wish here to affirm most solemnly that the insinuations that have been thrown out that her ostensible trade was a cloak, or adjunct, to one even less reputable bore no shadow of foundation as far as I am concerned, nor after diligent inquiry from others have I heard a whisper of the slightest immorality attaching itself to her establishment. On one occasion of my going there (then, as always, in the open day), I have a recollection, though a very distinct one, of being annoyed at the vulgarity of Madame Rachel in mentioning my name (as for introduction) to an old looking female muffled up in veils, but whose person and name did not remain in my memory. I first heard of Mr. Borradaile's claim against me about ten months since, when to my utter astonishment I received a letter from Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, making a demand on me for some £1,700 on her behalf. I replied to that letter by telling the writers they ought to be ashamed of themselves to make such an application without possessing the slightest justification beyond the statement of a lunatic, or words to that effect. On receiving further notice of the demand, I at once placed the matter in the hands of my solicitor, and directed him to communicate with Mrs. Borradaile's relations (whom I found to be respectable), advising them to place some proper watch over her actions and interests. I received the thanks of her friends in reply. Immediately after this I received her wild and silly letters (I should state that none of those addressed to "William" ever reached me; those I had were addressed to me in my proper Christian name), and I took no other notice of them than by placing them in the hands of Mr. Cridland.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sheriff's Sale of Lands—W. F. Powell.
Bankrupt Stock Emporium—H. Hick & Co.
Furnished Rooms to Let.
Millinery—Miss Maguire.

The Ottawa Times

Office: 38, Sparks Street.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1868.

☞ *For Ottawa Markets and interesting reading see Fourth Page.*

YESTERDAY the members of the Privy Council left for Quebec by the one o'clock train.

To-day, or to-morrow, the Hons. Messrs. RICHARDS and HAGARTY will be sworn in as Chief-Justices of the Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, respectively, before His Excellency Lord MONCK.

Lord MONCK will sail for England on Saturday, the 14th, and immediately on his going aboard the steamer General WYNDHAM will be sworn in as Administrator, to carry on the Government until the arrival of His Excellency Sir JOHN YOUNG, which may be expected by the middle of next month.

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, and the Hon. Messrs. CAMPBELL, TILLEY and KENNY may be expected to return here on Monday or Tuesday next. Mr. MITCHELL, as we have already mentioned, will proceed to New Brunswick, and may probably be absent for three or four weeks.

MESSRS. CARLING, MCKELLAR, CUMBERLAND, PARDEE and BEATTY have been appointed a deputation from the Ontario Legislature to proceed to Quebec to present Lord MONCK with the address which was passed to him. This is only proper, and we are quite sure that the sentiments expressed in the address will be generally echoed by the country.

WE publish this morning the full text of the address of the Rev. Dr. IRVINE at the anniversary of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. The Rev. Dr. is one of our large-hearted countrymen, whose sympathies embrace all classes, and we are happy on this occasion to have the opportunity of giving full expression to his sentiments.

WE have to welcome our whilom friend Mr. J. P. L. O'HANLY in a new *role*. For his politics, as our readers know, we have had extremely little sympathy; but Mr. O'HANLY is a Civil Engineer, and on professional questions we have a right to assume that he knows whereof he speaks. Before us is a pamphlet from his pen entitled "THE "INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY; analysis of the "Frontier, Central, and Bay Chaleur "routes." This pamphlet discusses the merits of the proposed routes, and concludes, after mature consideration, in showing that the Northern is the only route that could have been accepted with due regard to the interests of the whole country. We shall return to the consideration of the subject again, but in the meantime we may say that Mr. O'HANLY makes a conclusive argument in favor of the Major Robinson line.

ON Tuesday morning last the Commercial Bank of St. John, N. B., suspended payment. The event, naturally enough, created a good deal of excitement, not only in St. John, but throughout the whole Province of New Brunswick. The causes which have unfortunately led to this untoward event, are simply such as have operated in Canada—and too frequently produced like results—loose management and dabbling in real estate securities.

In the face of this or any other bank failure we have but one remark to make: The Legislature ought not to delegate to any corporation the right to issue notes which pass in the ordinary transactions of business in lieu of money. Morally, equitably we might say, the Government which confers such a privilege ought to be held responsible for the redemption of these notes; because upon the faith of the charters granted they are accepted by the public. Yet in a short time we have seen the people robbed by the depreciation of the Upper Canada and Commercial bank notes, and nobody stepping forward to indemnify them, though a wonderful amount of sympathy has been "spoken" on behalf of the unfortunate shareholders. Now, to our view, the shareholders of a bank are merely partners in a legitimate trading concern whose profits or losses are to be regulated by the success, or otherwise, of the enterprise; but the unsuspecting billholder has no profits, no share in any advantages that may accrue; but is certain when the smash comes to have more than a fair share of the loss.

