

To the Friends of Canadian Independence.

What are our prospects as a Colonial Dependency, for July 1859? Are they improving? Have my predictions and warnings proved true or false? Were the remedies I proposed from week to week (since 1850,) real or visionary? Do the times mend? Are we equally prosperous with our free and enterprising neighbors? Do we see our path any clearer yet toward an era of good government, and its usual results, wealth and comfort? Have our provincial elections, our ~~EF~~ union ~~of~~ parliaments, our crazy or crazy governors, and our weak ministries—1st, Draper, Daly, Day and Killaly—next, Ogden, Hincks, & Co.—then Sherwood, Hincks, Ogden and Draper—after them Sullivan, Morin, Hincks and Killaly—and again, Draper, Cayley, Morris and Daly, followed by Sherwood, John A. Macdonald, and W. B. Robinson—then Lafontaine, Morin, and Hincks—next, Hincks, Morin, Drummond and John Ross—afterwards Macnab, Cauchon, Cayley, Lemieux and Chabot—and lastly, Macdonald, Cartier, Drummond and Lemieux, succeeded by Cartier & Co.; have they bettered our condition; have they not rather cheated, undermined, and deceived us?

The WEEKLY MESSAGE can't be spared just yet. It believes in party when united upon great and good principles—it despises the Canadian ins and outs, and their leaders worst of all, for their vile scrambles about office, always the badge of sycophancy and shabbiness in a Colony like ours. It will hold on steadily for a year, and its editor has a right to ask your prompt, energetic and efficient aid in extending his influence thro' its circulation.

What's the picture like! Tens of thousands of our very best citizens and most desirable settlers are fast emigrating to other lands—either removing the means they have or driven away by want, poverty and starvation—hopeless, as they may well be, of the future of such a divided, spiritless people as we surely are. The Tories in England are out, and Palmerston and the Whigs in. What care they for us, except it be to hire us out to some needy noble or blackleg railway jobber, like a farm held on shares? In many parts of Canada, people are starving for want of food, or the means to buy food! Many persons even in Toronto have not a shilling to pay for a loaf of bread or a meal of victuals for their miserable families; beggars throng our streets; and it was only on Friday week that a very respectable inhabitant of Toronto, who had vainly tried for years to get employment of any kind, or at any price; when asked by his wife for money to buy the humblest morsel of food for his four children's dinner, as they were faint for lack of aliment, sick with hunger, perishing in the midst of official plenty, kissed his babes, borrowed a neighbor's gun, and in a fit of hopeless despair blew his brains out. We pay our legislators \$6 a day for plundering us; hosts of idle officials eat up our substance, as the locusts did in Pharaoh's time.

Whigs and Tories, alternately in power, despise our pluckless servility, while leasing us out to their needy underlings, like so many Sepoys or Coolies. Bankers and brokers squeeze the very last dollar from distress and embarrassment, thro' extortion and usury; land is unsaleable as a means of payment of debt; law costs are fearfully accumulating; the licensed harpies of the profession know no limit to their extortions; one Mr. Gamble, a pampered Toronto dealer has just broken down—the third of that family within a short time—owing, I hear, about \$80,000 to the Bank of Upper Canada, \$50,000 to the Bank of B. N. America, \$40,000 to other banks, and unable with all the "facilities," to keep upon his legs in those times. Editors, Legislators, Barristers, go to banks for "facilities," and sell their tongues, pens, and votes to those who thus enslave them. You are my bankers, and no politician ever drew money more moderately than I have done from you.

Do you no longer need the MESSAGE? Is well fixed truth not to be boldly told? What have you imported turkey-neck governors and peddling parliaments over done for you? Didn't Pedlars double Pedlars' tariff of taxation? And didn't *Napoleons* Hincks double Draper's? And didn't Cayley double Hincks's, and then Hincks double Cayley's again, and Cayley play *Gitto* once more, and, lastly, did not *Amazons* Galt step in and give the taxing machinery one more terrible squeeze. And won't he get a governorship from Penn for so doing?

Instead of \$20,000 a year paid for stores at the port of Toronto in 1858, Shippery Spence boasts that he will draw \$250,000 out of our pockets in 1859. Instead of \$14,000 which earned the first Toronto city government thro' in 1834, Wilson & Co. will netfall to extract \$354,000 in 1859. Montreal seems almost ready for insurrection against her greedy leeches of tax-gatherers.

OVERSEER HEAD is preparing to depart with his heavy bag of spoils, while his cabal and their fool-swallowing legislature are shaking off to the shoulder region of Quebec. Never before were Molasses, Tea, Coffee, and American Cottons so dear. Never before would people less mean to pay for them. The Frenchmen, after 100 years of British rule, can neither read nor write. Sir E. Head, but they should learn their A. B. C., to impose the heaviest tax on imported books on this continent.

Then as to our Crops. Last year the Wheat Crop was a failure. IS THERE NO RISK OF A PARTIAL FAILURE THIS YEAR? Where are our Home Manufacturers? Where's the wealth the Usury Law hoped was to bring us? Where's the rich and enterprising Railroads we lauded and expected? Aren't they off to the States? Where's the money wherewith to pay principal or interest on the eighty millions of dollars we ate due in Europe on railway debt, public debt, loan debt, city, county, and all other sorts of debt? Where?

Even our postage are thrice as high as those of America—distance considered. I hear of many other failures besides Gamble's. What's to be done about them? Here you hopes from a change of Governors! Do you look with confidence to a new Legislature, to assemble far away, at Quebec? The Governor that may come next, will soon send his beggarly fortress out of your sight and money; and if you grumble too loud he'll pocket your phantoms constitution, and hang and shoot and banish and imprison you by the thousand, just as Arthur and Colborne did. As for our Colonial Legislature—they are costly nests of meanish birds—dangle, rocking with perjury and ingratitude—the very scum and dregs of God's creation. Place no trust in the swashbucklers they cherish. It were folly.



