

Advertising Rates.

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Business Directory.

- Attorneys at Law: Scott & Scott, North Elm, opposite Court House; Gilmer & Gilmer, North Elm, opposite Court House; Adams & Staples, Second floor, Tate building; Scales & Scales, North Room, Patrick Row, in rear of Porter & Eckle's Drug Store; Apothecaries and Druggists: H. W. Glenn, M.D., West Market Street, McConnell building; Porter & Eckle, West Market, next courthouse; Auctioneer: W. E. Edwards, North Elm, opposite Court House; Book Stores: H. O. Sterling, South Elm, opposite Express Office; Barbers: Wilkes & Wiley, North Elm, opposite Court House; Bankers and Insurance Agents: Henry G. Kellogg, South Elm, Tate building; Wilson & Shuler, South Elm, opposite Express Office; 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. Pritchett, South Elm, near Depot; Contractor in Brick-work: Ira M. Knight; Contractors in Wood-work: J. J. Coiler, East Market; Confectioners: Tate Building, corner stairs; Dress-Making and Fashions: Mrs. N. Manier, South Elm; Dentists: J. W. Houlett, 1st door left hand, up stairs, Garrett's building; Dry Goods, Grocers and Produce Dealers: W. S. Moore, East Market; L. H. Runtzsch, Corner East Market and North Elm; J. W. Trotter, East Market; L. R. May, West Market; J. C. Dodson, West Market; Jas. Sloan & Sons, South Elm; C. G. Yates, South Elm; Smith & Gilmer, Opposite Southern Hotel; J. D. Miles, East Market street; B. Steele, Corner East Market and Davis streets; D. W. C. Beabow, Corner South Elm and Sycamore; Dogart & Murray, East Market; Foundry and Machine Shop: J. H. Turpley, Washington st., on the Railroad; Grocers and Confectioners: Starrett & White, East Market; General Emigration Office, for the West and South-West: Louis Zimmer, Gen'l Southern Agent, B and O. E. R. West Market, opposite Mansion Hotel; Guilford Land Agency of North-Carolina: Jno B. Grotter, Gen'l Agent, West Market, opposite Mansion Hotel; Harness-makers: J. W. S. Parker, East Market; James E. Thom, Corner South Elm and Sycamore; Hotels: Mansion Hotel, W. H. Reece, Proprietor; Southern Hotel, Scales & Black, proprietors; Planter's Hotel, J. T. Reese, proprietor; Livery Stables: W. J. Edmondson, Davis street; Millinery and Lady's Goods: Mrs. B. S. Moore, East Market; Mrs. Sarah Adams, West Market; Music and Musical Instruments: Prof. F. B. Marrier, South Elm; Nurserymen: Westwood & Co., Washington, near Railroad; Photographers: Hughes & Yates, West Market, opposite Court House, up stairs.

- Physicians: A. S. Porter, West Market st., (near Times Office.); B. W. Glenn, West Market, McConnell building; Jas. K. Hall, North Elm, opposite court-house; J. E. Logan, Corner West-Market and Greene; Sign Painting: A. W. Ingold, South Elm, Patriot building; Sewing Machines: D. H. LaFisk, Salisbury st.; Tailors: W. L. Fowler, West-Market, opposite Southern Hotel; Tinners: Jno. B. O'Sullivan, Corner West Market and Ashe streets; C. G. Yates, South-Elm; Tomb-Stones: Henry G. Kellogg, South Elm; Watchmakers and Jewellers: W. B. Farrar, South Elm, opposite Express Office; David Scott, East Market, Albright's block; Guilford County Officers: Chairman of the County Court, J. H. Lindsey; 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. Edgdale; U. S. Officials: Freedmen's Bureau, Capt. Hugo Hillebrandt, Garrett's building, up stairs; Assessor's Office, Jesse Wheeler, West Market, near Court House; Collector's Office, Jno. Crano, South Elm; Register in Bankruptcy, Thos. B. Keogh, Tate building, up stairs; Bonded Warehouse, D. W. C. Beabow, South Elm, Benbow's building.

