

publication, there came from almost every Colony unquestionable signs that the agitation was not even "plausible or attractive;" that instead of it being "preceded by a change in public opinion," it had outrun the bounds of prudence or expectation; that it was far from being "productive of lasting benefit;" that, in fact, disloyalty, mischief, and disaffection were being attempted, alien alike to the temper and genius of the great English community. These points, in fact, were developed during a brief interval in the meetings allowed for the Christmas holidays. The result was a meagre attendance at the sixth meeting: few of the more prominent characters were present except Mr. Wilson; so that a field day was allowed to minor celebrities, who made good use of their opportunities, and who really cropped up in tolerable profusion. The precedence was again, of course, in Mr. Beaumont's favour, who became positively prolix, tiresome, verbose—never more full of reiteration "hammered on the ear"—until he must have convinced himself that he had a new audience who knew not the Beaumont of earlier meetings, who never before had listened to his arguments or followed his elaborate eloquence. An hour or more of oration, and his resolutions were fairly launched. But, to the consternation of those present, there then sounded from the end of the room occupied by the chairman, and the *crème de la crème*, a voice shrill, loud, and startling; raised in the highest key, by one ready to burst at every vein, and subject to no ordinary excitement. He maintained that all the meetings had been a farce; that a wrong method had from the