But for the Press, and our near neighborhood to the United States, we Canadians would be oppressed and trampled on, worse even than are the miserable people of Austrian Italy.

—The *Journal Times*, London, is a horrible and revolting thing; but it has been reserved for Austria to show the world that that which the indifference of mankind allows to pass for peace may be yet more horrible and more revolting. The present war would have been impossible if Austria had been as intelligent as Italy were not afraid that death on the battlefield is better than being in a trench. Austria has been at war with London and Venice for the last ten years. She has not been pained halter, for the people were obviously dissatisfied. But the Emperor has treated his people as enemies, and demanded obedience and even sacrifice in return. It being an object of French jealousy, and we should to go here and as a person politically appeared, the emperor was then you would be absorbed into a service you desire, in which explicitly from the emperor's words may have been with effect. With nearly one day's preparation you would be modified with soldiers, and sent to serve in Hungary. If you had sufficient information to the government, and government time, you might avoid this fate, and be able to.

—Messrs. Galt, Holton, DeWitt, Belyth, Clarkson, Rose, Nelson, & Co. told you the truth in 1849. Independence is our only remedy—the power is wanted of freeing our institutions, choosing all magistrates, and entering into such alliances or confederacies as may be for our permanent interest. With our debt and government, an angel would fail to secure general prosperity.

The drudgery of a political press I have ever hated, and 36 years' experience tells me how very hard it is to uphold in a colony, by subscription, a free, outspoken, really useful newspaper, speaking the sentiments of an honest, uncorrupted citizen. — To work for nothing and God yourself! is no sport to industry. Of late I have written but little, having secured my readers not to look for further issues. But evil times are upon us, and then the press only can be of service, therefore still I take hold of the *Messenger*, and issue regularly for the next twelve months. Flowers fade if not watered. Those who think that my experience may be of service, and have little faith in our political institutions are invited to converse with these circles, and thus increase my circulation.

—WAS IT RIGHT, in 1827, in advising resistance to the Alien Bill? RIGHT in 1828, on the reserves question and Canada's land policy? RIGHT in opposing the Loan Fund loan, the reformers deserted me to a man? RIGHT in moving year by year the repeal of the union, the opposition plumed themselves, and Frenchified officials always voted no down? RIGHT in voting against excessive taxation? RIGHT in striving for economy? RIGHT in meeting the waste of millions upon papal and Protestant state priests, and upon the maintenance of Frenchmen's farms from households into freeholds? And when the legislature became a sink of iniquity was I not RIGHT in refusing it? These denunciations of the inhabitants of Toronto, chiefly mechanics, have left it within a month, mostly for the United States; and the proposition to the whole population, here left Colborne, Lord Elgin, an Colonial Secretary, will be made to feel the terrible effects of his political conduct while here; but for Canada there is a glorious future, if her people prove true to one another, and cease to exult in a second time in those who may have once betrayed them.

I regret that I chose, whose 40 years since in the distant dependency of a power beyond the Atlantic, instead of settling in an independent English speaking State of the great republic, as the English, German, Irish and Scotch are now doing; but at my age where else on earth than among Canadians could I now find myself at home?

Weekly Messenger office, Toronto, June 19, 1852.

W. L. MACKENZIE.

PARTICULARS.

Those who are really friendly to my views on questions of Government, will be pleased to remember, that after no man in Canada has suffered more and longer for the cause of freedom, as been more true and faithful to Canada's best interests, I will have to contend with the severity of the law, the severity of the more bigoted portion of the Quakers, and the hostility of government officials, the secret enemies of peace having hypocrites wearing the garb of patriotism, the prejudice of that numerous, selfish, superficial class, who do not reason or reflect, the Master class, who will sell justice by subterfuge, and add on any credit for underhand men, and the collection of money that the *Messenger* has at times been forced to beg. These considerations will doubtless in some measure retard the activity of my friends in circulating the subscription list, to the extent of which the current season is very unfavourable. I need not record that recent meetings are being held here, at Glasgow, &c., to consider relative to repeal revolt. Those who attend them may find kindred spirits in those they least expect. Open, steady discussion is, I think, more for the world—and it will, I trust, prove more so in the just cause in which I have so long and so ardently been engaged.

In the midst of banks, brokers, government expenditure, law courts, wealthy capitalists, and a free country, Toronto is now in great misery. I foresee the worst of things, when my name was mentioned last year as a candidate for re-election to the mayor's office, and so stated. Thousands of residents of this city are literally starving, as is a vast of great poverty, where we have large railways, a fine harbor, and much abundance in the hands of a few. It is not so in this season in Albany, Troy, Rochester, Buffalo, Brooklyn or New York. Last Monday, one unemployed, homeless negro, Mr. Wilson resided the City Council of the distress prevalent among our mechanics and laborers, and he might have added others who are reduced to half of their necessities. He said that it was not merely a country, it was a country of destitution, which had to be avoided here. The prospects of WINTER, had been disappointed; our citizens were now suffering more, real hardship than they did even in winter. He could not be the mayor in allowing that about one half of our population, laborers, clerks, accountants and clerks were wholly without employment, or the abject means of daily subsistence, and it was just as far removed from true economy, as from sound morality to hoard while starvation stalks in the face every where, and because the lives of our people against any such addition which may be made to our debt.

It is not at all that this, then, that my journal should be usually spoken, and the political disease and its remedy carefully considered? Is more sympathetic law complete on population is means in the proper risk and the distance. In certain parts of Canada, the law delights in perpetrating the crimes of society, leaving the poor to beg or starve.—M.

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