

the altar of the Confederation, as the only garlanded victim that can appease the wrath of the gods, this picturesque and productive Island?

To be serious: here is a man of undoubted intelligence, of peculiar shrewdness, and, as every body must admit, a clever man of business withal—a man whose predominating prejudice against the contemplated Union of the Colonies, refused, for a long time, to listen to reason or remonstrance on the subject—who, in the fervor of his zeal and the firmness of his purpose, did not hesitate to risk the tenure of office, or, in the contingency of a change in public sentiment, the forfeiture of the confidence of his constituency.

We now behold this same gentleman, with a valuable stake in the country, and unchanged in his intention to link the fortunes of himself and his family with its *future*, coming forward to refute his own arguments, and to counteract the regretted influence of those views to which he previously gave all the sanction of his influential example and all the weight of his uncompromising advocacy. How happens it, I ask, that a change so decided has come over the spirit of his dream?

The problem is one of no difficult solution. He has, since then, been brought into contact with minds of comprehensive grasp and far-seeing penetration. Collision, by eliciting brighter and broader views of the whole subject, in all its affinities and connections, has resulted in coalescence; and honest conviction and the love of his