Cambria Freeman.

A. J. JOHNSTON, Editor. HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE. H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher.

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C. T. FRAZER
Keeps constantly on hand the
LARGEST,
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ASSORTMENT OF GOODS PERTAINING TO THE
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In the County, which he offers
AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL
TO THE TRADE AND PUBLIC
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Practically illustrating the Private Banker's business in TEN BUSINESS BOOKS. In this work all useless theories are rejected, and much new and important matter, found in no pre-existing work, is substituted. It is the first work of the kind published, bearing the recommendation of the Chamber of Commerce of New York. No course of business education given elsewhere will therefore compare with it in efficiency. The College terms and a full description of the above work, are given in our new 16 *Page Double Quarto Circular*, mailed free. Address
P. DUFF & SON, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dec. 19, 1867.-1m.

GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR
A SUPERB STOCK OF FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, ALL WARRANTED TO RUN, AND THOROUGHLY REGULATED, AT THE LOW PRICE OF $10 EACH, AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

100 Solid Gold Ht'g Watches,	$250 to	$1000
100 Magic Cased Gold "	250 to	500
100 Ladies Watches, enamel'd,	100 to	300
200 Gold Hunting Chronometer Watches,	250 to	300
200 Gold Hunt'g Eng. Levers,	200 to	250
200 Gold Ht'g Duplex Watches	150 to	200
500 Gold Ht'g American "	100 to	200
500 Silver Hunting Levers,	50 to	150
500 Silver Hunting Duplexes,	75 to	250
500 Gold Ladies' Watches,	50 to	250
1000 Gold Hunting Lepines,	50 to	75
1000 Miscell'us Silver Watches	50 to	100
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5000 Assort'd Watches, all kinds	10 to	75

The above stock will be disposed of on the POPULAR ONE-PRICE PLAN, giving every patron a fine Gold or solid Silver Watch for $10, without regard to value!
WRIGHT BRO. & CO., 161 Broadway, New York, wish to immediately dispose of the above magnificent stock. Certificates, naming the articles, are placed in sealed envelopes, and well mixed. Holders are entitled to the articles named in their certificate, upon payment of Ten Dollars, whether it be a watch worth $1,000 or one worth less. The return of any of our certificates entitles you to the articles named thereon, upon payment, irrespective of its worth, and as no article valued less than $10 is named on any certificate, it will at once be seen that this is no lottery, but a straight forward legitimate transaction, which may be participated in even by the most fastidious.
A single certificate will be sent by mail, post paid, upon recipe of 25 cents, five for $1, eleven for $2, thirty-three and elegant premium for $5, sixty-six and more valuable premium for $10, one hundred and most superb Watch for $15. To agents or those wishing employment, this is a rare opportunity. It is a legitimately conducted business, duly authorized by the Government, and open to the most careful scrutiny. Watches sent by Express, with bill for collection on delivery, so that no dissatisfaction can possibly occur. Try us. Address
WRIGHT, BRO. & CO., Importers,
Oct.31-3m. 161 Broadway, New York.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphans' Court of Cambria County.—In the matter of the account of the Trustee appointed to make sale of the real estate of John Koel, dec'd. And now, Dec. 11, 1867, on motion, F. A. Shoemaker appointed Auditor to report distribution of funds in the hands of the Trustee, upon his second account. Extract from the Record. By the Court.
In pursuance of the above appointment I will attend at my office in Ebensburg, on THURSDAY, 30TH JANUARY, at 2 o'clock P. M., when and where all interested may attend.
F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Jan. 9, 1868.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphans' Court of Cambria County.—In the matter of the account of Neal Dugan, Adm'r of the estate of Bernard Halligan, dec'd. And now, Dec. 11, 1867, on motion, F. A. Shoemaker appointed Auditor to report distribution of the fund in the hands of the accountant. By the Court. Extract from the Record.
In pursuance of the above appointment I will attend at my office in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, 3D FEBRUARY, 1868, at 2 o'clock P. M., when and where all interested may attend.
F. A. SHOEMAKER,
Jan. 9, 1868.-3t. Auditor.

