End of the Fraser River Humbug—General Destruction and Misery.

(From the Tribune Correspondent.)

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 16, 1858.

Viewing the recent influx of laborers into this State' n consequence of the exaggerated reports of very rich gold discoveries in the British possessions, as an evil fraught with the most serious consequences, not only to the interests of the great mass of the people already here, but to those who may arrive here in future, I wish to apprise the people in the Atlantic States of things as they are here. The last steamer from New York brought 1,600 passengers, and the preceding one upwards of 1,100, a majority of whom are victims of the Fraser River excitement. Fraser River is now regarded by all as a failure; at least the extravagant reports relative to the richness of the mines there are now universally regarded as a veritable humbug.

The new comers ask themselves where they shall go? what they shall do? and by what means they shall be enabled to keep body and soul together?—questions of the most serious import, which have already suggested themselves to the minds of nineteen-twentieths of those who have arrived here. Employment is not to be found. Many are without funds, while those who have a few dollars reflect that a few weeks, at farthest, employment, in a place where living costs them from $7 to $8 per week, will soon consume the contents of very generous purses.

Day after day I am met by many with applications for employment; some begging in the most piteous strains to be permitted to labor for their living. Conscious of my inability to render them any assistance, I return them my sympathies in kind words, and bid them hope and strive for the best, while a fervent invocation of wrath upon the heads of the sordid and unprincipled authors of their misfortunes bursts involuntarily from the recesses of my heart. False and exaggerated statements respecting the richness of the Fraser River mines were published in the early part of the excitement, the origin of which has been traced to employers of the Hudson's Bay Company, of which the charter is about to expire, the Home Government having refused to grant a re-lease of that territory. The Company have for many years been the only bankers of the immense amounts of gold deposited in their vaults by their trappers and the Indians who have been in their employ. These facts go to show that the excitement was not the result of a sudden unexpected discovery of very rich diggings on Fraser River, but was a well digested and deeply-laid scheme by the Hudson Bay Company, in which the California Steam Navigation Company, have participated, having resorted to various devices, in order to reap the reward resulting from their carrying capacity.

Their steamer, lying a mile or two out from the shore, would leave Victoria under cover of the night, without previously notifying the public of her contemplated departure, thereby preventing the return of many who wished to return; and would render a false return in their passenger list down. On arriving at San Francisco at night, previous to the departure of the other steamer for Victoria, they have refused to land their passengers before the morning, in order that the upward bound boat might leave San Francisco with her passengers before the unfavorable reports brought down should deter many from pursuing the golden phantom.

These and numerous other facts which have been revealed, raise a very strong presumption that the H. B. Co., aided and abetted by the California S. N. Co., are the authors of this most egregious and villainous humbug upon the public. About 25,000 persons have left the State from the port of San Francisco for the British Possessions. The average passage-money per head is $40. Thus about $1,000,000, independent of freight, which will undoubtedly cover the expenses of running the steamers, is thrown into the coffers of the Steamship Company. While from the sale of lands, merchandize and produce, licenses for business, etc., the H. B. Co. have undoubtedly pocketed from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000, independent of several millions which have been thrown into the hands of a horde of outside speculators, who have taken advantage of circumstances there during the rush. This immense sum has been taken from the circulation of this State in the brief period of four or five months. But the evil does not end with the return of those deluded men who have lost their all in wild and wreckless adventure. California will again be flooded with tens of thousands of adventurers from all parts of the world, of those classes who rely upon their labor and skill alone for advancement. These will find that they have brought their wares to a very poor market—a market already overstocked with more than sufficient to meet the demand, save in the business of mining, the uncertainty of which, together with the expenses and labor attendant thereon, will, deter thousands from engaging in that pursuit. These will be driven to seek shelter in the several larger towns, to steal, to starve, or to suffer misfortunes in a thousand ways. For capitalists and those who have means, and a personal capacity to invest in mercantile, and a few other pursuits, there is a good outlook. But for the mechanic and the laborer there is only misfortune.

