd and quit them, did not dally,—
Took the worldly-wise man's road,
And surely thought this second sally
Would find me Pleasure's sought abode.

Yes, yes, said I, on golden pinions
I'll overtake the fugitive,—
Demand a place in her dominions,—
Give care a kick, and learn to live.

False vision! as you lightning's glare,
Precursor of the coming storm,
Dazzles the eye,—sports with the air,—
Precedes the gloom,—so fled the form.

I'll quit the chase,—forego the aim:
The best shoot short, the steadiest fall;
Pleasure in this agrees with fame—
"She comes unlooked for if at all."

LIBERTY.

BY COLERIDGE.

Ye clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye ocean-waves! that, whereso'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye woods! that listen to the night-birds singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies hold,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!
And O ye clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea every thing that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wherese'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty!

MATCH-BREAKING.

A TALE OF AN ENGLISH COUNTRY TOWN.

(*Continuation.*)

All now went on most prosperously for the match-breakers; they had done enough; all that remained for them was to keep quiet.—Whether they did keep quiet or not shall be disclosed to the reader in good time. Saville had resolved not to pay any farewell visits in Allingham; but on second thoughts he determined to call on Miss Ogleby, whose fidelity in keeping his secret demanded some little return of attention from him. He knocked at the door. Her foot boy replied that she was not at home, but (knowing the predilection of his mistress for handsome young men) begged Saville to walk in and wait her return, which he assured him, would take place in a few minutes. Saville declined, and walked to the end of the street; but presently he reflected that he should like to caution Miss Ogleby not even after his departure to reveal his secret, for he had a vivid recollection of the whole pack of invitation cards which Mrs. Riley had lately inflicted on him, and feared that Mrs. Stapleton might despatch some tenderly-apologetic billet to London after him, which might put his fortune to the test. He returned to the door, but did not again knock at it. The foot boy who was a marvellously small person, engaged on marvellously small wages, did most things in a very clumsy manner, and instead of shutting the door after Saville, had left it ajar. Consequently he entered unseen by any body into Miss Ogleby's front parlour, there to await the return of its mistress.

There was little amusement for our hero during the period of his solitude; he looked at Miss Ogleby's frame of worsted work, (a crouching eagle, in all the colors of the rainbow, intended for an ottoman,) held a brief dialogue with her parrot, which speedily fell to the ground on account of the total deficiency of repartee in the feathered coxcomb, and turned over a music book which was filled with the fashionable songs of Miss Ogleby's girlhood: "The Garland of Love," "The Mischievous Bee," "When Time, who steals our years away," "Said a Smile to a Tear," "Will you come to the the Bower?" &c.

Tired of this investigation he proceeded through the small folding-doors to the back parlor, in hopes of amusing himself with Miss Ogleby's books; but, alas! Miss Ogleby never read anything but novels, never read any novels but old ones, and never read anything but the worst among the old. She had about a dozen sets of these, which she had bought very cheap from a circulating library selling off, and when she had finished them, she read them through again with just as much pleasure and profit as she had derived from their first perusal. Saville took down the first volume of a thin yellow dirty novel, called "Adelza, or the Amiable Artifice," shut the folding doors, and sat himself down calmly, to his studies on the faded amber sofa in the back parlor. Saville had frequently wondered what could be the mysterious secret possessed by the celebrated Dr. Gardiner, by which he enables people to go to sleep whenever he pleases; but he had not perused more than twenty pages, when he made up his mind that it must be by the perusal of an old novel, for although by no means of a lethargic nature, and although Miss Ogleby's hard high sofa was anything but inviting to repose, he gradually sank back into a deep slumber. He had been asleep about half an hour, when he was awakened by the shrill, loud voice of Miss Ogleby in the next room, and soon ascertained that her companion was Miss Malford; he was on the point of opening the folding doors and announcing himself, when he heard his own name mentioned, and to his great horror Miss Malford coolly and unhesitatingly expressed her great satisfaction at having found herself able exactly to imitate his hand-writing. Saville remained, as the author of Adelza would have said, "rooted to the ground;" the idea of forgery instantly occurred to his mind—he had a large sum lying at his banker's, and he trembled at the prospect before him; it is very distressing to a man of gallantry to contemplate the necessity of transporting a lady, however delightful it may be to be transported by her.

