

THE DAILY STANDARD.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."—PAUL WESTER.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURS DAY, APRIL 27, 1865.

NO. 10.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

THE POLITICAL HISTORY AND ANECDOTES OF ANDREW JOHNSON.

Andrew Johnson has been in continuous public life for thirty years. He entered the General Assembly of Tennessee as a member of the House of Representatives the first Monday in October, 1835, from the County of Greene, in East Tennessee. He was selected to the succeeding biennial Assembly in 1837, and again in 1839. In 1851 he was transferred by the State Senate to the Counties of Washington, Greene and Sullivan. In 1849 he was in Congress from the First Representative District, comprising the same counties and the County of Johnson. He served the same district, by four successive re-elections, until the new apportionment under the census of 1850, in all ten years, when, in 1853, he was made Governor of Tennessee, and was subsequently re-elected in 1855. At the end of his second term, 1857, he was made United States Senator, his term expiring on the 31st of March, 1863, since when, and until his recent election as Vice-President of the United States, he was Military Governor of Tennessee.

Such, in brief, has been the public service of Mr. Johnson. His political antecedents from 1835 to 1865 had been uniformly true to the Federal Union, to rigid public economy, independent labor, free representation and free homesteads. His practice rather than profession has been that of democracy. His democracy was in the acknowledgment and assertion of the right and rule of the people. From 1839 to 1861, he was identified with the so-called Democratic party of Tennessee. He honored the party by his conscientious and upright services as the Representative and Executive of the people, successively, and was honored by it because of these and the additional qualification of consistent and useful, not to say able statesmanship. The other prominent leaders of his party did not always love him, especially while Governor, because their democracy was of a different order from his own humble origin, frugal habits, and unpretending walk and conversation in high office. But they early learned to respect him because of the hold which he had upon the people, and because of his inflexible integrity. When, in the early troubles of 1861, they forgot this lesson, and attempted to rush the State out of the Union, against his eloquent and indignant protests in the Senate and on the stump, and against the direct popular protest of the people, on a direct vote for a convention in February, of that year, they were not long in discovering, if not their own great mistake, his presence and consistency as a power in the State, which had abhorred nullification in, and since the days of Jackson, and which had made the capital too hot to hold Secession, when attempted by the "fire-eaters" of the other Southern States, in 1850.

A retrospect of Mr. Johnson's earlier position in the politics of Tennessee may not be uninteresting. The Constitution of the State was remodeled in 1834. Gradual emancipation was petitioned for extensively from the Eastern and other Mountain Districts to the State Convention, but rejected by the larger slaveholding delegates. Mr. Johnson was not a member of the convention, but that his sympathies were for Free Representation, and with this movement is attested by an earnest subsequent effort in the Legislature for the equal apportionment of the Free White Voting population of the State by Congressional Districts, under the succeeding census of 1840. He held the principle of the three-fifths slave representation as a constitutional blunder at best, and its application to the Free Mountain Districts of East Tennessee as an inquiry. He was not successful, however, in reforming it. Mr. Johnson was made a member of the first Legislature under the new Constitution in 1835. He was then only 27 years of age; young, energetic, and thoroughly imbued with an independent and self-reliant spirit. Theyear before, a breach had been made in the hitherto dominant and overwhelming Jackson Democracy of the State, as between Mr. Van Buren and Judge Hugh L. White for the Presidential election. Mr. Polk and Mr. Bell were the rival leaders, as they had been rivals for the Speakership of the United States House of Representatives, on the appointment of Mr. Andrew Stevenson as Minister to England. Mr. Bell was elected in 1834 to fill the Chair for the remainder of that Congress. But the contest was exceedingly bitter, and was carried into the next Congress, President Jackson taking part against Bell for Speaker and White for the next Presidency, and openly for Polk and Van Buren. Mr. Polk was made Speaker. But Bell and White carried the State for Governor and Legislature in 1835 and the Presidency in 1836. Mr. Johnson entered public life as a Bell and White man. He was a favorite of the party in the Legislature of 1835, and their caucus candidate for Speaker of the House in 1837, but was defeated by a coalition between the Van Buren minority and another White delegate from East Tennessee. When White and Bell subsequently became closely identified with the old Whig party, Mr. Johnson left them and was the acknowledged leader of the Van Buren Governor (Polk) in the Legislature of 1839.

