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The Infallible Remedy!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

ERYSIPELAS OF EIGHT YEARS' DURATION CURED.

Copy of a Letter from Geo. Sinclair, Esq., of Paris, Canada, dated the 18th July, 1854.

To Professor Holloway.

Sir,—I feel a pleasure and a pride in bearing witness to the wonderful benefit I have derived by the use of your inestimable Ointment and Pills. For eight years I suffered unceasingly from attacks of erysipelas; large purple blotches came all over my body; in addition to the unpleasant feeling of itching and burning, which affected me both night and day, rendering life a misery to me, as well as to all around,—so severe was the attack. I used several reputed remedies without deriving the least cessation to my misery. At last, I determined to try your Ointment and Pills; after taking them for a few weeks, a visible improvement took place, and I fee considerably better;—in three months, by continuing with your medicines, I was completely cured, and now enjoy the best of health. The truth of this statement is well known here, hence there is no necessity for me to request secrecy.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
(Signed) GEO. SINCLAIR.

ULCERS IN THE LEG,—REMARKABLE CURE.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Edward Tomkinson, of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, dated the 4th May, 1854.

To Professor Holloway.

Sir,—My sister, Miss Jane Tomkinson, suffered for a great number of years from a bad leg; in which there were several deeply seated and old wounds, defying the skill of some of the most eminent of the medical faculty, a variety of remedies were also used unsuccessfully; and it seemed to me that there was not any thing capable of mitigating the agonies she endured. At length, she had recourse to your Ointment and Pills, and after using them for about five weeks, she was completely cured, after all other means had failed to afford her the slightest relief. I have no objection to these facts being published, if you feel disposed to make them known.

I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant.
(Signed) EDWd. TOMKINSON.

A BAD BREAST CURED WHEN AT DEATH'S DOOR!

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Henry Malden, of Three Rivers, Canada West, dated July 9th, 1854

To Professor Holloway.

Sir,—My wife suffered most severely after the birth of our last child with a bad breast. There were several holes in it one as large as a hand; all the devices and stratagems I tried would not heal them, but it assumed an aspect more frightful than before, and horrible to behold. As a last resource I tried your Ointment and Pills, which she persevered with for seven weeks, at the expiration of that time her breast was almost well; by continuing with your remedies for two more weeks, she was entirely cured, and we offer you our united thanks for the cure effected. I am, Sir, yours truly,
(Signed) HENRY MALDEN.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:—

Bad Legs	Cancers	Sore-throats
Bad Breasts	Contracted and Stiff Joints	Skindiseases
Burns		Scurvy
Bunions	Elephantiasis	Sore-heads
Bite of Mosquitoes and Sand Flies	Fistulas	Sore-nipples
	Gout	Soft Corns
	Glandular swellings	Tumours
Coco-bay	Lumbago	Ulcers
Chiego-foot	Piles	Wounds
Chilblains	Rheumatism	Yaws.
Chapped hands	Scalds	

Sold at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the Civilized World, in Pots, at 1s 3d, 3s 3d, and 5s each.

☞ There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each pot.

GEORGE T. HASZARD Agent.

From Dickens' Household Words.

AT HOME WITH THE RUSSIANS.

(Concluded from our last.)

Sometimes they take vengeance upon an oppressor; and terrible incidents of this kind came within the experience of our countrywoman. The heads of cruel masters are sometimes cleft with the hatchet of the serf. They are capable at the same time of strong feudal attachments. It should be understood, that all the slaves in Russia are not poor. Some of the wealthiest traders in St. Petersburg are slaves to nobles who will not suffer them to buy their freedom, but enjoy the pride of owning men who themselves own in some cases hundreds of thousands of pounds capital. The inheritor of an estate in which there were many well-to-do serfs arrived at it for the first time one evening, and in the morning found his house, as he thought, besieged. His people had heard that he was in debt; and their pride being hurt at servitude to an embarrassed master, they brought with them a gift of money raised among themselves, not less than five and-forty thousand pounds, their free-will offering, to make a man of him again. He did not need this help, but the illustration still remains of the great generosity of feeling possible among this class of Russians.

