

**THE GROWING COTTON CROP.**—We continue to hear of excessive rains, attended with cold and unseasonable weather, in Alabama, in Mississippi, and along the Atlantic coast, and consequently receive discouraging accounts as to the condition of the cotton plant, in those sections. In Texas, Louisiana, and in that vicinity, the weather has been favorable; but the overflow of the rivers in those States has for some time threatened considerable damage, as yet, however, without serious results. But, taken as a whole, the crop is now without doubt, very backward and unpromising. Replanting has become necessary in some districts, and is going forward as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

**CROPS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.**—A letter was received in this city yesterday, says the Charleston Courier of the 25th instant, by a factorage house, from Pendleton, S. C., dated 22nd instant, which says: "Mr. A. has planted or is planting most of his cotton land in corn. It seems that we will never have warm weather. We had a frost yesterday morning. Mr. Crawford has planted all his cotton land in corn except twenty-eight acres, after he had planted it twice in cotton. No one has a stand. I planted my cotton lands over on Monday and Tuesday. It seems to die as fast as it comes up."

The Iron Railway Bridges crossing the two branches of the Cape Fear near this city, says the Wilmington Journal, are now completed with the exception of some little painting and laying a permanent track across each. The Wilmington and Weldon Railroad connection is entirely completed; that of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad will soon be finished on this side, the other end being already completed. The work upon the connection of the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad is progressing and fully two and a half miles of grading done. Three or four weeks' time will witness the completion of everything connected with the bridges.

**BALTIMORE AS A DEPOT FOR THE WEST.**—Speaking editorially of Southern and Western railroads the Cincinnati Gazette says that the time is near at hand when rates of freight from Cincinnati to Europe will be offered by way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and by steamers from that port direct to Europe, that will turn to this direct produce of the middle region of the West that has hitherto been diverted to the lake and lake shore routes.

The anti-Slavery Society, says the Vicksburg Times, notwithstanding negro slavery is dead and buried, still keeps harping on the theme.—Worse than ghouls and vampires, these children of the father of lies, still keep telling of the atrocities of slavery. Their absurd fictions are devoured with as much zest as they are presented. At the recent anniversary of the Anti-Slavery Society in New York, a fool by the name of Stebbins, asserted that over a thousand negroes had been murdered in cold blood last summer, in a single Parish in Louisiana; and the two or three hundred fools that heard him, seemed to believe. "These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable."

A small bill has been presented to the Government for telegraphing Seward's instructions to Reverdy Johnson some time since, the Atlantic Telegraphic Company only wanting \$40,000 for performing this act of kindness. Seward was allowed cheap rates, and as a consequence became rather verbose. The bill was refused payment, but is now being considered by Attorney-General Hoar.

The Lynchburg, Va., News notes a sale of tobacco in that city at the new price of four hundred and sixty-four dollars per hundred weight.—This shows an upward tendency of the weed.

**SOUTHERNERS WHO WANT A MONARCHY.**

There are a few people in the South, says the Memphis Avalanche, who want a monarchy. The principal reason urged is the intolerable condition of affairs born of bad management of the "Great Republic." They do not see how they can enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in a republic controlled by the miserable fellows who have managed to clutch the machine. They want something better, and they propose to get it by changing these fellows from the head of a republic to the head of a monarchy. There is something so practical in all this that we wonder why it never occurred to us before. But we forget—Grant, who controls the army and navy, and Congress, which controls everything else, will step aside as soon as the outsiders who want a monarchy are ready to go to work. Men in power always do such things, you know. So, now that we see how easily it can be done, and what a fine thing it will be for the people, we change our mind and go in for the monarchy. Imperial tea is a good thing, and therefore imperial government must be a good thing. Some people may say this is bad logic. Certainly, but it's a bad case. Good logic wouldn't be worth a cent as a basis for imperialism.

