

# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

## AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. I.—No. 117.]

SATURDAY, 24th NOVEMBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

### THE TRANSCRIPT

IS PUBLISHED  
Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday  
MORNING,  
BY THE PROPRIETORS,  
**W. COWAN & SON,**  
at the Office No. 13, St. John Street, opposite  
Palace Street.

Edited by T. J. Houshagh.  
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
A Town, ..... 10s. per annum.  
When sent by Post, ..... 10s. per annum.

Advertisements, Communications, &c. may be  
sent to the Office, and at the Book-Store, No. 26,  
not of Mountain Street, at which places the paper  
is sold immediately after publication.  
Printing of every description executed with neat-  
ness and despatch, and on moderate terms.

### NOTICE.

#### THE LOSS OF THE SALDANIA.

BY THOMAS SHELDON, ESQ.

[The Saldania, frigate, of thirty-eight guns, saild  
from Loch Swilly, in the north of Ireland, on a  
ruise, November 30, 1811, and encountering a  
redoubtful gale, was four days after driven ashore,  
and wrecked on the rocks at the mouth of the bay  
of Loch, which had recently left, when, of three  
hundred persons on board, not one escaped the ra-  
vaging elements. The following poem, remarkable  
for its bold spirit and imagery, is reprinted from a  
common-place book.]

"Britannia rules the waves!"  
—Headed, those that dreadful roar!  
Hark! 'tis hollowed from the caves,  
Where Loch Swilly's billow raves—  
And three hundred British graves  
Taint the shore.

No voice of life was there—  
'Tis the dead that raise the cry!  
The dead—who hear no prayer,  
As they sank in wild despair—  
Chant in scorn that boastful air,  
Where they lie.

"Rule Britannia!" sang the crew,  
When the stout Saldania sailed,  
And her colours, as they flew,  
Flung the warrior-cross to view,  
Which in battle to subdue,  
'Ne'er had failed.

Bright rose the laughing moon,  
That morn that scented her doom:  
Dark an' sad is her return,  
And the storm-light faintly burn  
As they toss upon her stern,  
'Mid the gloom.

From the lonely beacon height  
As the watchman gaz'd around,  
'They saw that flashing light,  
Drive swift althwart the night,  
Yet the wind was fair and right  
For the sound.

But no mortal power shall now  
That crew and vessel save;  
They are shrouded as they go  
In a hurricane of snow,  
And the track beneath her prow  
Was their grave.

There are spirits of the deep,  
Who when the warrent's given,  
Rise raging from their sleep,  
On rock or mountain steep,  
Or mid thunder-clouds that sweep  
Through the heaven.

O'er Swilly's rock they roar,  
Commissioned watch to keep;  
Down, down, with thundering roar,  
The scolding demons pour,  
The Saldania floats no more  
On the deep!

The dread behest is past—  
All is silent as the grave;  
One shriek was first, and last,  
Scarce a death-sob drunk the blast,  
As sunk her towering mast  
Neath the wave.

"Britannia rules the waves!"  
Oh! vain and impious boast;  
Go, mark, presumptuous slaves,  
Where He who sinks or saves,  
Shrubs the sand with countless graves  
Round your coast

### MATCH-BREAKING.

A TALK OF AN ENGLISH COUNTRY TOWN.

Married people are very fond of match-making, and wicked wits say, that they act on the principle of the man who, when irrevocably stuck in the mire, called to a friend to come and assist him, with the view of getting him into a similar situation. Old maids are remarkably fond of match-breaking, and the reason is the same; they feel that they are doomed to perpetual banishment from the temple of Hyæna, and therefore are desirous of securing as many companions as possible in their exile. I do not dislike the old maid who is fairly turned of sixty; by that time she gives credit to all matrimonial speculations for herself, and is not rendered miserable by the success of them in others; she betakes herself to cards, lap-dogs, and parquets, accepts the flattery of a bad-water if rich, or becomes the toast either herself if poor; she may be generally sprightly, but is seldom individually spiteful. The old maid of forty, or five and forty, however, is the very genius of mischief, she has not yet taken leave of the air, dress and manners of juvenility; she has a lingering hope that she may be able to rival girls, which, nevertheless, always terminates in the sad certainty of being rivalled by them; and next to the apparently inaccessible felicity of being married herself, she learns to rank the pleasure of spoiling the marriages of her young female friends. My business, however, is not to write a treatise upon old maids; but to relate the history of two of the class who were no contemptible and mean professors of the art of match-making.

