a band managery Transport THE STORY OF "THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

The romance of real life is ordinary enough. It occurs every day, and then nobody thinks about it. A courting match between a couple of rural lovers is full of this romance, But transfer it to higher society, and how lacid it gleams through, like a fine painting, with a judicious coat of varnish bringing its hitherto concealed beauties into notice and admi-

Henry Cecil, 10th Earl of Exeter, with landed estates to the yearly value of £100, 000, and the palatial residence of Burgley with its statues, paintings, and articles of vertu said to be worth £500,000, married a Miss Vernon, from whom owing to her violation of the marriage vows, he was divorced in 1791. Almost heart broken by this disgrace and misfortune, he resolved to retire from high life, and, immediately after the divorce, betook himself to a retired village in Shropshire, named Bolas, about one hundred and twenty miles from his own beautiful Burgley. Of that place, however, he was not lord then, nor until the death of his uncle, the 9th Earl, in 1793. But he was heir presumptive to the title and estates, and his pecuniary allowance was on a very ample scale, suited to his future position. At this time too, he was only plain Mr. Henry Cecil.

At Bolas he actually became a farm servant to rather a rough diamond-one Thomas Hoggins-who, besides his farm had a mill in pretty full employ. Cecil's chief work was in this mill; and he labored like any other servant, fairly earning his wages. Part of his business was to leave full bags of flour at various farm houses in the parish and take back the empty ones. He had frequently to call at the house of the Rev. Mr. Dickenson, the clergyman of Bolas, where, according to the custom of the time and place, he was always invited to rest in the kitchen, and take a "mug of ale." He seldom was tempted to enter into conversation, but spoke so well when he did converse, that Mr. Dickenson's household gave him the name of "Gentleman Harry." It was not long before this soubriquet, and its cause, became known to Mr. Dickenson, who put himself in the way of meeting this strange miller's man, and became so much interested in him, that instead of being asked to rest and refresh in the kitchen, "Gentleman Harry" was regularly invited into the study, where the good pastor used to join him in a draught of home-brewed and a pipe of the Nico-

Erelong, Mr. Dickenson, who had freely lent him various books, hinted his suspicion that "Gentleman Harry" belonged to a higher position than he then occupied. This was confessed with an assurance that there was no disgrace connected with his incognito, and a promise to reveal the particulars of his secret at no distant day.

Thomas Huggins, the miller, had one

daughter, named Sarah, known far and wide as the "Beauty of Bolas." About this time she was scarcely twenty, and, through the intervention of a moneyed aunt, had received what we have heard described (in her native Shropshire) as a "bettermost education;" had some slight acquaintance with French, and played tolerably well upon the harpsichord It came to pass that Miss H. turned a favorable pair of bright eyes upon "Gentleman Harry." Alas! for the romance of the story, his premier jeunesse was gone, for he was in his thirty-eighth year. It happened, also, that he became interested in her, so much so, that he called at the parsonage one evening to consult with Mr. Dickenson-in a word, to entreat him to marry them privately; and then making a clean breast of it, "Gentleman Harry" confessed that he was Mr. Henry Cecil next heir to the Earldom and estates of Exeter. He bound over the clergyman to secrecy, not allowing him to disclose his personal secret to Mr. Huggins, nor even to the fair Sarah. It was a difficult matter for the elergyman to obtain the miller's consent to the marriage, which was celebrated on the 30th of October,

The happy couple lived upon a small farm during the following two years, until Mr. Cecil casually learned from the Shrewsbury paper that the death of his uncle had placed a coronet upon his brow, and immense wealth at his disposal.

Still concealing the secret of his rank

from his wife, Cecil told her that he had determined upon a change of residence. She prepared to accompany him, leaving her native Bolas with regret, for she had been happy there as maid, wife, and mother. She accompanied her husband, and they came at last to Burgley, the beauty of which greatly struck her, as they rode by it in their humble conveyance. Her husband told her that it was a show place, and she gladly assented to his invitation to alight and see it. They entered the demense, walked up the broad avenue with its double fringe of stately oaks, went through the garden and conservatories, and finally made a tour of the mansion.-At last, returning down the grand stair case, into the stately hall, around which were ranged figures in antique armor, and family portraits from the days of Holbein and Vandyke down to Reynolds, her husband asked her now she liked the place. "Beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Henry, what a Paradise to live and die in !" By this time a small crowd of relatives and attendants had made a circle around them. "Sarah," said he, as he kissed her white brow. "This place is yours. I am the Earl of Exeter." Then turning to the company, he said this is the Countess of

Hazlitt, himself a Shropshire man, (Wem. his birthplace, being near Bolas.) has told freshed with water from the jawbone of a this story, and adds that the surprise was hass!" too much for the peasant Countess. She



1800. He was elevated to a Marquisate in 1801, and died in 1804. This is the real story of the Lord of Burleigh," as narrated by Mr. Dickenson, as lately as 1851, when he died.

