

Notice to Shippers.

As will be seen by reference to our local columns, where we publish the proceedings, the proper celebration of the Mecklenburg Centennial is justly occupying its full share of public attention.

Several of our Republican exchanges have brought out their game chickens to crow over the recent result in New Hampshire, and the dusky rads about Wilmington had a good time the other day in firing a hundred guns in honor of their victory there.

We suppose the following which we clip from the New York Sun, will be interesting reading to all such:

"CONCORD, March 11.—All the Representative districts but twelve have been heard from. These elect 179 Democrats and 182 Republicans.

A CRUMB OF COMFORT.—The New York Herald, after summing up the causes operating in New Hampshire to insure a Democratic check, thus concludes:

If the Republican party repudiates Grantism it has more than an even chance for carrying the next Presidential election. The Republicans of New Hampshire had the sagacity to denounce the third term in their platform, and if the party in other States takes equal pains to separate its political fortunes from the personality of Grant...

Can-Can.

No You Can't—Stay Right at Home—Some Rambling Dots—Ways that are Dark and Tricks not Altogether Vain

Over seven hundred husbands were worried nearly to death Monday night. The number may have been greater or less. And it was all about the Can-Can.

Mr. Poodleton went home as usual to tea at seven o'clock. He was not in the habit of going down town at night and when he told his wife that he had to go to his office and talk a business matter over with a gentleman, the look that her countenance wore may better be imagined than described.

"Now Mr. Poodleton," she said, "I thought you promised when you married me that you intended to spend your evenings at home."

"Yes, my life, I did. But there are special occasions—like this one. When I was a young man, you know, and I was full of robbars, and Mrs. Planck, next door, had three turkeys stolen from her yard Monday night, and for what you know our house may be the next. You don't love me as much as you say."

Mr. Poodleton put on his hat and coat and asked out of the door. He felt glorious, felt a bird you know—going to the Can-Can. Mr. Gunningbag took tea in the midst of his charming family circle. He was one of your domestic men. The strangest thing in the world for Mr. G. to go down town after supper. It was a queer past scene when he rose from his seat at the table and said, "I say anything, but he kept up a mighty thinking. How was he to get away without disturbing the temper of his good wife. He walked to the window of the drawing room and looked out on the sidewalk. Fine night, but that made little difference, he would like to see the Can-Can if it rained Texas steers or creosote blocks."

Two or three of our nicest young men passed by, fixed up to kill. They were going down early, so as to prime up and get a few peanuts before the performance. Mr. G. thought if he were one of those young men, free and untrammelled, he would give a fifty dollar note, with a few shares of wharf stock thrown in. Single blessedness, thought he, thou art a jewel! About this time two of his finest girls, their hair on, and abed, fled up and caught hold of his pants with their nice, little, dimpled greasy hands. He took a sly glance at his watch. Half past seven. Only thirty minutes, old man G., thought he. Mrs. G. and the rest of the G's came in and took their hats on, and set down for the usual comfortable evening chat. Mr. G. began to chew his tooth-pick like fury. He didn't say anything. He sat down and looked up, tried to play with the children, but it wouldn't do. He was conjuring up a ruse to get down town. He cast his eyes at his wife, and stretching his legs out, opened the battle.

and young men, generally are fond of the legitimate drama. This is a strange and accountable fact, but it is true. Mr. G. hadn't walked so fast in many months—since the time they ran him for Alderman, when he went from one poll to another in hot haste, chucking voters in the ribs and giving them wooden cigars; and, after all, he didn't get but thirty-nine votes, and the reporter of a paper, worried by a "devil" who wanted more copy, had to go and leave out the figure nine, thus leaving the figure three.

This hurt Mr. G. badly, and his grand father, who was once elected coroner by a flattering majority, in a small town about the size of Bolivar, wouldn't speak to him for a week. It may not be out of place to mention, by way of parenthesis, the kind of reporters, the most moral of them, are often worried by devils. Mr. G. hadn't time to prime up, and he rushed to the box-office to get a front seat. The polite gentleman who sat on a stool dealing out the bits of pasteboard said they were all out.

"What, can't you get a front seat?" A voice on the right. "Aye, aye, sir, here you are—front seats—a few remaining—one dollar and a half a piece."

"I just bought the two front rows, you know, for a little 'speck." Mr. G. paid over his dollar and a half, saying to the keen-eyed, spruce-looking rooster, who had anticipated the demand, that "it was a cool piece of business, but he was in for all that was out."

Mr. G. was about to dart up stairs when three more dutiful husbands came rushing from across the street—they had been over there to warm by the stove—and one of them exclaimed, "What, old fellow, you here, too?" "Sure as you live. Where are your seats?" "Front row."

