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TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

(Continued.)

"True, very true, Mr. Titmouse. Very hard it is, indeed, to bear, and we all felt very deeply for you, and would have set every thing in train—"

"Would have—"

"Yes, my dear Mr. Titmouse, we would have done it, and brought you through every difficulty—over every obstacle."

"Why—you don't—hardly—quite—mean to say you've given it all up?—What, already?" exclaimed Titmouse, in evident alarm.

Gammon had triumphed over Titmouse! who, nothing loth, he brought back, in two minutes' time, into the room which Titmouse had just before so readily quitted. Mr. Quirk and Mr. Snap had their parts yet to perform. They were in the act of locking up desks and drawers, evidently on the sly; and received Mr. Titmouse with an air of cold surprise.

"Mr. Titmouse again!" exclaimed Mr. Quirk, "making his gloves out of his hat. "Back again!—in unexpected honour." Leave any thing behind?" enquired Mr. Snap—"don't see any thing."

"Oh no, sir! No, sir! This gentleman, Mr. Gammon, and I have made it all up, gentlemen! I'm not at all more—not the least!"

"Fazed, Mr. Titmouse!" echoed Mr. Quirk, with an air sternly ironical. "We are under great obligations for your forbearance."

"Oh, come, gentlemen!" said Titmouse, more and more disturbed—"I was too warm, I dare say, and—and I ask your pardon, all of you, gentlemen! I don't say another word, if you'll but buckle to business again—quite exactly in your own way—because you see—"

"It's growing very late," said Mr. Quirk, coldly, and looking at his watch; "however, after that you have said, probably at some future time, then we've leisure to look into the thing—"

Poor Titmouse was ready to drop on his knees, mingled agony and fright.

"May I be allowed to say," interposed the good-natured Mr. Gammon, addressing himself to Mr. Quirk, "that Mr. Titmouse a few minutes ago assured me, outside there, that if you could only be persuaded to let our house take up his case again—"

"I did—I did indeed, gentlemen! so help me!" interrupted Mr. Titmouse, eagerly backing with his hands.

Mr. Quirk drew his hand across his chin, musingly, and soon silently for a few moments, evidently irresolute.

"Well," said he at length, but in a very cold way, "since that is so, probably we may be induced to resume our heavy labours in your behalf; and if you will favour us with a call to-morrow night, at the same hour, we may have, by that time, made up our minds as to the course we shall think it best to adopt."

"Love, sir, I'll be here as the clock strikes, and speak as a mouse; and pray, leave it all your way for the future, gentlemen!"

"Good night, sir—good-night!" exclaimed the others, motioning towards the door.

"Good-night, gentlemen!" said Titmouse, bowing very low, and feeling himself at the same time very bowed out! As he passed out of the room, cast a lingering look at their rigid faces, as they were angels sternly shutting him out from paradise. What misery was his, as he walked slowly homeward, with much the same feelings as that of the fumes of the brandy had ever "rated, at the reaction of excitement was coming—aggravated by a recollection of the desperate check (which he had received) as a sick and troubled man, who, suddenly roused out of a delicious dream, drops down wretched reality, as it were out of a fairy land rich with all its dear innumerable delights in a twinkling overhead into thin air—disappearing forever.

Closest Court had never looked so odious to Titmouse as it did when, harassed and depressed as I have described him, he approached it about one o'clock, A. M. He flung himself on his bed for a moment directly he had shut his door, intending to rise and address; but sleep having got the prostrate, secured her victory. She waved her black wand over him, and he woke not till eight o'clock in the moral day. A second long drawn snore was preparing to follow its predecessor, when he heard it strike eight, and sprang off the bed in a light; for he ought to have been in the shop an hour ago. Dashing a little water into his face, and once staying to wipe it off, he ran down stairs, through the court, and along the street, never stopping till he found his way into—almost the very jaws of the dreaded Tag-rag; who, rarely making appearance till about half past nine, had, as the case would have it, happened to come down an hour and a half earlier than usual, on the only morning out of several hundreds on which Titmouse had been more than ten minutes beyond his time.

"Yours very respectfully, Mr. Titmouse—Thomas Tag-rag," exclaimed that personage, bowing solemnly, bowing formally to his astounded and breathless shopman.

"I—beg your pardon, sir; but I wasn't very well overtook myself," stammered Titmouse.

"Never mind, Mr. Titmouse, never mind—it's much signify," interrupted Tag-rag, bitterly.

"you've just got an hour and a half to take this piece of silk, with my compliments, to Messrs. Shuttle & Weaver, in Dirt Street, Springfield, and ask them if they are ashamed to send it to a West End house like mine, and bring back a better piece instead of it!"

"Very well, sir—but before my breakfast, sir?"

"Did I say a word about breakfast, sir? You heard my orders; and you attend to them or not, Mr. Titmouse, as you please!"