There is but one way of stopping this: Deprive the banks of the privilege of issuing notes, and then when they fail, nobody but their shareholders will lose. This, we think, is the only sensible course for the Government to pursue; and we hope that before the charters of the banks expire, the Government will have courage enough to say that they will adopt this policy.

ON Saturday next His Excellency Lord MONCK takes his departure from Canada. He has put in more than the ordinary gubernatorial period of service in this country; and it has been his fortune to witness the accomplishment of constitutional changes of the utmost importance to the future of Canada. He has been pre-eminently a constitutional Governor. He enjoys at this day, we believe, the confidence of the present and the ex-leader of the Canadian Government, and the respect and esteem of all their colleagues in office, to whom life and health have been vouchsafed to the present day.

There have been carpers at Lord MONCK's administration, as there will be, no doubt, at that of his successor and his successor's successor for all time to come. But no man has ever more honorably fulfilled the duties of a constitutional Governor. It has been his lot to pave the way for a reconciliation between the heads of contending factions; and nobody in Canada can surely ever forget the affectionate tenderness of that famous epistle, which at a critical period he wrote, beginning with the ever-memorable words, "My Dear Mr. BROWN!" Yes! That was a triumphant stroke of policy on the part of Lord MONCK, which brought our "dear Mr. BROWN" into temporary alliance with those to whom he owed and owned a lifetime of opposition. Confederation was the natural fruit of that affectionate epistle, and it and its author deserve ever after an honorable place in Canadian history!

While Lord MONCK has been brought into administrative contact with all parties, he has had the honorable distinction of never having allowed himself to have become the partizan of any; and if he leaves our shores without a great measure of gratitude from those who merely estimate our Governors by the number and magnificence of their public entertainments, he will at least carry with him the respect and esteem of all who value constitutional Government, conscientiously and impartially administered, and even the admiration of some who do not believe that Canadian society would be at all improved by the introduction of all the fashionable follies, attendant on the maintenance of petty court life, on colonial dimensions. Of all Canadian Governors the period of his administration has been the most eventful; and he returns now to the Motherland with such a knowledge of British American politics as cannot fail hereafter to be useful to him in his place in the House of Lords, and we hope advantageous to us, in any discussion which may in the future arise, relating to our affairs. When he sets sail on Saturday he will do so with the best wishes of the Canadian people for his own, and his family's, future happiness.

IT is somewhat mean of the Montreal papers to copy from their Toronto *confreres*, as did the Ottawa *Citizen* yesterday, the letter of the Hon. JOSEPH HOWE "without the "usual or any acknowledgment." We except the Montreal *News* from this charge of piracy, because it copied, and acknowledged, from the Toronto *Telegraph*. Those who have not the enterprise to pay for telegraphic despatches ought at least to have the honesty to acknowledge from whom they copy. There was a great deal of money's worth in that important despatch from Halifax, and our enterprising Toronto *confreres* deserve, and ought to receive, their full share of credit for their energy in catering for the public. For our part we scorn the notion of robbing a neighbor, whether friend or foe, of the just credit due to his business enterprise.

WE wish that our city and country friends would understand that we are not half so emotional as they imagine. The fact is that we can hear of the formation of a glee club, a dancing class, or a night school in rhetoric, without at all being "most happy to learn," &c., &c., and can record with cold-blooded indifference the assemblage of a tea meeting. What the public likes, and what we desire, is that parties having announcements to make would state the facts of the case in the plainest and simplest language. It is absurd to suppose that we go off into a fit of enthusiasm over every event which it may be our fortune to chronicle.

WE had the pleasure yesterday of a visit from Mr. D. MORRISON, the talented editor of the Toronto *Telegraph*. He appears hale and hearty, and good for many years yet in the rugged service of journalism. Mr. MORRISON made his mark as a Canadian journalist many years ago, and although he has been for some time in another field (though in the same cause), he appears to have kept himself thoroughly up in Canadian politics, and has, to say the least of it, lost nothing by his temporary exile.

JAMES O'REILLY, Esq., Q.C., of Kingston, arrived here yesterday, and is stopping at the Russell House.

RED RIVER RELIEF FUND.

The Treasurer begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of $79.75 from the Secretary of the O. U. R. Society, Ottawa, being the proceeds of their concert in aid of the above fund.

H. V. NOEL,
Treasurer.
OTTAWA, November 11, 1868.

—Mr. Benoit, M. P. P. for Chambly, recently took the first prize for ploughing at a match in his county.

—The artillery guns have been taken from St. Andrews and sent to Miramichi. A public meeting was held in the Town Hall, and indignant resolutions passed against the militia authorities for leaving "the company without "a gun to practice with and the town without "the means of protection."

—To show the ruin and decay that is creeping over Halifax under Confederation as it did over Montreal, a Halifax contemporary recently drew attention to the fact that three lots of land, purchased three years ago for $540, were sold within the last few days for $1,800.