The slaves detached from their lords, and living in a comparatively independent state, acknowledge their subjection to the soil by payment of a poll-tax. Oppressive owners often use this claim of poll-tax as a means of devouring all the earnings of a struggling slave. Our Englishwoman met with a poor cook, who had served a seven years' apprenticeship in a French house, and earned high wages in a family, besides being allowed to earn many fees by superintending public suppers and private parties. There was an upper servant under the same roof with him, whom this poor fellow strove to marry; but much as he earned, he strove in vain to save. Year by year the abrock or poll-tax was raised in proportion to the progress that he made; and the last time, the English lady saw him, he was sobbing bitterly over an open letter—a demand from his proprietor for more abrock, and an answer to a request from Madame with whom he served, that she might buy his freedom, naming an impossible sum that doomed him to continued slavery.

There was a poor man in Twer, a slave, born with a genius for painting, that in any civilised country would have procured for him fame and fortune. His master, finding how he was gifted, doomed him to study under a common portrait-painter, and obliged him then to pay a poll-tax, which he could only raise from year to year by painting a great number of cheap portraits—he who had genius for higher and better things. "When we last saw him," writes our countrywoman, "he had pined into a decline; and doubtless ere this, the village grave has closed over his griefs and sorrows, and buried his genius in the shades of its eternal oblivion."

The Englishwoman was present once, when a bargain was struck for a dressmaker. A gentleman had dropped in to dine; the host mentioned that his wife wanted a good dressing-maid. The guest recommended one, skilful in dressmaking, with whom he thought his wife would part. "Well," the other said, "her price?" "Two hundred and fifty silver roubles." That was more than could be given; but the bargain finally was struck for a hundred roubles and an old piano.

Such a servant must be content to submit to much oppression. The mistress who parts from you in the drawing-room with a smile, may be met ten minutes afterwards in the garden, her face inflamed with rage, beating a man before her, one of the serfs employed upon the grounds. A lady who lost much money at the gambling-table, being pressed to pay a debt of honour, remembered, that she had not a few female servants who possessed beautiful hair. She ordered them all to be cropped and their hair sold for her benefit, regardless of the fact that together with their hair she robbed them of their reputations; cropped hair being one of the marks set on a criminal.

The boxing of the ears of maids is not below the dignity of any lady; but when the maid is not a Russian, there may be some danger in the practice. A princess whose hair was being dressed by a French waiting-maid, receiving some accidental scratch, turned round and slapped the face of her attendant. The Frenchwoman had the lady's back hair in her hands at the time, and grasping it firmly, held her head fast, while she administered a sound correction on the cheeks and ears of her highness with the back of her hairbrush. It was an insult that could not be resented publicly. A lady of her highness's blood could not let it be said, that a servant had given her a beating, and she therefore bribed the Frenchwoman by money and kind treatment to hold her tongue.

Yet blows do not count for much in Russia; from the highest to the lowest, all are liable to suffer them. A lady of the highest rank, using the lady's privilege of chattering in the ear of the Emperor at a masked ball, let fall some indiscreet suggestions. She was followed home by a spy; summoned next day to Count Orloff's office; pointed to a chair; amicably interrogated; presently let quietly down into a cellar, where she was birched by some person unseen. This lady, whose story we have heard before, the Englishwoman often met; her sister she knew well; and she had the anecdote from an intimate friend of the family.

The knout, the emblem of Russian barbarism, falls not only on the slave or the criminal. A poor student of more than ordinary talents had, by great perseverance, twice merited a prize; but he was regarded with jealous hostility by a certain professor, whom he was too poor to bribe. Twice cheated, the poor fellow made a third effort, though barely able to sustain himself in his humble lodging, until the period of examination came. His future hung upon the result; for, upon his passing the ordeal with credit, depended his access to employment that would get him bread. He strained every nerve, and succeeded well. All the professors testified their approbation except one, whose voice was necessary to complete the votes. He rose, and withheld his suffrage upon false grounds, that cast dishonour on the young man's character. It was his old enemy; and the poor boy—a widow's son—with starvation before him, and his hopes all cast to the winds, rushed forward by a sudden impulse of despair, and struck his persecutor. He was arrested, tried, and condemned, by the Emperor himself, to receive a thousand lashes with the knout. All the students and professors were ordered to be present at the execution of the sentence. Long before it was complete, of course, the youth was dead; but the full number was completed. Many students who were made spectators of the scene lay on the ground in swoon. From another eye-witness, the Englishwoman heard of the presence of a line of carriages, filled with Russian ladies, at a similar scene, the victims being slaves who had rebelled, because a master introduced upon his ground a box in which to thrash them by machinery, and had seized him and given him a taste of his own instrument of torture. Need we say more to prove that the true Russian civilization is a thing to come?

