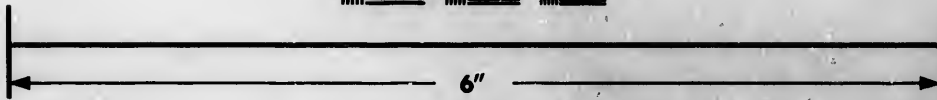
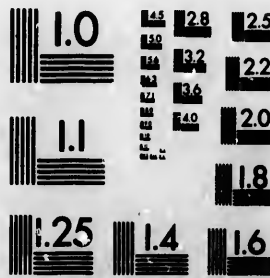


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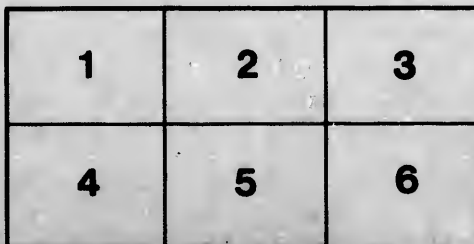
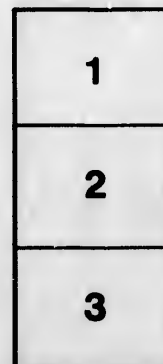
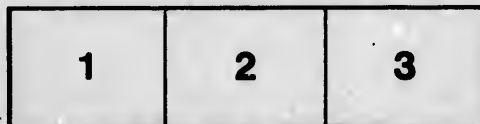
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ADDRESS

TO

THE CITIZENS OF BATH,

BY

SIR W. S. R. COCKBURN, BART.

**IN REFERENCE TO A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE
GUILDHALL, ON THE 25TH OF JUNE.**

BATH.

**JOHN BARNES GARDINER, PRINTER, 21, SOUTH STREET,
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.**

June 1857.

Printed and Sold by the University Press.

AN
ADDRESS

TO

THE CITIZENS OF BATH,

BY

SIR W. S. R. COCKBURN, BART.

IN REFERENCE TO A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE
GUILDHALL, ON THE 29TH OF JUNE.

SECOND THOUSAND.

BATH:

HENRY EDMUND CARRINGTON, PRINTER, ST. JAMES STREET
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JULY, 1837.

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TO THE WORTHY CITIZENS OF BATH.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS,

It has ever been my rule not to utter in private an opinion which I would not boldly avow in public, and it was thus that I took care that all concerned should know what I said at the meeting of the 15th of June, every word of which was, as the event has shewn, too true to be denied. I of course expected that my reminding you of facts so often proved since Mr. Roebuck first crawled into notice, would lead to an attempt on his part again to cloud those truths from your view by one of those shallow *talks* which contain the least possible truth and sense in the greatest possible quantity of words : * but I little expected the real honour

* From those "talks" by the bye, as well as from most other precious articles written and spoken against the true disinterested friends of the people and of our country, if you do but extract the cant words, "Tory" and "people," which occur in almost every sentence, you take all the plums out of the Roebuckite pudding. The name Conservative, however, well includes all those who laying aside ancient petty differences still wish to preserve the religion and constitution of England, and it may well serve to distinguish them from those who wish to destroy both.

The ancient contest between Whig and Tory, was all very pretty as a sham fight, when as the fable goes, the hungry fox-bloodsuckers tried to raise the hedgehog indignation of the people against their honest Tory leeches, who contented with their own, only drew for the people's use, as much of their substance as was good for the people's health ; it was then pretty enough for those Foxites to raise such charges, in order that they might dislodge the honest leeches and appease their own hunger ; but the people of England, the unfortunate victims of whig-radicals, must now either bleed to death under their rapscity and mismanagement, or be saved by their former faithful friends.

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*

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

Yankee, would consider it their misfortune, and not a fault, for which they could be accountable to God or man. Thus, even this case, *had* it been true, could not have impaired my hope to retain your kind regard.*

And now the experience of my whole life assures me that I may appeal to your manly English feeling to judge between me, your fellow citizen, and the interloper Roebuck; between the son of one who devoted the best years of his valuable life to your service, and the obscure nominee of the stranger Hume; between me, whose family for the fourth generation are living amongst you, and the foreign Roebuck who has used *your* seat to obtain large pay from a foreign faction, without doing you even the poor justice to devote one shilling of it to your advantage! †

It is possible that even Mr. Roebuck's ancestry may not be entirely impregnable—but no! I leave such “sweet,” such generous, such logical “revenge,” to Mr. Roebuck! Only incidentally defending myself, I am more than content with an occasion that allows me thus publicly to lend a helping hand to rescue my fellow-citizens from the greatest degradation and injury that is suffered by any British people! Again, could Mr. Roebuck prove me, myself, as black as he would now rejoice to make me, pray what would it concern the point in question? It is not *I* who am courting, or ever hope to court, the merely public favour, (for the favour of

* A false charge affecting ourselves alone, deserves our mere contempt, but that which is intended to injure other innocent persons through us, may well deserve our indignation. Though Britons used to love a fair fight between man and man, they ever abhorred the true Yankee system of gouging the defenceless, or of attacking the unwary from behind a dead man's body