—The Port Hope *Canadian* gives the following frightful picture of the results of intemperance at that place: "A party of four, named respectively, Brooks and Bew, with their wives, left town on Wednesday evening, 14th inst., in a drunken state, taking two quarts of whiskey with them. On their arrival at Bew's house, in the neighbourhood of Welcome, they commenced drinking and dancing till they could no longer stand. Brooks, with Bew and his wife, lolled into one bed, while Mrs. Brooks lay upon the floor by the side of the stove. About two or three o'clock in the morning, a stick fell out of the stove, and ignited the dress of Mrs. Brooks. The fire woke her up from her stupor, and she cried for help, but the other three were too drunk to render proper assistance; as the result, the unfortunate woman was left by the fire a blackened, scorched, lifeless victim to intemperance."

REV. DR. IRVINE'S ADDRESS AT THE I. P. B. S. CONCERT.

The Rev. Dr. IRVINE was received with applause, and opened his address by saying that it was sometimes inconvenient for city pastors to absent themselves from their spheres of labour, and it was especially so at present in his case, as he had left some members of his flock on dying beds. Yet he felt rewarded in some degree for his visit by meeting old friends and enjoying the smiles of familiar faces. Here he alluded to his acquaintance in former days with the Hon. Colonel Gray and the Hon. Mr. Tilley. But he felt more rewarded, and especially rewarded by the pleasing reflection that he was following the footsteps and the mandates of his Divine Lord and Master.

He doubted not that were our blessed Redeemer to re-visit our earth to-day he would not have to complain that "the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." No; the rulers and the kings of the earth would lay their crowns at his feet, and freely open their palaces and princely homes for his reception. Yet would He be found, bending the knee by the bed of the dying, and visiting the cot of the poor, and pouring the consolations of His grace into the hearts of widowhood and orphancy. And from His mediatorial throne in the heavens to-night He is looking down upon your society, and upon kindred societies, and with the smile of approbation He is saying, "I was an hungered, and ye gave ME meat, thirsty and ye gave ME drink, naked and ye clothed ME, sick and in prison and ye visited ME; inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these little ones, ye did it unto ME."

The rev. gentleman then proceeded to advert to the aspect of the times in which we live, and spoke to the following effect:

We live in eventful times, and yet I question if any of us would be willing to exchange our fine old hoary 19th century for the 12th, and to go back and live seven centuries ago. Nay, I do not know that we would ever wish to have lived in the age of good Queen Bess. It is certain we would have had no railroads and no steamboats, no newspapers, no india-rubber shoes; and touching hoop skirts, and plums and waterfalls, whether growing where nature planted them, or planted where nature never intended, or imported from some French graveyard, and bought in Montreal at the rate of $85 per pound (Palmer's selling price): touching these things we say nothing. But has your Ottawa ladies to live in the Elizabethan age they would have had to walk in sandals and without stockings, for that good Queen, history says, wore the first pair of stockings that was ever knitted in England.

Well; what would we do without our telegraphs, our railroads, our ocean steamers, our tea and coffee, and our potatoes? We wonder how this world lived before the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, and I suppose few Irish peasants to-day could imagine how their ancestors subsisted before Sir Walter imported the potato to the Island.

The learned and facetious Sydney Smith, speaking of changes in his day—and he died before the Atlantic cable had spanned the ocean—and about the time when Dionysius Larduer, the greatest scientific savan of his day, proved to a demonstration before the Admiralty of England that no steamship could be built of sufficient capacity to carry as much coal as would steam her across the Atlantic!

Now Sydney Smith says: A young man alive at this period can scarcely tell to what improvements he has been introduced. I would bring before his notice the following changes which have taken place in England since I first began to breathe in it the breath of life—a period now amounting to about 73 years.

1. Gas was unknown. I groped about the streets of London in all but the utter darkness of a twinkling oil lamp, under the protection of watchmen.

2. In going from Taunton to Bath, I suffered between 10 and 12,000 severe contusions, before stone-breaking Macadam was born.

3. I paid £15 in a single year for repairs of carriage springs broken in the streets of London. I now glide without noise or fracture on wooden pavements.

4. I can now walk the streets of London, by the assistance of a policeman, without molestation.

5. It tired I can get into a cab instead of those cottages on wheels which the coaches were in those days.

6. I had no umbrella. They were little used and very dear.

7. There were no water-proof hats; and my hat was often reduced by rain to its primitive pulp.

8. I could not keep my small clothes in their proper places, for braces were unknown.

9. If I had the gout there was no colchicum.

10. If I were billious there was no calomel.

11. If I were attacked with ague there was no quinine.

12 Quarrels about commuted tythes were endless.

13. The corruption of Parliament before Reform was infamous.

14. There were no banks to save the earnings of the poor.

15. The poor laws were gradually sapping the vitals of the country.

16. And whatever miseries I suffered I had no post to whisk my complaints to the end of the country for a penny.

17. Stage coaches had no springs, and the clothes got rubbed of my back.

18. In the best society one-third of the gentlemen at least were always drunk—no temperance societies in those days. A pity the Hon. Mr. Tilley had not been cotemporary with Sydney Smith!! Had the reviewer lived in your day or mine he might have added a few more items to his inventory. In his day a Glasgow merchant usually made his will before starting for Liverpool or London: now a man may breakfast in Edinburgh and dine in London, and take a late tea in Paris. In those days, if we got the news of England in Montreal when it was 8 to 10 or 12 weeks old, we were quite satisfied; now we are so far ahead of time that we can read at 8 o'clock in the morning by the city clock what the people are doing on 'Change, in London and Liverpool, at 12 in the same day!!

