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Business Directory.

Attorneys at Law.
Scott & Smith, North Elm, opposite Court House.
Gilmer & Gilmer, North Elm, opposite Court House, (see advertisement).
Alston & Staples, Second floor, Tate building.

Apothecaries and Druggists.
R. W. Glenn, M.D., West Market Street, McConnell building.
Porter & Eckel, West Market, next courthouse, (see adv.).

Book Stores.
R. O. Sterling, South Elm, opposite Express Office.

Barbers.
Wilkes & Wiley, North Elm, opposite Court House.

Bankers and Insurance Agents.
Henry G. Kellogg & Co., South Elm, Tate building, (see adv.).
Wilson & Shober, South Elm, opposite Express Office, (see adv.).

Boot and Shoe Makers.
E. Kirch Schlager, West Market, opposite Mansion Hotel.

Cigar Manufacturer.
A. Brockmann, South Elm, Caldwell block.

Cabinet Makers and Undertakers.
John A. Fritchett, South Elm, near Depot.
Wm. Collins, Corner of Sycamore and Davis streets.

Contractor in Brick-work.
David McKnight.

Contractors in Wood-work.
J. J. Collier, Jan. L. Oulley.

Confessioners.
T. DeSaut, Tate building, corner store.

Dress-Making and Fashions.
Mrs. N. Morriss, South Elm, (see adv.).
Mrs. A. Dilworth, Next door to Times Office.

Dentists.
J. W. Howler, 1st door left hand, up stairs, Garrett's building.
R. Scott, East Market, Albright's block.

Dry Goods, Grocers and Produce Dealers.
W. S. Moore, East Market, Albright's new building.
L. H. Rostfahn, Corner East Market and North Elm, Lindeby corner, (see adv.).
A. Wrothley, Corner East Market and Davis streets.
H. D. Traylor, East Market, Albright's new building.
L. E. May, West Market, opposite Porter & Eckel, (see adv.).
S. C. Dodson, West Market, opposite Court House.
Jas. Sloan & Sons, South Elm, near Depot, (see adv.).
C. G. Yates, South Elm.
Smith & Gilmer, Opposite Southern Hotel.
J. D. Kline, East Market street.
S. Steple, Corner East Market and Davis streets.
D. W. C. Bealson, Corner South Elm and Sycamore.

Grocers and Confectioners.
Starrett & White, East Market, next Post Office.

Harness-makers.
J. H. S. Parker, East Market st., near Court House.
James E. Thom, Corner South Elm and Sycamore.

Hotels.
Mansion Hotel, W. H. Beece, proprietor, Corner West Market and Green streets, (see adv.).
Southern Hotel, Seales & Black, proprietors, West Market, near Court House.
Pioneer Hotel, J. T. Reese, proprietor, East Market, near Court House.

Livery Stables.
W. J. Edmondson, Davis street.

Milinery and Lady's Goods.
Mrs. W. S. Moore, East Market, Albright's new building.
Mrs. Sarah Adams, West Market, opposite Court House.

Music and Musical Instruments.
Prof. F. B. Morriss, South Elm, (see adv.).

NEWSMEN.
Westbook & Co., Washington, near Railroad.

Photographers.
Hught & Yates, West Market, opposite Court House, up stairs.

Physicians.
A. S. Porter, West Market st., (near Times Office).
E. W. Glenn, West Market, McConnell building.
J. W. Insale, South Elm, (see adv.).

Timmers.
Jno. F. O'Sullivan, Corner West Market and Ash streets.

Watchmakers and Jewellers.
W. B. Purser, South Elm, opposite Express Office.
David Scott, East Market, Albright's block.

Guilford County Officers.
Chairman of the County Court, Jed. H. Lindsay.
Sheriff, Robert M. Stafford.
Clerk of the County Court, Lyndon Swain.
Clerk of the Superior Court, John W. Payne.
Public Register, William U. Steiner.
County Trustee, Wyatt W. Ragdale.

