

# THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Vol. II.—No. 21.]

WEDNESDAY, 27th MARCH, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## Forty.

### THE WITHERED GERANIUM.

BY DR. C. COX.

Tell him my heart is with him still,  
Tho' many days have pass'd,  
Since in my pride and happiness  
I gazed upon him last.  
That all the love this bosom knew,  
When life was young and fair,  
And his dear smile upon me beam'd,  
Is still unchanged there.

Go tell him that I treasured thee  
And loved thee for his sake—  
And how when by my warm heart laid  
His pulses throb'd with love's quick  
Oh! say how many a burning tale  
Thy little leaves have known,  
To thro' of pure and faithless love,  
For him and him alone.

Go tell him that I saw thee die,  
When growing faint and weak—  
And press'd thee still with thoughts of love  
Close to my hectic cheek.  
And trembled when the thought would come,  
That from thy parent tree—  
He plucked thee first with his own hand,  
Then gave thee up to me.

Go tell him that the rosy bowyer  
Has lost its summer bloom—  
And she who sat within its shade  
Is tipping for the tomb;  
Th' tell him that I read thee back  
A faded gift to him—  
To cast his kindling eye upon,  
Loath after mine is dim!

### INFELICITOUS NAMES.

BY WILLIAM COX.

Oh Amos Cottle!—Phabus! what a name  
To fill the speaking trump of future Fame!

I am a young man in the prime and vigour  
of life, easy in my circumstances, respectably  
connected, and of unspotted character. Many  
thinking persons envy me; yet am I very  
terrible. And it is no evanescent, fanciful,  
fictitious, half-agreeable misery that has fallen  
upon me. No—it is real, substantial, peevish,  
unpleasant—very.

It has embittered many an hour that would  
otherwise have been happy—darkened many  
a day that, but for it, would have been mark-  
ed with a white stone. It has been my rock  
and—fatal, unshunnable.

But I hate mystery—I wish not to trifle with  
the feelings of the public—I may as well dis-  
cuss it at once.

My names is *Swipes*!

This is the incubus that has "grown  
in my growth and strengthened with my  
strength," and hung about me for twenty  
years. I felt it not, it is true, in the sunny  
days of childhood—it harmed me not in the  
gay days of cake and confectionary adven-  
ture—it touched me but little even in my  
boyish years; but since then it has weighed  
heavily upon me, and now it presses me to  
earth. I cannot change it—I cannot es-  
cape from it. It sticks by me—it follows me—  
haunts me—it meets me at every turn.  
It is an evil conscience—what is an evil  
conscience to such a man?

It completely and thoroughly neutralizes and  
obscures all the good gifts of na-  
ture and fortune.

My personal appearance (though I say it  
myself) is not inelegant, my complexion is  
rosy and healthy, my features have been even  
and classical, and my manner, I flatter my-  
self, is the opposite of boresish or disagreeable.  
What avail these advantages? They call  
Swipes! As long as I remain unintro-  
duced, ladies regard me with looks of anything  
but aversion; but as soon as that ceremony  
is placed, and that fatal name is pronounced,  
I undergo a metamorphosis more sudden than  
in Ovid. The classical cut of my features  
becomes a pot-house expression—my whis-  
per (that would not disgrace an Italian ban-  
quet) has a vile, blackguard effect, and my  
appearance—to the eye of prejudice—  
is vulgar, and common-place. The "belle  
ball-room" on one occasion, was pleased  
to acquire the name of the genteel young man  
(naming me) in the claret-coloured coat.

They told her, upon which she requested the  
loan of a smelling-bottle; and when I begged  
the honour of her hand for the next quadrille,  
she drew herself up, curled her pretty lips,  
and assured me she was "really too fatigued."

Ten minutes after she was dancing most vi-  
gorously with an ugly-looking fellow, but a  
Mordant Melville!

Mordant Melville! Ah! had such a name  
fallen to my lot, how different might have been  
my fate. But I have been branded as a  
Swipes.

Even that was not enough. What does the  
world suppose my mother did?  
She christened me *Simona*!

*Simon Swipes*!

"Apt abbreviation's a fatal ail!"  
I record the melancholy fact more in sorrow  
than in anger. I hear my recent parent un-  
willing to atone. She did it unthinkingly.  
She was a plain matter-of-fact woman. Her  
father's name was *Simon*, and so she would  
have her son a *Simon* also. She never dream-  
ed of the consequences to me. I was taken  
similingly to the baptismal font, the act was  
consummated, and I was carried forth by my  
nurse into a screeching and feeble world as  
little *Simon Swipes*! What a name for a soft,  
meek-looking unconscious babe to carry about  
with it!

And yet Juliet asks—"What's in a name?"  
But she was a young, inexperienced, love-sick  
girl, and her lover's name was both chivalrous  
and euphonious. Had it been otherwise—  
had Romeo been a *Swipes* instead of a *Monte-  
ague*, it might have made a difference. Per-  
formance there would not have been such a row  
in Verona.