Such is the triumph of science. What deep debtors we are—all due to the kind Providence of God—for the age and country in which we live.

In regard to SOCIAL SCIENCE, let us make one or two observations. We sometimes feel sad that there is such a diversity in the lot of man. If God has made all men free and equal, they have certainly swerved far from their original condition. We hardly know at times what to make of the social problem. Some years ago the London *Times* published an article on the "Miseries of Dukes." The article set forth, in dark and dismal array all the toils and worrying cares of dukes; the servants they had to control; the estates they had to care for; the annoyances they had to endure—their lives a daily martyrdom,—a funeral procession to the grave. In 1864 the grandson of Lord Byron died; he had one peerage at the time and was heir to another peerage, yet he chose to live and die as a workman in a foundry, rather than be annoyed with the pomp and dazzle of a place in the House of Lords!!

I do not know, after all, whether all the misery in this queer world of ours is to be found in the workshop, or in the hamlet, or the cottage of the poor cotter, or the home of the workingman. I remember the time when Louis Phillippe ran away from Paris and was obliged to escape in disguise—not a very happy man. Lately the Queen of Spain had to flee, and sometime ago Greece was advertising in the papers of Europe, as Spain is doing now, for candidates for a sceptre and a crown. These things used to be for sale at Rome—wonderful change—they seem now to be like a drug in the political market; and no man can be found mean enough to accept—I will not say bid—for the crown of Greece, or of the empire of Mexico, or of Spain, once owning 1-7th of our globe, and stretching her sceptre over 75,000,000 of human beings. Wonderful is thy mighty works, dear old 19th century, the wisest, the greatest, the noblest of all the cycles and centuries of the christian era! And are men worse or more miserable, or more abject, than they were formerly? I say no. Thomas Carlyale and Elihu Burritt, and other fault-finders with everything around them, need not complain so bitterly of our times—we live in good times.

I don't believe there ever was an age in which the working classes were better cared for, better provided for, and in all respects more respected, honored, and well treated. I believe that there are merchants in Liverpool and Montreal, and Ottawa, too, who an hour before the window-blinds are put on the bank, could wish themselves book-keepers or porters in their own establishments.

I see by the papers that Mr. Reverdy Johnson, the Ambassador from Washington, will dine this month with the workingmen of London. Workingmen, dare you have ventured in the Augustin age of England to invite the man who represents forty millions of people, to eat roast beef carved by your plebeian, vulgar, horny hands? or to eat a plum pudding baked and cooked by your wives or daughters, who now sit beside Mr. Johnson, and carve and help him to eat it—*fye, fye*—but so it is.

Two great changes have taken place within my own remembrance.

1. There is a great change in the question of time: men's hours are ten, not sixteen, as in the reign of Charles II. of England, when a weaver got sixpence sterling for eighteen hours' work at the loom: now he works only ten hours and gets ten times as much pay.

2. In reward. In a factory in the North of England a railroad roller is receiving the pay of a Lieut.-Colonel of the British Guards, and is quite as much, if not more, of a gentleman than many a man carrying a sword. The dignity of the trades is becoming more and more felt every day. It is all folly to suppose that the happiness of this world is centered in certain privileged classes, while all the toil and misery of life are the allotment and the portion of the labouring man. Robert Burns, in his poem, "THE TWA DOGS," says—or rather makes the Newfoundland dog to say—of the aristocracy that

> "They need not starve nor sweat
> "Through winter's cold or summer's heat;
> "They—we maun sair wark to craze their banes,
> "And fill auld age wi' gripes and groans;
> "But human bodies are sic fools,
> "For a' their colleges and schools,
> "That wanna mae real ills perplex them
> "They make anew their ain to vex them."

The man that fills his post in life most faithfully and efficiently—that's the man whom the world will honor in the end. It does not require a long line of Norman ancestors. It does not require the boasted pedigree of a duke or a nobleman, to give you a title to position and respect. No, no; it only requires you to do what is right, and feel and act the part of an honest, upright man: in fact to act *the* man—to be a man. It is not rank—it is not gold—it is not office—it is not blood: no, no; it is uprightness—honesty—christian principle, that makes the man.

