

You have all heard of J. P. Curran. J. P. Curran was a man of sense and genius, and he would, on that account, if he had been a freeholder here, have voted against your resolutions, Gentlemen of the Majority. It was the fashion in J. P. Curran's time to put a great many of the elective franchises, in different counties of Ireland, into the hands of tax-gatherers and excisemen. These voters were driven, in carts and waggons, from one county to another, according as the elections took place, and gave their votes in each county, so as to secure the return of government candidates. Curran described this estimable practice in one of his pleadings. He described the procession in his own inimitable way; and he said that a traveller having asked some rustics what the procession meant, was told that it was "three cart-loads of raw materials for manufacturing members of Parliament, going to the county election." Now, Gentlemen, had these rustics been standing in Union Street, when the different coach-loads of advocates, and others, from Edinburgh, factors from the uttermost parts of Scotland, and peripatetic Justices of Peace, made their appearance, and had they been asked, "who are all these?" would they not have answered, "These, Sir, are so many coach-loads of raw materials for securing majorities in Scotch county meetings?" And had the same rustics been standing the next day at the court house of Stonehaven, and seen, as they easily might, the same gentlemen make their appearance, would not they have said to each other, "O, my boys, here is the raw material again. We will, perhaps, see it at Forfar tomorrow."