### WHALEN-DUSENBURY

AN ECHO OF THE WEDDING BELLS IN GUMVILLE.

The Nuptials of Josiah L., Second Son of Adonijah, and Albenia, Youngest Daughter of Zachariah's Eleven-The Guests, the Costumes and the Ceremony.

The placid surface of life in Gumville settlement has been disturbed by a ripple of uncommon magnitude, this week. Those envious persons who were not invited may not regard it so, but all who were there pronounce the affair to have been beyond all question the leading society event of the season. It was a dazzling display of the talent and culture of Gumville-a majestic upheaval, in fact, of the Gumville uppercrust. Gumville is not a large community -or rather it is quite large on the map, but the people seem to maintain a distant reserve towards each other, living about two miles apart as a rule, I should say. But we Gumvillians were always proud and sectional, so I suppose we will simply have to keep right on multiplying and replenishing till we fill up the gaps.

The event I allude to was the union of Albenia May, youngest daughtor of eleven of our esteemed citizen, Zachariah Dusenbury, Esq., J.P., and pound-keeper to her majesty, and Josiah L., second son of six of our equally esteemed townsman, Adonijah Whalen, now deceased, and formerly deacon of the Freewill connection in Lower Gumville. Squire Dusenbury's palatial residence was the scene of a brilliant inflowing of the blue blood of Gumville. The mansion was elegantly decorated at the front, by four large sunflowers, which bowed their blushing heads on either side of the front door; at each end, by a pyramid of turnips and potatoes, respectively, waiting to be rolled into the cellar; on the roof by Mr. Dusenbury's brindle feline Uncle Thomas, and second cousin Aunt Mariar, owned by the next door neighbor, John Elijah Whalen, son of the late Hezekiah, while over the door was the beautiful motto worked in red paint, on a pine shingle, "All cattel runen at large on the highway will be pounded by me! Zachariah Dusenbury, Eesquire, Justis off Pease."

be absorbed into the being of Josiah L. were strung around with greenery. Sur-Pluribus unum," signifying that one of Zachariah's daughters was to be "hitched" but there were lots more to spare. Miss Huldy Handsome, our pretty little schoolma'am, Abijah Dusenbury's girl, composed that text and Abijah, who was a trustee for the district, put up another one, "Cave Canem," for he said if Josiah at the last minute should "cave" he would certainly cane him. Over the back door was the had had that motto a long time. Twice he was burnt out and that was all he saved from the wreck, but Mrs. Dusenbury, who was a regular snortin' radical, used to say, "I tell you, 'Riah, a good healthy insurance polisy will bless your home more than all the pious motters twixt here and Jericho." There was another text hung up which I had most forgotten. Huldy, the mischievous little critter, had hung up a string of onions over the settee where Josiah and Alby used to do their sparking, and they formed the words, "In onion there is strength," for Alby was mortal fond of that kind of fruit. This was intended for a joke, but Josiah smothered down his bliss enough to scowl real wicked when he saw it.

As the wedding guests came in, the ladies embraced Mrs. Dusenbury and wept all over her at the loss of Alby, and the gentlemen sat down by the stove, stiff and solemn like with Zachariah, and asked each other how the crops were, how much pork they were going to kill, and how it was that the Society's Polled Angus bull which they got from the Stock Farm was sprouting out horns a foot long? While they were discoursing on these topics the ladies were hovering around the table admiring the elegant and costly presents which had been brought and sent to Alby. There was a nest of milk-pans presented by the mother of the bride; an axe-handle and a two-year-old heifer (the animal was tethered to the table), from Mr. Dusenbury; a rolling pin from the groom himself, which seemed to amuse that vixen Huldy very much; a picture of Hatrack, Meataxe and Abendigo from Mrs. Whalen, and three bushels of seed oats from Adonijah. Nehemiah Whalen's wife (daughter of Jedediah Harris by his second), contributed an elegant barrel of soft soap labelled, "While there's life there's soap." Zephaniah Harris, (brother to Jedediah and uncle-in-law to Nehemiah Whalen), sent a beautiful set of crockery with a tag inside of one of the articles marked, "When this you see, remember me." Jeremiah Slocombe, brotherin-law to Nehemiah Whalen by the latter's first wife Deborah Slocomb, and stepbrother to Zephaniah Harris by the latter's third wife Naomi Slocombe, and roadmaster for Upper Gumville, District No. 4, sent a charming pair of stockings to the bride striped with red at the bottom and spangled over the top with hornets worked in arrasene. Isaiah Slocomb, twin-uncle to Uriah Harris on his grandmother's side and adopted son of Nancy Slocomb by her present husband Jeremiah Slocomb, sent a lovely rat-trap mounted on cardinal plush and ready for business.

