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CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1867.

VOL. 54.--NO. 9.

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numerous customers, and assures them than a man and inforts will be spared in future to please them in tivle and price. Give us a call. Remember the place, North Hanover street, early opposite the Deposit Bank, Carlisle.

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April 11, 1887—6im

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try the celebrated PLANTATION HITTERS, which are now recommended by the highest medical authorities, and warranted to produce an immediate beneficial effect. They are exceedingly agreeable, perfectly pure, and must supersede all other tonics where a healthy, gentle stimulant is required.

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ers. They purify the breath and acidity of the stom

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They make the weak strong, the languid brilliant, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are composed of the celebrated Calisard burk, wintergreen, sassafras, roots and herbs, all preserved in perfectly pure St. Croix rum. For particulars, see circulars and testimonials around

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BY G. W. BUNGAY. Out in the street with naked feet,

I saw the drunkard's little daughter; Her tattered shawi was thin and small Herskin was fair, her auburn hair,

Was blown about her pretty forehead;
Her sad, white face were sorrow's trace,
And want and wee that were not borrow Heart-broken child, she seldom smiled, Hope promised her no bright to-morro Or if its light flashed on her night, Then up came darker clouds of sorrow.

She softly said, "We have no bread,

But men well fed and warmly clad,
And ladies robed in richest fashion,
Passed on the side where no one cried To them for pity or compas

Fied that long night, and then the light Of rosy day in beauty shining, Set dome and spire and roof on fire, And shone on one beyond repining. deen-alond—as cold as stone,

THE PRINTER AND THE PRESS The Printers! How I love them! For what you hardly guess; Love them for patient, honest toil,

Their fellow-men to bless. These poor men go unpaid; And every line the sheet contains,

How ignorant we all should be, Without them and the Press, To furnish, for our famished minds

The Printers and the Press God bless them, day by day, For every high and noble thou They shed around our way.

May wreathes of heavenly love entwine

Miscellaneous.

LOVE WITHOUT NONSENSE. NOT A BIT LIKE A NOVEL,

Once upon a time there was a fair young maiden, whose name was Mary, although they called her Moll for short. She wasn't a tall, dark-eyed maiden, with clear transparent skin, and lips like cherries, and cheeke suffused with blushes. She didn't have glossy black hair, sweeping back in wavy tresses from her queenly brow, and her form wasn't a bit like Hebe's. No, there was none of those things; on the contrary, she was short and thin, and had red hair and freckles, and she also sported hair and wore pads, but still she was a right nice girl; and there was a young man who fell in love with her, and his name was Bill, although his friends called him William when they wanted to hurt his feelings, for he didn't like it much. He wasn't fine looking, and had neither curly brown hair nor a moustache. Not much. Bill laid himself out on soap locks, and wore a goatee that he had dyed twice a week.

Now this Bill, he was in love with Mary, but did he go and make a deliberta ass of himself? Did he I say on in.

bright orb above us, always to be thine?"
Did he, I say? You can just bet he didn't.
You can lay out your whole revenue safely on that. William knew too much
about the price of pants to go flopping
around on the wet grass with his good
clothes on; besides, he never cared anything about streamlets, or any kind of
cold water, except to mix with gin. No,
sir, it was exceedingly strange; but this
infatuated William met her at the alley
gate, ard hestood right up on his old legs,
and says: "Say Moll, old gal, s'posen we
get hitched?

But how did Mary behave? Did she
go drooping to sleep over on the bricks in

sud says: "Say Moll, old gal, s'posen we get hitched?

