

Notice to Shippers.

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.

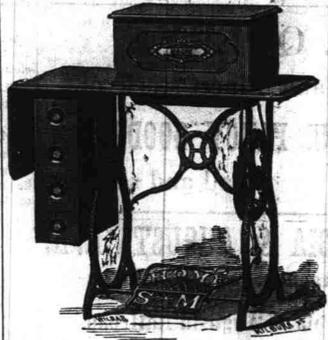
THIS is the only line to Portsmouth of unbroken gauge, and, therefore, the only one which has no transfer.

RATES ALWAYS AS LOW AND TIME QUICKER THAN ANY OTHER LINE.

aug15-17

J. A. WILSON, Agent.

BUY THE BEST AND LATEST IMPROVED



LIGHT RUNNING HOME MACHINE

EXCELS ALL OTHERS.

Mar 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 Guanos, 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.

Should cotton be higher this Fall than the above prices, purchasers can have the option of paying money. We offer extra inducements to parties buying in car load lots.

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 50 lbs of Flour; 3,000 gals Molasses; 20,000 lbs Bacon; 600 lbs Sugar; 500 lbs Coffee; 5,000 yds Baggging; 6,000 lbs Ties; 50 boxes Soap; 50 boxes Candy; Hams, Lard, Rice, Salt, etc. Call and see us if you want goods at bottom prices.

MAYER, GREY & ROSS, Agents.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., February 18, 1875—17.

PARLOR SUITS.

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

And in fact everything nice, go to F. H. ANDREWS & CO'S.

mar 10

BUGGIES.

Our stock is now complete. Buyers will find a large stock from which to make selections, and at lower prices than ever before offered. Give us a call.

D. A. SMITH & CO., F. M. SHELTON, East Trade Street, Assistant, mar2-17.

XANTHINE.

PROF. HERTZ'S Great German Hair Restorer.

Marvelous in its effects. It has never failed to restore gray hair to its original color in a few weeks.

(From Rev. E. T. BAIRD, Sec'y of Publication of Presbyterian Church South.)

RICHMOND, JULY 27, 1874.

The Xanthine is the only hair-dressing I have ever used which has removed the dandruff from the scalp, and made my hair soft and pliable. It has also restored my hair to its natural color; and by occasionally using it as a hair dressing, I have no doubt it will preserve the color.

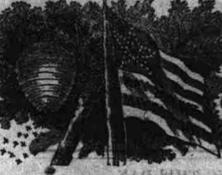
E. T. BAIRD.

AN INTERESTING BOOK.

THE CENTENNIAL GAZETTEER OF THE UNITED STATES. It is valuable to the Student, the Politician, or whoever desires to be kept posted on the progress of events in the United States during the past hundred years.

Having accepted an Agency for this work, I offer it to the citizens of Mecklenburg, as a desirable compilation of statistics, which should be in the hands of every man.

G. B. DAVIS, Fulwood's Store, Mecklenburg Co., N. C., Feb 17 d w f



THE "OBSERVER" IS THE ONLY PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE STATE WEST OF RALEIGH WHICH GIVES THE LATEST TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES EVERY MORNING. BUSINESS MEN WILL PLEASE MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.

CHAS. R. JONES, Editor & Proprietor. W. F. AVERY, Associate Editor.

Tuesday, March 16, 1875.

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

SUBSCRIBERS.

At all post-offices out of the city most expect the 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. We cannot, under any circumstances, return rejected communications, nor can we undertake to preserve manuscripts. Articles written on both sides of a sheet of paper cannot be accepted for publication.

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 arch-enemy, whose liver is rotten, 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's portrait is in the attic, face to the wall.

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

She went right up with her devotion, exclaiming in loud tones: "Good Lord deliver us!"

If one babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure, two babies must be well-springs, while four, as in the recent case of the Hahn family, of Baltimore, are certainly enough springs to start a young river.

