The American Volunteer.

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C. P. HUMRICH. | WM. B. PARKER. H RICH & PARKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Main Street, in Marion Hall, Ca liste, Po. Dec. 24, 1868—ly

JOHN CORNMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in building attached to Franklin Ho us opposite the Court House, Carlisle, Pa. June 1, 1868.—iy

OHAS. E. MAGLAUGHLIN, ATTOR-NEY AT LAW. Office in Building formerly occupied by Volunteer, a few doors South of Wet-zel's Hotel. Dec. 1, 1865.

R. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY Office on South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's Store, By special arrangement with the Patent Office, attends to securing Patent Rights.

G. HERMAN GOETZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NEWVILLE, PENN'A. Patents, Pensions and other claims attended to. May 28, 1868.

JOHN R. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Wetzel's Building, opposite the Court House, Curtiste, Pa. Nov. 14, 1867.

WM. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed his office to the hitherth unaccupied room in the North East corner of the Court House.

W KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of the "American Volunteer," South side of the Pub-

I TNITED STATES CLAIM

REAL ESTATE AGENCY! WM. B. BUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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July 11, 1897—W

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DEN-Surgery. Office at the residence of his mother cast Louther Street, three doors below Bedford Carlisle, Fenna. Dec. 1, 1865.

Mais and Caps. TRESH ARRIVAL

OF ALL THE NBW WINTER STYLES

HATS AND CAPS. The subscriber has just opened at No. 15 North Hanover Street, a few doors North of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, one of the opened at No. 15 North Hanover Street, a few doors North of the Carlisle of HATB and Carles of the street and best Stocks of HATB and Carles of the styles and qualities, Sills Hata, Carles of the styles and qualities, Stanty of Sot Hats now made. The Doukard and Old Fashloned Brush, con-stantly on hand and made to order, all warrant-ed to give satisfaction.

A full assortment of MEN'S, BOY'S, AND CHILDREN'S,

I have also added to my Stock, notions of different kinds, consisting of LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS, Neck Ties, Collars, Pencils, Sewing Silk, PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO

Give me a call, and examine my stock as I feel onfident of pleasing all, besides saving you mo-JOHN A. KELLER, Agent, No. 15 North Hanover Street.

HATS AND CAPS!

DO YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP? IF 80, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON J. G. CALLIO,

NO. 29, WEST MAIN STREET, Where can be seen the finest assortment of HATS AND CAPS ever brought to Carlisle. He takes great pleasure in inviting his old friends and customers and all new ones, to his splendid stock just received from New York and Philadelphia, consisting in part of fine

SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS, besides an endless variety of Hats and Caps of the latest style, all of which he will sell at the Lowest Cash Prices. Also, his own manufacture of Hats always on hand, and HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER. He has the best arrangement for coloring Hats and all kinds of Woolen Goods, Overcoats, &c., at the shortest notice (as he colors every week) and on the most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of choice brands of

TOBACCO AND CIGARS always on hand. He desires to call the attention to persons who have COUNTRYFURS to sell, as he pays the highest cash prices for the

DACIFIC HOTEL,

170, 172, 174 & 176 GRENWICH STREET,

NEW YORK.

NEWYORK.

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to his numerous friends and patrons that from this date, the charge of the Pacific will be \$2.00 per day.

Being sole Proprietor of this house, and therefore free from the too common exaction of an inordinate roll of the fact of the following the followin The attouches will be found convenient for those billiging.

The location will be found convenient for those whose business calls them in the lower part of the city, being one door north of Cortland stream one block west of Broadway, and of ready access to all Railroads and Steamboat Lines.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10, 1868.

Nov. 26, 1868—6m

FOR RENT.—The Law Office on the second story of Inhoff's store-room, corner of Hanover street and Market Square, lately occupied by W. J. Shearer. Inquire of Dec. 21 1893—tf

N OTICE.—Orders for coal on Delan-coy & Shrom, will be received and promptly attended to at Cornman & Worthington's drug store, at John Faller's grocery store, at Harn's grocery store, and at John Rheem's confectiona-Ty store.

Jan. 14, 1869—8m.

Delancey & Sheom. TTALIAN BEES.—The subscriber has about twelve hives of the above bees, that he will sell cheap for cash. Application should be made soon, as March is the best time to move them.