But how did Mary behave? Did she go drooping to sleep over on the bricks in a dead faint, or did she hide her gentle head on his shirt bosom to conceal her blushes? No, she didn't; and she didn't say, "I am ever thine, my own love, dear William"? Oh! my no. She looked right in his yellow eyes and says, "I'm in, Billy; I'm the gal for these sort of things. Go in!" And instead of referring him to her father, she only said, "Won't the old man bust right out wend you tell him? Ha! ha!" and she laughed. But she didn't ask William to mollify her fond father. No, no. She very wickedly advised him to "poke the old man in the nose if he gave him any of his lip." She was a funny girl, that Mary. I Now, the old manwasn't wealthy, for be stamps; so, when Bill asked him, he helther ordered him fiercely away, nor did the dewy molsture gather in his eagle eye as he passed his hem-stitched up there and said: "Bless you; my children, bless you!" Oh, no, nothing of the sort. He just blew his old red nose on his bandana, and told Bill to take her along, for he was glad to get rid of her, so he was, and William to come at imidnight's soldern hour, in a cab, and throw a rope-ladder up to her window, and whistle three times on his fingers and then go up, and a whole lot of bundles, and then go up, hand over hand, and bring her down in one hand and her trunk in the other, and a band-box and an umbrella under each arm, and a whole lot of bundles, and then go the hand and her trunk in the other, and a band-box and an umbrella under each arm, and a whole lot of bundles, and then go up, hand over hand, and bring her down in one hand and her trunk in the other, and a band-box and an umbrella under each arm, and a whole lot of bundles, and then go the hand and her trunk in the other, and a band-box and an umbrella under each arm, and a whole lot of bundles, and then go the hand and her trunk in the other, and the gold "The herbs of the vallenger. How long the herbs of the vallenger and

lying gently down to die, while through the open window floated in the balmy odor of jessamine and honey-suckle. And William didn't come home at last, and, filled with deathless remorse, go daily to filled with deathless remorse, go daily to the sweet cemetery and strew flowers on her grave, and teach his children to lisp her name. Not at all. That is the way Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth would have Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth would have done it, but she wasn't around. Billy was a butcher, who wore a white shirt and a shiny hat, and he stayed at home and killed beef and sold it at a big price, and he stuck to Mary, and she kept healthy and wasn't much on the pine or the fade, while if any fellows got to lurking around, William wont right out and batted them in the eye. He did.

And then, at last, when all was over, Mary didn't sit in the room while they dressed her in white, and mixed orange blossoms in her waterfall, and then gently went down stairs with six bridesmaids at her heels, and stand up with her William, and weep gently while she was being married by the minister, and then got lots of presents, and then go to her new

and weep gently while she was being married by the minister, and then got lots of presents, and then go to her new house, and live through all the happy years with Billy, and nover know sorrow or trouble any more.

She just rushed up stairs and put on her pink muslin and her old sun bonnet, and had nary bridesmaid, and went to the magistrate's and never wept a particle, and got no presents except fifteen cents from the old man to pay her car fare home, and when she got to the magistrate's she just rose up off the bench and told Bill she didn't see much use in splicing, and that she didn't like him any way; and so she went home, and Bill he went with her, and told her he wasn't sorry, as he didn't want her, and he guessed she was hard on her clothes, any how, and so they never got married, and the whole thing turned out wrong; but I couldn't help it, for I ain't going to put facts on record that ain't so. But it ain't a bit like any novel that I ever read, so there must have been something strange about this felow and Mollie that I never there must have been something strange about this felow and Mollie that I never could find out, so I'll have to let it slide

We find the following in the Louisville

WELBY POST OFFICE, July 22. -A de Welhy Post Office, July 22.—A deplorable tragedy was enacted about a mile from our quiet little village this morning, at daylight, which resulted in the death of a promising young man, and the mortal wounding of another whose future was all brilliancy and promise.

Littleton Wells and Sanford B. Roberts were both young men of unexceptionable character, and occupying enviable positions in our society. Wells was about twenty-two years old, and Roberts was probably two years his senior. The former was our deputy postmaster, while was probably two years his senior. The former was our deputy postmaster, while the latter was clerk in the store of Roath & Strother. For some time both had been paying marked attention to an aminube and beautiful young lady of the neighborhood, whose name I withhold for obvious reasons, and until within a month past were generous rivals, their relations towards each other being on the most friendly footing.

wards each other being on the most friendly footing.

Some three or four weeks ago Wells visited the young lady and made a formal proposal for her hand. His proposition was respectfully but firmly declined, and upon his pressing her for her reason for her declination, she indiscreetly informed him that she had already accepted a similar proposal from Young Roberts.—Wells left the house, mounted his horse and returned to the village. He first went to the postoffice and armed himself with a pistof, and then saw his successful rival at the store. Here an altereation ensued, which would have had a bloody termination had not bystanders interfered and had neither curly brown hair nor a moustache. Not much. Bill laid himself out on soap looks, and wore a goated that he had dyed twice a week.