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

On his return to the Army of Virginia, Maj. COLE found Col. CONNER in command. This was a happy surprise. Col. CONNER had been so severely wounded and so long in recovering, that it was apprehended he would never be again able for active field-service. He was now, indeed, only partially recovered and himself had fears, that he was permanently disabled. He found a veil of gloom over the entire regiment. Officers and men were saddened by the sudden and untimely death of the gifted and gallant GRAY. He was kind and true, generous and magnanimous, brave and ever daring; he was beloved by all; he had fallen, too, in the golden prime of life and in the beginning of a glorious career; and, though he was now one of the deathless few, yet they mourned and wept, that he was not of them to inscribe his name still higher and more brilliantly on the scroll of fame. His place in their hearts was hard to fill; but none, there or elsewhere, could bring more purity of heart, more loftiness and disinterestedness of purpose, more indomitable courage, or more daring heroism into that position, than Maj. COLE. The law promoted him to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy and all acclaimed him such. It was now the last of April. The spring campaign was opening. All were looking forward to it with such dread and such anxiety as none can realize except a soldier. Battle is a lottery, as it were, for the privilege of living. Such it seemeth and really is to the soldier. The most careless and thoughtless, at the coming of such a test of human courage and faith, are often rendered thoughtful and serious, and betake themselves to communion with their own souls and attempt to rise even to the height of communion with the wise and beneficent Disposer of all things. So moved and having implicit confidence in the piety and holy living of Col. COLE, they invited him to hold a prayer-meeting in his regiment one week before the great engagement at Chancellorsville. He did so with all the meekness of a genuine faith and in all the beauty of holiness, explaining with child-like simplicity the plan of salvation and carrying his brave men in prayer with all the earnestness and fervency of christian love to the throne of Mercy and Grace. On the Friday prior to the principal engagement at Chancellorsville, A. P. HILL'S Division moved from its old camping-grounds below to a position

above Fredericksburg and near the spot which was soon to be forever consecrated in history by ingenious generalship and chivalric daring. His Division made the flank movement on Hooker's right wing, coming up in the rear of the United States Army. So great was the surprise of the enemy, that he fled almost without firing a gun, the Confederates pursuing rapidly and successfully. Col. COLE was in an unusually pleasant flow of spirits during this rout. Coming across a coffee-pot, in the Federal encampment, boiling hotly with the genuine old-time coffee, Lieut. COLE and himself assisted a wounded Yankee in disposing of it and, then, they forwarded in the pursuit. Col. CONNER'S old wound was re-hurt in this action and he was carried to the rear, and Col. COLE assumed command. The rout and pursuit ceasing, Gen. HILL'S Division was placed in the front-rank, preparatory to the next day's fight. Being erroneously advised by his scouts as to the position of the enemy, Lieut. Gen. JACKSON, after-noon, ordered his line forward; but ere his men had advanced far, they drew the fire of the Federals, which, for a few moments, such was its unexpectedness, confused and scattered his wearied and disorganized troops. While the firing lasted, the woods were ablaze with a musketry and artillery illumination; and suddenly, all was again quiet and enveloped in a deeper and intenser darkness. All men and officers, were in condition to realize and enjoy that wise utterance of a Roman: *Acti labores juveni*—toils past are delightful! Full of reflections, full of hope not unmixed with anxiety, Col. COLE dropped down at the foot of a tree and slept as soundly as if he were assured a multitude of years was allotted him. At intervals, during the night, he was up, instructing, talking with and encouraging his men; bating this, his sleep was sound, and deep, and dreamless. He was up ere day was breaking in the east. 'Twas the first sabbath in the beautiful month of May. All the wilderness around him was blossoming like the rose. The rich gayeties of the wild-woods were budding and blushing in modest loveliness; the air was redolent with their aroma; the welkin was ringing with the gushing melody of the choral songsters; "the little hills were skipping like lambs, the trees of the field were clapping their hands and the mountains were breaking forth before him into singing."—Every thing in the material universe was replete with beauty and harmonic with joyousness. 'Twas truly a delightful hour for heart-meditation and heaven-commune! Young COLE retired, and, kneeling lowly and devoutly at the foot of the Cross which the NAZARENE erected there in that wild and hitherto frequented spot, he blessed God for His goodness, put his young life in His keeping, and prayed: "THEY WILL BE DONE." Ay, how lovely this world, but for sin, and war, and death! Such had been the magnitude and heinousness of the national offenses of the American people, that the quietude and holiness of that Sabbath were to be disturbed and desecrated by the clash of arms and the slaughter of immortal beings. Not that only, but the country was to be cursed, as the sequel has shown, with a galling, harassing, destructive and bloody war of four-years duration! With the first light of day, the regiments were formed, and the ringing voice of Gen. PENDER—"by the left-flank, march"—put each in motion toward the field of carnage. Before they had marched far he commanded "by the right-flank, march," and they were in full front of the stupendous earth-works of the Federal troops. All was death-like silence—not even the gun of a sharpshooter was to be heard, or the noise which usually arises from a camp. Still, they moved forward, with firm tread and manly bearing. They were almost at the first line of breast-works where frowned the immense batteries, which were to shower melted death upon them. Anon, the crack of mus-

