AN IRISH STORY.

An extract from Mr. Lover's laughable Irish Stories, called Paddy and the Fox.

"They say, at last afther many years of prosperity, that the ould colonel got stricken in years, and he begen to have misgivin's in his conscience for his wicked doin's, and his heart was heavy as the fear of death kem upon him; and, sure enough, while he had such murnful thoughts, the Divil kem to him, and towld him, he should go with him.

"Well, to be sure, the ould man was frekenened, but he plucked up his courage and his cureness and towld the Divil, in a bantherin' way, joking like, that he had partic'lar business thin, that he was going to a party, and hoped an *ould friend* would'nt inconvaynience him that a-way."

"Well," said I, laughing at the put off of going to a party, "the Divil, of course, would take no excuse, and carried him off in a flash of fire!"

"Oh no, sir," answered the old man, in something of a reproving, or, at least, offended tone, "that's the finish, I know very well, of many a story, such as we're talkin' of, but that's not the way of this, *which is truth every word* what I tell you."

"I beg your pardon for the interruption," said I.

"No offince in life, sir," said the venerable chronicler, who was now deep in his study and would not be stopped.

"Well, sir," continued he, "the Divil said he'd call the next day, and that he must be ready, and sure enough, in the evenin' he kem to him, and when the colonel seen him he reminded him of his bargain, that as long as he could give him some work he could'nt do, he was'nt obliged to go.

"'That's thrue,' says the Divil.

"'I'm glad to see you're as good as your word, any how,' says the colonel.

"'I never bruk my word yet,' says the owld chap, cocking up his horns consaitedly,—'honor bright,' says he.

"'Well, then, says the colonel, 'build me a mill down there by the river,' says he, 'and let me have it finished by to-morrow mornin'.'

"'Your will is my pleasure,' says the ould chap, and away he wint, and the Colonel tho't he had nick'd Ould Nick at last and went to bed quite aisy in his mind.

"But, *jewel machree*, sure the first thing he heerd the next mornin' was that the whole counthry round was runnin' to see a fine bran new mill that was an the river side where, the evening before, not a thing at all, at all, but rushes was standin,' and all, of coorse, wonderin' what brought it there, and some sayin' 'twas not lucky, and many more throubled in mind, but one and all agreein' it was not *good;* and that's the very mill forninst you, that you were takin' aff, and the stone that I noticed is a remarkable one—a big coign stone—that they say the Divil himself laid first, and has the mark of four fingers and a thumb an it to this day.

"But when the colonel heerd it, he was more throubled than any, of coorse, and began to conthrive what else he could think iv, to keep himself out of the claws of the *ould one.* Well, he often heerd tell that there was one thing the Divil never could do, and I dare say you heerd it too, sir; that is, that he could'nt make a rope out of the sands of the sae; and so, when the *ould one* kem to him the next day, and said his job was done, and that now the mill was built, he must either tell him somethin' else he wanted built, or come away with him.

"So the Colonel said it was all over wid him; 'but,' says he, 'I would'nt like to go wid you alive; and sure it's all the same to you, alive or dead?'

"'Oh, that won't do,' says his friend; 'I can't wait no more,' says he.

"'I don't want you to wait, my dear friend,' says the colonel; 'all I want is, that you'll be pleased to kill me before you take me away.'

"'With pleasure,' says Ould Nick.

"'But will you promise me my choice of dyin' one partic'lar way?' says the Colonel.

"'Half a dozen ways, if it pleze you,' says he.

"'You're mighty oblegin',' says the Colonel; 'and so,' says he, 'I'd rather die by bein' hanged with a rope *made out of the sands of the sae,*' says he, lookin' mighty knowin' at the Ould Fellow.

"'I've always one about me,' says the Divil, 'to obleege my frinds,' says he; and, with that he pulls out a rope of sand, sure enough.

"'Oh, it's game you're makin',' says the Colonel, growin, as white as a sheet.

"'*The game is mine,* sure enough,' says the ould fellow, grinnin', with a terrible laugh.

"'That's not a sand rope at all,' says the Colonel.