A desire to bury the rancor of political feeling, says the Roanoke News, and engage in the more healthy duties of the developments of the many resources of the country, and in the improvement of our moral and material condition, is being daily manifested on every hand. It has been discovered that politics alone will neither give us bread to eat nor clothes to wear, nor will it bring about that state of general prosperity which labor and energy alone can produce. Toward everything of a political nature the Southern people are becoming indifferent, our honest endeavors to stay political evils being only met by the brutal force of a party which, with its corrupting influences, has overthrown every institution which was dear to us in other days. And now, while we witness, with helpless hands, these things take their natural course, we were naturally led to turn our thoughts and energies to something that will be productive of positive good to us and will give to us that prosperity which our present condition demands. Then, we say, we are glad to see this spirit being manifested—let us go to work in earnest attending to our own individual duties, and strive by honest labor and manly exertions to build up our waste places and make ourselves again a people possessing both power and wealth.

In counselling a putting aside political rancor, we do not mean that we should renounce our political faith, or love any more the damnable heresy of Radicalism that has proven such a bitter curse to the South and her institutions—but bitter discussion cannot be productive of good at present. It will tend to defeat the objects we aim at, and shall henceforth be discarded by us. In doing so, however, we shall not refrain from speaking of the misdeeds and actions of the powers that be whenever we see fit, as unbridled by the press, there is no telling the steps which in its madness it may take.

We earnestly hope that, with patience, and the holding out in a good cause, we may, ere many days, see our condition so changed that we shall forget the evils that are now upon us, and be again a people with honor and pride as our guide and aim—with the foul blots that now stain our institutions, and the corruptions that now make our public places cess-pools of iniquity, swept from our sight, and our State and national governments made once again the pride of a people. Until then let us stay our feelings, subdue our curses, and become acceptors of a situation that cannot be remedied.

Little Frank was taught he was made of dust. As he stood by the window watching the dust as the wind was whirling it in eddies he exclaimed, seriously, "Ma, I thought the dust looked as though there was a going to be another little boy made."

**THE DUTCHMAN'S LUCK.**

During the winter of 186—, business called me to D—, a small, obscure village, in the interior of Pennsylvania. It was rather late in the evening when I arrived there, cold and hungry, for a tremendous snow-storm was raging at the time, and as I had traveled far that day, it is no wonder that it was with feelings very near akin to satisfaction that I beheld the appearance of the village inn, a small, two-story frame building, which loomed up in the darkness before me. A bright log-fire was blazing on the hearth when I entered, before which I was soon comfortably seated, with a glass of "something warm" in my hand, awaiting the preparation of the supper I had ordered.

The landlord of the "Beehive" (for such was the name of the inn) was a bustling, good-humored sort of a fellow, whose greatest delight seemed to consist in making his guests as comfortable as possible.

Before a small table were seated three men, whose appearance indicated them to be farmers. One of them was a small, rosy-cheeked man, chock-full of fun and good-nature; as his dancing eyes and smiling face sufficiently testified, while his broken English proved him to be a Dutchman.

"Well, neighbors," he said, "I must pe koin home now, or else mine goot frov veel pat about me. Ve'll drink vonce more, an' ten I ko."

So saying, he called for some more ale; and after drinking which, he settled with the landlord, and took his departure.

"Ever since our 'Fortune-teller' has had an effect, he hates to be away from home," said the host, turning to the two men at the table.

"What makes you call the man who has just left a fortune-teller?" I asked the landlord, in some surprise.

"It is quite a funny story," replied mine host; "and if you like, I'll relate it to you after you've had your supper."

I assured him that it would give me great pleasure; and as my supper was now ready, I fell to, doing ample justice to the savory viands of which it was composed.

After I had satisfied my hunger, I called for a bowl of punch, and inviting the landlord and his two companions to assist, I lit my meerschaum, and settled myself to listen to the promised story, which the landlord told as follows:

In a certain village not a hundred miles from here, there lived a Dutch farmer named Dunderman, whose family consisted of his wife, and only son named Carl, who helped his father work the farm. Carl was an industrious, sober young man, who had reached the age of twenty-one without having once been ten miles away from home; so it is not to be presumed that his knowledge or experience was very extensive.

