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## TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

(Continued.)

But mark—don't suppose that he had performed an extensive operation. One would have thought him anxious to get rid of as much as possible of his abominable sandy-coloured hair—quite the contrary. Every hair of his spreading whiskers was "sacred from the touch of steel; and a bushy crop of hair stretched underneath his chin, coming curled out on each side of his forehead, above his stock, like two little horns of an imperial—i. e. a dirt-coloured tortoise shell, permitted to grow perpendicularly down the upper lip of his upper lip—and a pair of promising mustaches, poor Mr. Titmouse had been compelled to sacrifice some time before, to the praiseworthy whimsies of his vulgar employers, Messrs. Dowlas and Tag-tag, who imagined it not to be exactly suitable appendages for counter-jumpers. So that it will be seen that the space shaved over on this occasion was somewhat circumscribed. This operation over, he took out of his trunk an old dirty-looking tin snuff-pot. A little of its contents, extracted on the tips of his two fore-fingers, he looked carefully into his eye-brows; then he breathed some on the palms of his hands, he rubbed it vigorously into his stubborn hair and whiskers for some quarter of an hour; and then combed and washed his hair into half-a-dozen different dispositions—so fastidious in respect matter was Mr. Titmouse.—Then he dipped the end of a towel into a little water, and moistening it round his right fore-finger, passed gently over his face, carefully avoiding his eye-brows and the hair at the top, sides, and bottom of his face, which he then wiped with the dry corner of the towel; and no further did Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse think it necessary to dry his ablutions. Had he been able to "see himself as others saw him," in respect of those neglected regions which lay somewhere behind and beneath his ears, he might not possibly have thought it superfluous to irrigate them with a little soap and water; but, after he knew best; it might have given him a shock; and besides, his hair was very thick and long behind, and might perhaps conceal any thing that was unsightly. Then Mr. Titmouse drew from underneath the bed a bottle of Warren's "Incomparable Blacking," and a couple of brushes, with great labour and skill polished his boots up to a wonderful point of brilliancy. Having washed his hands, and wiped his blacking implements under his apron, he devoted a few moments to boiling about a tea-spoonful of coffee, as it was styled in the paper from which he took, and in which he had brought it—whereas it was, in fact, a berry. Then he drew forth from his trunk a pair of shirt, with linen wristband and collar, which had been worn only twice since its first wearing—i. e. on the preceding two Sundays—and put it on, taking great care not to rumple his very showy front, containing three little buttons of frills; in the middle one of which he had three "studs," connected together with three little gilt chains, looking exceedingly smart—especially coupled with a span new stock which he next buckled round his waist. Having put on his bright boots, (which I am sorry to say, any stockholder,) he carefully examined his legs into a pair of white drawers, for the first time since their last wearing; and what with his short straps and braces, they were so tight that you would have feared their bursting, if he should have stepped down hastily. I am almost afraid that he hardly believed, but it is a fact, that the next thing he did was to tuck a pair of drawers to his boots—but, to be sure, it was impossible that he might intend to ride during the day.—Then he put on a queer kind of waistcoat, which in fact was only a collar of rather faded pea-green silk, and which he had set off a very fine flowered damson-coloured silk waistcoat; over which he drew a pair of mosaic-gold chain, (to purchase which he had sold a serviceable silver watch,) which he had carefully wrapped up in cotton wool; and which, (those must have been sharp eyes that could tell, at a distance, and in a hurry, that it was not a diamond,) which he placed on the

