Cambria Freeman.

H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

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SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of Vend. Expon., Al. Vend. Expon. and Levari Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, THE 6TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following Real Estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Rees E. Rees, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Cambria township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Rowland Francis, Rob't W. Roberts, lands of E. D. Davis, dec'd, Jas. D. Jones, Rob't Wolff, and others, containing 175 acres, more or less, about 50 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank L house, large frame bank barn and water saw mill, now in the occupancy of Rees E. Rees; and a two story plank house not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Edward Roberts.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Samuel Reese, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Blacklick township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Ferguson, Henry Campbell, and others, containing 105 acres, more or less, about 30 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one and a half story log house, a log barn and a log stable—now in the occupancy of Sam'l Reese. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Dennis Brawley.

ALSO, all the righ, title and interest of William D. Skelly, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of David M. Davis, Margaret Brady, and others, containing 60 acres, more or less, unimproved. Also, a piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Margaret Brady, Michael Gates, and others, containing 40 acres, more or less, about 2 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house, stable and blacksmith shop—now in the occupancy of Thos. Hughes and Isaac Jones. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of E. Billinger.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of James Henry, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Gallitzin township, Cambria county, adjoining land of James Collins on the east, on the south by land of Sam'l Craig, Esq., on the west by Hemlock street, and on the north by land of David Watt, containing two acres, more or less, all cleared—now in the occupancy of Hugh Derlin. Also, all the right, title and interest of James Henry, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Gallitzin township, Cambria county, fronting on the township road on the east, lot of John Trainor on the south, land of James M'Closkey on the west, and lot of John Smith on the north, having thereon erected a one and a half story frame double house, with two back buildings attached, and a frame stable—now in the occupancy of Hugh Derlin and Michael M'Morris. Taken in execution and to be sold at suit of R. L. Johnston.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Jas. Swinehart, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Lewis Storm, John Durbin, and others, containing four acres, more or less, about half an acre of which is cleared, having thereon erected a one story plank house and shanty stables—now in the occupancy of James Swinehart. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Bradley.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of George A. Miller, of, in and to a certain dwelling house, one and a half stories high, having a front of 14 and a depth of 24 feet, situated upon a certain lot of ground in the county of Cambria, bounded on the east by ——street, on the west by land of Michael Waltz, on the south by a street, and on the north by lands of William M'Guire, known on the plan of the borough of Chest Springs as Lot No. 17. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit o John Wagner et al.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Joseph Kemp, of, in and to all that tract of land situate in White township, Cambria county, warranted in the name of Joseph Jones, adjoining lands warranted in the names of Richard Jones, Thos. Brown, John Harris and Mathew Wills, containing 435 acres and 88 perches, and allowance, unimproved. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Royer.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John Smay, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Croyle township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Ephraim Crum, Anthony Miller, and others, containing 80 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story log house and log barn—now in the occupancy of John Smay. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Thomas Clark et al.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of William Orr, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the borough of Johnstown, Cambria county, fronting on Main street 54 feet, and in depth — feet; bounded on the north by lot of Nicholas Hebner and on the south by lot of Joseph M'Farding. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Borough of Johnstown.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of William Miller, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Mannie, Simon Weakland, and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, about 11 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a cabin house and cabin barn—unoccupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of E. Hughes.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John C. Dimond, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate partly in Munster and partly in Summerhill township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of defendant, lands of John T. Hughes, Owen Jones and Patrick Storm, containing 92 acres and 140 perches, more or less, about 20 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one and a half story plank house and frame stable—not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of William Kittell, Trustee.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Abraham Hitshew, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Carrolltown borough, Cambria county, fronting 60 feet on Main street and extending back 240 feet to land of Christopher Cole, adjoining land of Mrs. Barbara Baker on the north and Cole street on the south, having thereon erected a one and a half story plank house, (weather-boarded,) a frame stable and a one and a half story frame carpenter shop—now in the occupancy of Abraham Hitchew. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Peter C. Wieble.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Michael O'Friel, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Chest township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Krise, James McAnce, and others, containing 40 acres, more or less, about five of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one and a half story log house and log stable, not now occupied, and a water saw mill, now in the occupancy of John Morson. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Bradley.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Christopher Noel, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in White township, Cambria county, containing 118 acres, more or less, about 50 acres of which are cleared, adjoining lands of William Ream, Nathan Gates, and others, having thereon erected a one and a half story (part frame, part log,) double house, now in the occupancy of Christopher Noel, and a one and a half story log house and log barn, now in the occupancy of John H. Noel. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of F. M. Flanagan.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Christopher Noel, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in White township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Nathan Gates, Wm. Ream, and others, containing 100 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story log house, frame back building and a log barn—now in the occupancy of the said Christopher Noel.—Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Abraham Matthews.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Edward Burk, dec'd, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Nicholas A. Burk, Arent Sonman, and others, containing 130 acres, more or less, about an acre and a half of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one and a half story plank house and frame stable, not now obcupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at suit of E. Glass & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Sarah Rowley, George Rowley and Ann Morgan, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Millville borough, Cambria county, fronting 33 feet on Lock street and extending back 100 feet to land of Cambria Iron Company, adjoining lands of Cambria Iron Company on the north, south and east, having thereon erected a two story brick house and outbuildings, now in the occupancy of Michael Boland. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Stiles, Allen & Co., for use of Geo. S. King.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Daniel Kline, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Chest township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Warner, Michael Eanor, and others, containing 53 acres, more or less, about 10 acres of which are cleared having thereon erected a log cabin house and a log stable—not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at suit of David Noel.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of James Burk and Thomas M'Connell, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, adjoining land of Jas. M'Gough, G. W. Rorabaugh, and others, containing 22 acres, more or less, unimproved. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of W. K. Piper.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Christian Nilgus, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the First Ward of Conemaugh Boro', Cambria county, fronting on Peter street, adjoining lot of Sarah Andrews on the east, an alley on the west and an alley on the north, having thereon erected a two story plank house—now in the occupancy of Christian Nilgus. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jacob Fronheiser.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of William K. Carr, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Wilmore borough, Cambria county, fronting 64 feet on Crooked street and extending back 128 feet to Pine alley, adjoining an alley on the north and lot of George Wintrode on the south, having thereon erected a two story log house and plank stable. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Mrs. Lavinia Brown.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Mathias Shortencehner, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Jacob Luther, James Refner, and others, containing 35 acres, more or less, about 29 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and log barn—now in the occupancy of the said Mathias Shortencehner. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Barkey et al.