Feb. 25, 1869—3t Carlisle, Fa.

hem. Fab. 25, 1869—3t NOTICE.—There will be a meeting of

all attendance is requested. By order of the Society. Feb. 25, 1869—2w

JNO. HAYS, Secretary. NOTICE.—All persons having in their possession grain bags and sacks marked with the name of Bestem & Brothers, are hereby notified to return them before April 1st, or have them seized according to law. JOHN BEETEM.

TARMERS, ATTENTION.—For sale

57 -50 loads of good stable Manure. Enquire
Sergeant FUREY,
at the Garrison.

The American Bolunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1869.

VOL. 55.--NO. 38.

Miscellaneons.

WE ARE COMING AND WILL PRESENT TO ANY PERSON

NE DOLLAR SALE OF DRY AND FANCY

GOODS,

Watch, piece of Sheeting, Silk Dress Pattern Free of Cost.

Our inducements during the past few years have been large.

WE NOW DOUBLE OUR RATES OF PREMIUMS.

We have many important additions to our Winter Stocks, and have largely extended our Exchange List, and we now feel confident to meet the demands of our extensive patronage. Send for N. w Circular.
Catalogue of Goods and Samples sent to any address free. Send money by registered letter. Address all orders to J.S. HAWES & CO., 15 Federal Street, Boston, Mass. P. O. Box C.

F. O. Box C. Wholesale Dealers in Dry and Fancy Goods, Cut. lery, Plated Ware, Albums, Leather Goods, &c, Dec. 17, 1868—12t

50 TEACHERS WANTED.—\$75 to \$150 per month; for full particulars address The People's Journal," Philadelphia, Pa. Feb. II, 1809—4t

W ANTED. Salesmen to travel and sell by sam leanew line of goods. Situations permanent, and good wages. Address with stamp, H. RICHARDS & CO., 418 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Feb. 11, 1809—44

PAINTS FOR FARMERS.—Unsur-passed for any purpose. \$4 for a bbl. of 300 jus. Send for circular. GRAFTON MINERAL PAINT CO., 224 Fearl Street, New York.

C100 to \$200 per month salary paid to O good Agents to sell our Patent Non-Corrosite White Wire Clothes Innes. Blate age and past occupation, and address the American Wire Compary, 75 William St., N. Y., or 18 Dearbon St. Chi

GENTS WANTED.—For the only

TEW BOOK.—200 ENGRAVINGS.—
The Farmer's and Mechanics Manuel, edited by Geo. E. Waring, Jr., author of "Dunining for Frofit," "Elements of Agriculture," &c. Pook of great value to every one. Send for I page circular. Agents wauted. TREAT & CO. Publishers, 551 Broadway, N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN, 60 CENTS.—A large, live, 8 page monthly religious and family paper, full of facts, providences, incidents music, poetry, true stories, pictures, reading for young, old, saints, sinners, one and all. No Section in the controversy, politics, pulls pills, or patent medicines. Suconis a year; 10 copies 55. For Sunday Schools, 10 copies 34. Send 19 copies 56. For Sunday Schools, 10 copies 34. Send 19 copies 56. For Sunday Schools, pages new live tracts for 31. Address H. L. HASTINGS, Scriptural Tract Repository, 19 Lindail St., Boston, Mass.

Feb. 11, 1769—4t

A GENTS WANTED FOR THE

SIGHTS AND SECRETS

OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

A work description of Washington City; Inside and utside Unmasked and Exposed. The spiciest, most culture, and startling book of the day. Send for tive, and startling book of the day. Send for control of the spiciest of th

Sending us a Club in our Great

Poetical. THE LOVED AND LOST.

[From the National Intelliger 'The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost Because we miss them from our onward road.
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and loved them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary

They are not lost; they are within the door That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing— With angels bright, and loved ones gone before, In their Rodecomer's presence overmore, And God himself, their Lord, Judge and King.