> "What though on hamely fare we dine,
> "Wear feddan grey and a' that,
> "Gie fools their silk and knaves their wine,
> "A man's a man for a' that,
> "For a' that and a' that,
> "Their tinsel show and a' that;
> "The honest man tho' ne'er sae poor
> "Is king o' men for a' that.
>
> "See yon birkie ca'd a lord,
> "That struts and glowers and a' that,
> "Tho' hundreds worship at his word
> "He's but a coorfor a' that,
> "For a' that, and a' that,
> "His riband star and a' that
> "The man o' independent mind,
> "He looks and laughs and a' that."

Where shall we turn to find the original of the true man? We look in vain to the region of pomp and show. The true man is not found amid the tinsel and glitter of the giddy and gay of this world. No, no. If we want to find the true and the good we must go to THE GARDEN OF EDEN AND THE WORKSHOP OF NAZARETH, IN FACT TO THE WORKINGMEN OF THE BIBLE.

My theme, for a few moments now, shall be THE WORKINGMEN OF THE BIBLE. The Scottish bard, whom I have quoted, has written a dirge, entitled "Man was made to mourn," which Lockhart thinks was penned while the poet was in one of his gloomy moods. In that racy but mopish fugitive Burns says:

> "See yonder poor, o'erlaboured wight,
> "So abject, mean and vile,
> "Who begs a brother of the earth
> "To *give him leave to toil;*
> "And see his lordly fellow-worm
> "The poor petition spurn,
> "Unmindful though a weeping wife
> "And helpless offspring mourn."

I agree with the sentiment that it is hard for an honest, industrious man to beg for employment, and still more galling to be refused it, and yet more galling still, when, chased by the cry of hunger and want issuing from the lips of a loved and loving wife, and a famishing family; but, thank God, we live in a country where such scenes are rare. Labour with us is plenty, and generally well rewarded. In passing through the Agricultural branch of our Industrial Exhibition lately, I met a respectable farmer from Cotes des Neiges, who, while we were examining some of the agricultural implements, said: "It is astonishing to notice the progress of improvement in lessening labour during the last forty years, since I came to the country, and yet labour is more scarce, and much dearer than it was then." Now this is not an unhealthy symptom of our social and agricultural condition, because it proves that it a man's labour is worth seventy-five cents a day to a farmer, and he can make it yield himself a dollar a day, he is quite right to go and marry a wife, and buy a farm and cultivate the soil. Our immense tracts of waste territory invite the cultivators of the ground to work for themselves. And, after all, this is the grand purpose of our great and beneficent Creator. Man was made to labour. The very mechanism of his physical frame proves that God never designed him to be idle. Labour is one grand purpose of our very existence. Man was not made to mourn, but he was made to *work*, and the Bible lays it down as a rule, "that if any would not work, neither should he eat." Let him starve; don't tax the community to feed an idler. Paul enjoins, "Study to be quiet, and do *your own business*, and WORK *with your own hands*, as we commanded you." Under the direction of the Holy Spirit, Paul commands Christians *to work*. God made man a WORKINGMAN. The *first* Adam was a *workingman*, and we shall show ere we close that the SECOND ADAM was also a workingman. It is a grand mistake to suppose that labour is one of the dreadful ills entailed on humanity by the fall—a curse arising out of human transgression.

I read that the Lord himself "planted a garden eastward in Eden, and put Adam into the garden to dress it and to keep it." God created worlds by the fiat of His omnipotence. He said, "Let them be," and they were. He created all things by the word of His power. He created man, too, by the word of His power, but He did not *create*, He *planted* a garden, and in doing so He taught man how to labour, setting him an example. God instructed unfallen man in the science of HORTICULTURE. Then the earth gave forth her fruits for the supply of man's wants spontaneously. He did not need to cultivate the soil for a living, as we, his fallen race, do. No! for all he needed to meet his wants was supplied freely by a bounteous earth; but he did need to *work*, just for the purpose of fulfilling an end of his existence. He cultivated flowers and plants under the direction of his great creator and Divine Teacher.

In running the eye over the pages of Bible History we find that all the distinguished and honored men whose names are handed down to us enshrined in the glory of hallowed antiquity, were *workingmen*. The Jews tell us that Enoch, the 7th from Adam, and the great mediæval reformer of the First Dispensation of our world's history, was a husbandman, and this was the most faithful man of his day; a man and a prophet, of whom we read that he walked so closely with God, as that God actually repealed the law of a natural death in his favor, and translated him, soul and body, that he should not see death. Yet this man was a prophet and a reformer—and though his prophesies have not been collected and preserved in the Old Testament code, yet the Spirit of God did not close the canon of New Testament writ without leaving us one brief scope from Enoch's pen, which, though thrust, as it were, into a corner of the modern scriptures, is given by Jude in these words: "Enoch, also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied saying: "Behold the Lord cometh, with ten thousand of His saints to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them, of all their ungodly deeds, which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against them." Here is the teaching—here the piety—here the reward of a *labouring* man, a favourite with heaven, a friend of God. Labouring while he lived for his God and for his fellow man, and when death would fain have exacted from Enoch the wages of human sin God reached out His hand, snatched him from the foe. "He was not: God took him."

