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TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

About ten o'clock one Sunday morning, in the month of July, 183—, the dazzling sunbeams which had for many hours irradiated the little dismal back attic in one of the closest courts adjoining Oxford Street, in London, and had shined with their intensity the closed eyes of a young man lying in bed, at length awoke him. He rubbed his eyes for some time, to relieve himself from the irritation he experienced in them; and yawned and stretched his arms with a weary sense of weariness, as though his sleep had not refreshed him. He presently cast his eyes on the heap of clothes which had long been piled together on the backless chair beside, and where he had hastily flung himself about an hour after midnight; at which he had returned from a great draper's shop in Oxford Street, where he served as a shopman, and where he had nearly dropped asleep for a long day's work, while in the act of putting up the shutters. He could hardly keep his eyes open while he undressed, short as was the time it took him to do so; and on dropping himself into bed, there he had continued in an unbroken slumber, till the moment at which he is presented to the reader. He lay several minutes, stretching, yawning, and sighing, occasionally casting an irresolute eye towards the tiny fire-place, where lay a modicum of wood and coal, with a tinder-box and a tallow candle or two placed upon the hob, so that he could easily light his pipe for the purpose of smoking and breakfasting. He stepped at length lazily out of bed, and when he felt his arms again yawned and stretched himself, he placed his feet on a stool, and then he laid his hands on the fire, and returned to bed, where he lay with his eyes fixed on the fire, watching the sparkling blaze insinuate itself through the grate and coal. Once, however, it began to fail, he had to get up and assist it by blowing and fanning; and it seemed in so precarious a state that he determined not again to lie down on the bedside, as he did with his arms crossed, ready to resume operations if necessary. In this posture he remained for some time, watching his little fire, and listlessly listening to the discordant jangling of innumerable bells, clamorously calling the citizens to their devotions. What passed through his mind was something like the following:—
"Heighd—Oh, Lord!—Dull as ditch water—This is my only holiday, yet I don't know how to enjoy it—the fact is, I feel knocked up with my week's work.—Lord, what a life it is to be sure! Here am I, in my eighteenth year, and for four long years have been one of the shopmen at Dowlas, Tag-rag and Bobbin and Company's—slaving from seven in the morning till ten at night, and all for the salary of £35 a-year, and my board! And Tag-rag is always telling me how high I should raise my salary! Thirty-five pounds a-year is all I have for lodging, and appearing as a gentleman! Oh, Lord, it can't last; for sometimes I feel getting desperate—such are my thoughts! Seven shillings a-week do for this cursed hole—the uttered these words with a bitter emphasis, accompanied by a painful look round the little room)—that he could not swing a cat in without touching his head.—Last winter, three of our gentlemen (his fellow-shopmen) came to tea with me on the Sunday night, and bitter cold it was, but we made this d—d dog hole so hot, we were obliged to open the window.—And as for accommodations—I recollect I had to borrow my own chairs from the people below, and on the next Sunday borrowed my only dinner, in return, and hang them, cracked it! I tell you, if this life is worth having! Its only vanity, and no mistake! Fag-rag, all one's days, and—what for? Thirty pounds a-year, and no advance! He'll be ringing away till you're all cracked!—Do you think I'm going to be mewed up in church on this the only day out of the year? I've got to sweeten myself in, and sniff the air? A precious joke that would be!—After all, I'd as lieve sit here; for