Now this Bill, he was in love with Mary, but did he go and make a deliberate ass of himself? Did he, I say, go into the grove with her, and in the soft moonlight by the streamlet that murmured sweetly by, and with the tender zeptyre signing through folliage, fall down on his knees, seized her jeweled hauda adbreathe his deep affection in the tender accents of fond attachment, and swear "by yon bright orb above us, always to be thine?" Did he, I say? You can just bet he didn't. when gentlemen present prevented a col-lision. Roberts and his fair companion,

one hand and her trunk in the other, and a band-box and an umbrella under each arm, and a whole lot of bundles, and then get into a cab and fly to some distant shore. That's the way it would have been in a noval; but Bill said he wasa'c on that lay, so he just went out in the yard, and, out of pure joy, he skinned the cat three or four times on the grape vine arbor, and then went and got his butcher cart, and drove Mary right down to the magistrate, to get the job done for a quarter—for he said he was some on the low price, he was.

But the queerest thing of all was that Bill had no tall, dark, rufflanly rival, with a scowling visage and black whiskers, who flew at him with a drawn dagger and a horse pistol in each hand, and an untered curse upon his lips, and cried wildly for. "Revenge," Ha! ha! and said "Sheathil" and "Villain, thou diest!" Not. any. There was another fellow in love with Mollie, to be sure, but he was a weak-eyed young man, who had sandy hair and wore spectacles and a choked collar, and always looked scared when you hollored at him. So, when he saw that Bill had the best of the girl's affections, he looked all stereng, and said "Go in, Billy, if you hanker for her;" and as Bill was a trifle on the hanker, he sailed right in.

Bo William, you see, had no trouble at all—and you couldn't get up an agonizing novel about him, if you tried. He didn't have any urgent business that called him to a foreign land; so he had to bid her a fond good-bye, and, swear always to be true, and then go away and forget her and fall in love with a dark-eyed Italian girl, pleking grapes in a vineyard, with a square to two folded on her head, while his forgotten and formaken Mary gradually faded and pined away, and baffled the physician's skill, and grew paler, and at last, when the June roses were in bloom,

I looked at my neighbor with considerable curiosity. His face indicated a man of not thirty years, a period at which men are still young; but his hair was as white as fresh-fallen snow. One seldom sees, even on the heads of the oldest men, hair of such immaculate whiteness. He sat by my side in a car of the Great Western rail-road, in Canada, and was looking out of the window. Suddenly turning his head he caught me in the act of staring at him—a rudeness of which I was ashamat him—a rudeness of which I was ashar ed. I was about to say words of apology, when he quietly remarked:
"Don't mention it, sir; I'm used to

The frankness of this observation pleas-

"Don't mention it, sir; I'm used to it."

The frankness of this observation pleased me, and in a very little time we were conversing on terms of familiar acquaintaneship; and before long he told me the whole story.

"I was a soldier in the army of India," said he, "and as is often the case with soldiers, I was a little too fond of liquor. One day I got drunk and was shut up in the black-hole for it. I slumped down upon the floor of the dungeon, when I felt a cold, slimy shape crawling across my right hand as it lay stretched out before my head on the floor. I knew at once what it was—a snake. Of course my first inspulse was to draw away my hand; but knowing that if I did so the poisonous reptile would probably strike its fangs into me, I lay still, with my heart beating in my breast like a trip hammer. Of course my fright sobered me instantly. I realized all my peril in its fullest extent. O, how I lamented the hour that I touched liquor! In every glass of liquor they say there is a serpent; but it does not come in the shape it came to me. With a slow undulating motion the reptile dragged its carcass across my face, inch by inch, and crept down over my breast and thrust his head inside my jacket. As I felt the hideous scraping of the body over my cheeks it was only by the most tremendous effort that I succeeded in restraining myself from yelling loudly with mingled terror and disgust. At last I felt the tail wriggle down towards my chin; but imagine what I felt at heart, if you can imagine it, as I realized that the dreadful creature as it coiled itself up under my jacket that lay, and had seemingly gone to sleep, for it was still as death. Evidently it had no idea that I was a human creature; if it had it would never have acted in this manner. All snakes are cowardly and they will not approach a man unless to strike him in self-defense. Three hours I lay with this dreadful weight in my bosom, and each minute was like an hour to me—like a year. I seemed to havelived a lifetime in that brief space. Every inciden

loved, and never expected to see them more.

