

the consequences of touching pitch—feeling a full conviction that I shall thus lend a hand to remove from my fellow citizens, the disgraceful pitch mark of being the “French Canadian’s cat’s paws,” a name by which, if not now removed, the Bath flock will be known all over the world! And now my humble friends, when the few remaining Roebuckites try to scare you with the bugbear cry of “Tory,” “Cat’s paws” will be your just retort.*

I will only here allude to Mr. Roebuck’s laughable repetition of the charge that Protestants wished to usurp the throne for the Duke of Cumberland from our gracious Queen—a Queen whose youthful virtues add a tender and paternal devotion to the loyalty which ever lives in truly British hearts. I will only allude to that ridiculous falsehood, with which the “big beggarman” failed to impose even upon the cabin starvelings whom his cruelty as *middleman* grinds to powder—I will only allude to it to remind you of the hypocrisy of the French Canadian hireling—yes! *he* who has so repeatedly declared that “in the present state of Europe the Kingly office is no longer necessary”—this man, whose republican efforts operate towards destroying the Kingly power, this man, whose laughable small envy against nobility which he knows that he has no merit even to *approach*, makes him gnaw and squeal against the adamant rock of the House of Peers, that bulwark of British liberty—yes! he, whose efforts tend to destroy the religion of this Christian country, and by withdrawing her from the shadow of the Most High, to blot her from the book of nations, and thus sate the malice of her enemies—

* Napoleon justly sneered at the dignified ignorance of the French loyalists, as to the value of a *nomme de guerre*.