"I will read you what I have written in Saville's name," said Miss Malford; "I do not think it is a bad love-letter."

Saville's fears now took a contrary direction; it was evident that this deformed spinster, whose mind seemed to him as distorted as her person, had written an offer of marriage to herself in his name. Westminster Hall, counsellers, lawyers, stammering witnesses, and tittering spectators, all swam before his eyes, and he valerously resolved that, like Mr. Pickwick of immortal memory, he would rather go to gaol than pay a farthing of awarded damages. Presently, however, he had reason to exonerate Miss Malford from any personal designs on him; for when she read aloud the letter, which was indeed a proposal of marriage, it appeared that he apostrophized the lady addressed as "young and beautiful," terms which the utmost excess of human vanity could never have enabled Miss Malford to apply to herself. At the conclusion he (or rather his double) candidly confessed that his annual income only amounted to four hundred pounds, "rising" ten pounds yearly, in the India House, and it was signed, "Your faithful and devoted John Saville."

"So far, so good," thought Saville; "this letter cannot be intended to form the groundwork of a breach of promise of marriage trial, or I should have been made frankly to plead guilty to my large independent fortune: but what purpose *can* it be intended for?"

"You have imitated Saville's hand-writing very successfully," said Miss Ogleby.

"Yes," replied Miss Malford, "but I found it by no means difficult. Lavater truly enough says, 'that the disposition is indicated by the hand-writing;' now Saville is of an exceedingly weak, bending, timid nature, nothing masculine or decided about him, and his neat formal hand-writing is one that any female could easily imitate."

Poor Saville! he quailed under this double barrelled attack on his character and hand writing and fervently wished that Miss Malford would leave both of them alone.

"I have the greatest respect for your judgment, my dear friend," said Miss Ogleby, (for when these ladies were mutually concerned in any plot of mischief, they were as affectionate as doves to each other,) "but I confess I hardly see the policy of addressing an offer of marriage in Saville's name to Rose Stapleton—it seems to me a scheme more likely to make a match than to break one."

Saville's heart beat quickly at the "one loved name," and he felt greatly relieved that his malicious neighbors had not thought proper to make him offer his hand and heart to some pastry-cook's high-priestess or milliner's show-girl.

"Why, my love," answered Miss Malford, "you have repeatedly agreed with me that Rose Stapleton is evidently attached to Saville, and that her mother personally likes him extremely, and merely objects to him as a son-in-law on account of the smallness of his fortune; this is an objection that you and I know could be obviated in a moment; and every day I am on thorns, fearing either that Saville will take leave of his romantic scruples, and proclaim his riches, or that Sir Peregrine, who, with his usual stupid meanness of spirit, would be delighted to see the girl who had rejected him well married, will blab the truth to the Stapletons by way of smoothing all objections to the match."

"To be sure—that might happen any day," said Miss Ogleby.

"Now," continued the animated Miss Malford, "as matters stand at present, there is not a doubt that Mrs. Stapleton will compel Rose to write a refusal, and Saville will be so irritated that he will immediately set out for London; of course he will write to them to deny having sent the letter, but as they believed it to come from him, the refusal will be just as cutting to his feelings and his vanity as if he had actually sent it,"

"But are you quite sure that the offer will be refused?" said Miss Ogleby. Mrs. Stapleton is ridiculously attached to her daughter, and allows her to have her own way to a shameful degree—witness the rejection of Sir Peregrine; suppose Rose should coax her mother into a permission to accept the offer."

"I have my counterplot ready for that," answered Miss Malford. "Saville will know that he did not write the letter, and it must be our business to persuade him that Mrs. Stapleton did; you in particular, may be of the most essential use—you must tell Saville, with apparent contrition that you secretly disclosed to Mrs. Stapleton the circumstances of his large property, in order to calm her apprehensions that Rose was flirting with a detrimental; and the result will be, that he will be so enraged and angry at the idea of having been duped and imposed upon, that he will quit Allingham without delay in the full enjoyment of single blessedness."