JOHN A. BLAIR, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 19, 1869.-3t.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on Monday, the 6th day of September next, to wit:

The second and final account of Evan J. Evans, Adm'r of Elizabeth J. B. Jones, late of Cambria township, dec'd.

The second account of Sarah Leidy, Adm'x of David Leidy, late of Jackson twp., dec'd.

The first and final account of Wm. James, Guardian of the minor children of David M. Evans, late of Cambria township, dec'd.

The first and final account of John Flick and John Buck, Ex'rs of Jerome Buck, late of Carroll township, dec'd.

The final account of John H. Douglass, Administrator of Dan'l Litzinger, late of the Borough of Chest Springs, dec'd.

The final account of Joseph Daily, Adm'r of Jos. Bradley, late of Millville borough, dec'd.

The first and partial account of John A. Blair, Adm'r of D. A. Conrad, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd.

The account of Mary E. Kaylor, Adm'x of Thomas Kaylor, late of Allegheny twp., dec'd.

The second account of George Orris, Adm'r of George Rose, late of Richland twp., dec'd.

The third and final account of J. S. Strayer, Adm'r of David Ribblett, late of Conemaugh township, dec'd.

The account of Newton I. Roberts, Adm'r cum testamento annexo of Wm. W. Gittins, late of the Borough of Ebensburg, dec'd.

The first and final account of James P. McCance, Trustee appointed by the Orphans' Court to sell the real estate of which James Platt, late of Susquehanna twp., died seized.

JAMES GRIFFIN, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 7, 1869.-4t.

VENDUE! VENDUE!!—There will be offered at Public Sale, in Washington township, Cambria county, between Planes 4 and 5, on the old Portage road, one mile from Sumitville and one from Cresson Station, Pa. R. R., on WEDNESDAY, Sept. 1st, 1869, at 10 o'clock, a. m., one TWO STORY PLANK HOUSE, 24 by 18 feet, with cellar under all the building, two STABLES, about 2½ Acres of LAND, with the best spring of water in the vicinity. A good Deed, with the right of the mineral.