For, no matter how long I bore this I felt that it would end in death at last. I lay as rigid as a corpse, scarcely daring even to breathe, and all the time my breast was growing colder and colder where the snake was lying against it, with nothing but a thin cotton shirt beteween myskin and it. I knew if I stirred it would strike; but I felt that I could not bear this longer. Even if I succeeded in lying still until the guard came, I expected his opening the door and coming in would be my death warrant all the same, for no doubt the reptile would see that I was a man as soon as the light should be let in at the door. At last I heard footsteps approaching. It was the guard. He opened the door. The snake—a cobra di capello, I now saw darting up its huge hooded head, with the hideous rims about its eyes, as if about to strike. its huge hooded head, with the hideous rims about its eyes, as if about to strike. I shut my eyes and murmured a prayer. Then it glided away with a swift motion, and disappeared in the darkness. I staggored to my feet and fell swooning in the arms of the guard. For weeks after I was very sick, and when able to be about I found my hair was white as you now see it. I have not touched a drop of liquor since.

The Surratt Trial. The Washington correspondent of the

when gentlemen present prevented a collision. Roberts and his fair companion, at the earnest solicitation of the latter, immediately left the ground and repaired to her home, where she, fearing a difficulty between the parties, endeavored to persuade him to spend the night. In that she failed, but succeeded in extracting a promise from him that he would not return to the pic-nic ground.

Reaching the village, and brooding over the gross outrage that had been put upon him, he went to his room and penned a challenge to mortal combat, which he intrusted to a friend to be delivered into the lands of Wells. This mission was accomplished that night. Next morning a rivend of the challenged party called upon the friend of Roberts to arrange the preliminaries. This was soon accomplished. The arrangement was that the light was to come off in a meadow, about one mile east of town, at daylight on Monday, the weapons to be Colt's revol-In the background were Mr. Bingham, Mr. Riddle, Col. Foster and others as advisory counsel; while Mr. Montgomery, who figured at the conspiracy trial in connection with Conover, seemed to be sergeant at-arms of the concern, and was energed in hunting up testigrount or meet

nection with Conover, seemed to be sergeant at-arms of the concern, and was engaged in hunting up testimony to meet the points made by the defense.

Latterly Dr. McMillin and the patriotic Welchman seemed to be added to the advicory force of the prosecution. It seemed to be all right and proper for any and all persons to advise counsel or aid the prosecution, while a suggestion to the counsel for the defense, a word spoken to the prisoner, an expression of dissent from any one witness for the prosecution, or a belief that any witness for the defense could tell the truth was at once pronounced treason and sympathy with the conspirators, and the radical papers took up the hue and cry and proclaimed as copperheads all who did not believe in advance that Surratt should be hung whether or no. In this same spirit the very jurors have been attacked, and it has been published to the country in advance that Surratt will not be convicted. By been published to the country in advance that Surratt will not be convicted. By what right is this prophecy made? The jurors were selected by the prosecution and defense alike; there was not one of them who did not beg to be excused, but judge, prosecution and defense insisted that they were the right men in the right place. When the verdictis rendered, it is time enough to comment upon it.—This much it is proper to say, however, that the Surratt jury is composed of men who represent, to a great extent, the wealth, intelligence, honor and respessability of Washington. There is not one among them who is not well known to our citizens to be men of undoubted charour citizens to be men of undoubted character for truth and honor, who will decide without fear, favor or affection, and where ever they are known their recorded verdiet, whatever it may be, will stand as the honest, consicentious judgment of honest men.

honest men.

At the present rate of progress speculations are at fault, and it is impossible to say exactly when the case will be closed. Mr. Carrington does not seem to be more than about half through, and if other counsel speak at the same length and indulges as freely in Shaksflearean and Milton allusions it may be many days yet before the jury will get the case.

A YOUNG lady at a temperance meeting said: "Brethren and sisters—Cider is a necessity to me and I must have it. If it is the its theory of the said of s decided that we are not to drink eider, I shall eat apples and get some fine young man to squeeze me; for I tell you that I can't live without that delightful nectar, the bales of the apple !! the juice of the apple!"

ger A husband on being told the other evening that his wife had lost her temper, said he was glad of it, for it was a very bad one

happily.

EST Live so as to be prepared for a short for any ornament many years and:—"tell the tenants that no threats to shoot you will terrify me."

AN IRISHMAN'S LETTER. The following characteristic letter, written by a Hibernian of six years' experience of American institutions, was submitted to a reporter of the New York Sun.

New York, January 14, 1867.