"Wake up, Judge, wake up; there's a burglar in the house," said Mrs. Fertly, in a Brooklyn, to her husband, the other night. The Judge rolled out of bed, grasped his revolver, and opened the door to rally forth for the robber. Then turning to his wife he said "Come, Sarah, and fetch the way. It's a d-d mean man that will hurt a woman."

Two girls attending a missionary in Illinois set two cocks fighting in their room recently. Sets on the result ran high, and at the conclusion of the contest the winning maiden was "better" by a gold watch, a pair of silk stockings, a French corset, two rolls of false hair, a patent hair brush, and a beautiful book marked with "Christ Our Guide" worked on it in colored silk.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" denounces the "celebrated Starnburg goose liver pie," that the goose livers are artificially enlarged by a process which the "Gazette" declares cruel. We suppose the reason the "Pall Mall Gazette" man complains is that a "pie" has made a corner in goose livers, and he is left out.

It is a fact not generally known to students of the history of Massachusetts that as recently as 1759 a woman was burned at the stake at Charlestown, in that commonwealth, on the northern side of the Cambridge road, about a quarter of a mile, above the Peninsula. The woman was a colored servant of Capt. John Codman, and was burned for poisoning her master. — New York Sun. Let Sheridan investigate this matter at once.

Nearly every newspaper in the land has printed a paragraph to the effect that Gen. Longstreet has taken up his residence in Georgia, and is there engaged in sheep-raising. The intelligence is correct, with the slight modification that the person referred to is not in Georgia, hasn't been there for some time, isn't in the sheep-raising business, and is in New Orleans, where, at least accounts, he has concluded to remain for some time to come. — New Orleans Times.

It must have been an exciting scene, and gratifying too, to every patriotic heart, when at the conclusion of Gen. Gordon's speech in Concord, New Hampshire, last Monday night, numbers of the old ex-Federal soldiers present gathered around him, and grasped him warmly by the hand. That looked like a returning of friendship and fraternity indeed. When the soldiers of the two sections saw such examples to the men who were right in the field, 'tis to be hoped the heart is giving way for the prejudices of the war to be universally forgotten on both sides. — Richmond Whig.

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. It was thought that too little attention was being paid to the proper celebration of this important event, and the meeting was called last Saturday night to talk the matter over and arrive at some conclusion. Everything has been held in abeyance until the Legislature had decided what it will do with the bill to incorporate the Centennial Association. There is now little prospect of getting any appropriation, and it may be possible, that the bill of incorporation itself will fail to pass. Whatever its fate, the people have decided to wait no longer, and as will be seen, the proper committees have been appointed, and it gives us much pleasure to say that we believe they are working men.

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. About the hardest nut to crack has been to decide whether the Senate will admit Pinchback, or whether they will not. That body having long since lost whatever conscientious scruples they have ever had, the only question to decide is whether his admission will injure or benefit the future prospects of the Republican party.

For two years, this disreputable adventurer has been hanging about the entrance to the Senate, and the leaders of the party have been unable all this time to make up their minds, either to admit him, or refuse to admit him. Pinchback is the representative of the Kellogg government in Louisiana, and may be said to have considerable political influence with the black voting element in that State. On the other hand, his claims are so plainly fictitious and worthless, and his personal character and antecedents so peculiar, that nobody, except Mr. Morton, could be blind to the fact, that his admission must make the party more odious than ever. And so, for two years, Louisiana has been deprived of a representative in the Senate, because the politicians of the radical party have not been able to decide whether it was to their interest to do right or wrong. This is a sad confession in regard to the status of the American Senate on this question, but candor compels us to admit it.

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. If the remaining twelve go the same as last year they will return eight Democrats and two Republicans, which will give the Democrats a majority of three in the House. The Senate stands six Democrats to five Republicans, and no choice in the Fourth District. The Council is Democratic, 3 to 2. Jones and Bell, Democrats, and Blair, Republican, are elected to Congress."

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 in the House, Grant may, perhaps, recover in 1876 all it lost in 1874."