And this we call a loss! O selfish sorrow, Of selfish hearts. O we of little fath! Let us look round, some arguments to borrow, Why we in patience should await the morrow. That surely must succeed this night of death Aye, look upon this dreary, desert path, The thorn and thistle wheresoe'er we turn; What trials and what tears, what wrougs a

While with the raging waves he battled on, Was'it not joy, where every joy seemed gone, To see his loved ones landed on the beech?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand. A little child, had halted by the well, To wash from off her feet the clinging sand, And tell the tired boy of that bright land, Where, this long journey past, they longed

When lo! the Lord, who many masions had, Then pitving, spake, "Give me the little lad! Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share

Or, rather bursting into grateful song, She went her way rejoicing, and made strong, To struggle on, since he was freed from care. We will do likewise. Death hath made breach; In love and sympathy, in hope and trust, No outward sign or sound our ears can reach, But there's an inward, spiritual speech,

t bids us do the work that they laid down journeying till we reach the heavenly town,

Miscellaneous.

The staticase was new, the banisters were of bronze, elegantly gilt, "and the saloons," I inquined, "are they new?"

It was a bright May morning when, just as I was about sallying torth for a ramble through the streets of Paris, there was handed to me a letter, no, not a letter, but an envelope, neatly enclosing a ticket of admission to the grounds and the palace of the Tuilories. My quarters were at the Grand Hotel, where, for nearly a week, I had been anxiously awaiting a reply to a courteous note I had addressed to M, le General Rolin, Adjutant-General due Palais des Tuilories. The purport of my note was that I was a stranger from a distant land, intending to make a brief sojourn in Paris, and that if it was agreeable to his Excellency, I should be gratified to obtain his permission to visit the interior of the palace of the Teileries I added my name and address, and subscribed myself his very humble servant.

I had not forgotten some of the historical associations connected with this venerable pile of architectural beauty. Just three centuries ago, Catharing de Medicis began the building of the present edifice. Henry the Fourth greatly enlarged the palace, and Louis the Fourteenth finally completed it. The history of the first revolution is inseparably connected with sompleted it. The history of the first evolution is inseparably connected with his palace. Twice during the year 1792 the mob entered it. On the last of these

ns, its halls were covered with the of the Swiss guards who defended blood of the Swiss guards who defended it.

During the reign of the First Napoleon, it was the imperial palace, and after the restoration it continued to be the residence of the King and Royal Family.—
But on the 29th of June, 1830, the mob again attacked it, and took it. They tore down the gorgeous drapery of its walls, shattered into pieces its statues of bronze and silver, and threw its glittering throne into the street. For eighteen years afterwards Louis Phillippe inhabited it, but on the 24th of February, 1848, it was again, and for the last time, invaded by the mob. Just two days afterwards the Provisional Government made a decree, transforming, for all time to come, the palace into an asylum for invalid workmen. It is neediess to say that this decree was never put into execution. Now it is occupied as the imperial residence of Louis Napoleon, and as I wended my way towards it I said to myself, how long will that be? Even now, as I attempt to recall something of its history and to describe some of its splendors, the answer comes to me from across the ocean, where liberty and progress are demanded by the press. "not

comes to me from across the ocean, where liberty and progress are demanded by the people and advocated by the press, "not long, for the end draweth nigh."

I was conducted, on entering the palace, up a glaircase to the anti-chamber of the chaptel. A door opens from here which leads into the foyer of the theatre, through which I passed to the theatre itself. The ceiling is vanited, and is supported by beautiful lonic columns.—There are two tiers of boxes and a parquet. The conductor informed me that on great occasions, when the beauty and wealth of Paris congregate at the palace, and the grand bail room resounds with the music of the dance, the theatre is used as a supper-room for the guests of the Emperor.

wealth of Paris congregate at the palice, and the grand ball room resounds with the music of the dance, the theatre is used as a supper-room for the guests of the Emperor.

The conductor motioned to follow, and in a few moments we stood in the chapel. Nothing but gold on a white ground and Doric columns, and Doric columns and gold. Gold on a white ground everywhere, and Doric columns supporting gallery and ceiting. Only the balustrade of the state pew was covered with red velvet and gold.

"Now," said the conductor, "for the ball room." It is called the Salle de la Paiz. It is a beautifully proportioned room, and magnificently decorated. "He

gallery and ceiling. Only the balustrade of the state pew was covered with red velvet and gold.

