

of having one of my inexperienced speeches made the chief topic of the only Roebuck meeting which had then been held in public,—that it would have so ruffled its sweet propriety, and still less that none of my various statements would have met with even the attempt at an answer. But in this instance, with the tact of a scuttle-fish, feeling himself detected, Mr. Roebuck makes a vain attempt to escape in an inky cloud with which he tries to blacken all around him; but “it won’t do,” the steady tide of truth dissipates the stain, and the wriggling animal stands confest again. The only one of all my topics to which Mr. Roebuck alludes, is that of his *being the paid agent of the French Canadians*. Does he bring any proof in contradiction? No!—but stung to madness with the truth which he could not confute, he attempts to impose upon your good sense and good feeling by an effusion of venom the real argument of which is this—“it is a broad foul insinuation” to say that he is the paid agent of the French Canadians—because,—what do you think?—because, as he falsely asserts, an ancestor of mine was paid by the French also! In the next sentence he fully admits that he is, after all, the paid agent of the French Canadians, and says that it is right he should be so—Why?—because, forsooth, Burke was a paid agent too! I think that there are few amongst my most untutored friends that could not argue better than that wonderful logician! He had, moreover, never attempted to deny that fact since June, 1835, when, as the newspapers reported, “*Mr. Roebuck stated in the House of Commons that he was the agent appointed from the Assembly of Lower Canada, and complained that the noble Lord at the head of the Colonial department had required him to produce his authority as*