THE TWIN ROSES. Far down a lonely secluded valley, sel dom trod by the foot of man, by the murmuring brook, whose pure waters wander through bright green fields and sandy lanes, grew side by side two rose bushes. Long had they grown together, nourished by the passing stream, and holding themselves from the rude gaze of the world happy and content in the solitude in which Nature had planted them. One bright summer's morning two green buds appeared upon the tree; very small they were at first, it is true, but day by day they grew in size and beauty, each day growing lovelier, till one morning they appeared upon the stems two beautiful white roses. With strange delight they raised their heads and looked tremblingly around but raught in the green valley resembled themselves; and with wonder at their new found existence, step by step they neared each other, and twined themselves into one. No longer were they unnoticed by all, save by the pearly brook. The other flowers of the field acknowledged their superiority, and bowed their heads before them; but the twin roses heeded them not. All day long their pertume floated through the valley, casting sweet incense on the summer air, and as night drew nigh silently they crept together, closed their pale leaves, and hung their modest heads towards the stream. Then the bright stars came forth; the pale moon silently performed her journey on high; the tall trees bowed their green branches as the breeze swept through them; and the

Once a pebble rolled down the mountain into the brook causing its pure waters to dance on all sides. Then the dew drops kissed the pale roses; and again the brook flowed on as before. Oh! then how beautiful was the valley! But the white roses were not always to deck the stream. One day a rude hand culled one of the flowers and bore it from its companion. Days passed, but the new solitary rose held not up its head as formerly; silently it drooped, and finally withered; and the roses were soon forgotten by all save the brook in the valley. Thus it sometimes is with man. When those whom we long have loved and cherished are torn from our side, we pine for them till we meet them in another world. Still the birds sing, the

night birds sweetly sang till morning dawn-

A GOOD JOKE FOR WARM WEATHER .-Several years ago, a tax-collector in one of the wards of the city of Philadelphia, spent nearly the whole of an awful hot, sultry, dusty; sticky day, trudging up one street and down another, trying to discover the whereabouts of a certain individual who was down on his books, by the name of William Penn.

trees bend, and the brooks murmur, the

twin roses will never bloom again.

All his efforts were fruitless; but when almost exhausted, and completely wet through with perspiration, he happened to stumble over a shop, kept by a particular friend, of his by the name of Hodge.— Rushing in there he threw himself down in an old chair, and, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, gaspingly inquired of Hodge, if he could inform him where he could find a man by the name of William Penn!

"Certainly, certainly!" said Hodge, 'you'll find him in Pine street, between Eight and Ninth, on the north-side of the

"Gracious!" said Roberts, "I wish I ad known that much earlier this morning." And with that, he started off, puffing and blowing, on his way to the spot whither he was directed.

The distance from the shop being considerable, twenty minutes elapsed before the place was reached. Once there, in a twinkling poor Roberts discovered he was duped, for looking up, his eyes rested on the iron statue of the illustrious William Penn, standing upon a marble pedestal in the centre of the ground, fronting the Pennsylvania Hospital!

Had any body been near the tax-collector, he might have heard a few naughty words escape from his mouth, but he soon slid and made his way back to the shop. Foaming at the mouth, and looking quite desperate, he rushed in at the door, seized a hatchet lying on the counter, flung it at Hodge's head, and only missed him by an

John B. Gough tells the following story. though the joke be at his own expense -Once while on a lecturing tour through England, he was introduced to a village audience in these terms:

"Ladies and gentleman, I 'ave the 'onor to hintroduce to you the distinguished lec-turer, Mr. John B. Gough, who will haddress us on the subject of temperance .-You know that temperance is thought to be rather a dry subject; but to-night as we listen to our friend; the horator from hover the hocean, we may 'ope to 'ave the miracle of Samson repeated, and to be re-

fainted at the disclosure, and he says her mind never wholly recovered its balance.