"Now," said the conductor, "for the ball room." It is called the Salle de la Paix. It is a beaunfully proportioned room, and magnificently decorated. He pointed over the mantel-plece smillingly to an equestrian portrait of Louis Napoleon. The panels in the room are filled with immense mirrors, and a statue of real silver representing Peace stands at one end of the grand hall. Marble comms flank it on either side supporting busts of rare beauty. The pilasters are Doric, flated and gorgeously gift. I was hurried along before I had half satisfied my curlosity, to the Salle des Marcchaux. What I had seen paled before the splendro of this room. Nothing here but the rapest sculpturing and richest painting. The galley was supported by great statues of gold. Magnificent portraits of the grand marshals of France filled, and dorned the panes. There was Macdonaid, and Jonehim Murat, and Lannes, and Ney. There was Jourdan and Davoust, Prince d'Eckmuhl, and Soult.—The furniture, which was of the most elaborate workmanship, was covered with green velvet and gold.
"No room in any palace in Europe can surpass this," said the conductor, as he led nie to the card room. The carpet on this floor particularly attracted my attention. It was work in the looms of the Gobelins and cost thousands of francs.

Before I was aware of it I was in the throne room. The apartment itself is all that art and money could make it. The

hangings were of red velvet embroidered with gold, the canopy above the throne was of the same material, and the drapery about it of rich crimson satin covered over with golden bees. The bees were significant, I thought, as I stood and gazed in wonder upon the splendid scene. I hey may have concealed beneath their gol'en wings poisonous stings, which, one day, may prove fatal to the present occupant of this very throne. Just then I remembered that pleasant day in June, twenty years ago, when the grand Scile de la Paix was turned into a barrack for the National Guards. Why the guards were then there lounging on their trusses of straw which were strewn over the floor of the splendid apartment, the statue over the mantel-piece could tell better than words. What if it did represent Louis Philippe, yet it was broken and disfigured, no one can doubt by whom.—So these palm leaves and wreaths wrought in gold over these velvet hangings may be spared lorg after the canopy which surmounts the throne with the letter N in medallions shall have been torn into shreds and trampled in the dust, no one can doubt by whom. There are only three semi-circular steps which lead to the chair—this great chair of power. On the velvet drapery just behind it is displayed an escutcheon with the imperial eagle surrounded by a wreath, surmounted by a helmet with the imperial crown. [The following lines are the translation ferman hymn found in the "Schoolmaste is Son," a work recently on billion. Too grate my loss! My God! my heart is deeply grieving My wife and son, and daughters dear Thou hast removed in one short year. It was a fourfold, sad bereaving,

and now I lie beneath Thy cross! Too great my loss! Thy will be done! Must I yet bow in deeper anguist?
Are other griefs prepared for me?
I yield, my Lord! I yield to Thee!
I will in dust and ashes languish, Intil my course of woes be run.

Yet keep me meek! And in my neart, so ful of sadness, Let rays of consolation shine; For when I see the work is Thine, 'Midst darkest woos, this, this, is glad. My Father's hand alone I seek, Oh, keep me méek!

Thou seek'st to bless? When Thou my soul with wormy and givest me confusions cup, the velvet drapery just behind it is displayed an escutcheon with the imperial engle surrounded by a wreath, surmounted by a helmet with the imperial crown. Then there is the sceptre and the hand of justice forming a cross, and this completes the description. I turned my back on the Throne room and entered the Salon Louis Fourtcath. All the furniture in this apartment is of red damask and gold. Hurrying through this beautiful saloon and glancing rapidly at the paintings on the wall, I was ushered into the grand dining-room, which the conductor told me was nearly 200 feet ong and more than 30 feet in breadth. At one end of this fine apartment there is a beautiful table of mosaic work, and upon it is a marble bust of the Prince Imperial.—How long it will remain there does not now seem questionable with those who pretend to know something of the temper and characteristics of the French people. Just behind these two rooms is a suite of apartments looking into the garden.

"Could I be conducted through them?" Thine ancient ways are still kept up; This soothes my heart in my distress . Thou seek'st to bless!

My dearest child, Was but a loan from Thee obtained, Now I return it to Thee, Lord; I have no power but in Thy word. By sin and death all undefiled,— My dearest child!

My dearest child.

den.
"Could I be conducted through them?"

"Could I be conducted through them?"
The conductor shook his head, but I slipped a glittering fee into his fingers which he only handed back with another shake of the head. After all was I to be disappointed? Above all others it was the suite of rooms inhabited by the Emperor and his family that I most desired to see. I importuned, I tempted, I demanded, but all of no avail. I did wish to see how the Imperial family lived. I did think that I might perchance be permitted to catch a glimpse at them at a distance, but I thought wrong. The conductor was inexorable.

ductor was inexorable.

