

VOL. 51.

CARLISLE, PA. THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1865.

NO. 44.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

JOHN B. BRATTEN, Editor & Proprietor.



CARLISLE, PA., APRIL 20, 1865.

STANDING COMMITTEE.

The Democratic Standing Committee of Cumberland County will meet at Hester's Hotel, in the Borough of Carlisle, on Saturday, April 22, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

JOHN B. BRATTEN, Chairman.

The following named gentlemen compose the Standing Committee:

- East Ward, Carlisle—J. B. Bratten, J. W. D. Gillison. West Ward—C. E. Magalhães, Theodore Coramant. Dickinson—John W. Huston, W. Galbreath, East Pennebrough—L. N. Bowman, John B. Heck. Frankfort—John Wallace, Jacob Kist. Hampden—Joseph A. Brunner, John H. Myers. Hopewell—Adam Kamp, Adam Haberling, Lower Allen—George B. Heck, George Eichlerberg. Mechanicsburg—H. H. Eberly, W. C. Hootner. Middlesex—James Cleaden, Henry Snyder. Monroe—Wm. Devinney, Christian Oline. Newville—George W. Bricker, John Murphy. Newburg—John S. Hawk, William Lusk. New Cumberland—Geo. Hess, Joseph Feeman. North Middleton—W. H. Crain, John Griesinger. Penn—David P. Tritt, James McCalloch. Silver Spring—J. P. Kost, M. E. Leidig. South Middleton—Wm. B. Butler, W. G. Herman. Southampton—Lefi Strohm, W. D. Means. Shippensburg Borough—John H. Criswell, Wm. Kennedy. Shippensburg township—John N. Blair, George Wender. Upper Allen—A. B. Sechrist, J. Bowman. West Pennebrough—Peter L. Snyder, Jacob Rhoads.

THE PRESIDENT MURDERED!

When the telegraph informed us on Saturday morning that President Lincoln had been assassinated at Ford's theatre, in Washington, on this evening previous, and that a murderous assault had also been made upon Secretary Seward, in his sick chamber, men of good sense and confidence at the awful intelligence. They were spell-bound, speechless, horrified. "Great God, can it be true?" were the words that first moved the lips after the shock had passed off. But true it was; ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, had been shot in the head by a hired man wearing the form of humanity, and the Secretary of State and his wife had received injuries, perhaps from the same man or the same, that placed their lives in jeopardy.

In our columns to-day will be found a full account of this most wicked and deplorable calamity—a calamity which may be considered national and irreparable at this time.

At this juncture of public affairs most especially, it is a misfortune that no one can calculate. Mr. Lincoln had shown recently so manifest a desire for peace and good-will, and so persistently discarded the views of rash men, that all felt that our national difficulties were about to be adjusted; the Union preserved, and the people relieved of the ravages of war. It was evident of late that the deceased President had listened to and was guided by the advice of General Grant—the victorious General, in the settlement of our difficulties, was the man Mr. Lincoln had upon, and this gave the people hope and confidence.

But now that Mr. Lincoln is cold in death, what have we to expect as a people, who will we stand? Andrew Johnson takes the place made vacant by the President's death. He has not been considered a safe president man, even by his own partisans.

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MURDER TRIAL.

A good portion of last week was occupied by the Court here in the trial of the three RUFERS for the murder of Wilson T. VANASDAN, on the 31st of December last. The following are the circumstances connected with the murder: VANASDAN was a soldier, and having been at home for some time, was regarded as a deserter. On the afternoon in question the three RUFERS met V. at a tavern in Centerville, and determined to arrest him and obtain the \$50, which was paid for delivering a deserter to the Provost Marshal. V. was walking home when the RUFERS followed him in a small wagon, and after passing him stopped their horses and got out. One of them walked up to V. and said to him: "You are my prisoner." V., who was a strong man, pushed the horse aside and walked on toward his house. HOWARD RUFER then drew a revolver, and taking deliberate aim at V., fired. The ball entered the body; V. staggered, threw up his hands and said, "Don't shoot again, RUFER, I am dying." The RUFERS then carried him into his house, where he soon died, surrounded by his wife and three little children.

MURDER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

His Assassination at Ford's Theatre, in Washington! A PISTOL BALL PENETRATES HIS BRAIN! Farewell of the President's Family. SAD AND SOLEMN SCENES! The Assassin in His Private Box.

The Murderer Leaps Upon the Stage and Escapes.

A HORSE IS WAITING FOR HIM!

Attempt to Kill Secretary Seward.

HIS BED-CHAMBER ENTERED BY THE VILLAIN.

Fred. W. and Major Seward Knocked Senseless.

SECRETARY SEWARD STABBED THREE TIMES IN THE NECK.

TERRIBLE EXCITEMENT IN WASHINGTON.

THE PARTISANS.

MR. SEWARD'S CONDITION.

Death of the President.

The President's Last Hours.

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MURDER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

body there was so excited that scarcely an intelligible account could be gathered, but the facts are substantially as follows: About six o'clock a man rang the bell, and the call having been answered by a colored servant, he said he had come from Dr. Verdi, Secretary Seward's family physician, with a prescription, at the same time holding in his hand a small piece of folded paper and saying, "Answer to a refusal that he must see the Secretary, as he was intrusted with a particular direction concerning the medicine." He still insisted on going up, although repeatedly informed that no one could enter the chamber. The man pushed the servant aside and walked quickly to the Secretary's room, and was there met by Mr. Frederick W. Seward, of whom he demanded to see the Secretary, making the same representation which he did to the servant. "What are you saying?" was the way of colloquy is not known, but the man struck him on the head with a billey, severely injuring the skull, and falling him almost senseless. The assassin then rushed into the chamber, and Major Rathbone, Paymaster in the United States Army, and Mr. Thomas, a messenger of the State Department, and two other persons, disabling them all. He then rushed upon the Secretary, who was lying in bed in the sick room, and inflicted three stab wounds in the neck, severing it, as thought, and hoped, no arteries.

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U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into:

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent. GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium which