VERMONT PHŒNIX.

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VERMONT PHŒNIX.
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From the Boston Morning Post.

THE COUNTRY WEDDING.

[BY RIP.]

'I would rather share
His lowliest lot, walk by his side an outcast;
Work for him, beg with him; live upon the light
Of one kind smile from him; than wear the crown
The Bourbourn lost.' *Lady of Lyons.*

No event in the juvenile history of the young men and women who people the delightful country towns of New England, stands out in bolder and brighter relief than that which commemorates the lawful union of their hands and hearts. How often do we hear the elder portion dating events to 'a year before we were married,' or 'two years after we were married,' as the case may be. All holidays, and even such as 'Fasts' and 'Thanksgivings,' dwindle into utter insignificance in the scale of comparison. The writer hereof hath spent both summer and winter in the 'Farmer's circle,' and so far as observation concerns this present story, is amply qualified for telling.

The young Mr. Hopeful has twice called on Miss Julia Simperkin. She is all sweetness, and keeps her hand in a squeezeable condition. Whether intentionally, or inadvertently, we are unable to decide, but the fact was soon notorious throughout the vicinage that these calls had been made on the significant evenings of Sunday and Thursday—and at the table of the next tea party it was very quaintly remarked, that 'some folks had something more in their heads than every body was aware of.' Whereupon, 'Do tell,' 'I want to know,' 'How you talk,' 'You don't say so,' and 'I should'nt wonder,' was heard from all sides of the table; and after a little conversation upon the point, it was settled that '*They* say it is true.'

In less than twenty-four hours from this maternal session, it has become what they call a 'town talk.' It has already been hinted to Miss Julia as being a good match—and young Hopeful has been more than once told that 'she is a smart likely gal.' She blushes at the compliment—and he replies, 'What every body says, must be true.'—The old women all declare it to be 'one of those matches that are made in Heaven;' and, in fact, the desire for one of those illustrious country carnivals, called 'a wedding,' is so universal, that not only those who expect an invitation—and all within two leagues' circumference, without distinction of blood, class or condition, are usually invited—encourage the courtship; but every body, from the cow-boy upward, praise the parties to each other, and endeavor, by every species of hint and wink, to hasten a consummation so devoutly to be wished." Even the disinterested and sober looking shepherd of the pastoral flock—he in whose heart every body says 'there is no guile'—takes occasion, genteely, to joke Miss Simperkin on her good fortune; and to her face incidentally pays a flattering compliment to the good judgment and correct taste of the promising son of the faithful Deacon Hopeful.

That 'they are engaged,' falls from the lips of every spectacled-nosed matron that surrounds the table at the next tea party.—'Well,' said Mrs. Reserve, since there was no other secret in the matter to guess out, 'I think he's plenty good enough for her.'—'And,' replied Mrs. Equity, who liked to see all things as square as a brick, 'I think she's plenty good enough for *him*.' 'Don't you think they have had a very short courtship?' enviously asked the sapient Miss Singleton,' whose maiden charms were already in the 'sear and yellow leaf,' and whose virgin blushes had passed off in the common current of departed things. 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure,' was the significant reply of Miss Fastidious, who in the course of fifteen years of 'single solitude has been as many times courted without effect. 'Well,' added old mother Rattle, whose *forte* always lay in capping the climax with something smart, "I can tell them just as I have told all *my* sons and daters. If they make their bed hard, nobody will be to blame, for they must lay on it themselves. That's all I've got to say.'

These ambiguous remarks, with numerous others of a similar character, lead to a conclusion in the opinion of the good old coterie, that the 'match' is at best a *suspicious* one. The opinion takes wing, and before another revolution of the earth takes place, it becomes subject-matter for common peddling—a part of the current gossip.—You may the next day see Mrs. Rattle sipping a cup of souchong at the hospitable residence of Mrs. Social, and as she holds her saucer on the lips of the fingers of her right hand, and moves it round and round in a circular motion, until her worshipped beverage becomes as cold as ice water, she is earnestly telling her inquisitive hostess 'all about' the conversation of yesterday—the most distinct and emphatic passage of which narrative is 'She she' and 'Sez-I,' 'and *then* she she' 'and *then* sez-I.'