"Good enough, that's me"—and the quartette marched right in, and in a manner that was becoming to the courageous good husbands that they were. If there had been special club meetings or lodge meetings last night, it would have been much easier for the men folks to get away from home. Single blessedness, thou art a jewel!

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THE Undersigned respectfully announce to the citizens of Charlotte that they have formed a co-partnership to carry on the Granite business in all its branches, and are prepared to fill all orders at short notice for Granite Fronts, Cemetery Lot Enclosures, Grave Guards, Steps, Sills, Bases, Copings, Curbing, Area Wall Copings, Walling of Churches, Upping Blocks, Fence Posts, &c., &c. Orders solicited from abroad. Office at S. McNinch's marble works. MCNINCH & GREISHARBER. nov 10

UPHOLSTERING. UPHOLSTERER, DECORATOR AND—Mattress Maker. A. HELLMUND. TRADE STREET, Over Frankenthal's Store.

MISCELLANEOUS. SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS. We are pleased to inform our friends and our customers that OUR MR. ALEXANDER is now North purchasing our SPRING STOCK OF DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.

Very respectfully, ALEXANDER, SEIGLE & CO. mar 12-1f.

W. J. BLACK, TRADE STREET, CHARLOTTE, N. C. Takes pleasure in announcing to the MERCHANTS OF North and South Carolina, and Georgia, that he is the largest dealer in PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.

THE PATAPSCO GRANGE MIXTURE. For Compositing with Cotton Seed or other Substances containing Vegetable Matter. DIRECTIONS FOR MIXING.

ESTIMATE OF VALUE OF THE GRANGE MIXTURE. It is composed of equal parts of Navassa Guano and pure sulphuric acid dissolved by Sulphuric Acid. To 1,600 pounds of those ingredients is added 400 pounds of genuine Potash Salts, (Kainit) imported direct from Germany by the Patapsco Grange Company.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES. IN 1873 AND 1874. BY GEORGE SMITH. OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

WANTED. Ten thousand dollars of Mecklenburg County Bonds. Apply to T. L. VAIL, Cashier.

CHOICE SELECTED NORTHERN SEED POTATOES. Early Rose, Early Goodrich, Pink Eye, Peach Blows and Peerless, large lot in store, and for sale by A. R. NISBIT & BRO.

ENGLISH TOOTH BRUSHES. Colgate's Soaps, fine Shaving Brushes. W. R. BURWELL & CO. Springs' Corner.

HALL & PATTERSON, Hickory, N. C. Solicit orders from a distance for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Apples, Potatoes, Cabbage, and any other country produce that may be desired.

THE PIEDMONT AIR LINE, with its Rail and water connections, affords unparalleled facilities for the quick and safe transportation of freight to and from Northern Cities.

Shippers can Choose the Following Routes: By Rail to the Ports of RICHMOND, NORFOLK OR PORTSMOUTH, and thence by first-class lines of Steamers, to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

RATES ALWAYS AS LOW AND TIME QUICKER THAN ANY OTHER LINE. J. A. WILSON, Agent.

BUY THE BEST AND LATEST IMPROVED LIGHT RUNNING HOME MACHINE EXCELS ALL OTHERS. D. G. MAXWELL, 2 Doors Below Tiddy's Book Store. March 12

SEVENTEEN CENTS FOR COTTON. We offer to take Middling cotton at Seventeen Cents per pound, to be delivered in Charlotte, November 1st, 1875, for

Wilcox, Gibbs & Co.'s GUANOS. As to the popularity of the above Guano, we will only add that 300 tons were sent to planters in this section in one season.

Stono Guano and Stono Acid Phosphate. CALL AND GET OUR PRICES BEFORE PURCHASING, AS IT WILL BE TO YOUR INTEREST.

GROCERIES. We also have on hand a full stock of Groceries to which we invite the attention of buyers, in store and to arrive; 600 lbs and 400 lbs of Flour; 3,000 gals Molasses; 20,000 lbs Bacon; 600 lbs Sugar; 500 lbs Coffee; 5,000 yds Bagging; 6,000 lbs Ties, 50 boxes Soap; 50 boxes Candy, Hams, Lard, Rice, Salt, etc.

PARLOR SUITS. FINE LEMONS. ALL KINDS OF CAKES & CRACKERS, WALNUT TAFFY, PRIZE CHEWING GUM, DELICIOUS BUTTERSCOTCH, LEBKUCHENS, SEEDLESS RAISINS, CANNED GOODS.

BUGGIES. G. W. STEINER, Agent, College Street, Charlotte, N. C.

CARRIAGES. AN INTERESTING BOOK. THE CENTENNIAL GAZETTEER OF THE United States.