My dear Mary, the darlint of my heart and sowl, I am well, but had the favor and ager, and hope you are in the same condition, thanks be to God. I wish you many happy New Years, and the children, and hope you'll have three score and ten of them. We had Christmas here, but the haythens don't keep it like we used

many happy New Years, and the children, and hope you'll have three score and ten of them. We had Christmas here, but the haythens don't keep it like we used at home. Divil resave the one iver said to me, many happy Christmas, or bad luck to ye, or any other politeness. I didn't get a Christmas box until I was going home that night, and a night-walking blaggard gave me one on the eye, and axed ne for me money. I gave him all I could, about a score of pounds, which knocked the cents out of him. They tell me that the nagur is going to be the white man in the future, and that the white nagurs in Congress (a big public house in Washington), are going to be the white nagurs in Congress (a big public house in Washington), are going to try the President for being a white man. If they find him guilty, and there's no doubt about it, for they are accusers, witnesses, lawyers, judges, all in one, they're going to execute the Executive, make a fellow called Coldfacts, President, and remove the sate of government to a place called Boshton, celebrated for its Republicans and sinners. Thim is the same as the ridiculous fellows they call ridiculers—no radicals—saving your presence.—They want to continue their own power—God betune us and all harm. They say the Southerners must go down on their knees to them. They forget that the poor devils are flat on their backs in the dust already, and they're a mane set to kick a man whin he's down. Be jabers it makes me blood bile to think of it, and that the rason I'm running over on this paper. One war is no sconer over than they commence the beginning of another in Washington, and God only knows where or whin it may end. I lost one fine leg in the last, but I have another left for a good cause, and I'll fight for Johnson; for I hear his great grandmother by his forefather's side was an Irishman. * * * We have snow and frost here now, and it is likely we will have more weather. The temperance men—God save the mark—in a place called Albany, where the people send Representatives to chate th

ed Albany, where the people send Representatives to chate them, have stopped our grog only by daylight.

Divil a much matter, any ways, for they don't keep a dhrop of dacent drink in the country—no rale ould Irish potheen, a tumbler of which would charm the heart of a wheel-barrow, or make a shovel dance—nothing at all but stuff that would kill a pig if he had to live on it, much less a Christian baste. * * * Remember me to Jim; tell him he's well, and ask him how I am. I'm sorry to hear of the death of the bull, and hope you're likewise. Her milk is a loss. Tell Tady McFinn if he comes here he'll see more of America in one day than if he staid at home all his life. I'm glad his wife got over the twins, and hope she'll be better next time. There's room for improvement. I like this country, but there's no place equal to ould Ireland, where you'd get as much whisky for a shilling as would make tay for six people. If you don't get this, write and let me know. If you don't write soon, I may be dead, for life is uncertain under the Radicals; but dead dead or alive I'll answer your letter. Address your dear brother. Jimmy. New York swer your letter. Address your dear brother Jimmy, New York, America, and I'll axe for a letter from my darlint

A Good Joke.—When I used to keep store in Syracuse, the old man came around one day, and says he: "Boys, the one that sells most 'twixt now and Christmas, gets a vest pattern for a present.

It is by no means clear, now that the evidence is all in, that this whole trial was not gotten up as much for the purpose of shielding the Arsenal Military Commission, and demonstrating that Mrs. Surratt was justly hung, as it was to try John H. Surratt for Mr. Lineoln's murder. The whole ground gone over at what was called the conspiracy trial was retraced, and the evidence in this case will, when published, make a larger volume than that of the military commission trial. In this last trial the United States seemed to have no end of counsel; whether more volunteers or not, has not transpired. Mr. Pierrepont had the entire conduct of the case for the prosecution, Mr. Carrington and Mr. Wilson assisting him. In the background were Mr. Bingham, Mr. Riddle. Col. Foster and others as admissible to the collar back of my light, shirt was split from tail to collar bars. night shirt was split from tail to colla

> DEATH AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.— Robert Bruce, a celebrated Scotch minis-ter, sat at his breakfas table one morning. Having eaten a boiled egg, he turned to his daughter and said aughter and said:
> "I think I am yet hungry, you may

think I am yet hungry, you may bring me another egg,"
He then grew thoughtful a moment, and, musing a little, added—
"Hold, daughter, hold! my Master calleth me." calleth me."