We have intimated that Mr. Johnson, in his highest positions at home and in Washington, was a man of frugal, economical habits. In this he was consistent in his early life as an industrious, hard, laboring mechanic, and the prudent care of his wife and family. The former had taught him to read while after they were married. He subsequently became emulous of public life. He entered upon it with zest and loved it for its fascinations, and faithfully won honors. He had no professional training; was ambitious of none. He was never a lawyer, as we believe he has been generally supposed. He was never a huckstering politician; never paid money for a nomination or for election, beyond the incidental expenses of his stump campaigns for Congress and for Governor. He was and is devoted to the public service, for its ne-

fulness and its honors, and content with and systematically economizing its moderate emoluments for the sake of his family. And in this, it is safe to say that parsimony has as little to do with his sense of domestic duty, as expensive tastes or prodigal wastefulness.

Above all, Mr. Johnson is a true, as well as a brave man; faithful four years ago among the faithless of his old rivals of the Whig party, and old colleagues of the Democratic party of Tennessee; true to the Union, when it cost something to be true; to the government in its life struggle, against rebellion and insurrection; to free labor, and its disenfranchisement from the incubus of slavery, and to that unswerving line of duty and devotion to hard study, progressive statesmanship and ripening experience, which have carried him from the humblest to the foremost round of human ambition. —New York Times.

TRICK OF AN ESQUIMAUX DOG.

One day, on feeding the dogs, I called the whole of them around me, and gave to each in turn a capelin, or small dried fish. To do this fairly, I used to make all the dogs encircle me until every one had received his share of the capelin. Now, Barbakark, a very young and shrewd dog took it into his head that he would play a white man's trick. So, every time he received his fish, he would back square out, move a distance of two or three dogs, and force himself in line again, thus receiving double the share of any other dog. But this joke of Barbakark's bespoke too much of the game many men play upon their fellow-beings, and, as I noticed it, I determined to check his doggyish propensities; still, the cunning and the singular way in which he evidently watched me, induced a moment's pause in my intentions. Each dog thankfully received his capelin as his turn came round, but Barbakark, finding his share came twice as often as his companions, appeared to shake his tail twice as thankfully as the others. A twinkle in his eyes, as they caught mine, seemed to say, Keep dark; these ignorant fellows don't know the game I'm playing. I am confounded hungry!"

Seeing my face smiling at his trick, he commenced making another change, thus getting three portions to each of the others' one. This was enough, and it was now time for me to reverse the order of Barbakark's game, by playing a trick upon him. Accordingly, every time I came to him he got no fish; and although he changed his position rapidly three times, yet he got nothing. Then, if ever there was a picture of disappointed plans, of envy at others' fortune, and sorrow at sad misfortune—it was to be found on that dog's countenance as he watched his companions receiving their allowance. Finding he could not succeed by any change in his position, he withdrew from the circle to where I was, and came to me, crowding his way between my legs, and looking up in my face as if to say, "I have been a very bad dog. Forgive me, and Barbakark will cheat his brother dogs no more. Please, sir, give me my share of capelin." I went the round three times more, and lo! he had the fish, as he had shown himself so sagacious, and so much like a repentant prodigal dog.—[Capt. Hall.]

NEW SCIENTIFIC EXPLORATION.—Professor Agassiz has started on a scientific exploring expedition to the tropics, with a corps of eight gentlemen, the most numerous and effective scientific corps that went forth, for the purpose of testing the glacial theory suggested by him, which, if correct, would enable the observer to mark, as upon a thermometer, the change in temperature the earth has undergone. As one of the results of this expedition, he expected to bring home with him the largest collection of tropical specimens that has yet been collected. The Emperor of Brazil, who has already manifested his personal interest in the museum by forwarding to it hundreds of valuable specimens, would undoubtedly furnish unwonted facilities to the expedition, the expenses of which were defrayed by the spontaneous liberality of a gentleman of Boston, Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, who sought Professor Agassiz's views on the subject, and when they were explained, and the probable expense of the party, from \$2,000 to \$2,500 each, was named, sent word to the Professor: "Select your assistants, organize your expedition, proceed to your work, and send the bills to me." In reference to the contemplated expedition, Professor A. said they would bring home with them specimens in duplicate which would be exchanged with other museums, and thus concentrate at the museum, through the system of exchange which has already been going on two years, all that other museums possess.

