

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 Rooms, Patrick Row, in rear of Porter & Eckel's Drug Store.
- Apothecaries and Druggists: B. W. Adams, M. D., West Market Street, McConnell building; Porter & Eckel, West Market, next courthouse; West Market, next courthouse.
- Auctioneer: W. E. Edwards.
- Book Stores: B. 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 & Moser, South Elm, opposite Express Office.
- Hat and Shoe Makers: E. Koch Schlapel, West Market, opposite Mansion Hotel; Thos. S. Hays, Davis st., 4 doors North Steele's corner.
- Cigar Manufacturer: A. Brockmann, South Elm, Caldwell block.
- Cabinet Makers and Undertakers: John A. Pritchett, South Elm, near Depot; W. Collins, Corner of Sycamore and Davis streets.
- Contractor in Brick-work: David McKnight.
- Contractors in Wood-work: J. J. Collier, Jan. L. Oakley.
- Confessioners: F. DeMet, Tate Building, corner store; J. Harper Lindsay, Jr., South Elm.
- Dress-Making and Fashions: Mrs. N. Maurice, South Elm; Mrs. A. Dilworth, Next door to Times Office.
- Dentists: J. W. Hockett, 1st door left hand, up stairs, Garrett's building; E. Scott, East Market, Albright's block.
- Dry Goods, Grocers and Produce Dealers: W. S. Moore, East Market, Albright's new building; J. H. Bostick, Corner East Market and North Elm, Lindsay corner; A. Weatherly, Corner East Market and Davis street; W. D. Trotter, East Market, Albright's new building; J. R. May, West Market, opposite Porter & Eckel; B. C. Dudson, West Market, opposite Court House; Jas. Sloan & Sons, South Elm, near Depot; C. G. Yates, South Elm; Smith & Gilmer, Opposite Southern Hotel; J. D. Kline, East Market street; B. Steele, Corner East Market and Davis street; D. W. C. Bennett, Corner South Elm and Sycamore; Boyart & 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: Jno B. Gritter, Gen'l Agent, West Market, opposite Mansion Hotel.
- Harness-makers: J. W. S. Parker, East Market st., near Court House; James E. Thom, Corner South Elm and Sycamore.
- Hotels: Mansion Hotel, W. H. Reese, proprietor, Corner West Market and Greene streets; Southern Hotel, Scales & Black, proprietors, West Market, near Court House; Planter's Hotel, J. T. Reese, proprietor, East Market, near Court House.
- Livery Stables: W. J. Edmondson, Davis street.
- Military and Lady's Goods: Mrs. W. S. Moore, East Market, Albright's new building; Mrs. Sarah Adams, West Market, opposite Court House.
- Musical and Musical Instruments: Prof. F. B. Maurice, South Elm.
- Nurserymen: Westbrock & Co., Washington, near Railroad.

- Photographers: Hughs & Yates, West Market, opposite Court House, up stairs.
- 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.
- Sign Painting: A. W. Ingold, South Elm, Patriot building.
- Sewing Machines: D. H. LeEsh, Salisbury st.
- Tailors: W. E. Fowler, West-Market, opposite Southern Hotel.
- Timers: Jno. E. O'Sullivan, Corner West Market and Ashe street; C. G. Yates, South Elm.
- Tomb-Stones: Henry G. Kellogg, South Elm.
- Watchmakers and Jewellers: W. B. Farvar, 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 Swaim; Clerk of the Superior Court, John W. Payne; Public Register, William U. Steiner; County Trustee, Wyatt W. Ragdale.
- U. S. Officials: Freedmen's Bureau, Capt. Hugo Hillebrandt, Garrett's building, up stairs; Assessor's Office, James 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.

FOR EMPEROR—U. S. GRANT.

From the Native Virginian, April 3rd.