Carl's invariable custom was to go every evening, as soon as his work was done, and see Katrina Van Klepper, the daughter of a neighbor, as handsome and buxom a lass as ever trod shoe-leather. While he would sit and smoke with the old man, talking about the crops and weather, Katrina would sit demurely by sewing or knitting, as the case might be. Precisely when the clock struck nine, Carl was expected to leave.

But one night, Carl, instead of leaving at nine as usual, still lingered, much to the surprise of old Van Klepper, who, after waiting a few minutes without seeing any signs of his leaving, asked him why he did not leave, as he wished to shut up.

"Because, neighbor Van Klepper, I want to speak a few words mit you," answered Carl, rather sheepishly.

"Well, fery goot! put a thy ton't you pekin den?" returned the worthy, proceeding to fill his pipe.

"Well, den, neighbor Van Klepper," began Carl, in rather a hesitating manner; "I loves your daughter Katrina, more as sefer vas, an' she loves me doo; an' as mite fader's varm an' your varm adjoin, I dinks dat ve petter marry, so dat ven fader an' you tie, de broberly vott stey in the family!"

"Well, fery goot, Carl," replied Van Klepper, looking rather blank at being thus summarily disposed of; "put how mooth monish you kot, eh?"

Carl put his hand in his pocket, and drew out an old leather wallet, and proceeded to count its contents.

"I kot shust dwo toller an' sefendeen shents," he replied, carefully putting the money back in his pocket.

"Dwo toller, you dundering pig voo! How de duvel toes you dink dat you gah marry a frow mit only dwo toller an' sefendeen shents? Ven you kot dree hoonret tollars, an' ask you fader may be kif him do you, den you kin marry mit mine kif; put not von dundering tay before. And now goot night, an' ton't come here no more before you kit de monish. Gome den, put no sooner."

Poor Carl had nothing to do but comply, and took his departure with a heavy heart; for how to get so much money was a problem too difficult of solution for him.

The next morning Carl looked as wretched and woe-begone as a broken-down oil speculator. On his parents anxiously inquiring as to what ailed him, he related what had taken place between him and neighbor Van Klepper.

"Neighbor Van Klepper, is shust right," responded his father, when he had concluded, "and I dinks dat you pe old enough to ko and make your own vordne. Don't dink dat you kit anything of me ven I tie, vor I dink dat I will ko more as hoonret years yet. Mine fader kif me noding ven I marrie, and your fader do de same. I kif you dill tomorrow to stay here, and ven you ton't ko den away, I'll kick you away."

heart, he began to make preparations to leave his home, for Heaven only knows where. Early the next morning, Carl was ready to leave; his father gave him his blessing, while his mother—unknown to his father—gave him three dollars out of her own private savings, besides a loaf of bread and a small jug of buttermilk; and thus fitted out, with a small bundle swung on a stick over his shoulders, he started off with tears in his eyes. (To be concluded to-morrow.)

**NEWS SUMMARY.**

A locomotive on the Mount Holly (N. J.) and Burlington Railroad exploded on Friday last, killing three men instantly and severely injuring a number of others.

Mr. M. B. Levy, and old printer, and resident of Charlotte, died on Monday last. His age was eighty-one.

A dwelling house owned by W. T. Moore, of Cheraw, was destroyed by fire on last Tuesday night. The dwelling was insured.

At the burning of a barn attached to the Holyoke Female Seminary, in Massachusetts, the young ladies turned out and rendered very efficient help in extinguishing the conflagration.

A despatch from the general ticket agent of the Central Pacific Railroad, received at St. Louis, states that they will not pro rata with, or accept coupons from, any other railroad company. Their fare will be ten cents per mile in gold, which makes the passage from St. Louis to Sacramento \$220.30.

A family of garbage pickers in New York have \$10,000 in bank.

A gun is exhibited in San Francisco that fires 500 shots a minute.

A post-office clerk in England has been arrested for stealing his rival's love letters.

According to the Havana Diario, it takes thirty-eight Spanish armed vessels to watch the Cuban coast.

Hay is \$30 a ton in the Northern part of Vermont, and in some sections the cattle are said to be starving.