Also, two Cows, one Hog, one Calf, one Hand-Cart, (made in Philadelphia,) two Revolvers, (new,) two Sabres, Bureau, Chairs, Stoves, and many other articles needless to enumerate. Terms made known at time of sale. JOHN MONTGOMERY.
Washington Twp., Aug. 12, 1869. 3t.

ESTATE OF BARBARA CONNER, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the Estate of BARBARA CONNER, late of Susquehanna township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and requests those having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

WM. McDONNELL, Adm'r.
Susquehanna Twp., July 22, 1869.-6t.*

GOOD, BETTER, BEST.—The best and cheapest Tobacco and Cigars in town are at M. L. Oatman's. Go and see.

The Poet's Department.

THE TERRIBLE DRINK.

Oh! the drink, the terrible drink,
Making each town and city a sink
Of misery dire, and fearful to tell
Of the numberless victims sent to hell.
Swearing,
Killing,
Crimes no lack,
The terrible drink makes night so black;
The curse of youth and decrepit age,
Adding to thirst instead of assauged;
Continual drink the drunkard's crave,
Till it drags him down to an early grave.

Oh! the drink, the horrible drink!
See the child from its father shrink
As he staggers home from the night's debauch,
His soul on fire from the demon's torch.
Blindly,
Wildly,
Stumbling along,
Crazed with drink, intent on wrong;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Growl at the man as he gropes around!
This is the picture, deny it who can,
Of the downward steps of fallen man.

Once he was free from the vice, but he fell—
Fell, like the angels, from heaven to hell—
Fell, to be mocked at, scoffed at, and beat,
Mingling with filth in the horrible street.
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading the worst,
Drinking still deeper, yet greater his thirst,
Till he sickens and falls, degraded and low,
And death is preferred to his abyss of woe!
Merciful God! in thy goodness save
Thine own image from a drunkard's grave.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

THE WEDDING GOOSE.

In those days the law of marriage was strict. Fourteen days public notice of an intention to commit matrimony was required; and the clergyman, or the justice, who performed the marriage ceremony without having received a certificate to the effect that the said public notice had been given, was liable to a heavy penalty.

Augustus Sebastian Walpole had long loved and adored Miss Mary Almira Allard; and it had for some months been fixed that they should be wed on Christmas evening; and Sebastian looked out that his "intention" was published in due season. He regarded it as a most momentous affair, and he entered upon the preliminaries with much fear and trembling.

As Christmas drew near, preparations for the happy event were made. Mary would not be married at her own home; and her step mother was very glad when she heard the decision; so it was arranged that the ceremony should take place at Sebastian's, and Mary's younger sister Polly went over to keep her company, and to help her in the labor of preparation; for she was determined with her own hands to prepare the wedding feast.

Christmas would come on Thursday. They were to be married at six o'clock in the evening, and after that the wedding feast was to be served.

There was not a grown person at Dayton Corner who had not heard of Mary Allard's "Smothered Goose." Nobody else, since Mary's own mother died, could smother-roast a goose like her. The process was not only a mystery, but so exact were the culinary requirements, that few could acquire the art. The goose cooked in this way came upon the table brown, sweet, tender, excessively juicy, and without a particle of that oily flavor which renders goose and duck so unpalatable to some. Of course smothered goose was to be the main dish of the feast; and that Mary might have a goose worthy of her skill, Sebastian had selected one several months before, from a flock owned by a friend near the Centre, and this friend was to shut it away from its mates a few weeks before it would be wanted, and give it extra food.

Wednesday came—the day before Christmas—and after dinner Sebastian hitched old Dobbin to the sleigh, and made ready to start for the Centre, there to get his marriage certificate, his goose, and various other articles too numerous to mention; one of which, however, was a gallon of good old Madeira. And let me make a remark:

Mary had suggested that they must have some wine at the wedding. She was not herself in favor of its use; "but what would folks think?" Sebastian scratched his head and hesitated.

"Plague take the 'tarnal stuff!" he said; "you know I've had too much of it in my days, Mary. I've sworn that I'd never bring another drop into the house."

"But only this time, Sebastian. You needn't drink it, you know; but only think what folks will say if we have no wine.

"I don't care what all the folks in creation say, only you, Molly; and seeing as you want it, it shall be had."

"Thank you, my love;" and she kissed him, little thinking what a temptation she was throwing in his way.