The people in the Atlantic States are deceived by our public journals in regard to the condition of affairs in California. Every big strike, together with many little ones, which are exaggerated into enormous bulk, is trumpeted far and wide by the public press; while the money, and labor, and blood, and toil that are sacrificed in the innumerable failures and misfortunes are studiously withheld from their columns. An enormous pumpkin, a monstrous apple and a mammoth strawberry are lauded to the skies, while the multitudes of lilliputian and insipid growth, receive not a passing notice. When some of our public journals, in defence of their interests, or reputation, have exposed deformities and misfortunes, they are set upon by a whole bevy of their fraternity in such a manner as to effectually silence them. Thus has it become a very hazardous experiment for a public journal to promulgate through its columns anything derogatory to the character of this Eden of the world, as some of our journals have characterized it. Notwithstanding the studied efforts of the public press, which are almost wholly controlled by influences subservient to the interests of the capitalists, to impress the people of the Atlantic States with the flattering advantages of emigrating to California, it is patent to every labouring man and mechanic now here, that all the channels of labor are glutted to overflowing, and that they present the most unfavorable prospect for those who come here depending upon their hands for subsistence.

The want, and misery, and misfortune, with which I am daily brought in contact, prompt me to this effort to stay in some measure a further immigration of my friends and people from home. All those who can earn a comfortable livlihood in the Atlantic States, are very imprudent to migrate to California in search of employment. Those who desire to visit this country with a view to ascertain the facts by personal observation, relative to the prospects of the laboring man, will act wisely if they provide themselves with funds previous to leaving home, sufficient to enable them to return—else they may drag out a precarious subsistence for months, or years, ere they succeed in hoarding enough from honest toil to pay for a steerage passage back to their homes.

Since writing the above, the mail steamer from New-York has arrived, with about 1,400 passengers thus contributing to swell the ranks of destitution and suffering, the aggregate of which it is impossible to compute.

A Man Blown Up on a Keg of Powder.—A man, whose name was not obtained with certainty, being so much injured as to be unable to give it himself, yesterday blew up a keg of powder upon which he was sitting, the force of the explosion sending him some twenty feet into the air and into the river. It appears that he sells powder in one of the skiffs used for that purpose on the river, and had landed his boat at the foot of the Main Street, Second District for what purpose was not stated. Having occasion to place one of the kegs out upon the bank, he took a seat upon it. Some childden near by had kindled a fire, and were roasting oysters, and having a jolly time of it generally. The powder man, thinking to frighten the children and amuse himself, commenced throwing some powder which he had in his pocket, into the fire, and laughed heartily at the expression of the juveniles, who could not account for the mysterious frizzling and cracking among the oysters.

In a short time, and before he was aware, he had made a train of powder from the fire to his keg, which suddenly communicated with the latter, and sent the man whirling into the air, and fortunately let him down into the river, where the water prevented him from breaking any bones, and also relieved his burns. He was picked up and taken to the Second District Station-House, and from thence to the Charity Hospital. Two of the children had their faces slightly burnt, and it is only to be wondered that they were not killed. The reporter was sitting in one of the court rooms opposite Jackson square at the time, heard the explosion, and supposed it to be the gun of a steamer coming up the river. Some of the persons who saw the man at the station-house, said that he was a f. m. c., by the name of Campbell. —[N. O. Delta, Nov. 10.

THE POPE AND THE JEWS.

(From the Church Witness.)

It was the fashion not very many years ago, in all philosophical and liberal circles, to assert that the Romish Church had departed from its intolerant dogmas, which it had picked up in the ignorance of the middle ages, and that it was no longer the blind, bigoted persecuting Church it had once been. There was a disposition to defend it wherever that was possible; but as there were certain doctrines and institutions which were repugnant to the liberal spirit of the age, and which could neither be defended nor explained away, the usual resource was to maintain that they were not of the essence but the accidents of the Church; that in the fulness of light which the nineteenth century had brought, Rome had cast them as a serpent casts her old slough, and had come forth refreshed and invigorated. To assert the contrary, was only an additional proof of reiterating, that the bigotry which once unhappily charactised Rome had now passed over to her Protestant antagonists. It was to no purpose that consistent Romanists themselves asserted that their Church was unchangeable, because it was infallible. Other philosophers smiled with compassionate incredulity, shook their heads, and, with a superior air, quoted Pascal's remark on the Pope denying that the earth turned round—"But if the earth really does turn round, the Pope's denial will not prevent it from turning round, nor the Pope himself from turning with it." It was in vain, too, that facts and circumstances did from time to time occur in different parts of the Papal dominions, showing that persecutions were not yet wholly extinct—fitful sputterings of that central fire of intolerance which burned unchangingly within. The evidence even of these facts was somehow managed to be evaded. They were represented as so many isolated cases, the acts of harsh and ignorant partisans, by whom the genius of Popery was no more to be tested than the true spirit of Protestantism is now to be learned from the persecuting ecclesiastics of Sweden.