Our countrywoman, visiting a monastery, was invited to eat ices in the garden. She saw how the spoons were cleaned behind the bushes—licked and wiped. Such ice-eating, with the spoon-licking in the back-ground, is typical of the sort of elegance and polish Russia has.

One day the Englishwoman saw an officer boldly pocket some of his neighbour's money while playing at cards. Another slipped up his sleeve some concert tickets belonging to her friend. She and her friend both saw him do it. One day a young officer called, while they were at dinner; was shown into one of the drawing-rooms, and departed with a lady's watch. Nothing was said to the police, out of respect to his uncle, who is of rank. Ladies going to a party will sometimes steal the papers of kid gloves and the hair-pins left on the toilet tables to supply those who happen to come unprovided. Our countrywoman went to visit an old lady; and, as all the drawing-rooms were thrown open for the reception of visitors, thought it no sin to walk from one room to another for the purpose of examining some pictures. The old lady rose and followed her, watching her movements so closely that she returned to her seat greatly amazed. "You must not be surprised at it, my dear," said a friend, after she got home again; "for really you do not know how many things are lost in such parties from the too great admiration of the visitors."

The officers just mentioned were men holding employments under government. So much has been made notorious during the present war of the extent to which the Russian government suffers from the peculation and falsehood of officials in all grades, that one illustration in this place will be sufficient, and we will choose one that illustrates at the same time another topic. The railway to Warsaw is dropped, because the money needed for it is absorbed by war; the only Russian railway line is that between the two capitals, St. Petersburgh and Moscow. When it was nearly finished, the Czar ordered it to be ready for his own use on a certain day. It was not really finished; but over several miles of the road, since the Czar must be obeyed, rails were laid upon whatever contrivance could be patched up for the occasion. The Imperial neck was risked by the Russian system. While this railway was in course of construction, the fortunes made by engineers and government officials on the line of road was quite astonishing: men of straw rapidly acquired estates. Government suffered and—the serfs. Our countrywowan living once in a province through which the railway runs, went by train to a pic-nic. At the station, four hundred workmen were assembled, who asked eagerly, whether the governor was of the party. No, they were told, but his wife was. Her, then, they begged to see. To her they pleaded with their miserable tale for interference in their behalf. For six weeks they had been paid no wages, their rations were bad, and a fever like a plague had broken out among them, of which their companions perished by scores, to be buried, like so many dogs, in morasses along the line. Their looks confirmed their tale. The criminal employers were upon the spot, and acted ignorance and sympathy, making at the same time humane speeches and promises, which the poor men received by exchanging looks of profound despair with each other.

Then there is the system of espial. In addition to the secret police—the accredited spies—there is said to be a staff of eighty thousand paid agents, persons moving in society; generals, tradesmen, dressmakers, people of all ranks; who are secretly engaged in watching and betraying those with whom they live. The consequence is, that nobody dares speak his earnest thoughts, even to his familiar friend. Men say what they do not think, affect credit of government reports which they know to be audacious lies, and take pains to exhibit themselves as obedient subjects. When the Englishwoman lived at Archangel, a deaf and dumb gentleman arrived, with letters of introduction to the leading people, and was received with cordiality and sympathy; he was a clever man, read several languages, and displayed pretty drawings of his own execution. He was made everywhere welcome. More than once our quick-eyed countrywoman fancied, that he looked over-attentive to words spoken behind his back. It soon afterwards was made only too certain that this man was a government spy, playing a difficult part for a base purpose.

Of the Greek form of religion we say nothing. Let the Russians bow before the pictures of their saints. We will quote only an anecdote told in this book, of a poor wandering Samoyede, a fish-eating savage from the borders of the Arctic Ocean. He asked whether his visitor was Russian, and being answered No, lifted up some skins in his tent which covered pictures of saints, and pointing to them with disdain, said,—"See! there are Russian gods, but ours," raising his hand heavenwards, "is greater. He lives—up there!"

NOTE IN THE NURSERY.—The eyes of a baby pour rivers, when as yet there is no bridge to the nose.

SOUR PICKLES.—A namby-pamby sort of a young man, knowing that a young lady, of whom he imagined himself enamoured, understood the language of flowers, sent her a beautiful rose, as a declaration of love, attaching a slip of paper, on which was written: "If not accepted, I proceed to the war." In return, she forwarded a pickle jar, containing a single mango (Man go!)