

THE SWEETWATER ENTERPRISE.

VOL. III.

SWEETWATER, TENN., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1869.

NO. 1.

The Enterprise.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
BY
C. B. WOODWARD,
At two Dollars a Year,
Payable in Advance.

RATE OF ADVERTISING.

NO VARIATION FROM THESE PRICES.

1 square, 10 lines, or less, one insertion, \$1.00
For each subsequent insertion, 50c
1 square per annum, \$11.00
2 squares per annum, \$17.00
1 column 3 months, 9.00
1 column 6 months, 14.00
1 column 1 year, 24.00
1 column 3 months, 21.00
1 column 6 months, 39.00
1 column 1 year, 74.00
Announcing candidates for county offices, 85.00
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Obituaries, of more than 10 lines, 1.00
No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the Cash.
Persons sending advertisements should mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.
Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.

Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the author.
Necessity compels us to adhere strictly to the Cash System, and payment will be required in advance, or on delivery, for all Job Work or advertising.

ATKIN HOUSE,
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
P. H. TOOMEY, PROP.
SITUATED WITHIN A FEW STEPS OF THE DEPOT. A new and elegant First Class Hotel, well furnished, and having every comfort and convenience.

SUFFICIENT TIME FOR
Passengers on the Trains East & West to get
Dinner. Oct 11

Planters' Hotel,
TWENTY STEPS FROM THE RAILROAD,
CLEVELAND, TENN.,
A FIRST CLASS HOTEL.
Tables furnished with the best of Markets. A first class Camp, Chk. R. K. MARSH, Prop'r.

FRANK BOGART, M.D.
SWEETWATER, TENN.,
WILL devote his entire attention to the practice of medicine in its various departments. Nov 30 '67 9-11

THOMAS G. BOYD,
GENERAL CLAIM AGENT,
Sweetwater, Tennessee
PROSECUTES all Claims against the U. States Government, on most reasonable terms. Liberal advances made to Claimants, especially the Widows and Orphans of deceased Soldiers, when the business is entrusted to his care. Nov 2 '67 5-11

NICHOLS & PARSLEY
ARE SELLING
Groceries and Provisions,
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE,
STATIONERY AND CONFECTIONERIES,
Dyestuffs, Factory Thread,
Heavy Domestic, Salt and Nails.

We design keeping a first-class Grocery and Provision Store, and will pay cash or goods for whatever we lay in the Produce line. You will find us at the Post Office, "East Broad street, Sweetwater, Tenn. NICHOLS & PARSLEY. Apr. 29-11

H. C. SAWTELL, Late with G. L. Anderson & Co.
J. A. PERKERSON, Late with Boyd, Vaughn & Co.

SAWTELL & PERKERSON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Opposite Dodd's Corner,
Whitehall Street, ATLANTA, GA

N. I. MAYES,
DENTIST,
SWEETWATER, TENNESSEE.

All work done upon the latest improvements. Every kind of prosthesis taken at market prices delivered at Sweetwater.
Teeth extracted without pain. Satisfaction guaranteed. Charges moderate. Sept 12 '67. 1-11

JOHN W. HOPE, P. MILLER.
HOPE & MILLER,
(Successors to Smith & Lyons.)
Watchmakers and Jewelers
DEALERS IN
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver Plated Ware,
Manufacturers of Sterling Silver Spoons.
GAY STREET, NEXT DOOR TO 1st National Bank.
Knoxville, Tennessee.

All work done by Experienced Workmen and Warranted. June 24-11

Barrett & Caswell,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
248 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.
Special attention given to the Sale of Produce, Bonds, Stocks, &c.

Merchandise & Cotton Purchased.
Thos. G. Barrett, Late of Barrett, Carter & Co.
Thos. D. Caswell, Late Baker & Caswell.
June 3-11

H. L. FRY,
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

ALL KINDS OF
Family Groceries,
CONFECTIONERIES, &c

Seth Thomas' Clocks.
HE IS ALSO prepared to repair Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, on the most reasonable terms. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
March 11, 1869.

ALVIN M'CORLE, JUDGE GEO. BROWN.

EAST TENNESSEE
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT

AND
Mill Furnishing Depot.

McCORKLE & BROWN,
Manufacturers' Agents and Dealers in

AGRICULTURAL
—AND—
LABOR-SAVING IMPLEMENT

FERTILIZERS, &c.,
INCLUDING

Mowers, Reapers,
Threshers, Separators,

Horse-Powers,
STEEL TOOTH WHEEL HORSE RAKE,

Cider and Wine Mills.
GRAIN DRILLS, STRAW CUTTERS,

Corn Shellers, Wheat Fans
SMUT AND COCKLE MACHINES.

Improved Steel and Cast Plows.
CASTINGS.

DOUBLE SHOVELS, SULKY PLOWS,
WASHING MACHINES,
ZERO REFRIGERATORS,

also,
Garden and Farming Hardware.

We are Agents for the State for
WHANN'S CELEBRATED
Raw - Bone Super - Phosphate,
The Great Fertilizer for all Crops.
(STANDARD GUARANTEED.)
To all of which we invite the Farmers of East Tennessee to come and Examine at our

Sample Warehouse,
GAY STREET,
Knoxville, Tennessee.

