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TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

(Continued.)

As he approached Cumberland Gate, he felt about a quarter to five; and the Park might be said to be at his elbow. As far as that could be indicated by a sluggish stream of carriages, three and four abreast—ornamented panels in abundance—able and well-known equippers of both sexes, a troop—and some thousand pedestrians of the same description. So countless was the throng of carriages and horsemen, that Titmouse did not find the easiest matter in the world to shoot across to the footpaths in the minor circle. That, however, was safely accomplished, encountering no more serious chance than the sudden "D—n your eye!" of a groom, between whom and his master Titmouse had presumed to interfere. What crowd of elegant women, many of them young and beautiful, (who but such, to be sure, would come, or be allowed to come, pedestrians in Park?) he encountered, as he slowly sauntered, all of them obviously adorned by brilliant jewels! Lords and ladies were here manifestly as plentiful as plebeians in Oxford Street. What an enchanting ground! How delicious this soft crush of flutter of attire! Poor Titmouse felt that he was not in his element. Many a sigh of dissatisfaction he heaved; but he stepped along with a jaunty air, looking every body met in his face, and occasionally twirling about a little cane with an air which seemed to say—Whatever opinion you may form of me, I have very good opinion of myself! Indeed, was he as much a man—an Englishman—as the best of us? What was the real difference between him and the Count? Poor Titmouse felt that the Count had dark whiskers, and owned more money than Mr. Titmouse's creditors could persuade to allow him to own! Would to heaven Titmouse had an assistant in an extensive retail and retail establishment in Oxford street, conversant with the qualities and prices of most brilliant articles of female attire! Learning against the railing in a studied attitude, and with a trifling nod, and fashionable squint, with its often lovely, and sometimes haughty smile, as it rolled past him, Mr. Titmouse became more and more convinced that the only real action between mankind was that effected by money. Want of money alone had placed him in a present-day position. Alas! indeed! My dear folk, who were passing him on all sides, he well-dressed as he believed himself to be, he was no more noticed than as if he had been a blue-bottle fly, or a black beetle! He did, and sighed—sighed, and looked—looked again, in a kind of agony of vain longing. While his only day in the week for breathing air, and appearing like a gentleman in the street, was rapidly drawing to a close, and he was being to return to the dog-hole he crawled out of in the morning, and the sheep's rest of the week; and great, and gay, and folk he was looking at, were thinking of going home to dress for their grand dinners, and out every kind of fine amusement for the evening, and that was the most of it! A profound sigh moment a superb cab, with a gentleman in a dress of great elegance, and with a very keen and expulsive countenance, came up with a cab of a very handsome, with splendid mustache; very well-dressed; holding the reins and whip in his hands glistening in straw-colored kid and between the two gentlemen caused a low-toned colloquy, which it were useless that every such sighing simpleton (as he must, I fear, now appear to the reader) are overheard.

"Fitz!" said the former-mentioned gentleman, who blushed scarlet when he heard who had addressed him—"When did you go to town?"

"A night only."

"Employ yourself, I hope?"

"Very well—but I suppose—"

"Try for it," interrupted the first speaker in tone, perceiving the vexation of his companion.

"But can't help it, you know."

"An?"

"Morrow of nine. Moustros sorry for it—said, Fitz, you really must look sharp, and won't go on now longer."

"It is, really?" enquired the other, blushing at that moment kissing his hand to a beautiful girl, who slowly passed him in a carriage—"

"Must it really be, Joe? He is returning towards his companion a pale and begrimed countenance."

"Upon my life. Cage clean, however, and full."

"Not Wednesday?" enquired the man who was speaking with an air of intense eagerness.

"The fact is, I'm engagements at home on Monday and Tuesday night with one family tonight, and I may be in a condition you understand?"

His companion shook his head distrustfully.

"Upon my word and honor as a gentleman, it's the fact!" said the other, in a low vehement tone.