Miss Ogley was five-and-forty; she had been handsome when young, and might still have appeared to advantage had she condescended to wear dark silks, blonde caps, and tolerably-sized bonnets, to walk a moderate pace, and to speak in a moderate tone. Miss Ogley, however, was bent on playing the light-hearted, gay, fearless, juvenile beauty; the hair of her wig was drawn back so as completely to display the marks of time on her forehead, her thin arms fully displayed, not their whiteness and symmetry, but their want of them, through gauze or book-muslin sleeves; she adopted a tripping, playful walk, which ill-assorted with her frequent attacks of rheumatism; and her voice, which even in youth was more remarkable for loudness than for melody, had acquired that sort of sharp, dogmatical quickness, which is more fit for cross-examination a witness than for any office to which a lady's voice ought to be applied; her eyes, which were black, and remarkably large and bright, lost all attraction from the bold stare which characterized them; her teeth were in tolerable preservation, and if two of the front ones were of a more brilliant whiteness than the rest, it is nothing wonderful that inconsistencies should sometimes exist in the human mouth, when we consider how many are continually coming out of it.

Miss Ogley had tried unremittingly to gain a husband from the age of sixteen, but her large share of forwardness completely neutralized the effect of her small share of beauty; she had, besides, no fortune in her youth; and when the death of an aunt put her in possession of a few hundreds a year, her faded person and unfeminine manners prevented her from receiving proposals, except from decided adventurers, whose motives she had sufficient shrewdness to detect, and whose overtures she had sufficient wits and self-denial to reject. Miss Ogley took the road of all the waterin'-places, and then pursued the plan of Lady Dainty in the comedy, who when she had gone through all the complaints of the dry-book, went all through them again; at length, she was induced to take a house in the pretty, cheap, cheerful country town of Allingham; a country town is a delightful locality for an old maid. Gossip is as a wretchedly the great study and pursuit there, as the classics at Oxford, or the mathematics at Cambridge; and Miss Ogley soon qualified herself to take a first degree in the science: whether she took honors or not I will not pretend to say; I do not myself consider that the

science of gossip has any honors attached to it, but I am quite ready to allow that a great many people are of a contrary opinion. Miss Ogley's chief passion now consisted in match-making, and she certainly organised her plans very well; she did not frown contempt on the young girls of her acquaintance, censure their frivolities, and reprove their civilities; but she eagerly sought their society, joined in their amusements, and rallied them about their admirers; she constantly avoided at parties the sofa where sat the matrons—she never approached the card-table either as player or spectator, but took her seat by the piano, or stood by the bagatelle-board, generally indicating her position by her loud laugh and ready jest. Notwithstanding all these juvenilities, people did not believe Miss Ogley to be young; but they said that she was remarkably fond of young people; now in this conclusion they were wrong, Miss Ogley was not fond of young people, but she knew that her machinations against them would work much better if she appeared as their friend than as their foe, and took her measures accordingly. If a young man appeared disposed to admire a diffident girl, Miss Ogley would immediately attach herself to her, and take the conversation completely out of her hands, making every observation of the inappropriateness of her position, and under the veil of great politeness and fondness, contrive to make the retiring fair one appear as a child and a cipher; if, on the contrary, the lover was timid, Miss Ogley would, in the very first budding of his inclination, tell him that every body said that his wedding-day was fixed, ask where the honeymoon excursion was to be taken, and petition for bridecake. If a man of wealth seemed smitten with a penniless beauty, she would tell him that she understood he had offered to settle ten thousand pounds upon her, but that the lady's friends stood out for twenty, and that she begged to give her humble advice that they would split the difference and make it fifteen; if a prudent, careful man of small income formed an attachment, she would, with the utmost simplicity, eulogize to him the liberal ideas and noble spirit of his chosen fair one; and as all these observations were made with the most smiling hilarity, and she was always on excellent terms with the girls whom she depreciated, it was impossible to prove, or even to believe her guilty of wilful aspersion.