Here his sight failed him, but calling for a Bible he requested his daughter to place his finger on Romans 9, 38, 39,—
This being done he repeated the verse, dwelling especially on "I am persuaded that neither life nor death shall be able to seperate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord."—
He then said:

He then said:

"God be with you, my children. I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus this night."

These were his last words, for, with-These were his last words, for, without a shiver or a groan, he at once started on his flight to everlasting glory.
Reader, you breakfast with your family circle this morning. Suppose, like
the good Mr. Bruce, you should die suddenly to day, with whom would you sup
to-night?

WHO ARE THE BEST BOYS .- A man once advertised for a boy to assist in the once advertised for a boy to assist in the work of the shop and go errands, etc. A few hours after the morning's papers announced that such a boy was wanted, his shop was thronged with applicants for the situation. Boys of every grade from the neatly dressed intelligent youth, down to the ill-bred clumsy poor came either in hope of a situation or to see if an opportunity offered for a speculation.

to the ill-ord ctumsy poor came either in hope of a situation or to see if an opportunity offered for a speculation.

The man, at a loss to decide among somany, determined to dismiss them all and adopt a plan which he thought might lessen the number and aid him in his difficult decision.

On the morning following an advertisement appeared in the papers, to this effect: "Vanted to assist in a shop, a boy who obeys his mother." Now, my little friends, how many boys think you, came to inquire for the situation after this advertisement appeared? If I am rightly informed, among all the lads of the great city, who were waiting the means of earning a living or getting a knowledge of business, their were but two who could fearlessly come forward and say, "I obey my mother."

According to the New York papers they have a woman in that city who has been sentenced to the penitentiary 160

nor An Irish absentee is said to have

Rates for Advertising

ADVERTIFICATION WILL BE Inserted at Ten Centy per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Quarterly, half-yearly, and yearly advertisements in serted at a liberal reduction on the above rates. Advertisements should be accompanied by the CASH. When sent without any length of time specified for publication, they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

JOB PRINTING.

The Shooting of Vidanri—He is Refused Permission to See His Son—Execution of Imperial Officers. from the New Orleans Picayune, Aug.—

From the New Orleans Picayane, Aug.—

The Brownsville Ranchero furnishes us the following, derived from the Boletin Oficial of Monterey:—

From Querretero to San Louis Potosi—
Received at 10 A. Mr., July 13. On the 8th instant Vidaurri was apprehended at No. 6 San Camilo street, city of Mexico. He was immediately put in the chapel, and at 4:30 P. M. he was shot to death by musketry.

ESCONEDO.

The following more specific description

at 4:30 P. M. he was shot to death by musketry.

The following more specific description of the execution is taken from the Globe, of the latter city, of the 9th:—

At 6 o'clock this morning Santingo Vidaurri was found in the house where he was hid, No. 6 San Camillo street. He preferred, as other high officials of the empire, to hide himself from the authorities, and let pass the occasion which was offered upon the occupation of this place by the Republican army, to profit by those terms and means compatible with the acts of justice.

At headquarters, we are informed,

with the acts of justice.

At headquarters, we are informed, there was found against him, by existing laws, one impediment which could not be passed over without the painful necessity of making a severe example, in consequence of which the old Governor of Nuevo Leon and Coahulia will be shot this evening.

The desire, notwithstanding, not to see again another painful example, the same as has already given place to this incident, inspired General Diaz; as we have been told, to concede a new term to those military and civil officers who sustained the usurpation and are still hidden, in which to deliver themselves up. As a consequence, the Quartermaster-General published an order which is hereto appended.

It appears that after Don Sentings

published an order which is hereto appended.

It appears that, after Don Santiago Vidaurri was discovered, he manifested intentions of resisting the police. His identification was immediately established, and, when the criminal was apprehended, he confessed his complicity in the machinations against our independence, as also his character as President of the so-called Council of Ministers.

We don't know how to shed tears like crocodiles; but whilst we deplore the melancholy drama that has been consummated, probably before these lines see the light, it could not have been averted unless by overstepping the law and the most grave considerations of public health.

ARMY OF OPERATIONS, QUARTERMAS-

the most grave considerations of public health.

ARMY OF OPERATIONS, QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT.—The Commanderin-Chief orders me to make known, to whom it may concern, that, not wishing to be obliged to commit acts of severity, such as practiced with Don Santiago Vidaurri, has ordered to be conceded that the individuals spoken of in the decree of June, 21 may have further time in which to present themselves a new term of twenty-six hours will be granted in which to surrender themselves a new term of twenty-six hours will be granted in which to surrender themselves as prisoners, the time to expire on the 9th, at 6 o'clock P. M.

