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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

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NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE, A VERY LARGE PAPER, FOR THE COUNTRY, IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. At the low price of TWO DOLLARS per annum, in advance.

THE TRIBUNE.

Review.

THE CHILD'S FRIEND: Designed for Families and Sunday Schools: Edited by ELIZA L. FOLLEN. Boston: Leon. and C. Bowles.

There is no branch of literature that better deserves cultivation, and none that so little obtains it from worthy hands as this of Children's books. It requires a peculiar development of the genius and sympathies, rare among the men of factitious life, who are not men enough to revive, with force and beauty, the thoughts and scenes of childhood.

It is all idle to talk baby-talk, with malice prepense, and to give shallow accounts of deep things, thinking thereby to interest the child—He does not like to be too much puzzled, but it is simplicity he wants and not silliness. We fancy, their angels, who are always waiting in the courts of our Father, smile, somewhat sadly, at the ignorance of those who would feed them on milk and water too long, and think it would be quite as well to give them a stone.

There is too much among us of the French way of palming off false accounts of things on children *to do them good*, and showing nature to them in a magic lantern, "purified for the use of childhood," and telling stories of good little girls, and sweet little girls, or brave little boys; oh! all *so* good! or *so* bad! and, above all, *so little*, and every thing about them so little!—Children, accustomed to move in full-sized apartments, and converse with full-grown men and women, do not need so much of this baby-house style in their literature. They like, or would like, if they could get them, better things much better. They like the "Arabian Nights," and "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Bunyan's Emblems," and Shakspeare, and the "Iliad" and "Odyssey;" at least, they used to like them; and, if they do not now, it is because their taste has been injured by so many sugar-plums. The books that were written in the childhood of nations suit an uncorrupt childhood now. They are simple, picturesque, robust. Their moral is not forced, nor is the truth veiled with a well-meant but sure-to-fail, hypocrisy. Sometimes they are not moral at all, only free plays of the fancy and intellect. These, also, the child needs, just as the infant needs to stretch its limbs, and grasp at objects it cannot hold. We have become so fond of the moral that we forget the nature in which it must find its root; so fond of instruction, that we forget development.

Where ballads, legends, and fairy-tales *are moral*, the *morality is heart-felt*; if instructive, it is from the healthy common sense of mankind, and not for the convenience of nursery rule, nor the "peace of schools and families."

O that winter! freezing, snow-laden winter, which slowly ushered in our eighth birth-day.—There, in the lonely farm-house, the day's work done, and the bright wood fire a' in a low, we were permitted to slide back the panel of the cupboard in the wall; most fascinating object still in our eyes, with which no stateliest alcoved library can vie; and there saw, neatly ranged on its two shelves, *not*, praised be our natal star! Peter Parley nor "A history of the good little boy that never took any thing that did not belong to him;" but—the "Spectator," "Telemachus," "Goldsmith's Animated Nature" and the "Iliad."

Forms of gods and heroes more distinctly seen and with eyes of nearer love then than now!—Our true Uncle, Sir Roger de Coverley, and ye, fair realms of Nature's history whose pictures we tormented all grown persons to illustrate with more knowledge—still more, how we bless the chance that gave to us your great realities which life has daily helped us—helps us still, to interpret, instead of thin and baseless fictions that would, all this time, have hampered us although only with cobwebs.

Children need some childish talk, some childish play, some childish books. But they also need, and need more, difficulties to overcome, and a sense of the vast mysteries which the progress of their intelligence shall aid them to unravel. This sense is naturally their delight, as it is their religion, and it must not be dulled by premature explanations, nor subterfuges of any kind. There has been too much of this lately.

Miss Edgeworth is an excellent writer for children. She is a child herself as she writes, sired anew by her own genius. It is not by imitating but by reproducing childhood that the writer becomes its companion. Then, indeed, we have something especially good, for

"Like wine, well-kept and long;
Heady, nor harsh, nor strong;
With each succeeding year is quaff'd
A richer, purer, mellower draught."

Miss Edgeworth's grown people live naturally with the children; they do not talk to them constantly about angels, or flowers, or blue riband, but about the things that interest themselves.—They do not force them forward nor keep them back. The relations are simple and honorable; all ages in the family seem at home under one roof and sheltered by one care.