stumpy little finger of his red and thick right hand—and contemplated its sparkle with exquisite satisfaction. Having proceeded thus far in his toilet, he sat down to his breakfast, spreading the shirt he had taken off upon his lap, to preserve his white trousers from spot or stain—his thoughts alternating between his late waking vision and his purposes for the day. He had no butter, having used the last on the preceding morning; so he was fain to put up with dry bread—and very dry and tooth-trying it was, poor fellow—but his eye lit on his ring!—Having swallowed two cups of his quart-coffee, (ough! such stuff!) he resumed his toilet, by drawing out of his other trunk his blue suitout, with enclosed silk buttons and velvet collar, and an outside pocket on the left breast. Having smoothed down a few creases, he put it on—then, before him the little vulgar fraction of a glass, he stood twitching about the collar and sleeves, and front, so as to make them sit well; concluding with a careful elongation of the wrist-bands of his shirt, so as to show their whiteness gracefully beyond the cuff of his coat-sleeve—and he succeeded in producing a sort of white boundary line between the blue of his coat-sleeve and the red of his hand. At that useful member he could not help looking with a sigh, as he had often done before—for it was not a handsome hand. It was broad and red, and the fingers were thick and stumpy, with very coarse deep wrinkles at every joint. His nails also were flat and shapeless; and he used to be continually gnawing them till he had succeeded in getting them down to the quick—and they were a sight to set a Christian's teeth on edge. Then he extracted from the first mentioned trunk a white pocket-handkerchief—an exemplary one, that had gone through four Sundays' show, (not use, he understood,) and yet was capable of exhibition again. A pair of sky-colored kid gloves next made their appearance; which, however, showed such here-faced marks of former service as rendered indispensable a ten minutes' rubbing with bread crumbs. His Sunday hat, carefully covered with silver-paper, was next gently removed from its well-worn box—ah, how lightly and delicately did he pass his smoothing hand round its glossy surface! Lastly, he took down a thin black cane, with a gilt head, and bald brown tassel, from a niche behind the door—and his toilet was complete. Laying down his cane for a moment, he passed his hands again through his hair, arranging it so as to fall nicely on each side beneath his hat, which he then placed upon his head, with an elegant inclination towards the left side. He was really not bad-looking, in spite of his sandy-colored hair. His forehead, to be sure, was contracted, and his eyes were of a very light color, and a trifle too protuberant; but his mouth was rather well-formed, and he seldom closed, exhibited very beautiful teeth, and his nose was of that description which generally passes for a Roman nose. His countenance wore generally a smile, and was expressive of self-satisfaction; and surely any expression is better than none at all. As for the slightest trace of intellect in it, I should be misreading the reader if I were to say any thing of the sort. He was about five foot five inches in height, and rather strongly set, with a little tendency to round shoulders—but his limbs were pliant, and his motions nimble.

Here you have, then, Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse to the life—certainly no more than an average sample of his kind; but as he is to go through a considerable variety of situation and circumstance, I thought you would like to have him as distinctly before your mind's eye as it was in my power to present him. Well—he put his hat on, as I have said; buttoned the lowest two buttons of his suitout, and stuck his white pocket handkerchief into the outside pocket in front, as already mentioned, disposing it so as to let a little of it appear above the edge of the pocket, with a sort of careful carelessness—a graceful contrast to the blue; drew on his gloves; took his cane in his hand; drained the last sad remnant in his coffee-cup; and, in the sun shining in the full splendor of a July noon, and promising a glorious day, forth sallied this poor fellow, an Oxford-street Adonis,

going forth conquering and to conquer! Pretty finely without, a pinched and stunted stomach within; a case of Back versus Belly, (as the lawyers would say,) the plaintiff winning in a canter! Forth sallied, I say, Mr. Titmouse, down the narrow, creaking, close staircase, which he had not quitted before he heard a clamour from an opposite window, "My eye! an' that a swell!" He felt how true the observation was, and that at that moment he was somewhat out of his element; so he hurried on, and soon reached the great broad street, astonished by the celebrated Opium-Eater, with a letter feeling, as—Oxford-street!—stony-hearted step-mother! Thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and driest the tears of children." Here, though his spirits were not just then very buoyant, the poor dandy breathed more freely than when he was passing through the nasty crowded court (Closet Court) which he had just quitted. He passed and met hundreds who, like himself, seemed released for a precious day's interval from intense toil and miserable confinement during the week; but there were not many of them who had any pretensions to vie with him in elegance of appearance—and that was a luxury! Who could do justice to the air with which he strutted along!

He felt as happy, poor soul, in his little ostentation, as his Corinthian rival in tip-top turn-out, after twice as long, and as anxious, and fifty times as expensive, preparations for effective public display! Nay, my poor swell was greatly the superior of such an one as I have alluded to. Titmouse did, to a great degree, bedizen his back at the expense of his belly; whereas, the Corinthian exquisite, too often taking advantage of station and influence, recklessly both satiated his appetite without, and decorated his person without, at the expense of innumerable heart-aching creditors. I do not mean, however, to claim any real merit for Titmouse on this score, because I am not sure how he would act if he were to become possessed of his magnificent rival's means and opportunities for the perpetration of gentlemanly frauds on a splendid scale. But we shall perhaps see by-and-by. He walked along with leisurely step; for haste and perspiration were vulgar, and he had the day before him. Observe the careless glance of self-satisfaction with which he occasionally regarded his bright boots, with their ornamental appendage, giving out a faint tingling sound as he heavily trod the broad flags; his spotless trousers, his tight suitout, and the tip of white handkerchief peeping accidentally out in front! A pleasant sight it was to behold him in a chance rencontre with some one genteel enough to be recognised—as he stood, resting on his right hand lightly holding his ebony cane, with the gilt-head of which he occasionally tapped his teeth; and his eyes, half-closed, scrutinizing the face and figure of each "pretty gal" as she passed! This was indeed happiness, as far as his form condition could admit of his enjoying it. He had no particular object in view. A tiff over-night with two of his shopmates had broken off a party which they had agreed the Sunday preceding in forming, to go to Greenwich on the ensuing Sunday; and this little circumstance a little soured his temper, depressed as were his spirits before. He resolved to-day to walk straight on, and dine somewhere a little way out of town, by way of passing the time till four o'clock, at which hour he intended to make his appearance in Hyde Park, "to see the fashions," which was his favorite Sunday occupation.

