

# THE GREENSBORO TIMES.

VOL. VII. GREENSBORO, N. C., Thursday, March 26, 1863. NO. 7.

### Advertising Rates.

Each additional insertion, 25  
One year, 5.00  
Each additional insertion, 4.00  
One year, 30.00  
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### Business Directory.

**Attorneys at Law.**  
Burt & Scott,  
North Elm, opposite Court House.  
Gilmer & Gilmer,  
North Elm, opposite Court House, (see advertisement).  
Adams & Staples,  
Second floor, Tate building.  
**Apothecaries and Druggists.**  
H. W. Glenn, M.D.,  
West Market Street, McConnell building.  
Porter & Eckel,  
West Market, next courthouse, (see adv.)  
**Auctioneers.**  
W. E. Edwards,  
South Elm, opposite Express Office.  
**Book Stores.**  
B. O. Sterling,  
South Elm, opposite Express Office.  
**Barbers.**  
Wiles & Wiles,  
North Elm, opposite Court House.  
**Bankers and Insurance Agents.**  
Henry G. Kellogg,  
South Elm, Tate building, (see adv.)  
Wiles & Shober,  
South Elm, opposite Express Office, (see adv.)  
**Boot and Shoe Makers.**  
E. Kirch Schlegel,  
West Market, opposite Mansion Hotel.  
**Cigar Manufacturer.**  
A. Brockmann,  
South Elm, Caldwell block.  
**Cabinet Makers and Undertakers.**  
John A. Pritchett,  
South Elm, near Depot.  
Wm. Collins,  
Corner of Sycamore and Davis streets.  
**Contractor in Brick-work.**  
David McKnight.  
**Contractors in Wood-work.**  
J. L. Collier,  
Jas. L. Oakley.  
**Confessioners.**  
F. Desmet,  
Tate Building, corner store.  
J. Harper Lindsay, Jr.,  
South Elm.  
**Dress-Making and Fashions.**  
Mrs. N. Maurice,  
South Elm, (see adv.)  
Mrs. A. Dismarck,  
Next door to Times Office.  
**Dentists.**  
J. W. Howlett,  
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. Routledge,  
Corner East Market and North Elm,  
Lindsay corner, (see adv.)  
A. Weatherly,  
Corner East Market and Davis streets.  
W. D. Trotter,  
East Market, Albright's new building.  
L. E. May,  
West Market, opposite Porter & Eckel, (see adv.)  
E. 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. Steele,  
East Market and Davis streets.  
D. W. C. Benbow,  
Corner South Elm and Sycamore.  
Bogart & Murray,  
East Market, South Side.  
**Foundry and Machine Shop.**  
J. H. Turpley,  
Washington st., on the Railroad.  
**Grocers and Confectioners.**  
Starrett & White,  
East Market, next Post Office.  
**General Emigration Office, for the West and South-West.**  
Louis Zimmer,  
Gen'l Southern Agent, B and O R. R.,  
West Market, opposite Mansion Hotel.  
**Gulford Land Agency of North-Carolina.**  
Jas. B. Gretter, Gen'l Agent,  
West Market, opposite Mansion Hotel.  
**Harness-makers.**  
J. W. S. Parker,  
East Market st., near Court House.  
James B. Thoms,  
Corner South Elm and Sycamore.  
**Hotels.**  
Mansion Hotel, W. H. Reece, proprietor,  
Corner West Market and Greene streets,  
(see adv.)  
Southern Hotel, Seales & Black, proprietors,  
West Market, near Court House.  
Planter's Hotel, J. T. Rose, proprietor,  
East Market, near Court House.  
**Livery Stables.**  
W. E. Edmondson,  
Davis street.  
**Millinery 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. Maurice,  
South Elm, (see adv.)  
**Nurserymen.**  
Withbrook & Co.,  
Washington, near Railroad.  
**Physicians.**  
A. S. Porter,  
West Market st., (near Times Office.)  
R. W. Glenn,  
West Market, McConnell building.  
Jas. K. Hall,  
North Elm, opposite court-house.  
J. E. Logan,  
Corner West Market and Greene.

