

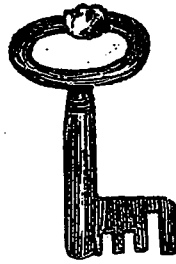
ror struck fellows, gasping and dripping; they ran away swearing I was a bloodless, marrowless, unannealed apparition of a man mermaid. Do you hear that, Dom Blondin? But I dare say you, like "Dom Blake," got well paid for your tom-foolery, while I, who saved a fine province to Britain, have got more kicks than ha'pence.

Enough of this. I am sick of our present system of Colonial rule, and of parties under it, and intend to return no more to the legislature while it lasts. In these letters, however, I shall take care to let the people know what I would have done for them, but for the Browns, the McDoo-Galls, Cartiers, John A.'s *et hoc genus*; and first, here's a speech which I delivered; but to which a corrupt press refused to give publicity:

THE SPEECH.

"MR. SPEAKER—When I came to Canada in the year nineteen, now forty years ago, Mr Speaker, Dr. Strachan was laying his schemes to fatten himself and a hundred other persons by fastening themselves on to the vitals of this country. That was after Waterloo, Mr. Speaker, and before Mr. Hume, whom I met in London when I represented the grievances of Canada in 34, 35 and 36, had carried his reform measures and helped to take the tax off the bread of 30,000,000 of people. When, Mr. Speaker, St. Paul went out to Cappadocia, and left Gamaliel, just as Dr. Strachan left the Dominion of Kettle, did St. Paul fasten himself on to the revenues of the Greeks or the Romans, or did he build a palace of brick in the heart of the city of Athens, and help the Boulton's and the Robinson's of the Grecian capital to rob and plunder the people? Did St. Paul claim a seat in the Upper Chamber of the Athenian Senate, and make a grab at fifty-seven rectories?

Upon my sincerity, Mr. Speaker, it's a strange world. When I remember, Mr. Speaker, Provost Rough o' Dundee, and an excellent man he was, a *tailented* manufacturer of gloves—when I remember him, Mr. Speaker—before the Reform Bill was thocht possible—struggling Sir, with a handful of other reformers, to get the people stirred up to their rights, and when you and I, Mr. Speaker, read the story of William Tell and William Wallace, there's some room for hope yet, although I'm free to confess we have a precious bad lot to deal with. There's the Hon. Postmaster General for instance, Mr. Speaker. There he sits smiling (hear, hear, from Mr. Smith), smiling Sir, as if he thought there never was anything so comical as my yellow wig. Little cares the honorable gentleman, Mr. Speaker, with his bags on his back and his nine thousand yearly in his pocket—for reform. His family have been loud on the people's side in their time; but now they've got place, what care they for the people, unless it be to join a tawdry Orange procession, as I'm told the honorable gentleman does when he's at home. Oh! Mr. Speaker, how I hate



The Key of the Padlock found on Church Street.

your fair weather reformers, but my hatred seems to do little good or ill to them. The honorable gentleman sits smiling and content, just like his neighbor there at the head of the Upper Canada Law, and, Mr. Speaker, a *tailanted* man *he* is; but sadly does he throw away his powers, and grasp at his place along with his French brethren, who used to carry guns when they wanted reform, and bawled like bulls of Bashan, till they got pensions from Downing Street, at the instance o' Lord Durham and Poulette Thompson. That's the Government of this country, Mr. Speaker, and upon my sincerity isn't it a precious sham? Seven thousand years ago, Mr. Speaker, and that was long before your Penitentiary was built, they had a primitive state of things, and men were ashamed to be dishonest and greedy, and to plunder like your Strachan's and Bethune's, and the over-fed priests of the Episcopalian tribe, who grabbed the best portion of the lands of Upper Canada before a single plank was laid down for a side walk in this city, Mr. Speaker; and here we are in the year of grace 1858, paying four and five shillings in the pound to keep up a set of hungry officials like your Gurnetts and your Dalys, because they were useful to the Tory faction in former days, and now must be fed, and well fed they are, at the expense of the people. Are they any better in France, Mr. Speaker? England has two hundred millions to govern in India. Does she govern them any better than the Heads and Elgins she sends here to govern us? Twofifths of China has been for nine years in a state of insurrection, and at the Crimean war thousands fell, because their rulers quarrelled.—Does the world improve? and will this Province not repudiate its debts as they do in Mississippi and Mexico? Where is the money to come from? Will your Inspector General get it from Collector Spence—a fine specimen of a sleek official is that collector. If he had lived in Naples he would have been on the government side and against the people; and yet we bear all this Mr. Speaker, because as long as Downing Street governs us, and Europe is constantly threatened with wars, how are we to be better governed? The poor cringing creatures from Lower Canada, whom I helped in former times, what better are they now that they have got place? are they more honest? Why do they tax us to pay for their farms? Why do they put Collector Spence in an office at the back of a high desk to fleece

and burden our merchants? Can this last Mr. Speaker? Did the Boston merchants stand it ninety years ago, before you or I was born, Mr. Speaker? Did they submit to *their* Spences? More than three thousand years ago Nebuchadnezar's kingdom was taken from him, because he drank wine at the expense of an over-taxed people, and what was the consequence? He had to go and eat grass like the beasts of the field, and the nails on his fingers grew like eagle's claws. Are the Strachans and Heads any better? Is Europe not in a blaze? and who protects your fisheries in the Gulf from the French? Will Sir Knight Tache of Windsor fight for you? A peoples' prosperity Mr. Speaker, is seen in their industry. But where's your industry Sir? Do you manufacture anything but knaves? Ten bushels of wheat to the acre—falling prices—and starvation in the County of Bruce, make fine prospects for a contented, happy and loyal population! The Sepoys in India refused to handle grease; what was the consequence? Did England take away the grease and give them butter? No, Mr. Speaker, and with your ten millions paid to the Grand Trunk what return do you get? a host of Government officials and more Government paper needed. Upon my sincerity Mr. Speaker, Lot would have found as few companions in Toronto as he did in his own municipality.—Seven millions of people in Naples cry out for liberty; do they get it? I find no improvement, and if we depend entirely on borrowing in England, can there be any improvement here more than in Naples or Mexico?

I was once younger than I am, Mr. Speaker, and as we grow wiser we get more experience. Can an extravagant people be happy? What became of the Philistines and the Hittites? Their Custom Houses and their Grand Trunks didn't save them—and why is that sly and sleek Caledonian, Lord Elgin, sent to open up Japan? Do they want to make another Canada of it—to make places for their Greys and Russells, and Cannings, and Bruces? The people of Japan are happy—will it improve them to give them a Hincks and a Grand Trunk? I doubt it, after forty years of public life—I doubt it much Mr. Speaker, and if I speak as I do Sir, it is because I belong to neither one side nor tother, and am content to leave office to place-hunters."

Here I sat down and watched the effects—but I fear its no use talking. I am willing, however, as the people seem to wish it, to remain quietly in harness, and next week I shall say something more about Europe—the Browns—Doo-Galls, and Dissolution of the Union. For the present then farewell.

A word about the War. Austria's army with all its fixings, likewise that of the French, take up much room in Italy just now. Grey and Baldi backs the French. Q Sooth is Hungary. Walker and I had agreed to go to Europe together, but now he tells me he has married a rich young widow in Mexico. I shall remain neutral till the war is over—hear that Dom Louis—then I shall go to Europe.—*See my Message, June 10.*