

Possibly, if a more moderate man had been selected from among his confreres as leader, a more satisfactory result might have been the outcome. But MacKenzie could not and would not be restrained. Each expulsion from the House rendered him more bitter and more daring; while at the same time he still retained the leadership of his party.

The calling of this particular meeting had a special object in view. It was for the revision of a declaratory address which had been drafted by himself and accepted by his supporters during the previous year. Five men were gathered together in that little room, each one a study in himself, as with closed doors and grave faces they lent themselves to their work.

MacKenzie, slight in build, with massive head; keen, twinkling eyes and diminutive person, but endowed with resistless energy, was evidently the leader of that little band of men, as he laid down the law before them.

"You remember the first two principles of our declaration," he commenced, looking piercingly into each face in succession, after they had gathered round the table: "1st. That we should sustain the British Constitution in its purity; and 2nd, that we should also continue our connection with the parent state. This was but a reasonable preamble, gentlemen; and one that we were all ready to endorse, other things being equal; but it is impossible to continue to endorse it, for the reason that the Family Compact, the oligarchy that rules our Province, has got us by the