

# THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

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[No. 126

### TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

(Continued.)

"Huck, I'm afraid there's nothing in it," said Titmouse, despondingly, to his friend—both of them remaining rooted to the spot.

"Audacious old trad!" muttered Huckaback, indignantly.

"If there was any thing in it," said Titmouse, with a deep sigh, "they must have made a deal of talk about it in the house; and this old fellow must have heard my name often enough. It ain't no common name is it."

"I own I don't half like the looks of it," replied his friend, putting his newspaper into his pocket again; "but we'll try if we can't write a letter to sound 'em, and so far take the old creature's advice. Here's the public house she told us of. Come, let's see what's to be done."

Titmouse, greatly depressed, followed his friend; and they soon provided themselves with two classes of stork, and implements for writing. That they made good use of their time and materials let the following epistle prove. It was their joint composition, and here is an exact copy of it:—

To Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. "Sir, Your Names being put in an Advertisement in the present Sunday Paper, Newspaper of To-day's date, Mr. T. T. begs to inform your respectable house, I feel anxious to speak with them on this very interesting subject, seeing it mentions the name of Gabriel Titmouse, Newsmaster of To-day's date, and that Deceased Person my own name, which I can any Day (as soon as possible) call and prove to you, by telling you the Name, truly, being Engaged in Business during the week by close, (for the Present, I hope that if they say any thing particular to say to him, they will be to me without the least Delay, and please direct T. T. at Dowlas and Co's, No. 375, Oxford Street, Port, Fall, which will ensure its being taken in by my employers, and any Genas, yours obediently,

TITMUSE.

P. S.—My Friend, that is with me writing to you, (Mr. I short Huckaback,) can prove who I am. Necessitated to do so.

N. B.—Should have no objections to do the Little Thing if any thing suitable Turns up of it.

T. T.

On Sunday Evening, 9th Dec. Forget to say, I am the only Child of my Honored Parents, who died before I knew them in my Wedlock, and was 27 last Birth Day, Now having seen your Advertisement till this date, which I deem necessary to prove to you, his peripatetic and truly elegant performance being thrice subjected to the critical examination of the friends, were first folded up and directed to Messrs. Quirk and Co., a great quantity of paper having been first upon it. It was safely deposited, a few minutes afterwards, the old woman of the house, and then the two children part of the town. Under four different nights did they stop, take out the newspaper, spell over the advertisement; by which ingenious processes they at length succeeded in satisfying themselves that there was something in it. They had, however, with a considerable statement of excitement with which they had set out on their day of discovery.

Titmouse did not, on reaching his room, take any lay aside his precious newspaper, and with accustomed care and deliberation. On the very, he peeled them off, as it were, and threw himself on the bed as quick as possible, in order he might calmly revolve the immense event of it in his mind, which it had agitated like a throw into a stagnant pool by the road-side. How restless was he!—not more so could he been had he lain between horse-hair sheets, repeatedly got up and walked two or three steps, were all that his room admitted of, and then into bed again—but not to sleep, till four o'clock; having nevertheless to rise at half past six, to resume his detested duties at Dowlas & Co's, whose shop he assisted in opening at seven o'clock as usual. When he and his shopmates sitting together at breakfast, he could not bring out a little, vaguely and mysteriously, "something that might happen in the course of the day," and thereby succeeded in satisfying his companions that he expected the visit of a person, for some row he had been concerned in. Well, eight, nine, ten o'clock went by, and nothing transpired, alas! too very notorious days in which Mr. Titmouse was, bade after bade, and package after package, took down and put up again, at the bidding of his captious customers, the silk, satin, bonnet, crapes, muslin, ribands, gloves, he assisted laying and disposing of as usual; but it is that his powerful understanding could not settle itself, as before, upon his responsible duties. Every other minute he cast a furtive glance towards the door. He allowed, at one time, as a postman crossed opposite side of the street, as if to enter—then passing on immediately, however, next door. Not a person in short, e'erward, that he did not scrutinize narrowly, slowly, but in vain. No—buying and selling the order of the day, as usual—eleven struck, and he sighed. "You don't seem

well," said a pretty young woman, to whom, in a somewhat absent manner he was exhibiting and describing the qualities of some cambric. "Oh—yes, uncommon!" he replied; "never wear ma'am when so well employed!" accompanying the latter words with what he conceived to be a very arch, but which was in fact a very impudent look at his fair customer. At that moment, a voice called out to him from the further end of the shop near the door—"Titmouse wanted!"