St. Louis had a lunatic who imagined himself Shylock, and who went about the streets with a huge knife, attacking fancied debtors.

The newspapers are generally complaining of the want of facilities given correspondents at the White House for obtaining news. As they cannot ascertain the truth, many of them telegraph lies instead.

The Boston Transcript says that in the management of servants, housekeepers should remember one thing, that unless they show a determination to be mistresses of their own establishments, they will be governed by their hired people.

The Pall Mall Gazette reports that recently, near London, a gentleman was observed descending a declivity at a fearful pace, on a velocipede which had become uncontrollable. He shouted "police," "fire," "stop me," &c., until fortunately both he and the machine rolled over into the mud.

The yellow fever has appeared at Key West.

An Indiana town pays twenty two per cent interest on loans.

The bachelor has to look out for number one, the married man for number two.

New York papers say that old bankers there predict that gold will soon reach 170.

Florida ladies divide their time between raising oranges and shooting alligators.

A democrat of Indianapolis has blacked the boots of a colored barber as the penalty of a bet on the city election.

A two-thirds majority of the Dominion House of Commons have decided that the salary of the Governor-General shall be \$50,000.

**GEORGIA NEWS.**

The caterpillar is making havoc in Gadsden county.

Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, was in Macon on Monday.

Cotton stock in Columbus up to the 21st May, 3,792 bales.

Fred. Ball has been appointed as postmaster at LaGrange.

St. Louis corn is selling in Macon at \$1.13 by the car load. Tennessee is too high.

The Columbus City Council is about to prohibit the use of velocipedes on the street.

Col. Isham Fannin, of Morgan county, is confirmed as Collector of Internal Revenue for the Third Georgia District.

The Augusta Chronicle spreads the rumor that Hodgett is to be Governor of Utah Territory, and wield the sceptre over the Mormons.

Major Williams, of Savannah, will begin the survey of the Bainbridge, Cuthbert and Columbus Railroad the first of June.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Macon and Augusta Railroad, to oust the present illegal board of directors, has been decided on. When and where is not said.

Belcher, the negro Assessor of the Third District in this State, has published a card retracting the statement made by him in Northern papers regarding the so-called Ku Klux outrages in Georgia. He says he was misinformed.

We were shown yesterday, says the Cuthbert Appeal of Friday, a hundred or more cotton plants, which had been preciously drawn from different fields in different portions of the county, out of which not a dozen could be found that would have lived to bear fruit. It is believed that ninety per cent. of the already thin and irregular stand will die out when the present cool and damp weather gives way to the warm, dry days of June.

**Local Affairs.**

**Agents for the Carolina Observer.**

The following gentlemen are authorized Agents for the Observer in Charlotte: Messrs. Tiddy & Brother, Booksellers. H. J. Walker, Auctioneer.

**Commencement at Concord Female College.**

The closing exercises of this College and of Professor Hill and Burke's Male Academy, will occur on the 16th and 17th of June next. The public exercises of the latter will take place at Stockton Hall on Wednesday. The Annual Sermon will be delivered by the Rev. Wm. B. Pressly on Wednesday night. An Address by Rev. J. H. Smith, of Greensboro, with the Graduation of the Senior Class, will be at 11 o'clock on Thursday.

The examination of the respective Schools will be conducted on the Monday and Tuesday previous. A Concert may be expected at the College, Thursday night. The public generally is invited to attend.

E. F. ROCKWELL.

May 21, 1869.

We stepped in, the other day, to see A. R. Nesbitt & Bro's Ice Cream Garden, and by the way, to try some of their production. We found a handsome canvass stretched over a grassy yard, neatly floored, with comfortable chairs and elegant tables, and also partook of some delicious ice cream. Upon the whole, it is the place to go to while away a pleasant hour. If any of our readers have not seen it we advise them to go at once, prepared to see and try.

Harry McCarthy, who has recently been giving a series of concerts in Rome, Ga., left that city on Friday evening last for California.

