

room so) with lights, and overflowing with numbers. Around its sides were seated spruce young men, and coy maidens, whose costumes, plain but tidy, showed the former to be the tillers of the soil, and the latter the twirlers of the distaff. Their countenances, fresh and ruddy, and somewhat browned by the wind, showed they had been enjoying through the day the usual pastime, on such occasions, a sleigh ride; and a certain air, discernable in the faces of the girls, and of soberness in those of the boys, together with slight exchanges of looks, sufficiently indicated that some important event was about to occur. In the centre of the room stood a stand covered with a snowy white cloth, on which were paraded the family Bible, a doubtful looking, oblong shaped, sheepskin covered scrap book, and a standish of ink and pens. In the midst of these stood a brass candlestick, neatly decked off with clean white paper fringes, and containing a burning candle.

Before this stand was placed a chair, while at one end of it were left four vacant seats in the midst of the snug line that surrounded the room. At the upper end of the room, seated in his arm chair, was the worthy, good humoured Mr. Demster; and at his side sat his matronly dame, dressed in her neatest homespun gown and checked apron; and still below her were another elderly pair. These staid old people, while the younger portion of the assembly were eying each other and the stand in the centre of the room, occupied themselves in conversing with a gentleman in black, whose white neckcloth, and measured, solemn accents, denoted him to be a man of God, the minister of the Parish.

But now suddenly all eyes are turned towards the door with an expression of longing curiosity, while the room is silent as the tomb. We hear light footsteps advancing, and soon two young couples enter the room. Ah! now we can understand the meaning of this formal parade, and those mysterious looks. It is the wedding night of Charles Demster and Eliza Hayden. And, Jethro Sans! it is well thou art not present to behold thy lady love, as she now, shrinking and blushing, hangs confidingly on the manly arm of her beloved, all decked in her robes of white, and adorned for her bridegroom; for thy heart would break! It is well thou art far away, perchance drowning the troubles of thy mind in the accomplishment of some scheme for getting rich, as wild and reckless as that whose termination caused thee such fright, and proved so disastrous to thy friend.

The couple who followed the bridal pair, and who are to act as attendants, are our friend Uriah Jut and his sweetheart, a girl we know not.

These parties walk across the room, and set themselves in the vacant chairs, at the end of the stand. The minister now rises, and advancing to the chair in front of the stand, opens the family Bible, and reads a chapter out of it. Then closing the sacred volume, he kneels and offers up a fervent prayer to the throne of grace for the welfare of all present, and more particularly for the blessing of the happy pair whose loves are about to be sealed in hymen's silken chains.

The bridal pair are now called up, and in a few minutes the ceremonial, constituting them man and wife, is ended, and they retire to their seats, filled up with sensations and emotions—Ah! we will not attempt to describe them. *lest headlong youths, and tender hearted maidens may be allured to rush into the same delightful state before their time.*

After an exhortation and prayer from the minister, which have the effect to inspire all with the sacred obligations of the hymenial compact, the old people and the man of God retire. And now commence the lively sports. All seriousness is flown, and the lively dance, (though it be a country jig, or reel,) the "Blind man's buff," the "Twirling of the plate," the "Question and Answer," the "Awards and Punishments," and finally the whole catalogue of plays and pastimes take their turn, and afford the free amusement. Towards morning, and after each beau and belle had whispered the quantum of pleasant words, and bestowed upon each other's lips their parting kiss, some of them the sweeter for being stolen, and after they had observed the usual ceremonies and enjoyed their fill of fun and frolic—the gay wedding party broke up, and with that sort of languor and ill feeling which usually accompanies the termination of such assemblies, took their different routes homeward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### AN ARTIST'S VIEW OF SUNRISE.

I saw the sun rise on lake Maggiore. Such a sun-rise! The giant Alps seemed literally to rise from their purple beds: and putting on their crowns of gold, to send up a hallelujah almost audible.

It is curious to note how gradually the flowers warm into the rich colors and aromatic breath of summer. First comes the snow-drop, furred from the snows which gave it a name: fair, but cold and scentless; then comes the primrose, with its faint, soft hues, and its faint, soft perfume—an allegory of actual existence, where the tenderest and most fragile natures are often those selected to bear the coldest weather, and the most bleak exposure.