Miss Ogley had formed an intimacy at Bath with Miss Malford, another old maid; she began to feel a great want of a confidante and confidant, and therefore wrote to her friend, extolling the advantages and recommendations of Allingham, and pressing her to come and settle there; a pretty and cheap house near her own was to be disposed of, and Miss Malford soon took up her residence there. Miss Malford was three years younger than Miss Ogley, but she had not, like her, the advantage of having ever been handsome; she was decidedly deformed, and her countenance had that elish, shrewd expression, which frequently exists in persons so afflicted; and although not more ill-natured than her friend in reality, she had the character of being so, because, being much cleverer, she had a great ability of saying sarcastic things. Her property was enough to keep her in independence, but not sufficient to be an indemnification for the unvoluntariness of her person and disposition.

One "poor gentleman," however, who was rapidly advancing to the end of the London season and his own finances, wrought himself up to the desperate resolution of making a proposal to Miss Malford. Feeling that this daring measure required the protection of numbers, he determined to make known his passion in some public place. He accompanied Miss Malford to the Exhibition at Somerset House; but, alas! the beautiful productions of innumerable delightful portrait-painters smiled and shone around him on every side, and he felt he could not profane the atmosphere of such forms and loveliness, by applying any expressions of admiration to the little, satlow, frowning spirit, hanging on his arm.

The next attempt was at the Adelaide Gallery, and he was actually on the point of mak-

ing a proposal, when this liege lady inadvertently expressed a wish to be excused; it was instantly complied with, and the to-be employed being greater than she had calculated upon, her starts and contortions made her appear so much more frightful than usual, that she lost the opportunity of receiving a far more gratifying electric shock in the shape of an offer of marriage.

The third act of the comedy or tragedy, call it which you will, took place at Madame Tussaud's wax work. The hesitating suitor had accompanied Miss Malford and two of her friends thither in the evening; the grand room was splendidly lighted up, and a band was playing "Love in the Heart;" but alas! love was not in the heart of the unfortunate young man, he did not even so the suit imbecile. Presently, however, he entered with his party into the "room of horrors;" a faint lamp burned dimly; he looked at Miss Malford, she had never appeared to so such advantage, her complexion was actually only a faint shade of primrose when compared to the yellow waxen effigy in the centre of the room; and although her head was very ungracefully set upon her shoulders, it boasted at least one great superiority to the ghastly heads around her, in the circumstance of its being on her shoulders at all!

The lady and gentleman of the party quitted the room, and the rash suitor was on the point of pouring forth his passionate protestations, when Miss Malford stopped him by beginning to speak herself. A lady is proverbially anxious for the last word, it would be well sometimes if she were not equally anxious for the first. Miss Malford poured forth such a torrent of spiteful sarcastic vituperation, against the lady who had just left the room—and whose only fault was that her prettiness and amiability seemed likely to make a conquest of the gentleman who was her escort—that the feelings of the poor suitor underwent a sudden reversion; he looked around the room, the quietude and repose of the yellow figure were quite refreshing after the display of very disagreeable vivacity which he had witnessed; and although the heads were divorced from their shoulders, these little unruly members, the tongues, had become silent and innoxious in the process. The gentleman led Miss Malford from the room of horrors, still likely to remain Miss Malford, and returned to his peaceable, though humble lodgings, not a "sadder," but certainly a "wiser man," than when he contemplated the desperate expedient of enriching and ennobling them by the introduction of a shrewish wife.

Miss Malford was deeply hurt by his recession; she now began to despair of making conquests, and formed her character on the model of Bonnet Thornton's "mighty good sort of woman;" she interfered in the affairs of families—made husbands discontented with their wives—put variance between parents and their children—got gay nephews and saucy nieces scratched out of the wills of rich uncles and aunts—domineered over servants—and lectured poor people.

After her intimacy with Miss Ogley, however, she became convinced that although there may be much pleasure in mischievous actions in the aggregate, that peculiar branch, which consists in match-breaking, seems most decidedly cut out for the vocation of the old maid; and when she was once settled at Allingham, she devoted all her energies to that one single great point. I will not relate the number of proposed matches which these well assorted friends snipped in the bud or the blossom, during the first year of their residence at Allingham, but will hasten to introduce to my readers to a very pretty young lady, who had the misfortune of falling under their special ban.—Allingham was a town which, on account of its fine air, reasonable provisions, and frequent parties, was considered a very desirable residence by persons of genteel habits and small fortunes; and Mrs. Stapleton, the handsome widow of an officer, deemed it an advantageous spot for herself and her only daughter, Rose, to settle in.

(To be continued.)