"Here," said he, "here are apartments
I will show you finer than the Emperor's," but, he added, "consider yourself

The staircase was new, the banister

The Queen's bed-room was transformed into a dining-room, and the King's wine-cellar was the property of all. The rabble ruled supreme, not for a day, but for days and almost weeks.

As I gave a last lingering look upon the genue of surroussing heauty and ele-

this scene of surpassing beauty and elegance, and remembered the history of the Salle de la Par, I wondered whether

the Salle de la Park, I wondered whether its history would be repeated here. Have these grand saloons been built and decorated for other occupants? And there came the answer like the still, small voice, history repeats itself.

The Berlin correspondent of the Providence Journal writes:

"The great sensation of the day, here in Berlin, centres around what might almost be called the most original mind of

most be called the most original mind of the age, in the person of one Rev. Mr. Kuaak. This Mr. Knaak, occupying one of the first pulpits in Berlin, came forth in a series of sermons, denying the right of science to investigate the literal asser-tions of the Bible; and wound up his madness by asserting in defiance of the Copernicus, Newton, Leibnitz and La Place, that the earth really did not revolve around the sun, but on the contrary, that the sun revolved around the earth; and to make the climax sublime, even denied

to make the climax sublime, even denied that the earth revolved on its axis. This

gy entirely out of doors, in the matter of public education—while there was no end

these graves which toned the voice to by and adeath all underlied.—

And now, good-night, Ye sools for whom my heart is yearing; Yo are in that blest fatherland, With not but bits on every hand; Farewell! I now have ceased my mourning, That ye so soon are lost to slight, And now good night!

For following on, Whene'er it is my father's pleasure, When sorrow's painful scenes are past, And glory's home is reached at last, Pil find you ail, my dearest treasure; And now with this my slighs are done. I'm following on.

The following on.

The following on, I'm following on.

Whene'er it is my father's pleasure, When sorrow's painful scenes are past, And glory's home is reached at last, Pil find you ail, my dearest treasure; And now with this my slighs are done. I'm following on.

The following on.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.

REMOVAL OF HOLDIT'S REMAINS.

On the 15th of April, 1895, Abraham Lincoln died. On the 15th of August, 1897, public sentiment extorted not of the pachydermatous Edwin My Stanton the pach, time a man who killed Abraham Lincoln and the secret of the grave of digging which betokened the pachydermatous Edwin My Stanton the pach, time a man who killed Abraham Lincoln and the secret of the grave of digging which betokened the pachydermatous Edwin My Stanton the pach, time a man who killed Abraham Lincoln and the secret of the grave of digging which betokened the pachydermatous Edwin My Stanton the pachyderm

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15, 1869.

To Brigadier-General Ramscy, commanding at Arsenal:
The President directs that you give over the body of John Wilkes Booth to the bearer, Mr. John H. Weaver, sexton of Christ's church, Bultimore, to be by him taken in charge for proper re-interment. Please report the execution of this order.

(Sigued) E. D. Townsend,
Assistant-Adgt. General.
This order was issued by the Deputy at 3 P. M.; the order of Mr. Johnson on which it was based was issued at 2 P. M.; at 4 P. M. Mr. Weaver, and Messis. Marr & Harvey, undertakers of this city, drove into the arsenal grounds; and at 6 P. M., the little one horse express wagon they came in bore out a white pine case smelling of earth and covered with a common stable blanket. In that case was the body of Booth, and with it the men drove to Marr & Harvey's place on F street.—
There the pine box was encased in another larger pine box, and to-night it left under charge of Mr. Weaver in the train for Baltimore. He has been instructed by Edwin Booth, now playing in his own theatre in New York, to keep the body in his, Weaver's house, 22 Fayette street, Baltimore, during to-night, to place remains in a rosewood coffin, and with entire privacy to bury them alongside his father, Junius Brutus Booth, and with entire privacy to bury them alongside his father, Junius Brutus Booth in Greenmount Cemetery, to-morrow at 11 o'clock. It would be only the reproduction of matter to which the World has given fullest circulation before to narrate the mode, time and manner of Booth's midnight burial. Briefly he was interred, with a secreey which smacked of the Inquisition, at the dead of night, under the fingstone floor of a room in the warehouse on the arsenal grounds. Only

