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TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

(Continued.)

"Why, meaning no offence, sir, I can't abide being put off in this kind of way. See what I've said you—you haven't told me anything at all. I hope you haven't been only making me a cat's-paw of I hate being made a cat's-paw of, sir!"

"Gracious, Mr. Titmouse! how can you imagine that you are at this moment the object of a considerable share of our anxiety?"

"Not meaning it rudely, sir—please to tell me at once, plainly, am I to be the better for any thing you're now about?"

"That may or may not be, sir," answered Gammon, in the same imperturbable manner, drawing in his gloves, and rising from his chair. "In justice to yourself, and other parties concerned—"

"Oh! is any body to share in it?" exclaimed Titmouse, alarmedly.

"I am, sure," said Gammon, smiling, "that you will give an credit for consulting your best interests. We sincerely desire to advance them; and this matter really a good deal of our time and anxiety."

"It is really," looking at his watch, "an hour more we quitted your place of business—I fear I shall get into disgrace with your employers. Will you favour us with a call at our office to-morrow night, when the business of the day is over? When you quit at night?"

"About a quarter before ten, sir; but, really—tomorrow night! Couldn't I come to-night, sir?"

"Not to-night, I fear, my dear sir. We have a very important engagement. Let us say to-morrow night, at quarter past ten—shall we say 'till four'?"

"Well, sir, if not before—yes—I'll be with you at I must say—"

"Good day, Mr. Titmouse." They were by this time in Oxford-street again. "Good day, my dear good day; to-morrow night, as soon after ten as possible—eh? Good by."

This was all that Mr. Titmouse could get out of Mr. Gammon, who, holding a coach off the stand beside him, popped into it, and it was soon making away eastward. What a miserable mixture of sobs, hopes, and fears, had Mr. Gammon left Titmouse! He felt as if he were a squeezed orange; he had told everything he knew about himself, and nothing in return out of the smooth, imperturbable, impenetrable Mr. Gammon, but empty civilities. "Lord, Lord!" thought Titmouse, as Mr. Gammon's coach turned the corner; "what would I give to know half about it that that man knows!"

Mr. Tag-rag, a good gracious! what will he do? It struck twelve. I've been an hour away and he gave me ten minutes! Shan't I catch it?"

And he did. Almost the very first person he met entering the shop was his respected employer, Mr. Tag-rag, who, plucking his watch out of his pocket, and looking furiously at it, motioned the trembling Titmouse to follow him to the further end of the long shop, where there happened to be no customers.

"Is this your ten minutes, sir, eh?"

"I am sorry—"

"Where the devil have you been, sir?"

"With that gentleman, sir, and I really did not know—"

"You didn't know, sir! Who cares what you do or don't know? You know you ought to have been back fifty-five minutes ago. You do, sir? You're your time my property, sir! Don't I pay for it? An hour!—in the middle of the day! My dear sir! I've not had such a thing happen these five years! I'll stop it out of your salary, sir."

Titmouse did not attempt to interrupt him.

"What have you been gossiping about, sir?"

"Something that he wanted to say to me, sir."

"Impudence!—do you suppose I don't see your pretence? I intend, sir, in knowing what all this gossiping with that fellow has been about."

"Then you won't know, sir, replied Titmouse, slyly; returning to his usual station behind counter."

"You won't!"

"No, sir, you shan't know a single word about it. I'll tell you a single word about it! My God! you know whom you're talking to, sir! Do really know who I am, sir!—whom you are talking to, sir?"

"Mr. Tag-rag, I presume, of the firm of Dowling, Quirk, Gammon & Co." One or two of his companions near him almost turned pale at the audacity as displaying.

"And who are you, sir, that dares to presume to words with me, sir?" enquired Tag-rag, striking with rage.

"Titmouse, at your service," was the answer, in a soft tone, and with a sufficiently sauntering.