"'Isn't it?' says the Divil, hitting him across the face with the end of the rope, and the sand (for it *was* made of sand sure enough) wint into one of his eyes, and made the tears come with the pain.

"'That bates all I ever seen or heerd,' says the Colonel, sthrivin' to rally and make another offer; 'is there any thing you can't do?'

"'Nothin' you can tell me,' says the Divil, 'so you may as well lave off paloverin', and come along at wanst.

"'Will you give me one more offer,' says the Colonel.

"'You don't desarve it,' says the Divil; 'but I dont care if I do;' for you see, sir, he was only playin' wid him, and tantalizin' the ould sinner.

"'All fair,' says the colonel, and with that he ax'd him could he stop a woman's tongue?"

"'Thry me,' says Ould Nick.

"'Well, then,' says the colonel, make my lady's tongue be quiet for the next month, and I'll thank you.'

"'She'll never throuble you again,' says Ould Nick; and with that, the Colonel heerd roarin' and cryin', and the door of his room was thrown open, and in ran his daughter, and fell down at his feet, telling him her mother had just dropped dead.

"The minit the door opened the Divil runs and hides himself behind a big elbow chair, and the colonel was freaked almost out of his siven sinses, by raison of the sudden death of his poor lady, let alone the jeopardy he was in himself, seein' how the Divil had *forestall'd* him every way; and after ringin' his bell and callin' in his servants, and recoverin' his daughter out of her faint, he was goin' away with her out of the room, when the Divil caught howld of him by the skirt of the coat, and the colonel was obleeged to let his daughter be carried out by the servants, and shut the door after them.

"'Well,' says the Divil, and he grinned and wagged his tail all as one as a dog when he is plased—'what do you say now?' says he.

"'Oh,' says the colonel, 'only lave me alone until I bury my poor wife,' says he, 'and I'll go with you then, you villain,' says he.

"'Don't call names,' says the Divil; 'you had better keep a civil tongue in your head, says he; 'and it doesn't become a gindemen to forgit good manners.'

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, the Divil purtended to let him off, out of kindness, for three days, until his wife was buried; but the raison of it was this, that when the lady, his daughter, fainted, he loosened the clothes about her throat, and, in pulling some of her dhress away, he tuk off a goold chain that was an her neck, and put it in his pocket, and the chain had a diamond crass at it, (the Lord be praised!) and the Divil daren't touch him while he had the *sign of the crass* about him.

"Well, the poor colonel, God forgive him, was grieved for the loss of his lady, and she had an *iligant berrin,*—and they say that when the prayers was reading over the dead, the ould colonel took it to heart like any thing, and the word o' Gok kem home to his poor sinful sowl at last.

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, the iad iv it was, that for three days o' grace that was given to him, the poor deluded ould sinner did nothin' at all but read the Bible from morning till night, and bit or sup didn't pass his lips all the time, he was so intint upon the book, but sat up in an ould room in the far ind of the house, and bid no one disturb him on no account, and struv to make his heart bould with the words iv life; and sure it was something stringthened him at last, tho' as the time drew nigh that the *inimy* was to come, he didn't feel aisy, and no wondher! and by dad, the three was past and gone in no time, and the story goes, that at the, dead hour o' the night, when the poor sinner was readin' away as fast as he could, my jew'l, his heart jumped up to his mouth at gettin' a tap on the shouldher.

"'Oh, murther!' says he, 'who's there?' for he was afraid to look up.

"'It's me,' says the *ould one,* and he stood right forninst him, and his eyes like coals o' fire, lookin' him through, and he said, with a voice that a'most split his ould heart, 'Come,' says he.

"'Another day,' cried the poor colonel.

"'Not another hour,' said Sat'n.

"'Half an hour!'

"'Not a quarther,' says the Divil, grinnin' with a bitter laugh; 'give over your readin', I bid you,' says he, 'and come away wid me.'

"'Only gi' me a few minutes,' says he.

"'Lave off your palaverin', you sneakin' ould sinner,' says Sat'n; 'you know you're bought and sowld to me, and a purty bargain I have o' you, you ould baste,' says he, 'so come along at wanst,' and he put out his claw to ketch him; but the Colonel tuk a fast howl o' the Bible, and begged hard that he'd let him alone, and wouldn't harm him until the bit o' candle that was just blinkin' in the socket before him, was burned out.