what's the use of my going out? Every body I see out is happy, excepting me, and the poor chaps that are like me!—Every body laughs when they see me, and know that I'm only a tallow-faced counter jumper, for whom it's no use being good-looking, as some chaps say I am?"—
—Here he instinctively passed his left hand through a profusion of sandy-colored hair, and cast an eye towards the bit of fractured looking-glass that hung against the wall, and which by faithfully representing to him a by no means plain set of features (despite the dismal hue of his hair) whenever he chose to appeal to it, had afforded him more enjoyment than any other object in the world for years. "Ah, Lord, many and many's the fine gal I've done my best to attract the notice of, while I was serving her in the shop,—that is, when I've seen her get out of a carriage! There has been luck to many a chap like me, in the same line of speculation; look at Tom Tarnish—how did he get Miss Twang, the rich piano-forte maker's daughter!—and now he's out of the shop, and lives at Hackney like a regular gentleman! Ah! that was a stroke! But some how, it hasn't answered with me yet; the gals don't take!—Lord, how I have set my eyes and ogled them—all of them don't seem to dislike the thing—and sometimes they'll smile, in a sort of way that says I'm safe—but 'tis no use, not a bit of it!—My eyes I catch me, by the way, ever nodding again to a lady on the Sunday, that had smiled when I stared at her while serving her in the shop—after what happened to me a month or two ago in the Park! Didn't I feel like damaged goods, just then! But, it's no matter, women are so different at different times!—Very likely I mismanaged the thing.—By the way, what a precious puppy of a chap the fellow was that came up to her at the time she stepped out of her carriage to walk a bit! As for good looks—cut me to ribbons,"—another glance at the glass—"no! I ain't afraid there, neither—but, heigh-ho!—I suppose he was as they, born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and never so many thousand a-year, to make up to him for never so few brains! He was uncommon well dressed though I must own. What trousers!—they stuck so natural to him, he might have been born in them. And his waistcoat and satin stock—what an air! And yet, his figure was nothing very out of the way! His gloves, as white as snow; I've no doubt he wears a pair of them a-day—my stars! that's three and sixpence a-day, for don't I know what they cost?—When I had but the cash to carry on that sort of thing!—and he'd seen her into her carriage—the horse he got on—and what a tip-top groom—that chap's wages, I'll answer for it, were equal to my salary!" Here was a long pause. "Now just for the fun of the thing, only suppose luck was to befall me. Say somebody was to leave me lots of cash,—many thousands a-year, or something in that line! My stars! wouldn't I go it with the best of them?" Another long pause. "Gad, I really should hardly know how to begin to spend it!—I think, by the way, I'd buy a title to set off with—for what won't money buy? The thing's often done there was a great biscuit baker in the city, the other day, made a baronet of, all for his money—and why shouldn't I?" He grew a little heated with the progress of his reflections, clasping his hands with involuntary energy, as he stretched out his arms to their fullest extent, to give effect to a very hearty yawn. "Lord, only think how it would sound!"

MR. TITMOUTH, BARONET.

The very first place I'd go to, after I'd got my title, and was rigged out in Stulze's top-top, should be—our cursed shop, to buy a dozen or two pair of white silk. What a flutter there would be among the poor pale devils as were standing, just as ever, behind the counters, at Dowlas, Tag-rag & Co.'s, when my carriage drew up, and I stepped into the shop! Tag-rag would come and attend to me himself. No, he wouldn't—pride wouldn't let him. I don't know, though: what wouldn't he do to turn a penny, and make two and ninepence into three and a penny. I shouldn't quit,

come Captain Stuff over him; but I should treat him with a kind of an air, too, as if—
"Yes, I should often come to the shop. G—d, it would be half the fun of my fortune! And they would envy me, to be sure! How I should enjoy it! I wouldn't think of marrying till—and yet I would say either; if I got among some of them out and out—those first-rate articles—that lady, for instance, the other day in the Park—I should like to see her cut me as she did with ten thousand a-year in my pocket! Why, she'd be raining after me, there's no truth in novels, which I'm sure there's often a great deal in. Oh, of course, I might marry whom I pleased. Who couldn't I get with ten thousand a-year?" Another pause. "I should go abroad to Russia directly; for they tell me there's a man lives there who could dye this hair of mine any color I liked—egad! I'd come home as black as a crow, and hold up my head as high as any of them! While I was about it, I'd have a touch at my eyebrows!"—Crash went all his castle building, at the sound of his tea-kettle, hissing, whizzing, spluttering in the agonies of boiling over; as if the intolerable heat of the fire had driven desperately the poor creature placed upon it, who instinctively tried thus to extinguish the cause of its anguish. Having taken it off and placed it upon the hob, and placed on the fire a tiny fragment of fresh coal, he began to make preparations for shaving, by pouring some of the hot water into an old tea-cup, which was presently to serve for the purpose of breakfast. Then he spread out a bit of crumpled white-brown paper, that had folded up a couple of segars which he had bought over night for the Sunday's special enjoyment—and which, if he supposed they had come from any place beyond the four seas. I imagine him to have been slightly mistaken. He placed this bit of paper on the little mantel-piece; drew his solitary, well-worn razor several times across the palm of his left hand; dropped his brush, won within an inch of the stump, into the hot water; presently passed it over so much of his face as he intended to shave; then rubbed on the damp surface a bit of yellow soap—and in less than five minutes Mr. Titmouse was a shaven man.