"But I will sir. You have given me warning; and, if you haven't, now I give you warning," replied Titmouse; turning, however, very pale, and experiencing a certain sudden sinking of the heart, for this was a serious and most unlooked-for event and for a while put out of his head all the agitating thoughts of the last few hours.

Poor Titmouse had enough to bear; what with the delicate rallery and banter of his accomplished companion for the rest of the day, and the galling tyranny of Mr. Tag-rag, who dogged him about all day, setting him about the most menial and troublesome offices he could, and constantly saying, mortifying things to him before customers, and the state of miserable suspense in which Mr. Gammon had thought fit to leave him; I say that surely all this was enough for him to bear without having to encounter at night as he did, on his return to his lodging, his impertinent laddery, who vowed that if he sold him out and out she'd wait no longer—and his pertinacious and melancholy tailor, who, with sorrow unshaven face, told him of five creditors at home, all ill of the small-pox, and his wife in an hospital—and he incurred a payment on account. The sufferer succeeded in squeezing out of Titmouse seven shillings and sixpence, and his landlady extorted ten; which, staved off a distress-dreadful word—for some week or two longer; and so they left him in the possession of eight shillings, or so, to last till next quarter-day. He sighed heavily, barred his door, and sat down opposite his little table, on which there was nothing but a solitary tin candle, and on which his eyes rested unconsciously, till the stretch of it, burning right down to the socket, roused him from his wretched reverie. He then hastily threw off his clothes, and flung himself on his bed, to pass a far more dismal night than he had known for years.

He ran the gauntlet to Messrs. Dowling, Tag-rag & Co.'s all Tuesday as he had done on the day preceding. One should have supposed that when his companions beheld him persecuted by their common employer and master, whom they all equally hated, they would have made common cause with their suffering companion, or at all events given no countenance to his persecution; yet it was far otherwise. Without stopping to analyze the feeling which produced it, (and which the moderately reflective reader may easily analyze for himself if so disposed,) I am obliged to have to say, that when all the young men saw that Tag-rag should be gratified by their grating poor Titmouse, who, with all his little vanities and emptiness, had never offended or injured any of them—they did so; and when Tag-rag observed it, his miserable mind was more gratified with them by far than it had ever been before. He spoke to all of them with unusual blandness; to the stinner, Titmouse, with augmented bitterness.

A few minutes after ten o'clock that night, a gentle rapping at the bell of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap's office, announced the arrival of poor Titmouse. The door was quickly opened by a clerk, who seemed in the act of quitting for the night.

"Ab—Mr. Titmouse, I presume?" he enquired with a kind of deference in his manner that Titmouse had never been accustomed to.

"The same, sir—Titmouse." "Oh! show me, sir, to conduct you to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap, who are, I know in expectation of seeing you. It is very rarely that they are here at so late an hour."

With this he led the way to an inner room, and opening a green-haircase door in the further side of it, announced Mr. Titmouse, and left him—sufficiently flustered. Three gentlemen were sitting at a large table, on which he saw, by the strong, but diffused light of two large shaded electric lights, were lying a great number of papers and parchments. The three gentlemen rose when he entered, and Mr. Gammon came and shook hands with him.

"Mr. Titmouse, let me introduce you to Mr. Quirk—(this was the senior partner, a short, stout, elderly gentleman, with a shining bald head and white hair, and sharp black eyes, and who looked very earnestly at him)—and Mr. Snap—(this was the junior partner, having recently been promoted to be such after ten years' service in the office of managing clerk; he was about thirty, particularly well-dressed, slight, active, and with a face like a terrier—so hard, sharp, and wiry! Mr. Gammon himself was about forty, very genteel, with a ready brow, insinuating smile, and low tone of voice; his look, without acute and to caution.)"

"A seat Mr. Titmouse," said Mr. Quirk, placing a chair for him, on which he sat down, they resuming their.

"Functual, Mr. Titmouse," exclaimed Mr. Gammon with a smile; "more so than, I fear, you were yesterday, after our long interview, eh? Pray what did that worthy person, Mr. Tag-rag, say on your return?"