THE INVENTOR OF THE HOT BLAST.—Mr. James B. Neilson died in Scotland in February. Being engaged in gas works, his attention was directed to the smelting of iron, and he satisfied himself that a vastly increased and improved effect of the forced blast could be obtained by heating the air in its passage from the blower to the furnace. The hot blast revolutionized the iron trade, and made railways possible in an economical sense. In 1828, when it was introduced, the produce of the Scotch smelting furnaces was 20,000 tons a year, in 1864 it was 1,160,000 tons, and the price was over £7 per ton in 1828, and in 1861 it was £2 17s. 3d.—Probably the most of this increase and saving is due to the hot blast.—Philadelphia Ledger.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

Some weeks since a most extraordinary adventure with life boats of a new construction occurred at Valentia, on the southwest coast of Ireland. The boats had the appearance of the ordinary whale boat, and were built in London and taken to Valentia to await a suitable opportunity to test their abilities, the coast in that vicinity being often more boisterous than any of the British waters. The day came, the 26th of November. The barometer had sunk to 28.90, the force of the wind marked 10, with a tremendous sea running and breaking wildly on the headlands of Dingle bay. Everything was considered suitable for a trial of the boats. They are five oared boats, with air-tight compartments and clearing valves for discharging water.

Mr. Forrest's boat was manned by the coxswain and five of the local crew who are in training for a large national life just presented by an English lady. The other boat was manned by a coastguard crew, and steered by the inspecting officer. Both crews were provided with Captain Ward's life belts.

Within the harbor all was comparatively smooth, vessels riding easy at their anchors, but the gale was so strong that the boats made headway with great difficulty, the wind sometimes driving the oars out of the rowlocks up over the men's heads in spite of their utmost efforts to keep them down. Slow progress was thus made towards a passage leading out into a wild bay, called Lough Kay, which lies outside the harbor of Valentia to the north. Here the sea was running mountain high, and it became evident that no boat of any description could live long under it. Mr. White, however, being still determined to try the boats, made his final arrangements for a bold experiment. He directed the boat which accompanied him to lie in comparative shelter under Lamb island (a small grassy island seventy-eight feet high, over which the sea was making a full breach), so that she might watch the fate of her consort, and render assistance if possible. Then with his own coastguard crew he dashed out into the bay, watching each tremendous roller and reading her to meet it. About a quarter of an hour passed in this struggle, when a great tidal wave was observed by the spectators gathering itself about a mile to seaward. Distinguishing by lookers on far island, like a mighty Andes towering above the lesser mountains, this Atlantic giant swept in, extending right across the bay and leaping far up the cliffs on either side.

In the opinion of experienced seamen who observed it, this sea would have swept the decks of the Great Eastern like a raft. As it neared the devoted boat its appearance became more terrific. The water shoaled there from ten to seven fathoms, and changing its shape with the conformation of the ground below, that which had been a rolling mountain rose into a rushing cliff of water. Never were six men in more desperate circumstances. The rule laid down for meeting a desperate sea is to pull against it with the utmost speed; but for meeting such a sea as this no rule was ever made. Cheering his men forward, the steersman put his boat right at it, calculating nicely to meet the sea at a right angle. Steadily, as if spurting in a race, the men strained at their oars, and gliding on even keel, like an arrow, the boat entered the roaring avalanche its crest towering twenty-five feet above her, and overhanging. The inspecting officer, who was steering, and the chief boatman, who was pulling stroke oar, were hurried headlong over the boat's stern by the falling sea. Had she not been of extraordinary strength, owing to her peculiar double-sided construction, she must have been shivered like a bandbox. Crushing her bodily, fathoms down the sea bore her stern at lightning speed, tearing away her rudder, and steering crutch by the pressure. The steersman was caught head downward as she passed, by some projecting hook or spur rowlock, and dragged thus for a few seconds, then found himself suddenly freed and rising rapidly. On reaching the surface he met the chief boatman already afloat, but looking very much confused. The latter afterward described himself as having been conscious of receiving some tremendous impetus, which caused him, as he imagined, to turn a series of somersaults under water.