We believe this nonsense, under the guise of Liberalism, is now pretty well exploded. The essential character of Popery has been pretty well understood among us since the last remains of its shackles were removed in 1829—not the least of the benefits, by the way, which English Protestantism received from the passing of the Emancipation Act. We hear little now of the once fashionable theories about the liberalism of Rome—of Popery advancing with the spirit of the age. And if there are in any quarters some lingering traces of the old leaven, we should suppose that the recent abduction of the Jewish child at Bologna will most effectually dispel it. This test of the spirit of Popery is in every respect a crucial one. There is not, as far as we can see, a single extenuating circumstance, not a loophole by which the apologists for Popery in the nineteenth century can find an evasion. The case stands clear in all its flagrant effrontery—the most sacred rights of nature have been daringly set at nought by the highest authorities in the Church. It is not a question of ignorant peasants, or of rustic clergymen, or of partisan bishops; the case has been appealed to the highest authority in the Romish Church, and he has decided, in the face of the whole world, that the authority of the Church is paramount over the deepest interests of nature. In other words, the plainest command of God is set aside by him who claims to be God's viceregent. Christ's vicar on earth deliberately sets himself to rupture that very tie for the dissolution of which the heaviest woes of his Master were denounced on the Scribes and Pharisees of his day. Could Pius the Ninth, or any of his admirers in plainer terms, or more legible characters, write himself Antichrist?—*Beacon.*

The Paris correspondent of a London journal says:—

The Mortara affair is still a subject of discussion, for the Ultramontanes have committed one of those blunders which cause the whole Roman edifice to shake. It has awakened a feeling of indignation from one end of Europe to the other, in the heart of hearts of every thinking man who is not bound up in the cold grave clothes of Jesuitism. Hitherto, neither indignation nor submissive appeals (such as that proceeding from the absurd amalgamation calling itself the Universal Christian Alliance), have induced the Court of Rome to deviate from its course. Private ecclesiastics may protest, nine-tenths of the fathers in Europe may join the outcry, all they can prove by it is that the Romish Church has but few submissive children left, and that she herself has not changed. As to the surreptitious baptising of children, Rome glories in it; if any of your readers doubt this, let them cast their eyes over the following lines written by a nun of St. Vincent de Paul, now a missionary at Ningpo, an agent of the "Holy Childhood Association." The sisters present themselves as physicians in different villages, and are soon surrounded by sick Chinese, to whom they distribute remedies; but, above all, they busy themselves with "poor infants threatened with approaching death. Brought in the arms of their parents or friends, they receive on their foreheads the regenerating water, without a single person in the crowd being aware of it! This baptismal water, whose secret virtue they are ignorant of, is in their eyes an infallible remedy for children. *So so di! So so di!* rub, rub the child's forehead! they all cry, when our business is done. Then we bestow the sweet names of Mary, Joseph, Vincent, in a word the names of all the members of the admirable association which snatches every day so many souls from the devil, and peoples heaven with newly elect. Without stirring from the spot, it sometimes happens that we confer the grace of baptism upon ten or twelve Chinese infants at once." "On returning to the town," continues the letter, "we enrol our little Christians, with their age, their newly-received name, the nature of their disease, the name of the village, in order that we may ascertain how many have obtained the immortal crown!" The letter concludes by assuring the members of the association, that in these poor babes they have "numerous little godchildren, the greater part of whom go rapidly to heaven, to pray for those who, by their pious aid, contribute so powerfully to open the way for them!"

More than one hint has been thrown out by our journals that, with our army at Rome, France has but to lift up her little finger to cause young Mortara to be restored to his friends, and it is supposed that some private negotiation or remonstrance is now being made; the time that elapses only increases the public indignation. It must be a vexatious subject with the Emperor, who wishes to keep well with all parties, though indeed it is sometimes an advantage to allow vent to public feeling in relation to matters beyond the frontier. No, he knows too well the fatal brotherly hug of the Jesuit arm to trust or to offend it! or he has read history in vain.