Saville could not repress a deep hollow groan at this avowed determination of Miss Malford to cast a wanton slander on the fame of the unsuspecting and good natured woman, for whom she professed friendship; the sound startled the conspirators in the front parlour.

"Dear me, what is that?" said Miss Malford; "it seemed to come from the next room."

"Nothing to alarm you, my dear," answered Miss Ogleby: "I dare say it is a string of Mr. Scrapeall's violencello, which he has sent to my house, to be in readiness for my little musical luncheon party to-morrow.

"All that now remains," said Miss Malford, with renewed placidity, "is to envelope the letter, and seal it. I shall send it to-night to the Stapletons, by a man on whom I can depend. I have done him some favors, and he knows himself to be in my power. I shall direct him to flap his hat over his eyes, and merely ring at the door, and leave it."

"I can give you rose-colored wax," said Miss Ogleby, and a seal that will be just the thing for a love-letter—the motto is, 'Each moment makes you dearer.' Come up to my dressing-room, and you will there find my writing-case."

Accordingly the spinsters quitted the front parlour, and ascended the stairs, and Saville, having first carefully replaced "Adelza, or the Amiable Artifice," on the shelf, seized the opportunity to dart out into the street, and ruminate on the artifice, certainly anything but amiable, which had just come to his knowledge. Several times in the course of the colloquy, Saville felt inclined to burst out on the spinsters in all the majesty of an insulted and injured man, but he thought better on the subject, and remained quiet.

(*To be continued.*)

EXTRACT.

The heart of man, after it becomes sordid and worldly, retains many delicious sentiments of young remembrance, as the withered rose retains the sweet perfume of its beautiful blushing; but of all the gentle affections of generous humanity, there is none that endureth longer, nor beareth fresher, so much of the pure, the excellent, and the exquisite, as the gracious largeness of parental love. It is the attery that supplieth the equality of tenderness in the spirit of man; and all that hath the holy name of charity and mercy, draw some portion of their virtue from its ventricle. But in its flowing, there is a mystery to cause both wonder and sorrow: for often it engendereth but aches and anguish; and yet to those to whom it is a fountain of such affliction, it would seem to give only an augmentation of delight—making them cling to their children long after they have outgrown all need of care; yea, prompting them to encounter singular humiliations, and to fondle over them, even while they are fatally tainted with the foul plague-spots of crime, as if they loved the more because they esteem the less.

SAM WELLERISM.

'This is the day we celebrate,' as the fat turkey said to the pig on the morning of Christmas.

'Your further progress is necessarily impeded,' as the river said to the steamboat ven he run on a sand-bar.

'You are unquestionably blind to your best interests,' as the President said to the people, ven they refused to re-elect him.

'I have the honor to be your most obedient humble servant,' as the negro said to his master, ven he had given him a flogging.

'You are most unjustifiable in disturbing my repose,' as the mummy said to the gentleman, ven he avoke him from his sleep of 3000 years.

'Methinks your kindness freezes, as the loafer said to the pump one cold morning in January, ven he came to take his breakfast, and found it froze up.

'I see we'll have to part, perhaps forever,' as the printer said to his shirt, ven it manifested dangerous symptoms of decomposition.

'That's an ungentlemanly insinuation,' as the lady said to her lover, ven he asked her how old she was.

'You fill me with feelings of the most profound astonishment,' as the editor said to the letter, ven he opened it, and found enclosed the money for one year's subscription to his paper in advance.

'That's an operation, from which we will derive mutual benefit,' as the musquito said to the sick gentleman, ven he plunged his proboscis into his body, and filled himself with blood.

'Small favors thankfully received,' as the elephant said to the little boys ven they vos feeding him with chesnuts.

ABSURDITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

To rise early on a cold morning, when you have nothing to do.

Not to go to bed when you are sleepy, because it is not a certain hour.

To stand in water to your knees fishing for trout, when you can buy them in a clean dry market.

The heir of an avaricious uncle paying him the compliment of the deepest mourning.