

# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

## AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

Vol. 1. No. 69.]

QUEBEC, SATURDAY 4TH AUGUST 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

### POETRY.

#### AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Those few pale Autumn flowers,  
How beautiful they are!  
Than all that went before,  
Than all the Summer store,  
How lovelier far!

And why?—They are the last!  
The last! the last! the last!  
Oh! by that little word,  
How many thoughts are staid!  
That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale passing flowers!  
Ye're types of precious things;  
Types of the bitter moments,  
That flit, like life's enjoyments,  
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,  
(That time the fastest spends)  
Last tears in silver shod,  
Last words half uttered,  
Last looks of dying friends,

Who but would fain compress  
A life into a day,  
The last day spent with one  
Who, ere the morrow's sun,  
Must leave us, and for aye?

Oh, precious, precious moments!  
Precious, ye're types of those;  
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,  
Because like those, the nearest  
To an eternal close;

Pale flowers! pale passing flowers!  
I was your gentle breath—  
I leave the Summer rose  
For younger, blither brows;  
Tell me of change and death.

MISS C. BOWLES

#### TOO HANSOME FOR ANY THING.

BY E. L. BULWER.

MR. FERDINAND FITZROY was a model of perfection. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was an only son. He was such an amazing favourite with both his parents that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plain make as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plain cake, and remained a child. "Never," says the Greek tragedian, "reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end." A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nature of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally—I am not joking; now—a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children.

"What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!" said she to her husband.

"Pooh my dear, it is of no use to take pains with him."  
"And why, love?"  
"Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar."

"And that's true enough, my dear!" said the schoolmaster's wife.

So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the age of the fourth form!

"They took our hero from school."  
"What profession shall he follow?" said his mother.

"My first cousin is the lord chancellor," said his father, "let him go to the bar."  
The lord chancellor died there that day, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him. His lordship was a little, rough-faced,

beetle-browed hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer.

"Send him to the bar!" said he, "no, no, that will never do!—Send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer."

"And that's true enough, my lord!" said the mother.

So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a comely in the—regiment of dragoons.

Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school, and every body laughed at him.

"He is a dunce!" said Cornet Horsephiz, "who was very ugly."

"A horrid puppy!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier.

"If he does not ride better, he will disgrace the regiment!" said Captain Rivalbate, who was very good-looking.

"If he does not ride better, we will cut him!" said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet. "I say, Mr. Bumpen-wall!"—to the riding-master—"make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack."

"Pooh, sir, he will never ride better."

"And why will he be not?"

"Hiss you, colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!"

"True!" said Cornet Horsephiz.

"Very true!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem.

"We must cut him!" said the colonel.

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut.

Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the—regiment, and challenged the colonel. The colonel was killed!

"What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" said the colonel's relations.

Very true!" said the world.

The parents were in despair!—They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they spouted hard upon the crabbed old uncle!

"He is very clever," said they both, "and may do yet."

So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in parliament.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragon—conned pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and made notes on the English constitution.

He rose to speak.

"What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member.

"Ah, a coxcomb!" said another.

"Never do for a speaker!" said a third, very audibly.

And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and heaved!—Ignorance is only indigenous in Miletia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed.

"Told you so!" said one of his neighbours.

"Fairly broke do an!" said another.

"To focus of his air to have any thing in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit.

"Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy set down—he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had begun worse; and many a county member had been declared a phoenix of promise upon half his merit.

"Not so," thought the heroes of corn law.

Your A lais never made orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry face.

"Nor men of business either," added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kaunaroo's.

"Poor devil!" said the civilest of the set.

"He's a damned deal too handsome for a speaker! By Jove, he is going to speak again—this will never do; we must cough him down!"

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty handsome than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's.

"We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it.—You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress."

"I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero paid his addresses.

Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter.

"Easy to see his intention," said one; "a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!"

"Handsome is that handsome does," says another; "he was turned out of the army, and murdered his colonel."

"Never marry a beauty," said a third; "he can admire none but himself."

"Will have so many admirers," said a fourth.

"Make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth.

"Spend your fortune," said a sixth.

"An! break your heart," said a seventh.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a-year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our hero had no aversion to a lover, especially so handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him on hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his father and his coach-maker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus.

Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for.

Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus—the former, though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business, and he looked very distastefully at the Hypocritical curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

"If I make you my heir," said he, "I expect you will continue the bank."

"Certainly, sir!" said the nephew.

"Humph!" grunted the uncle, "a pretty fellow for a banker!"

Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus.

"It's a dangerous thing," said she, timidly, "to marry a man so admired—will you always be faithful?"

"By heaven!" cried the lover—

"Ho! ho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumlion entering, the conversation was changed.

But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new carriage. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding-day the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolence.

"Cheer up, my Ferdinand," said she, "for your sake, I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumlion."

"Adorable condescension!" tried our hero; "but Lord Rufus Pumlion is only four feet two, and has hal hair like a pony."

"All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" was the reply.

Away goes our hero, to be present at the opening of his uncle's will.

"I leave," said the testator—who, I have before said, was a bit of a satirist—"my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to—here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely brode—my

friend, John Spriggs, an industrious, painstaking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew Ferdinand my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker; his good looks will, no doubt, win him any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing-case, a thousand pounds."

"A thousand devils!" said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room.

He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, "have short legs;" but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terribly long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal.

"I wish you every happiness," said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion—"but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!"

And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumlion.

"Alas! sir," said the bailiff, as a day or two after the dissolution of parliament he was joggling along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy in a hackney coach, bound to the King's Bench—"Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!"

#### THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

When I heard some prisoners tried at the Old Bailey, I was particularly pained with the amiable manner in which the judge summed up the evidence; for when any matter was at all doubtful, he invariably directed the jury to give the prisoners the benefit of the doubt. This was generous, and entirely the frequent practice of mankind, who are too apt to judge harshly of their neighbours, and to see every thing in the darkest point of view against those who have had the misfortune to transgress, in any degree, the strict laws of integrity. As I particularly love and admire amiableness, I have endeavoured, ever since to imitate the spirit of the judge, who, like charity herself, thinketh no evil. In a word, I have practised the pleasant principle of the benefit of the doubt in every case to which it is at all applicable, and I really think that it has rendered me one of the most amiable creatures in the world. For instance, in the morning, when I wake, which may be at eight, nine, ten, eleven or twelve o'clock, I may perhaps think that it is time to get up, but I am rather sleepy and heavy, and I am not quite certain that I have had rest enough for some constitutions require more sleep than others, so I give myself the benefit of the doubt, and doze away another hour or two—till at length I am absolutely tired of lying in bed; and then, as there is no doubt to take any benefit of, I get up, and I am in a most amiable humour, and not crabbed and cross as those poor creatures are who leave their beds before they have had their natural rest. When I am once up, it frequently occurs to me that I ought not to spend the day in idleness, but to give myself seriously to some occupation; but so many various modes of occupying myself are presented to me, that in the multitude I know not what to choose, turn in the midst of my perplexity, I bethink myself that while some of mankind are best employed in active business, others are best employed in contemplation, and if I have any doubt as to which of the two I am most fitted for, I immediately take the benefit of the doubt, and give myself to contemplation, and I find myself most amiably disposed. If I have a necessity to visit a distant part of the city or suburbs, and if I think that the walk may do me good, I peradventure also fear it may do too much for me—thereupon I give myself the benefit of the doubt, and take a cab, and I am not fretful and peevish as those who are fatigued invariably are. If I meet one of the streets a half-starved beggar, or if I feel inclined to pity and relieve him, I think it possible that he may be an im-