"Then—say Wednesday, nine o'clock, A. M. You understand?"

"No mistake, Fitz?" replied his companion, looking him steadily in the face as he spoke.

"None—honor!"—After a pause—"Who is it?"

His companion took a slip of paper out of his pocket, and on a whisper read it—"Cabs, harness, &c., £107 10s."

"A villain! It's been of only eighteen months' standing," interrupted the other, in an indignant manner.

Between ourselves, he is rather a sharp hand. Then, I'm sorry to say there's a detainer or two I have had a hint of—"

"D—n their souls!" exclaimed the other, with an expression of mingled disgust, vexation, and hatred; and adding, "Wednesday—nine"—drove off, a picture of tranquil enjoyment.

"I need hardly say that he was a fashionable young spendthrift, and the other a sheriff's officer of the first water—the gentlest back that ever was known or heard of—who had been on the look-out for him several days, and with whom the young youngster was doomed to spend some considerable time at a cheerful residence in Chancery Lane, bleeding gold at every pore the while; his only chance of avoiding which was, as he had to travel, an honorable attempt on the purses of two hospitable country cousins, in the meanwhile, at C—n's! And if he did not succeed in that enterprise, so that he must go to cage, he lost the only chance he had for some time of securing an exemption from such annoyance, by entering Parliament to protect the liberties of the people—an eloquent and resolute champion of freedom in trade, religion and every thing else; and an abolitionist of everything, including, especially, negro slavery and imprisonment for debt—two execrable violations of the natural rights of mankind."

But we have, for several minutes, lost sight of the smiling Titmouse.

"Why?" thought he, "am I thus spited by fortune? The only thing she's given me is nothing—D—n every thing!"

He exclaimed Mr. Titmouse aloud, at the same time starting off, to the infinite astonishment of an old peer, who had been for some minutes standing leaning against the railing, close beside him, who was master of a magnificent fortune, "with all appliances and means to boot," with a fine grown-up family, his eldest son and heir having just gained a Double First, and promising wonders; many mansions in different parts of England; exquisite taste and accomplishment; the representative of one of the oldest families in England; but who at that moment loathed everything and everybody, including himself, because the minister had that day intimated to him that he could not give him a vacant riband, for which he had applied, unless he could command two more votes in the Lower House, and which at present he saw no earthly means of doing. Yes, the Earl of Chestnut and Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse were both miserable men; both had been hardly dealt with by fortune; both were greatly to be pitied; and both quitted the Park, about the same time, with a decided misanthropic tendency.

Mr. Titmouse walked along peacefully with a trifling chopfallen and discuss-able air. He almost forgot to give his eyes to his personal appearance. Dress as he would, no one seemed to care a curse for him; and to his momentarily jaundiced eye, he seemed only equipped in second-hand and shabby attire—and then he, as really such a poor devil. Do not let the reader suppose that this was an unusual mood with Mr. Titmouse. No such a thing. Like the Irishman who "married a wife for to make him un-stey?" and also not unlike the moth that still haunts the brightness that is her destruction; so poor Titmouse, Sunday after Sunday, dressed himself out as elaborately as he had done on the present occasion, and then always betook himself to the scene he had just again witnessed, and which once again had excited only those feelings of envy, bitterness, and despair, which I have been describing, and which, on every such occasion, he experienced with, if possible, increased intensity.

What to do with himself till it was time to return to his cheerless lodgings he did not exactly know; so he loitered along at a snail's pace. He stood for some time staring at the passengers, their baggage, the coaches they were ascending, and alighting from, and listening to the strange medley of coachmen's, guards, and porters' vociferations, and passengers' greetings and leave-takings—always as he observed at the White Horse Cellar. Then he passed along till a street row, near the Haymarket, attracted his attention and increased his feelings; for it ended in a regular set-to between two watermen attached to the adjoining coachstand. Here he conceived himself looking on with the easy air of a swell; and the ordinary penalty (paying for his footing) was attempted to be exacted from him; but he had nothing to be picked out of any of his pockets except that under his very nose, and which contained his white handkerchief. This over, he struck into Leicester Square, where, (he was in luck that night), hurrying up to another crowd at the further end, he was proceeding with infinite energy. Mr. Titmouse looked on and listened for two or three