We have already published the facts of this case, but the following statement of a correspondent of the 'News of the Churches,' supplies some additional particulars:—

A Bolognese Jew had chosen a Christian as wet nurse for his child. Prompted by her priest to save the young heretic from eternal perdition by bringing him to baptism, the nurse secretly took the child one day to the church, and then, according to Roman and Puseyite doctrine, he was oiled, salted, sprinkled, in short made a Christian, and a member of the kingdom of heaven!!! Not a word of all this was breathed to the Jew or his family. Five years and more elapsed, and they imagined their child, "circumcised the eighth day," a true Hebrew. When, lo! one day early this summer, down comes a missive from Rome to the authorities of Bologna to remove the Christian child from the guardianship of a heretic. To the family it was like the falling of a thunderbolt; but tears, entreaties, remonstrances, frantic rage, were all in vain. The Jew is a subject of the triple crown, and the order signed by Christ's holy vicar (how sweetly the title sounds, how appositely in connexion with man stealing, deceit, and injustice!) was shown him for the removal of his child at once to Rome. There was no resisting that—the next step would have been the prison, perhaps the inquisition. The father, broken-hearted, went to Rome, obtained an interview, and sought to move, with his deep sorrows, the paternal heart of Pio Nono! Good, pious man, how could he resist such an appeal! Peter's keys opened the prison door—to let the child free? Oh no; to let the father converse with his son, provided he did not say a word to turn him back to Judaism. Think of that, and let Britain bestir herself to remonstrate against such monstrous wickedness.

JAPAN.

The Earl of Elgin has secured a new claim upon the gratitude of his countrymen, by the treaty which he has concluded with Japan. It was hardly expected in England, and the event is therefore hailed with much gratulation. This treaty completes the girdle of civilization round the world. "Henceforth there is no people or language that remains impenetrable to European enlightenment and the blessings of Christianity. The whole world is open to our commerce—may it prove but the harbinger of the permeation of the religion we profess!" The London *Times* of the 3d instant, has the following interesting article on the subject:—

It is our turn now to hear that remote empires and vast portions of the human race, hitherto as separated as if they belonged to another sphere, have suddenly been added to the community of nations. After China with its three hundred millions, Japan, with a population no larger than that of these isles, may seem no such bulky addition to the human brotherhood; but, if China was separate and unknown, Japan was ten times more so. That, like China, it was once nearly Christian, that the Portuguese spoilt that promise, that the Japanese had a strong family resemblance to the Chinese and made the same sort of ware, that they had an ecclesiastical as well as a civil King, and two capitals, one of which was as populous as our London, was nearly all we knew yesterday. A little more might have been known on inquiry, but we most of us preferred the Japan of the imagination to any particulars that might have transpired through Dutch merchants and American skippers.

However, we don't stand exclusiveness. We hold that the world is made for us all; and so we have gradually edged, and pushed our way up to the city of Jeddo, through rows of junks, abreast of green batteries, and dropped our anchors where barbarian ships was never seen before. We took advantage of a panic, and did it with a rush. While we were concluding matters up the Peiho, the Russian and American plenipotentiaries were off with breathless haste to Nagasaki, to reap the first fruits of our harvest. They got start enough to get all they wanted, and give time for a reaction. However, Lord Elgin was not far behind; and when he came up he capped the achievments of his brother Plenipotentiaries, and got for them more than they had ventured to ask for themselves.

So, with the "Open Sesame" of a little resolution we have rent the curtain of ages. Captain Osborn reports that there must be a channel, and up they all steam. The mountain side opens, and European eyes rest on objects never seen before but on cups and saucers, and never to be seen, as many believed, till the consummation of all things, the millennium, or the great mustering for the battle of Armageddon. Lord Elgin went ahead; the bigger ships followed the day after; they bring a handsome present with them, which they wisely judged worthier to be delivered in the presence of an Imperial city than at a distant out-port; they come with peaceful bearing, except that they heed no signals: they receive the courteous Japanese officials with equal courtesy; but the spectacle tallies so exactly with the terrible reports from the opposite shores of China that in a moment Japan throws away its Palladium of perpetual isolation. Jeddo is at once European. It is true there are the white temples perched on cliffs, the high thatched cottages, the green batteries, the square-rigged junks, and the interminable city; but those are now only the decorations of a pageant in which a British gunship tows a dozen boats full of soldiers and sailors bearing to his lodging in Jeddo a British nobleman, accompanied by some frightened Japanese officials. He lands and makes his progress through that fabulous city as if it were some seaport in the Levant distinguished from Europe with a thin veil of Mohamedanism.