U. S. Officials.
Freedom's Bureau, Capt. Hugo Hillebrandt, Garrett's building, up stairs.
Assessor's Office, Jesse Wheeler, West Market, near Court House.
Collector's Office, Jno. Crane, South Elm.
Register in Bankruptcy, Thos. B. Keogh, Tate building, up stairs.
Bonded Warehouse, D. W. C. Benbow, South Elm, Benbow's building.

HYMN TO THE PEOPLE.
Not to be blest with warrior strength,
To wield the sword and wear the glaive,
Or rise to conqueror's fame at length,
Proclaims the good or makes the brave.
To have the power to hide the scars,
And rise above the hate and strife,
Of those to wealth and title born,
Is the crowned courage of our life.
What are the swords that prop a king—
The banners in his army's van—
To strength of soul that dares to spring,
And show the monarch in the man?
Kings and the mightiest men of arms,
Strong as the heads of reals they bide,
Sport as they may with fortune's charms,
They are like leaves upon the tide.
In dim of old sepulchres they lie,
The feast of silence and decay,
While the world-heart beats high
And throes itself upon to-day.
Give me the man whose hands have toiled
The corp-aced to the mellow soil,
Whose feet the forest depths have crossed,
Whose brow is nobly crown'd with toil.

Written for The Times.
THE LIFE
OF
Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. COLE,
One of the former Editors of "The Times."

Quo difficultus, hoc preclarus.
BY WILL. L. SCOTT.
INTRODUCTION.
The acts of men, for the most part, live after them. Few perish utterly. If they are not written out in the permanent history of the country, they are, to some extent, perpetuated in local and family traditions. Each affects human society directly or indirectly, beneficially or injuriously. Hence, the importance of writing, as it were, in water-such as are vile, that they may be less known and felt, and of chronicling in a durable form the virtuous, that they may serve as "Footprints on the sands of time" to point the way to usefulness, moral elevation and permanent. With this design, the writer has undertaken this sketch of LIEUT. COL. COLE, a man of high and noble virtues; and with the hope, too, that it may be promotive of a generous spirit of emulation among the youth of the country, he now diffidently places it in the hands of the public.

CHAPTER I.
All the face of the earth is checkered with streams of different sizes and appearances. Some are shallow, others deep; some are so limpid that the golden sands sparkle in their beds, others are muddy and full of filth; some are smooth, others rough; some move noiselessly along, others dash impetuously forward; some are quite small and soon lost in larger waters, others are long and glide majestically into the vast oceans of the globe; and some gratify the taste for the beautiful, while others stir the soul with emotions of grandeur and sublimity. So with human minds. Some are profound, others not; some are pure, others corrupted; some are serene as a summer-sunset, others violent as the driving storm; some are restless, others not; some are contracted, others great and expansive; some live through only a few years, others cover a wide stretch of time; some by their attractiveness, elicit our admiration, others, by their moral obliquity and littleness, excite our disgust; and others still, by their daring, or quick-developing greatness, inspire feelings of awe and wonder. Of all these loveliest, most self-commending traits was the character of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS COLE, the incidents of whose short life the writer hopes will prove valuable in moulding and enriching the hearts and intellects of the youth of his State, and in preparing

