

CHAPTER VI.

MAD MADGE'S SONGS.

MACKENZIE'S brow was clouded when he parted with his confreres that afternoon. He had toiled hard. Night and day had he labored. He had devoted his efforts and exhausted his means in a cause that, with all the faith of his Scottish nature, he believed to be in every sense just; yet he knew in his soul that the support he received from these men was only half-hearted. Once let his own back weaken, the cause would be gone. He was one of those men for whom two and two could only make four. From a given hundred, subtract a hundred, and nothing could be left. Grant a people representatives, but deny them the right of decision upon their deliberations—the gift could only be a mockery and a farce—high treason of the crown against the subject. There could be no half-way course. The little leaven could not leaven the lump. Justice must be full and immediate. There could be no here a little and there a little; no gradual concession of rights and privileges; no slow development of freedom; but justice must come at once. A Briton's rights were God-given and divine; and if not granted when persistently and loyally asked for, they must be taken by force, no matter what the cost. If an unjust tax upon tea was sufficient to secure one young