Of treated Titmouse's waiter, without his breakfast; and so Tag-rag gained one object he had in view. Titmouse found this rather trying; a five-mile walk before him, with no inconsiderable load under his arm, having had nothing to eat since the preceding evening, when he had got taken on a delicate repast of thick slices of bread, smeared slightly over with salt butter, and moistened with a most stringent concoction of tea-leaves, sweetened with brown sugar and discoloured with sky-blue milk. He had not even a farthing about him wherewith to buy a penny roll! As he went busily and conscientiously along, so many doubts and fears buzzed impetuously about him, that they completely darkened his little soul, and bewildered his small understanding. Ten Thousand a-Year!—it was never meant for the like of him. He soon worked himself into a conviction that the whole thing was infinitely too good for true; the affair was desperate; it had been all moonshine; for some cunning purpose or another Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap, had been—ah, here he was within a few paces of their residence, the scene of last night's "ragic transactions!" As he passed Suffolk Hill, he paused, looked up towards the blessed abode—

"Where's that old fellow's key-hole?"

uttered a profound sigh and passed slowly on towards smithfield. The words "Quirk, Gammon & Snap," seemed to be written over every window which he passed—their images filled his mind's eye. What could they be at? They had been all very polite and friendly—and of their own seeking; had he affronted them? How coldly and proudly they had parted with him over-night! It was evident that they could stand no nonsense—they were great lawyers; so he must (if they really would allow him to see them again) eat humble pie cheerfully till he had got all that they had to give him. How he dreaded the coming! Perhaps they intended civilly to tell him that they would have nothing more to do with him; they would get the estate for themselves, or some one else that would be more manageable! They had taken care to tell him nothing at all of the nature of his pretensions to this grand fortune. Oh, how crafty they were—they had it all their own way! But what, if they were set by a earnest—his, and so on's—else; and why should he be kept out of them at their will and pleasure? Suppose he were to say he would give them all he was entitled to for £20,000 down, in cash! On no; on a second thought—still, suppose it should really all turn out true—his goodness gracious!—that day two months he might be riding about in his carriage in the Park, and poor devils looking on at him, as he looked on all those who now rode. There he would be, chiding up his head with the best of them instead of slaving about as he was at that moment, carrying about that cursed "in-de-ough" how he shrunk as he changed its position, relieve his aching right arm! Why was his mouth to be stopped—why might he not tell his shopmates? What would he not give for the luxury of telling it to the odious Tag-rag! If he were to do so, Mr. Tag-rag, he was sure, would ask him to dinner the very next Sunday, at his country house at Clapman.—Thoughts such as these occupied his mind, that he did not for a long time observe that he was walking at a rapid rate towards the Mile-end road, having left Whitechapel church nearly half a mile behind him! The possible master of £10,000 a-year fit to drop with fatigue, and sudden apprehension of the storm he should have to encounter when he first saw Mr. Tag-rag after so long an absence. He was detained for a cruel length of time at Messrs. Shuttle & Weaver's, who not having the required quantity of silk at that moment on their premises, had some difficulty in obtaining it, after having sent for it to one or two neighbouring manufacturers; by which means it came to pass that it was two o'clock before Titmouse, completely exhausted and dispirited, changed its position, relieve his aching right arm, and reeking with perspiration, had reentered Douglas & Co's. The gentlemen of the shop had finished their dinners.

"Go up stairs and get your dinner, sir!" exclaimed Tag-rag, imperiously, after having received Messrs. Shuttle & Weaver's message.

Titmouse went up stairs hungry enough, and found himself the sole occupant of the long close-smelling room in which his companion had been dining. His dinner was presently brought to him by a slatternly servant-girl. It was in an uncovered basin, which appeared to contain nothing but the leavings of his companions—a sallowy intermixture of cold potatoes, broken meat, (chiefly bits of fat and gristle,) a little hot water having been thrown over it to make it appear warm and fresh—(fresh!) His plate (with a small pink of salt upon it) had not been cleaned after its recent use, but evidently only hastily smeared over with a greasy towel, as also seemed his knife and fork, which, in their disgusting state, he was fain to put

up with, the table cloth on which he might have wiped them having been removed. A hunch of bread that seemed to have been tossing about in the pan for some days, and half a pint of flat-looking sour-milking table-beer, completed the fare set before him; reposit which he sat for some minutes, too much occupied by his reflections to commence his repast. He was in the act of scooping up of the basin some of its inviting contents, when—"Titmouse!" exclaimed the voice of one of his shopmates peering in at him through the half-opened door. "Mr. Tag-rag wants you. He says you've had plenty of time to finish your dinner!"

"Of, tell him, then, I'm only just beginning my dinner—ugh! such as it is," replied Titmouse, masticating the first mouthful with an appearance of no particular relish—(for to the like of it he had never before sat down since he had been in the honoured house he was then serving.)

In a few minutes' time Mr. Tag-rag himself entered the room stammering—"How much longer, sir, is it your pleasure to spend over your dinner, eh?"

"Not another moment, sir," answered Titmouse, looking with ill-concealed disgust at the savoury victuals before him; "if you'll only allow me a few minutes to go home and buy a penny roll instead of this—"

"Very good, sir! Very sorry—but—lady good, Mr. Titmouse," replied Tag-rag, with ill-simulated fury; "any thing else that I can make a little memorandum against the day of your leaving us?"