**Photographers.**  
Hoggs & Yates,  
West Market, opposite Court House,  
up stairs.  
**Sewing Machines.**  
D. H. LaFolks,  
Salisbury st.  
**Sign Painting.**  
A. W. Inghel,  
South Elm, Patriot building.  
**Tailors.**  
W. L. Foster,  
West Market, opposite Southern Hotel.  
**Timmers.**  
Jas. E. O'Sullivan,  
Corner West Market and Ashe streets.  
C. G. Yates,  
South Elm.  
**Tombs-Stones.**  
Henry G. Kellogg,  
South Elm.  
**Watchmakers and Jewellers.**  
W. H. Harris,  
South Elm, opposite Express Office.  
David Scott,  
East Market, Albright's block.  
**Gulford County Officers.**  
Chairman of the County Court, J. 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, Jas. Crane,  
South Elm.  
Register in Bankruptcy, Thos. B. Keogh,  
Tate building, up stairs.  
Bonded Warehouse, D. W. C. Benbow,  
South Elm, Benbow's building.

Written for The Times.  
**THE LIFE**  
OF  
**Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. COLE,**  
"One of the former Editors of 'The Times.'"  
*Quo difficilius, hoc praeclarus.*  
BY WILL. L. SCOTT.  
CHAPTER VIII.

At Snicker's Gap, Lieut. Col. GRAY, who had been absent on a sick leave, rejoined his regiment and took command. This was a pleasant relief to Maj. COLE. Both his superior regimental officers being absent, had made not only his duties onerous, but his responsibilities very great. He ever proved himself, nevertheless, equal to any emergency. Yet in Col. GRAY he had unbounded confidence as a gallant officer and a man of intellect and genius. Not only so, but his society in camp was exceedingly fascinating and desirable; for he was the very soul of wit and geniality as well as a ripe and ready scholar. Before, their life together had been everything which the warmest heart could have desired; and, in his return, Maj. COLE anticipated not only relief from duties hard and unpleasant, but that intellectual and social entertainment so needed to break the monotony of soldiering and campaigning.

Strange life—the life of a soldier! All now hoped for rest, all needed it; still only a few days after Col. GRAY's return, and while the Twenty-Second was on picket duty at Summit Point, fifteen miles above Winchester, orders were given to march. Scarce a soldier that did not heave a deep sigh—howbeit, none murmured. 'Twas now the last of surly November. On the 22nd of that month, Gen. A. P. HILL'S Division, to which the Twenty-Second be longed, marched for Fredericksburg, the point to which all eyes seemed to be turning in the full expectation of a desperate general engagement. They reached there on the 2nd of December, 1862, having marched one hundred and eighty miles in eleven successive days—over sixteen miles each day, and having twice crossed the mountains. Though much toll-worn, they had sufficient time between their arrival and the beginning of the battle to be completely refreshed. Among Maj. COLE'S letters is this graphic description of the part he and some of his men acted in the dreadful engagement near that city: "General BURNSIDE had once held Fredericksburg and must, therefore, have known the advantage of position possessed by General LEE. Should he advance under this knowledge, he would, as a good and prudent commander, bring men and appliances to equal such advantage. Thus I reasoned with myself, and, hence, I inferred it would be an unusually destructive battle.

"Gen. LEE did not try to prevent his crossing, only endeavoring to worry him as much as possible. Thursday night, he crossed. Friday morning, at 6 o'clock, Gen. A. P. HILL'S Division moved forward to take position. The

frost was nearly as white as snow; the ground, frozen hard; and the fog hanging so heavy, one could scarcely see two hundred yards. As the enemy had a very large army, I knew it would take fully twenty-four hours, constant crossing on three bridges—the number we supposed he had,—to get all the troops over; and, therefore, I did not much expect an engagement during that day. About 10 o'clock, the thick vapor disappearing, the enemy, with

"Unnumbered hosts, that threaten high—  
Pennon and standard flaunting high,  
And flag displayed,"

was discovered in line of battle only a few hundred yards from our line. As the display seemed to be rather sudden and to reveal an unexpected sight on both sides, I thought there was a slight sensation, a stir, a flutter. It lasted but for a few moments, however, and each party proceeded to plant his batteries and arrange the supports and lines of battle, apparently as coolly as you would arrange a flower-garden, marking the walks and planting the shrubbery.