Her children were a daughter, born at ship with his brother-in-law, and inquired Bolas, in 1792, (whose daughter, wedded for some waiscoats. A number of elegant to Lord Charles Wellesly, will probably be patterns were thrown on the counter. the Duchess of Wellington ere she dies,) The lawyer pleasantly observed he should and two sons, the eldest of whom, born in like to take one of them, if he would take 1795, is the present Marquis. The peasant Countess died in 1797, and her disconsolate husband married a third wife in pay my brother-in.law." You may take one, if you please," replied the clothier, "and pay my brother-in.law."

UNION NOW AND FORE VER, ONE AND INSEPARA BLE."-DANIEL WERSTER.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURS DAY, MAY 4, 1865.

A Bailad Worth Keeping.

The Peem below is from the pen of that beautiful child of genius, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton, the grand daughter of Sheridan. It is exceedingly touching, and, repeated by musical lips, charmingly effective:

A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers; There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears; But a comrade stood beside him, while his life blood ebb'd away, And bent with pitying glance, to hear what he might The dying soldier faltered, as he took that soldier's

And he said, I never more shall see my own, my native land; Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine-For I was born at Bingen-at Bingen on the Rhine. Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around, To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vine-

yard ground.

That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was gone, Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun: And, midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars-The death wound upon their breasts, the last of many scars, And some were young-and suddenly beheld life noon decline-And one had come from Bingen-far Bingen on the

Tell my mother that her other sons, shall com'ort her old age, And I was still a truant bird, who thought his h me For my father was a soldier, and even as a child My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of strug les fierce and wild ; And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty

hoard, I let them take whate'er they would-but kept my father's sword : And with boyish love I hung it, where the bright light used to shine On the cottage wall at Bingen-calm Bingen on

Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head, When the troops are marching home again with gay and gallant tread : But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye, For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die : And if a comrade seek her leve, I ask her in my To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame And to hang the old sword in its place, (my fath er's sword and mine,)

For the honor of old Bingen-dear Bingen on the

There's another-not a sister-in the happy days You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning, Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning, Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the sun be risen, My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison,) I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen-fair Bingen on saw the blue Rhine sweep along, I heard or seemed to hear. The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear

And down the pleasant river-and up the pleasant That echoing cherus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendl , talk, Down many a path beloved of yore, and well re-

membered walk : And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine; But we'll meet no more at Bingen-loved Bingen on the Rhine.

His voice grew faint and hoarser, his grasp was childish weak. His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased His comrades bent to lift him up, but the spark of life had fled, The soldier of the legion in a foreign land was

dead ! And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down, On the red sand of the battle field, with bloody corpses strown.

Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine, As it did on distant Bingen-fair Bingen on the

NEW JERSEY .- It was stated in the House of Assembly of New Jersey, that the amount of assessments on the real and personal property in that State as returned, was only about \$350,000,000. The present war tax on this amount was one-tenth of one per cent., over \$100,000 of which is set apart as a sinking fund. As the assessors of the State do not assess more than about seventy per cent. of the valuation, it will be seen that the actual value of the real and personal property in New Jersey is \$500,000,000. At this rate, the bonds of the State ought to be the best investment in the market.

THE SPIDER.—The male spider often makes a meal of his progeny, whilst the female loves them so tenderly that if she cannot save them in circumstances of peril, she prefers to perish with them. The love which she bears to her little ones, she does not extend towards her mate; sometimes, after having in vain attempted to prevent him from devouring their offspring, the idea appears suddenly to present itself to her mind that the cannibal is himself good for food, on which she instantly falls upon him and eats him up.

Conversation.—The art of conversation consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathize-you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and listening. The union is rare, but irresisti-

HOW THEY DO IT. The difference between a man and a wo-

man in disposition, finds no plainer illustration than that afforded at the moment when either of them retires to bed.