To be continued.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

UPPER CANADA.

TUESDAY, Dec. 13th, 1839.

A discussion arose on the Bill brought in by Mr. Boulton, for disqualifying certain persons from being candidates or voting at elections.

Mr. Merritt said that such a bill should never have been introduced into that House; for he looked on it as the most humiliating thing to the people of this Province that ever had been proposed. He hoped it would be disposed of at once, and for this purpose he would move that it be read a second time that day six months.

Mr. Shaver looked upon the bill as a libel on the people of Upper Canada. It assumed that we had liars among us. There possibly might be a few; but supposing that there were, what would a few such persons do among the loyal population of Upper Canada?

Mr. Gamble said there was sufficient evidence that there was such persons in this Province, and he would ask if they should be allowed to vote at our elections? The bill should be allowed to go to a second reading, and then it could be more fully discussed.

Mr. Sherwood would not say at present whether he would support the bill; but he was not in favour of throwing it out. Those persons who had plotted treason, and entered into secret conspiracies against the country, ought not to be allowed to interfere at our elections. There were persons connected with such secret combinations of conspiracy called Hunter's Lodges, in the Province. (Cries of "Where?" in the Newcastle District.)

Mr. Cartwright—And in the Niagara District.

Mr. Thornburn—I call upon Mr. Cartwright, not only as a member of this House, but as a magistrate, to declare the names of the parties.

Mr. Cartwright replied, that it was sworn before him that there was a lodge in St. Catharines. In making that statement he did not wish to impeach the respectability or loyalty of the people of St. Catharines or of the Niagara District, for there were Hunter's Lodges in several other Districts of this Province.

Mr. Parke said there was none in the London District.

Mr. Cartwright believed there were more there than in any other part of the Province. (Hear and laughter.) He could tell the hon. member for one of the ridings in the Niagara District, privately, the name of the person who was the head of the lodge in St. Catharines. (Great cries of "Name him." Hardy, Thomas Hardy was the name. It was also sworn that an attack was to be made on the

Niagara District, and the information received by the government last night confirmed it.

Mr. Merritt denied that any lodge existed in St. Catharines. Hardly did not live there. The perjuries of such individuals as made that affidavit, should not be listened to, and such persons should be taken up and punished.

The characters of the best men in the province were at their mercy, if these tales were listened to in that way. Their object evidently was to set one part of the loyal population against the others, and to create a general distrust. An affidavit was made against one of the oldest magistrates in the Niagara District, a most loyal man, that he belonged to a Hunters' Lodge. He referred to Werner Nelles, father of Capt. Nelles, near St. Catharines, than whom a more loyal and gallant man was not in Her Majesty's Dominions. The Editor of the Coburg Star had put forth a statement in his paper, that he had on oath that he (Mr. Merritt) was among them. The men who would commit such perjuries, would not hesitate to take the oath prescribed in that bill, so that it would not accomplish the object intended.

Mr. Sherwood remarked that the Hon. Member had not stated correctly what the Editor of the Star had said. It was that he had been applied to to take command of the patriot forces. And then asked what reply did you make, Mr. Merritt? And, since the Hon. Member had brought it up, he would give him an opportunity of contradicting it, for he was sure it was not true, by informing him what he had seen on oath, that it was, "As soon as you can convince me that you are strong enough to effect any thing in Upper Canada, I will take command of you."

Mr. Merritt said that it was wholly untrue. (Loud cries of hear, hear, from all parts of the House.) He had received no such communication or proposition, either verbally or by writing, by signs, or in any other way or shape whatever; consequently he could have returned no such answer; that showed again the way such villains as made that oath, might do harm in the country if that Bill was passed. He hoped it would be thrown out almost immediately.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 11.

The House met, and the debate on Mr. Boulton's Bill to disfranchise certain persons was resumed. That question was taken on Mr. Merritt's amendment, to read it a second time this day six months—Yeas 22; Nays 18. Majority for throwing out the bill, 4.

The House proceeded with the motion for an Address to the Governor General, to enquire if he had any instructions as to Responsible Government, &c., and as to the Bill passed last Session of the Imperial Parliament.

The Attorney General asserted on authority that the Bill was not in possession of His Excellency.

Mr. Sherwood contended that the House ought to be in possession of every circumstance connected with the intended Union, before the Resolutions were taken up by the House.

Mr. Merritt said gentlemen were never ready, it was always too early to meet the great question.

Mr. Sherwood moved that the Address be read a second time.

The House went into Committee—Mr. Merritt in the Chair—and the Address was adopted.

The Report was then read a third time and carried.

FRIDAY, Dec. 13.

The House went into Committee on the Resolutions for the Union of the Provinces.

Mr. Cartwright voted for the Union last year with the conditions, because it was the only remedy that remained for us. The learned Attorney General says, we are now made to feel what responsibility is. Yes, but I for one will not shrink from it. When we reflect on what may be the consequences to posterity by the proposed measure; that it may prove to be a black spot in our history, which we shall have reason to regret, it becomes our duty to meet a question like British subjects

Look at the state of Lower Canada, after all