**Cancers Can be Cured.**

About the year 1850 a small scab made its appearance on my left jaw; it increased in size very slowly for about ten years, and about 1860 it began to grow and became painful. I began to get somewhat alarmed about it. I called on several physicians, one after another, for five years, some prescribed for it with no good effect; others said it was cancer wart, and recommended cutting out. In 1866 I had it examined by Dr. H. K. DeArmand. He said it was cancer wart, and he could take it out without the knife. In twenty days after his first application the affected plug came out, leaving a vacuum, which was immediately filled with pure flesh, became smooth and sound, and remains so yet. Some eight or ten months previous to the time it was taken out, a similar scab but very small at that time, appeared on my right cheek. It made little progress for two years, but about six months since it got painful, grew fast and became offensive. I called on an old, experienced physician who said it was cancer, and he recommended that it be cut out by a practical surgeon. I went to Dr. DeArmand; he said it was cancer, and that he could take it out in the same way he did the other. On the 2d day of May, inst., he made the first application, and on the 12th day of the same it was out. At this writing (24th of the same month) my cheek is nearly as smooth as it ever was.

My experience justifies me in recommending any person who may be afflicted with incipient cancer to apply to Dr. H. K. DeArmand and have them removed before they become constitutional. He is practicing medicine in the vicinity of Sharon Church, 8 miles south of Charlotte, N. C.

HUGH NICHOLSON.

The Democrat and Weekly News are requested to give the above an insertion for the information of their readers.

**The Simple Secret.**

Twenty clerks in a store. Twenty hands in a printing office. Twenty young men in a village. All want to get along in the world and all expect to. One of the clerks will rise to be a partner and make a fortune. One of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential, prosperous citizen. One of the villagers will get a handsome farm and live like a patriarch. But which is destined to be the lucky individual? Lucky? There is no luck about it. The thing is as plain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who never gets in debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and puts his money in the savings bank. There are some ways to fortune that look shorter than this rusty old highway. But the staunch men of the country, the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and a serene old age, all go this road.

Pullman, of sleeping and dining-room car notoriety, is building a church car to be attached to Sunday trains on the Pacific Railway.

The Sultan proposes sending a delegation to America to visit the Pacific Railroad, with a view to adopting the American railway system in Turkey.

On Friday the remains of the renowned Irish orator, Daniel O'Connell, were exhumed at Dublin, and re-interred in the presence of eight thousand people.

The Royal Canadian Bank at Toronto has suspended.

A boy in Brooklyn died of hydrophobia, having been bitten by a dog six weeks ago.

The Grand Lodge of Orangemen in Ireland have petitioned the Queen against disestablishment.

The reason why Chicago is so bad is said to be because she has a population of 250,000, whilst her churches only hold 80,000 people.

**HOTEL ARRIVALS-MANSION HOUSE**

W. A. P. MOORE, PROPRIETOR.  
MAY 27, 1869.  
Gen W. C. Means, Concord; R. P. Smith, Philadelphia; James Hoy, do; J. R. Lewis, Baltimore; F. Cole, do; David Borgner, Walter Mine; C. L. Kamback, W. N. C. R. R.; Wm. Pollock, C. R. R.; J. H. Greenlee, J. M. Greenlee, D. W. Greenlee, McDowell, N. C.; A. B. Davidson, Hopewell, T. W. Allison, E. W. Groot, City.

**Hotel Arrivals—Charlotte Hotel.**

Matheus & Stegall, Proprietors.  
MAY 27, 1869.  
C. F. Smith, N. C. R. R.; J. M. Spratt, S. C.; A. Burwell, W. R. Burwell, Mayor C. Dowd, Rock, Osborne, City; M. M. Tjell & Lady, N. C.; W. A. Robinson, S. C.; S. Youns, N. C.; J. D. Kerns, County; W. Rea, I. J. Sloan, Providence; J. M. Hutchinson, W. P. Little, W. O. Rindock, J. A. Caldwell, Providence, N. C.; John A. Long, N. C.; P. J. Crowell, U. S. M.; W. McLean & Son, Gaston, N. C.; C. F. Bisanar, Iron Station; J. B. King, A. W. Quinn, N. C.; B. E. Dixon, So. Ex. Co.; Isaac Snively, Pittsburg, Penn.

