

in preferring present gains to the general good, is to end in driving thousands away to exile or to death. Let it teach them also this lesson, that the stupidity or bigotry of its rulers has in Ireland from year to year depopulated a country at once the most fertile and industrious in the world. Russia has her knout and frozen Siberia; France her Cayenne, with its fierce heats and almost certain death; Piedmont her crowded prisons, putrid with filth and fever; but surely England must have in Ireland evils more terrible still that can serve to affright a whole nation from its landmarks and drive them to seek a home in every wilderness, however dark and dismal, of the earth. But this deplorable state of things is not without hope. With Lord Fermoy, in 1861, estimating the total taxation of Ireland at £3,000,000, or 25 per cent. on the total rental; with Mr. Gladstone acknowledging a loss to the farming class in three years in Ireland of 26,960,000 (nearly one-third of the total value of the agricultural produce of Ireland; with a Parliamentary Blue Book proving a taxation of nearly £600,000, levied in a Catholic country to pay for the spiritual wants of less than 700,000 Protestants and aliens—it cannot be but that Englishmen, solid though they be, will begin, ere long, to feel the overwhelming disgrace entailed upon them before mankind by their bigotry and insular Government of Ireland.

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### "HORÆ INANES" OR THE OMNIBUS GATHERUM.

A dialogue de omnibus rebus between Preceptor and Discipulus.

Discipulus—How do you reconcile, most worthy Preceptor, the theories of our modern pathologists concerning intoxication, with the doctrines of our Holy Religion; Are not the conclusions of these worthies at variance with our accepted notions of the sinfulness of drunkenness?

Preceptor—Explain yourself I pray most erudite discipulus.

Dis.—The researches of modern pathologists go to prove that drunkenness is a disease. But if a disease, how can it be a vice? And if not a vice, how can the poor drunkard be any more held answerable before a just God, for his drunkenness, than the fever patient for the ravings of his delirium?

Pre.—Beware, most beloved Discipulus, of the delusive arguments of a false philosophy. Accept not its deductions until they have been fully tried. To the hot blood of youth novelties—liberalisms in science as in politics—are ever attractive. Man is a poor slave in infancy—a hot-headed liberal in youth, and a cautious conservative in manhood and old age. Youth is ever prone to run after novelties wherever presented; it is in fact but carrying the butterfly chasings of our boyhood into a later age. Of one thing rest assured—that Science and Revelation can no more clash than can the eternal truths of God, which in reality they are. For what is Science, but the embodiment of the laws of God with relation to mind and matter, as Revelation is the embodiment of God's laws with reference to the spirit. Hence so long as truth is one, these laws cannot clash. They may perhaps for a time appear, in very sooth, to clash, but the fault is in our defective intellects, not in their objective truth. It is our false notions of Science that are to blame, not that Science itself. And be assured moreover that it is on the side of Science only that this confusion can arise; for it will not do with the Essays and Reviews to make Revelation retreat a step, and take refuge in the miserable subterfuge, "that it is our ideas of Revelation that are wrong." This sort of argument may do very well for a human church, but will not do for that divine Church which has Christ with it always, even to the consummation of the world. There is no development in the divine commission to teach. That commission was given in its fulness to the Apostles, and is continued in that fulness until now. It is to-day, what it was yesterday, and what it will be to-morrow. It can no more alter or develop itself, than can the revelation, which it is divinely appointed to explain or teach. Hence a Catholic need have no fear for revelation, or for the teaching of his Church. They are and must be true, or God's word has failed; and if the brain-wanderings of petty men are found at times at variance with that teaching, it is because these brain-wanderings are indeed erratic, and without a guide to preserve them on the track.

But to look to your objection. There is a speculation about these anti-religious arguments of your modern philosophy, which is apt to stagger the undisciplined scholar, but which the veteran logician will not fail to discover at first sight. There is a confusion in your minor. "But if a disease, how can it be a vice?" That the vice of drunkenness is as much as it is a disease, is not culpable before God, may be granted without detriment to the teachings of Holy Church; but in as much as it is a voluntary weakening, or even destroying if you wish, of free will by indulgence, it is like any other bad habit, a vice, and therefore amenable to the chastisements of God. The ravings of a fever

patient are culpable, like the fever itself, when that fever has been brought about by repeated acts of self-indulgence. So also with that degrading disease—syphilis. The disease itself is not a sin—except in as much as it is the result and effect of impurity. Purely as a disease—which is merely an abnormal state of the constitution—it is not culpable; but in as much as it is an unhealthy state, brought on by voluntary acts which, in their nature, are contrary to the laws of God, it is culpable.