Sebastian went to the village, which was called Dayton Centre, and the first thing he did was to wait upon the town clerk and get his certificate.

"It's lucky you came just as you did, Sebastian," said the clerk, as he handed over the certificate; "for I am going to Taftsbury to spend Christmas, and stop the week out. Yours is the only certificate I've got, and that was made out so long ago that I'd entirely forgotten it. I should have been off in half an hour, and my folks wouldn't have known anything about it. However, it's all right now."

From the clerk's, Sebastian went to his friend Burke's, and got his goose. And it was a beauty—all picked and finished off as smooth and fair as a chicken.

"Tell Mary that I've cleaned it all out inside," said Mrs. Burke. "She'll know my work; and when Susan Burke says a goose is clean, she'll know 'tis clean!"

Lemons, sugar, spice, nuts, raisins; and then came the last item on the list; one gallon of Maderia wine.

"Taste of that, old fellow!" cried the store-keeper, holding up a tumbler half full of the clear, blushing liquid. That was before the days of the Maine Law and Adulteration.

Sebastian tasted of it—tasted again—smacked his lips, and sipped again.

"Don't be afraid of it. That's the stuff that puts life and vigor into a man?"

And Sebastian drank it down.

"By glory, Walpole, you ought to have some of this old Sherry to go with it.—Just try that. If you don't say that's the best Sherry you ever tasted, I'll give it to you."

A man, full blooded and vigorous, who had tasted nothing stronger than coffee for two years, could not contain a gill of old Madeira without feeling it in his brain very quickly. Sebastian waited not to be asked a second time to take the Sherry. He drank off half a tumbler full, and then entered into a spirited conversation.—Mercy! how his tongue had loosened; and how liberal he felt! Of course he would have a gallon of the Sherry.

"Is old Sol Marshall going to be at your wedding?"

"Certainly."

"Got any brandy at home?"

"No."

"By glory! you ought to have a quart—say a bottle of it—just for old Sol. He'll appreciate it. And then you'll want it in the house, you know. I've got about the best article of pale Martel that ever crossed the water. There, just put a drop of water in that—not too much—don't drown it!"

Sebastian poured a very little water into about half a gill of pure old brandy; and having held it up to the light, and marked the oily waving of the bright topaz tinted liquid, he poured it down his throat. It was good, capital. He would have a bottle of it. Yes, "put me up two bottles of it, while you're about it. Thunder! a fellow isn't married only once!"

"That's the idea, Sebastian."

"Ah! Tom! Charlie! Harry!—how are you old fellows?"

"Jerusalem! Sebastian, is it you? Say, old chap, it's coming off to-morrow!"

"Yes."

"Then you ought to do the handsome."

"Of course I will. Come up—What'll ye have?"

The three young men who had just entered the store had been old cronies of Sebastian's in his days of fun and frolic, and they were glad enough to find him in a social mood; for during the past two years they had enjoyed but little of his companionship. But he was pleased to meet them now. With the fire in his blood that set him on the road to frolic, they were the three of all others he would have chosen for companionship at that time.

There is no need of enlarging here.—When Sebastian commenced to drink with his old cronies he was gone. He had a jolly good time, no doubt; but he was to carry little remembrance of it home with him.

About two o'clock on Christmas morning, Mary, who had been watching all night, saw old Dobbin turn into the yard, with the sleigh behind him; but she could see no Sebastian. Calling Polly, she ran down to the door. She did not stop for a lantern, for the moon was up and gave light enough. In the sleigh flanked with demijohns, bottles, bundles, and goose, lay Sebastian. At first Mary grew faint with a great fear; but very soon she divined the truth. Was she incensed? No. Her first thought was—and she spoke it aloud—"It's all my fault, Polly! It's all my own fault, and not his. He didn't want to buy the wine, but I coaxed him. Poor, dear Sebastian! Oh God send that this is the worst!"

They got Sebastian up, and got him into the house, he the while declaring:

"No, no, boys—(hic)—not anor'er drop! I—(hic)—tell ye—(hic)—Molly'll cry! I'm a—(hic)—cussed fool!—(hic). Oh, dear Molly, (hic) wha' for'd ye (hic) want me to get the (hic) dern'd stuff for? Oh! git me home?"