The young girl trips gaily up to her chamber, and with the cautious timidity peculiar to her sex, first locks the door and arranges the window curtains, so that by no possible chance a passer-by or belated necturnal wanderer from the pavement can catch a glimpse of her budding beauty when en dishabilte. This task completed, she turns on the gas to its full and institutes a general search throughout the apartment, that she may be sure that it does not contain a "horrible burglar" or a "desperate ruffian" in big whiskers and crisp black hair. | Carefully, with her delicate little fingers, she lifts the bed valance, looks into places where even Tom Thumb couldn't squeeze his diminutive corporation, and takes a cursory peep into the half emptied trank; not forgetting to glance nervously under the sofa, the space between which and the floor is not suffi cient to contain the ghost of Calvin Edson, much less an ordinary robber. Having ascertained that she is really alone, she proceeds to divest her fair form of "the silk and linen conventionalities of society." First, she relieves her glossy hair from its thraldom of pins and combs and "does it up" more compactly. Then off comes the little collar and the light vapory cloud of lace she calls her undersleeves, which all the day have been clasped around her white, plump arms by a couple of India rubber straps. Next, the "love of a spring silk" dress is unfastened in front. Then sundry waist strings and button straps are loosed, and lo! what a collapse, like that of Lowe's balloon. She stands, like Saturn, in the centre of rings. There they lie upon the soft carpet, partly covered by the linen under fixings and over fixings, with no more expression in them than there is in the bare floor beneath the carpet. Sits she now upon the snowy bed, and begins the unlacing of gaiters, and disrobing of those fair swelling limbs of the stockings. The pretty little foot is carefully perched upon the knee-down drops the gaiter, off comes the elastic, and her thumb inserted at the top of the stocking, pushes it down -down over the heel, and the cotton rests beside the prinella. So with the other foot, only involving a slight change of po-

There is a smile that peeps out from behind the blushes of the sweet face now, as standing before the glass she places upon her head the night cap, and with a quick twist of her fingers ties the bewitching bow. Then the night gown is thrown over the frilled chemise, concealing the heaving bosom and the shoulders in the linen folds. Then the counterpane and sheets are thrown back, the gas is turned down—very, very low—and the little form presses the yielding couch, and the angel goes off in the world of dreams.

Now, in the room directly above her is the great brute of a brother. He comes into it, shuts the door with a slam, turns the key with a snap, growls at a chair which happens to be in the way, pulls off his boots and throws them in the corner, jerks his socks from his feet, drops his pantaloons on the floor and lets them lie there; gets off his coat and vest by a quick, vindictive sort of twist of his arms and body; unpins and unbuttons his collar, throws it carelessly with the tie at, rather than on the table; travels to the window. in his shirt extremity-to let down the curtain, as if he didn't care a cuss whether the entire population of the street beheld his anatomy or not; then puts out the light and bounces into bed like a great ealf jumping into a pile of hay—curls himself up, his knees nearly touching his nose, lies so a moment or two, turns on his back, stretches his limbs out, swears at the tucking in of the bed clothes, grunts, gets over on the other side, and is-asleep. Then comes in the snoring and

man who affects great softness of manner, and unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purpose of craft or design to answer, cannot submit to drill himself. The more success knaves are psualty of this description -as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove which they have not, in order to hide the cunning of the serpent which they have.

she told him, with the greatest frankness, that she had once an uncle who was hangmaterial to him; for though he had had no uncle hanged, many of his relatives deserved hanging.

mor of women, that it must inevitably take its own course. The best arguments, the most evident reasons, the most conrincing proofs, have no more effect upon them than have pebbles upon the course of a brook: the brook murmurs a little

A handsome monument has been completed in Philadelphia to be placed over the remains of Gen. Leynolds, resting in a cemetery at Lancaster. It is sixteen feet high, white marble, and contains on a rusticated die the names of the battles the General took a part in.

NO. 16.

Com'd Post.

\$2 10 4

\$1 to 8

25 to 40

\$1 to 2

\$3 to 5 50 to \$1

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SCALE OF PRICES. Proceedings of a Council of Administration convened pursuant to the following order : Ho'que Post or Batties, N. O.,) April 24th, 1865.

SPECIAL ORDER, No. 1. I. A Post Council of Administration to consist of the following named officers, is hereby appointed to meet at the Capitol Building at 10 o'clock. A. M., to morrow, the 25th inst., or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the purpose of establishing a Price List for the sale of goods by Purreyors, and other authorized Traders at this Post, and such other business as may be brought before it:

M j. J. H. Allen, 169th N. Y. Vols. Maj. J. H. Lawrence, 18th Ind. Vols. Capt. S. C. F. Smith, A. A. I. G., 9th Me. Vols. 1st Lieut. Ed P. Jaques, 169th N. Y. Vols. By order of Col. G. F. GRANGER,

H. S. SANFORD, Post Adjutant.

The Council met pursuant to the above orderall the members present. After examining the invoices of the different traders, we would respectfully recommend that the following Price List be