"—he tried to clear his throat, for he spoke somewhat more thick, and his heart beat more perceptibly than usual,—I'm ruined by it, and no mistake."

"Rained? I'm sorry to hear it," interposed Mr. Gammon with a concerned air.

"I am, indeed, sir. Such a towering rage as he has been in ever since; and he's given me warning to go on the 10th of next month. He thought he should've had a faint smile flit over the faces of all three."

"He has indeed?"

"Dear me, Mr. Titmouse—what cause did he have for dismissing you?" keenly enquired Mr. Quirk.

"Yes—"

"Stopping out longer than I was allowed, and refusing to tell him what this gentleman and I had been talking about."

"Don't think that'll do; sure it won't!" briskly exclaimed Mr. Snap. "as just cause that," and he jumped up, whisked down a book from the shelves behind him, and eagerly turned over the leaves.

"Never mind that now, Mr. Snap," said Mr. Quirk, rather petulently; "surely we have other matters to talk about to-night."

"Asking pardon, sir, but I think it does matter to me, sir," interposed Titmouse; "for on the 10th of next month I am a beggar—being next door to it now."

"Not quite, we trust," said Mr. Gammon.

"But Mr. Tag-rag said he'd make me as good as one."

"That's evidence to show malice," again eagerly interposed Mr. Snap, who was again tarty refused by Mr. Quirk; even Mr. Gammon turning towards him with a surprised—"Really Mr. Snap—"

"So Mr. Tag-rag said he would make you a beggar!" enquired Mr. Quirk.

"He vowed he would, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Quirk and Mr. Gammon—yet such a laugh!—not careless, or hearty, but subdued, and with a dash of deference in it.

"Well—it perhaps may not signify much, by that time!" and he laughed again, followed by the quick sound, like a bark, from Mr. Snap.

"But, gentle, you'll excuse me if I say I think it does signify to me, and an't any laughing matter!" Without hein, said, I'd rather come to business if there's anything to be done, without this laughing at me!"

"Laughing at you! my dear sir—no, no!" exclaimed all three in a breath—laughing with you, said Mr. Quirk.—"By the time you mention, you may perhaps be able to laugh at Mr. Tag-rag, and every body else, for—"

"—Why should we mind the matter?" he chimed, in a low tone to Mr. Gammon, who nodded acquiescence, and fixed his eyes earnestly on Titmouse.

"I really think we are warranted in preparing to expect by that time an extraordinary change in your circumstances." Titmouse began to tremble violently, and his hands were bedewed with a cold moisture.

"I fear, sir," he murmured; and he also heard a faint rattle in his ears.

"In all human probability, Mr. Titmouse," continued Mr. Quirk, himself a little excited with the important communication that trembled on the tip of his tongue, "you will ere long be put into possession of somewhere about Ten Thousand a-year."

The words seemed to have struck Titmouse blind—as he saw nothing for some moments; then every thing seemed swimming around him, and he felt a sort of faintness or sickness stealing over him. They had hardly been prepared for their communication, affecting their visitor so powerfully.

Mr. Snap hastened out and in with a glass of water; and the earnest attention of the three soon restored Mr. Titmouse to his senses. It was a good while, however, before he could appreciate the full import of the conversation which they now and then addressed to him, or estimate the full importance of the astounding event Mr. Quirk had just communicated.

"May I make free to ask for a little brandy and water, gentle? I feel all over in a kind of tremble," said he some half an hour afterwards.

"Yes—by all means, Mr. Titmouse. Mr. Snap, will you be kind enough to order Betty to bring in a glass of brandy and water from the Jolly Thieves, next door?"—Snap shot out, gave the order, and returned in a trice. The old woman, in a few minutes' time, followed with a large tumbler of dark brandy and water, quite hot, for which Mr. Gammon apologized, but Mr. Titmouse said he preferred it so—and soon addressed himself to the insipid mixture. It quickly manifested its influence re-arranging him wonderfully. As he sat sipping it, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap being engaged in an earnest conversation, of which he could understand little or nothing, he had leisure to look about him, and observed that there was lying before them a large sheet of paper, at which they all of them often and earnestly looked, filled with lines, some with writing at the ends of them, and round and square figures. When he saw them all bending over and scrutinizing this mysterious object, it puzzled him (and many a better head than his has a pedigree puzzled before) a rely, and he began to suspect it was a sort of conjuring paper.

