

agent, that he thought the late administration more liberal than that, and would not have so treated him, &c. Upon that another London paper observes "Roebuck is always boasting of his being the accredited agent of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada," and then gives a curious list of Roebuck's said masters, *Mons. Papineau*, &c. &c. It is thus sufficiently proved that Roebuck *was* and *is* the paid agent of the French faction in Lower Canada, and that even now, by his own admission at last, though denied at first. Mr. Roebuck next boasts of being "the representative of"—what?—of Bath?—oh, no!—but of half a million of Americans! and he makes that boast to an assembly of his unfortunate dupes who had all this time been snoring under the *vision* of the "honourable gentleman" being *their* representative! No wonder that even *he* had conscience enough not to revile me for terring him the *incubus* of our city! In making the false attack upon an ancestor of mine whom I never saw—when hyæna-like, Mr. Roebuck scratched up the bones of the long dead, and set up his howl over them, he did so for two unworthy purposes—the one, to sneak away from the sun of truth which he felt was withering up his snailly efforts; the other was to plunder me of your good opinion and to destroy the usefulness of my disinterested, though very humble, efforts, to serve you. I have blown up the first motive—I soon will spring the second. Supposing then, that it had been true that some ancestor of mine was as described by Mr. Roebuck, pray what could that have to do with me, or you, or him? If a worthy ancestor cannot excuse degenerate descendants, are innocent descendants to be for ever charged with the wickedness of an ancestor? No!—any one, but a