"'Well have it so, you dirty coward,' said Ould Nick, and with that he spit an him.

"But the poor ould Colonel didn't lose a minit, (for he was cunnin' to the ind,) but snatched the little taste o' candle that was forninst him, out o' the candlestick, and, puttin' it an the holy book before him, he shut down the cover an it, and quinched the light. Wid that the Divil gave a roar like a bull, and vanished like a flash of fire, and the poor colonel fainted away in his chair; but the servants heerd the noise, (for the Divil tore aff the roof o' the house when he he left it) and run into the room, and brought their master to himself agin.—And from that day out he was an althered man, and used to have the Bible read to him every day, for he could'nt read himself any more, by raison of losin' his eyesight, when the Divil hit him with the rope of sand in the face, and afther spit an him; for the sand wint into one eye, and he lost the other that a-way, savin' your presence.

"So you see, sir, afther all, the Colonel, under Heaven, was too able for the Divil, and by readin' the good book, his sowl was saved, and (glory be to God!) *isn't that mighty improvin?*"

NOTICE.

CREDITORS TAKE NOTICE that we have applied to the Court of Common Pleas of Northumberland county for the benefit of the laws made for the relief of insolvent debtors; and that the Judges of the said Court have appointed the first Monday of November next, to hear us and our creditors at the Court House in Sunbury, when and where you may attend if you think proper.

THOMAS POYER.
JOHN JONES.

Sunbury, September 12, 1840.

Removal.

BOOK-BINDERY.

THE undersigned have the gratification of informing the public, that notwithstanding they were so unfortunate as to have their bindery burnt down, in March last, they have opened a very extensive one, in Locust street, in the new building directly opposite Gleim's Hotel, and are prepared to execute all work in their line with despatch, and in a superior style. Their RULING APPARATUS and other Machinery are new, and of the first order and latest improvements; and they feel a confidence in their facilities for giving perfect satisfaction to all who may favor them with their orders.

Banks, County offices, Merchants, Mechanics and others, can be supplied with BLANK BOOKS of every description, which for neatness and durability, will be equal to any made by the United States. HICKOK & CANTINE.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 9.

Notice.

ALL ACCOUNTS remaining in my books previous to the first of April 1840, will be left in the hands of a Justice of the Peace for collection.

HENRY YOXTHIMER.

N. B. Grain of all kinds will be taken on old accounts.

Sept. 12, 1840.—tf.

GROCERIES.—A fresh supply of Groceries just received and for sale by
HENRY YOXTHIMER.
Sept. 12, 1840.—tf.

LIQUORS.—A fresh supply of Brandy, Gin, Port, Lisbon, Teneriffe, Madeira and Sherry Wines, just received and for sale by
HENRY YOXTHIMER.
Sept. 12. 1840.—tf.

MUSLINS.—A new assortment of 7-4, 7-8 and 3-4 yard wide Muslin, just received and for sale by HENRY YOXTHIMER.
Sept. 12, 1840—tf.

CALICOES.—A new assortment of Calicoes just received and for sale by
HENRY YOXTHIMER.
Sept. 12, 1840—tf.

IRON.—A good assortment of Bar Iron, just received and for sale by
HENRY YOXTHIMER.
Sept. 12, 1840.—tf.

SALT.—250 barrels and sacks of Salt, just received and for sale by
HENRY YOXTHIMER.
Sept. 12, 1840.—tf.

CLOTHS.—A general assortment of Cloths and Cassimeres, constantly on hand at the store of
HENRY YOXTHIMER.
Sept. 12, 1840.—tf.

WHEAT, RYE, CORN and all other kinds of Grain and Seeds will be taken at the highest prices in exchange for goods at the store of
HENRY YOXTHIMER.
Sept. 12, 1840 $-.f.

MACKEREL.—A few barrels of Mackerel for sale at a low price by H. B. MASSER,
Sept. 12, 1840.

IRISH SALMON.—Of the best quality, constantly on hand and for sale by
H. B. MASSER,
Sept. 12, 1840.

