

than a number of the disk valves now in use applied one above the other, and which produce a disagreeable whistling noise, which is totally avoided by this valve.—*Scientific American.*

Miscellaneous.

THE PRICE OF ABSOLUTION.

A POPIH DEATH-BED SCENE.

"Let all present leave the apartment, exclaims the priest, in an authoritative voice. 'We would be alone; to receive the final confession, and, by the aid of the blessed Virgin, to administer the last consolations of holy Church to our departing brother.'

"The friends and relations slowly withdrew; the holy father watches them quit the chamber with a cunning sparkle in his eyes, and, when he is alone with the dying man, thus addresses him:—

"It is the will of Heaven, my son, that the Angel of Death should set his mark upon thy brow! Ave Maria! Thou desirest the last beneficent and most consoling offices of the Church. Are the supports and ministrations of our holy office precious to thee now?

"Sacraments of the Church—pains of purgatory—masses—charities—settlement of my affairs—provision for my family—are the only words audible from the lips of the dying man.

"In what frame of mind dost thou find thyself, my son, towards our holy religion?" resumes the reverend father.

"I desire to receive the holy sacrament at thine hand, holy father; and to secure thy powerful intercession with our Lady, for—the release of my soul from purgatory!"

"Thou hast been a great sinner, my son; but the power of the Church is great. Thou hast been remiss in thy observances; thy penances have been neglected, and thy sufferings most needs be proportionate; but the intercession of the Church is all powerful; and it will not be refused thee. Doubtless, thou desirest that the worldly possessions thou art about to leave should be appropriated to the redemption of thy soul, by prayers and ordained masses. The line of thy duty is plain, my son, and I believe me that thou dost so desire it."

"As the priest repeats these words in an impressive voice, he stoops over the couch of the sufferer, and, with his own sleek hand, tenderly smooths the pillows that support his head; and listens for the forthcoming reply.

"My hacienda in the south, to the pious uses of the Church—likewise my three manions in the Plaza—interest in the share mine—my property at Tampico—likewise the third of my fortune, as testified. For the rest—my wife and family—my brother and—"

"Dost thou, in thy last hour, offer a divided gift to Heaven, lost man! indignantly exclaims the father. 'Dost thou think that God—and thou must soon appear before Him—will be satisfied with a tithe of thy possessions?'

"But my wife and children—"

"I tell thee again that it will require all thou hast that the unceasing efforts of the Church may rescue thee from the tortures that await thy unhappy soul. Dost thou still hanker after thy earthly riches, and scheme for the sordid interests of thy worldly connexions? Then perish in thine iniquity!"

"What will become of my wife and children? I cannot leave them unprovided for—without a peso—without a shelter!"

"Then embrace the purgatory that is yawning for thee! Thy last hour is come! Death is even now dealing with thee. Eternal torments await thee! Perish, then, in thy contempt, and in thy crimes!"

"The will of the Church is mine, holy father, for I feel that I am dying."

"An attendant is summoned, and a notary and his clerk are sent for. 'For,' exclaims the wily ecclesiastic, 'our brother is desirous of arranging his worldly affairs in the company of his spiritual adviser.'

"The notary arrives; the desired instrument is hastily drawn up; a trembling hand is raised to the paper; and a broken voice exclaims, 'Ah! my wife and children!' The hand at first refuses to sign the deed; but more threats and promises are resorted to; and at length the thing is done. Absolution is full is granted; the bugbear of purgatory is withdrawn; the last sacrament is administered to the sufferer; but, ere the consecra-

ted wafer can have time to melt upon his tongue, he dies!

"Your money, or your life!" was the summons of the English robber; 'Your estate, or your soul!' is the demand of the Mexican priest."—*The Bulwark.*

Curiosities of China.

Here is a man leading a white goat with only three legs, which he wishes to sell, but on a careful examination we perceive that one of the fore legs had been neatly amputated while the animal was young. There are half a dozen gaming-tables, each surrounded by its crowd of players and spectators. The Chinese are inveterate gamblers, and as the stakes at many of these tables are as low as a single cash, few are so poor that they cannot make a venture. One of the methods has some resemblance to the "little jokers," so well known at our race courses. The player has three sticks, the ends of which are thrust through his fingers. There is a hole through each of the other ends, which are held in his hand; a cord is passed through one of them, and the play consists in guessing which one, as the cord may be transferred from one to the other by a quick movement of the fingers. I put a "cash" on the board, made a guess, and win a cake of suspicious looking candy, which I give to the nearest boy, to the great merriment of the bystanders. There are also stands for the sale of pea-nuts, reminding us of the classic sidewalks of Chatham-street, and for the sake of Young America, we must invest a few cash in its favorite fruit. But here is an entertainment of an entirely novel character. A man, seated on the pavement, holds in his hand a white porcelain tile, about a foot square. This he overspreads with a deep blue color, from a sponge dipped in a thin paste of indigo, and asks us to name a flower. I suggest the lotus. He extends his fore-fingers—a most remarkable fore-finger, crooked, flexible as an elephant's trunk, and as sharp as if the end had been whittled off—gives three or four quick dashes across the tile, and in ten seconds or less, lo! there is the flower, exquisitely drawn and shaded, its snowy cup hanging in the midst of its long, swaying leaves. Three more strokes, and a white bird, with spread wings, hovers over it; two more, and a dog stands beside it. The rapidity and precision of that fore-finger seem almost miraculous. He covers the tile with new layers of color, and flower after flower is dashed out of the blue ground.—*Bayard Taylor.*

A Child among Lunatics.