But let us look to the pathology of drunkenness, in order the better to understand the objection, and in fact to find therein its own refutation. And here at the very threshold of our investigation we are met with the strife of parties—a fact in itself sufficiently significant for the Catholic student, and one which might save him all further trouble in the controversy. Gentlemen, he might say, you disagree upon facts; how therefore do you expect us to accept your conclusions? When you become agreed as to facts, it will be our duty to discuss your conclusions. Then, and not until then, can we acknowledge you as belligerents.

The action of stimulants upon the human body is twofold—their action on the tissues and their action on the nervous system. As to their action on the tissues, the immortal Liebig thirty years ago declared alcohol to be a heat producing food. M. Lallemand now declares (and his declaration is endorsed by Dr. E. Smith and others) "L'alcool n'est pas un aliment" (Alcohol is not a food) again with reference to their action on the nervous system, it is contended by some, that all stimulants, even in moderate doses, have an ultimate depressing influence—that as in the waves of the sea their depression below the line of perfect repose is equal to their exaltation above that line, so that the subsequent depression of stimulants is in exact proportion to their previous exaltation. Others again contend (and both sides are maintained by right reverend and worthy authorities) that although in moderate doses no such depressive influence exists. Amidst this strife of parties, the Catholic student has naught to do but abide the issue.

But it is in their action on the brain that lies the apparent anti-religious objection, and which furnishes its most perfect refutation. It is well known to pathologists, that there are certain acts of the brain, which depend upon sensation, and which do not involve any higher faculties of the thought or will. Thus laughter when produced by tickling, and tears when produced by pain, are the effects of sensation received by the brain, and immediately reflected to the muscles of the face and diaphragm, in the case of laughter, and to the glands of the eye in the case of tears without any perceptible action of the thought or will; which actions might perhaps be called acts of insanity, since insanity is all that is done without the government of reason. Amongst this class it is argued is the insanity of drunkenness. By a continual indulgence, the taste or even the sight of liquor becomes all powerful, and brings on its accustomed or mechanical act, while the will is almost asleep. Now in that little word "almost" the moral theologian will perceive the whole gist of the question as far as he is concerned. That in all sins of habit the will has been rendered almost asleep, he knew long before the pathologist had discovered the reflex action of the brain; but all this does not render the crime less sinful, but on the contrary except when the will is fighting against its sluggishness, it only increases the crime. Hence if this habit of drunkenness be an insanity, it is a voluntary (because brought on by repeated voluntary acts) insanity, and therefore a crime and therefore amenable to the judgments of a just Judge.

Dis.—I see now clearly, most learned preceptor, that this objection is but a disingenuous play upon words, and that in as far as drunkenness is an insanity, it has been brought about by acts that at first must have been perfectly voluntary and which in fact never fully lost their volition, and that therefore it is what Catholic moralists have always held it to be—a sin.

SACERDOS.

On Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi, the zealous and pious Catholics of St. Mary's parish, Williamstown (Glengarry), had the inexpressible happiness of making a solemn and public procession of the most holy Sacrament in their prettily situated village. The weather was most favorable.

A little before noon the procession, headed by the Cross-bearer and Acholytes, began to move. Immediately after the Cross came the sanctuary boys, then the female portion of the congregation, followed by the men and boys, all walking four abreast; and finally twelve little girls in white, strewing the way with flowers, and boys offering incense to the Holy of Holies, which was borne by our priests beneath a rich canopy of cloth of gold, carried by six gentlemen of the parish, preceded by six children with torches, and supported on each side by three other gentlemen bearing beautiful Gothic lanterns.

Six arches, at stated intervals, spanned the road over which deigned to pass the Saviour of the

world, and which was most tastefully decorated with evergreens for the occasion. Two superb repositories were erected on the way, from which Benediction was given.

About half-past one o'clock, the procession entered the church. Nearly two thousand persons were present, among whom were a goodly number of our separated brethren, who conducted themselves in the most respectful manner, many of them uncovring when the Most Holy Sacrament passed. Indeed, everything was conducted in the most satisfactory manner, and will doubtless be an inducement to our priest to repeat again this most edifying ceremony, so pleasing to the parishioners at large.—*Communicated.*

### THE OLD ELM TREE.

(Written for the True Witness.)