Gossip has been busy. And it has become a common rumor that neither of the parties "are any better than they *should be*." Every body says 'she was too hasty—and he too inconsiderate.' Mrs. Caution thinks it an essential part of poor policy to 'catch a bird before you have a cage to put her in'—and Mrs. Fluttergum revolts at the horrid idea of marrying a professor of orthodoxy to a believer of universal salvation. She says it is sacrilegious, and every minister that would do it ought to be 'church'd. Indeed, it has become a settled opinion, that within the all-powerful and not-to-be-disgraced 'tea circles,' that the match is 'no great thing.' Counter influences are therefore put in requisition *vi et armis*. Young Hopeful has been told by one who did'nt want any thing said about it, that Julia had a private regard for another—and in return she has heard something exceedingly prejudicial to his character. Both of which rumors can be traced no further back than Mrs. Tattle, who, on being closely interrogated respecting the source whence she derived her information says, '*They* say so—and that's all I know about it.'

But matters had gone too far to be easily obstructed in their flow towards a happy consummation. Knowles tells truth when he says:

"You know not when
A woman gives away her heart! at times
She knows it not herself. Insensibly
It goes from her! She thinks she hath it still—
If she reflects—while smoothly runs the course
Of wooing; but if haply comes a check—"

that 'check' had come with Julia; and not until that moment did she feel that Cupid had knit their hearts together so firmly that all the old women in christendom could not sunder the tender ligatures of Love.

This breeze only gave additional speed to the Hymenial car. The night of the wedding was forthwith selected. We say *night*, for no one ever knew a wedding in a New England country town to come off at any other time than a full and fascinating moonlight evening. Compliments were 'sent round' two weeks in advance of the nuptials, by the smartest little urchin in the neighborhood, who felt himself highly honored by being selected for the service, and from the day of paying these compliments, to the night of the wedding, no neighborhood on the face of the earth, approached nearer to the much hoped for Millenium than that.—The only speck in the cup was, the lamentable fact that one poor obscure woman, who lived upon picking 'greens' for the neighbors, did not receive her invitation until the last day antecedent to the wedding.

This fortnight of probation is a gay one. There is a wood-market, and a repository for the sale of produce, about ten miles distant, and trade is unusually brisk with the merchants there. Captain Simperkin is determined to have one of the greatest times that have occurred since the memorable feast of Belshazzar. He says that 'Julia shall have a good setting out'—and now for the note of preparation. He wants a barrel of flour, a few pounds of best 'Havanna brown,' a little 'lump, and a little 'loaf,' and all must be [A] No. 1. He is one of your old-fashioned farmers, and could not for a moment entertain the cold thought of getting along without a Jug or two of 'Old W. I.' for himself, and some 'brandy for the boys;' and then there must be some strong 'Old Port,' for the temperance folks, and a little sweet Muscat and Sicily Maderia for the girls. A pound or two of Young Hyson is indispensably necessary, as also raisins, and a variety of spices, with which to enrich the bridal cake. But as for plump pigs, fat calves, poultry, beef, pork, pumpkins, cider, apples, vegetables, nuts, and sundry etceteras, you must know that the crib and cellar of Captain S. are pregnant with the best that this or any other country affords. Nor is he the only patron of the merchants on the occasion. All he invites must contribute their quota to the enlivenment of trade, by purchasing 'a few little knick-knacks to wear to the wedding'—and a load of wood, or potatoes, or hay, or corn, may be seen driven off to the market from each and every farm-house, for the purpose of obtaining them.

The happy night has come. The thickening shades of evening are throwing a mantle over the shoulders of departing day. If you have ever been to a methodist camp-meeting you may perhaps get a faint idea by comparison of the horses and wagons and carriages of almost every description that stand along in front of the large two story house for the Simperkins.

The house is literally full 'Old men and matrons, young men and maidens,' all are there, seated, round on the temporary benches that have been expressly constructed to entertain the numerous company. At one end of the 'great room' sits the man of the house, with a smile of joy and complacency playing upon his face, while he nods assent to every thing that falls from his lips of the parish parson with whom he is conversing, and who with a wondrous knowing look sits there cross-legged, leaning back in 'the chair,' supporting his great chin with his right thumb, and his right elbow with his left hand. Meantime all the old ladies are congratulating the lady of the house on her daughter's good fortune—while the lads and lasses are throwing and receiving sly glances reciprocally. Go even to the kitchen, and you will there see every thing in perfect preparation—and looking as neat as a pin. You will there see all the colored people of the neighborhood grinning with pride of the honor conferred on them by invitation.