Recently a gentleman whose official duties required him to visit a large Asylum near this city, devoted to the indigent insane, took with him a little boy some three years old, and it was an interesting study to watch the effect which the presence of the young visitor produced among the lunatics of every grade. An unusual degree of quiet and order prevailed in every hall, and touching manifestations of the softening and subduing influence of childhood were exhibited by those who were ordinarily most intractable. This was particularly the case with those who had passed the season of youth. One man, incurably insane, approached the little boy with a countenance for the moment full of gentleness and kindness, and with a polite gesture handed him a straw—being all that he had to give—and showed great satisfaction when it was accepted and borne as if it had been of value. Almost all approached and shook hands with the infant, and so mild was their bearing that he did not for a moment hesitate, and although abashed at what to him was an unusual crowd, he cheerfully yielded his little hand to their caresses. But the most interesting scene was in the women's apartments. They were ready to devour the child with their caresses, and yet, when they observed that their crowd- ing and volubility annoyed him, instinctively withdrew a little, and modulated their voices to tones of tenderness, to which many of them had long been strangers. One of the women, herself a mother, inquired with tearful eyes, "Dear little fellow, is his mother living?" An affirmative reply seemed to relieve her apprehensions, and her expression of interest assumed a more cheerful tone. The most violent, closely confined in cells, watched every movement of the boy with intense interest, and some begged, by all the affection for their own offspring—which insanity in its worst form had not eradicated—to be permitted to embrace him. The whole scene was calculated to deepen the sympathy felt

for the most unfortunate class who were the object of the visit, and to show how strongly the society of children is calculated to win back to gentleness those who, from any cause, have passed that indefinable line which separates the sane from the insane.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

The unknown Trades of Paris.

"Dick Tinto," the Paris correspondent of the New York Times, writes under this head, that the guesser of rebusses and riddles is making a rapid fortune. At the Cafes, the reading-rooms, the clubs, where people cluster in numbers to read the illustrated papers, there is a natural desire to know the solution to the pictorial charades and enigmas, without waiting the issue of the next week's number.

A man with a natural tact at solving them, has made a trade of it.

He gets the paper before any one else is up at eight o'clock, and sets out in his rounds with the desired explanation. He sells the secrets to the heads of the various establishments, charging each person five sous, and thus earns fifty francs, a rebus. As there are three a week, he makes \$1500 a year. He spends but a third of this, and invests a thousand per annum.

This has been going on for a long time, and his savings amount to a very pretty sum. He will have a house of his own before a great while, and will retire to a country life.

Mlle Rose, a raiser of ants, earns thirty francs a day. She has a correspondent in all the departments, and never receives less than ten bags a day. She makes them lay when she likes, and can get from them, as she says, ten times what they would produce in a state of nature. She sells the eggs to the Garden of Plants, as good for certain species of birds; to the pheasant raisers of the environs, and to apothecaries for sundry medicinal purposes.

Mlle Rose lives and sleeps in the midst of her insects, and the skin of her whole body has grown insensible to their bites. She is as callous all over as though she were a universal corn. The police lately made her remove from Paris to an isolated house beyond the barriers.

Mr. Latagotos kills cats at night, and sells the fur to muff makers, who persuade grissettes that it is a cheap kind of Siberian sable.

Mr. Lecog has made artificial cock's combs for ragouts, thirty-nine years. A neighboring machinist furnishes him with steam power, and he manufactures the article from ox and sheep tongues. He produces some ten thousand a day, and sells them at the rate of three cents per dozen. M. Lecog could live upon his income, but he continues the trade nevertheless.

M. Deshaies hunts a species of harmless snake in the hedges, which he sells for eels. There are five hundred sellers of eels in Paris, and M. Deshaies is somewhat a rival with his snakes. These furnish a good fry at the barrier eating-houses, and M. Deshaies lives a happy, careless, and roaming existence in the woods, dressed like a Leather Stocking, and earning fifty dollars a month.

Triumph over Disease and Pain.

So it was with a happy sufferer whose history we lately read. Poor and dependent, for six-and-thirty years the victim of incurable maladies, often undergoing excruciating agony, sometimes for a lengthened period blind, few have experienced the exquisite enjoyment of which her shattered tenement was the habitual abode. As she wrote to a friend, "My nights are very pleasant in general. I feel like David when he said, 'I wait for the Lord; my soul doth wait; and in his word do I hope.' And while I am enabled to contemplate the wonders of redeeming grace and love, the hours pass swiftly on, and the morn appears, even before I am aware. I experience so much of the Saviour's love in supporting me under pain, that I cannot fear its increase."

