William Kissane in Walker's Army.

It has been rumored that the notorious Kissane, whom to bring to justice the lamented Sidney C. Barton laid down his life, was one of Walker's army of vagabonds. We cut from accounts received of the last acts of Walker and his bandits, the following :

Those who have any sympathy for General Walker in his fall, unless they are lost to even the common sentiment of humanity, will have their sympathy somewhat modified on becoming acquainted with the following facts.

On the 30th day of May, while Gen. Walker, without the knowledge of his men, was negotiating his capitulation, knowing that he was to surrender the next day, one of his soldiers, contrary to a general order, went outside of his lines. He shortly after returned, he having only gone out to get a bottle of aguadiente. Walker called him up, when he acknowledged his fault, and prayed for forgiveness. "If you have any message to send to your friends," said Walker, in a mild but sarcastic way, "you had better prepare it, for at sundown you die." Punctually at sunset a platoon of soldiers was drawn up for the execution, and just as the order was given to fire, the soldier appealed to his comrades:—" Boys, you wouldn't shoot a fellow soldier for such a thing as that, would you?" They raised their rifles and fired over his head. The poor fellow broke and ran, when he was brought to the knees by Lieutenant Colonel Rogers, an Irishman, by a pistol shot. Stepping up to the man while in this position, Rogers placed his revolver against his forehead and blew out his brains !

The Cincinnati *Gazette* says :

This W. K. Rogers, who committed this brutal murder, was Walker's right hand man; and is no other than William Kissane, the Chemical Bank forger, Martha Washington conspirator, swindler and counterfeiter.

DON'T TELL ANYBODY.—Keep the secret to yourself. For goodness sake don't tell it about, or else there will be no unmarried people. Weddings will be the order of the day. Everybody will be choosing a help-mate. In another column is the advertisement of that much-talked of book by Profess r Rondout, of New York, the "Bliss of Marriage." It gives you the exact process of the art of creating love, or compelling any body to love you dearly whom you wish to inspire with that tender passion. But then, should such a secret get out into the world! Read the book yourself, but keep silent. That's our counsel.—*N. Y. Tribune.*