The crowds run after him, and have to be kept off by side ropes; gate after gate is opened at his approach; the simple unsuspicious folks, run out of the baths to see the wonderous foreigners, who find themselves in comfortable quarters, on clean soft mats. It is in a temple, just as travelers used to be entertained by convents, and monarchs with large retinues were quartered on a rich monastry. By and by the strangers sally forth to lionize Jeddo. They go to the bazaars and make purchases; they find they are at the West end of the town, in its Grosvenor-square district, or rather in Belgravia, with the arostocracy all about them. In their wanderings they find themselves near the Palace. It is something of a Palace. We can hardly believe the figures, except that they are in keeping with the rest of Jeddo. A ditch seventy or eighty yards across, and as many deep, surrounds a castle of Cyclopean architecture, capable of housing 40,000 men. This accords with a wide populous street, ten miles long, and may perhaps be a necessity in the midst of a House of Lords consisting of 360 feudal barons, some of whom bring "to town" for the season ten thousand retainers.

But, though surprised and ripped open, turned inside out, Anglicized and vulgarized in a day, we confess that Jeddo is still a mystery. Had we thirty years to prepare for angelic visitors, we should never get London so ready as Jeddo appears to have been without any warning at all. Every street, everybody clean; washing and bathing as regular institutions as meat and drink; no beggars, no cripples, no squalor, no poverty, no drunkenness, no fighting, no bad smells—in fact, nothing to remind the Englishmen of their own beloved city. Yet it would be difficult to find a closer parallel in natural circumstances than that between the Japanese and the British group of islands; the same area, same population, same climate, same insular position between a great continent and a great ocean; and a maritime metropolis with the same population. How is it these semi barbarians manage these things better than we do? When we are taunted with the thrift and industry of the Chinese, it is a comfort to think that, after all, they are ugly, disgusting brutes, with but the dregs of a religion, and the bare threads of an old civilization. What can we throw into the scale against Japan? They shame us at every point. Not a word yet about opium. They were all seen drinking tea in pleasant tea-houses, to be found wherever a spot of natural beauty attracts the eye and gives an opportunity of landscape gardening on a reasonable scale. Graceful and neat handed hourie wait on the tired traveller.—But, unless our informants are very blind, or very sly, even here Japan shames us. In the utter absence of prudery is the best proof of their innocence. The most unadorned beauty disturbs not the well regulated Japanese mind. Our poor countrymen were carried through scenes that an Italian post might have delighted to imagine, but an Englishman hardly ventures to describe. In all these novelties this is the newest and the strangest.—*London Times.*

STARTLING EVENT.

At a recent meeting of the Liverpool Auxiliary of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, while the presiding officer, the Bishop of Chester, was addressing the meeting, a person near the door was suddenly taken ill, and on being taken out immediately expired. The commotion was slight, as it was supposed the individual had merely fainted. The Rev. Dr. McNeil being apprized of the fatality, thus addressed the assembled multitude.