minutes with apparent interest; and then, with a countenance in which pity struggled with contempt, muttered, loud enough to be heard by all near him, "poor devil!" and walked off. He had not proceeded many steps before it occurred to him that a friend—one Robert Huckleback, much shrewder one as himself—lived in one of the narrow, dingy streets in the neighborhood. He determined to take the chance of his being at home, and if so, of spending the remainder of the evening with him. Huckleback's quarters were in the same ambitious proximity to heaven as his own; the only difference being, that they were a trifle cheaper and larger. He answered the door himself, having only the moment before returned from his Sunday's excursion—i. e. the Jack Straw's Castle Tea-Garden, at Highbury, where, in company with several of his friends, he had "spent a jolly afternoon." He ordered in a glass of negus from the adjoining public-house, after some discussion, which ended in an agreement that he should stand treat that night, and Titmouse on the ensuing one. As soon as the negus arrived, accompanied by two Captain's biscuits, which looked so hard and hopeful that they would have made the nerves thrill within the teeth that attempted to masticate them, the candle was lit. Huckleback handed a cigar to his friend; both began to puff away, and chatter pleasantly concerning the many events and scenes of the day.

"Anything stirring in to-day's Flash?" enquired Titmouse, as his eye caught sight of a copy of that able and interesting Sunday newspaper, which Huckleback had hired for the evening from the news-shop on the ground-floor of his lodgings.

"Not stirring, can't say," answered his friend, removing his hand with his right hand, and then, with closed eyes and inflated cheeks, he very slowly ejected the smoke which he had last inhaled, and rose and took down the paper from the shelf.

"Here's a mark of a heavy porter—po't that's been set upon it, by all that's holy! It's been at the public-house! Too bad of Mrs. Coggs to send it me up in this state!" said he, handing it as though it horrid were contamination. "Fugh! how it stinks!"

"What a horrid beast she is!" exclaimed Titmouse, in like manner expelling his mouthful of smoke. "But, since better can't be had, et's better to smoke it, than to have it in the house." "Not stirring, can't say," answered his friend, perusing, in his opinion, the worth reading? Any fight stirring?"

"Have't come to them yet," replied Huckleback, fixing his feet on another chair, and drawing the candle closer to the paper. "It says, by the way, that the Duke of Dunderhead is certainly making up to Mrs. Timps, the rich Nightman's—how precious good that hit, isn't it? You know the Duke as a good one, a rat!"

"Oh! that's no news. It will quite set him up—and no mistake. Seen the Duke, ever?"

"Ye-es! Oh, several times!" This was a lie, and Tittlebat knew that it was.

"D—n a good-looking, I suppose?"

"Why—midding; I should say midding. Know some that need't fear to compare with him—ch! Tittlebat?" and Huckleback winked archly at his friend.

"Ah, ha, ha!—a pretty joke! But come, that's a good chap! You can't be reading both of them at once—give us the other sheet, and set the candle right betwixt us! Come, fair the word!"

Huckleback, as he supposed, did as his friend requested; and the two friends read and smoked for some minutes in silence.

"Well—I shall spell over the advertisements now," said Titmouse; "there's a pretty lot of them—and I've read everything else—precious little there is, here, besides! So, here goes! I may hear of a prime situation, you know—and I'm quick sick of Dowling!"

Another interval of silence ensued. Huckleback was deep in the details of a trial for murder; and Titmouse, after having glanced listlessly over the entertaining first sheet of advertisements, was on the point of laying down his half of the paper, when he suddenly started in his chair, and exclaimed—

"Hollo!—hollo!—Why—"

"What's the matter, Tit?—ch?" enquired Huckleback, greatly astonished.