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers for sale EIGHT ACRES OF LAND, adjoining the Borough of Chest Springs, Cambria county, having thereon erected a good *Plank House, Frame Stable*, and other outbuildings, with a never failing spring of water and an excellent young orchard on the premises. The land is in a high state of cultivation, and the property altogether would be a most desirable home for any one wishing to buy it. For further information apply to
CATHARINE ALLEN.
Chest Springs, Dec. 12, 1867.-7t.*

A Couple of Dog Stories.

The second of the two dog stories we are about to relate, says "All the Year Round," was so graphically and simply told to us a short time ago by the owner of the dog, a Bavarian gentleman resident in England, that, with his kind permission, we give it to the public.

We had been speaking of the wonderful manner in which instinct in all animals appears to develope from constant and intimate association with man, and had mentioned a case of a dog belonging to a friend of the gallant General Sir George Napier, who has been taught by his master to refuse all food presented to him with the left hand. On one occasion, when Sir George Napier (who had lost his right arm at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo) dined at his friend's house, the guests were amusing themselves by tempting this well-bred dog to lower his high standard of etiquette. All in vain. Not one of seven gentlemen present could tempt him to accept any dainty, however savory, from the left hand, though he eagerly ate food presented with the right hand. On Sir George Napier offering food with his left and only hand, however, the dog glanced at the General's empty sleeve, and, without further hesitation, accepted the gift. The experiment was tried again and again, but the animal's discrimination was never at fault.

Now comes the Bavarian gentleman's anecdote: On Wednesday, the twenty-seventh of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, Mr. Otto Striedinger, a gentleman connected with the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, went with two friends to a croquet party at Westend, about five miles from Netley. He was accompanied, as usual, by his favorite dog Worry—a magnificent black retriever. The weather being extremely hot, the croquet did not begin before four o'clock, and was followed by a supper; so that it was ten o'clock before the party broke up. The three gentlemen walked back to Netley in the dusk. The footpath by which they returned led through a private park and across a common overgrown with heather. When about a mile from Netley the walkers passed a reservoir which supplies the hospital with water. The night being hot and close, Mr. Striedinger wished to give his dog a swim. He whistled again and again, but no Worry came; so he made up his mind that the dog had been hunting for his own private amusement, and had lost the track, as there was very little scent on the ground. Worry's master did not trouble himself about his whereabouts, as he had been for years a very independent dog, quite up to taking care of himself, and would doubtless find his way home. Mr. Striedinger arrived at the hospital and was preparing to go to bed, when he remembered that he had to answer two letters which he had received by that afternoon's post, just as he was starting for Westend. These letters were of great importance, and when Mr. Striedinger had looked for them without success he felt exrremely uncomfortable. He instituted a search all over his rooms, turned his writing-desk topsy-turvy, looked thro' his desk, but all in vain. He then took a light and had a hunt in every nook and corner of his office, but came back empty-handed. Thoroughly tired and discomposed, he went to bed. Unable to sleep, he got up in the middle of the night and made another and equally fruitless search. At last the morning sun began to light up the rooms, which was the signal for fresh investigation, with the same result. Then, and not before, the idea struck him that the letters, having been delivered as he was starting for the croquet party, he must have read them on the way thither. and must have put them in his coat pocket; but when he thrust his hand into the pocket, and drew it back empty, he felt convinced that the letters were lost beyond all chance of recovery. Hoping against hope, however, he resolved to make one more effort.

He rushed off, unshaven and unkempt, to retrace his steps of the previous day, looking right and left, turning over every scrap of paper he saw lying on the road, stopping wherever he recollected that he and his companions had stopped the day before, mistaking every object that was conspicuously light in the distance for the papers, and growing more and more despairing every minute. After walking on for about three miles he espied a black object lying close to the footpath. It was Worry's black head. Reproaching himself for having in his great uneasiness for gotten his favorite, he whistled to Worry, who, however, instead of showing his usual alacrity, remained lying motionless on the ground. His owner supposed him to be caught in one of the snares with which he knew the common to be thickly studded; but, on his approaching Worry, up jumped the dog, leaving exposed to Mr. Striedinger's delighted view the missing letters, together with a number of other loose papers.