'It is about time to proceed to this agreeable business,' said the parson as he turned to Mrs. Simperkin with a smile, whereupon the old lady sprang with the activity of a lass of sixteen and ran up stairs to inform Julia, that the happy moment had arrived. A few moments of the greatest anxiety and eagerness ensued. There was a general rush for the most eligible places from which to witness the interesting ceremony; and it was with the utmost difficulty that the 'bride and groom' (as the parson called them) with their attendants—which consisted of two couples to 'stand up' as a sort of honorary guard—could force a passage to the post selected for them. The concourse was immense—and even the windows were darkened by the ebony faces of the sons and daughters of Africa, who had at this juncture left the kitchen to peak in from the outside.

All things were ready. The Elder with indescribable solemnity rose from the full-cushioned 'great chair,' and with a long and measured step marched out before the trembling yet happy candidates. After a few 'hems' and a corresponding number of 'haws' he proceeded to ask them each a question, and make them promise to 'nourish, cherish and provide for each other both in sickness and in health'—and then with gravity pronounced them ONE by the laws of God, and 'man and wife' by the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

A good degree of calmness ensued, and the next half hour was devoted to waiting on the married pair, or rather to the rendering of that popular courtesy more commonly known by the simple appellation of 'kissing the bride.' Rather a mechanical operation, it must be confessed—but nevertheless a time honored usage which has gathered a good degree of favor from its antiquity.

Then came the supper. One of your old fashioned feasts—to which all sit down without foolish formality. The parson at the head of the table, the groom at the foot. A large roast pig for the centre of light, and smoking poultry and luxurious condiments for surrounding luminaries. 'Don't be afraid!' shouted the generous old host with a broad grin, and the play of the knife and fork was forthwith commenced by each and every one upon his own hook. There was none of your waiting half an hour, at the pleasure of a lazy servant—no imposing upon one man all the duty of carving. 'Do help yourselves!' said the old lady—and right well was the order obeyed.

At length the striking clock reminded the after announcing his intention to retire, gave them all his blessing and withdrew into 'tother room,' closely followed by the groom, and the mother of the bride—when a half eagle was slyly slipped into his hand.

'Thankee,' said the parson.

'Welcome,' said the groom. 'I got that half eagle on purpose for you, Elder—for if I had given you a bank note there is no telling that it would be worth anything tomorrow morning, but to light your pipe with."

'That's a fact—very thoughtful, my young friend, very——but now you are married, Mr. S. you will want a *whole* pew in my church. You must not crowd the old folks And between you and me, I have an *eye*, on one for you,' said the parson, with a very significant point of the forefinger of his right hand.

The fact of the parson's deriving all his support from the rent of the pews in his church might lead the caviller on things sacred to the suspicion, that there was something selfish in this latter remark—but all who enjoy the most slight acquaintance with Elder Humdrum, will be fully satisfied on this point.

About this time the old lady had the parson by one of the lower button-holes of his velvet coat, (which, by the way, I believe she *worked* herself,) and after bidding her new son-in-law back to supper, thus whispered in his ear:

'Elder, I have taken the liberty of putting a loaf of wedding cake into your saddle-bags—(the Elder always carried his saddle-bags to wedding)—it is the very *best* kind—you may depend.'

'My dear madam, you are *too* kind,' said he, taking up the bags, 'but how am I to carry this? The loaf is on one side, and on the other——if I had something about the weight and size of a cheese there to balance them, they would ride better—would'nt they, my dear Mrs. Simperkin?'

'Lord-a-marcy, Elder—why didn't I think of it afore? I have got one of the best sage cheese that ever was made, and you shall have it.'

And the old lady ran into her dairy room, brought it forth, and put it into the other side of the parson's saddle bags, while he was constantly telling her that it was the weight of the cheese he *asked for*, and not the cheese itself.

"O, la! Mr. Humdrum, don't say another word," said she: "you know you are always welcome to any thing I have on 'arth."

The parson's horse was at the door, fully caparisoned, saddle bags, contents and all, when the good matron reminded him that before starting on so long a ride, he was in duty bound, both to himself and to the large congregation, whose welfare depended on his health, to take a little warm sling to prevent his catching cold, and, so saying, handed him a full tumbler, of which the good man liberally partook.

"It was rather too sweet," said the parson, as he handed back the glass.

"You good old saint, you," rejoined the matron "if it were all *molasses* it would not be too nice for you."

The parson gone, nearly all the "old folks" followed—and the young lads and lasses, inspired by the vivifying influences of merry chat and rosy wine, were ripe for sport. The room was cleared of chairs, benches, tables, and the like, and Nigger Jack, with his high strung banjo, was called out of the kitchen, stuck up behind the door in one corner, and ordered to discourse. A touch of his monotonous quality produced graceful movements on "the light fantastic toe,'—such as walking round in rings and singing—

"Come Philander, let's be marching,
Every one for a true love searching," &c.

and ever and anon, most unceremoneously tasted of each other's lips.