J. H. Allen, Maj. 169th N. Y. Vols. J. H. Lawrence, Maj. 13th Ind. Vols. S. C. F. Smith, Capt. A. A. I. G., 9th Me. Vols. Ed. P. Jaques, 1st Lieut. 169th N. Y. Vols. Apples each, 5 to 10 Butter per lb. Brooms each, Boots per pr., Buttons-shirt per doz. " -horn per doz. Blacking per box, 5 to 10 Brushes-blacking each " -clothes each, -hair each, -tooth each. -shaving each, Beef dried per 1b. Bologna Sausage per lb Cakes-Ginger per lb., " -Tea per lb., Jrackers per 1b., 50 Cheese per lb.,

Candles each, 10 10 20 Combs, coarse and fine each, - 15 to 50 Codfish per 1b., Cups-tin (qts), Jups-tin with bails and covers, Collars-paper per box, 'aps-officers, Drawers per pr... Emery paper per sheet, Eggs per doz, Envelopes per bunch, 20 to 40 Fruit-2 lb. cans, " -1 lb. cans,

Flour per lb., Figs per lb., Gloves-Cott per pr., " -Buckskin per pr. " -Guantlets per pr., Handkerchiefs-Linen, -Cotton, -Silk, Ham per lb. Knives-Pocket

Knives and Forks,

Lemons each,

Scissors per pr.,

Sardines per box,

Shoes per pr., Shirts-Wool each,

" -Lineu,

Per paper,

Tobacco-Smoking,

Shoe Strings per pr.,

Spoons-Table each,

Socke-Cotton per pr.,

-Tea each,

" -Woolen per pr.,

" Killickinick" per 1 lb. bale,

" Big Lick" per 1 lb. bale,

Tobacco-Fine Cut Chewing.

All other brands per paper,

→Large "

Worcestershire Sauce-Large size,

Small size,

PRICE LIST FOR BARBERS.

The proceedings of the Post Council of Admin

be strictly adhered to in their sales by all Sutlers

and Purveyors authorized to transact business at

this Post. Any complaints by any person of a vio-lation of the requirements of the above list will be at once investigated, and if found authentic the

G. F. GRANGER.

' Solace" per paper,

Tongues-Smoked per lb.

Tobacco-Plug per lb.,

Thread per bunch,

Vegetables—Small

Wallets-Calfskin,

Wash Basins-Tin,

Shaving,

Hair Cutting,

Champooing,

-Morocco.

Yeast Powder per box,

Looking Glasses-Pocket,

Milk-Borden's per can, Other Brands, Meats-2 lb. cans, -1 lb. cans, Mustard per bottle, Mackerel each, Matches per bunch, Newspapers-Daily, Needles per paper, Oranges each, Oil-Armor, per bottle, Oil-Sweet Oysters-Small cans, " -Large Onions per lb., Poultry-2 lb. cans, Pickles per jar, Paper-Note-per qr. -Letter and Cap per qr., Potatoes per Ib., Pepper per paper, Pipes-Common, -Wood, " -Rubb-r, Pencils-Lead, Pans-Sauce, " - Frying

Pots-Tin (Coffee) Plates-Tin, Pins, per paper, Raisins per lb., Razors each, Razor Straps each, Syrup-Golden per bottle Soap-Shaving per cake, " - Castile per 2 lb. cake, Suspenders per pr.,

Isn't there a difference in style?

MARKS OF SUSPICION.—Always suspect a

CANDOR AND COURTESY.-When Mrs. Porter was about to marry Dr. Johnson, ed. The doctor, with equal candor and courtesy, replied that it was perfectly im-

There is this peculiarity in the bad, huistration convened at Raleigh, N. C., by Special Orders No. 1, from these Headquarters, are approved, and the above Price List by them established will louder, and continues on its way.

place of business of the party so offending will be immediately closed by the Provost Marshal.

By order of Col. 9th Maine Vol's. Com'g Post. H. S. SANFORD, Post Adj't

Jan'r., 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 July, 1 8 9 10 11 12 12 14 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 28 24 25 26 27 28 29 298081 1 2 3 4 Ave, . . 1 2 3 4 5 24 25 26 27 28 29 80 1 2 8 4 5 6 7 PRIL, 9 8 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21

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20 Nov.,

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CALENDAR FOR 1865:

Headquarters, Post of Raleigh, N. C., April 26, 1865. THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF THE POST COMmander will be in the Comptroller's office, in the pitol building.

