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NEW YORK 1848. THE PREMIER PIANO FORTE. THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE. BY KATE SUTHERLAND. Kate Darlington was a belle and a beauty; and had, as might be supposed, not a few admirers.

Edwin was silent, and his eyes rested upon the floor, while a deeper flush than usual was upon his face. Kate looked at him fixedly.

Edwin Lee proved himself not ungrateful for the kindness. In a few years he became one of Mr. Darlington's most active and intelligent clerks.

But there came, at last, a change. Kate, from a graceful sweet-tempered, affectionate girl, stepped forth almost in a day, it seemed to Edwin, a full grown, lovely woman.

Suddenly, Edwin awoke to a full realization of the fact that Kate was to him more than a gentle friend or a sweet sister.

When Edwin announced this fact to Mr. Darlington, the merchant was greatly surprised, and appeared hurt that the young man should take such a step without a word of consultation with him.

Kate heard the announcement with no less surprise than her father. The thing was so sudden, so unlooked for, and, moreover, so uncalculated, that she could not understand it.

"Why will you go away and leave us, Edwin?" said Kate, one evening when they happened to be alone, about two weeks before his expected departure.

"I think it right for me to go, Kate," the young man replied, as calmly as if it was possible for him to speak under the circumstances.

"You have a reason for going, of course. Why then tell it frankly? Are we not all your friends?"

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THE COWHIDE THAT DIDN'T COME OFF. It was in 1834 or '35, I think, that the following incident occurred, and I can vouch for its truth, being personally acquainted with both the characters.

One "S. B. T." was then in Brooklyn, where several other young officers of the navy were living at the time, the most of them to study for the examination which was to occur in the spring.

The southern heard of it, and knowing both from report and actual experience that a fight could not be coaxed out of the other whom we will call "Stout B.," he determined to cow-hide him.

"Stout B.," who is something of an exquisite turned slightly pale on hearing this, but raised himself to his elbow, and asked in a lazy, drawing tone:

"Why, you told Miss Kate V. that I got drunk the other night, and licked a watchman; and that I was often in the habit of doing such things?"

"Yes, you told me, and I believe I did say something like that to the dem'd angelic crows; but, my dear fellow, one must talk about something, and I had exhausted all my auditory topics."

"That's no reason why you should take me for a butt. Prepare yourself for a d-d good flogging!"

"Well, if I must, I must," replied "Stout B.," eyeing ruefully the cowhide which the other brandished.

"No—got up and defend yourself, if you want to," said the other wolfishly.

"Now, give me your word of honor, that you won't strike me till I get up!" said "Stout B.," earnestly.

"Certainly—I give you my honor.—Now stir yourself, I'm tired of waiting," replied the southerner.

"Then let me beg of you to sit down, my dear fellow," said "Stout B.," "make yourself perfectly easy. There's brandy in the cupboard there, cigars also—very fine ones. Ring my bell, and Tom, my valet, will bring you up some water."

"Stout B." did this speedily, and over its "spell potent!" Palmotto soon forgot his anger; and in a couple of hours afterward went back to his own room swearing that "Stout B. T." was one of the best fellows in the service, and that if he was a coward, it was not his fault, but his parents, and if any body had any thing to say against the said "Stout B.," whom he declared to be "constitutionally," and therefore not blameably, "skerry"—Ned Buntline.

MR. VAN BUREN'S ACCEPTANCE OF THE NOMINATION. Mr. Van Buren has written a letter three columns long, accepting the nomination for the Presidency, tendered him by the Buffalo Convention.

1st. Adequate, efficient and certain security against the extension of slavery into territories where it did not practically exist.

2d. That in the language of your own condensed excellent resolution, "Slavery in the several States of this Union which recognize its existence, should depend upon the State laws, which cannot be repealed or modified by the Federal Government;" and—

3d. A spirit of considerate forbearance toward the institution, in localities where it was placed under the control of Congress.

The pretensions of the Southern States, States, he says, are in conflict with this, which he proceeds to show. He cites the fact that Mr. Polk has just signed the bill excluding slavery from Oregon, as conclusive proof of the constitutionality of the measure, and reviews at length the various pleas set up by the Southern States.

His own language is as follows: "I must not, however, be understood, either by what I now say or by what was said in my letter to the New York Delegation at Utica, as repeating the declaration that I would, if elected, withhold my approval from a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District. I could not now give any such assurance, for the reason, that the circumstances by which the question is now surrounded, are widely and materially different from what they were when the declaration was made; and because, upon a question of expediency, circumstances must control. At that time, the apprehension was honestly entertained, that there was danger of a servile war, in consequence of the extent to which the agitation of this question had been pressed."

Participating in this apprehension and believing that such a declaration, in advance of any action of Congress upon the subject, would have a salutary influence in allaying excitement, and warding off the danger which menaced the peace of the slaveholding States I did not hesitate to make it. Whilst, on the one hand, all grounds for this apprehension have passed away, we are, on the other, threatened with a subversion of the spirit and character of our government, through the successful encroachments of the slave power. If, under such circumstances, two branches of the national legislature should decide that a due regard for the public interest requires the passage of such a law, I should not if President, think it within the line of my duty to arrest its passage by the exercise of the veto power.

He further declares himself in favor of a just system of internal improvements, though how far he would go into that matter he does not say.