kets and the roar of artillery began on the right. His brigade double-quick forward over a small eminence and were in the midst of the storm of red flames and liquid missiles. Everywhere and every second, men were falling. "Thick as autumn leaves that strow the brooks in Vallambrosa, where the Etrurian shades High over-arch'd imbower." So like thunder was the cannonading, that naught could be heard; and, so dense was the smoke, that they were as blind men groping in the dark.—Still, on they pressed, firing as they charged; could they have seen how they were surrounded with the shafts of destruction, so perfectly dreadful was it, human endurance must have failed. Yet on and on they rushed, the "double-quick" falling first into the "quick-time" and, then, into the "common time." At length, they would move a few steps, halt, fire, waver, and the thinned line would almost break in despair of life or victory. Col. COLE was in the very hottest of that death-field, cheering his men, walking up and down his line, commanding his men to forward, and waving his drawn sword wherever he discovered finching or hesitancy. Thousands were dead and dying—two hundred of his own men were weltering in blood, lifeless, or screaming and groaning with pain and agony. Scarcely had he an officer unwounded; yet he was still unharmed. As the smoke of the guns would clear away here and there along his line, which was seldom and momentarily, his majestic form could be seen and his loud shrill voice could be heard by those nearest him, beseeching them not to flag, not to give ground, but to charge right over the works into the line of the Federals. Such was the awful sweep of missiles and the hot breath of the guns, that some of the bravest threw themselves behind logs to avoid them. Seeing him striding fearlessly, and with determination sitting upon his countenance, toward them, they leaped up with fright and desperation and breasted the hurricane of death again as only frantic and despairing men could. As they struggled and staggered forward against the flame-sheets of the enemy's wrath, Col. COLE was continually crying: "Forward men, forward—charge the works—rush forward—take them by storm, take them at the very mouth of the cannon!" While thus bearing himself dauntlessly and nobly, a minnie ball struck Col. COLE in one shoulder passing through him and out at the other. He dropped instantly, catching as he fell with his hands. Capt. GRAVES, who chanced to be near him, inquired if he was hurt. He answered: "It will not amount to much." Corporal BODENHAMMER approached to give him assistance, when the Colonel asked him "to unfasten his clothes—that he felt very hot." He, then, told him to "take off his things" and raised himself on his arm to help him. His watch, pocket-book, pistol and other things removed, Corp. BODENHAMMER wished to know if he could further aid him. Two minutes before he was in full life and vigor, now he was unable to speak; but laid himself gently down and "His soul to Him who gave it rose; God led it to its long repose, Its glorious rest? And, though the warrior's sun has set, Its light shall linger round us yet, Bright, radiant, blest!" So soon as he fell, Maj. LABAN ODELL, a young and gallant officer from Randolph, assumed command; but in less than five minutes,—almost before Col. COLE expired,—he was stricken down; wounded in three places and mortally. The dauntless PENDER, seeing that both the field officers and nearly all the company commanders had fallen, rushed to the battle-flag of the Twenty-Second, seized it and bore it proudly and daringly over the breast-works of the Federals, "followed by the bleeding remnants of that matchless band of men." Thus the golden sands of his life ran out early—prematurely; and his uncoffined remains, which were interred at Guinea Station over one week by Lieut. R. W. COLE, who was wounded