For a moment Titmouse made no answer, but fixed his eyes intently on the paper, which began to rustle in his trembling hands. What occasioned the eloquent outbreak, with its subsequent agitation, was the following advertisement:—

"NEXT OF KIN—Important—The next of kin, if any such there be, of Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, formerly of Whitehaven, cordwainer, and who died concerning about the year 1793, in London, may hear of something of the certain possible importance to himself, or herself, or themselves, by immediately communicating with Messrs. Spurr, Gammon, and Snap, solicitors, Saffron Hill, St. Dunin's Church, London, on the 11th of December, 1839."

"By George! Here is a go!" exclaimed Huckleback; almost as much flustered.

"We aren't dreaming, Heeky—are we?" enquired Titmouse, his eyes still glued to the newspaper.

"No—by George! Never was either of us fellows so precious wide awake in our lives before! But I'll answer for it, Titmouse was still and silent, and turned very pale.

(To be Continued.)

UPPER CANADA.

TORONTO, Tuesday, Dec. 3rd.

This day, at two o'clock, His Excellency the Governor General, proceeded in State to the Chamber of the Honorable the Legislative Council, where being arrived and seated on the Throne, the Gentleman U-her of the Black Rod was sent with a Message from His Excellency to the House of Assembly, commanding their attendance: the Members present being come up accordingly, His Excellency was pleased to address the two Houses with the following—

SPEECH:

Honourable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council; and, Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

In discharge of the duties of Governor General of British North America, confided to me by our Gracious Sovereign, I have deemed it advisable to take the earliest opportunity of visiting this Province, and of assembling Parliament.

I am commanded by the Queen to assure you of Her Majesty's fixed determination to maintain the connection now subsisting between Her North American Possessions and the United Kingdom, and to exercise the high authority with which She has been invested, by the favour of Divine Providence, for the promotion of their happiness, and the security of Her Dominions.

It is with great satisfaction I can inform you, that I have no grounds for apprehending a recurrence of those aggressions upon our frontier which we had lately to deplore, and which affixed an indelible disgrace on their authors.

If however unforeseen circumstances should again call for exertion, I know from the past, that in the zeal and loyalty of the people of Upper Canada, and in the protection of the Parent State, we possess ample means of defence, and to those I should confidently appeal. I earnestly hope that this state of tranquillity will prove favourable to the consideration of the important matters, to which your attention must be called during the present session.

It will be my duty to bring under your consideration, at the earliest possible moment, the subject of the Legislative Re-union of this Province with Lower Canada—recommended by Her Majesty to the Imperial Parliament. I shall do so in the full confidence that you will see, in the measure in which I shall have to submit, a fresh proof of the deep interest felt by the Queen, in the welfare of Her Subjects in Upper Canada; and that it will receive from you that calm and deliberate consideration, which its importance demands.

The condition of the public departments in the Province, will require your best attention. In compliance with the address of the House of Assembly of last session the Lt. Gov. appointed a commission to investigate and report upon a commission to investigate and report upon the manner in which the duties of those departments are performed. The Commissioners have already conducted their enquiries to an advanced stage, and the result of them will be communicated to you, as they shall be completed.

I am happy to inform you, that Her Majesty's Government have concluded an arrangement for opening a communication by steam, between Great Britain and the British Possessions in North America. In the completion of this arrangement, Her Majesty's Government have allowed no consideration to interfere with the paramount object of conducting to the public advantage and convenience. I feel confident that the liberality with which the Parent State has assumed the whole expense of the undertaking, will be duly appreciated by you.

The answers of Her Majesty to the various Addresses, adopted by you during the last session, and Her Majesty's decisions on the Bills passed by you, but reserved for the consideration of Her Royal pleasure, will be made known to you without less of time.

Gentlemen of the House of Assembly, The Financial condition of the Province will claim your early and most attentive consideration. To preserve public credit, is a