

The Western Democrat.

WM. J. YATES, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Terms of Subscription—Three Dollars in advance.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 19, 1870.

EIGHTEENTH VOLUME—NUMBER 918.

THE
Western Democrat
PUBLISHED BY
WILLIAM J. YATES, Editor and Proprietor.

Commissioner Delano decides that in the case of a member of a firm dying during the year for which said firm had paid special tax...

Dr. W. H. Hoffman, DENTIST.

Respectfully informs the citizens of Charlotte and the public generally, that he has permanently located in Charlotte.

H. A. BLAND, Dentist, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Robert Gibbon, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

J. P. McCombs, M. D., Offers his professional services to the citizens of Charlotte and surrounding country.

Dr. John H. McADEN, Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

W. F. Davidson, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Charlotte, N. C.

DR. E. C. ALEXANDER, Charlotte, N. C.

JOHN T. BUTLER, Watch and Clock Maker, AND DEALER IN JEWELRY.

MANSION HOUSE, Charlotte, N. C.

B. R. SMITH & CO., General Commission Merchants.

Charlotte Female Institute, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

LARGE STOCK, Wittkowsky & Rintels

Notice to Trespassers

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Notice

No Secret. At Smith's Shoe Store.

You can buy the best and cheapest Boots, Shoes, Leather, Hats, Trunks and Tobacco.

Valuable Land for Sale.

I will sell for cash, to the highest bidder, at the Court House door in Charlotte, on Saturday the 7th of May next, a Tract of LAND containing 175 acres...

LAND FOR SALE.

We offer for sale a valuable Tract of LAND in Iredell county, about one mile from Mount Mourne, and near the track of the A. T. & O. Railroad.

At Gold Prices. 10 BARRELS CHEAP MOLASSES, 13 Sacks prime Rio Coffee, 1,000 Pounds Factory Cheese.

EDWIN GLOVER, Watch Maker and Jeweler, FROM FAYETTEVILLE.

Watch and Jewelry Business

Notice.

GASTON & MOORE, Successors to Wiley & Gaston, DEALERS IN Stoves, Tinware, Zinc, Tin Plate, SOLDIER, &c.

FARMERS!

Notice.

HARRIS & PHARR, 1870. AT Old China Hall, Between Tate & Deery's and First National Bank, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

E. M. HOLT & CO., HAVE JUST RECEIVED 20 BARRELS prime Corn Whiskey, 10 Barrels North Carolina Mountain Dew, 10 Barrels Old Rye for medicinal purposes.

Notice to Trespassers

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A Daring Feat.

One of the most wonderful robberies ever perpetrated—wonderful, at least, when one considers the means at the disposal of the robber—the achievement of a Frenchman, who, for a long time after it, was recognized in his profession as "the King of the Bandits."

His claim to this title was based upon a single exploit—the robbing of a diligence, which feat he not only planned, but carried into successful execution, without any assistance whatever. To do this, he made all his arrangements with the most careful completeness, and we may be satisfied a night for the attack when the coach carried a freight worth robbing.

Notice

McMURRAY, DAVIS & CO., Trade Street, Charlotte, N. C.

State of North Carolina, Cabarrus county, Ell A. Propst, Administrator of Elizabeth Propst, deceased, against Jeremiah N. Propst, Henry C. Propst, Washington Propst, Wesley C. Propst and Martha Propst, heirs at law of Elizabeth Propst, deceased.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

I will sell for cash, at the Court House in Charlotte, on Saturday the 7th day of May next, the following valuable LANDS and CITY PROPERTY to satisfy Executions in my hands:

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Newspaper Puffs.

There seems to be a mania amongst the corps editorial and newspaper contributors and correspondents, to puff everything—speakers, preachers, churches, books, medicines, shows, and performances of all kinds.

The practice of eulogizing preachers—and it is of this we design more particularly to speak—is really becoming, by the manner of doing it, an evil amongst us. It is quite proper under certain circumstances to speak of sermons that are peculiarly striking, or of unusual interest, whether preached by young or old, by Bishops or licentiate. But this should be done within the bounds of propriety.