His condition was, indeed, forlorn in the extreme. To say nothing of his prospects in life—what was his present condition? A shopman, with £35 a-year, out of which he had to find his clothing, washing, lodging, and all other incidental expenses—his board being found him by his employers. He was five weeks in arrears to his landlady—a corpulent old bermagot, whom nothing could have induced him to risk off-nding, but his overmastering love of finery; for I grieve to say, that this deficiency had been occasioned by his purchase of the ring he then wore with so much pride. How he had contrived to pacify

her—lie upon lie as he must have had recourse to—I know not. He was in debt, too, to his poor washerwoman in six or seven shillings for nearly a quarter's washing; and owed five times that amount to a little old tailor, who, with huge spectacles on his nose, turned up to him, out of a little cupboard which he occupied in Closet Court, and which Titmouse had to pass whenever he went to or from his lodgings, a lean, sallow, wrinkled face, imploring him to "settle his small account." All the cash in hand which he had to meet contingencies between that day and quarter-day, which was six weeks off, was about twenty-six shillings, of which he had taken one for the present day's expenses!

Revolving these somewhat disheartening matters in his mind, he passed easily and leisurely along the whole length of Oxford-street! No one could have judged from his dresy appearance, the constant smirk on his face, and his confident air, how very miserable that poor dandy was; but three-fourths of his misery were occasioned by the impossibility he felt of his ever being able to indulge in his propensities for finery and display. Nothing better had he to occupy his few thoughts. He had only a plain mercantile education, as it is called, i. e. reading, writing, and arithmetic; beyond a very moderate acquaintance with these, he knew nothing whatever; not having read more than a few novels, and plays and sporting newspapers. Deplorable, however, as were his circumstances—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,"

and probably, in common with most who are miserable from straightened circumstances, he often conceived, and secretly relied upon, the possibility of an unexpected change for the better; he had heard and read of extraordinary cases of luck. Why might he not be one of the lucky! A rich girl might fall in love with him—that was, poor fellow! in his consideration, the least unlikely way of luck's advent; or some one might leave him money; or he might win a prize in the lottery;—all these, and other accidental modes of getting enriched, frequently occurred to the well-regulated mind of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse; but he never once thought of determined, unwearied industry and perseverance in the way of business conducing to such a result.

Is his case a solitary one?—Dear reader, you may be unlike poor Tittlebat Titmouse in every respect except one!

On he walked towards Baywater; and finding it was yet early, and considering that the farther he went from town the better prospect there was of his being able with little sacrifice of appearance, to get a dinner consistent with the means he carried about with him, viz. one shilling, he pursued his way a mile, or two beyond Baywater, and sure enough, came at length upon a nice little public-house on the road-side, called the Square Arms. Very tired, and quite smothered with dust, he first sat down in a small back room to rest himself; and took the opportunity to call for a clothes-brush and shoe-brush; to relieve his clothes and boots from the heavy dust upon them. Having thus attended to his outer man, as far as circumstances would permit, he betthought himself of his inner man, whose cravings he satisfied with a pretty substantial mutton-pie and a pint of porter. This fare, together with a penny to the little girl who waited on him, cost him tenpence; and having somewhat refreshed himself, he began to think of returning to town. Having lit one of his two cigars, he sallied forth, puffing along with an air of quiet enjoyment. Dinner, however humble, seldom fails, especially when accompanied by a fair draught of good porter, in some considerable degree to tranquillize the animal spirits; and that soothing effect began soon to be experienced by Mr. Titmouse. The sedative cause he erroneously considered to be the cigar he was smoking; whereas in fact the only tobacco he had inhaled was from the porter. But, however that might be, he certainly returned to town in a far calmer and even more cheerful humour than that in which he had quitted it an hour or two before.

(To be Continued.)