them for usefulness and eminence in the various walks of the world.
The COLE family is of Anglo-Saxon extraction. Their ancestry emigrated from Cornwall, the extreme southwestern county of England, in the seventeenth century, and settled in the State of Virginia. Like other spirited Englishmen, they came to this country, which was then a boundless wilderness, inhabited, with the exception of a few settlements, only by the savage red-men of the forest, that they might enjoy freedom of conscience, thought, opinion and expression. To their descendants of the next century the right not to be taxed without representation was flatly denied. They were too proud to brook so gross a wrong. The great-grandfather of Lieut-Col. COLE and several great-uncles supported the cause of American representative independence in that first great Revolution, which shocked this continent, and received scars of honor, which they bore upon their persons through life, on the fields, which, in that memorable struggle with the British, were forever consecrated in the history of human liberty. His father, Maj. WILLIAM C. COLE, who moved, early in life, from Halifax, Virginia, to the county of Stokes, in North Carolina, where he settled permanently, was likewise a soldier in the war of 1812-'13 and shared largely in the severities and perils of that second war with the mother-land. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS COLE, who was born in that county on the 12th day of February, 1834, was the oldest child of Maj. COLE by his second wife, ELIZABETH MURPHY, a daughter of Mr. JESSE MURPHY, of Patrick county, Virginia. He had several half-brothers and half-sisters but only one full-brother and full-sister, Col. JAMES R. COLE, now of Texas, and Mrs. MATHEWS, the wife of Col. JAMES E. MATHEWS, the former Senator in the General Assembly for Stokes and Forsyth. His father died when he was quite a boy, after which his mother moved to the county of her father in Virginia where she lived until her death, which happened five years afterward. LUM, as he was called by his fond mother, was put to school when he was only six years old. He loved his book from his first lesson and progressed rapidly, for one of so few years, in all his infantile studies. So early as he could read well, she placed in his hands a little New Testament, from which he learned the beautiful story of the Cross. Like the child of Elkannah and Hannah, he was "lent to the lord" by his christian mother. He was always a good boy. The flowers of a genuine, enduring piety, like a bed of sweet violets, covered over his heart modestly and richly at the tender age of eleven years, and, before he was twelve, he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, of which he was a continual and increasing ornament throughout his life.

Fatherless, motherless, he was received into the home of his uncle, Dr. JOHN L. COLE, then a resident of the village of Coleville in Stokes, who was the guardian of both his person and estate; and afterward he moved with his uncle and family, in the year 1848, to the town of Greensborough where his academic course of studies was commenced at the age of fourteen. He recited his first lessons in the Latin Grammar and Reader to LEVI M. SCOTT, Esq., a young lawyer, who was then teaching in this place. He was a model pupil. He went to school, not like too many, to idle his time and sport, but to learn,—to acquire useful knowledge. Early in his school days, he discovered great energy and resoluteness of character and a self-reliant disposition rare even in persons of more advanced age. Nothing daunted him,—nothing in his elementary preparation was so difficult as to deter him from its undertaking,—the fruit of hard scholastic toil, he ever felt, was sweetest and most remunerative after it was once gathered and garnered in the mind. He spent three years in preparing himself for collegiate matriculation, at the expiration of which time he was unusually developed morally,

physically and mentally for a youth of only seventeen years.
There was not a more ambitious youth in the Sophomore class of Normal College than young LUM COLE at the commencement of his college career; yet the ambition, which fired his bosom, was not characterized by a recklessness of the means employed to the attainment of a noble end. He aspired to stand at the head of his class in thoroughness of scholarship, to rise to greatness in letters; still, as the elegant EVERETT hath said, his desire was to be "only great as he was good." His sabbaths were kept holy—his week-day duties, as a young disciple, were strictly observed. He devoted much of his time to the study of moral science and scriptural truths. He had not been there long ere he selected an out-of-the-way spot, far from the busy hum of the college, where he could indulge himself in biblical readings and devotions without intrusion or interruption. Over that spot he erected a rough structure, which was seen there after he quit school,—that was his Gethsemane—the valley of fitness to his soul,—and in that secluded place he laid the foundation of that sterling, elevated, sustaining piety, which so distinguished him in the walks of quiet society-life, and which made him strong, indomitable and fearless in the terrible struggles and trials through which it was his fortune afterward to pass. 'Twas that which made him peerless among his youthful co-workers in the cause of his Master,—'twas that which "grappled him to the heart and love of" all his classmates and school-fellows. His natural amiableness, his frankness, his liberality, his self-negation made him to all, both scholars and professors, an object of devoted affection, and yet all felt, that