Though cased in heavy waterproof boots, thick pea jackets, and oil cloth overcoats, the life belts supported them with perfect ease. The sea which had hurled them out of the boat had beaten the rest of the crew down as they bent over their oars in a stooping posture, each man on the thwart before him. The bowman alone was stunned. The remaining three retained perfect consciousness; they had their eyes open, but all around was total darkness. They describe their sensation as like that of being whirled in an express train through a railway tunnel, but whether they were in the boat or in the sea they could not distinguish at the time. At length a faint dawn of light reached their eyes, increasing rapidly, and they were conscious of rising through the green water; and at last they emerged through the broken foam sitting each man in his place. The first object that met their eyes as the boat rose to the surface was the boy of the Kay Rock close alongside of them.—This buoy is by measurement over four hundred yards from the place where the sea had struck their boat. She had been shot about a quarter of a mile under water and had risen in the exact position in which she had entered the sea at right

angles to it. A spare rowlock and a pair of oars were lying loose in the bottom of the boat, giving clear evidence that she had not once turned over during her extraordinary submarine passage. The oars had all been lost but one, and with this the men managed to keep head to the sea, though she was drifting fast upon the rocks astern.

The letter concludes by describing the rescue of the men in the water and those in the drifting boat. In the result the whole worked back into the harbor, without even the slightest injury. He adds: "The time during which the boat remained submerged is difficult to arrive at. Under such circumstances seconds seem like minutes both to actors and spectators; but, so far as I can judge from pretty fair data, she must have been about two minutes under water. I can scarcely expect any one who reads this statement of so wonderful a preservation from destruction to believe it. I could not believe it myself at first nor could any, save those who witnessed it."

Petroleum Forty Years Ago.

The newspapers are reviving an article on petroleum, published in Pittsburgh forty years ago, and transferred, with editorial comments, in the Journal of the Franklin Institute in 1838. The author of the article is not given, but it shows a mind full of practical knowledge and of extraordinary foresight. The writer is endeavoring to induce the corporate authorities of Pittsburgh to light that city with the oil from the salt springs, known there as Seneca oil, but now universally called petroleum. He describes it as the product of the coal formations, shows that the country thereabout is full of it, prophesies that it will come into general use, and even calculates the price of it per gallon, which at 25 cents, is about the present worth of it, taking the difference between gold and currency. The lowness of the price, the writer thought, might be against collecting it as a commercial speculation, but the use of it, he argues, will soon advance the price. It is remarkable that a scientific journal like that of the Franklin Institute, should at that time raise objections and throw cold water upon ideas which now seem imbued with so much foresight and practical knowledge.

The journal says the suggestion that a combustible gas could be obtained from the oil from salt wells is "founded on an imperfect knowledge of the chemical constitution of the gases so produced; but as this is a subject with which the writer does not pretend to be intimate, the suggestion was perfectly natural; this gas affords an extremely feeble flame, and were it possible to transport it to the city, without incurring an expense manifold greater than that of generating gas from coal, it would scarcely make darkness visible." It is easy to see now which was the scientific mind and which was the pretender. If the author of the suggestion is living, with what satisfaction he must now regard the realization of it, and how amused he must be, while reading by the brilliant light of a petroleum lamp, to remember that the foremost scientific journal of the country declared that it had but a "feeble flame."