I fled at noon from the haunts of men,  
To a wooded calm retreat,  
Rejoicing that far away was left  
The din of the crowded street.  
As 'neath an old, old tree I sat,  
Methought there was rustling round—  
Anon, a sighing and whispering,  
That yet was not human sound.

I turned to a little cottage white,  
But no sign of life could see;  
The sun's rays flickered in gladsome play,  
On the grass 'neath the old elm tree.  
Then far above amidst the thick green boughs,  
Did a plaintive, soft voice speak;  
It told of the scenes of by-gone days,  
Of the strong arm 'gainst the weak.

Of battles dart, that its youth had seen—  
Now hiding behind its trunk,  
The leopard, oft to his deadly aim,  
Bre his hapless victim sunk,  
Of the Indian village standing near;  
Of the massive, carved oak door;  
Now 'neath its branches the warriors wooed,  
And their warlike plans were laid.

Now, ere the foot of the pale-faced man,  
Had trod on the soil we see;  
The Huron had sought its wide-spreading shade,  
And made it his resting tree.  
It spoke of festivals its vigor knew;  
Of a line of long-robed men,  
Bearing aloft the banner Cross,  
And a hymn it chanted then.

It moaned as sighed by a gentle wind,  
Came names of the dead and gone;  
The young, the brave, and the lightsome heart,  
The aged, whose tasks were done.  
I asked was the present dear to it?  
Through the leaves a soft breeze sprang,  
'Twas like music in the balmy air;  
'Most dear, most dear,' it sang.

Then far across the winding road,  
That would lead me to my home;  
One branch it spread in a benison,  
O'er all who beneath it roam.  
And it whispered as I left its shade,  
'Wilt thou think sometimes of me;  
'And take the blessing ere this thou'lt leave,  
Of an old and faithful tree.

MARYE.

Montreal, June 15th, 1863.

### MEMBERS ELECTED.

M. Ministerial; O. Opposition; D. Doubtful.

Gornwall—Hon J S Macdonald.....	M.
Glengarry—D A McDonald.....	M.
Argenteuil—J J O Abbott.....	M.
Hastings (S)—Wallbridge.....	M.
Lambton—Alex Mackenzie.....	M.
Quebec East—P G Huot.....	M.
South Wellington—D Stirling.....	M.
Champlain—Dr Ross.....	M.
Sherbrooke—Mr Galt.....	O.
Hamilton—Mr Buchanan.....	M.
South Ontario—Mr Mowatt.....	M.
Lotbiniere—Mr Joly.....	O.
Montreal—	
—Mr McGee.....	O.
—Mr Galtier.....	O.
Huron and Bruce—Mr J Dickson.....	M.
Iberville—Mr A Dufresne.....	M.
St Hyacinthe—Mr Sicotte.....	M.
Terrebonne—Mr Lab Viger.....	M.
West Northumberland—Mr Jos Cookburn.....	M.
Rimouski—Sylvain.....	M.
Quebec County—Eranturel.....	M.
Huntingdon—Somerville.....	M.
Pontiac—Pouppore.....	O.
South Simcoe—T Ferguson.....	O.
Dorchester—Langvin.....	O.
East Elgin—Burwell.....	M.
Lincoln—McGivern.....	V.
North Westworth—Notman.....	M.
Quebec Centre—Thibault.....	M.
Quebec West—Allyn.....	O.
Three Rivers—Turcotte.....	O.
Cumpton—Pope.....	O.
Montcalm—J Dufresne.....	O.
Browne—Dunkin.....	O.
Laurel—Bell.....	M.
Drummond and Arthabaska—J B E Dorion.....	M.
Bagot—Lafontaine.....	M.
West Elgin—Scoble.....	M.
Stormont—Ault.....	M.
North Westworth—Rymal.....	M.
West Brant—Wood.....	M.
East Brant—Brown.....	M.