According to this presentation of the case, the nomination of Grant by the Republicans insures their defeat if such be a true presentation, why should Democrats be so very eager to compel Grant to repudiate a third term aspiration, seeing that his very ambition is alleged to be the heaviest load carried by a party which the Democrats so eagerly desire to overthrow? — Constitutional.

Can-Can.

No You Can't—Stay Right at Home—Some Rambling Dots—Ways that are Dark and Tricks not Altogether Vain [From the Galveston News.]

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." Mr. P.—"Yes, my life, I did. But there are special occasions—"

Mr. P.—"My love, you talk at random. My engagement is at eight o'clock. I have but ten minutes to go on."

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. Gunnybag 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. He did not 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 crescented 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 best boys, at their bibs on, shuffled 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.

"My dear, got a large invoice of cotton to-day." "Did you?" "One of the largest of the season." "I'm so glad." "My office men will be at work till 12 o'clock."

"What a strain it must be on them." "Yes, but it can't be helped, and the fact is—by rights—now I come to think of it, I have got to go down to draw some drafts and send them off by the morning's mail." He kept his eyes on her during this last speech, and, fortunate man, she, good woman, looked so innocent when she asked him to be careful about the night air and spoke sympathetically of how hard he was worked.

He said he was worked too hard, and intended to change his business next season. He thought he would settle down to a calm, quiet life, and publish a newspaper. By this time he has his coat and hat on, and giving his sweet, little counting wife a kiss, and taking a cane that was given to him by a Sunday school, when he was superintendent, left the house at three minutes past 8 o'clock. Where did that man go, ye housewives? Listen to me; where did he go? To his office? Guess not; that man hadn't received a bale of cotton in six days. A bale or two of hides and a few Irish potatoes, new the hides out to him, and the potatoes up. That didn't look much like a business; and every office man he had was at that very moment sitting in the theatre, eyes and mouth open, enjoying the legitimate drama. Clerks

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—no, 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 best 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." "How's this? Dollar admittance, I thought?" "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!

STATE NEWS.

Shelby feels herself in need of a hook and ladder fire company.

Work has been stopped on the C. C. Railroad near Shelby, for want of money.

Mr. D. Covington, while assisting in repairing a bridge near Shelby, had a leg broken.

The civil rights bill has left Rockingham without the sign of a hotel, they having been converted into private boarding houses.

Rev. J. O. Hiden, of Wilmington, will lecture before the Bingham School this evening, on the "Cosmopolitan Bug."

A colored man in Wilmington was severely burned on the arm and in the face by the premature explosion of a cannon on Friday.

The Radicals in Wilmington fired a hundred guns over what they called "the Republican victory" in New Hampshire.

Some days ago, a negro man called on the Register of Deeds of Cleveland county, for a license to marry a white woman. He was refused, of course.

Jesse Bell, a negro living on the farm of Col. David Bell, of Halifax county, shot another negro last Tuesday, and it is believed the wound will be fatal.

The body of Mr. Jesse Reece, a well-to-do farmer of Yadkin county, was found in a creek in that county, on Saturday the 6th, he having left home on the Monday previous, on horseback. When he started off, he had \$100 in his pocket, and when the body was found, only \$5 remained of the sum named. Foul play is suspected. So says the Statesville Landmark.

A negro woman named Mary McKenzie, was drowned near Market dock, Wilmington, on Friday evening last. She was in a boat with two other negroes, when one of them got up for the purpose of pulling the boat up to a flat which they neared, and in doing so, the boat turned and filled with water. All three were thrown into the river, but two escaped alive. This from the Star.

Statesville Landmark: A prominent physician from this section, was in Raleigh, lobbying for the branch Asylum. Recognized by Dr. Wheeler, he was asked, if a Republican, he was invited to occupy the Doctor's seat on the Republican side of the House. The Dr.'s courtesy was met by the blunt response: "I don't associate with niggers at home, and I'm certain I shan't do it away from home." Exit the Doctor (Wheeler).