MADEIRA WINE.—First quality Madiera Wine, for sale low by
H. B. MASSER,
Sept. 12, 1840.

FOURTH PROOF BRANDY.—A genuine article always on hand and for sale by
H. B. MASSER
Sept. 12, 1840

HOLLAND GIN.—Of the best quality always on hand and for sale by
H. B. MASSER.
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LOAF AND LUMP SUGAR.—Always on hand and for sale by
H. B. MASSER.
Sept. 12, 1840.

BOSTON SYRUP MOLASSES.—Of a superior quality, for sale by
H. B. MASSER,
Sept. 12, 1840.

NEW ORLEANS SUGAR HOUSE MOLASSES.—Of the best quality always on hand and for sale by
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Sept. 12, 1840.

BROWN SUGAR.—Of a good quality, for sale low by H. B. MASSER.
Sept. 12, 1840.

LIQUORS.—Of all kinds and of the best qualities, always on hand and for sale by
H. B. MASSER.
Sept. 12, 1840.

GREEN AND BLACK TEAS.—Of the best quality always on hand and for sale by
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COFFEE.—Java, Rio and Laguira Coffee, constantly on hand and for sale by
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SPERM OIL.—Winter and Summer strained Sperm Oil, of the best quality, always on hand and for sale by H. B. MASSER.
Sept 12, 1840.

STEEL.—Cast and Blister Steel, for sale by
H. B. MASSER.
Sept. 12, 1840.

SPRING STEEL.—Of various sizes for Eliptic Springs, for sale by
H. B. MASSER.
Sept. 12, 1840.

LARGE QUARTO BIBLES.—For sale at very reduced prices by
H. B. MASSER.
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BLANK BOOKS.—Of all kinds, for sale by
H. B. MASSER.
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BLANK DEEDS.—Bonds, Mortgages, &c. for sale by H. B. MASSER,
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JUSTICES' BLANKS.—for sale by
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CLOTHS,—Blue, Black, Invisible Green, &c., for sale by H. B. MASSER,
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COTTON YARN AND COTTON LAPS—For sale by H. B. MASSER.
September 12, 1840.

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September 12, 1840.

TOWING LINES, CORDS AND ROPES.—For sale by H. B. MASSER.
September 12, 1840.

Works of Nature.

IN a state of health the intestinal canal may be compared to a river whose waters flow over the adjoining land, through the channels nature or art has made, and improves their qualities; and to keep up the comparison of the river, so long as it runs on smoothly the channels are kept pure and healthy; but if by some cause the course of the river is stopped, then the water in the canals is no longer pure, but soon becomes stagnant. There is but one law of circulation in nature. When there is a superabundance of humorial fluid (acrocity) in the intestinal tubes, and costiveness takes place, it flows back into the blood vessels, and infiltrates itself into the circulation. To establish the free course of the river, we must remove the obstructions which stop its free course, and those of its tributary stream. With the body, follow the same natural principal; remove, by that valuable purgative medicine *Brandreth,s Universal Vegetable Pills,* which are an effectual assistance of nature, the superabundance of humors in the intestine canal. By persevering in this practice, the ways of the circulation will then be restored to the full exercise of their natural functions, and a state of health will be firmly established. Remember, never suffer a drop of blood to be taken from you—Evacuate the humors as often and as long as they are degenerated, or as long as you are sick.

Dr. Brandreth's Office in Philadelphia, is at No. 8, NORTH EIGHTH street, where his pills can be had at 25 cents per box, with full directions.

☞ Only agent in Sunbury, is H. B. Masser Esqr.

Sunbury, Sept, 9, 1840.

Certificates of Agency.

THE following are the duly appointed agents in their respective counties, for the sale of *Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.*

Northumberland county: Milton—Mackey & Chamberlin. Sunbury—H. B. Masser. M'Ewensville—Geddes, Green & Wells. Georgetown—F. Midlinger & Co.

Union county: Lewisburg—Wells & Geddes. Mifflinburg—Pellman & Beckly. New Berlin—John M. Benfer. Selinsgrove—Eyre & Co. Middleburg—Isaac Smith.

Lycoming county: Williamsport—John Smith. Newberry—M. & J. C. Funston. Muncy—W. A. Petrican. Jersey Shore—James H. Hepburn.