**Receipts per North Carolina Railroad.**

May 27, 1869.  
James Hart, McMurray, Davis & Co., Duels & Hiker, J. F. Butt, W. J. Black, Stebbins, Moore, Gray & Co.; A. R. Nisbet & Bro.; C. G. Groot, Knuck & Co.; J. H. Henderson & Co.; M. J. W. A. Graham, Jno. Bigler, W. Richards & Co.; Rock I. Mfg. Co.; Stephens, Plummer, & Co.; Brem, B. & Co.; O. Bouknight, S. G. E. M. Holt & Co.; J. H. McAlden, J. F. Speck, Wilkes, Lucas & Co.; G. B. J. C. Barnhart, J. A. E. & Co., H. & B. Emanuel, Jas. Hart, J. L. Moore, Gregory & Williamson.

**A THUNDER SQUALL.**

Damage in the City.—Destruction to Property.—Fatal Accident in the Harbor.—A Lady and two Children Drowned.

[From the Charleston Courier.]

A thunder storm, quite as sudden as severe, burst over our city on Saturday afternoon last, inflicting considerable damage, though lasting less than twenty minutes. During that space of time the wind blew its hardest, tearing its way along our house tops, rending and riving as it went, and making itself terribly felt in our harbor. The metallic roofing of the new Custom House was in great part riddled up like a scroll and torn away, and the occasional fragments of slate strewn along the pavements indicate very rude usage to sundry private establishments. In some parts of the city the storm of rain, which was very heavy for the time it lasted, was accompanied by hail.

The residence at the Northeast corner of Wentworth and Smith-streets had some of the fencing laid prostrate by the fall of a tree; the Alston House, at the West-end of Tradestown, had a portion of the fencing blown down, and the broken limbs of trees could be seen in many sections of the town.

But the most unfortunate occurrence took place in the river where the wind had unrestricted sweep, and notwithstanding the threatening appearance of the weather for an hour previous, several boats were caught unprepared for danger, and in one case leading to an unfortunate tragedy.

A Mr. Douglass and family, composed of his wife and three children, together with two colored boat hands, left the wharf a short time before the squall in a very substantial and decked boat, bound to Bull's Island, where Mr. D., had been engaged to act as assistant keeper to the light house. This boat was struck by the blow below the city, not far from Castle Pinckney, and being unprepared for so heavy a blast, she soon fell on her broad-side, and filled with water; one of the colored men fortunately succeeded in getting into a small boat, which was towing astern, and rescued Mr. Douglass and one of the children, a girl, the other colored hand also keeping himself afloat until taken up; but Mrs. Douglass and her two sons, who were below deck when the accident took place were not seen, after diligent search was made in the vicinity of small boats, and no trace of them had been found up to our last information. This boat, in her sunken condition, was taken in tow by the pilot boat Wild Cat, Captain Jones, and taken to shallow water, where she was anchored on Saturday afternoon off the Battery. A water boat was also capsized off South Bay, but was afterwards got into a place of safety at Chisolm's Mill. Reports of accidents to other boats were freely circulated, but we could ascertain no serious disaster. Several fishing boats in the harbor were overtaken by the squall and capsized, but the occupants were rescued by other small boats.

In the city, the showering of the rain, the roaring and hissing noise of the wind howled around the house-tops, slammed shutters, wrenched sign and sign-posts from their fastenings, and both wind and rain with great vehemence, impeding the horses and annoying the drivers of the street cars.

Near the intersection of Wentworth and Smith-streets the line of travel of the Street Railway was obstructed by the fall of a large and venerable wild orange tree, which stood on the premises now occupied by Captain F. Lannan. This tree was found to yield to the pressure of the wind, and laid its prostrate form in sight of those whose delight it has often been to view its majestic branches and receive protection from its outstretched limbs.

The eight hour question, which has been agitating all the laborers and mechanics in the government employ for some months past, has been set at rest by the President issuing a proclamation to the effect that from and after this date no reduction shall be made in the wages paid by the government by the day to such laborers, workmen and mechanics on account of such reduction of the hours of labor.