and unable to remove them further, were by his brother confined and conveyed to the Graveyard of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Greensborough where they are, by the decree of Heaven, passing from "dust to dust." His funeral sermon was preached by President JONES, an able and eloquent divine, in the Church, to which he belonged, and in the presence of a large concourse of persons, on the afternoon of the 15th of May. Over his remains as they lay before the pulpit and until they were deposited in the ground, his Company flag, which had been used as the Regimental standard in battle, all torn and riddled with the missiles of war, and which he had pledged his word and prowess should never trail in dishonor, but rather be the sepulture-sheet of his lifeless body, was "a silent but eloquent memorial of his well-kept promise." Connected with his death, there is a striking and beautiful incident, which will be remembered with wonder by all who have heard, or shall here read it. He had been Superintendent of the Sabbath School in his Church at Greensborough for upwards of two years.—During his superintendency, he had largely increased the number of pupils and the interest in the cause was deepened, widened, and intensified. On visiting the School, the Sabbath before he returned last to the Army, he found the number had greatly decreased and the interest had considerably flagged. He made them a stirring talk; asked the prayers of the scholars for himself in his perilous situation far away on the tented-field; urged them to renewed exertions in behalf of the cause of Sabbath Schools; promised that he would remember his little flock of lovely children at the throne of the Heavenly Father; and indicated his intention to send a beautiful and valuable gift to the one who should bring the largest number of new pupils into the school by the first Sabbath in May. This warmed the hearts of the children and put them all to work in earnest. On that serene and charming Sabbath, the 3rd day of May, all their young hearts were fluttering with hope and fear—hope, that the gift might be secured and fear, that it might be lost. The town-clock had struck the hour and the bell had rung for their assembling.—By that time, the Church was much fuller than usual at Sabbath School.—Not far from that very hour, perhaps, at the moment when the gift was awarded to a poor but smart and interesting little girl, MARTHA JANE HERRELL, then only turning into her eleventh year, the pure, the true, the pious and the noble giver had fallen in the cold embraces of death on the field of battle and was receiving the guerdon of his holy living in the courts of eternal bliss and glory! Col. COLE was remarkably studious and eminently good. Of the books which he had read and admired, he placed the Holy Bible before and above all others. To him that was the ambrosia and the nectar of life. Like Sir WALTER SCOTT in his last days, when asked by Mr. LOCKHART from what book he should read, Col. COLE would have replied with this great man:—"Need you ask? THERE IS BUT ONE." Such was his estimate of that book for all times of life, all ages of the world and all parts of the globe. In its lies the divinest poetry, the most instructive history, the sweetest pastorals, the sublimest pathos, the most transporting and profoundest prophecy, the liveliest lyrics, the grandest morality and purest religious doctrine and gospel teaching! On the field of Fredericksburg, in the midst of an engagement, Gen. PENDER remarked to the Rev. THEO. W. MOORE, who was chaplain and personally well acquainted with him, that "Col. COLE was an efficient officer, and he believed him the most pious man he ever saw." This was a laconic testimonial of his character as an officer and a man; but so high a plaudit from such a source was not easily won. Ay, his name is all radi-

ant with imperishable martial honors, and he died full of "—hope—What hope!—That boundless One God in His love and mercy gave; Which brightens, with salvation's sun, The darkness of the grave!" Written for The Times. THEN AND NOW. In Eighteen Hundred and Sixty One The Chief of menials, X. F. G., Loud swore that never Southern sun Shown on a better Reb. than he. So valorous then in speech he was— Loud advocate of "first and steel," Most blatant champion of the cause He now would trample "neath his heel. His pen was busy day and night— He hated "Yankees" heartily then— He called upon his State to fight; And pledged her treasure and her men. His "loyal" heart swelled big with pride As pen he dipped into the ink And signed his name, while others sighed To see the old ship, "Union," sink. The pen which then inscribed his name He vowed should ever treasured be, Dearest instrument of lasting fame, "An heirloom for posterity." Not satisfied with open strife And battle waged upon the plain, Asked who would "plot" for Lincoln's life, A hope he cherished not in vain. His dearest and most ardent wish And prayer was for "some one to plot!" To serve him nicely on a dish "The heads of Lincoln and of Scott." Bold rebel then, few years ago, When Southern hope beat strong and high, The first the flame of war to blow Then first to turn his back and fly. Now chief among the tongues of hate, His craven soul with office bought, Taciturn-like, betrays his state, And those who believed him then and fought. Scarce less than beast! much less than man! Base counterfeit of human kind; First monster in the mongrel van, Where lesser reptiles crawl behind. The strangest things may sometimes be— As tad-pole quickly turns to frog— But far a stranger sight to see Man turn himself into a dog. DELTA.

- GUILFORD CONSERVATIVE ORGANIZATION. At a meeting of the citizens, on the 22nd February, 1868, the following permanent organization was agreed upon: Executive Committee. Peter Adams, Sr., David F. Caldwell, Rev. Calvin H. Wiley, Dr. Neretus Mendenhall, Samuel C. Rankin, Jr. District Canvassers. 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. Ensley Armfield, 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.

NEW STAY LAW. An Ordinance Respecting the Jurisdiction of the Courts of this State. Section 1. Be it ordained by the people of North Carolina in Convention assembled, That Sections 1 and 2 of the ordinance of the Convention, adopted June 23rd, 1866, entitled "An Ordinance to change the jurisdiction of the Courts and the rules of pleading therein," be and are hereby repealed. Sec. 2. Be it further ordained, that Section 3 of the above entitled Ordinance be amended to read, as follows: Sec. 3. That all actions of debt, covenant, assumpsit, and account now pending in the Superior Courts, shall be continued to Spring Term 1869; and that the several Superior Courts at the Spring Term thereof only, unless otherwise herein provided, shall have exclusive original jurisdiction of all such causes of action except where jurisdiction has been or shall be given to a Justice of the Peace by the Constitution or laws of North Carolina. Should the defendant, at the Spring Term 1869, on writs which shall be returned to that Term or in any suit for the above causes of action then pending in the Superior Court, pay or confess judgment to the plaintiff for one-tenth of the debt and demand (principal and interest) and all cost to that time, he shall be allowed until next Spring Term to plead.