Near East Tennessee and Virginia, and East Tennessee and Georgia Railroads.
We respectfully solicit orders for all articles in our line which we will endeavor to fill to the satisfaction of those patronizing us.
Letters of inquiry promptly answered. April 6m.

STACY & ANGEL,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
RIFLE GUNS,

Double & Single Shot Guns.
Cartridge and Loose Ammunition,

PISTOLS OF ALL KINDS,
Gun Barrels, Gun Locks, Stocks, Rifles, Ramrods,
Shot Pouches and Belts,
Gun Wadding, Game Bags, Powder and Dram
Flasks, Bullet Pouches, Powder Horns,
CAPS, SHOT, LEAD, POWDER,
Cartridges of all kinds, Rifle and Pistol Moulds,
Parts of Pistols Furnished to Order. Fishing Tackle of Every Description. Pocket and Table Cutlery.

Agents for Smith & Rand's
RIFLE, BLASTING, and Mining Powder and Fuse
To which we invite the attention of Merchants and Consumers Generally.

OLD ARMS WANTED.
We will pay a liberal cash or trade price for the following arms, either in working order or broken. Send for price list.
Spencer Rifles and Cartridges, Henry 16 shot Cartridges, Sharps Rifle and Cartridges, Colt's Army or Navy Pistols, Remington's Army or Navy Pistols, Smith & Wesson's 5 or 6 shot Pistols.
STACY & ANGEL,
Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn.
Apr. 29-6m.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
RAILROAD AVENUE, BETWEEN 8th & 9th STREETS,
Twenty Rods from the Depot,
Chattanooga, Tennessee.
A. L. MILLER, Prop'r.

POETRY.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALBERT HASTINGS."

O, not o'er these, the true and brave,
Whose mingled forms, in many a grave,
Lie low where grass and wild flowers spring,
Shall dark oblivion spread her wing—
Green osters grow,
Red roses blow,
And garland the horses below!

Ye everlasting pines, whose wail,
With mournful dirges, swells the gale,
Sweep your high boughs, with requiem grand,
For soldiers of the Southern land,
Who gave their life,
In bloody strife—
Their memory ours, with glory rife!

What though oppression rule the soil,
They might not view the victor's spoil;
Beside their shivered swords they lie,
Unheeding 'neath a radiant sky;
Gains let them sleep!
'Tis ours to weep,
For joys we lost, for woes we reap!

Our blood-stained banner, rent and lost,
Once waving o'er a dauntless host!
Though wet thy folds with Freedom's tears,
Thy splendor lives in coming years,
When mighty minstrel
Shall sway nunkin!
And Right its equilibrium find!

But, now, in double night we dwell;
For that lost cause and those who fell,
Our yearning bosoms still o'erflow,
In pang of deep though silent woe;
But God is just!
And, in this trust,
We mournful leave your sacred dust!

Scathed, smitten, weary land, be still!
Abide scourge while Heaven so will;
Hope on, and with the coming day,
Though not yet seen and far away,
When dawning light
Shall scatter night,
And God's strong arm enforce the right!

Though mouldering ruins graily sway
The happy halls of other days,
Though aged sires, in slow decline,
Lament the downfall of their line,
Each here son,
A need hath won,
Revered till life's last sands shall run.

But now, and through all coming time,
Our countrymen shall live sublime
In their heart-memory so dear,
To hissing high and bright career,
And long be shed,
Above their bed,
Tears for our loved Confederate Dead!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The New Baby—A Boy's Scollionery.
Yes, there's another of 'em up stairs now. I knowed it 'cause papa told me I must be quiet and sit down in a corner with my books, and musn't play ball, nor ask Willie Smart to come in and help me put up my puzzle together. Then there's a cross nurse that's always scolding me for getting in her way, no matter where I got. Besides Miss Cadalf was here to-day, and she took me on her knee, patted me on the back just like the cook when I am choking, and said my nose was another degree out of joint, but I knew better for this is the third time she has told me so, and it is no more out of joint than it ever was. She's a hateful, goggle-eyed old maid—that's what she is.

I saw it too. It's got a little round, red head, without any hair, with great deep wrinkles instead of eyes; and when it cries it opens its mouth as though it meant to swallow itself. Pa helped me upon the side of the bed, and told me to kiss my dear, pretty little sister; and when I wouldn't, and called it a horrid ugly little thing, he said I was a naughty boy, and then the nurse shook me, and said I ought to be ashamed. I didn't get to kiss my ma at all. I knew better than to try it, for once, when another baby came, I climbed up on the bed, and putting my arms around her neck, hugged and kissed her; but all the time I had my knee on the baby's head so I was whipped and put in my crib without any supper because I didn't know it was there. Little Annie thinks it nice to have a new sister, but she was the baby before and don't know any thing about it. I can remember long, long ago when ma used to call me her "sweet little darling," and pa dandled me on his foot and said I was a fine fellow, and aunt Julia declared that I was a "perfect little angel," but then Tom came, and all my pretty toys were given to him 'cause he was the baby, and I was enuffed and scolded by every body 'cept grandma, and she's good to me yet, though there's been two other new ones since.

