

Advertising Rates.

Table with advertising rates for various ad types and durations, including 1 inch insertion, 1/2 column insertion, etc.

Business Directory.

- Attorneys at Law, Apothecaries and Druggists, Auctioneers, Book Stores, Barbers, Bankers and Insurance Agents, Boot and Shoe Makers, Cigar Manufacturer, Cabinet Makers and Undertakers, Contractor in Brick-work, Contractors in Wood-work, Confectioners, Dress-Making and Fashions, Dentists, Dry Goods, Grocers and Produce Dealers, Foundry and Machine Shop, Grocers and Confectioners, General Emigration Office, Guilford Land Agency of North-Carolina, Harness-makers, Hotels, Livestock, Millinery and Lady's Goods, Music and Musical Instruments, Nurserymen, Physicians.

THE GREENSBORO TIMES.

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GREENSBORO, N. C., Thursday, March 5, 1868.

NO. 5.

- Photographers, Sewing Machines, Sign Painting, Tailors, Tinners, Tomb-Stones, Watchmakers and Jewellers, Guilford County Officers, U. S. Officials.

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

No position in martial life is more trying, perplexing, or dangerous than that of the captaincy of a company. The commander of a regiment is farther removed from the men, the brigadier still farther, and so on of the higher officers; but this officer is in the midst of the men, sees their wants, hears their murmurings, witnesses their sufferings, necessarily does their thinking to a great extent—for soldiers are much like children—and, in the fight, is ever "in the imminent deadly breach."

their command as to leave those regiments, that were supporting them on the right and left, far in the rear. Never was cooler and more resolute daring exhibited by any troops—they seemed to fear nothing but rather wooed glory in the very jaws of death. Less was not to be expected of intelligent and spirited freemen struggling for their liberty and independence. Few can ever forget the hard-fought battle of Frazier's Farm on Monday, the severest, doubtless, of all the engagements during those memorable "seven days."

The Yankee attempted to thrust him through with his bayonet. As I returned to look for the 'color,' I saw it waving violently backward and forward over the bearer's head, who was not one of the original nine, he holding it by a stem a half-foot long. Here was not the most affecting scene of all the battle. Where I last saw Lieut. CHARLES, as described above, he fell, a ball striking him below the right cheek and passing out at the back of his head. That spot will never be forgotten by those who survived, never! Here, also, the color-bearer was shot dead. One of the guard seized the color and fell; another seized it and fell—seven of the nine were killed or wounded, and the flag-staff cut into beneath the 'color.' Amid the confusion in cutting down the 'guard' and the 'staff,' the color fell to the ground. The position of the 'color-staff' is between companies E and K. As the 'color' fell, Col. GRAY, missing it and fearing it had fallen into the hands of the enemy, dashed forward to enquire after it. As Col. GRAY reached the spot, Sergeant GREENLEAF, of Co. K, seeing it fall, had rushed in, gathered it up and was waving it over his head, crying out: 'Colonel, here is our flag!'

CHARLES fell, I saw a man, some twenty steps off, coming from the direction of our right flank where we suspected there were Yankees. I immediately recognized him as a Yankee, and before he could place me, having on my yankee cape, I was close by his side, under his gun, and my revolver at his breast. He readily yielded. I had no time to bother with him, and seeing W. C. ORBELL, who was broken down and leaving the field, I placed him in his charge. Here I came across a yankee horse, bridle and saddle, mounted and hurried on. After a while, I came across a brigade coming in. I urged the General forward to our assistance. By some means he could not give his line the right direction to go to our men, but went far to the right of where we entered the woods. It so happened, that just as he struck the edge of the woods, on the border of a swamp, voices cried out: 'Don't fire! we are friends!' An officer from our side stepped out and inquired: 'Who are you?' The reply was 'The Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania.' As I had feared, all the afternoon, here was a large Yankee force on the right of where we penetrated the woods. To have moved to our rear would either have effected our capture, or have terribly cut us up. It was now nearly dark. The General refused to advance further, as he could not see how to plan his attack. I saw the critical position of my regiment, and without stopping to exchange a single word with this officer, immediately after hearing 'The Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania,' I galloped round to the place where we entered the woods, dismounted, and with all the strength left me, hurried into where I left the regiment to bring it out. I cautiously moved forward, but did not find it. I went still farther, and yet did not find it. I was hesitating what to do—just could I here observed a Yankee coming toward me, gun in hand. He asked: 'Where are our men?' Walking faster toward him, I replied: 'I don't know, but I reckon up here somewhere,' pointing in the direction of a tolerably heavy fire upon our left. As I finished speaking, being close upon him, I asked: 'Which is your regiment?' He said: 'The Thirteenth Pennsylvania.' By this time, I had placed my hand upon his gun and my revolver, unobserved by him, to his breast. He at once surrendered. Now, I was really in a bad fix—more than a quarter in the enemy's rear and a Yankee prisoner in custody. Should I meet another Yankee, and the woods appeared to be full of them,—he would betray me in my cape-disguise, and that would be the last of me. Honestly I would rather not have taken him. But I got out safe and returned to my regiment. In less than an hour, I saw another Yankee come out in front of our line, and rushing forward, I captured him. I took one for each hole they put in my yankee cape. I prize this cape—it puzzled the Yankees, and enabled me to pass them unharmed. I could tell you a great many things more; but I hope the goodness of the same Providence, that has spared me thus far, will spare me to the end, and then I can tell you all face-to-face. Besides, I can speak now only of what I figured in, knowing nothing of others. It looks too much like egotism and self-extolling, and, therefore, I shall say no more.