There had been a very heavy dew that night, and Worry's coat was as wet as if he had had an hour's swim in the neighboring reservoir; but the papers were as dry, hot and crisp as a breakfast roll out of a baker's oven. There were marks of teeth on one or two of them, showing either that before having had recourse to his subsequent and successful expedient for preserving his master's property, Worry had endeavored to collect and carry the scattered manuscripts, or, which is more probable, that he ha[illegible] too numerous to allow of [illegible] his retrieving instincts—[illegible] outlying letters within rea[illegible] of his outstretched body. [illegible] o'clock. This devoted d[illegible] guard over these papers f[illegible] ever since the friends [illegible] at about 4 o'clock on [illegible] noon. It must have be[illegible] the return to Netley, that Mr. Striedinger dropped his letters; for they fell out of a breast-pocket of the coat, which he hung over his arm when walking in the sultry heat of the afternoon, but which he wore on his way home at night, when it would be impossible for the contents of the pocket so to escape. The gentlemen in returning must have made some slight deviation from the path by which they had gone, and in this manner must have missed the sentinel, Worry.

A Texas Heroine.

The subject of the following notice, says the Galveston Civilian, still lives in Fort Bend county, Texas. The incident related is well known to old Texas, but may be new to the rising generation or new settlers. We copy from a lecture of Rev. Mr. Fontaine, delivered at the Richmond Atheneum. Speaking of the early history of Texas, he gave an account of Gen. Long's effort to revolutionize this country in 1819, in which the heroic devotion of a woman is incidentally portrayed, in illustration of the many gallant events which marked the early days of our country's history.

Gen. Long, it will be remembered, served under Gen. Jackson in the Seminole war and at the battle of New Orleans. He married, when twenty-two years of age, a celebrated beauty and heiress of Nashville, only sixteen years old. When he formed the design to invade Texas Mrs. Long entered fully into the plan, and placed at his disposal her immense wealth. With this he armed and equipped three hundred men, entered the country, and was everywhere successful. Near the Gulf, on Bolivar Point, opposite Galveston, he formed a fortification, where he established his headquarters. He was elected President of the Republic, a full cabinet was appointed, and a regular government organized. At that time Iturbide was overrunning Mexico with the intention of making himself supreme ruler of the State. Being jealous of the success and power of General Long, he proposed to him, through an agent, that they should unite their forces, which would strengthen their authority, the one over Mexico and the other over Texas. Gen. Long unwisely heeded the traitorous proposition. Before leaving the fort he assigned to his wife seventy-five men, with directions to hold the place until his return. He soon after reached the headquarters of Gen. Iturbide, who, as soon as he got possession of his rival, caused him to be assassinated.

Time passed on. Mrs. Long heard nothing of the sad fate of her husband. The seventy-five men under her charge became dissatisfied, provisions were exhausted, and they became clamorous to return to the "States." She told them that General Long had directed her to remain until his return, and that she should do so, "dead or alive."

Every man deserted her to retrace their steps to their homes, leaving her with an infant and nurse, a young girl twelve or fourteen years of age, the sole occupants of the fortification. She kept the flag of the stars and stripes floating from the walls—fired the morning and evening salute, and beat the reveille. The Mexicans and Indians thought the place was still guarded, and kept at a respectful distance. Time sped; a year elapsed, and still no tidings of her gallant husband reached her lonely abode. During all this time she subsisted by gathering oysters from the beach and shooting birds that flew about the fort. In 1821 General Austin invaded Texas, and seeing a flag floating from a fortification near the Gulf, supposed that the noted Lafitte had established himself there. He sent a flag of truce, and what was his surprise to find this place, in the midst of inimical Mexicans and savage Indians, manned by a solitary woman!

MECHANICAL GENIUS.—The Paris *Patrie* contains the following: "A youth aged eighteen, belonging to a respectable family of Paris, had, about a year ago, been condemned for theft to five years' imprisonment. His conduct in prison being quite exemplary, he gained the good opinion of the director, who soon remarked in him a peculiar aptness for mechanical contrivances. A few days ago he begged the director to tell him what o'clock it was, that he might set his watch. 'You have a watch, then?' asked the director. 'Only since yesterday, sir,' said the prisoner; and to the astonishment of the director he produced one made of straw!—The little masterpiece is two-and-a-half inches in diameter, about one-half an inch thick, and will go for three hours without winding up. The dial-plate is of paper, and a pretty straw chain is attached to the whole. The instruments the prisoner had at his command were two needles, a pin, a little straw, and thread. Several persons of distinction, moved by his surprising genius for mechanics, are now endeavoring to obtain h[illegible]ration."

