

first been pursued; that the whole business had been brought into ridicule; that those then present, they themselves—chairman, promoters, speakers—were all the objects of public scorn and derision. The thing wanted—what must be insisted on before going further—was, a motion for “a name, a home, and a fund.” The gentleman, thus relieved of his burden of thought and speech, produced an adverse effect; there were painful glances interchanged, some thinking that the truth was not far absent even if strangely rendered, others believing that the bubble was approaching its true and legitimate end, and some were evidently determined to appease the storm which was thus raised. It might have been policy to tone away the asperities felt towards Mr. Beaumont, the most miserable of offenders; but was it prudent for one speaker after another to hurry towards the *dénouement*, to carry his resolutions, to praise him as their leader, to follow him into the wilderness, and in the end make themselves scapegoats for his transgressions?

Thus was the end approached. The programme adopted was greeted by the originators of the movement as a lucky means of escape, and made the basis of future proceedings. There were hurry and confusion in beginning the meetings; there were the same scenes in closing them. The only practical point laid down failed in its object, for I believe it is a fact that the committee have never met for real business. One of the proposed members has seceded, another contemplates returning to the Colonies, and the so-called “Emigration League” has been virtually superseded by a new and stronger candidate for public favour.