"The country wedding" was kept up until "all lights burnt out," which was not until some time after the midnight hour, when the joyous company returned to their respective homes saying—"THAT'S A MOST EXCELLENT MATCH, AFTER ALL!"

Human error walks in a cycle, and re-appears at intervals.

[From the Delaware Gazette.]

COURTSHIP ON A FRAGMENT OF THE PULASKI.

Many interesting as well as painful incidents connected with that awful disaster, are related to us by those who have seen and conversed with persons saved from that wreck. Amongst others the following is told of a Mr Ridge, from New Orleans, and a Miss Onslow, from one of the Southern States, two of the unfortunates who were picked up on the fifth day about fifty miles from land. It is stated of the gentleman, that he had been sitting on the deck alone, for half an hour previous to the accident.—Another gentleman who was walking near him at the time of the explosion was thrown overboard, and himself was precipitated nearly over the side of the boat and stunned. He recovered immediately, as he supposed, when he heard some one remark, "*get out the boats—she is sinking.*" He was not acquainted with a solitary individual on the boat. Under such circumstances, it is as natural to suppose that he would feel quite as much concern for himself as for any one else. He was consequently among the foremost of those who sought the small boat for safety, and was about to step into it, when he discovered a young lady, whom he recognised as one whose appearance had sundry times during the passage arrested his attention. Her protector was the gentleman who was walking on deck and blown overboard. He sprang towards her, to take her into the small boat, but in the crowd and confusion he lost sight of her, and he, during his fruitless search the small boat shoved off. The wreck was fast sinking. The night rang with the prayers and shrieks of the helpless and drowning. He turned away in despair, and tumbled over a coil of small rope. Hope like the expiring spark brightened again. He caught up the rope—lashed together a couple of settees—threw them upon a piece of an old sail and a small empty cask, and thus equipped, launched upon the element. It was all the work of a moment.—He believed death inevitable, and that effort was the last grasp at life. His *vessel* bore him up much better than he expected, and he was consoling himself with his escape such as it was, while others were perishing all around him, when he discovered a female struggling for life almost within his grasp. He left his *ark*—swam but twice his length—seized his object and returned safely to his craft again, which proved sufficient to sustain them both, but with their heads and shoulders only above water. The female was the young lady for whom he had lost a passage in the small boat.—She fancied their float would be unable to support both, and said to him, "you will have to let me go to save yourself." He replied, "we live or we die together." Soon after, they drifted upon a piece of the wreck, probably a part of the same floor or portion torn asunder by the explosion. This was the aid of the settees, fastened beneath it, proved sufficient to keep them out of water. About this time one of the small boats came towards them, but already heavily loaded.—He implored them to take in the young lady. But she said, no she could but die—he had saved her life, and she could not leave him. They were fairly at sea, without the least morsel to eat or drink, in a scorching climate; the young lady in her night clothes, and himself with nothing upon him but his shirt and a thin pair of pantaloons, already much torn. Of the boat which bore them all in quiet and safety but a half hour before, nothing was to be seen but scattering pieces of the wreck. The small boat was on their way to the shore, their own craft being light, and lightly loaded, drifted fast away from a scene indiscribably heart-rending, and which he still shedders to think of.

At daylight nothing was visible to them but the heavens and a waste of water. In the course of the day they came in sight of land, and for a time were confident of reaching it—but during the succeeding night the wind changed, and soon after daylight next morning it vanished again, and with it all their lively hopes of escaping from their dreadful dilemma. On the third day a sail hove in sight—but she was entirely beyond hailing distance. When found, they were sadly burned by the sun—starved and exhausted, though still in possession of their faculties, and able to move and talk. But their pain and suffering was not without its pleasures and enjoyment. The romantic part of the story of their expedition is yet to come, and there's no telling how much longer they would have subsisted on the same food that seems to have aided at least in sustaining them so well such an incredible length of time.

The intrepidity he displayed—the risk he run—the danger he incurred, and above all the magnanimity he evinced in saving her life, strangers as they were to each other, at the eminent hazard of his own, elicited with her, at one the warmest and strongest feelings of gratitude towards him, and before the tortures of hunger and thirst commenced, kindly that passion which burns nowhere else, as it burns in woman's bosom. On the other hand, her good sense her fortitude and presence of mind at the most perilous moment, and particularly her readiness to meet and share with him the fate which awaited them, excited on his part an attachment which was neither to be disguised nor deferred. And there, upon the "waters wild," amid the terror which surrounded, and the feat which threatened them, in the presence only of an all seeing God, did they pledge their mutual love, and declare if their lives were spared, their destiny, which misfortune had united, should then be made as inseparable, as escape from it was now impasible.