"In the afternoon, Gen. PENDER sent for me, and, on reporting, he said there were some houses and straw stacks in front, which would obstruct the free play of our batteries, and he wanted me to examine the ground sufficiently before night to take a party from my regiment and burn them. I went forward to examine them, and though I did not hardly expect to be able to reach the houses before dark, yet as I was surveying the ground of approach, noting the ravines, the ditches, the fences, &c., which would be favorable or unfavorable to the party for approach or defence, I found myself at the first house, then another, and another, until I had closely examined some eight or ten, what points would most easily ignite, &c. Lastly, I examined and counted about fifteen stacks of straw in an open field immediately in front and in view of the enemy's line, only about three hundred yards distant. I watched the sentinels closely as they did me; but seeing no motions to shoot, I continued to draw nearer and nearer until my inspection was completed and plans matured. I went back to the regiment; selected my men, one hundred and twenty; supplied some with matches and others with muskets; and at the first darkness, which is the deepest of the night, I proceeded to make the approach. Every man had his house or stack assigned him; and having neared the objects until each was in place and ready, I snapped a pistol-cap—the signal—and, instantaneously, twenty or thirty streams of brilliant flame leaped up, lighting the heavens with almost the brightness of the noon-day sun. It was the prettiest sight, in the way of fires, which I ever saw. One was an immensely large barn, full of tobacco hanging upon the sticks and perfectly dry. You may possibly imagine such a blaze as this would make. No doubt, the Yankees were astonished and confounded, and wondered what next; nor did they, such was their confusedness, fire upon us as was somewhat expected by the burning party. Thus our adventure was perfectly successful; and, much elated, we returned to the regiment and slept soundly until morning.

"As I remarked in the beginning of this letter, there was a more determined and defiant preparation for battle, than I had ever before witnessed. Heretofore, I had been accustomed to fighting whenever the enemy forced us—there being no delay, no waiting. But here, within rifle-shot, our lines had stood all day, each actively engaged in preparation for the contest. That there would be a fight, no one could doubt. We could not retreat; and the enemy would not have crossed the river, had he not intended to fight. Therefore, the fight was certain, and the preparations such as to anticipate the most desperate and decisive battle of the war. With such feelings, I laid down to sleep on Friday night, and with such I arose Saturday morning two hours before day. Through many hard-fought battles, I had passed unharmed; but why should I escape when so many, so

much better, were killed, or wounded? It was all in the hands of Providence. To the goodness of God I had yielded my keeping heretofore—to the mercy of the same Being I trusted again. But whether I should survive a contest, apparently destined to be the most desperate and destructive, of course, I could not tell. I felt satisfied thousands would not, and I could not help weeping. These and similar thoughts were coursing through my mind after I arose, and while I was making my bivouac-toilet.

"Our line of battle was in the edge of a piece of pines, which skirted an oak-forest lying in our rear. Bob, Jim and myself were sitting around a small fire some distance from any others, discussing the probable results of the expected battle, how each of us would fare, what would be the emotions of the loved at home if they knew our situation, when suddenly rapid discharges of musketry were heard. We rushed to arms, and, in a few moments, every man was ready. I will not say every man burned for the contest. You see such language in print, but after being under fire more than twenty times, I deny its truthfulness. Soldiers do not "burn" for battle, nor do you ever hear one use such language, unless he be one who always runs just as the battle joins. The fighting, at this time, proved to be only skirmishing.

"I must refer you to the newspaper accounts and the reports of the General-in-Chief and his subordinate officers for a full and lengthy description of this battle, for one engaged can never know much more than falls under his immediate observation. PENDER'S brigade was A. P. HILL'S extreme left, supported by THOMAS, of Georgia. Next, LANE'S brigade; then, ARCHER'S, Tenn., supported by GREGG, of South Carolina. And FIELD'S Virginia brigade, supported by EWELL'S Division, was HILL'S extreme right. HILL had but six brigades in his Division. The battle commenced on the right of our line—I mean the regular advance of the enemy's line and the musketry engagement. Our brigade was the first felt of by the artillery. The diapason of the cannonade was terrible and lasted for several hours. The fighting came gradually down our right line until it was driven back upon the supports. The enemy did not advance upon our brigade. He made an effort, but was promptly repulsed by the artillery. The woods, that skirted the bottom, marked our line and formed one side of an ellipse. The enemy formed the diameter. As we were about the centre, we were farthest from his guns, and, hence too, he had a longer distance to advance in our front upon the open plain—three-quarters of a mile. We had skirmishers, however, advanced half a mile, and these were engaged, over and anon, the entire day, and, several times, drove in the sharpshooters. About 3 o'clock, our line of skirmishers had expended nearly all their ammunition and was becoming considerably confused; and when LANE'S brigade was driven back on their right, they fell back by compulsion. This enabled the enemy to advance his line of sharpshooters to the brow of a small hill opposite the one on which was placed our artillery and distant about eight hundred yards. Gaining this position the sharpshooters annoyed our artillerists so much they could not handle their guns. Up to this time, I had been under so very severe a cannonade, that I did not consider myself worsted a great deal in position, when I was called upon to take one hundred men, join our skirmishers and repel the sharpshooters. Five hundred yards in front of our batteries and three hundred in front of the sharpshooters, was the Railroad with a small cut—a good place for protection to ourselves and destruction to the enemy. I deployed my one hundred men and made for that cut at a double quick. Reaching there I rallied our confused and dispirited brigade skirmishers, and with them and my fresh men was making a manly, bold, but wavering defence of our position. Meantime, PENDER, seeing the terribleness of the struggle and the inadequacy of