Once, when a lady, shuddering at the spectacle of her suffering, said that if called to endure so much pain herself, her faith must fail, Harriet quoted the text, "Strengthened with all might unto all long-suffering with joyfulness;" and added, "Yes; and I think this is one end to be answered in my long afflictions—encouragement for others to trust in him. This precious Book is my constant companion, and its truths and promises my unfailing support."—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT



A PERSON 70 YEARS OF AGE CURED OF A BAD LEG, OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. William Abbs, Builder of Gas-Ovens, of Rushcliffe, near Huddersfield, dated May 31st, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I suffered for a period of thirty years from a bad leg, the result of two or three different accidents at Gas Works, accompanied by scorbutic symptoms. I had recourse to a variety of medical advice, without deriving any benefit, and was even told that the leg must be amputated, yet, in opposition to that opinion, your Pills and Ointment have effected a complete cure in so short a time, that few who had not witnessed it would credit the fact.

(Signed) WILLIAM ABBS. The truth of this statement can be verified by Mr. W. P. England, Chemist, 13 Market Street, Huddersfield.

A MOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF BAD LEGS, AFTER 43 YEARS' SUFFERING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70, St. Mary's Street, Weymouth, dated May 15th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—At the age of 18 my wife (who is now 61) caught a violent cold, which settled in her legs, and ever since that time they have been more or less sore, and greatly inflamed. Her agonies were distracting, and for months together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep. Every remedy that medical men advised was tried, but without effect; her health suffered severely, and the state of her legs was terrible. I had often read your Advertisements, and advised her to try your Pills and Ointment; and, as a last resource, after every other remedy had proved useless, she consented to do so. She commenced six weeks ago, and, strange to relate, is now in good health. Her legs are painless, without seam or scars, and her sleep sound and undisturbed. Could you have witnessed the sufferings of my wife during the last 43 years, and contrast them with her present enjoyment of health, you would indeed feel delighted in having been the means of so greatly alleviating the sufferings of a fellow creature.

(Signed) WILLIAM GALPIN. A WONDERFUL CURE OF A DANGEROUS SWELLING OF THE KNEE.

Copy of a Letter from John Forfar, an Agriculturist, residing at Newborough, near Hexham, May 15, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—I was afflicted with a swelling on each side of the leg, rather above the knee, for nearly two years, which increased to a great size. I had the advice of three eminent surgeons here, and was an inmate of the Newcastle Infirmary for four weeks. After various modes of treatment had been tried, I was discharged as incurable. Having heard so much of your Pills and Ointment, I determined to try them, and in less than a month I was completely cured. What is more remarkable I was engaged twelve hours a day in the hay harvest, and although I have followed my laborious occupation throughout the winter, I have had no return whatever of my complaint. (Signed) JOHN FORFAR.

AN INFLAMMATION IN THE SIDE PERFECTLY CURED.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Francis Annot, of Breachin, Lothian Road, Edinburgh, dated April 29th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—For more than twenty years my wife has been subject, from time to time, to attacks of inflammation in the side, for which she was bled and blistered to a great extent, still the pain could not be removed. About four years ago she saw, in the papers, the wonderful cures effected by your Pills and Ointment, and thought she would give them a trial. To her great astonishment and delight she got immediate relief from their use, and after persevering for three weeks, the pain in her side was completely cured, and she has enjoyed the best of health for the last four years.

(Signed) FRANCIS ANNOT. A DREADFUL BAD BREAST CURED IN ONE MONTH.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Frederick Turner, of Penhurst, Kent, dated Dec. 13th, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

DEAR SIR,—My wife had suffered from Bad Breast, for more than six months, and during the whole period had the best medical attendance, but all to no use. Having before healed an awful wound in my own leg by your unrivalled medicine, I determined again to use your Pills and Ointment, and therefore gave them a trial in her case, and fortunate it was I did so, for in less than a month a perfect cure was effected, and the benefit that various other branches of my family have derived from their use is really astonishing. I now strongly recommend them to all my friends. (Signed) FREDERICK TURNER.

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

Bad Legs	Chieft-foot	Sore-throats
Bad Breasts	Chilblains	Skin diseases
Burns	Chapped hands	Scurvy
Bunions	Corns (soft)	Sore-heads
Bite of Mos-	Cancers	Tumours
chetoos and	Contracted and	Ulcers
Sand-Flies	Stiff Joints	Wounds
Gout	Gout	Glandular Swell-
Lumpage	Piles	ings
Rheumatism	Scalds	Sore Nipples
Coco-bay	Elephantiasis	Yaws

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N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients are affixed to each box.

CHALONER & HUNT

HAVE just received per "Middleton," from London, via Liverpool—An assortment of GARDEN & FLOWER SEEDS, warranted fresh.

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