Should the reader be a *Belleville* or a *Me-  
ville*—a *Beaumont* or a *Beauchamp*—a *Sedley*  
or a *Sidney*—he can have little idea of the  
misery arising from being a *Swipes*. Nothing  
but bitter experience could bring home to him  
what a fruitful source of annoyance is such a  
name. He knows not—he never can know—  
what it is, as that name is announced as you  
enter a room, to have innumerable quizzing-  
glasses fixed upon a modest face, to endure  
the ill-suppressed titter of the ladies and the  
impudent broad grins of the gentlemen, and to  
hear "Swipes! Swipes! Did they say *Swipes*?"  
circulating around the circle in that most  
provoking of all tones—an audible whistle.

Ah! it is a fearful thing to be irrevocably  
associated with small beer.

I said it haunted me at every step, and in  
every shape, and I said it not unthinkingly.  
In society, in solitude, in the quiet chamber  
and the pensive walk, that horrible recollection  
is ever present to my mind, blighting all hopes  
of fame and honourable distinction, and crush-  
ing and dissipating all lofty thoughts, all ar-  
dent aspirations, all heroic dreams. Do I  
contemplate becoming a soldier, of serving my  
country, of seeking reputation "in the canon-  
nic mouth," and of attaining the proud title  
of colonel or even general, still there is the  
*Swipes* to be attacked to my colonelship or  
generalship whenever it comes, turning at  
once the sublime into the ridiculous, the lofty  
into the ludicrous. Do I think of the law, the  
prospect of the impudent puns of my brother  
barristers annihilates all hopes of legal distinc-  
tion. Do I contemplate giving myself up to  
the delightful pursuits of literature—of "en-  
twining my name"—my name!—"with my  
land's language," the thought of the sound of  
"Swipes' sonnets" or "Swipes' Minor  
Poems," quite overpowers me, and I throw  
down my pen in despondency and despair.

Yet am I of a poetical, and what is worse,  
of a sensitive temperament. I am besides, ro-  
mantic, and very susceptible. Of course I  
have my visions and my imaginings like other  
inflammatory young people of either sex. In  
my day-dreams I picture to myself some lone-  
ly, love-sick, guileless, soft, seraphic being,  
who would be my pride in prosperity, my so-  
lace in adversity, and so on—my treasure, my  
joy—in short, who might be all the world to  
me, and to whom I could be all the world.  
But then the unpalatable thought occurs—  
how could I conscientiously ask such a being  
to share my destiny—how could I, with any

deceit, request an angel to become Mrs.  
*Swipes*? What would avail the prettiest of  
cottages, embowered in the most verdant and  
picturesque of woods, with the brightest and  
clearest of streamlets murmuring and meander-  
ing through the greensward at the door—the  
briny rose, the jamine, and the elegant  
twining their tendrils around the rustic porch,  
and creeping lovingly into the window-sill—  
the swallow twittering from the eaves, and  
the nightingale's gush of music at night-fall  
from the adjacent grove—what would avail it  
all, if it was at once the home of love and  
*Swipes*?

It is so much!  
Had I only been of the feminine gender,  
there might, there would have been hope.

I have three lovely cousins—my father's  
brother's daughters—*Sabina*, *Selina*, and *Ce-  
lestina Swipes*. Fair are they as the morn-  
ing—lively, spirited, intelligent, and accom-  
plished. They feel the infliction of their name,  
poor dears, and are anxiously endeavouring to  
get it changed. And they have hopes. They  
may yet be the mothers of *Mowbrays* and  
*Mortimers*!

But I am a man, and therefore of hope bereft.  
*Swipes* came I into the world—*Swipes* must  
I go out of it! Even the monumental stone  
that records my virtues as a son, a husband,  
and a parent, will record them as appertaining  
to *Simon Swipes*!

A husband and a father, did I say? Dare I  
take upon myself the responsibility of assum-  
ing those characters? What will it be but dis-  
seminating suffering—perpetuating misery?  
They will call the children—the children's  
children—that also! Dear, unborn innocents!  
It must not be.

My feelings get the better of me.  
(To be continued.)

### A COUPLE OF STRAY LEAVES.

LEAF THE FIRST—SIX MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.  
"Well, my dear, will you go to the party  
to-night? you know we have a very polite  
invitation."

"Why my love, just as you please; you  
know I always wish to consult your pleasure."  
"Well then, Harriet suppose we go; that is  
if you are perfectly willing; now don't say  
yes, because I do, for you know that where  
you are, there I am perfectly happy."

"Why, my love, you would enjoy yourself  
these I am sure, and whenever you are happy,  
I shall be, of course. What dress shall I wear,  
William—my white satin with blonde, or my  
ashes of roses, or my levantine, or my white  
lace, you always know better than I about such  
things."

"Harriet, dearest, you look beautiful in any-  
thing, now take your own choice to-night—  
but I think you look very well in the white  
Satin."