THE WRONG MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—A woman called at the Central Station house to inquire if her absent husband was among the prisoners in the custody of the police. She called through one of the cell windows to the occupant asking if her husband was in there. The prisoner whose name was Daniel Holey, incarcerated for lingering too long over the wine (?) cup, responded that he was her "loving lord," and in durance vile. Like an affectionate and forgiving wife, she, without a suspicious thought, passed a pocket book containing \$31.64, through the grating to the quasi husband, to enable him to pay his penalty for his deep indulgence. His time came, in the order of events, for appearing before the stern tribunal of the Recorder's Court. He was condemned to pay \$1. He took out the pocket book the faithful woman intended for so different a purpose, and was about to pay his fine, when the woman came into Court declaring he was not her husband at all, and that she had given him her pocket book to pay the fine with. He made some excuse about not knowing anything of the woman, and that he supposed some friend had given him the pocket book. On taking the pocket book from him it was found only to contain about a dollar in silver. The owner of the pocket book said that it contained about \$30 in bills besides. Holey declared he knew nothing about it. He was, however, carefully and minutely searched by the police, when the bills were found knotted in the corner of his nethermost garment. He was committed for examination. The husband of the poor woman was not in custody at all.—*Herald.*

The Toronto Leader states:—We understand that the Hon Justice Morrison has been appointed Chancellor of the University of Toronto, rendered vacant by the death of the Hon. Justice Connor.

ANOTHER FIRE FROM COAL OIL.—It is but a few days ago we had to report one of the most destructive fires occurring in the city for some years, and now we have another which, though not to be compared in magnitude with the former, has had its origin in a like cause, and what is rather remarkable, destroyed the property of the same individual who, in the other case, was perhaps the most conspicuous sufferer. The fire in question broke out at half-past 12 o'clock last night in a wooden shed owned by John McClellan, on the corner of Kempt and Wellington Streets, and in which were stored between two and three hundred barrels of petroleum or coal oil. How the oil took fire is at present unknown. The place was locked up before six last evening, and was not entered again until after midnight, when it was perceived to be in flames. Happily the fire brigade were quickly on the spot, and exerted themselves in a manner deserving the highest praise, or the fire could scarcely have failed to have seized on the surrounding buildings, which, in the rear, are of wood, whilst on the corner of Kempt Street is a lumber yard, and to the west close to the burning shed stood another wooden one, filled with barrels of coal oil in bond. Such a catastrophe as the spreading of the fire would have proved, was hindered, in a great measure, by a brick partition-wall, dividing the shed at a right angle, and checking the flames in that direction, whilst the fire-brigade threw torrents of water on the burning mass, and wherever a temporary quenching could be made, seized the burning barrels and rolled them into the street. The street, however, soon became partially inundated, owing to the choking of the sewer-gates, and the oil, leaking from the casks, burned, running on the surface of the water, and, seizing upon the contents of a bursting barrel at some distance from the shed, the danger to the property around for a while to be exceedingly imminent. By degrees, however, the flowing fire was extinguished, whilst that within the building was kept to its original limits, and finally overcome after having destroyed some forty barrels, along with the shed. A portion of the oil stored in this shed was owned by other parties, the remainder by Mr. J. McClellan whose share was uninsured, as was also the shed itself, which was his property. *Montreal Witness.*

ACCIDENT.—A melancholy accident happened on Thursday last to the Rev. Mr. Kerr, Western Minister, residing at Brimpton, while he was in the act of jumping upon a railway train as it was passing the Carleton Station, going West. It appears that the train did not stop at the Carleton Station, as it should have done, and that Mr. Kerr, wishing to return home, attempted to jump on board; unfortunately, he missed his hold, fell under the wheels, which passed along his leg and body, nearly cutting him in two. The unfortunate man was taken up and conveyed to his residence at Brimpton. At last account there was but slight hope of his recovery.—*Advertiser.*

ALLEGED CASE OF MURDER.—A man named Mountain, residing in St. John's suburbs, Nouvelle street, was arrested on Saturday night last, charged with being instrumental in his step-mother's death. Mountain has it that, while in a state of intoxication, he kicked her in the side, and from which it is supposed she died. We withhold further particulars until the termination of the Coroner's inquest, which will be held to-day.—*Quebec Daily News.*