There were also displayed a portrait of SO THEY WERE MARRIED. General Grant; a large pine cradle with gross of paragoric inside-this was supposed to have been sent for spite by a jilted lover of Alby's, Mordecai Hopper; a beautiful wash-tub and ringer; a sweet little dust-pan and duster, and a pair of Plymouth Rock chickens that had come over in the Mayflower with an ancestor of Azariah Z. Harris on his mother's side.

harrow marcin

Suddenly an audible hush crept over the brilliant galaxy of brains and beauty. The groom and minister were at the door. There had been some speculation as to who the minister would be. Zachariah Dusenbury and Adonijah Whalen, fathers of the bride and groom respectively, had been at sword's points on this subject. Being a Hardshell Baptist, the former leaned toward Rev. Gabriel Shouter of that persuasion. Mr. Whalen on the other hand favored Rev. Caleb Hooper, the Methodist minister, who was continually pitching into Mr. Shouter. When the door was opened. however, it was seen that a compromise had been effected and that Rev. Silas Screecher of the Freewill connection of Lower Gumville, had been selected to perform the solemn rites. Behind Mr. Screecher came the groom, Mr. Josiah L. Whalen, who by the strangest coincidence in the world, reached the door just as Albenia reached the foot of the stairs, and the two entered the parlor at once, supported by Jeremiah Slocumb and Tildy Jenkins as groomsman and maid. Rev. Silas entered the room bravely, but seing the two-year old tied to the table, backed gracefully out of range of that restive animal. Mr. Dusenbury stood up to give away his daughter. "Let us sing," said the Rev. Silas, "and all jine in," and with that he struck up and we all chimed in as follows:

Some timorous mortals start and shrink To cross that narrow sea, And linger shivering on the brink And fear to launch away.

Josiah L. seemed to think the tune was aimed at him somehow, for he looked more confused than ever, while Albenia shivered away like a cornstalk in October. Presently the reverend gentleman called "time," and they sprang for "holts." They took a regular sidehold grip, two hands clinched But it was inside the homestead that the in front and the other two around each main display was made. The walls of the other. Soon they were harnessed toparlor, where soon the fond Albenia was to gether for the wrestle of life stronger and faster than a man ever struck an axe into a tree. Before we could realize it, all was mounting the cookstove was the motto, "E over, and-just then the two-year-old heifer broke loose, upset the table and all the fixings, and, with the rat-trap unaccountably fastened to his tail, darted under the stern-posts of the Rev. Silas! She swept away his stanchions in a jiffy, and down went the unfortunate man into the soap barrel that stood behind him. Zephaniah Harris seized the animal by the horns, and his brother, Jed, jilpoked him into the corner with the axe-handle. Old motto, "God Bless our Home." Zachariah | "Nije" Whalen seemed to be stunned at first, but finally he ran and picked up Tildy Slocomb, who had fainted on the floor, and, assisted by the groom, hauled the reverend out of the soap. At length the fractious brute was secured and placed in the pound by Mr. Dusenbury. The Rev. Silas Screecher disappeared. In a short time order was restored, although every one looked as though a daring attempt had been made to undermine the foundations of the social fabric.

> I declare I had clean forgotten the costumes, but Huldy Handsome hadn't, as she handed me the following list:

Bride: French merino dress, with seven flounces; turkey red travelling shawl; ornaments, old gold ear-rings, hair and freckles to match. Mrs. Dusenbury: Alpaca gown; patent

leather surcingle, bandana handkerchief

Mrs. Whalen: Delaine dress; trimmings, colored beads; ornaments, gutta percha. Tildy Jenkins: Blue homespun travelling suit (imported clean from Harvey); Queen Anne bustle; pink veil, with mole on nose and chin to match. Flowers, marigolds and bean blossoms.

Mrs. Jed Harris: Brocade lustre, nine flounces; three large rings on middle finger; striped hose and kid slippers; nose on bias with eyes to match.

Sophy Slocomb: Calico, plain; Russia leather martengale; poke bonnet trimmed with elephant's breath; hollyhocks. Mrs. Nije Whalen: Mother Hubbard, a

la Pokiok; crushed strawberry trimmings; head-dress, "busted" tomato. Ornaments,

At 9 a. m. the wedding cortage sat down to a hasty dejooner. Josiah L. would bite a pickle and then hand it to Alby, and then Alby would shyly shove her preserves over to him to taste. But his pickles and her preserves was just the same as her'n and his'n respectively, and why they did this I don't know, but it certainly seemed a powerful soothin' process to them both. And sometimes she would look with her eyes into Josiah's as if he wasn't going to last more than one more minute at the most. It took an hour to get away with the hasty dejooner, and then the loving pair hand in hand departed on a brief but comprehensive honeymoon. They will take in Pokiok Falls and all the other fashionable resorts in the parish. They left Gumville this morning in Nehemiah Whalen's oxcart, and Mrs. Dusenbury, thoughtful soul, threw an old slipper after them that will save them the expense of taking a trunk. They will stop at Squire Uraliah Parsons' boardinghouse tonight. Tomorrow they will reach Pokiok where they will stop two days with Aunt Mariah Slocomb, and then they will return to Gumville, making the most im-

year of the cholera.

A COUNTRY WEDDING MORE THAN FORTY YEARS AGO.