bits: First between the same of the same o that the earth re-olved on its axis. This proved too strong a pill for the Berliners. Like every other extreme assertion, it natur-dly drew forth an outbust of free-thinking rashness, equally extreme, and has done the cause of religion great damage, in a country where sympathy with revealed religion is at best none too strong. Public meetings were held, and a powerful attempt was made to throw the cierge entirely out of doors, in the matter of

family is to have disinterred the bodies of three other children of the older Booth, now buried on the farm in Harford county, which was the former home of the family, and bring them to this city, when those of John Wilkes and the others will be buried beside their father in the Baltimore Cemetery. The mother of Booth and other members of the family arrexpected to reach this city to-day, and it is designed that the last sail rites be performed as quietly as possible at an er odds and ends, including piece. of rope, small chains and many other articles. Right in the centre of the room the ordinary flagstone flooring had been taken up, and the gaps left by the disinterment of Mrs. Surratt, on Monday last taken up, and the gaps left by the disinterment of Mrs. Surratt, on Monday last and of Harold, on Sunday night, had not been filled up. The earth was heaped high on both sides. The peculiarity of the graves, is that they are no graves.— A single trench, five feet bigh, fifteen feet long, and six feet wide, has held the ugly boxes which contained in order the bodies of Mrs. Surratt, Captain Wirz. Lewis Payne, alias Powell, Geo A. Atzerodt, David E. Harold, and John Wilkes Booth. Mrs. Surratt's disinterment left the boxes holding Wirz, and Payne, and Atzerodt quite visible. Harold's exhumation last night, of which hereafter, would have revealed the box holding Booth had not the latter been covered up immediately afterward. In this a sort of extra importance was given to the lender. His friends' remains were left for the time exposed. His were earthed over as quickly as the succeeding disinterments revealed them, until the word came to have nimself borne to consecrated ground. The party once in the room, Captain Phipps courteously and quietly informed us of the relative position of the remains of each of the dead. The spectators were only three undertakers, a military officer, and a journalist, but despite the hardness which the familiarity with catastrophes and death may be supposed to work upon such minds, there was a some hing of solemnily and sadness and awfulness at these graves which toned the voice to low utterance, induced each man to remove his hat, and made conversation begin with and end on the nearest necessiperformed as quietly as possible at an

WHAT IS FUSEL OIL?

The New York dailies, since the report of analytical chemists of the board of exercise has been made, are asking the question, "What is fusel oil?" Some have also made a feebie attempt to answer the question which is thus propounded. The query has arisen since the report above alluded to states that out of thirty-two camples of bourbon and brandy obtained from the liquor dealers of this city, all but four contained fusel oil. One daily gives ventto its feelings in the following: from the liquor dealers of this city, all but four contained fusel oil. One daily gives ventto its feelings in the following:

"Is it, after all, such a frightful thing? Dunglingson describes it as an acrid, volatile oil, formed in the production of potato brandy, and which is not easily separable from it; and, another authority says it accompanies ordinary alcohol in its productions from pointoes and grain. Dunglingson also says that its chemical composition is analogous to that of alcohol, and that, in small doses, it is highly stimulating—acting like narcotics in general; while in large doses it destroys the mucous membrane of the stomach. The same authority also designates it as "pototo oil," "grain oil," "corn spirit oil," "amylic alcohol," and "hydrated oxide of amyle." Some medical men have considered that in the use of whisky by consumptives, fusel oil was the effective element—having the tendency to retard the proces of decay in the tissues of the lungs. But there is no question of the ruinous effects of the fusel oil liquors sold in New York.

In regard to the effects of fusel oil upon the human system we can do no better thun quote the "United States Dispensa-

move his hat, and made conversation be-

gin with and end on the nearest necessi-

the name on the box when he saw it be fore it was covered over was as Greek to him. At a sign he drove off. Good day and thanks to Captain Phipps and his soldiers were exchanged. The little stub-by sorrel broke into a brisk trot, the ne-arry whistled Champagene Charlie, the

calculated to excite curiosity.

DISINTERMENT OF HAROLD.

The facts relating to the disinterment and reburial of David E. Harold, Booth's companion, are as follows: On Saturday afternoon Ray. J. Vaughn Lewis, of St. John's Episcopal church, made application to President Johnson, in behalf of the mother and sister of David E. Harold who was executed with Mrs. Surratt.