"The Juvenile Miscellany," formerly published by Mrs. Child, was much and deservedly esteemed by children. It was a healthy, cheerful, natural and entertaining companion to them.

"The Child's Friend" is edited by Mrs Follen, a lady admired and loved by a large circle of personal friends, best known to the public at large by a memoir of her husband worthy in its tone of the beauty of its subject. No task could have been more difficult: few have been fulfilled with such delicacy.—We think this periodical for children is, in some degree, obnoxious to the censure of too monotonously tender a manner, and too constant attention to the moral inference. We should prefer a larger proportion of the facts of natural or human history, and that they should speak for themselves. There are many good things in the work, and it is calculated to lead the child into the region of worthy resolve and liberal views. Among the contributions from other hands, we would notice a translation of Gothe's excellent tale of "Ferdinand" and a story called "The Little Expecter," which, if it betray too great a degree of intellectual consciousness for the free flow of fairy poesy, has refined fancy and judgment, with a simplicity and strength in manner rarely seen in modern fantasies of this kind. *

From the Child's Friend.

THE LITTLE EXPECTER,

OR, FAIRY MUSIC.

GERTRUDE was one day playing in the garden, when a fairy whispered in her ear, "Sometime I will give you a beautiful thing." She was startled with joy by the sweet voice and stood still, looking through the air to see where it came from, but the fairy had vanished and she did not know whence she came or whether she went. From that time forward she was always hoping to see the fairy again and wondering what the beautiful thing could be which she was going to give her. Sometimes when she was laughing and frolicking with her playmates she would suddenly stop and gaze wistfully up into the bright clouds, but they would melt away and leave only the blue sky shining before her. When the old nurse collected all the children round her to hear stories she would listen with delight to the legends of fairies who rode upon moonbeams, or danced on the waves of the sea, but she was always expecting some more wonderful story. When she asked the old nurse why she did not tell her something different, she would reply that she did not know any others, these were pretty enough for any little girl to hear, and thus she could never learn what she wanted from her. She had a garden in which she worked quite diligently because she liked to have gay flowers growing there, and often while digging in the earth she heard low sounds under the roots of the plants, and was always expecting a fairy to pass out, but no fairy appeared.

At length she lost all pleasure in play and work and passed her time in looking listlessly out of the window at the distant mountains. Her mother saw she did not enjoy herself as the other children did, and as she loved her very much, wished to do something to make her happy; so she told her she would take her a journey. Gertrude was delighted, for she thought she should like to go all over the world in search of the fairy's promised gift.

In the first city to which they went they entered a cathedral, and Gertrude was filled with awe by the solemn aisles, the sunlight that streamed in through richly painted windows, the organ music rolling slowly along. Every day she went there and watched the sunlight gliding from column to column, or stood beneath the shadows of the arches listening to the music. But one day a sudden sadness came over her and she said, "It seems to me like a dark cave and I have never heard the fairy whisper her;" so she left the cathedral, and going to her mother asked her to carry her somewhere else.

Then they went to a city where there were long galleries of pictures and statues and here she wandered about as in a land of enchantment. She loved to look on the faces and scenes represented, to imagine stories for them, and to see the bright soft colors blended together. She walked through stately halls where marble statues stood silently around her, and would sit and gaze for hours upon them, but at last she exclaimed, "They are all lifeless, always still, still! I want something full of life and motion."

Then her mother went with her to a place where there was a splendid theatre, and here she saw graceful dancers who seemed to fly over the stage, and funny comedies that made her laugh very much, and what she liked best of all, very exciting tragedies which made her shudder and weep until she scarcely knew where she was.—But when she went home at night to her little quiet bed she would say to herself, "It was not real; it was not true! the actors did not feel it;" and the next day all the people about her seemed very tame because they were not always falling in love, or killing each other, or full of heroic feelings. At last she wanted to go away from them all, and asked her mother to go among mountains and torrents, and wild beautiful places.

They went to a castle beside a lake, hidden among high mountains, and she had a little boat in which she could sail about wherever she pleased, and she leapt boldly along by the waterfalls and chased the chamois among the rocks. She looked down the steep precipices, she climbed high peaks, and stood in the broad sunlight gazing over wide countries; the moved about from morning to night, and for a while was delighted, but at length began to listen in the wind for the fairy's voice, and the wind flew silently on its way; she threw stones among the rocks but only the echo returned to her; the mountain brooks gushed joyously at her feet, but no fairy whisper did she hear. She said to her mother, "I am tired of wandering about; what shall I do?"—Her mother asked if she would not like to study, to learn something of the wonderful forms around her. She answered "Oh yes, oh yes," for she thought to herself, "Now I shall find out where the beautiful thing is hidden."

She read many books that told her how the mountains were formed strata above strata, how many miles distant were the stars that stone down upon them, how the sunlight that played in the foam of the torrents was full of bright colors, what the flowers were named that grew in the clefts of the rocks, but none of them told her where the fairy dwelt or the beautiful thing might be found, although she read all the great books in the library. Then she said to her mother, "I wish I had some children to play with; I am tired of these old tedious books, they never tell me what I want to know, and when I call out to the mountains and the torrents they never make me any answer."

Her mother sent for some children to stay at the castle, and they had a fine time together.—They sailed in the boat, they climbed among the rocks, they went about making discoveries, and brought home many curiosities. There was one among them whom Gertrude loved more than all the rest, and they often stayed in the sunny valleys together, listening to the song of the brook and telling each other stories of the fairies who dwell among the flowers. One evening they sailed together in the little boat on the lake, and the moonlight was so lovely that it made Gertrude think more than ever about the beautiful thing that had been promised her, and at last she told her friend about it, but the little girl only laughed and said it was a foolish dream.—From that time Gertrude did not like to be with her so well as before, and often left all her companions to wander about by herself. At length she said, "Neither my mother nor the children can tell me where the beautiful thing is to be found, but perhaps some body can, and I will go and ask every one I meet."

She descended the plain to the foot of the mountain, and seating herself at the corner where four roads met, held out her hand to every one who passed by. She did not tell them what her hope was, because she thought they would question her and laugh at her, but she believed some of them would know what she wanted, and give it to her. They wondered to see her sitting there, and sometimes offered her a piece of bread, but no one spoke of the beautiful thing. Then she said, "I will go all round the world and find it for myself." So like a little pilgrim she went along for many miles. Great clouds of dust whirled round her so that she was almost blinded, but she thought she must walk in the road, because she believed it would lead to famous places where her treasure might be found.

Being very tired of the dust and the people who went chattering by, she turned at last into a little by-path leading through the fields. Presently she saw a crimson bird fly out of a dark road and soar up into the sky, filling the air with his song. "Did he have his nest in that gloomy forest? Then I will go in, and perhaps such a joyous song will also be given to me." Thus saying, she entered among the thick trees, and was soon so lost among their tangled branches and crowded trunks that she could not find her way out. It grew darker and darker, for night was coming on, and the wind sighed so sadly around her that it seemed as if her heart would break. She laid down on the roots of a great oak; a few moonbeams penetrated the foliage and shone into her eyes full of tears, and seemed to feel so much pity for her that at last they soothed her to sleep. She dreamed that the fairy flittered before her and pointed forward with a loving smile, and suddenly she started up full of joy. But now it was midnight, the young moon had vanished, and the cold dews chilled her to the heart. Then she said, "I will go on, on, night and day; if I stay here I shall die in the gloomy wood."

On she went amid great boughs that seemed like the arms of giants stretched forth to imprison her, until she saw in the distance a twinkling light. It appeared and disappeared as she walked toward it amid the great trunks of the trees, and she thought it might be only a Will o' the Wisp, but at last it shone steadily before her, and she discovered that it came from a little cottage hut. She knocked, and a voice said "Come in."

She entered and found an old woman spinning away most diligently, although it was midnight, and every one else was at rest. Her voice and face were stern, even harsh, the little girl thought, but she told her that she could not find her way, and asked leave to stop there all night.

"To-night and many a night, unless you want to be lost in the wood, for you never can find your way out," answered the old woman.

Gertrude felt very sadly to hear this, but was so tired that she laid down on the floor and soon fell asleep. In the morning early the old woman awaked her and said, "Come, jump up and help me spin; you must work hard if you live here." Gertrude looked out into the wood, but saddened when she saw how gloomy it appeared even in the morning. Not the trace of a path was to be seen any where, and scarcely a glimpse of blue sky shone through the trees, so she thought she had better stay in the hut, and perhaps the fairy would some time come and show her the way out through the forest. With tears in her eyes she began to spin at a great wheel which stood beside the old woman's, and there for many days and nights they spun together all the time. Every now and then a green parrot in a cage in the corner cried out, "Pretty Poll, pretty Poll!" but the old woman never spoke a word, the sun never shone in, the wind moaned in the branches and beat them against the roof, and it seemed to Gertrude the most dismal place in the world.