"Coming!" he shouted, turning as white as the cambric he held in his hands—which became suddenly scold and clanny; while his heart went thump, thump, as he hastily exclaimed to the astonished lady. "Excuse me, ma'am, if you please—Jones," to the shopman next him, "will you attend to this lady, as he has just called, and he had been called, amidst a prevalent grin and "hem," from his companions on either side, as he passed along the shop, till he reached a middle aged gentleman-looking person, standing near the door, and bowed to him.

"Mr. Titmouse?" explained the stranger blandly. "The same, sir, at your service," replied Titmouse, turning slightly and attentively. The stranger slightly inclined towards him; and still more slightly—touched his hat; fixing on him, at the same time, an inquisitive penetrating eye that really abashed him.

"You favored us by leaving a note at our office last night, addressed to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap?" he enquired, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"Yes, sir, hoping it was not?"

"Pray, Mr. Titmouse, can we be alone for five or ten minutes?"

"I—I—don't exactly know, here, sir; I'm afraid against the rules of the house—but I'll look Here is Mr. Tagrag. May I step into the cloak-room with this gentleman for a few minutes, sir?" he continued, addressing his imperious employer, who, with a pen behind the ear, his left hand in his breeches pocket, and his right hand impatiently twiddling about his watch seals, had followed Titmouse, on hearing him enquired for in the manner I have described, and stood at a yard or two distance, eyeing the two with a fussy dissatisfied look, wondering what on earth any one could want with one of his young men.

As Mr. Tagrag will figure a little on our canvas by-and-by, I may as well here give the reader a slight sketch of that gentleman. He was about fifty two years old; a great tyrant in his little way; a compound of ignorance, selfishness, and conceit. He knew nothing on earth except the price of his goods, and how to make the most of his business. He was of middle size, with a tendency to corpulence; and almost invariably wore a black coat and waistcoat, a white neck-handkerchief very firmly tied, and grey trousers. He had a dull, grey eye, with white eyelashes, and no eyebrows; a forehead that seemed athwarted of his face; it retreated so far and so abruptly back from it; his face was pretty deeply pitted with small-pox; his nose or rather comb-like of a nose—consisted of two great nostrils looking at you—as it were, impudently—out of the middle of his face; there was a perfect level space from cheekbone to cheekbone; his whiskers, neatly and closely cut, came in points to each corner of his mouth, which was a very large, shapeless, sensual-looking affair. This may serve, for the present, to give you an idea of the man who had contrived to excite towards himself the hatred and contempt of every body over whom he had any control.

"You know we never allow an, thing of the sort," as his short reply, in a very disagreeable tone. In answer, to the modest request of Titmouse, as above mentioned!

"May I beg the favor of a few minutes private conversation with Mr. Titmouse," said the stranger, politely, "on a matter of the last importance to him? My name, sir, is Gammon, and I am a solicitor."

"Why, sir?" answered Tagrag, somewhat cowed by the calmly and gentlemanly, but at the same time decisive manner of Mr. Gammon—"it's very important, and decidedly against the rules of the house, for any of your young men to be absent on business of their own during my business hours; but—I suppose—what must, must be—I'll give him ten minutes—and he'd better not stay longer," looking significantly at his watch, and then at Titmouse. "It's only for the sake of the other young men, sir. In a large establishment like ours we're obliged, you know, sir," &c. &c. &c. he added, in a low, cringing tone, deprecatory of the contemptuous air with which he felt that Mr. Gammon was regarding him. That gentleman, with a slight bow, and a supercilious smile, presently quitted the shop, accompanied by Titmouse.