BOOK TABLE.

Publishers of Books and Periodicals will receive careful notices of all new works forwarded to us.

THE LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, by Frank H. Alfriend, Richmond, Va., late Editor of The Southern Literary Messenger, and well-known from his editorial connection—both during and since the war—with the Richmond press.—To be issued in one handsome Octavo Volume, of from 600 to 650 pages, embellished with a portrait on steel.—Price, bound in the best English morocco cloth, \$5.50 per copy; bound in half calf antique, \$5.00 per copy.

We learn from the publishers that the above work is now far advanced in its preparation, and will be published at an early date. It will be sold exclusively by subscription, and a Bound Prospectus is now ready for Agents. In the collection of materials the author has had the co-operation and assistance of prominent officials of very high position in the late Confederacy, and has enjoyed facilities unsurpassed by any writer upon the subject of the war, for obtaining information from original sources. The work will form a full, complete, and authentic Biography of Mr. Davis, embracing the whole period of his life, and will shed much needed light upon many important subjects connected with the late war, which have never been understood—or, at best, but imperfectly so—because the facts necessary to their elucidation have remained inaccessible to all previous writers. That such a work will be looked for with eager interest, and that it is certain to prove one of the most rapidly selling books ever published must be evident to all. The following extract, taken from the work already stereotyped, will be read with interest, and will serve to show the admirable manner in which Mr. Alfriend uses his pen: To future generations the period in American history, of most absorbing interest and profound inquiry, will be that embracing the inefficiency, progress and termination of the revolution which had its pronounced place in the memorable war of 1861. Historians rarely concur in their estimate of the limits of a revolution, and usually we find quite as much divergence in their views of the scope of its operations, as in their speculations as to its origin and causes, and their statements of its incidents and results. If, however, it is difficult to assign, with minute accuracy, the exact limits and proper scope of those which sweep society from one century, track of ages, divert nations from the old path of progress into what seems to be the direction of a new destiny, and often transform the aspect of continents, it is comparatively an easy task to reach a reliable statement of their more salient and conspicuous incidents. It is in this aspect that the Titanic conflict, which had its beginning with the booming of the guns in Charleston harbor in April, 1861, and its crowning catastrophe at Appomattox Court-house in April, 1865, will be chiefly attractive to the future student. As a point of departure from the hitherto unbroken monotony of American history, the beginning of a new order of things, the extinction of important elements of previous national existence, embracing much that was consecrated in the popular affections; in short, as a complete political and social transformation, an abrupt, but thorough perversion of the government from its original purposes and previous policy, this period must take its place, with important suggestions of theory and illustration, among the most impressive lessons of history. The profound interest which shall center upon the period that we have under consideration, must necessarily subject to a rigid investigation the lives, characters, and conduct of those to whom were allotted conspicuous parts in the great drama. It is both a natural and reasonable test that the world applies in seeking to solve, through the qualities and capacities of those who direct great measures of governmental policy, the merits of the movements themselves. The late President of the United States, Mr. Lincoln, avowed his inability to escape the judgment of history, and the bare statement sufficiently describes the inevitable necessity, not only of his own situation, but of all who bore a prominent part on either side of the great controversy. Jefferson Davis confronts posterity burdened with the disadvantage of having been the leader of an unsuccessful political movement. "Nothing succeeds like success," was the pithy maxim of Talleyrand, to whose astute observation nothing was more obvious than the disposition of mankind to make success the touchstone of merit. It is, nevertheless, a vulgar and often an erroneous criterion. What could be more absurd than to determine by such a test the comparative valor, generalship, and military character of the two contestants in the late war? Concede its applicability, however, and we exalt the soldiery of the North above all precedent, and consign the unequal valor of the Southern soldiery to reproach, instead of the deathless fame which shall survive them. To such a judgment every battle-field of the war gives emphatic and indignant contra-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)