NOAH, the Saviour of the only remnant of the Old World, whom God spared, was a WORKINGMAN, a mechanic. "By faith he built an ark," and much larger vessel than the "Germany," or the "Great Eastern." Noah was not too proud, nor was he too lazy to do what God commanded him to do. But while he was a faithful, industrious workman, doing what God bade him, and in the way God bade him, still he "was a preacher of righteousness" for 120 years. Workingmen, you too can become preachers of righteousness. Your toiling, weary hours, no doubt, appetize for your night's repose. Very true; but still there are leisure moments when you can put in a word for Christ. Noah made his very hammer, and mallet, and chisel, and axe, speak for God. I am no apologist for "Pillar Saints," I do not believe that the only place where piety can be cultivated is in the gloomy cells of a grated dungeon, or the dingy walls of a cloister. Every man may be just such a preacher of Righteousness as I believe Noah was, a great mechanic and a great preacher too. His life was a constant sermon, so may yours be, a ceaseless reproof of sin, and a prolonged appeal for God.

Abraham, "the father of the faithful," was a WORKINGMAN; Jacob was a keeper of sheep; the Israelites were tillers of the ground; and King David, whose lyrics will be sung in the Church of Christ till the end of time, was taken from the sheep cote, and "from waiting on the ewes;" and when some mighty man was wanted to fill the place vacated in the church militant, by the translation of the Tishbite to the church triumphant, God chose the son of Shaphat, a husbandman of Abel-Maholah. Elisha was in the field following the plough, and this farmer became God's great prophet and great workman, in raising an empire from the degradation and idolatry into which the sins of an impious Ahab had plunged it. Moses, and Joshua, and Gideon, and Barak, and Jepthah, and in the seventy-fourth Psalm it is said "a man was famous who lifted his axe upon the thick trees." Solomon was "famous" who furnished the architectural plans of the Temple of God; Hiram was "famous" who furnished the gold and the men to aid in the structure of that renowned temple; but the *workingmen* who hewed the cedars of Lebanon, and the raftsmen who carried these trees to Jerusalem, were "famous" too. Yes, the God of the Temple has seen fit to clothe with renown the men who wielded the axe, as well as the men who drafted the plans and furnished the gold.

If we pass on from the "cloud of witnesses" furnished by the Hebrew Scriptures to New Testament times, we meet at every step examples of the great truth before us. As the first Adam was a workingman, so was Christ, the second Adam. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" was asked by the sneering sceptic of our Lord's own day. The humble Nazarene—the meek and lowly Jesus—was a workingman; and where shall I go to find labour dignified and honored? Let me go to the workshop of Nazareth, and then with the mallet and chisel in hand, I find St. Joseph training to habits of industry and toil Him to whose precious blood I am indebted for the salvation of my poor sinful soul. Yes, Christ whom we preach as the only hope of perishing sinners, was a WORKINGMAN. And he chose as the Ambassadors of His Gospel, not the mighty, not the learned, not the wisdom of this world, which is foolishness with God; no, no, but he chose the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. He sent forth workingmen to proclaim salvation through His passion and death. He chose the fishermen of Tiberias, and the tent-maker of Tarsus, to be his messengers of mercy to our ruined globe.

If you enter the patent gallery in London, or Washington, or Paris, you will find that about 7 out of every eight patents which have been taken out for the purpose of lessening human labour, and promoting the ease and comfort of society, are taken out by workingmen, by men who, while toiling and drudging away at their daily labour for the support of their families, were plying the energies of their minds to works of art and inventions which enriched themselves and benefited mankind. These are the real benefiters of the race. The cause of philanthropy is not confined to the labours of a Howard, or a Wilberforce. We find in men such as James Watt, Cyrus W. Field, George Stephenson, &c., &c., great philanthropists, men who shoot away beyond the ordinary spheres of our common manhood, and who lay the world under obligations to their genius. Yet the greatest men that ever lived have not been poets, nor philosophers, nor statesmen; no, they have been toiling workingmen.

Let every man, therefore, labour to make his mark on the age and country in which he lives, and so live that when he dies the world may feel that it has lost something. What a miserable thought on a dying bed that a man has done no good, and that in fact the world will be well rid of him. I cannot close these remarks without one word. The last time I had the pleasure of visiting your good city, I had a walk with my late lamented friend, the Hon. T. D. McGee. We met in the store of your respected townsman, Mr. Henry McCormick, only a few paces from the spot where he fell by the hand of a fiendish assassin. Our conversation turned upon the very question of which I have been speaking, the working classes, and the importance of introducing the question of temperance into the Workingmen's Association of Montreal. His last parting words to me were, "*You insert the wedge, and if spared till the recess of Parliament, I'll try to drive it home.*"

Citizens of Ottawa: Irish Protestant citizens: yes, Irishmen and Canadians of all nationalities: Mr. McGee is not here to-night, but may it not be said of the first political martyr whose blood has stained the fair soil of our New Dominion, as the Inspired Book has said of the first martyr whose blood stained this new born earth—blood, too, shed as Mr. McGee's was, by the hand of a ruthless assassin—that "*he being dead yet speaketh.*"

LOCAL NEWS.