Three delusions occupy the minds of that small portion of the American people who are able to think seriously about political affairs. First, the moderate Republicans, who are unwilling to sacrifice liberty to party ascendancy dream that this country may be governed permanently by the Federal Legislature, to which the Executive and Judiciary shall be not absolutely but relatively subordinate. Second, That wing of the Democratic party which is represented by the New York World, dreams that the Radicals being ousted, the Government may be restored to what it was before the war and the Constitution re-established, minus the institution of slavery, and the heresy, as they esteem it, of secession. Third, That wing of the Democratic party which is represented by the La Crosse Democrat and its adherents, whose numbers in the North are becoming considerable and whose unreflecting followers at the South may be numbered by thousands, dream that the overthrow of the Bondholders, the repudiation of the public debt, and the uprising of the working people, will inaugurate a new era of peace, prosperity and happiness under a perpetual Republic. It is high time these delusions were dispelled. This country cannot be long or well governed by the Federal Legislature, for the reason that that Legislature, even if it were Democratic instead of Radical, would, under a system of general suffrage (supposing negroes to be excluded,) represent the mob and its passions. The constitution cannot be restored, minus slavery and secession. Slavery secured an aristocratic representation, and secession was the sole safeguard against consolidation. If a State has not the right to secede peacefully, every right which it claims must in case of dispute, be established by force of arms, and arms failing (as in the late war) the Federal power, whether it be controlled by the Executive, the Legislature or Judiciary, becomes, so far as the States are concerned, supreme—in a word, it is despotism. The hopes of Brick Pomeroy and his followers, North and South, do not merit serious refutation. They are hardly sincere and they are certainly wild. The repudiation of the public debt is chaos, anarchy. What then is our state? Looking to the past, we now see clearly that the American revolution, in so far as it was supposed to have established the right of self-government,

was a blunder as well as a crime. The experiment has failed signally, and (for aye to come) hopelessly. The question of secession, which remained in dispute from the foundation of the Union, till 1865, has now been finally decided, and the sword has left to the States, North as well as South, no rights whatever. The authority in Washington is paramount to all other authority in the land, and none need or dare gainsay it. War being ended it remained to decide which of the three branches of the central government should control the others. Hence the long and bitter struggle between Andrew Johnson and Congress. That struggle is drawing near a close. Ours has been, heretofore, a Presidential or popular government. A few weeks hence, it will be a Congressional oligarchy, and we all know what to expect from that. This oligarchy, inflated by pride and maddened by passion, could not under any circumstances, remain long in power. It is not an oligarchy of aristocrats, but of demagogues. They have neither the sense, the discretion nor the breeding necessary to the maintenance of their high position. Already their heads are giddy. Fortunately for the country, they cannot remain long on trial. They are compelled next fall to go through the forms of a Presidential election. Still more fortunately they are forced to present General Grant as their candidate. We think it fortunate, because we believe firmly that Grant's election is certain, and because we believe that Grant will prove their master. Mary will dissent from this opinion, which we have long held and shall continue to hold until we see reason to change it. Many will be offended, but that we cannot help. There is, in our opinion, no earthly chance of the restoration of a Republican form of government, and if we are to choose between a Senate of fanatics and a Tyrant like Grant, we declare unhesitatingly in favor of the latter. We should much prefer a limited Constitutional monarchy to a despotism. But that is not possible here.—In England, where the franchise is restricted and where the Parliament represents the landed interests and the vested rights of the titled gentry, monarchy is the natural sequence. But in the United States, property and intelligence do not and cannot, while universal suffrage obtains, bear rule. Empire is the natural sequence of Republics. And if Grant will follow the suggestions of Montgomery Blair, given in another column, he may make himself Emperor without another war. That is the best we of the South as well as the North can expect for some years to come. In the convulsion which must occur before the next decade, the South may reasonably hope to be free—if that be a boon, as things are since the downfall of African slavery. For the present her interest is an Emperor instead of a mob of masters, miscalled a Senate. Nor need the South fear Grant. He is not the fool he is said to be. He is not the Radical he is thought to be.—He has played and is still playing his game for absolute power with consummate skill. From as obscure outcast from the regular army, he has risen to the supreme command of that army.—He has made himself a necessity to the Radical party. Strong as that party has been and is still, it is powerless without Grant, and they know it. He knows it. This day, were he to side with Johnson, Radicalism would go to the wall. He does not side with Johnson, not because he hates the South or loves negroes, but because Johnson represents Constitutionalism, and his game is outside and above the Constitution. He is seeking dominion, and he has almost grasped it. Whether the wisdom which has led him so far be his own or another's the fact remains—Grant is the power in this country. Call it fortune, luck, what else you will, it does not change the result. He will use the Radical party as a stepping stone to the Imperial purple,