"How far do you live from this place, Mr. Titmouse?" he enquired as soon as they had got into the street.

"Not four minutes walk, sir, but—hem!" he was flustered at the idea of showing so eminent a person into his wretched room—"Suppose we were to step into this tavern here, sir—I dare say they've a room at our service—"

"Pray, allow me to ask, Mr. Titmouse—have you any private paper—family writings, or things of that sort, at your rooms?"

"Titmouse seemed considering.

"I—think I have, sir one or two—but they're of no consequence."

"Are you a judge, Mr. Titmouse?" enquired Mr. Gammon, with a smile, "pray let us my dear sir, at once to your rooms—time is very short and valuable. I should vastly like to look at these same insignificant papers of yours!"

In less than two minutes' further time, Mr. Gammon was sitting at Titmouse's little round table, at his lodgings, with a sheet of paper, and his pen and pencil inkstand before him, asking him a number of questions concerning his birth and family connections, and taking down his answers very carefully—perhaps almost word for word—Mr. Titmouse was quite surprised at the knowledge which Mr. Gammon possessed of the family history of the Titmouses. As for papers, &c., Mr. Titmouse succeeded in producing four or five old letters and memoranda from the greatest of the bank, and the fly leaf of a bible of his father's, which he did not recollect having opened before for very many years, and of which said entries, till pressed on the subject by Mr. Gammon, he had been barely even aware of the existence. With these several documents Mr. Gammon was so much struck that he proposed to take them away with him, for better and more leisure examination, and safer custody, in the office; but Mr. Titmouse significantly hinted at his very recent acquaintance with Mr. Gammon, who, he intimated, was at liberty to come and make exact copies of them whenever he pleased, his (Mr. Titmouse's) presence.

"Oh, certainly—yes," replied Mr. Gammon, slightly coloring at the distrust implied by this observation; "I applaud your caution, Mr. Titmouse. By all means keep them, and most carefully; because, (I do not say that they are,) but it is possible, that they may become rather valuable."

"Thank you, sir; and now, hoping you'll excuse me, I should uncommonly like to know what all this means—what is to turn up out of it at all?"

"The law, my dear sir, is proverbially uncertain—"

"Oh, Lor! but the law can give me a hint!"

"The law never hints," interrupted Mr. Gammon, impressively, with a bland smile.

"Well then, how did you come, sir, to know that there was such a person as Mr. Gabriel Titmouse? I suppose he is my great-uncle, and what can come from him if he was only a bit of a shoemaker?"

"Ah, yes—exactly these are very interesting questions—"

"Yes, sir; and them and a great many more I was going to ask long ago, but I saw you were—"

"Sir, I perceive that we have positively been absent from your place on business; only an hour—your employers will be getting rather impatient."

"Meaning no offence sir—both their impatience, I'm impatient, I assure you, to know what all this means—them, please, more openly I have told you every thing."

"Why, certainly, you see, Mr. Titmouse," said Gammon, with an agreeable smile—"it was that friend of his that had been the making of Gammon."

"It is only candid in me to acknowledge that your curiosity is perfectly reasonable; and I see no difficulty in admitting that I have a motive—"

"Yes, sir—and all that—I know, sir," hastily interrupted Titmouse, but without irritating or disturbing the placid speaker.

"And that you see with some anxiety for the result of our advertisement?"

"Ah, you can't escape from that, you know, sir!" interposed Titmouse, with a confident air.

"But it is a maxim with us, my dear sir, never to be premature in any thing, especially when it may be very prejudicial; you've really no idea, my dear Mr. Titmouse, of the world of mischief that is often done by precipitancy in legal matters; and in the present step of the business—the present stage my dear sir—I really do see it necessary not to do any thing premature, and without consulting my partner?"

"Lord, sir!" exclaimed Titmouse, getting more and more irritated and impatient as he reflected on the length of his absence from Dowlas & Co's.