At last she could bear it no longer, and thought she must make the old woman talk to her even if her words were harsh and unkind; so she asked her why she was spinning there. The old woman answered in a somewhat pleasanter tone then before, "I am under the spell of an enchanter, and have had to spin all day and all night for many weary years, but now you have learned to spin so well, I can share the work with you, and we will each spin half the time." So from this time forward the little girl had half the day to sleep in, and the old woman also could rest. This made her much kinder, and she would often let Gertrude go into the wood for a walk. This she was very glad to do, because she was very eager to find some way that would lead her out, and often climbed into the trees to see if she could not discern the country beyond. But one day she said to herself, "Shall I go away and leave this poor old woman to spin all the time?"

She knew not what to do, and her tears fell into the little oil by which she was sitting. Then she thought that the brook stood in the secret and watered the roots of the trees which prevented the sunbeams from shining upon it, when it might have run sparkling through the open fields, and she thought she would be as kind as the brook was. She returned more contentedly to the hut, and from that time she all she could to make the old woman happy, and often spun more than her own share, that she might have more time to rest and to read in a great book over which she was always poring when she had a moment to spare.

A few days after this, while she was spinning, she thought she heard low music mingled with the whirring of the wheel. She listened very eagerly, and soon distinguished a little air which was so sad and sweet that it brought tears into her eyes. It was repeated over and over again, and she imitated it until she had caught the tune and could hum it to herself. When she went into the wood she sang it as she walked along, and it seemed as if the murmuring of the brook answered her, and the whispering of the wind among the trees.

From that time forward the spinning wheel was always musical, and every day the tunes became clearer and more joyful. Gertrude thought of little songs to go to the tunes, which she sung to herself from morning to night, and was so happy that she seemed like a sunbeam wherever she went. The wood had become full of life to her now, for every thing answered her voice.—She could understand the songs of the birds, and they told her of the wonderful things they saw as they flew over the earth, and even the grass-blades whispered strange things as she passed. She wondered that all had been so silent before, and that the old woman never seemed to hear the beautiful music that sounded around them, however loudly she heard it, or naturally sung her own songs. But one day as they were both spinning together and Gertrude was singing very gaily, the old woman said, "Hark! is that a bird flying by?" Gertrude smiled and went on singing. "Why, is it you, Gertrude? how sweetly you sing!" And the old woman listened to her with great delight.—At length she asked her where she had learned that beautiful song. Gertrude told her to listen to the wheels, and perhaps she could hear one also. The old woman listened, but said she could hear nothing except the incessant whirring. Then Gertrude sang a most merry song, and said that was the way the whirr whirr sounded to her.

From this time the old woman wished to hear Gertrude sing almost all the day, the stern expression passed away from her face, and she became so cheerful and good natured that the little girl thought she should be willing to live with her all her life. At length the old woman could also hear music in the whirring of the wheels, and although she could not herself sing the tunes, spinning was no longer a tedious task to her.—They were both surprised when the parrot began to whistle lively airs, and it was a great delight to them, for they were both very tired of hearing him continually calling out, "Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!"

One day when the old woman was telling Gertrude traditions of things that happened before the flood, a fairy floated in and said to Gertrude, "You have been such a good industrious girl that now you may go home to your mother and her beautiful castle."

"But shall I leave the old woman alone to do all the spinning?"

"You will find a spinning-wheel there with which you can spin every day, and you must tell all the people you meet of the music that sounds through the wheel, and ask them to come here to help the old woman and learn some sweet songs to sing."

"But they will not come to this dark forest," said Gertrude.

"Tell them how you lived here, sing your most beautiful songs to them and some of them will come." The old woman was very sorry to have Gertrude go, for she loved her as if she had been her own child, but Gertrude said, "I will ask my mother's leave, and will soon come and bring you to our castle to live." The old woman shook her head and answered, "I shall never live in a castle."