Raleigh News: A colored boy driving a tandem team of Sir William Goats, to a little wagon on Hillsboro street a few evenings ago, was halted by two of our Representatives, and Saturday afternoon the latter charged the team, took the ribbons and were soon scotching up the avenue at a 4:40 pace, much to the merriment of a crowd ofurchins, and the awe and wonder of several of our belles on the promenade. Bah!

The Piedmont Press tells that a Watauga county youth went to see his sweetheart recently, but just before he reached the house was "mailed" by an angry hound, with month open and gnashing his teeth. He then had a life-and-death-chase up the side of the mountain through the chincapin bushes, but finally succeeded in taking refuge among the limbs of a dogwood tree. He stayed until his lover came out with a few rubbings and persuaded the old angry creature away. He says, "I couldn't talk love worth a cent that trip."

Newbern Journal of Commerce: Eight months ago, Charles Randolph Thomas, the civil righter, was met at the depot, on his arrival from Washington; with the bare of brass instruments and the scimitar of the (Sixth Ward) multitude. He had done "nothing," as the chief flegleman informed him, and yet the crowd and the band welcomed him home. Since then; he has been defeated for Congress and voted for civil rights. Now, note the difference. On Wednesday last, he again returned from Washington; but the Star Band was not on the platform, the howling "amendments" were not about, no cries of "Thomas, Thomas," rent the air. Absolute silence greeted him. No one met him, and the only cry that greeted him was a broken cry by the exclamation forced from his own lips, "This is disgusting!"

MARBLE YARDS, &c.

NEW MARBLE YARD.

COLLEGE ST., CHARLOTTE, N. C. Respectfully announce to the public that I am opening a Marble Yard next door to R. M. Miller & Sons, at which place I am prepared to manufacture Plain and Ornamental Gravestones, Tombs and Monuments of every description. Having served an apprenticeship of seven years with Mr. R. Hare, of Yorkville, S. C., and six years under instructions with Mr. C. McLaughlin, of Charlotte, N. C., I feel warranted in saying that I can compete favorably with any workman in my line in artistic merits. I will deal only in the best qualities of marble, guarantee all work manufactured by me to prove satisfactory in every respect, or no pay required. My prices shall be as low as the lowest. I respectfully ask a share of public patronage.

Call and see me before purchasing elsewhere, and I can make it to your advantage. Very respectfully,

017-17 R. M. CRAWFORD.

F. A. McNEIGH & G. GREISHARBER.

CHARLOTTE GRANITE WORKS.

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 Caps, Mantling, Hearths, Upping Blocks, Fence Posts, &c., &c. Orders solicited from abroad. Office at S. McNinch's marble works, nov 10

UPHOLSTERING.

UPHOLSTERER, DECORATOR

AND

Mattress Maker.

A. HELLMUND.

TRADE STREET, Over Frankenthal's Store.

Will be pleased and honored if you will call on him to inspect his work, or give him an order. Best workmanship guaranteed. An assortment of Mattresses always on hand. Church Upholstery a Specialty. All orders left at Frankenthal's store will receive prompt attention. feb20 17.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Very respectfully,

OUR MR. ALEXANDER

is now North purchasing our customers that

SPRING STOCK OF DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, &c.

All admit that we have a pretty store room, and we assure you our new stock shall correspond with it.

ALEXANDER, SEIGLE & CO.

mar2-17.

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,

To be found in the State of North Carolina.

Doing an immense business he is enabled to give his customers the benefit of his large purchases for cash, and at the same time guarantee the quality, and character of his goods. He is agent for

THE PATAPSCO

GRANGE MIXTURE.

For Compositing with Cotton Seed or other Substances containing Vegetable Matter.

DIRECTIONS FOR MIXING.

Select a dry place under cover, and spread out sufficient seed, that have been well moistened for the purpose, about three or four inches deep; then spread evenly over the seed the same weight of "Patapasco Grange Mixture" then on in the same manner, and the fertilizer, until the amount required is composted.

The pile should stand until the germ of the seed is killed, and as much longer as the planter's convenience will allow.

Any other good material,