Towards the middle of the forenoon Sebastian awoke, and Mary was soon with him. He had said enough in his wanderings while she and Polly had been getting him to bed, to give her an understanding of the whole affair, and instead of blaming him, her first words were of love and kindness. She acknowledged that it was all her own fault, and that she had been sufficiently punished for persuading her lover to do that which he felt he ought not to do.

"So let us think no more about it, dear!" cried Mary, with a kiss.

But Sebastian was not willing to leave his Mary bear the burden of blame. He claimed it for his to bear, and acknowledged his sin, and promised not to do it again. He looked into his pocket book, and found his money all gone—every dollar; but that wasn't worth crying about. To be sure there had been something over a hundred dollars; but he could make that up in time; and he professed to hope that the lesson might be worth that to him. He saw what he supposed to be the important paper just where he put it, and that was all right.

The day passed on; a cup of strong coffee, and a little exercise in the open air, very soon brought Sebastian up to something like himself. The pies and the cake and the pudding were made, and the royal goose was in process of smothering, and everything seemed in readiness for the grand event.

Augustus Sebastian had donned his wedding garb, and having drawn a five dollar bill from a little reserve he chanced to have in his desk, he thought he would put it in the certificate, as he had been informed by Mary that that was the way it was done.

"Come, Sebastian, dear—they are waiting"

"In a minute, love. Let me put the money in the—"

He meant to say certificate, as he supposed he had taken the paper from his pocket book; but upon opening it he read—not, "Know all men by these presents:" but "Augustus S. Walpole, to B. F. Grantly Dr. to one gal. Madeira wine—" &c.

"Heavens and earth?"

Mary rushed into the room, and found her lover pale and trembling. He had lost his marriage certificate! They hunted through every bit of clothing Sebastian had touched since the night before; and then they went out and looked through the sleigh; but the paper could not be found. They looked again and again—and looked once more—looked into possible, and impossible places. The old minister was summoned, and the loss was explained to him. He knew they had been regularly published; and as soon as Mr. Harney came back from Taftsbury he would get a new certificate, dated back to agree with the old one. O! couldn't he—wouldn't he, for mercy's sake! marry them?

Parson Bebee was a kind hearted, whole souled man; but he was unswervingly conscientious. Not for the world would he violate the statue of his State. And moreover he explained that such a ceremony would be no marriage in law. Children born of such marriage would be illegitimate, and all concerned would be liable to prosecution. No, he could not!

One more last long search, and the certificate was given up. The minister had been down and explained the whole matter to the waiting company; and they said, "Let us have our feast—let joy take the place of sadness—and at another time we will come to a quiet wedding."

The parson himself thought it would be too bad to disappoint the invited guests.

"Let's carve Mary's Wedding Goose—"

"Not a Wedding Goose," groaned Sebastian.

"Well, we'll call it so. Come, cheer up. Many a storm worse than this has blown over without harm to anybody."

The great old sitting-room was ablaze with a score of lamps, and when Sebastian and Mary had taken their seats together at the table—sitting in the centre of the long side, opposite the old minister—and when they found how truly kind and considerate their friends were, they began to take heart and Mary whispered to her lover.

"Let's be happy if we can, Sebastian. It won't be for long that evil shall rest with us."

Parson Bebee invoked the Divine blessing, and then seized the carving utensils and attacked the Smothered Goose, the royal savor of which had completely filled the house with its delicious odor. He took off the wings, disjointed and separated the legs, and then cut down at the breast, and pared off the thick rich layers of meat from the sides of the breast bone. This done, he inserted the point of the carver into the thoraic cavity, for the purpose of extracting the stuffing. A few bits of rich stuffing, and then something interfered—there seemed to be a substance that did not belong there. The parson got the point of the fork into it, and finally pulled it out.

"A dish rag!" inadvertently uttered an unsophisticated female guest.

"Oh! I thought Susan had cleaned it!" gasped Mary, turning as red as fire, and then paling to an ashen hue.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the parson, who having partiallly opened the extraneous substance with a knife and fork, now took it into his hand. "You needn't be at all alarmed, my dear child," he went on, at the same time standing erect, and overhauling the thing in such a manner that those who were sitting could not see it.

"It is all right. The goose is all proper. Augustus Sebastian Walpole and Mary Almira Allard, I want you both to stand up. I can't do as I like to do, but I've thought that our Wedding Feast would seem more like the real thing, if we only went through the form. Come—just to please us all—stand up. Stand up and take hold of hands and I'll just show you how things ought to be done; for I declare I can't serve out this goose without just a little more than a single blessing."

