

the whole family of my native city which I do covet, I call not public.) It is Mr. Roebuck's conduct, as a public man, which is the question; Mr. Roebuck's public conduct is public coin, and I, as a devoted and disinterested friend to my native city, and as one of the electors amongst whom he tries to pass current, I have a right to expose the counterfeit and coloured *tester*, I have a right to nail it to your counters and to throw it out of circulation, a right which nothing but death shall hinder me from exercising for the good of my fellow creatures, for whose sake I should rejoice in any sacrifice of self. The French American agent has heard little of British spirit and endurance, if he thinks to quell it with despicable insult or threats of any kind; in me, he shall have one proof of his ignorance and mistake; for if instead of his attempt to libel the long dead he could rob *me* of fame, of fortune, and of life itself—through life I should be cheered on to renewed exertions, and in death I should be more than recompensed by the glorious thought, that my sacrifice had contributed to save my country. But the viper's fangs have already found that they have attempted to bite a file, against the indignant rows of whose generous countrymen they are breaking themselves to pieces! Yes! the justice and good feeling of Englishmen will forget politics which cause but a temporary interruption to the unanimity between us, and they will stand by their countryman against any foreign mercenary.

In the same contradictory and poisonous mixture Mr. Roebuck promises forsooth that Mr. Bruges, and Lord Powerscourt, "if they please shall meet no treatment to complain of," and then in a few lines below, he performs this promise by a most palpable calumny upon the good,