In regard to the effects of fusel oil upon the human system we can do no better than quote the "United States Dispensatory," which says: "Amylic alcohol (fusel oil,) as shown by experiments on inferior animals, is an active irritant poison." If that is not sufficiently definite to satisfy anxious and thirsty inquirers, we shall not attempt to make it more so. Of course; it may be taken like other poisons, diluted with water and common atcohol, as it is found in the compounds doled out by honest and conscientious rumsellers without danger of immediate death or anything more serious than "iedness of eyes," temporary madness of brain and now and then a touch of delirium tremens until the coats of the stomach and the nervous system succumb to continued and prolonged attacks, and another wreck is cast upon the shores of life. But it is nevertheless a poison, an active, irritant poison, upon good authority.—How it gets into the liquor is of little consequence. The report, say it is there, and

sequence 'The report, say it is there, and we say let it lone, and it won't poison you.—Scientific American. HARD ON THE ENGINEER.—An engineer on the O. & M. R. R. tells the following story on himself: One night the train stopped to wood and water at a small station in Indiana. While this operation was going on I observed two green looking countrymen, in "humspun," curiously inspecting the locomotive and occasionally giving vent to expressions of astonishment. Finally one of them looked up at me and said:

"Stranger, are this a locomotive?"
"Certainly. Didn't you ever see one before?"

before?"
"No, haven't never saw one afore.—

night purpose to see one. Them's the biler, sin't it?"

iler, ain't it?"
"Yes, certainly."
"What yer call that you're in?"
"We call this the cab."
"And this big wheel?"
"That's the driving wheel?"
"That big black thing on the top is the bimbley. I suppose?"

"Be you the engineer wot runs the

"I am the engineer."
"Bill," said the fellow to his mate, af-er eyeing me closely for a few minutes, it don't take much of a man to be engi-

gro whistled Champagene Charlie, the gentlemen kept up strong and silent thinking, and the body of John Wilkes Booth was borne on to the city, finally in the custody of his kindred, to rest forever by the side of his father, the great actor of tragedies, next to the son whose deed and whose death constituted in themselves the greatest tragedy of the time. The streets of the capital were crowded with people coming home from work. The httle wagon attracted no attention, for four nen and a small box THE DEVIL TO PAY.—This phrase loubtless originated in a printing office

on some Saturday night's settlements o "Bill," says the publisher to the book-keeper, "how stands the account?"
"Small balance on hand, sir."
"Let's see," rejoined the publisher, "how far will that go towards satisfying the bands!"

"Bill begins to figure arithmetically so much due to Tim, so much to Marsh so much to John, and so on, through

lozen dittos. lozen dittos.

The publisher stands aghast.

"Here is not money enough, by a jug-

Rates for Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, and five cent per line for each subsequent insertion. Quarterly half-yearly, and yearly advertisements neeted at a liberal reduction on the above rates. Advertisements should be accompanied by the Cash. When sent without any length of time

JOB PHINTING.

CAMPS, HANDBILLA, CRECULARS, and every other description of Job and Camp Printing executed in the neatest style, and at low prices.

A BUNDLE OF ALL SORTS.

-Truth may be suppressed but not -The fewer the words the better the

-Speak little-speak true; spend little-pay cash.

-Boston has two potatoes on exhibi-tion for which it asks \$50 each.

-The grasshoppers are already three inches long in the northwest.

-The only ever-lasting people on the earth are the shoemakers. —A sword fish has been captured whose stomach contained a Turkish mail bag.

—Aaron Jones, the famous pugllist, is dead. -A Kentucky farmer is exhibiting an egg in the shape of a dumb-bell, laid by one of his eccentric hens.

—Insult not another for his want of the talent which you possess; he may have the talents which you want.

-When an engineer has run over 100,-000 miles on the Cleveland and Toledo road, he is made a conductor.

-If you want to starve the printer-don't advertise, and you will keep him

—Mr. Seward is the only Secretary of State who has served through two Presi-dential terms this century. -" Nat, what are you leaning on that empty cask for?" "I'm mourning over departed spirits."

-"John, did you ever bet on a horse race?" "No, but I have seen my sister Bet on an old mare!"

-A St. Louis newspaper heads an editorial about the Indians-"The Gentlemen without Hats."