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ILITARY GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY

Col G F Granger. Commanding 3rd Brigade, 2d Division th Army Corps, Post Commander. Lieut H S Sanford, 115th New York Volunteers, A A neral and Post Adjutant.

Capt S C F Smith, 9th Missouri Volunteers, A A J Gen.

Major George B Dyer, 9th Maine Infantry, Provest Mar-

Lieut Wm K Norton, 4th New Hampshire Volunteers, sistant Provost Marshal Lieut George S Dailey, 3th Maine Volunteers, Assistant Capt Chas F Weeks, 9th Missouri Volunteers, A A A M Capt Geo C Almy, C S. Surgeon Jno Knowlson, 169th New York Volunteers ief Medical Officer.

Capt E R Mosher, 169th New York Volunteers, A D C. Lieut Ed Vanduzee, 169th New York Volunteers, A D C. ficers of 115th Regiment N. York Volunteers. N J Johnson, Lieut Col Commanding, E L Walrath, Major. Nicholas De Graff, Acting Adjutant. Martin McMartin, Quartermaster. Lient A C Slocum, Commanding Co A.

Lieut A Collier, Lieut C L Clark, Capt E B Savage, Lieut M Melntosh. Lieut J M. Hill. Officers of 9th Maine Volunteers Joseph Noble, Lieut Col Communding. George B Dyer, Major. Henry H Wadsworth, Adjutant.

George S Hay, Quartermaster. Otis P Rice, Assistant Surgeon Lieut Wm A Babcock, Commanding Co A. Capt L F McKenney, Capt Geo W Brown, Capt Benj J Hill, Capt J C Beal, Lieut W F Denning, Lieut S A Doten, Lieut A H Chase, Capt Geo S Colbath, Capt S S Mann, 10

minal List of the Actual and Acting Field and Staff and Company Commanders present in 4th New Hampshire Volunteers. John H Roberts, Captain Co D. Commanding Officer. Geo W Huckins, Captain Co K, Regiment Quartermaster

Alfred Marland, 1st Lient Co H, Awaiting Muster, Actoseph Wingste, Co A, Awaiting Muster, Acting Coin-

L A Gay, 1st Lieut Co B, Commanding Co B.
L McD Hussy, Capt Co C, Commanding Co C.
Wm S Barker, Capt Co E, Commanding Co D.
C M Whiting, 1st Lieut Co E, Commanding Co E. C L Chapman, Capt Co F, Commanding Co F. P Dewd, Sergt Co G. Commanding Co G. B Frank Fogy, principal Musician Co H, Commanding

G F Quimby, Capt Co I, Commanding Co I. Geo W Huckins, Capt Co K, Commanding Co K. John H Roberts, Capt 4th New Hampshire Infantry, mmanding Regiment Officers 13th Indiana Volunteers.

J H Lawrence, Major, Commanding. 8 Ryan, Adjutant. A H Baily, Quartermaster.

N A Chamberlain, Assistant Surgean. Si has Clark. Capt Commanding Co A.
W H Lowe, Capt Commanding Co B.
Wm A Keichum, 2d Lieut Commanding Co C. R J Graham, Capt Commanding Co D.
W T Stepp, Capt Commanding Co E
Samuel Morrison, 1st Lieut Commanding Co F.
Carr Carey, 1st Lieut Commanding Co G. licers of 169th Regiment N. York Volunteers. A Colvin, Lieut Col Commanding. Joseph H Allen, Major.

E W Church, Acting Adjutant and Quartermaster.
Lieut Ed Jacques, Commanding Co A.
Lieut J B Foot, Commanding Co B.
Capt J H Warren, Commanding Co C.
Lieut B McGuire, Commanding Co D. Capt H Mulhall Commanding Co E. Capt E R Smith, Commanding Co F. Lieut E Van Santword, Commanding Co G. Lieut C G Francisco, Commanding Co H.

Capt J H Donn, Commanding Co

Lieut J H Straight, Commanding Co K. April 24, 1865. LOST. BLACK LEATHER TRAVELLING BAG, SUPposed to have been taken by mistake by some perof the 28th. It was missed very soon after the arany person returning said bag to Headquarters Depart-

to at at North Carolina, will be suitably rewarded.

G. W. SCHOFIELD, Bry's Brig. General

WANTED, IX MALE ATTENDANTS IMMEDIATELY, AT THE Insane Asylum. For terms, &c., apply to the Suday 1, 1885. Progress copy two weeks.

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