..... is his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be feared.'
'Twas this latter quality of mind, which fitted him so eminently to command men and to lead them unflinchingly in the face of the red sheets and melting hail of the war-god. He had none of that heroism which displays itself in high-sounding talk, that signifieth nothing, nor of that morally insincere rashness in which the modern duellist so vaunteth and pridet himself. His was that modest, wise, stern, Jacksonian courage and bravery, which can be called out to the fullest development only by the grand trials and throes of great national life-struggles.
He graduated in the summer of 1854 with the first distinction in scholarship. His class was composed of eight young men including himself. All were well grown, physically and intellectually matured, and impelled to close study by a laudable ambition.—All are living except the subject of this memoir. Four have since entered the ministry—PEARSON, DE PEELER, WHITTINGTON and WRIGHT; two were officers in the Confederate Army—Lieut. PAYNE and Capt. CARTER; and the other, Mr. J. A. EDWARDS, is filling a judicial office in the county in which he lives. All, too, were members of the christian church with the exception of one only. But none of them, however excellent his school-walk, or gifted his mind, left behind him a name longer to be remembered and revered by the society of which he was a member, than did Mr. COLE.—Though he was not so able, in worldly goods, to give as many others; yet no one in the Columbian Literary Society equalled him in a generous liberality in increasing its Library and ornamenting its Hall. He was thoughtful of the honor and eminence of that literary association and not unmindful of the improvement of those who were to come after him in the long years of the future.
Thus furnished for the battle of life, thus endeared to all who were left in the quiet shades of his *Alma Mater*, he stepped into the arena of every-day life with the hope that he might do good and make a name worthy to live on the pages of his country's history; nor was he disappointed in this proud expectation.

From the Le-Croix Democrat.
A NOBLE SPECTACLE.

One of the noblest spectacles ever witnessed by nations is that presented by the heroic, desolated, suffering, insulted, outraged and misjudged people of the Southern States. It is now a long time, as worlds move, events came upon us and histories are made, since the people of the Confederacy, whose bravery the North must forever endorse, gave up the unequal contest, submitted to fate and inexhaustible armies, threw down their arms and, placing full faith on promises of their conquerors, returned to their ash-heaps, silent chimneys, vandalized homes and belts of desolation.
When the people of the South entered upon the chances of a rebellion they did so honestly, openly and earnestly. While they fought, undaunted bravery, heroic devotion to their homes and loved ones, indifference to want, suffering and danger marked their struggle from first to last. They waged war, not to destroy us of the North, but to save themselves as a people and a confederation of States—to protect themselves by a constitution which could be respected.
They fought earnestly, more than man to man, and for all of vindictiveness shown by the South or her armies, God has forgiven that people, as have all who saw and knew their devotion to liberty, independence and principle, the more as we pause to think how much they had to exasperate them, as the flames of towns, cities—of beautiful homes years in making, shot heavenward to light thieves, bummers and despoilers on their way in the wake of armies, all protected by the flag of the nation alike!
He who could then and there sit idly down and smile, and jest, or hunt balm of Gilead for those who were in arms against him and all he held dear on earth, were unworthy a name among Americans or a place in honest history. Days rolled themselves into little scrolls of smoke and sorrow—weeks dropped into the crumble of years only too full of misery, and the years themselves went laden with ashened hopes, bleeding griefs and heroic sacrifices to the great power till at last exhausted manhood and premature courage gave way to invincibility, and the people were told that the war had ended!
Those who of the giant North warred against were of us—were with us—were sons of our fathers. Their wealth was our wealth and common pride. Their glory was our prosperity, their prosperity our happiness, their happiness ours.
We promised them fair dealing and liberal terms. We told them to go home and come again to our councils, to live under the good old laws made by common sires, and to their ruins went they all, believing that the North would keep its word. They sent men of their choice to represent them and their bleeding interests—they honestly and rightly sent men to represent their views and interests rather than ours.
We of the North insulted those we had overpowered—we lied to those who trusted us—we oppressed those we had robbed—we mocked those we had desolated—we tortured those we had promised to defend, and for weary months have, as a North, directed the great energies of the broken nation to purposes of destruction rather than salvation or restoration.
We have done nothing to give States their rights.
We have done nothing to give the desolate land to prosperity.
We have done nothing to aid or encourage in good behavior or honest industry those who took us at our word—twice!
On the contrary we have as a North done all in our power, even by terror of bayonet red with blood, by military oppression where it was not needed—by double dealing, falsehood, oppression, unjust legislation and unconstitutional enactments to irritate, harass, impoverish and destroy those who are shaming all the boasted religion, liberality and civilization of the North by