To be continued.

"United we stand, divided we fall," as the types said to the compositor when they fell into pie.

FROM UNITED STATES PAPERS.

BANKRUPTCY.—The contingent fund of the House ran out long ago, and the members will be unable to get their mileage and pay until Congress appropriate funds from the treasury. But it is said that the treasury has also run out, and that that the wheels of government must stop, or run upon tick, unless their own party permit the House to be organized, the distressed condition of the treasury laid before Congress, and ways and means devised to raise the wind. What a shocking thing is the credit system.—*Madisonian.*

Dr. Croghan, of the Louisville faculty, has conceived the novel notion of building a hotel within the celebrated mammoth cave of Kentucky, which is 11 miles long; and has actually purchased the property, and is making his arrangements for the speedy erection of the house.—*New York Times.*

There arrived at Cleveland, Ohio, during the present season, by the way of the canal, 1,575,800 bushels of wheat, and 264,842 barrels of flour.—*Ibid.*

FROM HONDURAS.—A Belize paper mentions that a part of the family of Dr. Young, a resident of that place, had been at the point of death in consequence of having partaken of the infusion of a deleterious drug, said to have been sent from the store of a wholesale druggist in New York.—*Ibid.*

DIVORCE.—It is the law of Georgia, that, in case of divorce, the innocent party only has the privilege of marrying again, during the life-time of both parties.

From the Toronto Patriot.

On Saturday evening, the 7th inst., a party of thirty gentlemen dined together at the "Dog and Duck," in celebration of the second anniversary of the defeat of the rebels on Yonge Street.—Capt. Leckie, who commanded the first gun on that occasion, in the Chair, and Dr. Lang, who put the match to it, Croopier. The walls of the room were decorated with numerous insinias; over the chair was appropriately placed the portrait of Sir Francis Bond Head, with the motto—"Let them come if they dare." The quality and abundance of the fare will be best and most briefly described by merely stating that it was English. The following is a list of the regular toasts, all of which were drunk with cordial cheers.

- 1.—The Queen.
- 2.—The Governor General.
- 3.—Sir Francis Bond Head, may his conduct on the 7th December, 1837,—and his exertions in favour of Upper Canada at home,—be ever duly appreciated by the friends of British connexion.—(enthusiastic cheers.)
- 4.—The Loyal Volunteers, who nobly did their duty on the 7th December, 1837.
- 5.—Colonel Prince and the Militia, who so nobly kept the first anniversary of the day we celebrate.—(thunders of applause.)
- 6.—Sir John Colborne and the Loyalists of Lower Canada.
- 7.—Sir John Harvey and the New Brunswickers—may we never forget their conduct towards us.
- 8.—Col. Young and the brave fellows who fought at Prescott.
- 9.—The Memory of those who fell in the late contest in defence of the Province.

Among the volunteer toasts were "The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, the protectors of the Conservative interests of the people of Upper Canada."—"Captain Drew and his brave comrades, who burned the Caroline."—"Captain (now Major) Brown, of the 32nd Regiment, and his ninety brave fellows, who routed from 300 to 400 American Brigands at Point au Pelée."—"Captain Markham, also of the 32nd, the hero of St. Denis."—"Colonel Frazer and the brave Glenagarrs."—"Mr. Powell, the Mayor of Toronto, who shot the rebel Anderson, thereby striking terror into the hearts of his base confederates."—"The memory of Captain Usher, who fell the victim of midnight assassination on account of his loyalty."—"The memories of Colonel Moodie, Lieutenants Weir and Johnson, and Surgeon