my force to successful resistance, ordered one of his staff to dash to the Twenty-Second and hurry two more companies to my assistance. Shells were raining in torrents around and over the old regiment, every man of which was flat on the ground; but the Adjutant, at once repairing to the companies of Capt. CLARKE and ODELL, detailed them and sent them forward. Coming up in good time and gallant style, we drove the sharpshooters over the hill. Of my men one was killed and about a dozen wounded. All the wounded were at an exposed point where we touched LANE'S brigade. His men did not advance, which left my right flank exposed and the men were shot from this direction. Those not wounded were soon out of ammunition, whereupon I ordered them to cease firing, unless the enemy advanced. It was dangerous to go to the rear, so I directed the wounded to remain in the cut. I had their cartridges divided with the men able to fight, and to fill the places so thinned out in my line, I loaded a musket, the first one I ever loaded in my life, and made the Captains and Lieutenants under me do the same. We had about six rounds each, and had the enemy advanced, I do not suppose a man of us would have escaped. That cut would have been a little modern Thermopylae. Though conscious of our own weakness, the enemy did not know it, and we showed a brave front and stood firm. In the first hours of the black night, I sent off the wounded and rearranged the line of defence, and the rest of us remained until morning without fire or blankets. We were, then, relieved, and A. P. HILL'S Division was sent back to our third line of defence.

Thus he closes a description of the part he bore in this bloody tragedy. Of course, it is meagre and imperfect, only what one saw from his several standpoints during the action. But it is, nevertheless, interesting as an historical reminiscence. Many characteristics of this intrepid young officer can be discovered in it,—his goodness of heart, his humanity, his fearlessness, his untiring patience and heroic endurance, and his gratitude and devotion to God.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**SMILE AND BE CONTENTED.**  
The world grows old, and men grow cold  
To each while seeking treasure,  
And what with want, and care and toil,  
We scarce have time for pleasure;  
But never mind, that is a loss  
Not much to be lamented;  
Life rolls on gaily if we will  
But smile and be contented.

If we are poor and would be rich,  
It will not be by pining;  
No, steady hearts and hopeful minds  
Are life's bright silver lining.  
There's no'er a man that dares to hope,  
'Till he has his choice repeated;  
The happiest souls on earth are those  
Who smile and are contented.

When grief doth come and rack the heart,  
And fortune bids us sorrow,  
From hope we may a blessing reap,  
And consolation borrow.  
If thorns may rise where roses bloom,  
It cannot be prevented;  
So make the best of life you can,  
And smile and be contented.

**A NEW MILITARY ORDER.**—Gen. Canby has issued, under date of March 3d, a general order, from which we copy the following paragraph:

The monthly reports of crimes, arrests and of discharge or transfers of prisoners, required by existing orders from civil officers within this military district to the Provost Marshal General, will, in future, be rendered through the Post Commander within whose jurisdiction such officers may be serving at the time. The duplicate reports required to be made to Post Commanders are hereby discontinued; and the reports required of Post Commanders will hereafter embrace only such cases as are not included in the reports of civil officers, and will be rendered at the time these reports are forwarded, with such remarks as are requisite to a full understanding of any cases needing explanation. Post Commanders will report at the same time the measures taken, with a view to correct any neglect on the part of civil officers, either in failure to notice a reported crime, or to arrest the criminal, or for unusual or unnecessary delay in making the reports required.