† Is it not clear, that the attention of *your* representative should first be given to the benefit and prosperity of *your* city? Though certainly it ought not to *end* there, “Charity should *begin* at home”

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,

the noble, the liberally benevolent, the universally beloved Powerscourts, whose splendid munificence and unpretending acts of benevolence to all around them, without distinction of creed or party, would fill volumes; of them, the slanderer dares to say, "Grand would be the day when the Powerscourts should be rated at their true value, and when they would be no longer able to ride over Ireland with fetlocks steeped in blood" ! He then threatens all who shall dare to oppose him with— what do you think? why with the most wondrous vengeance of *his* sting ! He may, however, be assured that when such as he escape the notice of punishment, it is only for the same reason that the noble hound turns with disgust and contempt, from the vermin polecat. Learnedly trust that those who have that feeling will not be disturbed from that dignified contempt, but for myself, it is my opinion, that the friends of our country have stood too much upon their dignities, and that it is not fair upon our humble friends to allow every lying adventurer to pervert the truth, because, forsooth, *he* is beneath our notice. In my eyes, the good opinion of the humblest of my fellow men is of high value, nor shall any chance of unjust injury impede my efforts to retain it. What ! shall the Samaritan fear defilement when assisting the wounded stranger ? Our country has a wound that no milk-and-water gentility will heal ! When the murderous tomahawk of the American Indian is at our doors, it is no time for the elegance of a lady's archery.* I, therefore, am content even to incur

* And those must indeed be strange friends of religion, and of the constitution of their country, who, in a crisis like this, would either openly support the enemies of both, or who would more basely, because more timidly, league with them by holding back. Though Solon's law that justly punished those miscreants of the neuter gender is, unfortunately, not yet the law of England, their punishment in a just contempt for such timidity and selfishness, is nevertheless as a written law in the heart of every genuine Briton.

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 adamantine 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*.

this man, whose measures tend to rob the poor workman of his only day of rest and refreshment, and instead of leaving him free, with his loved wife and little ones around him, to worship God in his temples or to praise him in his refreshing breeze and verdant fields,—this man, whose measures leave it open (under the present penalty of only five shillings,) to any Republican tyrant like himself to work the operative to death by denying him his Sabbath's rest*—Yes! Roebuck, that doats on the new patent mill for grinding the helpless poor, Roebuck, whose New Poor Law Bill, has told the widow and the orphan that they may starve unless they consent to be torn asunder even in the midst of their deepest sorrows—Roebuck, who has thereby told the faithful couple who after toiling on together through life's long journey find themselves at the last stage reduced to unavoidable penury—he that has thus told them to starve or be divorced in their last hours—Roebuck, who would destroy all the glorious liberties of England; yes! he! has the audacity, the hypocrisy to insult you by saying, “Now what is the end we! have in view? we! endeavour to secure for you that which your gracious Queen wishes you to have. She has told you, mounted on that high eminence, nurtured as she was in the true principles of the British Constitution, she wishes for the civil and religious liberties of all her subjects.”!!

Now my friends when the same hypocrisy led Mr. Roebuck to intrude himself into the procession

*We all know that if the Christian religion had its due influence upon the hearts of men, there would be no need of any human legislation, and that even natural benevolence would prevent many from making the poor work on a Sunday, but as it is, there is as much need for the legislature to enforce the Sabbath commandment, as that against murder or any of the rest which the Holy one came to fulfil. The Bath petition and my letter, signed R. C., thereon, in the Bath Chronicle, 30th March, 1837, fully prove our wish, by such a measure, to protect the poor.

for proclaiming her gracious Majesty on the 26th of June, you properly showed that you were not so to be gulled, and you rewarded that hypocrisy by returning a dead silence to the several single attempts made to raise the cuckoo cry of "Roebuck for ever." That hypocrisy will not avail him now with even the least intelligent amongst you, nor will the similar hypocrisy of the slaves of O'Connell, (of which Roebuck's is but a miserable copy) be received in any other light than an insult, by that adored and gracious Queen who has nobly declared, "Educated in England under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, *I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the Constitution of my native Country. It will be my unceasing study to maintain the Reformed Religion, as by law established,* securing (mark ! her Majesty justly says "securing," not "creating" what does not already exist) at the same time to all the full enjoyment of religious *liberty* ; and I shall *steadily protect* (not with agitation destroy) the rights and promote to the utmost of my power the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects." Again our young and gracious Queen says in her answer to the address of the House of Commons, "*It shall be the study of my life to preserve the liberties, to promote the welfare and to maintain undiminished the ancient glory of my people.*" Declarations which annihilate the destructive's hopes within him, however great may be the noise and smoke he makes. This same Roebuck asserts that Conservatives "let the poor take care of themselves," whilst he is, forsooth their friend—let the universal poor of Bath—of Britain—decide between them !

