

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.

TO WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE, the fomenter of discord; and the promoter of bloodshed in 1837; the repentant Apostle of peace and good will in 1849.

MY DEAR MACKENZIE,



ET me have a few quiet words with you on behalf of the people of Canada who have vested in me the right of poking my long nose into other people's affairs, when such affairs are of public interest. For the welfare of my clients I would I could see into your heart: it must have been afflicted with disease, ay, foul disease! Has adversity effected a cure? Is your heart sound now? These are questions, my dear Mackenzie, that must be answered ere the people whom you misled will give you a chance of doing so again. For them many excuses may be urged, for you none. You are neither ignorant

nor imbecile. You were the Satan of the Rebellion, the greatest and the most hateful of the evil spirits of '37: you are sagacious, adventurous, and intrepid: you possess talents which should exalt you amongst your fellow-men: but I fear they are debased by low-cunning and dishonesty. I say I fear this. I hope not. We are commanded to forgive those who trespass against us even as we would be forgiven. The people of Canada have forgiven you: but you must give better evidence than you have done as yet, of a repentant spirit and a changed mind before they again take you into their service. Your recent letters published in the *Examiner* have been rather too self-satisfied; too vain glorious; have partaken too much of the character of injured innocence rather than of the tone which should pervade them, that of humbled guiltness, to be very satisfactory. Before confidence can be extended to you, you must obtain toleration. Before you can obtain toleration you must read an ample recantation of your errors; you must confess your crimes; you must evince contrition: and this must be done openly and before the people: having done this, having satisfied your judges of your penitence, and having received absolution, you will still have for years to undergo the penalty of contumely and distrust.

I will now draw your attention to one act of yours, which if shame still retains her blush in your composition will dye your cheeks scarlet. I mean the act of writing the *Caroline Almanack and American Freeman's Chronicle* for 1839. Rochester, N. Y. *Mackenzie's Gazette Office*. In which you wrote as follows: Page 8, January 5th, 1839.—*Von Schoultz's murder sanctioned by the BLOODY QUEEN OF ENGLAND.*

Page 13.—*All these murders of the virtuous Canadians are urged on by the BLOODY QUEEN OF ENGLAND: WHO IS AS KEEN FOR SPILLING CANADIAN BLOOD AS HER MAD OLD GRANDFATHER GEORGE III.*

What a perverted mind, what a malignant heart must have been yours, my dear Mackenzie, when you could indite such words: and deliberately cause them to be printed. With what Devil's pen did you correct the proofs? You must cleanse yourself from this foul blot on your humanity: you must plead that disappointment and revenge had deranged your intellect—had made you mad. In humiliation and with humbleness you must sue for pardon at the footstool of the gracious Queen whom you so foully slandered; you must in penitence ask forgiveness of the subjects of that Queen and swear on the altar of your country, that your future life shall be passed in faithfully serving her and them. If failing to do this the people of Canada take you into their confidence, they will receive a sacrament of infamy and a baptism of disgrace.

Do this and you may yet live to atone and to be honoured of all men: you may assist in working out the regeneration of Canada: you may be a saviour where you have been a destroyer: a blessing where you have been a curse. An exile from the land of your birth and from the country of your adoption: denied the privilege of remaining a subject of the Queen you had reviled; forbidden to share in the liberty of those institutions you had so misunderstood and contemned: you have dwelt in the boasted land of freedom, the Almighty Republic of the United States. You have

discovered the hollowness of their mis-called liberty. You have experienced the real tyranny of an unbridled Democracy. You can foresee the desolation and carnage which yet awaits that doomed Republic, when the Demon of Anarchy, who is now skulking through the land, concealing himself in bar-rooms armed with bowie-knives and revolvers, and experimentalizing with Philadelphia, riots, Astor place murders, Southern butcheries and Speaker's elections—shall arise to reap his harvest, seeing that the seed he has sown has ripened.

Your experience may prevent this Demon's pestilential march through Canada: you may assist in staying the annexation plague which has broken out and which is but the messenger he sends to prepare the way before him. But before the people of Canada will accept even this benefit from your hands, you must convince them that you are a changed man.

I am, my dear Mackenzie,

Yours most devotedly,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

PUNCH'S PEPYS' DIARY.

25th December, 1887.—Being Xmas day, to ye church of St. Thomas, which old Tom Molson did build in former days, naming it after himself. There a sermon from the Reverend Mr. Gugg, whom I did know a lawyer before the troubles, and a Colonel of Militia, but ordained now, for the cause ye church do pay well. Much tears from the preacher, who in smooth language denounced ye humbugs and impostors of our day. One Dutton as parish clerk, giving the responses in a nasal twang, and do mangle the English tongue much, though once a schoolmaster. Afterwards to dinner with Tom Molson, the founder of ye church, where wags have said he do expect to find his bier when called away—his being a mighty brewer of strong ale. Much marvel there, to see how folk have forgotten the good old ways of Merrie England; and my wife, not being very discreet, did give much offence I fear, by saying that ye pumpkin-pie had less of Xmas jollity about it than ye plum-pudding—of which they had none. I too, did much regret the misletoe bough, and the freedom of ye pretty damsels beneath it, which made Xmas so merry of old, but dare not tell my wife, so sat by and twirled my thumbs to the music of ye Tully Polka, a new-fangled measure, but graceful from the hands of a pretty lady who played it, and with whom I did fill my eyes. The conservatory very grand, where saw a tobacco tree growing in a tub, and was shewn a mignonette-box full of a strange vegetable which they called plantation eigers, but to my mind a sort of cabbage. Away very early, and melancholy to think of what I had seen; but my wife would have me go to J. R. Dolly's, where had a good brimming cup of ye fine old wassail, and the smell of plum-pudding did make me cry. Dolly glad to talk of old times and the drinking of old Tom, for which they did found ye Shakspeare Club. But blasphemed much at hearing of ye pork and beans and ye pumpkin-pie at honest Tom Molson's, for which my wife did reprove him, and would take no excuse but a measure of red wine mulled, which J. R. glad to make, so to escape censure. Home by midnight, and to read a chapter in an old book called ye Sketch-Book, the work of one Washington Irving, an American too, but methinks savours more of plum-pudding than of pumpkin-pie. And so made out our Xmas, and to bed, thankful that it was no worse.

STOP! STOP!! STOP!!!

TO CABINET MAKERS.—The Earl of Elgin's Cabinet having been much damaged in the journey to Toronto, artists are requested to tender their advice (gratis) respecting the best mode of repairing it. A private inspection may be had of the fractured article by applying at Government House. His Excellency has no objection to experimentalizing on its renovation, as he is not afraid it can be worse than it is. Indeed, he rather wishes for a radical change. There are legs and drawers enough left, but it is greatly deficient in the upright portions. His Excellency is not particular as to the materials to be employed in the repair, provided it be made strong enough to secure his Lordship's savings, which are considerable. Tenders to be sent in to Mr. Attorney General Baldwin. N. B.—W. L. Mackenzie need not apply.