"The Rev. Dr. McNeil, on rising to second a resolution, was received with loud and enthusiastic applause, which he in vain endeavoured to quiet. Silence having been restored, the Rev. Doctor in a most impressive manner, and amidst an almost oppressive stillness, said:—My Lord (the Bishop of Chester who presided), many facts there are which we can listen to with lightness, facts there are which do but gratify our curiosity, other facts there are which do but cultivate our intellect; but, my lord, there are facts which go at once past all that is light, all that is merely curious, all that belongs only to the human intellect, and reach at once the depth of our being. When we say our hearts, what do we mean? I refer to such a fact, my lord. You may have observed a little commotion while your lordship was addressing the meeting: it was not in any way designed. That man—a stranger, without kindred, without friends, apparently without acquaintance, for he has not been claimed as yet—my lord, he is dead! (Great sensation, the whole audience involuntarily joining concurrently in an expression of surprise, and the Reverend Doctor continued, amidst increased silence, several persons, including the speaker and the Bishop, being deeply and visibly affected.) He came alive with you into this room—he now lies a corpse in the adjoining room. (Renewed sensation.) My lord, the fact that I referred to asks with a tongue that demands no eloquence, 'Have we believed the gospel?'" There is an eternity of consciousness before every one of us, and without a real Christianity it cannot be an eternity of happiness. O, my lord, this is not an occasion for lightness, for levity, for mere curiosity. Methinks that God himself would speak to us to-night, and call us by this fact, which has occurred in the midst of us, to ask every man in his own soul, 'Am I ready?' 'Have I laid hold of Jesus?' 'Am I prepared to stand before the judgment-seat of God?' 'Am I covered with the righteousness that can endure that scrutiny?' 'Am I cleansed by a sacrifice that can prevail in that government?' 'Am I what we all profess to be—one with Christ, and is Christ one with me?' 'Am I dwelling in him, and is he dwelling in me?' I can but conclude with an earnest supplication that it may please God in his infinite mercy to make this meeting a message of saving grace to many living souls. We dare not pray for him that is gone. His hour his past. His opportunity of instruction is for ever over. Neither preaching nor prayer can follow him; but you are all still within their reach. O! repent. O! believe the gospel of your salvation. Cast away every refuge of lies, and trust in Jesus to the salvation of your souls. The Rev. Doctor sat down amidst a deep silence—a silence so profound, that had a pin fallen in the building any one might have heard it."

Madam Ida Pfeiffer, the intelligence of whose death at Vienna, was brought by the *Vanderbilt*, visited America in the fall of 1854. She was the most wonderful woman of her age as a traveller, for she not only visited the continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia, but America and the Polynesia; she had traversed over 130,000 miles by water, and 18,000 by land. In appearance she was slight, and rather under the middle size; her complexion was somewhat darkened by exposure to weather and the heat of the climates in which she had travelled. In 1820 she married Dr. Pfeiffer, of Lemberg. By this union she had two sons, one of whom followed the musical profession, and studied under the great Mendelssohn; and the other became a merchant. On the death of her husband she commenced her peregrinations and continued until within a short time before her death.

A "Marquis Townshend" in Trouble.—A very curious case is reported in the Sidney (Australia) papers. A person has been calling himself "Marquis Townshend" (the tittle of an English peer), and in that name has been passing cheques—When arraigned in the Supreme Court for forgery, the Crown Prosecutor was taken aback by a formal plea that the prisoner, being an English peer, could only be tried by the peers of England, presided over by the Lord High Steward, and this plea was standing over for argument when the last mail left.

Death of an aged Dwarf.—A dwarf named Richebourg, who was only six centimetres (23 1-2 inches) high, has just died in the Rue du Four, St. Germain, Paris, aged 90. He was, when young in the service of the Duchess d'Orleans, mother of King Louis Philippe. After the first revolution broke out he was employed to convey dispatches abroad, and, for that purpose, was dressed as a baby, the dispatches being concealed in his cap and a nurse being made to carry him. For the last twenty-five years he has lived in the Rue du Four, and during all that time never went out. He had a great repugnance to strangers, and was alarmed when he heard the voice of one; but in his own family he was very lively and cheerful. The Orleans family allowed him a pension of 3000 francs.

The English are stated to have secured from Ecuador a vast region at the upper waters of Amazon, under the Andes, which they are prepared to occupy with all the means and men incidental to an extended scheme of colonization.

Sir Walter Scott and Daniel O'Connell, at a late period of their lives, ascribed their success in the world principally to their wives. Were the truth known, theirs is the history of thousands.

AMERICAN AND COLONIAL ITEMS.

Thanksgiving in New York was never before so generally observed as on Thursday last. The churches were thronged to hear thanksgiving addresses, there were parades of military companies for target shooting and the poor folk inhabiting the various public institutions were supplied with good dinners by private benevolence. As to the people generally, they made it a day of feasting; for all New York is like the Aldermen, in one respect of being alway ready for a feast, with this difference in favor of the people—that they are willing to pay for what they feast on, whereas the Aldermen prefer to make the city treasury responsible for their luxuries.