"Oh, yes! yes! do! do," came from all parts of the long table.

And without thinking—moving like machines—their self-wills fairly crushed out—the twain arose and took each other by the hand, and the old pastor went through the marriage service, with such unction that old Deacon Allard, Mary's uncle exclaimed:

"Ain't that ere a little too much like the real thing, parson?"

"Well—no—I think not," replied the minister.

And then he showed them what he had found in the goose, to wit, Sebastian's money and marriage certificate.

Was there ever such a time? The old parson, the moment he ceased speaking, shot back his chair, and popped around and kissed the bride; and everybody else followed suit—she laughing and crying by turns, but at the time as happy as she could be.

And then, with the bright gleaming of a great joy, and the blessed dreams of happy promise, making jubilant the feast, the assembled company set to work of testing the excellence of the duly commissioned and accredited Wedding Goose.

HALF A MILE UNDER GROUND.

THRILLING ADVENTURES IN COLORADO.

From an Arizona Letter.

James White, Henry Strole and Captain Baker, of the late confederate army, left Colorado City, May 27, 1867, on foot, with two pack mules to carry provistons, tools and blankets, for the purpose of prospecting in the San Juan valley for gold. After several weeks' travel they struck the San Juan river; but, not finding sufficient promise in the sands, went westward, and at length reached Grand river, the banks of which were high. Both men and animals suffered for water, and it was a day before they could reach the stream which dashed and foamed in the canon. The next morning (August 24th,) they ascended, and were suddenly assailed by gun shots from a band of Indians. Baker fell at the fire, saying, "Boys, save yourselves." But his comrades fought until he was dead, and then they retreated down into the canon.

The consultation which ensued resulted in the decision to go down the river, since to go back was almost sure death from Indians. So they abandoned the mules and traveled down the stream for five miles. On each side rose the the cold sandstone walls, two thousand feet high, and they waited for dark, when only for a single hour in the day did the sun shine into the chasm. They found driftwood, and made a raft of sticks and cottonwood, lashing them together with mule ropes, and then fastening on their provisions, floated on in the almost Tartarean darkness of that wonderful gulch. Through the long night they clung to the raft, as it dashed against rocks or whirled in eddies. At last daylight came, and with it a smoother current. They made a landing, ate some of their water soaked provisions, and strengthened the raft with cedar sticks.—Then they embarked, and toward afternoon came to the junction where Green and Grand rivers unite from the Colorado.

At the junction the river is about 740 feet in width, and the walls on either side were nearly a mile high. Above was only to be seen a narrow strip of sky; while the cedars that stood upon the edge of the canon seemed no larger than weeds; and detached pinnacles rose yet higher as monuments to memorize the mutiny of mighty waters. Down they floated in the great canon; in the daylight, made brief by the shutting out of the sun, they endeavored to avoid the rocks which opposed them, and at night they drew to the foot of the huge wall and stayed till morning. They could not go back, and so they floated on, hoping to reach Calville. Four days had passed, when, on the 28th of August, an ominous roar ahead was heard, the current became more rapid, a sharp bend was turned, and a foaming waterfall was seen. Nothing could prevent the raft going over. Then Strole stood up with his pole in his hands, while White clung to the logs. The raft leaped down into the waters, and White heard the last shriek of his companion, who had been cast off into the seething torrent; with turned head he beheld through the mist and spray his comrade's form toss for a moment in the boiling water, and then sink.

Remembering this, and not knowing what yet to expect in that terrible fissure of the earth, the walls of which were now as much as 7,000 feet in height, and seemed to meet almost, and keeping out all of the upper earth, except the narrowest ribbon of the blue sky, White tied himself to the raft, and strengthened the lashings. All the provisions and arms had been lost in going over the waterfall, and after that came a succession of rapids, blocked up by the masses of rocks over which the raft was driven and tumbled, and sometimes completely submerged. In one of these the logs composing the raft became separated at the upper end and spread out fanwise; but White after being thrown into the water, regained his place and fastened them. Shortly afterwards he reached the mouth of the Colorado Chiquito, which joins the Colorado propor at right angles, and creates a small eddy or whirlpool. In this whirling of waters, White, clinging desparately to the raft, was tossed to and fro for hours, and only when almost unconscious, found that he had been released from the grasp of the liquid arms, and was once more floating down between the lofty perpendicular walls.