Our New Sporting Ground.--A Thrilling Walrus Hunt.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Port Clarence, Russian America, narrates the following:

While at Kinkegan, an Esquimaux village of 900 inhabitants, on the Straits, I accompanied the natives in one of their walrus hunts in Behring's Sea, which was both dangerous and exciting. Before venturing into the [illegible] Northwinds are chosen and incantations performed to insure safety. Their boats, which are made of walrus hides stretched over light wooden frames of driftwood, fifteen feet long, and are kept near the water'r edge in readiness to start without loss of time. With the wind fair we started. About fifty boats, each containing nine Esquimaux, shoved off from the land ice at the same time, and a general race was indulged in as we paddled out to sea.

The scene was grand and exciting.—Every Indian pulled with all his strength, shouting and hooting as they dodged among the ice floes with bare heads, and hair streaming in the wind. This was kept up until we were about forty miles from shore, when they became separated in their search for walrus. Here a stop was made to listen for the bark of the animals, which were heard about a mile ahead of us. One of the Indians exclaimed, "ah-mal-yah-tox" (great many) and we paddled hastily forward until we were in sight of the walrus, which were lying on the floes in large numbers, as far as the eye could reach, barking and playing with their young. Here another stop was made, and everything gotten ready for the attack. Spears, guns and harpoons were placed where they could be seized instantly, and large walrus hide rope was stretched the whole length of the boat, just outside the gunwale, to each end of which were attached large seal skin buoys.

Kap-a-toks were on over their deer skin coats, and every dark object hidden from the view of the animals. After these preparations we paddled rapidly and noiselessly forward, shooting the bow of the boat up on to the floe which had been selected with the largest number of walrus upon it. As they plunged off into the water each Indian hurled his spear into one of them, and fastened the line attached to its head to the rope connecting the buoys in the boat, which were immediately thrown overboard, and the captured walrus allowed to plunge and short about in the water. As they come to the surface they are killed by thrusting a long lance through the body, or shot in the head when they do not come close enough to be lanced. When all were killed they were towed to a large floe, hauled out, skinned and dressed.

This is the work of but a moment, as those Esquimaux are well skilled in the use of the knife, and thoroughly understand the anatomy of these animals. One of them extracted the bullet from the brain of a large walrus which I had shot, and waved it to me as a remembrance of the hunt. After the operation of dressing, every part of the animal, except the gall, for which they have no use, was thrown into the boat, and we started for more, paddling and sailing around among the floes for nearly two days without success. A heavy fog settled down upon us, and we were lost for several hours, when it cleared away with a strong south wind, which rendered our position extremely critical, as

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound."

Our escape seemed almost miraculous—an opening having occurred through which we dodged until we reached open water, when we set sail and reached shore in safety, after being three days out with but very little to eat. Several boats have gone out in this manner and never returned.

The barque Clara Bell arrived here June 27, and we are once more in communication with the world, and about to bid adieu to our Arctic prison. Never did men feel more rejoiced than did our party when the vessel sailed into anchorage in this port. Starvation, with all its attendant evils, fled with her approach, and sufferings were forgotten on her arrival. We are informed that this is now United States territory, and the stars and stripes are now floating over our station in honor of the event. The Clara Bell will take us to Plover Bay, E. S., where we will await the arrival of the Nightingale, while she will go to gather the other parties at that place, after which we shall all start for home.

The Dutchman who had the "Small Pox."

The writer sat alongside the driver one morning, just at the break of day, as the stage drove out of Blackberry; he was a through passenger to Squash Point. It was a very cold morning. In order to break the ice for conversation, he praised the fine points of the off horse; the driver thawed.

"Yaas, she's a goot hoss, and I knows how to drive him."

It was evidently a case of mixed breed.

"Where is Wood, who used to drive this stage?"

"He be's laid up mit ter rumatix, sence yester week, and I trives for him. So"—I went on reading a newspaper. A fellow passenger, on a back seat, not having the fear of murdered English on his hands, coaxed the Dutch driver into a long conversation, much to the delight of a pretty Jersey-blue-belle, who laughed so merry that it was contagious; and in a few minutes, from being like unto a conventicle, we were as wide awake as one of Christy's audiences. By sunrise we were in excellent [illegible] up to all sorts of fun, [illegible], a little [illegible] of stage stopped at the first watering-place, the driver found himself in the centre of a group of treaters to the distilled juice of apples.