As Gertrude returned through the wood, she easily found her way, for the music sounded through the air before her, and now and then the sunlight streamed in and shone like a path at her feet. When she came home to her castle her mother was rejoiced to see her, for she had long given her up for lost. She asked her where she had been all this time. Gertrude answered her in songs describing her wanderings, the gloomy forest, and the old woman. Then her mother said, "This old woman has been very good to you; should you not like to have her come here and live with you?"

"Oh yes, indeed!" said Gertrude with delight, and after she had stayed with her mother a few days was just setting off to go for her when she met the fairy at the gate, who said to her, "You cannot bring the old woman to live here till all the people in the castle are willing to do their share of the spinning."

Gertrude went to them all and told them what beautiful music sounded in the spinning wheel, and how the poor old woman lived all alone in the forest, and begged them to spin a little every day. At first they were unwilling and said it would be very tedious, but at last consented, for they loved Gertrude, and wished to do all that would please her.

She brought the old woman to the castle, and every day they all spun for a while together; a lovely music sounded through the castle, and they who lived in it were happier than they had ever been before. But although they heard the music wherever they went, none of them could sing such sweet and joyful songs as Gertrude could.

And now wherever she went, she found some new delight. When she saw a picture she felt that the painter had heard the same music that she did, and painted some tune he loved. The cathedral music was a solemn voice speaking to her; the flowers, the waters, the mountains were her friends, and she never felt lonely among them. Her little companions were always rejoiced to be with her, and in their merry laughs and plays she could hear sweet tones which she had never heard in them before. Wherever she went she was loved and loved all that was around her, and was so happy from morning to night that she knew very well what the beautiful thing was, the fairy whisper had promised her.

50,000 DEATHS BY CONSUMPTION

Would perhaps be a small estimate for the ravages of this dreadful disease in a single year; then add the fearful catalogue of those cut off by Inflammation of the Lungs, Hemorrhage, Asthma, Coughs, Influenza, Bronchitis, and other diseases of

THE LUNGS AND LIVER.

And the list would present an appalling proof of the fatality of these four diseases.

But it is important to know that much of this dread waste of human life might have been prevented by a timely use of

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

The greatest remedy ever discovered by man for all diseases of the pulmonary organs produced by cold and changeable climates.

Scores of cases have come to our knowledge where the patient had been given up to die of Consumption—so beyond the reach of medical aid—but who by the use of this Wild Cherry Balsam have been speedily restored to complete health.

A clergyman in Ohio writes that he felt the school he was attending—being advised that she must die of Consumption—to return to her home, wishing to spend her few remaining days with her friends. By some means she was induced to try Dr. Wistar's Wild Cherry, by which she was speedily cured in a short time, and returned to her school with a light heart and renovated health.

By special request to the office, further particulars of this and other remarkable cures will be cheerfully given.

Mary Ann Cooper, 102 Nassau-st. opposite of this city and Brooklyn gave the Balsam their unqualified approval. Why should they not? Recovery where indeed as

"NATURE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION,"

being formed from chemical extracts of Wild Cherry Bark and Tar, two simple, but powerful ingredients of Nature's own Laboratory.

As this is not the wonderful, compound concoction, trifling in its effects, but the most efficacious remedy ever known.

Prepared solely by Jerome Ansell, New-York. Sold also by Agents in all parts of the Union. 6t 6m*

THE GREAT REMEDY

FOR

Asthma, Difficulty of Breathing, Bleeding of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Shortness of Breath, Pain and Weakness in the Chest or Side, and that most terrible of all diseases,

CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS.

DR. FOLGER'S OLOSAMIAN, OR ALL-HEALING BALSAM.—Is your rest broken by a tickling and trouble, some Cough? Have you a *Pain in the Side*, accompanied with *Shortness of Breath*, and other alarming symptoms which lead you to fear the worst will become the victim of Consumption? If so, let the sufferer call and obtain a cure for a Cough, relieve the pain and soreness in your chest, and speedily restore you to health. Are you suffering from *Asthma?* Try this wonderful remedy. Read the following cases of cures which have performed within the last three months:

Farrel Hendrickson, 50 Cedar-st. street, was reduced very low by a tedious cough and bleeding at the lungs. He had tried various remedies without benefit, and his physicians had abandoned the hope of doing him any good. Although he had buried hopes, he procured one bottle of this great remedy restored him entirely to health.

