

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS,—No. 3.

TO WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE.

Accident (and men frequently owe much to accident) threw in my way a publication, the title of which is this,

THE
CAROLINE ALMANACK
 AND
AMERICAN FREEMAN'S CHRONICLE
 For 1840.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
 MACKENZIE'S GAZETTE OFFICE.

You William Lyon Mackenzie, are the author of this spirited publication. It is an emanation from your noble and philosophic mind. I beg to call your attention to the following quotations:—

"Page 8. January 5th, 1839. Von Schoultz's Murder sanctioned by the bloody Queen of England."

"Page 13. January 18, 1837." After enumerating the execution of several worthy rebels, you make this high minded remark:

"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."

How dignified in you, my dear William, to insult the dead—to scoff at and malign a young and innocent girl (her being a Queen does not heighten the moral obliquity), and a poor old blind man (for Kings are men), stricken by the hand of the ALMIGHTY. It was a thought worthy of you, and only such as you. False to your neighbour; false to your Queen, and false to your God. Breaking the bonds of friendship; violating your oath of allegiance, how could you be expected to keep His commandments. In your whining letter to the *Herald* you declare you did not murder. I believe you. The man who possessed the moral cowardice to write the brutal words printed in the "Caroline Almanack," must lack the physical courage openly to do a deed of blood. But He says "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL! Does that feeble instinct which such animals as you call conscience acquit you of that crime? of course not. Under your hand in the letter alluded to, you deny being a murderer; but you make no attempt to contradict the assertion that you are a thief, and you were right. To the catalogue of your many virtues you had no wish to add the designation of liar, the term has become Parliamentary, or, I should apologise for its use.

In your speculations, to use an euphonious term, you seem to have had a partiality for letters, as one of "the oldest editors in Canada," perhaps this was natural. You first tried your hand at the *Upper Canada Mail*, and then when bread was put into your rebel mouth by a sympathising government, like a cur, "you bit the hand you lately fawned upon." You abstracted from your office private correspondence, and used your stolen goods as the means of dishonourable gain. A traitor to your Queen; you could not be true even to your once much-loved Republic. And now you are come back, my dear William; professing to have cast off your old skin. You are still the same reptile but your sting is gone—your venom is discharged. This may be so. But I fear you yet have the germs of the self-same poison; that you are still in possession of the self-same subtilty; that you are still the self-same grovelling, creeping thing you were. You will make nothing by coming back, my dear William; you bolted like the dishonest lodger with his landlord's spoons; there is no hope for you; you are the thief and housebreaker advertised in the *Hue and Cry*; you have been hooted and pelted; society has voted you a nuisance; you have been turned upon the wide world as a huge ulcerous thing, at which honesty stops its nose. Can ten years have cleansed the foul sore? Ten years passed in alternately flattering and bullying the sympathising Republic? I think not, my dear William; you may be sweetened by delicious perfumes; you may be redolent of Maccassar Oil; rich in soft and scented soap; you may cringe and smile and place your hand where you dream you have a heart, and weep crocodile tears. But all will avail you nothing. You are unclean and must depart from amongst us. You must pay the penalty of evil; you were wicked and heartless enough to write in cold blood, the paragraphs quoted from the "Caroline

Almanack;" you must have no abiding place amongst the subjects of that Queen you have brutally insulted and mocked.

"This even handed justice commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice to our own lips"

I remain, dear William,

Your Obedient Servant,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

GREEN-HOUSE DISSERTATION.

Canada has always been called a cold country, yet the productions of milder climates flourish here even in winter. The Canadian ladies were ever remarkable for their taste for flowers, and the windows of their houses are usually embellished by them.

Of the truth of these remarks, one could be convinced by taking a walk down Notre Dame-Street, when he will be sure to see



A BEAUTIFUL SNOW-DROP,

and occasionally meet with



A COWSLIP.

Blue belles on a cold day are numerous, and for Tu-lips, Canada is not to be surpassed.

Punch thinks very little of the display at the Hot House in the Legislative buildings, which certainly has no claims to be called a conservatory.

The Passion flower grows and flourishes there to admiration; not that it produces any flowers, but it grows high, and sometimes threatens to come to a blow. Of flowers of Rhetoric, there are few. The plants are evidently neglected, and require weeding and pruning. Some are dry and seedy; others, especially those in cups and pots, appear drenched with heavy wet. Some seem to have been fumigated with tobacco-smoke, and have a radically-rank smell. One new and curious plant called Rebellion Claims, is undergoing the process of forcing. It is placed near a Fountain, and great heat used in bringing it forward; but having no root, it must bear rotten fruit. Mace is raised there in great bulk. It is said to be excellent in preserving, as it effectually saved two queer fish the other day, who were in a nasty pickle.

The nursery men in this establishment should be discharged, as although they have appointed one man as speaker; they appear to be all talkers and no workers; their habits are evidently dissolute, and Punch is of opinion that the best thing which could happen to the establishment would be to wind up the affairs and come to a dissolution.