"I quite feel for your anxiety—so perfectly natural."

"Oh, dear sir! if you'd only tell me the least bit—"

"If my dear sir, I were to disclose just now the exact object we had in writing that advertisement in the papers?"

"How did you come to know of it at all sir? Come, there can't be any harm."

"Not the least, my dear sir. It was in the course of business—in the course of business."

"Is it money that's been left me—or—any thing of that sort?"

"It quite pains me, I assure you, Mr. Titmouse—I think by the way"—added Gammon suddenly, as something occurred to him of their previous conversation, which was now forgotten—"I told me that that Bible was given you by your father."

"Oh, yes, sir! yes—no doubt of it; surely that can't signify, seeing he's dead, and I'm his only son!" said Titmouse, quickly and eagerly.

"Oh, yes, it's a circumstance—a mere circumstance; but in business you know Mr. Titmouse, every little helps."

To be continued.

### PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT. UPPER CANADA.

Message from His Excellency the Governor General on the subject of the Union of the Provinces.

TRANSMITTED 7TH DECEMBER, 1839.

C. POULETT THOMSON.  
In pursuance of the intention expressed in his Speech from the Throne, the Governor General desires now to bring under the consideration of the House of Assembly, the subject of the Reunion of this Province with Lower Canada, recommended by Her Majesty in Her Gracious Message to both Houses of Parliament on the 3rd of May last.

For several years the condition of the Canadas has occupied a large portion of the attention of parliament. That they should be contented & prosperous—that the ties which bind them to the Parent State should be strengthened—that their administration should be conducted in accordance with the wishes of the people, is the ardent desire of every British Statesman—and the experience of the last few years amply testifies that the Imperial Parliament has been sparing neither of the time it has devoted to the investigation of their affairs nor of the expenditure it has sanctioned for their protection.

The events which have marked the recent history of Lower Canada, are so familiar to the House of Assembly that it is unnecessary for the Governor-General further to allude to them. There, the Constitution is suspended, and the powers of the Government are inadequate to permit of the enactment of such permanent Laws as are required for the benefit of the people.

Within this Province the finances are deranged—public improvements are suspended—privileges enterprise is checked—the tide of emigration, so essential to the prosperity of the country and to the British connection, has ceased to flow—while by many, the general system of Government is declared to be unsatisfactory.

After the most attentive and anxious consideration of the state of these Provinces, and of the difficulties under which they respectively labour, Her Majesty's Advisers came to the conclusion, that by their Reunion alone could those difficulties be removed. During the last Session of the Imperial Legislature they indeed refrained from pressing immediate legislation, but their hesitation proceeded from no doubt as to the principle of the measure or its necessity. It arose solely from their desire to ascertain more fully the opinions of the Legislature of Upper Canada, and to collect information from which the details might be rendered more satisfactory to the people of both Provinces.

The time then is now arrived beyond which a settlement cannot be postponed. In Lower Canada it is indispensable to afford a safe and practicable return to a Constitutional Government, and so far as the feeling of the inhabitants can be there ascertained the measure of the Reunion meets with approbation.

In Upper Canada it is no less necessary to enable the Province to meet her Financial embarrassments and to proceed in the development of her natural resources. There are evidently no means in this Province of fulfilling the pecuniary obligations which have been contracted but by a great increase in the Local Revenues. But so long as Lower Canada remains under her present form of Government neither Province possesses any power over the only source from which that increase can be drawn. Nor even, were it possible to restore a Representative Constitution to Lower Canada, unaccompanied by the Union, would the position of this province be much improved; since past experience has shewn the difficulty of procuring assent to any alteration of the customs Laws suggested from hence.

This Province has engaged in undertakings, which reflect the highest honour on the enterprise and industry of her inhabitants. The Public works which she has completed or commenced have been conceived in a spirit worthy of a successful result. But additional means are indispensable to avert the ruin of some, and secure the completion of others.—Nor will that