George W. Hage was relieved by two bottles of the Olosamian, although a week at the time he commenced using it that the pain was so great in his side, and so great the difficulty of breathing was such that he could only walk a few steps at a time, and his night sweats were dreadful. In two weeks from the commencement of his using the medicine, he walked with ease down to the office, and in six weeks he was so far restored as to be able to attend to his business again.

E. Laban, Esq. 52 Pike-street, was cured of *Asthma* by half a bottle of the Olosamian. He had not lain down in bed for more than ten months. He has never had a recurrence of the disease, now two years since.

Mrs. Archibald, 39 West-street, was cured of *Asthma* of 4 years' standing, by half a bottle, and declares it to be the best medicine in the world. She had used various other remedies without the least benefit.

Thousands of cases might be given to show the efficacy of this Remedy. More than twenty years' experience in its use has proved it to be the most powerful remedy in the world for the cure of the above mentioned disease.

For sale only at 138 Nassau-street, one door above Ann. 1m*

GRAND RESULTS!!

The most astonishing, all decisive and unsurpassed results have thus far attended the administration and timely use of

DR. SMITH'S

"IMPROVED INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS."

(Sugar-Coated.)

Which are now attracting the attention of mankind, in consequence of their universally acknowledged superiority over EVERY OTHER FORM and NAME of *Purgative, Aperient, Diuretic, Sudorific or Alterative* remedy, and their *rapid* popularity as a cure for the following complaints:

Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and other Fevers, Influenza, Colds, Head-Ache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Perverted Appetite, Heart-burn, Costiveness, Diarrhea, Foul Stomach, Worms, Rheumatism and Gout, Scrofula, Liver Affections, Impurities of the Blood, Female Complaints and Pains in the Head, Side and Back.

In almost positive guarantee of their unparalleled excellence. They are, judging from the demand, effecting more positive cures than any other medicine now known (so called) remedy. People have become convinced that these Pills are not to be ranked in the long list of nauseous, griping, and have taken the old established family cathartic, and have taken in their stead, a mild, safe, and yet sure cathartic, given way to disease, and by a course of repetition. They are little, or, being sugar-coated, are scarcely tasted, and are so mild in their operation, and so pleasant, and so efficacious, that they are rapidly becoming the favorite family medicine, and are performing all that is promised. We are so confident of their efficacy in every case, that we have authorized our agents to WARRANT every bottle, and IN ANY CASE OF FAILURE, the purchaser will receive his money back.

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Mr. SHULTZ, of Sing Sing, cured of liver complaint in the side.

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Mr. LANGLEY, Ice-cream-wine-store, cured of dyspepsia of 5 years' standing.

Rev. Mr. BURGETT, of Brooklyn, cured of rush of blood to the head by these Pills.

Miss DOUGLASS, corner of Walker and Ludlow streets, cured of dimness of sight, pain in the head, dizziness, &c.

Mrs. COPE, 48 Ludlow-st. cured of dizziness, weakness, pain in the head, side and breast, so that she was at a loss to be about, which was not the case before taking these Pills.

Miss C. HENDRICKSON, 32 Trinity place, cured of the most dangerous cold and cough, which had almost taken her life.

CAUTION.—Beware of Spurious Imitations of "Vegetable Pills," or Master "Indian Vegetable Pills" are (sugar coated,) and no others possess the virtues which these Pills claim.

N. B.—See that DR. SMITH'S genuine name is on every box. Sold by agents in all parts of the United States, Mexico, New-York, and No. 2 Water-street, Boston. Also, Mrs. Hayes, 129 Fulton-street, Brooklyn. 52t 1m*

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ARE YOU AFFLICTED WITH PILES?—Try then with confidence, Dr. Upham's Vegetable Electuary, the best Remedy ever offered to public notice. This really excellent medicine is the result of a thorough medical education, and a complete knowledge of the disease for which it is recommended. The most triumphant success attends its administration.

Read the following testimonials:

A gentleman in Norfolk-street, was seriously afflicted with Piles; to great was her suffering, that to use her own expression, life was a burden; for four weeks she has been attended by one of our most eminent Physicians, without the least benefit; she was induced to try Dr. Upham's Electuary, and procured one bottle of this great remedy, which effectually restored him entirely to health.

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