In regard to the public lands, these are his opinions: "First, That Congress ought to act upon the principle that the United States have a greater interest in the early settlement and substantial improvement of the public lands than in the amount of revenue which may be derived from them.

Secondly, That the accumulation of large tracts in few hands should be discontinued, and

Thirdly, That liberal facilities ought to be afforded for the acquisition of small portions, by such of our citizens, wherever residing, as are in good faith, desirous of possessing them as homes for themselves and their families.

He also prefers a system of direct taxation to the present one of collecting duties by imposts on goods imported, but for the present supports a tariff for revenue.

THE FARMER'S SONG. I envy not the mighty king Upon the splendid throne— Nor crave his glittering diadem, Nor wish his power mine own: For though his wealth and power be great, And round him thousands bow In reverence—in my low estate More solid peace I know. I envy not the miser—he May tell his treasure o'er, May heap on heaps around him see, And toil and sigh for more; I'd scorn his narrow sordid soil, Rapacious and unjust; Nor bow beneath the base control Of empty gilded dust. Let warriors mount fame's giddy height, Gain glory's gaudy mead— Be calm, collected in the fight, Where thousands round him bleed; I envy not his victor wreath, His courage nor their fame; Their laurels are a fleeting breath, Their glory but a name.

A GOLDEN RULE. One appeal to God above, Supplicating for his love, Daily offer Peace of mind Makes thee happy, good and kind.

Daily sing one cheerful song, From the bosom's fiery throng; Daily do oneoble deed, Daily sow one blessing's seed.

Daily make one foe thy friend, Daily from thy surplus spend; Daily, when the gift is thin, Write one verse in strains divine.

Daily seek kind nature's face; Daily ask for some new grace; Daily dry one sufferer's tear, Daily one griev'd brother cheer.

Daily drink from sparkling eye Sweetener nature; soar on high! Then thy life will know no night And thy death be robed in light.

PEACH TREES.—Mr. Hoffman, a distinguished horticulturist of this county, was informed during a recent visit to Lexington, Kentucky, by some of the horticulturists of that city, that they had found an effectual preventive of the peach worm. It consists of the simple application of horse stable manure, in progress of decomposition, to the roots of the tree in the spring and all seasons—the earth to be dug away to the depth of about three inches, and the manure to be about six inches above the surface. This has been tested by J. O. Harrison, M. E. Johnson, Esqs., and others, sufficiently to remove all doubts of its efficacy.—Civ. Times.

UNFORTUNATE.—By the premature discharge of a cannon, in honor of the returned volunteers of Pontiac, Michigan, Luther Jones and Horace Badington were killed, and Peter Burke wounded. Burke was one of the returned volunteers.

TOMATO KETCHUP.—The following, from long experience, we know to be the best recipe extant for making tomato ketchup: Take one bushel of tomatoes and boil them until they are soft—squeeze them through a fine wire sieve, and add

Half a gallon of vinegar, Three half pints of salt, Two ounces of cloves, Quarter of pound of allspice, Three ounces of cayenne pepper, Five heads of garlic, skinned and separated. Mix together and boil about three hours or until reduced to about one-half; then bottle without straining.—Lady's Book.

TO EXTRACT LAMP-OIL FROM A DRESS.—If lamp oil is spilled on a dress that will not be injured by wetting, lay it immediately in a tub of cold water. A portion of the oil will be seen to rise to the surface; then pour off the water, replace it with fresh, and still more oil will be seen floating on the surface. Again pour off the water, and fill the tub anew, repeating the process until no more oil can be discovered on the surface. Then take out the dress, wring it well, and dry on an iron. No washing is necessary. If lamp oil tar, or any other grease is spilled on a white dress, it can be eradicated by washing and boiling in the usual manner.

THE ALBANY FIRE.—The Argus now sets down the entire loss at about one million of dollars, of which some \$600,000 or \$700,000 are insured, and will be promptly paid. Advantage will be taken, it is said, of improving the city by enlarging and straightening the streets in the burned district, and especially by constructing a spacious and convenient steamboat pier, with proper appliances.

WHITE HUCKLEBERRIES.—A friend, says the Boston Traveller, has brought us a bush of white huckleberries, to match the white blackberries of which we gave an account from the Portsmouth Journal, on Saturday.—The berries are ripe, but white, with a tendency in a few instances only to rosy cheeks. They were found in a lot in Ipswich, belonging to Capt. Michael Lord, quietly fraternizing with the blacks, but without any symptoms of amalgamation.

A RIOT IN ALBANY.—It is not enough that Albany should be visited with a fire which has consumed one eighth of the city, but some of its citizens have added to their afflictions that of a riot. An alarm of fire brought out the companies on Saturday night. Two companies came in collision. Five or six pistol shots were fired and slung shots were used, and paving stones and bricks were showered in storms by the several combatants. Several persons were injured. A person by the name of J. Hanley was shot in the groin, and was taken off the ground.

KINDNESS TO DOMESTICS.—A lady will never speak harshly to her servant—she will not even "hint a fault" in the presence of company. Any person can fall into a rage, and say rude, disagreeable things, than which at such a time, nothing is so utterly contemptible. To reprove calmly and judiciously, that is, at proper times, and on proper occasions, is the mark of refinement. When one sees a lady so far forget herself as to be angry with her servants before her guests, one is apt to wonder if she really boxes their ears when no one is present.

Sunbury, April 6, 1848.

H. B. MASSER

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