Mexico, July 8, 1867. J. J. ALVAREZ. To the foregoing notice we add the following details:—

To a Republican General, one of those whom Mr. Vidaurri requested to have called before he was executed, we are indepted for the following items:—

Vidaurri in a note requested General Diaz to come and see him in his prison, but General Diaz did not acceed to his request. Vidaurri also requested a postponment of his execution until President Juarez should arrive, but General Diaz, looking at the law of the 21st of June, was sorry he could uot grant the petition. He manifested a desire to see his son, and when this was denied him he burst into a flood of tears. He said he was a prisoner in the house where he was hidden, and was satisfied that he had been denounced, and had been endeavoring to bore a hole through the back wall; and that had he succeeded, he could have made his escape through the baths of San Camilo.

Vidaurri requested that of the five ounces in his purse, two should be given to the priest to pray for his and his wife souls early three aurones he given his son his wife souls early three aurones he given his son his wife souls early three aurones he given his son his wife souls early three aurones he given his son his wife souls early three aurones he given his son.

now and Christmas, gets a vest pattern for a present.

Maybe we didn't work for that vest pattern! I tell you there were some tall stories told in praise of goods at that time.—
But the tallest talker, and the one that had more cheek than any of us, was a certain Jonah Squires, who roomed with me. He could take a dollar out of a man's poeket, when the man only intended to spend a sixpence. And woman—Lord bless you!—they just handed over their pocket books to him, and let him lay out what he pleased for them.

One night Jonah woke me up with—
"By Joe, old fellow, if you think that are's got any cotton it, I'll bring down the sheep that it was cut from and make him swear to his own wool! Twontwear to his own wool! Twontwear to he was shot. The body was taken to the Municipal Hospital. jal, until reaching the little square of San Domingo, where he was shot. The body was taken to the Municipal Hospital.

THE TRAITOR LOPEZ. THE TRAITOR LOPEZ.

Colonel Miguel Lopez, the traitor, after selling Maximilian and his generals, went to Puebla to visit his wife. His reception was decidedly cold. His wife advanced to meet him, leading their little son by the hand, and addressed him thus:—"Sir, here is your son, we cannot cut him in two, take him. You are a base coward and traitor. You have beirayed your country and your benefactor. From this hour we are strangers, for I shall this day retire to my family. Go." OTHER EXECUTIONS.

The execution of General Castilio and other Imperial officers, among them Col. Almanzo, Bueyes, Binto, and Moret at Querretero, on the 9th, is confirmed. They wereput through a mock trial." Blood is thicker than water."

Throughout the whole of Mexico the feeling is apparently unanimous for Juarez for the next President. On the other hand, Juarez is continually assuring the people that he will never again be a candidate. The truth amounts to about this: Juarez has led the people into all manner of excesses, for which they are now trembling at the frown of the world, and now the people are determined that the man who has led them into trouble shall lead them to the bitter end. Juarez has or will glut his thirst for blood before another election, and because there is trouble ahead, he says he can't lead any longer. Throughout the whole of Mexico the

longer.
Canales and Gomez are causing great Canales and Comez are causing great trouble in the southern portion of the State; though they are doing no more on a small scale than Juarez, Escobedo, and Diaz on a large one. All parties are shooting, prestamoing, robbing, plundering, and stealing, affording a most happy illustration of the Kilkenny cat fight.

The Army of observation which we Illustration of the Kilkenny cat fight.

The Army of observation, which we announced some two weeks since as moving towards this border for the purpose of menacing the United States, has caused the intended grand affair to simmer down to smaller proportions. The Matamoros Observador, of yesterday, says:—"We have been informed that a military commander of the line of the Rio Grande, District of the North, has been appointed and that General Berriozabal will reand that General Berriozaba and that General Berriozabal will remain as military commander of the State." The forces moving forward are to be used in crushing Canales, Gomez, and other bands in the centre of the States. The Observador state that the force to garrison Matamoros will be two thoreast man who have already nearly

An active officer who recently arrested a savage blow has since further distinguished himself stopping a flying report and catching a violent cold.

Rev. Thomas H. Jones, of Pembroke, Mass., a negro preacher, has been sentenced to pay a fine for an injecent sault upen a couple of white woman.