Hoop skirts at the factory for 25 cents.

I. P. B. S.—The treasurer of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society begs to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars from the Hon. Mr. E. Kenny, as a contribution towards the funds of the society.

THE STREET RAILWAY.—The Street Railroad commenced at the corner of Sparks at Elgin-sts. yesterday, and by the evening the cutting had reached to a point nearly midway between Metcalfe and O'Connor-sts.

WHISKEY MASON.—We are informed that there are four or five more cases against Mason for perjury. They are said to be clear and well substantiated cases, and it seems to be the determination of the parties to go through with them.

POLICE COURT.—There was no new case before His Worship yesterday. Murray and Burns were up for assaulting D'Arcy, the informer, but the latter not being present to prosecute, the case was further adjourned, and a summons issued to bring him up this morning.

THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.—There will be a meeting of the St. Andrew's Society this evening in the Court House, for the purpose of electing office-bearers for the ensuing year, and for making suitable preparations for the due celebration of St. Andrew's day.

D'ARCY THE INFORMER.—The cruel treatment received by D'Arcy, the informer, at the hands of his enemies has induced him to leave the capital, for some other locality more congenial to his character and pursuits. Brown appears to have also left, and since he ran away from the hospital where some of his antecedents were thrown in his face, he has not been heard from.

FIRE.—This morning about one o'clock a.m., a fire broke out at the foot of Bolton-st., by which four tenement houses were destroyed, three belonging to Mr. Dunning, and one belonging to Isidore Lecourt. The former was partly covered by insurance, but the latter not. Four families were thus turned into the street in the dead hour of night. The greater portion of the furniture was saved.

SHAMROCK CLUB.—We learn that the Shamrock Club of last winter are again bound to enjoy themselves this winter also. They are going to have a soiree on Monday evening next, at the St. Patrick's Hall. The style in which they get things up is such, we are certain, those who are fortunate enough in securing a ticket (which can be had only from the committee) will not regret the sleep they may lose while enjoying themselves.

WHICH IS THE GREATER BRUTE?—A man named William Candell was engaged yesterday in hauling wood, that is of driving a horse which hauled it. Long before noon, the man was drunk, and playing such fantastic antics on the street, and abusing his horse in such a manner as attracted the attention of all who saw or heard him. He would walk on the sidewalk on the wrong side of the horse, and sometimes fifty yards behind, shouting contradictory instructions to his poor animal till he became so confused that he knew not which way to go, and then he received more abuse. The fellow went on in a shameful manner to the annoyance of all who saw him. But the horse was not his only victim. He went into a house in Mosgrove's block, where he found a woman washing fine clothes, and plunged his hands, all covered with mud, into the tub amongst her linen. The woman became incensed and resented the conduct in her own fashion, but not to the taste of the intruder. Another fellow, however, came to his assistance, and then another woman to defend her female friend. A fight was then inaugurated, and the man No. 2 and one of the women were arrested, but the real offender escaped, and was seen later in the day with a black eye and a cut face; his poor horse down under a load of wood and one of the shafts of his cart broken. Believing that we should encounter him at the Police Court this morning, we did not watch his further progress.

RED RIVER DISTRESS.

ST. PAUL, November 2, 1868.

JAMES TURNER, Esq.,
Treas. Red River Relief Fund, Hamilton, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of a letter from the secretary of the distributing fund committee at Winnepeg, and the following paragraph is so fully substantiated by the information we obtain from all sources, we think it should be made public:

"I desire to set you on your guard against any reports calculated to mislead, such as that the amount of suffering has been exaggerated, etc. There is not the least doubt that over five thousand of our people will require to be fed until after next harvest, and that hundreds will be unable to sow in the spring, unless supplied with seed wheat. Reports to the contrary are got up on purpose to aid the speculators."

Governor McTavish, in a letter recently received by the company's agent here, urges the forwarding of an additional supply of flour, concluding his letter with this statement: "There will be great distress here this winter; in fact many are now suffering."

The population of the settlement is variously estimated at from twelve to fifteen thousand people, and to supply this number with food during the coming winter, we, after the most careful enquiries, learn 5,100 barrels of flour, and 550 barrels of pork, have been purchased and forwarded by traders. It must, therefore, be apparent that a more general effort should be made.

I am, dear sir,
Yours truly,
W. E. SANFORD,
Chairman.