Post Commanders are charged with the prompt rendition of these reports, which will hereafter be forwarded by them direct to the Provost Marshal General at these headquarters. Blanks will be supplied to all civil officers

through commanding officers of posts, who will make timely requisition for the same upon the Provost Marshal General.

The other sections of the order refer exclusively to matters of military discipline.—Bulletin.

### SOUTHERN EMIGRATION.

Nearly every Southern journal that reaches us contains an earnest invitation to practical men of small or large means, and more especially farmers, to make the South their home. The inducements offered are a delightful climate, and generous and easily cultivated soils, at prices and in quantities that can scarcely fail to meet the wants of all. That there is an immense and prospectively profitable field opened up to practical farmers in the South, is beyond dispute; that the inducements offered are sufficiently tempting to have already attracted a large number of American and foreign emigrants and settlers. Of the latter class no less than nine ship loads have recently arrived at Texan ports, it being their intention to devote themselves mainly to regular agricultural pursuits. These foreign settlers are principally Germans. Quite a number of Vermont farmers have also selected Texas as their future home. These latter have taken with them herds of improved cattle, it being their purpose to devote themselves to the raising of stock, the rich pastures of the State being specially adapted to this pursuit.

From other Southern States, Virginia, North and South Carolina, we have similar gratifying reports.—Journal of the Farm.

### A SECOND WASHINGTON.—W. W. Holden

was the first man in North Carolina to nominate, and raise in the Standard, the flag of Jefferson Davis, for the Presidency of the Confederate States; and he claimed that merit in his paper.

W. W. Holden was the first man in North Carolina to call Col. Zebulon B. Vance from his command in the army, to a canvass for the Governorship of the State, as the candidate of the old Union party. He was, also, the first to desert and oppose him, because he refused to concur with him in the effort to accomplish the peace which they both desired, by encouraging cowardly desertions from the army, and by harboring and protecting deserters themselves.

W. W. Holden was the first and only man in North Carolina who suggested the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. No one but him ever asked "who would plot for his head?" There is no other North Carolinian who would not and did not, blush at the baseness of the suggestion.

W. W. Holden is beyond dispute,—though after a very burlesque fashion—"first in war; first in peace; and first in the hearts of his countrymen." These countrymen now happen to be the martyr-worshippers and fanatics at the North, and the multitudes here of wandering carpet-bag Pilgrims, unsophisticated Heroes of Africa (U. H. O. A.) of all colors, and unchristianised native scalawags, whose skins, by some mistake, happened to be white, with nothing else white about them. "God save the State!"

### GULFORD CONSERVATIVE ORGANIZATION.

At a meeting of the citizens, on the 22nd February, 1863, the following permanent organization was agreed upon:

**Executive Committee.**  
Peter Adams, Sr.,  
David F. Caldwell,  
Rev. Calvin H. Wiley,  
Dr. Nereus Mendenhall,  
Samuel H. Rankin, Jr.

**District Concessors.**

No.	1.	W. P. Heath, Abner Apple
	2.	H. C. Dick, E. L. Smith,
	3.	Dr. W. A. Coble, Peter Smith,
	4.	John A. Mebane, Isaac Thacker, Ed. Hudson,
	5.	N. P. Rankin, James S. Stuart,
	6.	James Thom, Paul Coble,
	7.	James Davis, John G. Pearson, Jno. Harris,
Town,	8.	Wm. D. Wharton, James Ward, J. B. Gretter, J. C. Cannon,
	9.	S. B. Glenn, Jos. D. McCulloch, Addison Ross,
	10.	J. M. Reid, William E. Bevil,
Town 11.		Emsley Armsfield, Jas. W. Albright, D. E. Albright,
	12.	W. L. Kirkman, J. B. Freeman,
	13.	S. A. Powell, Charles Wilson,
	14.	Mansfield Dean, Thomas E. Cooke,
	15.	J. H. Johnston, S. H. Thomas,
	16.	W. W. King, J. N. Nelson, W. O. Donnell,
	17.	C. J. Wheeler, J. A. Davis, Dr. Sapp,
	18.	W. F. Bowman, A. V. Sullivan, R. F. Sechrest.

Of all the young women mentioned in the Bible, Ruth seems to have treated her sweetheart the worst. She pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

Elastic boot-heels are a new invention, and said to be good. Stanton says, arguing a posteriori, he thinks elastic boot-toes would be much better