After their rescue, he informed her that a sence of duty impelled him to apprise her, that by the misfortune which had befallen them, he had lost every dollar he possessed on earth (amounting to about $25,000,) that he was in "poverty to his very lipse"—a beggar amongst strangers, without the means of paying for a single meal of victul, and painful as was the thought of separation to him, he offered to release her from her engagement, if it was her choice to leave him. She burst into tears at the very thought of seperation, and asked him if he thought it was possible for the poverty of this world, to drive them to a more desperate extremity than that which they suffered thus together. He assured her of his willingness to endure for her the same trial again—and of the joy, more than he could express, which he felt at finding her so willing to fulfil her engagement, which it is said, is soon to be consummated. It was not till then that he was made acquainted with the fact, that his lady love is hearess to an estate worth $200,000. Who would not be shipwrecked; and henceforth, who will will say 'matches are not made in Heaven?"

THE LLAMA.—The current number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, put its seal to the following affecting particulars respecting the llama, which it describes as authentic:—"The llama is the only animal associated with man, and undebased by the contact. The llama will bear neither beating nor ill-treatment. They go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance ahead as guide. If tired they stop, and the Indian stops also. Urging them on with the whip, he soon perceives his cautions, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in an attitude of humility, waves his hands coaxingly towards the llamas, looks at them with tenderness, and, at the same time, in the softest tone, and with a patience I never failed to admire, reiterates *ic-ic-ic ic*. If the llamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regular pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long; but when they are ill-humor, they do not even turn their heads towards the speaker—but remain motionless, huddled together, standing or lying down, and gazing on heaven with looks so tender, so melancholy that we might imagine these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, of a happier existance. The straight neck, and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motions, all give them an air at once noble and sensitive. It must be so, in fact; for the llama *is the only creature employed by man that he dares not strike.*—If it happens, (which is very seldom) that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or threats, what the llama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by word or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and without attempting to escape ill-treatment by flight, (the llama is never tied or fetered,) he lies down, turning his looks towards heaven. *Large tears flows freely from his beautiful eyes, sighs issue from his breast, and in half or three quarters of an hour at most he expires.* Happy creatures, who so easily avoid suffering by death! Happy creatures, who appear to have accepted life on condition of its being happy! The respect shown these animals by the Peruvian Indians amounts absolutely to superstitious reverence. When the Indians load them, two approach and caress the animal, hiding his head he may not see the burden on his back. If he did he would fall down and die. It is the same in unloading. If the burden exceeds a certain weight, the animal throws itself down and dies. The Indians of the Cordilleras alone possess enough patience and gentleness to manage the llama. It is doubtless from this extraordinary companion that he has learned to die when overtasked."

Preservation of Apples.—The following practial observations, contained in a letter from Noah Webster, Esq. have been published in Massachusets Agricultural Repository:

It is the practice with some persons to pick apples in October, and first spread them on the floor of an upper room. This practice is said to render apples more durable, by drying them. But I can affirm this to be a mistake. Apples, after remaining on the trees as long as safety from the frost will admit, should be taken directly from trees to close casks, and kept dry and cool as possible. If suffered to lie on the floor for weeks, they wither and loos their flavor, without acquiring an additional duribility. The best mode of preserving apples for spring use, I have found to be, the putting of them in dry sand as soon as picked. For this purpose, dry sand in the heat of summer, and late in October put down the apples in layers, with a covering of sand upon each layer. The singular advantages of this mode of treatment are these: 1st, The sand keeps the apples from the air, which is essential to their preservation. 2d, The sand checks the evaporation or perspiraiton of the apples, thus preserving in them their full flavor—at the same time any moisture yielded by the apples, (and some there will be,) is absorbed by the sand; so that the apples are kept dry, and all mustiness is prevented. My pippins in May and June are as fresh as when first picked; even the ends of the stem look as if just separated from the twig.

Temperance. The New York Methodist states, from official tables, that of 1129 distilleries in that state in 1825, there are now not more than 200, and that the consumption of foreign liquors, including wine, has been reduced two-thirds while the population has increased more than half a million.