Columbia county: Danville—T. & E. B. Reynolds. Cattawissa—C. A. Brobts. Berwick—Shuman & Rittenhouse. Bloomsburg—John R. Meyer.

Sunbury, Sept. 9, 1840.

George W. Layng,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

CHESNUT STREET WHARF, HARRISBURG,

IS prepared to receive Goods and Produce at the new warehouse, which his arrangements will enable him to forward with despatch to Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Williamsport, Wilkesbarre, Columbia, Lancaster, or any other point on the Pennsylvania and Union Canals, and the Pennsylvania and Harrisburg and Lancaster rail roads.

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A BOAT leaves the wharf of the subscriber every morning at 8 o'clock, running through to Baltimore in three days. Consignments of produce, iron, &c., will receive a despatch by this line, which has not hitherto been equalled by any other. Rate of freight as low as by any other regular line.

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Goods intended for Pittsburg, or any point on the Pennsylvania Canals, will be shipped without delay on their arrival at Harrisburg, as this connects with the North American line of Portable Boats to Pittsburg daily, and with the Susquehanna Packet Line to Northumberland, Williamsport, Wilkesbarre, and all intermediate places.

GEORGE W. LAYNG.

Harrisburg, Sept. 9, 1840.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN SILK SOCIETY, AND RURAL ECONOMIST.

EDITED BY GIDEON B. SMITH.

THIS Journal was established by the American Silk Society, for the purpose of diffusing practical information on the CULTURE OF SILK in the United States. It has now been published one year, and may be considered a work of standard character.

The first year's publication, comprising the first volume, contains a mass of valuable information, and it will be the object of the editor to make the second equal in all respets, if not superior, to the first. The important fact is now established beyond any question, that the people of the United States can make silk CHEAPER and BETTER than any other nation upon earth. It has been proved by unimpeachable testimony, that the entire cost of producing silk ready for market, does not exceed TWO DOLLARS AND TWENTY FIVE CENTS PER POUND, and its lowest value is FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; also, that ONE ACRE of ground planted in morus multicaulis, will produce the first year the trees are planted, FORTY-EIGHT POUNDS OF SILK, leaving a clear profit to the producer of ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT DOLLARS! It has also been proved that the children and females of any farmer's family can, with the greatest possible ease, produce from fifty to a hundred pounds of silk every year, without any cost whatever to the expenses of the farm after the trees are planted; and therefore, that the whole amount of silk will be so much clear gain, say from $225 to $450. With these facts we submit to an intelligent people wether it is not a great and important object for them to introduce the culture of silk in every farmer's family in the Union. To enable all our farmers to make silk, the 'JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN SILK SOCIETY' was established; it contains plain practical directions for CULTIVATING THE TREES, FEEDING and REARING SILK WORMS, REELING THE SILK, and preparing it for market, &c. besides all other information that can be required to enable any person to enter upon the business, either on a large or small scale. Every friend of his country, into whose hands this paper may fall, will be doing a patriot and philanthropist's work by inducing his friends and neighbours to enter their names upon the list of subscribers.

The Journal of the American Society is published monthly, in pamphlet form; each number contains thirty two octavo pages, printed on new type and handsome paper, with a printed colored cover.

TERMS:—Two dollars a year, or six copies for ten dollars, always to be paid before the work is sent. All subscriptions to begin with the first number of the year, and in no case will the work be sent to any subscriber longer than it shall have been paid for.

☞ NEW SUBSCRIBERS, who take the first and second volumes, will be charged only THREE DOLLARS for the two years.

ASTONISHING INCREASE.

FOUR THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIBERS IN TWO MONTHS!!!