"Here's a package to leave at Mrs. Scudder's—the third house on the left hand side after you get into Jericho.—What do you charge?" asked a man who seemed to know the driver.

"Peut a leffy," answered he. "Ter fird haus on ter left hand out of Yeriko?"

On we went at a very good rate, considering how heavy the roads were. Another tavern, more watering, more apple jack, and another long stretch of sand, and we were nearing Jericho.

"Dus enny porty know der Miss Scutter haus?" asked the driver, bracing his feet on the mail bag, which lay in front of him, and screwing his head round so as to face in.

"I don't know nobody of that name in Jericho; do you, Lishe?" asked a weather beaten looking man, who evidently "went by water," of another who evidently went the same way.

"There was old Squire Gow's da'ter; she married a Scudder and moved up here some two years back. Come to think on't, guess she lives nigher to Glasshouse," answered Lishe.

The driver, finding he could get no light out of the passengers, and seeing a tall rawboned woman washing clothes in front of a house, and who flew out of sight [illegible] flew in, handed me the reins and stag[illegible] the jumpe[illegible] small[illegible]tive, in his seat and c[illegible] voice wi[illegible] I'fe gog: "I'fe got der door of dat as he——." Here his [illegible] reappeared, [illegible]use. [illegible]ed into the open enraged woman[illegible]ved by a minute he shouting out: [illegible]ached, som with an "You git out of [illegible] loud voice quick! I ain't going [illegible] Clean ing honest folks, if you [illegible] have yourself pox!" [illegible] got dem[illegible]

"I delis you I'fe got der s[illegible] pox.—Ton't yer versteh?—der small [illegible]!"

"Clear out! I'll call the men [illegible] if you don't clear out!" and at one[illegible] he shouted, in a tip-top voice, "Ike! [illegible] Ike! where air you?" Ike made his appearance on the full run.

"W-what's the matter, mather?"

"I dell you onct more, for der last dime. I have got der small pox, unt Mishter Ellis he gifs me a leffy to gif der small pox to Misses Scutter, und if dat vrow is Miss Scutter, I promised to gif her ter small pox."

It was Miss Scudder, and I explained to her that it was a *box* he had for her. The affair was soon settled as regards delivery, but not as regarded the laughter and shouts of the occupants of the old stage coach, as we rolled away from Jericho. The driver joined in, although he had no earthly idea as to the cause, and added not a little to it by saying, in a triumphant tone of voice:

"I vas pount ter gif ter old womans ter small pox."

SATANIC VISITATIONS.—A lady in Lockport, N. Y., had put on a cabbage to boil for dinner. Stepping out and returning, she observed sitting upon the cover of the pot which contained the cabbage, what appeared to be a cat—and a strange cat at that. She was at first wonderstruck that a cat should be in so strange a place, and she made for it with a broomstick, when, lo! without a s-p-t or m-e-o-w down it went through the lid of the pot in a sort of "now you see it and now you don't" sort of a way.

The old lady was transfixed with horror, but with womanly curiosity to learn what became of that cat, she uplifted the lid of the pot, when lo and behold no cat was seen, but there, without any water, and notwithstanding all the boiling and heat, was the cabbage as fresh and hard as when first plucked from its native stalk. This was marvelous indeed, and how to account for it she could not tell, nor could anybody else, but that it was a witch in her favorite feline form was admitted by all who heard the wonderful story. But this is not all.

The next appearance of the co-worker of the arch-enemy was in the shape of an aged female, who flew at the astonished lady, and tearing her dress into ribbons, went up the chimney or out the keyhole, leaving behind a slight smell of sulphur, and was seen no more.

The next visitation was a perfectly invisible one; the girl ironing had her ironing board knocked down, and on picking it up the ironing sheet was in ribbons. The house and neighborhood were in a terrible state of alarm—flesh and blood could stand this no longer—something must be done—the witch must be exorcised. A man, supposed to possess supernatural powers, was sent for; he couldn't lay this evil spirit, and at last accounts the head of the family had gone to Buffalo for a Medicine man of more power to come and lay this disturber of the family qui[illegible]

A War Reminiscence.