Nothing so injures a man, particularly a minister, as vanity. We do not refer to the injury done to his influence so much—it just extinguishes that. We refer to the effect it has upon himself. It is ordinarily, we know, regarded as a sort of innocent weakness. This is quite a mistake—it is much more than that.

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Romance in Real Life. Singular History of a Tennessee Family.

One night about the first of January last two young men living in North Alabama were murdered in a very shocking and mysterious manner. They were brothers, and one of them was married. The latter was seated at his own fire-side, engaged in reading, when several men wearing masks rode up to the house and called him to the door.

These young men were born and raised in Tennessee, and a gentleman from Alabama, who was formerly a resident of Tennessee, gives us the history of their family, which is quite romantic enough for a first class novel.

"Twenty years ago the town of Blank, in Middle Tennessee, was one of the fastest and most fashionable places of its size in the South. Of course the name of the town was not Blank, which is merely borrowed for the occasion. Every other name which appears in this, except that of Louisville, will be borrowed for the same purpose.

"Not a great while after the above incident the heart and hand of Miss Brown were sought by a wealthy and most worthy young gentleman named Jones, who lived in a distant part of the State. His suit met the hearty approval of her friends, for he was rich, handsome, and a thorough gentleman, and in a short time they were married. But the marriage was an unhappy one. Mr. Jones had a large plantation in one of the cotton States, and his business interests required that he should spend much of his time there, and this he was said to have done, leaving his wife at her father's, where she preferred to stay in the enjoyment of that society and those comforts which were not to be found among the cotton plantations of the South.

"A year or two passed by, and young Smith, who had never forgotten his love for the beautiful Tennesseean, returned and renewed his suit—this time with much better success, for there was no formidable opposition, if any at all, and he and Miss Brown were married.

"And then the war came on. Young Smith was among the first to espouse the cause of the South, and join the army in her defence. He became an officer in a cavalry regiment, and continued in active service until the close of the struggle. He then returned to his wife in Blank, where he soon after began the practice of his profession. He returned to find that his father-in-law was a bankrupt.

"Very soon Mr. Brown's magnificent home was sold, and he removed to Blank with his family, consisting then of his wife and two sons—the two young men who were recently murdered in North Alabama. Soon after his removal to Blank from his old home, five miles distant, Mr. Brown died, leaving his wife almost or quite penniless. About the same time the two boys removed to Alabama, and Mrs. Brown was left alone with Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

"They lived in an elegant two story cottage in the suburbs of Blank. Early one morning, in the summer of 1867, Mr. Smith was found lying at his door quite dead. The weather was exceedingly warm at the time, and it was supposed that he had seated himself in the window of his room in the upper story, that he had gone to sleep while seated there, and had fallen to the ground, breaking his neck. Another period of two years went the way of all the other years of the life of this young widow, still as beautiful as ever, though saddened and subdued by the clouds which had swept across her pathway. And then the most singular event in this singular story came to pass.

"Mr. Jones, the first husband, who had never ceased to love the woman from whom he had been separated by a decree of the law, returned to Blank and proposed a second marriage. The proposition was accepted, and some time later spring the marriage took place—the divorced husband and wife uniting with warmer hearts and firmer faith those vows of love and constancy which once before they had uttered, and entered in vain. Six or eight months after this came the murder of the lady's two brothers by unknown assassins, thus ending a story than which very few in real life are more romantic or more curious.—Louisville Courier.

Sad Ending of a Romance. [From the New Orleans Picayune, April 1st.

To-day, just as the sun is at meridian, just as with solemn sound of the great bell of the old St. Louis Cathedral tells forth the hour of noon, a soldier will pay the penalty of a crime for which military justice knows but one expiation.

He was a member of one of the companies of United States troops stationed near a village of one of the interior parishes of Louisiana. Near the camp of the company was a plantation of a wealthy gentleman who had sympathized with the Union cause during the war, and who, therefore, was the object of special attention on the part of the officers of the command then performing provost duty. The planter had a large family, among whom was a daughter who possessed in a remarkable degree that rare type of beauty for which the women of the South are noted. She had imbibed the sentiment of her father, and therefore, took great pleasure in entertaining the officers who frequently visited the house.