and then he will strangle it. He is a man raised up of God for that purpose. He is remorseless. His heart is flint. His will is adamant. His fondness for horses, for dogs and cigars, his bad grammar, his silence, his ignorance, all, do not the least unfit him for the part he has to play. When the Courier des Etats Unis said, in quiet decision, "he talks little and thinks less," it uttered a good joke, which all enjoyed. But those who will be at pains to look back a little, will remember two important facts in this "lucky fool's" history. First, he accepted the command of the armies of the United States on condition that he should have absolute control of them. Second, he has persistently refused to stand upon any Republican platform, and has forced that party to make him their candidate without any public pledge whatsoever. These two, put with many other things, prove that Grant is for himself and no one else. He is no ordinary man. He who would rush his legions against Bragg, entrenched on Lookout Mountain; who strewed the line of march from Rapidan to the James with 80,000 dead and dying; who at the second Cold Harbour, allowed his wounded to perish in agonies rather than admit a defeat by sending a flag of truce to Lee; and who, to carry his point, accepted without hesitation the awful responsibility of starving ten thousand of his fellow-countrymen at Andersonville; he who would do this, and would play the terrible game of war as recklessly and coolly as he was wont to play the game of faro, in the days of his penury, is just the man to strangle a State or throttle a Continent, if that State or that Continent stood in the way of his ambition. Self-contained and pitiless, he is the man of all others in America to master, put down, keep down, and trample out of existence the Radical party. What if, in so doing, it becomes necessary to deluge New England or the West with blood? That would please him well. Nothing better. But he has taken sides with the negro and will grind the whites of the South under his heel. Not he. His danger lies not that way. The South is unarmed, and naturally disposed, as a choice of evils, to prefer Imperialism to fanatical Demagoguery. The West is restive, and New England mischievous. But the moment the West perceives that the struggle has begun between Grant and Congress, it will side with Grant. President in name but emperor in fact, he will then easily overmaster New England by the simple threat of putting his armies in motion. In this way and this alone, bloodshed may be averted and the revolution now in progress be accomplished peaceably. The Republic will have disappeared, the Empire will have taken its place. We will not have a good government, but we will have the best possible under the circumstances and as good as most governments in Europe. All sections, all classes, both races, will be kept in subjection. The land will repose, the fruits of industry will be gathered; civil liberty will be extinct, but there will be a fair share of personal liberty to those who behave themselves. Therefore we hope that Grant will be Emperor.

Written for The Times.

LIFE'S BUT A DREAM.

Life's but a dream—'tis all uncertain  
What to-morrow's dawn may bring,  
For when the future lifts the curtain  
How many fancied joys take wing?  
Look out upon the world around you  
And notice all the changes there,  
Look on the faces that surround you  
And see the lines inscribed by care.  
Look for the loved ones that you greeted  
In the days of long ago,  
How many of those forms have fled?  
How many sleep where flowers grow?  
How often hope, and joy and gladness,  
Are swept away in a little hour;  
And keenest pain and deepest sadness  
Come like the frosts that nip the flower.  
To-day we know; but not to-morrow;  
But know it when it comes we must,  
For it may bring its load of sorrow  
And bend our forms into the dust.  
Hast seen the bright dawn of the morning,  
Close followed by the murky cloud,  
That bursts without a sign of warning  
In savage flash and thunder loud?  
So joys of life are fleeting things  
That stay not with us when they come;  
But sorrow does and tightly clings  
Till Death and Mercy call us home.  
And can pain be where they do call us  
When this our and career is run?  
Can suffering, woe or grief befall us  
In th' unknown land beyond the sun?  
We know not, but should it be so—  
That there, too, hearts in sorrow mourn  
Oh God! Oh God! why are we born?  
DELTA.

YOUR FIRST SWEETHEART.