Just before the late rebellion there came to the city of St. Louis an Eastern lad named F——. Having been reared in the rigid notions of New England, eating for mental fodder Jonathan Edwards' tracts, and attending Sunday school regularly, it is no wonder he acted according to his natural bent, and played off good in the new city where he had sought an asylum. He attended meetin' regularly, and the old women all puckered up their mouths and observed: "What a nice young man!"

The war broke out and F—— prayed. He prayed long—he prayed well—he prayed so efficiently that he prayed himself into a chaplaincy, which, having secured, he turned about and *prayed* on the community and people through whose influence he had attained his honor. He was stationed at the barracks near St. Louis, and being a good reader, it occurred to him that he would read the Bible to his regiment every Sunday. But it soon grew stupid to have only a gang of rude, illiterate soldiery, many of them foreigners, to hear so fine a reader. He felt that it was wasting sweetness on the desert air, or putting pearls before swine. Accordingly he sent invitations to several ladies to come out and hear him read. That being a period when most feminines had brass buttons on the brain, we can readily imagine how the invitations were accepted, and, one Sunday, when the regiment was drawn up in rank and file, and a goodly number of feminines were on the spot, the following scene occurred:

F—— had read with considerable gusto, amid a death-like stillness, the account of the contest of Sampson with the Philistines, and the report of the victory. [illegible] scarce had he concluded whe[illegible] stepped from the ranks, sa[illegible] lain, and said: "I'd [illegible] sir." [illegible] like to see [illegible] chapla[illegible]

The [illegible] handed it to him, and amid an unbroken silence he read the passage slowly to himself, shut up the book and handed it back.

"What did you do that for?" asked the chaplain.

"Oh, only out of curiosity," was the reply.

"No, sir; tell me what was your motive in taking the Bible from me and reading that passage to yourself?"

"Why," replied the private, "I wanted to see if that dispatch was signed John [illegible]"

A [illegible]LANT DEED.—On Friday last a number [illegible] boys were engaged in sliding upon the [illegible] ing, down from Meadow street, near on[illegible] Spicker bank and across the ice [illegible] ceed[illegible] short [illegible]. The sport had proceeded [illegible] a so[illegible] when there was a crash, [illegible] aged about [illegible] years, Patrick Flynn [illegible] the ice. A [illegible] fellow appeared under age, who was [illegible] eleven years [illegible] off his jacket, [illegible] running bank, pulled plunged in. The [illegible] Flynn the hole, carried down by the current, but [illegible] lad followed under the ice and succeeded in seizing him—and with admirable presence of mind broke the ice over them with his fists and emerged into the air, he sustaining the drowning lad by 'treading water,' a science known to good swimmers, of which the little Nero was one. A man in the neighborhood got a plank, but called upon him to let go his burden, as it was impossible to save the two, and both would be drowned. This he sturdily refused to do and clung to his load, skillfully holding him in such a manner as to avoid being dragged down, of which at one time he was in great danger. Finally, by great exertions both were safely landed. The name of the boy who accomplished this perilous and humane feat was Peter McRobie, a son of Mr. James McRobie, a resident of the neighborhood.—[Lawrence (Mass.) American.

A REGIMENT PERISHING FROM THIRST.—When the Egyptain troops first conquered Nubia, a reigment was destroyed by thirst in crossing this desert. The men, being upon a limited allowance of water, suffered rom extreme thirst, and, deceived by the apperance of a mirage that exactly resembled a beautiful lake, they insisted on being taken to its banks by the Arab guide. It was in vain that the guide assured them the lake was unreal, and he refused to lose the precious time by wandering from his course. Words led to blows, and he was killed by the soldiers, whose lives depended on his guidance. The whole regiment turned from the track and rushed toward the welcome waters. Thirsty and faint, on the burning sands the hurri[illegible] heavier and heavier their fo[illegible]steps became—hotter and hotter their breath, as deeper and deeper they p[illegible]ed into the desert, further and further from the lost track where the pilot lay[illegible] his blood; and still the mocking spirits of the desert, the afreets of the mirage, led them on, and the lake glistening in the sunshine tempted them to bathe in its cool waters, close to their eyes but never at their lips. At length the delusion vanished—the fatal lake turned to burning sand! Raging thirst and horrible despair! the pathless desert and the murdered guide! lost! lost! all lost! Not a man ever left the desert, but they were subsequently discovered, parched and withered corpses, by the Arabs sent upon the search.—[The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia; by Sir Samuel W. Ba[illegible]