The Old Folks Didn't Assist Very Joyously at the Union of Tom and Susan, but all the Neighbors Came In and Everybody Else Was Happy.

While reading a description of a recent grand wedding in the cathedral, my mind went back to the days of 40 years ago, when a wedding was something to be remembered, and when people considered themselves fortunate to receive an invitation. Then the guests were not politely blackmailed into giving presents, nor were they expected to appear in elaborate toilets. There was lots of fun for the young folks, and pleasant news and gossip for their elders, for Mrs. Blisters from Queensbury met her old friend, Mrs. Shorts, from Nashwaak, and indulged in confidential conversation. No one thought and often a wagon load would drive from Gagetown, or even Long Reach, to Kingsclear, or wherever the festivities took

my mind now. The bride was the daughter of a wayside innkeeper, and the groom was the hostler in the same establishment. There had been some opposition on the part of the parents to the match. They thought Susan might "look higher" than to take Thomas, who had recently arrived his good looks to recommend him. However, as Susan had a will of her own, they were obliged to make the best of it. Verbal invitations were sent round to the neighbors and friends, by a boy on horseback, who, on arriving at the required house, rapped at the door with his whip handle, without dismounting, and shouted:

"Hello, there! I've brung you a bid to the weddin' at Crow's. Old man Crow and old lady Crow's give in, and the young tolks are going to be spliced tomorrer. Tell ye what there'll be lively times at the tavern. Yer to come at early candle light!" he yelled, and started off at a

On our arrival the next evening, we full of wagons, and on stepping inside it was almost impossible to get through the crowd. The parlor was not a very large room, and it was literally packed with human beings. A couple of young men were trying to urge their way through the mass of humanity with chairs that had been borrowed from the neighbors. "Just set on my lap, Mrs. Selkins," a good-natured dame would say to a friend. "I guess not, Mrs. Grits, I'm most too heavy; besides, I'd muss your dress." Everybody was on the tip-toe of expectation, and there were numerous inquiries as to where "they" vere likely to stand, it being the ambition of each to face the bridal party. The bride's mother, a very stout old lady, in a reddish-brown cobourg dress, a large linen color and a lace cap, trimmed with white ribbons, sat on a splint-bottomed chair near the fire, while a young girl, with very creaky shoes, and arrayed in a pink calico dress, flitted in and out, and conversed in whispers with the old lady.

Presently the bridal party made their appearance. The groom wore a shortwaisted, scant-tailed coat, and a very elaborate vest of many colors. His hands were encased in his first pair of gloves, which must have felt like handcuffs. The bridesmaid, who came in with him, looked and felt very important. The groomsman, a sheepish-looking little tellow, blushing scarlet, then entered with the bride, who was at least a head taller than him. Her dress was a white checked muslin, with low neck and long sleeves. A bow of pink satin ribbon, with long ends fastened to the front of her dress, did duty as a bouquet. Her black hair was in a twist at the back, and she wore three curls on each side in front. A white ribbon was carried round the twist, and ended with a bow and ends at the back of her neck.

The "Squire" was on hand to perform the ceremony, but, from want of practice, perhaps, or nervousness, he made several mistakes, and had to turn back once or twice, but that was a trifle, and did not

The old lady sighed frequently and sniffed in the corner, and occasionally groaned, "She is lost to me now!" The old man remained in the bar-room, which he had to himself, and regaled himself with some choice "Jamaky sperrets," which he kept for state occasions. It was only when the ceremony came to a standstill that he was hunted up to give away the

At the conclusion of the ceremony everybody shook hands with the bride and groom, and wished them much joy. The old lady unbent sufficiently to kiss the bride and wish them both "luck," and then waddled back to her seat. Evidently she was not being entertained. Presently cake and liquor were handed round, and great was the clatter as the attendants in the kitchen washed the tumblers after one lot had partaken so that they might do duty for others, there not being enough to go round. After this retreshment most of the men repaired to the bar-room to hear and give news, and several horses were "swopped" during posing tower seen in Gumville since the the evening. In about an hour tea was BILDAD. handed round. There were seven kinds of | Stamping, Pinking and Fancy Work done to order.

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cake, sage cheese, light bread and biscuit, to which every one did ample justice.

Then the real entertainment began. There were plays by the dozen. "I won a rich widow," "Oats, peas, beans," "Here come three landlords out of Spain," spinning of declining an invitation to a wedding, the plate and forfeits, which was funniest of all. The young men generally aimed to kiss the bride and nearly always accomplished it, rather to her disgust, till the groom came to her rescue and declared I have one of those old-time weddings in | that there had been enough of that and the next one would have to kiss him, a remark which was considered very witty.

Before separating the bridesmaid was called on to sing "The Bride's Farewell," which she did in a very high key, to great applause. Then everybody shook hands with Tom and Susan, who were "staying from the old country, and had nothing but on" for a while, and wished them joy over again. Thus ended a country wedding of over 40 years ago. PROVINCIAL.

## -AN

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