FELL OVER A RAMP.—At 9 o'clock yesterday morning, a span of horses and wagon, belonging to A. W. Ogilvie & Co., and laden with flour, were passing down the ramp on the wharf opposite the King's Basin whilst a horse and cart were coming up, when the driver of the wagon, being obliged to approach the edge, one of his horses stepped upon the stone facing which is smooth and somewhat sloping. The consequence was, the animal slipped over, dragging its fellow, also the wagon and the driver, who was seated on the top of the load, on to the wharf beneath, a distance of about 5 feet. The horses sustained no injury, but the driver, named Peter Reilly, received a cut on the brow.—*Can. Advertiser, 17th inst.*

FATAL ACCIDENT.—It was a painful duty to chronicle the following sad accident, which has sent a fellow mortal, unprepared, into the presence of his Creator, now his judge. About 4 o'clock on Tuesday the 2nd instant, a carpenter named Robert Cody, who was employed on the New Hospital, at the Nunery, now in course of completion, accidentally lost his balance, while on the top of the wall, and fell headlong, a distance of about 50 feet to the ground, fracturing his skull and otherwise seriously bruising his body. He was killed immediately. Dr. Beaubien the attending physician at the Hospital happened to be there at the time and at the inquest which was held shortly after by Coroner Patterson, gave evidence to the effect that death was instantaneous after the fall. The jury returned a verdict of "accidental death." The deceased was a sober, industrious man, and leaves a wife and five children to mourn his untimely death.—*Ottawa Tribune.*

STRANDED.—A seaman of the Transit, named Maurice Hogan, being considerably intoxicated yesterday forenoon, got into a row with his comrades belonging to the same vessel. One George Fisher attempted to quiet him, when Hogan drew his knife and inflicted a fearful gash upon Fisher's left cheek. The latter was taken to Dr. Moffat, who dressed the wound. It is not of a dangerous description; but caused great loss of blood to the sufferer—his countenance presented a most ghastly appearance. Hogan was forthwith secured, and being sobered by the occurrence, was brought before His Honor the Judge of the Sessions, who, on his plea of guilty, sent him to gaol with hard labor, as will be seen by our Police Report. Drunkenness was the only cause which could be assigned for this aggravated assault. Hogan had only been shipped yesterday morning, and had no quarrel with Fisher, to whom he was an entire stranger.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—The weather for some time past has been somewhat variable, but there are now promises that it is about to become more settled. The frequent rains we have enjoyed during the past few weeks have had an excellent effect upon all kinds of vegetation, and the present indications as regard the various crops are highly favorable. The wheat in this part of the country is said to have never looked so promising, and the prospects of a good yield of hay are considered cheering while the appearance of the various other crops gives good reason to hope that the return will be abundant. Our exchanges from all parts of the Province give equally encouraging accounts, and the general opinion seems to be that the harvest in all parts of the country will be an abundant one.—*Kingston News.*

THE PORT HOPE CANADIAN SAYS.—The weather the last day or two has been rather chilly for the season. Considerable quantities of rain have fallen lately, mostly in gentle showers, which has been of incalculable benefit to the growing crops. The prospect of a bountiful harvest everywhere was never better than at present; and as regards this neighborhood, we hear the most cheering accounts from all parts of the country.

We have had admirable weather for the last two or three days, and, coming so soon after the late rains, has given the country and the growing crops a glorious appearance.—*Quebec Daily News.*

THE WEATHER.—Last night we experienced one of the most dreadful thunder-storms which has ever visited Quebec. The lightning flashed with vivid brightness, and the loud peals of the thunder were most terrific. The rain fell in torrents. A couple of accidents occurred during the storm. The chimney of the religious house of the Good Shepherd in St. Louis Suburbs was struck by the lightning, and the fluid passing down set fire to the floor. The haggard of a man named Mr. Greigore, residing at St. Sauveur, was also struck, and one side of it completely demolished. To-day the weather is pleasant, a cool breeze blowing from the west.—*Quebec Gazette.*

'How do you do, Doctor?' Doctor bows very politely to the lady, and answers her inquiry by saying he was very much troubled with a cough. The lady says she is surprised the doctor cannot cure his cough, and recommends him to try Bryan's Pulmonic Waters, saying she always used them in her family, and invariably with good success. Doctor says, 'I am astonished at a lady of your standing, using a quack medicine.' 'Why, Doctor! it is no quack medicine. It always gives relief, and every member of my family carry them in their pockets; they always do good, and I know the proprietor, and don't for a moment doubt that—' Doctor will not hear any more, and is off—perhaps to a box; price twenty-five cents.