PERFECTLY COOL.—A certain man, whom we will call M——, was noted for possessing great courage and presence of mind, and the crosscut wife in the neighborhood. More than one attempt had been made to frighten M——, without success; but one dark, stormy evening, one of his brother clips, resolving to see if there was any scare in him, fixed in the most ghastly style possible, and stationed himself in a lonely piece of woods through which M—— had to pass on his way home. The pretended ghost had scarcely settled himself in his position, when M. looks in sight, and came whistling along unconcerned as usual. Suddenly the ghastly figure confronted him, in a sepulchral voice, commanding him to stop. M—— did so, and after regarding his companion for a moment, said, with the utmost coolness: "I can't stop friend; if you are a man, I must request you to get out of the way and let me pass; if you are the devil, come along and take snapper with me, I married your sister!"

FLATTERING A PHOTOGRAPH.—A method has been recently suggested for softening the effect of photographic pictures, and removing the too faithful harshness with which they render some faces; or, in other words, of introducing a little flattery into photographic portraits. According to the *Photographic News*, M. Mathey suggests the following method: "The plan is to have a lace curtain stretched on a wooden frame placed between the camera and the sitter; the further the curtain is from the model, and consequently the nearer it is to the lens, the softer the features appear; the threads of the lace give the grain of a chalk drawing, or engraving, and the defects of the model are modified and softened down."

There is a droll story of a doctor who went to settle in a village out West, and the first night of his arrival was sent for to attend a sick child. He looked at the little sufferer very attentively, and then delivered this oracular opinion: "This baby's got the small pox; and I ain't posted up on pustules. We must approach this case by circular treatment. You give the little cuss this draught. That'll send him into fits. Then send for me; I'm a stunner on fits."

Charles Lamb, who made all sorts of puns, once made a stamping pun. Some one had been speaking of his residence and the frigid manners of the Duke of Cumberland. "Yes," said Lamb, "he is cool, but then you know he is Duke of Cumberland."

A Poem Recited by Mr. Lincoln.

I have been urged by several friends to send you the enclosed poem, written down by myself from Mr. Lincoln's lips, and although it may not be new to all of your readers, the events of the last week give it now a peculiar interest.

The circumstances under which this copy was written are these: I was with the President alone one evening in his room, during the time I was painting my large picture at the White House, last year. He presently threw aside his pen and papers, and began to talk to me of Shakespeare. He sent little "Tad," his son, to the library to bring a copy of the plays, and then read to me several of his favorite passages, showing genuine appreciation of the great poet. Relapsing into a sadder strain, he laid the book aside, and leaning back in his chair, said: "These is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man, by a friend, and which I afterward saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would," he continued, "give a great deal to know who wrote it, but I have never been able to ascertain."

Then half closing his eyes he repeated to me the lines which I enclose to you. Greatly pleased and interested, I told him I would like, if ever opportunity occurred, to write them down from his lips. He said he would sometime try to give them to me. A few days afterward he asked me to accompany him to the temporary studio of Mr. Swayne, the sculptor, who was making a bust of him at the Treasury Department. While he was sitting for the bust I was suddenly reminded of the poem, and said to him that then would be a good time to dictate it to me. He complied, and sitting upon some books at his feet, as nearly as I can remember, I wrote the lines down, one by one, from his lips.

With great regard, very truly yours,
F. B. CARPENTER.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud, A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of Rest.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They wept, but the heart of the hangeth is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, yet they died; the things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

tablet monument we possess in this respect. Its style is splendid and there is not a single *carouche* or escutcheon wanting. It has been found engraved on one of the walls of a small chamber in the large temple of Abydos, which we are still engaged in extracting from the rubbish which covers it. Opposite the same Seti is perceived on another tablet making an offering to one hundred and thirty other personages, who this time personify the *nomes* or districts, or geographical divisions and subdivisions of Egypt. Thus, on one side of the valuable chamber we have just discovered, we see the representation of the history, on the other that of the geography of Egypt.

CALENDAR FOR 1865.

1865.	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
JAN.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
FEB.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
MARCH	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
APRIL	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
MAY	29	30	31				
JUNE							
JULY							
AUG.							
SEPT.							
OCT.							
NOV.							
DEC.							