The First Lieutenant of the company, Ambrose Black, at once conceived a warm attachment for the beautiful young creature, and endeavored in every way to induce her to share his feelings. Strange to say, however, the lady treated him in a peculiarly polite but formal manner, that proved her heart was set toward him. This was a great shock to his vanity, and he was at a loss to understand it. Finally the explanation came, when one of his companions, playfully rallying him upon his ill success, stated that he had discovered why the lady refused to smile upon him. He had accidentally witnessed an interview between herself and private Alfred Blake, the soldier who had been detailed to guard the house—an interview which proved conclusively that the heart of the young creature was irretrievably the private's and not the officer's.

This intelligence was too much for Lieutenant Black. His pride was wounded in its most vital point. He had been foretold where his heart was most enlisted, and by one of his own subordinates. Seeking private Blake at once, he poured out the vials of his wrath upon him, taunted him with his position, and declared he would send him where he should have no more opportunities of dallying with a shameless girl while on duty. Alfred Blake, had borne much, but this coarse allusion to the woman he loved better than life fired his heart and brain, and with one blow he struck his officer prostrate upon the ground in the presence of his company.

Then followed the trial—which was rendered inexpressibly touching by the presence of the woman who had dared to love a private soldier—the sentence of death, to be preceded by imprisonment at Ship Island. To-day the sentence is to be enforced and the majesty of the law sustained.

Optical Delusion. The New York Herald of Wednesday, says: A young Irish woman, not of prepossessing appearance, met on the Jersey boat yesterday afternoon a young man, whom she claimed as her long lost husband. As this young man, whose name was Wu. Smith, had never been married, he had a nervous dread of a woman, and when he found he was claimed, body and soul, by a lady with a face on one side and an upper range of prominent teeth, he remembered he had a friend in the engine room of the boat whom he had not seen lately, and to the recess thereof he very speedily dived. This did not baffle or take off the count of the female pretender. When he left the ferry-house the girl he had left behind him was there to greet him. He found that to convince a woman against her will was more than he was equal to. All that he could say, either in the way of chaff or sober earnest talk, left her of the same opinion still. As they created a disturbance in the streets, and the woman's pertinacity only increased instead of diminished, the officer on post was obliged to bring the pair before Justice Hogan at the Tombs Police Court.

At the time of their arrival the Justice was engaged with a case in the Examination Room, and Mr. Charles Wall, the chief clerk, with characteristic chivalry towards the fair sex, took the pair and the policeman into the sergeant's room of the court. There the young woman was asked if her husband had any private marks upon him which he could be identified, and she replied that on his arm she remembered seeing a "scratch" or "blister." Upon hearing this Mr. Smith pulled off his coat, bared his arms, and, evidently enjoying the novelty of his position, stretched them out as witnesses that he was not the lawful rib of the deceived dame before him. "You're the man, though," exclaimed Mr. Simpson. "You married me about two years ago, and I am sure three weeks after we were married. I am sure you're the man."

By this time the Justice had assumed the judicial chair. Mrs. Simpson told her story, Mr. Smith said he was never married in his life, gave his name and address, and the history of his life, and with evident truthfulness. This only increased the lady's positiveness, and she gave an address in Front street where they boarded at the time they were married. Justice Hogan—I think you're mistaken, madam; but if you will go with the policeman and the man to the boarding-house, perhaps they will identify him, and you can come back and give me the result. In about half an hour they returned. Mr. Smith was not known at the boarding-house, and could not be recognized as the gentleman who married this opinionated lady. Mr. Smith was released, but Mrs. Simpson went away convinced that she had been defrauded by the Justice out of a lawful husband.

A married gentleman, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the ugly temper and disposition of his daughter. As last, upon one occasion, becoming weary of the grumbling of his son-in-law, the old gentleman exclaimed: You are right, she is an impatient jade, and if I hear any more complaints of her I will disinherit her. The husband made no more complaints.