WORTHY OF TRIAL.—From the Baltimore Patriot we copy the annexed article, relative to the preservation of the PEACH TREE.

This valuable fruit has for a considerable number of years past fallen a sacrifice to a destructive insect that preys upon it near the root, which is discovered by a gummy substance issuing from the trunk. Many receipts have been published to prevent and destroy this ruinous insect, but they have not had the beneficial effect that could be desired. The writer of this has a favorite tree in his yard, which has for some years been infested with these insects, and which he had taken great pains to remove by the application of ashes, lime, tar, &c., all of which have failed to answer the intended purpose. In the course of the late spring, when the leaves came out, they soon changed to a pale color, and to all appearance the tree was going to die. As a last resort for its restoration he had recourse to charcoal, and a small box was placed around the roots of the tree, and filled with that article. It so far succeeded that in a short time the tree revived, and took a second growth, and now is in a luxuriant state, the leaves of a dark green color, equal almost to any thing of the kind, and much surprised all who had previously seen it.

From the Bennington (Vt.) Gazette.

A young man who boarded at a house in the country, where several coy damsels who seemed to imagine that men are terrible creatures whom it is an unpardonable sin to approach, was asked by a friend how many of the young ladies with whom he boarded? He replied, they were very shy and reserved.

'So they are,' returned the other, 'and so much so that no gentleman could get near enough to tell the color of their eyes.'

'That may be,' said the boarder, quickly, 'yet I will stake a million that I can kiss them all three without any trouble.'

'That you cannot do,' cried his friend, 'it is an achievement which neither you nor any other man can accomplish.'

The other was positive, and invited his friend to the house to witness this triumph. They entered the room together, and the three girls were all at home sitting beside their mother, and they all looked as prim and demure as John Rogers at the stake.

Our hero assumed a very grave aspect even to dejection, and having looked wistfully at the clock, breathed a sigh as deep as Algebra, and as long as a female dialogue at a street door. His singular deportment now attracted the attention of the girls, who cast their slow opening eyes upwards to his countenance. Preceive the impression he has made, he turned to his companion and said in a doleful voice:

'It wants three minutes of the time!'

'Do you speak of dinner?' said the old lady, laying down her sewing work.

'Dinner!' said he, with bewildered aspect, and pointing, as if unconsciously, with curled forefinger at the clock.

A silence ensued, during which the female part of the household glared at the young man with irrepressible curiosity.

'You will see me decently interred,' said he turning again to his friend.

His friend was as much puzzled as any body present, and his embarrassment added to the intended effect, but the old lady being no longer able to contain herself cried:

'Mr. C———, pray what do you speak of.

'Nothing,' answered he, in a lugubrious tone, 'but that last night a spirit appeared unto me!' Here the girls rose to their feet and drew near. 'And the spirit gave me warning that I should die exactly at twelve o'clock to-day, and you see it wants but half a minute of the time!'

The girls turned pale, and their hidden symphathies were at once awakened for the doomed and departed one. They stood chained to the spot, and looking alternately at the clock and at the unfortunate youth; he then walked up to the eldest of the girls, and taking her by the hand, bade her a solemn farewell. He also imprinted a kiss upon her trembling lips, which she did not attempt to resist. He then bade the second and third farewell in the same *tender* and *affectionate* manner. His object was achieved, and that moment the clock struck 12.—Hereupon he looked around surprised, and ejaculated. 'Who would have believed that an apparation would tell such a lie! It was probably the ghost of Annanias or Sapphira.'

It was some time before the maidens understood the joke, and when they did they evinced no resentment. The first kiss broke the ice, and thanks to the ghost, they discovered that there was some pleasure in a bearded cheek.

SLAVES EMANCIPATED IN THE WEST INDIES.

The following table and estimates are copied from the Pennsylvania Freeman:

First of August, 1838.	
Jamaica,	323,000
Montserrat,	6,200
Dominica,	15,400
Nevis,	9,000
Barbadoes,	82,000
St. Vincent,	23,500
Tortola,	5,400
St. Cristophers,	19,200
	481,300

Probably it would be safe to add Demerara to this list. The number of slaves of that colony is 70,000. The number of blacks in the above Islands, in proportion to the whites, is as follows.

Barbadoes,	6	blacks to	1	White.
Demerara,	25	do	1	do
Montserrat,	21	do	1	do
St. Vincent,	20	do	1	do
Tortola,	13	do	1	do
Nevis,	12	do	1	do
Dominica,	22	do	1	do
St. Christophers,	13	do	1	do
Jamaica,	10	do	1	do