You can never forget her. She was so very young and innocent and pretty. She had such a way of looking at you over her hymn-book in church.—She alone, of all the world, did not think you a boy of eighteen, but wondered at your size, and your learning, and your faint foreshadowing of a sandy moustache, and believed you every inch a man. When at those stupid evening parties where boys who should have been in the nursery, and girls who should have eaten their suppers of bread and milk, and gone to sleep hours before, waltz and flirted and made themselves ill over oysters and champagne, you were favored by a glance of her eye or a whisper from her lip, you ascended to the seventh heaven immediately. When once upon a certain memorable eve she polkaed with the druggist's clerk, and never looked at you, how miserable you were. It is funny to think of now, but it was not funny then, for you were awfully in earnest. Once, at a picnic, she wore a white dress, and had roses twined in her black hair, and she looked so like a bride that you fairly trembled; sometimes you thought in just such a costume, with just such blossoms in her hair, she might stand beside the altar and you, most blessed of all mortals, might place a golden ring upon her finger, and when you were left alone with her for a moment some of your thoughts would form themselves into words, and though she blushed and ran away, and would not let you kiss her, she did not seem angry. And when you were parted, somehow, for a little while, and when you met again she was walking with a gentleman, a large, well whiskered man, of twenty-eight or thirty, and had neither word nor smile for you, and some well-meaning gossip informed you shortly after that she was engaged to the tall gentleman with black whiskers, and that "it was a splendid match." It was terrible news to you then, and sent you off to some great city, far from your native place, where, after a good deal of youthful grief, and many resolutions to die and haunt her, you recovered your equanimity, and began to make money, and to call love stuff and nonsense. You have a rich wife of your own, now, and grown up children—aye even grand children about your hearth; your hair is gray, and you lock your heart up in the fire-proof safe of your counting-house when you go home at night. And you thought that you had forgotten the little episode of your nineteenth year, until the other day, when you read of her death in the papers. You know she was a stout lady, who wore

glasses, and had daughters older than she was in that olden time; but your heart went back and you saw her smiling and blushing, with her golden hair about her face and yourself a boy again, dreaming of wedding robes and rings, and you laid your gray old head upon your office desk and wept for the memory of your first sweetheart.

OUT THIS OUT.

The Mercantile Times gives the following reasonable rules for young men commencing business.

The world estimate men by their success in life, and by general consent, success is an evidence of superiority. Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourselves and others.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and, in doing this never reckon the cost.

Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty when your interest is concerned.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

Be neither lavishing or niggardly.—Of the two, avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping-stone to preferment, therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.

Say but little—think much—and do more.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is friend in need. Keep clear of the law, for even if you gain you are generally a loser of money.

Avoid borrowing and lending.

Wine drinking and cigar smoking are bad habits. They impair the mind and pocket, and lead to a wasteful time.

NEW THING IN SNAKES.—There is a snake of more than ordinary hideous description which infests the vast Brazilian forests, and the plains up toward the county in which the headwaters of the Amazon take their rise. It is described as having a hood on the back of its head, something like that sometimes attached to a lady's cloak, and it crawls up to a sleeping man or animal, throws the hood over the sleeper's face, and then quietly breathing its poisonous breath therein, the sleeping man or animal inhales it and dies.

A company of explorers that went to the headwaters of the Amazon from New York, in 1854-5, reported that they lost several members of their party in this way. They would find a man dead in the morning, his body livid and swollen; and showing evident signs of poison, but no mark of a bite or sting upon him. They could not account for the casualties, until the natives told them of the reptile and explained its mode of operating. This snake is represented as growing to the length of 20 feet.

A TEST of sincerity was curiously applied the other day by an eccentric old gentleman who directed in his will, that his funeral should take place at 6 o'clock in the morning, if he died in the Summer, and at 8 A. M., if in Winter. He left a list of 400 persons who were to be invited to his obsequies, as all of them had shared his benefits in time past. All who came were to inscribe their name in a register to be kept at the door of his residence. Of the entire number of invitees, only 28 came at 8 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 20th, when the old gentleman was buried. Afterwards all who had attended and put down their names as required, found that each of them had earned a legacy at the rate of \$1000 for each gentleman, and \$1600 for each lady. Thus those who staid away lost something by their indifference.

HOW TO STAMP LETTERS.—An exchange has the following article on stamping letters:

"Many persons instead of wetting postage stamps wet the letters, but it is a bad plan, as the saliva is a powerful solvent, and in the act of dampening it with the tongue, the size is softened or wholly or partly removed from the paper. At once the moisture begins to sink into the absorbent surface, which in three seconds becomes so dry that a stamp will not stick firmly and completely to it.

Who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of drawers?