their heroic patience and forbearance.
Never did God or nations look upon a more sublime spectacle than the South so patient under her sorrows, poverty, humiliation, injustice and oppression. Her fields still tramped by soldiers—her homes still held by military tyrants—her law books still under bayonets—her crime still under the drumhead—her interests and our interests still in the hands of her history, with armies of abolition arrantians still prowling over her ruins, inciting the blacks to acts of lawless violence and to murder their best friends, the men of the South, like noble, honest men, endure and trust for the better days sure to come to them ere long.
And we say to them from our ice-bound home in the North that their prayers have been heard—their enduring fortitude is being rewarded, and that in the North a change is manifest. We have seen in 1867 over three hundred thousand gain of votes for the benefit of them and of the country—a gain unparalleled in the history of the ballot box, and still the Revolution is going on, and the end is not yet.
Then endure but do not endorse the power that is losing its terror. Keep still so far as acts of violence are concerned. Let no rash outbreak cut the arm that comes with success. Take up with not one of the illegal propositions of dishonor made by a fractional, sectional Congress. Vote down—as one man, vote down, and do not accept the terms offered you since your submission, and if you are not able to vote down the illegal and by the Democracy that comes to your aid, unrecognized mass of ignorance that now under shadow of bayonets insults and dishonors your ballot boxes, vote in as solid phalanx as possible, against enduring the propositions wantonly and unconstitutionally made and thus enter a protest which will be heard and honored before many months shall roll away.
A little while longer endure but do not endorse. We told you last year the tide would and should turn—the votes of 1867 attest the honesty of our belief and correctness of our prophecy.
And the end is not yet!
Keep still—stand firm—listen to the counsels of brave and wise men—strike no blow—march only to your labor and to vote down that you know, we know, the world knows and God knows to be wrong, and the sooner all will be right!
THE N. C. CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.
This body organized at Raleigh on the 14th of last month, and we fear we are too far behind to give as full an account of their doings as we could wish, or as we intend in the future. We give list of delegates in another column.
On the 15th, Mr. Calvin J. Cowles, of Wilkes, was elected chairman, and Major T. A. Byrnes, of Cumberland, principal secretary; John H. Boney, of Forsythe, as assistant secretary; John H. Jones, of Wake, as principal door-keeper, and John T. Ball, of Wake, as assistant doorkeeper.
16th.—The resolution of Mr. Abbott passed 57 to 18:
Resolved, That no reporters for any newspaper be allowed upon this floor, who treat the Convention or any of its members with disrespect, but that they shall, in case of offence in this respect, be excluded from the floor of the hall and from the galleries by the President.
17th.—Resolved to notify Gen. Canby of the permanent organization. Several bills and resolutions offered.
18th.—J. E. O'Hara, colored, was elected enrolling clerk.
20th.—Joel Ashworth, of Randolph, was elected enrolling clerk. Mr. Welker introduced an ordinance providing for the admission of members of the bar from other States to practice in the Courts of North Carolina.
21st.—Mr. Welker, a resolution providing for the office of Commissioner of Public Works; also one restricting the powers of the Legislature; also a preamble to the Constitution.
The ordinance of Mr. Tourgee to prevent oppression in the courts in certain causes, was taken up and considered. In the discussion he said: "There was an instance of a gentleman on this floor, who had been prosecuted but not convicted, and yet was burdened by enormous costs. In the county of Guilford there was an instance of a man, who was prosecuted, was acquitted and yet had to pay costs for his defence to the amount of \$1,500. The ordinance was referred. \$8 per day agreed upon for members of Convention. A reporter was authorized. (See next page.)