(To be continued.)

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH QUEEN.

The BRITISH QUEEN steam ship, so long and anxiously expected, and for the safety of which fears had almost come into existence, arrived at New York at 8 P. M. on Saturday the 23rd ultimo. She left London on her appointed day, the 1st November, but did not sail from Portsmouth until the 4th; she has, consequently, been nineteen days making the passage. The letters and papers reached here on Sunday last; London dates are to the evening of the 2nd November.

The most important intelligence by this arrival relates to the glorious doings of the British Army in India full particulars of which we lay before our readers. The Liverpool steam ship not having arrived, the Bank suspensions in the United States were not known in England, and, the Money Market news is not of the importance that it was expected to be.

We subjoin a summary of the intelligence which we condense from New York and English papers.

The long passage of the Queen has been caused by her southern route. The weather generally was moderate, but she got into the Gulf stream, and thus was retarded at least 2 days.—The action of the stream was equal to 250 miles of longitude.

THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.—Flying rumours begin to ripen into certainty as to the marriage of the Queen; and it seems that Victoria will not, like the former maiden sovereign, be teased with repeated applications from Parliament to

enter the matrimonial circle. Prince Albert is a guest at the palace, which is likely to be his home; and as our fair readers, at least, may be curious to know something of the form and bearing of the man who can win the hand of a Queen, we may add that he is described as a "fine, noble looking fellow, with blue eyes, hair and whiskers rather sandy, stature tall, of a cheerful disposition, most unaffected in his manners, and he speaks English well, but with something of a foreign accent."

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.—Three boys, Hay, Leppore, Pullen, and Birgs, aged eleven, fourteen and thirteen years, are sentenced to death at Lewis, in Sussex, for violating Elizabeth Hellingham, in the fields near Patcham.

HORRIBLE EXPLOSION.—Harding's pocket manufactory near Buckingham palace, blew up on the 1st of November. Five families lived in the building, and they were nearly blown to atoms. It shook the palace like an earthquake.

REPORTED DEATH OF LORD BROUGHAM.—The London papers of the 22nd ultimo, were filled with long eulogistic articles on the character, talents and attainments of Henry Brougham.—The occasion was the announcement of his lordship's death through the kicking of an unruly horse and the upsetting of a carriage. It appears that his lordship was travelling towards Westmoreland with three friends, when this accident happened, and a report of the great statesman's death was immediately forwarded to London, which enabled his lordship to have the pleasure of reading his own posthumous character. The accident did not appear to have improved the noble lord's temper, if we may judge by the following note:—

THOMAS CLOSE, Saturday.

Send immediately a postchaise to bring us back. Your carriage is broke to pieces, and your driver is very much hurt. I never saw so scandalous a thing done by any innkeeper.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Newspapers of various politics insinuate that Lord Brougham himself wrote the letter recording the fatal accident. Whoever was its author, this Brougham hoax is one of the most successful on record.

In 1838 and 1839 there were eleven thousand and twenty fires in London. Over 190 persons were poisoned in England last year, through the carelessness of apothecaries.

Servia has asked France and England to protect her against Russia. Cracow does the same.

Parliament was prorogued, by commission, on the twenty-fourth of October until the twelfth of December.

A new splendid steamship, the Cleopatra, has just started on her first trip. Her boilers cost \$100,000; her total cost was \$500,000. The Roscius, the most splendid packet ship ever built in America, only cost \$90,000.

France has sent seventeen ships of the line to sea, and has five left in harbour out of repair.

Captain Campbell, the gentleman who had been appointed to command the British and American Steam Company's new and splendid ship, the President, now building in the dockyard of Messrs. Curlew and Young, Limehouse, died very suddenly.

Government intend to discontinue sending out convicts to Van Diemen's Land; and instead, to encourage emigration to the amount of 10,000 persons annually. Hardened offenders will be sent to Macquarie Harbour.

PENNY POSTAGE.—More than 2,000 proposals from parties competing for the supply of stamps, by a superior method, to be used in the collection of postage, are now lying before the Lords of the Treasury.

The late Duke of Bedford's rent roll was estimated at £250,000 per annum. His Grace received £4,000 per annum as ground landlord of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, and £12,000 per annum as proprietor of Covent Garden market.

REPORTS AT FAULT.—Three reports from London, arrived at Penzance on Tuesday, for the purpose of attending the inquest on the body of Lord Brougham.