—Chicago claims to have the largest bread bakery in the world. Last year it consumed 39,169 barrels of flour.

-Cincinnati rejoices in the birth of an infant camel, the first interesting event of the kind in this country. —A Christmas goose, sent by a kind friend to two prisoners in a Canada jail, was stuffed with files and steel saws.

-A man in St. Louis recently got mar-ried on Tuesday, got the chills on Wed-nesday, wrote his will on Thursday, went mad on Friday, and died on Saturday.

—What is the difference between summer dress in winter and an extracte tooth? One is too thin and the other i tooth out. —At a recent fire in Easton an excited woman run out of the house, with a pil-low in her embrace, which she had mis-taken for the baby.

The champion eater of Michigan won the title of eating forty-eight" slap-jacks" for breakfast to his antagonist's forty-

-What is the difference between a rail road conductor and a school-master?-One minds the train and the other trains the mind.

—An old lady once asked if she hadn't as much right to hang her clothes on Mason and Dixon's line as to plant beans at the North pole. -In a French town a man was lately tried for manslaughter, having smother-ed his wife by hugging her too ruptur-

—In the late Maine shipwreck the captain and his wife saved themselves with life preservers, and a Newfoundland dog swam ashore with the baby.

-A train in Ohio apparently ran over a man who was on the track, and after it had backed a mile or so to find his body, he walked off the cow-catcher.

—A man who was shooting "for fun" in Colorado recently, shot an individual, who he says unfortunately popped his head round a corner and struck the bul-let

--Said an ambitious youth one day to a young lady, "Don't you think I'd better dye my moustache?" caressing that infant prodigy. "I think if you letit alone it'll die itself!" said the lady.

--Who wrote the most--Dickens, Warren or Bulwer? Warren wrote "Now and Then," Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," and Dickens wrote "All the Year Round." -The average depth of the ocean is ouy about three miles. The deepest place in the Atlantic is betreen the Grans

Ranks and the Bermudas, where the bot om has not been found. —The matrimonial fruit basket.—Says Kate to her new husband, "John, what rock does true love build upon?" Quoth John, and grinned from ear to ear, "The rock of yonder cradle, dear?"

-A lawyer on his death bed willed all his property to a lunatic asylum, stating as his reason for so doing, that he wished his property to return to the liberal class of people that had patronized him.

-A small child being asked by a Sunday School teacher, "What did the Israclites do after they had crossed the Red Sea?" said-"I don't know, madam, but I guess they dried themselves.

—In reply to a young writer who wishes to know "what magazine would give me the lighest position quickest," a cotemporary advises, "powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article." —A citizen of Montgomery, Cal., re-fused to receive into his hunds a tele-graphic dispatch from a neighboring town, because the small-pox was raging at the place, where the telegraph came

from. Cautious chap.

-"Sambo, why am dat nigger down dar in de hole of de boat like a chicken in de egg?"
"I gib um up."
"Bekase he couldn't git out if it wasn't for de hatch."

—A workman in Illinois who was mad-the spokesman of his fellows in present-ing a watch to the time-keeper of the works, made this very happy speech:— "Bdad, boss, we thrust the watch will keep as good time for yees as yees have kept for us this many a year." "If I ever reach Heaven," said Dr. Watts, I expect to find three wonders there:—lst. The presence of some that I had not thought to see there. 2d. The absence of some whom I had expected to meet there. 3d. The greatest wonder of all will be to find myself there.

—A good story is told of a German shormaker, who, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman, of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for articles: "Der poots ish not quite done, but der beel ish rade out."

-A lady having the misfortune to have —A fady naving the mistortune to have the husband hang himself on an apple-tree, the wife of a neighbor immediately came to beg a branch of the tree, to have it grafted into one in her orchard, "for who knows," says she, "but it may bear the same kind of fruit."

A" DISTANT RELATIVE."—"You have lost some of your friends, I see," said a traveler to a negro whom he met on the

"Yes, massa."
"Yes, massa."
"Was it a near or distant relative?"
"Well, purty distant—"bout twentyfour mile," was the reply.

—A Pittsburg paper says: "The other day a little girl was playing near a well, when she slipped and began to fall into it. But fortunately a cat was sitting on a log close by the well, and the girl grasped the cat's tail and held on, screaming all the time till somebody came out of the house and saved her."

The girl must undoubtedly have been very large or the cat very small.