Four days had passed since he had tasted food. Nothing had he seen but the foaming waters, the blank bare walls, and the thread of sky above. For more than a week he had been at the bottom of a trench a mile in depth. Exhausted and hungered, he even sought to suck his own blood, but the aspect of his shriveled, blistered arm frightened him. It was then that he came by a flat strip of shore with bushes growing on it. Here he stopped, devoured some green leaves and pods, and again resumed his journey. On the eleventh day he was taken on shore by some Yampias Indians, who would probably have killed him had not one of them interfered and protected him. This humane savage gave the voyager meat and roasted mezquite beans to eat, and after a short rest White tottered to his raft and floated downward.

Three days afterward he was aroused from stupor by voices. Strong arms were thrown about him, and bearded faces looked pityingly upon him. He was tended and cared for by the Mormons of this place, and, with his strong constitution, soon regained health, and has now no desire to leave the spot where good Samaritans ministered unto him. He is in good health and doing well, and does not wish to renew his experiences.

THEN AND NOW.—Before the Revolution, when the mail between New York and Philadelphia was transmitted once a week, and occupied two days in travel, and coming down to the period of twenty years ago, the transportation of news was a slow process. News that the Stamp Act was repealed in England on the 18th of March, 1775, was received in Philadelphia on the 20th of May, in the same year, having been eight weeks in crossing the ocean. The battles of Lexington and Concord were fought on the 18th of April, 1775. It was not until the 24th, six days afterward, that imperfect intelligence of those engagements arrived in Philadelphia. On the 19th of October, 1781, Cornwalis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown; but the papers at Philadelphia did not receive the news, by special aid de camp until November 24. On the 24 of December, 1814, the Treaty of Ghent was signed. At the present time we might know of such an event on the day upon which it transpired. Even the ocean steamship service, had it existed in 1841 as it does now, might have bro't the intelligence across the water in time to have prevented, by the assistance of land telegraphs, the battle of New Orleans, which was fought fifteen days afterward. But news of that treaty was not received in this country until the 12th of February, 1815. Even in Philadelphia, the news of the battle of the 8th of January was unknown until February 6th, an interval of nearly a month.

A CANINE VEDETTE.—In the province of Naples, Italy, recently, a detachment, of cavalry having arrived about daybreak at a small wood in which they had reason to believe a number of bandits were concealed, observed a little dog, which had been evidently placed on the watch, rise up and bark furiously, at the same time running about in all direction. The soldiers, perceiving that the animal was giving the alarm, hastened forward, but only found in the interior of the wood traces of the recent departure of the party of which they were in search. The officer in command, vexed at missing an important capture, drew his pistol and fired at the four-footed sentinel, which, with a howl, rolled over on its back and lay for a time completely motionless. The squadron continued its march, but a quarter of an hour later, when one of the men, happening to turn round, observed the same dog they had just before left for dead on the ground, dodging about behind the trees in the rear, as if to watch them. The animal was captured, and found not to have a hair touched by the shot fired at it; it had evidently feigned death in order to be able to continue its functions of vedette. The prisoner's life was not only preserved, but the captive was admitted into the regiment to render service in discovering the haunts of its former masters.

A TAIL OF A DOG.—No dorg to love, none to karess, how can I ever my sadness express? Chunk is defunct, ded as a nale—hushed is his barkin and still is his tale—Oh! such a tale, white on the end, oft did he chase it with wiggle and bend, chase it with hope twisting around, till overcome he reposed on the ground—now he's ekstinct ded as a nale, where am his bark and the wag of his tail? In dreams alone, poor Chunk I see, wiggling his milk or else scratching a flea—'tis but a dream, waking I weep, for under two feet of ground does he sleep. O! butiful purp, onst full of pla. Haven't I fed you day after day? given you milk, given you bread, given you many a pat on the head? Now you're ekstinct, ded as a nale, where am the bark and the wag of your tale? No dorg to love, none to karess, vainly I strive the sad tears to repress. "Why did you die?" sadli I morne—was it from pizen or swallerin a bone? No waggin tale, no beamin eye answers a question or gives a repli. Was it a fit—stoppage of breath—eating 2 much the sad cause of your death? Still not a word, ded as a nale, dim is his eye, stilled forever his tale,