Head-Quarters, Post of Raleigh, N. C. APRIL 26th, 1865.
The private office of the Post Commander will be in the Comptroller's office, in the Capitol building.

MILITARY GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY.

- Col G. F. Granger, Commanding 3rd Brigade, 3d Division, 10th Army Corps, Post Commander.
- Lieut. H. S. Sanford, 110th New York Volunteers, A. A. General and Post Adjutant.
- Capt. G. F. Smith, 9th Missouri Volunteers, A. A. J. G.
- Lieut. Col. S. M. Zent, 15th Indiana Volunteers, Provost Marshal.
- Lieut. Wm. K. Norton, 4th New Hampshire Volunteers, Assistant Provost Marshal.
- Lieut. George S. Daisey, 9th Maine Volunteers, Assistant Provost Marshal.
- Capt. Chas. F. Weeks, 9th Missouri Volunteers, A. A. M.
- Capt. Geo. O. Atty, C. S.
- Surgeon Jno. Knowlton, 169th New York Volunteers, Chief Medical Officer.
- Capt. E. R. Mosher, 169th New York Volunteers, A. D. C.
- Lieut. Ed. Vagduzes, 169th New York Volunteers, A. D. C.
- Officers of 115th Regiment N. York Volunteers.
- N. J. Johnson, Lieut. Col. Commanding.
- E. L. Walrumb, Major.
- Nicholas De Graef, Acting Adjutant.
- Martin McMartin, Quartermaster.
- Lieut. A. C. Shoom, Commanding Co. A.
- Lieut. J. H. Clapp, " " " " " " " " " "
- Lieut. G. I. Clark, " " " " " " " " " "
- Capt. Wm. H. Shaw, " " " " " " " " " "
- Capt. E. B. Saragoe, " " " " " " " " " "
- Lieut. M. McIntosh, " " " " " " " " " "
- Lieut. J. M. Hill, " " " " " " " " " "

- Officers of 9th Maine Volunteers.
- Joseph Noble, Lieut. Col. Commanding.
- George H. Fry, Major.
- Henry H. Wadsworth, Adjutant.
- George S. Hay, Quartermaster.
- Dan F. Stone, Assistant Surgeon.
- Lieut. Wm. A. Babcock, Commanding Co. A.
- Capt. L. F. McKenney, " " " " " " " " " "
- Capt. Geo. W. Brown, " " " " " " " " " "
- Capt. Benj. J. Hill, " " " " " " " " " "
- Capt. J. C. Seal, " " " " " " " " " "
- Lieut. W. F. Denning, " " " " " " " " " "
- Lieut. A. S. Detero, " " " " " " " " " "
- Lieut. A. H. Chase, " " " " " " " " " "
- Capt. Geo. S. Colbatch, " " " " " " " " " "
- Capt. S. S. Mann, " " " " " " " " " "

HERMAN'S CAMPAIGN THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.—A humorous and witty song of the march from Beaufort, S. C. to Goldsboro', N. C., contains the different battles, all the setbacks that were endured, and strains that were wrought (with references to each year), dates to each Regt., &c. &c.

Also, the song "LEWISTON REBELS THE WORLD" tells us how the Rebels were routed by the Union army, and how they were driven from the world by the Union army. It is a well known fact that the Confederate government received considerable support from England for Cotton, which cotton had to be sent to England when Lee had annihilated the world by signing the independence of the Confederate States.

These songs can be had of
GEORGE C. LANSON,
Co. C, 45th Illinois Vol., 3d Div., 1st Brig., 17th A. C.
15 cents each. Liberal advance will be made to those who send 100 or more.

April 25, 1865.

WANTED!
A GOOD WOMAN, WHITE PREFERRED, to attend to my room, and see child, to whom liberal wages will be given and a good home. Call at the Best and Dumb and Blind Institution.

April 25, 1865.

FOR SALE!
A COMPLETE FILE OF THE N. C. STANDARD, (Semi-Weekly), from the 1st of January, 1865, to the present time—price 75¢.

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April 18, 1865.