There, William dear, I knew you would  
think just as I did—oh! how happy we shall  
be there to-night; and you must promise not  
to leave me for a moment, for I shall be so sad  
if you do."

"Leave thee, dearest, leave thee!  
No; by yonder star I swear!"

"Oh, William, dearest William, how beauti-  
ful that is, you are always learning poetry to  
make me happy."

"And Harriet, my own prized Harriet,  
would I not do anything in the world to give  
you one moment's happiness? Oh, you are so  
very, very dear to me, it seems at times almost  
too much happiness to last."

"Oh, do not say so, dear William, it will  
last—and we shall see many years even hap-  
pier than this, for will not our love be stronger  
and deeper every year; and now, dearest, I  
will be back in one moment, and then we will  
go."

"There she has gone, bright and beautiful  
creature she is—Oh! how miserable I should  
be without her; she has indeed cast a strong  
spell around my heart, and one that never,  
never can be broken; she is the only star of  
my existence, guiding on to virtue and happi-  
ness, and can I ever love her less than now?  
—can I ever desert her?—can I speak of her  
in less than terms of praise? Oh, no, it is im-

possible—she is too good, too pure—happy,  
happy man that I am."

LEAF THE SECOND—SIX YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.  
"My dear, I will thank you to pass the sug-  
ar, you didn't give me but one lump."

"Well, Mr. Snooks, I declare you use sug-  
ar enough in your tea to sweeten a hogshoad  
of vinegar. James, keep your fingers out of  
the sweetmeats; Susan keep still bawling! I  
declare it is enough to set one distracted,—  
there, take that you little wretch."

"Why, Harriet what has the child done?  
I declare you are too hasty."

"I wish, Mr. Snooks, you'd mind your  
own business, you're always meddling with  
what don't concern you."

"Well, Mrs. Snooks, I want to know who  
has a better right if I have not—you're al-  
ways fretting and fuming about nothing."  
"Pa, Thomas is tearing your newspapers all  
up!"

"Thomas, come here—how dare you abuse  
my papers?—I'll teach you to tear it again—  
there, sir, how does that feel—now go to  
bed!"

"Mr. Snooks, you horrid wretch, how can  
you strike a child of mine in that way? Come  
here, Thomas, poor fellow—did he get hurt?  
—ever mind—here's a lump of sugar—there,  
that's a good boy."

"Mrs. Snooks, let me tell you, you will  
spoil the children; you know I never interfere  
when you see fit to punish a child—it's strange  
that a woman can never do anything right."

"Never do anything right? faith, Mr.  
Snooks, if nobody did anything right in this  
house but yourself, I wonder what would be-  
come of us?"

"Let me tell you, ma'am, and I'll bear it  
no longer, you are as snappish and surly as a  
—she dog—and if there is a divorce to be had  
in the land, I'll have it; you would wear out  
the patience of a Job."

"Oh dear, how mad the poor man is; well,  
good night, my dear—pleasant dreams."

"There, she's gone. Thank heaven, I'm  
alone once more. Oh! unhappy man that I  
am, to be chained down to such a creature—  
she is the very essence of ugliness, cross and  
peevish. Oh! that I could once more be a  
bachelor, curse the day that I ever saw the  
likeness of her. Yes, I will get a divorce, I  
can't live with her any longer, it is utterly  
impossible."

### MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

GLIMPSES OF WAR.

*Waste of property in War.*—It is incalcu-  
lable, because we can estimate only in its ex-  
penses, a mere fraction of what it wastes; but  
these alone are enormous, even in a time of  
peace. The expenses of the United States in  
one form or another for war in 1832, were  
\$30,554,000, and for all other purposes only  
\$3,702,000. From 1816 to 1834, a period of  
18 years, our national expenses were \$463,  
915,756, an average of \$25,773,097, a year,  
all of which, except about three millions and  
a half, were for the purposes of war! Of the  
whole sum, more than 398,000,000, were for  
war, and only about 64,000,000, less than one  
sixth, for the necessary operations of govern-  
ment! The war-debt of Great Britain is nearly  
\$4,000,000,000. From 1797 to 1819, she raised  
by revenue \$6,182,869,666, and borrowed  
\$2,160,000,000; in all \$8,342,869,666; an  
average of 1,143,444, every day for twenty  
years, and full fifty-nine-sixtieths of it all for  
war!

*Loss of life by war.*—Julius Caesar once an-  
nihilated an army of 363,000; of another, he  
slew 409,000; and on another occasion he  
massacred more than 430,000! Jenghiz-Khan  
once shot 60,000 men in cold blood. At an  
other time he massacred full 200,000, and sold  
100,000 more for slaves. In a single district  
he butchered 1,600,000, and in two cities with  
their dependencies, 1,700,000! During the  
late wars of Europe, no less than 5,800,000  
lives are supposed to have been lost in twelve  
years; and the Spaniards are said to have des-  
troyed in 42 years, more than 12,000,000, of