WHEN we first purchased the old and well known establishment of the

Saturday Evening Post,

we stated that the paper circulated so widely among the steady, reading portion of the United States, that we entered upon our labors with full confidence of the future. Our success has since been beyond our most sanguine expectation, as our weekly receipts overbalance those of any cotemporary paper. Our list has continued to swell up, with unexampled rapidity, and we have the confidence, that at the present rate of increase, we shall be enabled in a few months to boast of more than 35,000 subscribers! When we commenced our labors, we announced distinctly, that the tone of the paper should be decidedly moral, and that nothing should be admitted into our columns, which the most fastidious father could disapprove of, and determined that as an approved Family Paper, it should not contain a paragraph, with the spirit of which a parent would not wish to have a daughter familiar, and we therefore, with this view, announced that no theatrical notices should appear in our columns, and that we should be opposed to theatres as things calculated to injure the healthy action of an honest mind,—as creative of exhibitions demoralizing in tendency, and fearfully pernicious in fact. There were not wanting blusterers, who made a great parade of opposition, and Croakers, who predicted our speedy downfall, but we threw ourselves upon the sober, rational and experienced portion of the people of the United States for support, and we have been nobly sustained.

We thought and expressed the opinion, that however careless many might be upon this subject, that few, even if they did not entirely disapprove of such entertainments, cared about having the gross details forever paraded before the eyes of their children, and the sickening and nauseating eulogy of all kinds of characters made familiar to their minds.

We determined also, that while the paper continued under our control, it should be strictly neutral in politics, and that as news and literary journalists we had nothing to do with the matter; this determination has been strictly and rigidly adhered to, and while we shall continue to give our readers such public document as may be deemed of interest to all, and such a history of the progress of political events, as are strictly in keeping with our duty, and the character of the paper, we shall studiously and thoroughly avoid any contamination of partizan politics.

The paper is now printed in a new and beautiful type,—has received the praise of many editors of taste, as 'the handsomest family sheet in the Union.'

Our efforts have been directed to the combining of beauty and simplicity with utility and taste.

The Post is printed on a stout white paper, rendering it neat and durable for filing.

In addition to these efforts toward perfection in the mechanical department, and exterior of our paper, no labor, and no cost been spared in the developement of intellectual strength. The present variety of interesting tales, original, from foreign and domestic magazines, together with the valuable contributions of our own circle of literary friends will continue to give interest to the paper, while everything important and worthy of note that happens in the Old World or the New, shall be collected and collated for the taste of our readers.

The Ladies' Department shall always be choice and select, and shall receive strict attention, while such things as may interest our juvenile readers, and that important and large class of our readers, the Farmer will not be overlooked. In order to gratify, as much as possible, the laudible desire of our country readers, a portion of our attention will be devoted to the collection and diffusion of such News, Memoranda, Tables, Facts, Hints, &c. as may seem important to agriculturists, and the population resident without the confines of our great cities. The state of the markets and the fluctuations in the prices, will be regularly and what is of more moment, correctly given.

We have ever been opposed to the constant bluster and parade made by some editors, about the excellence of their papers, and have resolved that the Saturday Evening Post, shall be conducted, as to speak for itself.

Our readers will always find in its columns the earliest and most authentic information, as well as the most choice and entertaining literary matter. We have totally discarded the system of filling the paper with quack advertisements, but prefer giving our readers from week to week, entertaining reading matter.

And we feel assured that we shall be no losers thereby, as but few readers care about having a paper filled with descriptions of these nauseating compounds.

The Saturday Evening Post, will be furnished for $2 per annum in advance, or one copy three years for $5. To those who wish to subscribe for a Philadelphia Magazine, we will furnish a copy of the Philadelphia Casket, and two copies of the Post for one year for $5 free of postage and discount.

No New Subscriber received without the Money.

To those who wish to subscribe, we would say, that the safest plan is to enclose the money in a letter and direct to us. Most postmasters will frank their letters if relating to nothing but the business of the office, and all postmasters who will be kind enough so to do, we shall be pleased to acknowledge as agents.

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The New World was commenced in October 1839, and has obtained a circulation of 20,000. It contains the best specimens of the literature of Europe and America, having hitherto given the first editions of the works of distinguished English writers such as Bulwer, Boz, Knowles, Moore, Talfourd, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Jameson, Marryatt, D'Israeli, Ainsworth, &c., and original communications from the best Native Writers, among which are those of Dewey, Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, &c., all of which has been done without infringing upon its character as a complete and comprehensive newspaper.

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Letters must be addressed to the publisher, and, unless postpaid, will not be taken from the office.

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