Sold in Montreal by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Clark & Co.; Carter, Kerry & Co.; S. J. Lyman & Co. Lamoignon & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers.

### Married.

On the 16th April, at St. Paul's Church, Arran Quay, Dublin, by the Rev. Mr. O'Keeffe, John J. Tighe Esq., of that city, to Kate Aloysius, youngest daughter of Bryan Considine Esq., of Neungh, Co. Tipperary.

### Died.

On the 29th ult., at his residence, Ormstown, County Chateaugay, Catherine Lomeran, wife of Mr. James Cullins, and aunt of the Rev. Messrs. John and James Lomeran, aged 61 years and 6 months, a native of the County Tipperary, Ireland.

On the 14th instant, at his residence in Upper St. Urbain street, John Smith Esq., aged 47 years.

In this city, on the 12th instant, George Barnes Symes Esq., of Quebec, aged 69 years.

### MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Montreal, June 16, 1863.  
Flour—Pollards, \$2.25 to \$2.35; Middlings, \$2.70 to \$2.80; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.25; Super, No. 2, \$3.75 to \$3.80; Superior \$3.00 to \$3.05; Fancy \$4.30 to \$3.34; Extra, \$4.50 to \$5.05; Superior Extra; Bag Flour, \$2.35 to \$2.40.  
Oatmeal per bri of 260 lbs. L. O. \$5.25. No J. C.  
Wheat—U. Canada Spring, \$8.00 to \$9.00.  
Ashes per 112 lbs. Pot, latest sales were at \$6.00, to \$6.05; Inferior Pot, at 5c to 10c more; Potash, in demand, at \$6.50 to \$6.60.  
Butter—There is a good demand for New at 13c to 14c; Old is unsaleable, prices generally 9c to 10c.  
Eggs per doz, 8c.  
Lard per lb, fair demand at 7c to 8c.  
Tallow per lb, 7c to 8c.  
Cut-Meats per lb, Smoked Hams, 6c to 8c; Bacon, 3c to 5c.  
Pork—Quiet: New Mess, \$10.50 to \$11.00; Prime Mess, \$8.75 to \$9.75; Prime, \$8.75 to \$9.75.—*Montreal Witness.*

### TORONTO MARKETS.

June 13.

Fall Wheat in brisk demand at 90c to 95c. Spring Wheat firmer, prices better, at 75c to 80c for inferior and 82c to 86c for good to fine. Rye nominal, 56c to 60c. Barley very dull, at 55c to 60c. Oats in moderate supply at 45c to 46c. Beans at 50c, worth 56c to 58c.—*Globe.*



### THE GRAND ANNUAL PIC-NIC OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY

WILL TAKE PLACE ON WEDNESDAY, 1st JULY NEXT.

The place and full particulars will be given in another issue.

(By Order)

P. O'MEARA, Recording Secretary.

Montreal, June 18, 1863.

### TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

### DIVISION OF VICTORIA.

IN compliance with the wishes of an influential Deputation, representing a very numerous body of the Electors of various classes and denominations, have consented to solicit the honor of representing the Victoria Electoral Division in the Legislative Council of the Province.

A residence of more than thirty years, during which I have been actively connected with the commerce of the country, has identified my interests with those of Canada, and if chosen as the Representative of her most important mercantile community, I will endeavor to promote such measures in the Legislature as will foster and develop the industrial and Trading interests, not only of this City and District, but of the Province generally, and at the same time supply a revenue which, administered with economy, shall be adequate to meet the costs of government and of an efficient system of military defence.

Having heretofore taken no permanent part in politics, I avail myself of this opportunity to state that my views are progressive yet Conservative—progressive as regards the material improvement of the great natural resources of this country, and as regards the spread of education on well regulated principles. Conservative as regards the existing relations of Canada towards the British Empire, and as regards the relative position of each section of the Province towards the other.

In a country where the advances of settlement and civilization are so rapid, a new and unexpected condition of affairs may frequently arise to which opinions must of necessity adapt themselves, and it is therefore difficult to lay down an unvarying rule of political action. This much, however, I will state, that if elected by your votes, I shall enter Parliament free from all taints and obligations of party, and as independent representative of this Electoral Division.

I have the honor to be,

Gentlemen,

Your very obedient servant,

THOMAS RYAN.

Montreal, June 15, 1863.