The Herald says that formerly New Yorkers proper believed only in two days in the year—New Year's day and the Fourth of July; but the admixture of population from the New England States has gradually infused an approximate idea of the importance of Thanksgiving to that which they entertain.

About two thousand poor folks were furnished with a dinner at the Five Points Mission, and at Mr Pease's House of Industry provision was made for about five hundred children.—*Boston Courier.*

Golden Wedding.—Mr. and Mrs. Justin Ripley, of Hingham, the former aged 75 and the latter 70, celebrated their golden wedding on Monday last. Seven of their children (six with their wives), and eleven grandchildren were present. The aged couple had each presented to them a pair of gold bowed spectacles, and some other tokens of affection.

The papers all announce as a wonderful railroad feat the fact that the express train which conveyed General Williams from Montreal to Portland, was driven at the rate of 59 miles an hour, on one portion of the line the speed reached six miles in five minutes. A friend thinks this is only what might be expected under the circumstances and asks "who has a better right to fly over the rails than the hero of *Cars* (Kars)."

We regret to learn the death of J. C. Allison Esq., of Sackville, N. B. the founder of the Sackville Academy. H. R. Narraway Esq., informs us that he expired at Sackville on Saturday afternoon last. Mr. Allison has left behind him in the Sackville Academy an enduring monument to his worth, which is destined to confer untold blessings on the youth of these Provinces.—*Eastern Chronicle.*

Extract of a Letter from Prof. Hayes,

ENCLOSING A CERTIFICATE.

Messrs. Fellows & Co., Gents: I made the examination of the Worm Lozenges, as you desired, and found only the product mentioned in your note, which was of course expected, but which was not the less interesting to me. You have made an excellent choice of ingredients, and the preparation is a tempting one, and must meet with a large sale from its merits. I enclose a document which you may publish.

Truly yours, A. A. HAYES.

Certificate.—I have analyzed the Worm Lozenges prepared by Messrs. Fellows & Co., and find that they are free from Mercury, and other metallic or mineral matter. These lozenges are skilfully compounded, pleasant to the taste, safe, yet sure and effective in their action.

Respectfully, A. A. HAYES, M. D.,
Assayer to State of Mass.

Fellows' Worm Lozenges are sold by all Apothecaries.

Reader, if you want a mild purgative for children, or one powerful for adults, take Ayer's Pills. They are sugar-coated and pleasant to use, and are well enough known to be good, without our recommendation.

The Protector & Christian Witness

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 1, 1858.

PRIESTS FLEEING FROM THE ROMAN CHURCH.

We take the following extracts from the November No. of the "Record of the Free Church of Scotland" We commend them to the careful perusal of all the friends of truth and liberty. Especially let these mothers among us who are disposed to send their daughters to be taught at the Nunnery, ponder the consequences that must result from their daughters being entrapped by such a system, or by having their minds blinded by specious appearances to its really degrading and enslaving character:

A priest from the monastery of ——, near Florence, fled from Tuscany into Piedmont in July last. He suffered considerable persecution ere he reached Genoa. Though he had exchanged the priestly garments for those of the world, yet his shaven crown led to suspicion, and he was twice arrested by the police. Escaping from their hands, he made his way at last to the Rev. D. Kay, our minister in Genoa, to whom he came strongly recommended by those who knew him.

The narrative he gave of himself, and which Mr. Kay has communicated, has about it points of interest not a few. It proves that even within the priesthood itself there are inquirers. It shews also that Rome is unchanging in her tactics, and that her spirit of fierce persecuting hatred burns as intensely at this hour as it ever did. The cruelties recorded in the document that follows are not things of the past, they are the events of the present hour. A dungeon for life is the penalty for doubting. The priest referred to below is at this moment undergoing this dreadful sentence.