P. S.—The St. Paul's committee, realizing how serious is this deficiency, have just appointed an agent to canvass the cities of this and the neighboring States in behalf of their fund.

Try Gardner's Baking Powder. See advertisement. 887.6m

New quilted skirt at the factory. 893-2m

JEWELLERY.—All kinds of jewellery, of the latest designs, and at the cheapest rates, can be bought of Young & Radford, Sparks-st.

CARPETS AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS.—Parties about to furnish will find a large and choice assortment of carpetings and house furnishings, cheap, at Garland, Mutchmor & Co's. Carpets made and laid with despatch.

—Small-pox and typhoid fever have raged in the Pacific States extensively.

—An Austrian, named Boordy, was married to a young lady of good family in New York on Thursday last. On Friday he was arrested for forgery, and confessed his guilt.

—Coal mixed with bitumen—three parts of the former to one of the latter—yields twenty candle gas at 3s. 6d. stg. per 1,000 feet. Cannel coal gas costs 5s. 7d. stg.

A new waterproof umbrella has been patented by Mr. Conuor, of Old Ford, London. A thin fabric, coated with india-rubber or gutta percha, is used instead of the ordinary gingham or silk.

One of the first houses in Madrid which floated the revolutionary flag was that of Eugenia's mother, Madame de Montijo. The Countess was away, and the Junta made themselves at home.

—The Richmond *Enquirer* says it is painfully apparent that the great staple tobacco is so rapidly declining that it will probably be wholly discontinued, because of its unprofitableness.

—There was a heavy fall of snow in the north of England on the 19th ult., the thermometer falling to 30°. On the same day snow fell in Cornwall to the depth of an inch or an inch and a-half. Everything betokened an early winter.

—A recent telegram from San Francisco says the election of members of the Legislature in British Columbia took place Tuesday. The Confederation ticket was successful in every district heard from. The vote was unusually large, the franchise having been extended to foreigners of three months' residence.

—For a choice selection of New Tapestry, Brussells, Kidderminster and Imperial 3-ply Carpets, Cocoa Matting, Floor Oil Cloths, Hearth Rugs, Crumb Cloths and Door Mats; Damasks, Repps, Curtain Trimmings, Lace and Muslin Curtains, go to Magee & Russell's new Store, next door to Mr. John Leslie's, Sparks-st.

—*Le Courrier de St. Hyacinthe* contains a letter, written, we think, in view of the proposition to induce French immigration to this country. The writer argues that the French have all but forgotten the existence of their old colony, and says that the best way to recall it to their attention would be the despatch of a "Canadian corvette," freighted with samples of native productions and industry, to the chief ports of the Empire.

—Two persons in Bloomington (Illinois) jail gagged and bound the jailer and escaped. After they had bound the jailer securely they rolled him into the cell just vacated, put a thin pillow under his head, spread a blanket over the breast, hoped he would be comfortable till morning, told him to ring his bell if he wanted anything, suggested that he would rest easier on his back than in any other position, and locked the door of his cell. They then unlocked the doors of several other cells and told the prisoners they might take their choice of staying or leaving. They walked quietly out of the jailer's room at three o'clock in the morning.

—A few days since, a young gentleman and young lady appeared at the parsonage of an eminent clergyman of this city, for the purpose of having their respective destinies united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Everything being ready, the clergyman aforesaid was about to proceed with the ceremony, when the young lady discovered that she was minus her kid gloves, so necessary on such occasions; whereupon she requested her affianced to hasten to a store and procure the indispensible kids, telling him to "be in a hurry or she might change her mind." The clergyman, witnesses and intended bride waited some time for the return of the youth with the gloves; but he didn't come. They waited longer, but still he failed to put in an appearance. The matter at last becoming really serious and alarming, the clergyman took his hat and proceeded post haste in search of the truant lover, whom he found after a diligent search and many enquiries, quietly seated on the verandah of the Park House, with his feet elevated on the back of a chair, and very deliberately puffing a cigar. On being asked to explain his singular conduct, he carelessly remarked that he was waiting to see if she was going to change her mind." They were married, however, at last, after two hours delay.—*Ottawa (Ill.) Republican.*

MESSRS. Young & Radford are the sole agents in Ottawa for the Waltham watches.

FALL FASHIONS IN MANTLES AND MILLINERY.—Garland, Mutchmor & Co. are now shewing the latest styles in mantles, mantle cloths, bonnets, hats, flowers, feathers, shapes, ornaments, &c., in great variety, at moderate prices.

UNEXPECTED AID.—A number of beavers are at work for the Union Pacific Railroad Company, taking their turn after the workmen have quit for the day. A man who has the contract for getting out ties and floating them down the Laramie river, from the mountains to the track at Wyoming, owing to the stream being so low, found it necessary to build dams at different points, intending soon to hoist all the gates, thereby creating a flood that would enable the ties to be gotten down without delay. Parties were set to