And now, my fellow-citizens, I must recur once more to my unworthy self—but for the last time, in writing, during this election contest, for

although no calumny that can be trumped up against me could concern this public question, I shall confidently refer you, again and again, to this address and to my speech of the 15th of June, of both of which I shall take care that you shall have a plentiful supply. Without, then, troubling the public with what does not concern it, by a further reference to one long dead—to one, whom the testimony of the noblest and most distinguished men of the day, voluntarily supported against a base and interested public and private conspiracy, and proved to be one of the bravest and most meritorious veterans that ever disciplined the worthless young officer, and was the poor soldier's friend—that ever bled himself to save his country. It is enough here to state, that Mr. Roebuck's assertion respecting him, is untrue. And, lastly, as to another mean attempt made formerly, to prejudice my name in your eyes, by the insinuation of my family being pensioners and placemen, I may say that none of *my* family ever have received, or would receive, a pension, or a job place of any kind—which is more than can be said by some Radicals, whose mouths are shut to all but quiet scandal, for fear of losing their whole pension-property—it is more than can be said by Mr. Roebuck, the French Canadian placeman! Whilst, for myself—having no earthly wish unsatisfied, no selfish interest to serve, and fearing neither man nor demon, I can now devote myself to no better hope for my country and my fellow-citizens, than to lend my hearty aid to wipe off from my country's senate and my native city, the signal disgrace and injury of having a foreign mercenary amongst them. Turning next to me, the French Canadian agent asks, with another curious specimen of English, as well as logic (probably *Mounseer Papineau and Co.* do not

teach such nonsense!) "Can this man boast of half a dozen unpaid, unswilled, *unwashed!* supporters?" Now I beg leave to tell that *asker*, that although he may think it a crime, *I have many washed* supporters, as well as many worthy ones not quite so familiar with water as they might be—but that, if it was put to disinterested *ballot* between us, of the *whole* population of Bath, I should not be surprised to find a thousand in my box, for every one in his. When he *talks* of what *he* has done up in London! some could tell what *has been done* in Bath for those who had found Mr. Roebuck's promises rather windy food! Whilst it is only for Pharisees to boast of their own efforts, I may be here permitted, at least to say—that if I have ever intentionally injured man, woman, or child, amongst my fellow citizens, let him now stand up in judgment against me—If I have ever yet left a single tradesman*—or have ever treated one individual differently, because he differed with me in politics or religion, let him bear witness against me. But—if, indeed, in merely public affairs, I over-zealously espouse what my disinterested conscience tells me is best for my fellow men—if any of the expressions of my inexperienced addresses may have seemed (unintentionally on my part) too strong, and too general, when I had one offender against this city, and the public enemies of my country generally in my view, *Englishmen* will forgive him whom they know wishes but their welfare. Yes! when I behold amongst you the many aged that have looked kindly on me from infancy—your little ones that have

* Although *I* have *f* born to do so, through the private friendship that I feel for *every* fellow-citizen, I am not prepared to dispute the general principle of some who feel themselves not justified to lend their helping means and countenance to those whom they think will use them to destroy every thing that they hold dearest as Britons and as Christians.

grown up around me—and my friendly coteremporaries of every class and of every party—I feel that I have thousands of parents, and brothers, and children amongst you, whose hearts will do me justice. And whilst I thus feel nothing but good will towards all Mr. Roebuck's, I think, mistaken supporters, I shall desire nothing better than an opportunity of convincing himself, the *private individual*, that I forgive his attempt to inflict upon me a private injury.

Yes! as in a late glorious instance of your friendship and noble conduct when my family and property were endangered by the flames, all classes and all parties vied with each other to save and to restore them, and entirely succeeded, I feel now that the same generous feeling in this worse incendiarism will rescue me and your other fellow citizens. Whilst for my humble self I thus rely on your justice and sympathy; instead of the usual anonymous method of address, I may be excused for openly, as your long known friend, thus appealing to you in the sacred cause of your God and your country. Christians! whether Roman Catholics, Dissenters, or Churchmen! I conjure you not to mock your solemn professions, not to injure the general cause of religion by voting for Roebuck as *your representative*. —By all your love of country as Britons, by all your respect for religion as Christians, by your regard and humanity for this otherwise ruined city and its inhabitants, that look to you to save them —Electors! I conjure you, not sacrilegiously to belie all and each of those noble feelings by voting for Roebuck, the French Canadian placeman! but support the truly independent Bruges—the *truly noble* Powerscourt—who will not *profess* but *be* the true friends of your country and your city!

Britons of all political shades ! I conjure you to vote for *any* independent Briton rather than for the French Canadian agent, even if you prefer a republic to our ancient Constitution, but *you* who think that the glorious fabric of our Constitution, which has required ages to build up, is not to be replaced by the shallow brains of every political adventurer, *you* who value the *true* civil and religious liberties, the unprecedented glory and prosperity which have flourished under the shadow of that Constitution ; *you* who love its poor man's Church, that bulwark of Christianity and its just balance of power, which is the admiration of the world, *you, you* will give your hearty support to the truly liberal because truly constitutional

BRUGES AND POWERSCOURT.

Severe illness has somewhat delayed this address, which I now conclude, with assuring you that I feel more, if possible, than ever your *devoted* friend and fellow citizen,

W. S. R. COCKBURN.

July 5th, 1837.