The facts that follow shew, too, how great the results that sometimes flow from causes, to the eye of man very insignificant and inadequate. Father—— doubts whether the wafer which he sees blown away by the wind, and snatched up and devoured by a dog, can be the flesh and blood, soul and divinity of Christ; and giving expression to his doubt, he is thrown into prison: but the doubt that brings a dungeon to him gives liberty to his fellow-monk. The sufferings of the one become the life of the other—it may be of many. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Three hundred years ago the world was one morning roused from its mesmeric slumbers by proclamation of the Monk Tezel:—"Come unto me, all ye that sin, have sinned, or shall sin, and I will sell you free pardons for all your iniquities, past, present, and to come. Here is the document with the Pope's name attached to it, granting to high and low, rich and poor, plenary indulgence. So generous and considerate is His Holiness, my master, that the poor are freely offered the same boon for their mite which the rich obtain out of their abundance."

This was something new. The people had got tired of the old crooning, mass-saying way of pacifying the Church and their own consciences, and they were delighted with the novelty of the proclamation. But while they were so, and the whole thing was taking well—better, perhaps, than the most sanguine of the originators of the new "indulgence market" ever dreamt of—there was a monk, deeply attached to the Church of Rome, though at times sadly grieved by her irregularities, who felt scandalised at this open sale of indulgences, and he declared openly that if Tezel should come near him crying his indulgences, he would "cut a hole in his drum," Tezel did come, and Martin Luther, true to his word, opposed the deceiver, and proclaimed that "there is none other name under heaven by which a man can be saved, save the name of Jesus." Thus the breath of Luther's lips became the spark that kindled the great fire of the Reformation. And who knows to what great results these and similar occurrences in Italy may lead.

"We have had another priest," writes Mr. Kay, "since the above with us, who has just fled from Tuscany and the Romish Church. Wonderful times!"

STATEMENT OF THE EX PRIEST.

It is nearly four months since the host, consecrated by Father Laurence, was carried from the paten by a gust of wind, caused by the opening of the great door of the church near to that of the sacristy. The good Father not knowing what was become of the host, desired the friar assisting to get another, that he might consecrate it. The mass was over, the Father asked the friar what was become of the consecrated host. "The host of which you speak," replied the friar, "was carried from the altar by the wind, and unfortunately a dog which was at a short distance from the altar perceiving it, pounced upon it and ate it!" Poor Father Laurence, quite stupified and astonished with this answer, exclaimed in these words, —"Is it possible that God can be really present in the consecrated bread if He allows Himself to be carried away by the wind and eaten by a dog!" In a moment the friars around threw themselves upon him, like enraged dogs, and conducted him to the room of the Provincial, where, in the presence of the other superiors of the convent, *he was condemned to pass all his life in a frightful prison, where he receives every day but three ounces of bread, two glasses of water, and once a week discipline even to blood!*—[Where is the tame, harmless, toothless Romish Church of the nineteenth century of which the extra Liberals in England vaunt so much! Popery is the same in its horrid barbarities now, in 1858, as it was in 1558, were it only known.]

Returning to my room, I went through some severe conflicts, reflecting seriously on the words I had heard from Father Laurence. "What!" said I to myself, "do you believe that God is present in the host after you have spoken over it the words of consecration? Yes, I believe it firmly, because it is the doctrine of the Church." "But," I said again to myself, "if God is really present in the host after the consecration, is it possible He would push His humility so far as to allow Himself to be eaten by a dog!" At these reflections my faith was shaken. I ended by denying belief in the real presence, and I looked out in the Scriptures texts to confirm my new belief. These texts were the following:—"God dwelleth not in temples made with hands." "Yet a little while, and ye shall not see me; and again a little while, and ye shall see me." "Jesus Christ descended into hell, he rose again the third day, he ascended into heaven, from whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead." From such texts of Scripture and quotations from the Church's Creed I concluded that God was not really present after the words of consecration. "This is my body, and this is my blood—eat of this bread, and drink of this wine.' I concluded from this text that Jesus Christ spoke figuratively, because He sometimes says bread sometimes body; and I could legitimately draw this conclusion, because in many places in the gospels He also speaks figuratively. For example, "I am the door, I am the way," &c.

It is about two months since I was present [illegible] convent at a theological dispute between [illegible] and his professor. The dispute was upon [illegible] sity of good works, and the deacon finished [illegible] cluding that he did not believe good works were [illegible] solutely necessary to salvation. In vain the pro[illegible] endeavoured to persuade his pupil that [illegible] error, that he advanced a proposition [illegible]