We believe it was at first intended to make the Mecklenburg Centennial an industrial exhibition, but it is now thought that the time is too short to get up anything like a creditable display, and one which would fail to reflect the real industrial status of the State, would be worse than no attempt to celebrate that important occasion.

We cannot now get up more than a regular old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration, commencing on the 19th and extending over to the 21st, with a few good speeches, a parade, a few bonfires, a masked ball or two, a dozen or so horse races at the Carolina Park, and a general good time generally, winding up with a barbecue.

But to do even this, will require several thousand dollars, and arrangements must be made to get it up. While we believe, individuals throughout the State, would willingly contribute something for so laudable an object, we must go into this matter with the idea that Charlotte and the people of Mecklenburg have got to foot the bills.

We respectfully request the press of the State to come to our assistance in this matter. This is no political matter, and we can ask the cooperation of our Republican friends, with confidence that they will aid us. In this, as in most matters of this kind, at this day and time, the press must bear the brunt. The OBSERVER has long since considered itself a victim in the noble cause of perpetrating the memory of our revolutionary fathers, and in asking our State papers to join us with their aid and influence, we are only asking them to do what we are willing to do.

The meeting of Saturday night has made a direct appeal to the ladies for their countenance, aid and assistance, and we would add our pleadings to that of the meeting. When have the ladies of our good old State faltered in their devotion to principle? We can point with pride to the Masonic Temple building in Charlotte, which is mainly the work of their hands, as one evidence of what they have done for us. There is hardly a church in the country, whose walls from the North-East corner to its spire, if it has one, does not owe its existence to their fair endeavors.

This appeal from the meeting of the prominent citizens of Charlotte to the ladies of the State, is a direct one, and we hope to see it taken up, and carried to every city, town, hamlet, and county, from Cherokee to Currituck. Wherever it is possible let festivals and concerts be held to raise funds, and where that cannot be done, let committees of ladies take the matter in hand, and raise what they can, and then let all come to the celebration, and make it the grandest period of North Carolina's existence. When was an appeal to the hearts of North Carolina's daughters, mothers, wives, ever made in vain? We feel confident that it will not be so in this instance.

PINCHBACK AND THE SENATE. The United States Senate is the highest legislative body which exists under our form of government, and it was the intention of the men who formed it, that none but our best men should be allowed a seat, or voice in that body. We blush for shame when we think of the business which makes up too many of the Honorables in that body.

Tuesday, March 16, 1875.

Free from the dotting scruples that fetter our free-born reason.

SUBSCRIBERS. At all postoffices out of the city may expect their papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. Our mailing clerk knows nobody, and his instructions apply to all alike.

INFLEXIBLE RULES. We cannot notice anonymous communications. In all cases we require the writer's name and address, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

An Iowa lady concludes anti-suffrage lectures as follows: The amount of ice harvested on the Hudson this season is about two and a half million tons.

Wm. Allen is again to be governor of Ohio. That's right. "Give the old man another chance."

The Convention bill having passed the Senate, has been made the special order for Thursday next, in the House.

"Well there is something in that!" as the man said when he tried to put on his boot with a kitten in it.

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far."

Enterprising. The Mountain "Messenger" has learned that Miss Nellie Grant was married to Mr. Sartoris.

The scientists of Paris are rushing to see a man whose nose took a sudden start and grew half an inch longer.

The Brooklyn jury in the Beecher-Tilton case is said to be considering the propriety of arranging for a centennial celebration.

An Illinois debater had 'em when he arose and said, "Yes, gentlemen, Waterloo was the biggest kind of a fight, but Washington licked 'em like a wink!"

Won't somebody please say a kind word of the defunct congress? This unbroken stream of denunciation and disgust is very monotonous reading.

When a Louisianian reads that Parson Brownlow says the republican party will redeem and regenerate Tennessee, he smiles a ghastly smile.

Fourteen State exchanges announced yesterday that "the telegraph office had again been established at Hillsboro." We suppose the Hillsborians are now acquainted with that important fact.

"Why did you pass yesterday without looking at me?" said a beautiful woman to Talleyrand. "Because, madam, if I had looked I could not have passed."

Mildness is the dead sea that swallows up all virtues, and the self made sepulchre of a living man. The idle man is the devil's urchin, whose livery is ease, and whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

"Go away! Leave me with my dead! Let me fling myself on his coffin and die there!" That was in Nebraska six months ago, and now the widow has an another trusting soul and No. 1 portrait is in the attic, face to the wall.

One of the chorists Westminister took occasion to have a fit during service, and fell over the railing on top of an ancient dame in velvet, magnificent dress.

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