I wonder where all the babies come from? Ma says the Lord sends them. I wish he wouldn't send any more to our house; we've got more'n enough now. It might be nice for them if they could stay little always, but they have to grow big after a while, and then they ain't no better off than the rest of folks. I rather think if I was a baby I'd ask the Lord to send me where I'd not grow any bigger, and then I'd have nothing to do but to lie on my back, and chew my toes, and have folks say I was the "darlingest, cunningest little creature they ever laid eyes on."

A shrewd answer. Lady (at Sunday-school): "And what do you understand by the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?" The head of the class: The flowers in your bonnets, teacher!

From the Rochester Union.]
Are Second Marriages Proper?
Custom tolerates this abominable social evil, if it does not approve it. It can not do less, when the lax state of public morality makes divorcees even not only possible, but easy of accomplishment. Marriage by many is no longer regarded as a divine institution, but simply an alliance to be entered into, and dissolved, at the caprices of folly, lust, or convenience.

There are but few persons, comparatively, but that believe in the immortality of the soul; and that those who have gone before us to the spirit land will be recognized, and hold the same relation to us when we meet them there that they did here—therefore, to such, a marriage is for eternity. A plurality of wives or husbands in the same life, must excite the same horror which it does in all right minded persons when such a state of things is contemplated here. In this light I view it, and I can not divest the idea from my mind that the contraction of more than one marriage by the same person is no less than a kind of polygamy.

How agonizing and terrible it must be to a devoted and tender wife when separated from her partner in the halcyon days of their wedded life, after waiting many long years in the spirit land for the dear one left behind, to find perhaps two or three later wives of her husband set to her before his arrival; when he at length comes, to have her claim disputed, or at least receive only a moiety of that love which her priority should claim as a whole. Aside from this there are other considerations connected with second marriages which are not less repelling.

First, marriages are usually contracted when youth, love and romance cement the union with tenderness and sacredness which no latter periods can approach. The human heart pours out its best and purest oblations upon a first union, and all other connections of the kind are in comparison only ridiculous burlesques upon the institution of marriage. The heart can never yield but to one the divine glow which distills the true elixir of wedded life. When this one is removed, the fountain is dried up in this world, and no rod wielded by a second love can again make it flow with its original abundance and sparkling purity.

How ridiculous, farcical, iniquitous, then, are all marriages save the first! How abhorrent the bare idea of a connection of this kind must be to all such as are basking in the happy fruition of a first union! To think, for instance, at some future day, that a beloved wife or husband may be removed and others step into their places; at their boards other heads to preside; at their firesides new faces to smile or frown upon them. The arms that embrace them and the kisses they receive to be bestowed upon a mercenary and selfish interloper.

When death takes away a beloved wife or husband, the bereaved, instead of casting their eyes around for one to fill the place, should live on the memory of their loved ones; look upon the affliction as only temporary; bear the lost one ever in mind; shape every act as though their eyes were upon them; and as they proceed onward, nearing the goal, their love should be constantly increasing so as to be fully prepared for that reunion which will be final and eternal.

Printers and Paradoxes.
A printer is the most curious being living. He may have a bank, coins, and not be worth a cent; have small caps, and have neither wife or children. Others may run fast, but he gets swifter by setting fast. He may be making impressions without eloquence; may use the ley without offending, and be telling the truth; while others cannot stand while they set, he can set standing, and do both at the same time; have to use furniture, and yet have no dwelling; may make and put away pi, and never see a pie, much less eat it during his life; be a human being and a rat at the same time; may press a great deal and not ask a favor; may handle a shooting iron and know nothing about a cannon, gun or pistol; he may move the lever that moves the world, and be as far from moving the globe as a hog under a mole-hill; spread sheets without being a housewife, he may lay his forms on a bed, and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor; he may use a dagger without shedding blood, and from the earth he may handle stars; he may be of a rolling disposition, and yet never desire to travel; he may have a sheep's foot, and not be deformed; never without a case, and yet know nothing of law or physic; be always correcting errors, and be growing worse every day; have embraces, without having the arms of a girl around him; have his form locked up, and at the same time be free from jail, watch-house, or other confinement; his office may have a bell in it, and not be a bad place after all; he might be plagued by the devil, and be a Christian of the best kind; and what is stranger still, he honest or dishonest, rich or poor, drunk or sober, industrious or lazy, he always stands up to his business.

The Radicals confess that Grant's opposition to Hamilton in Texas, has given him strength, as it did Senter in Tennessee and Walker in Virginia.

A store in Denver city has a sign as follows: FyNe KUT 2bakO.

The Women of East Tennessee.
Perhaps no one cause has contributed more to the advancement of our section of the State in material wealth, than our women, more especially the wives and daughters of our farmers and cottagers, whose humble homes, dotting the valleys and the sequestered glades of our mountains, add beauty to the landscape. During the war both armies ravaged this country with ruthless cruelty and barbarism. The bread of the sick and the helpless was ruthlessly taken and destroyed, and yet, thanks to our women, but little actual suffering for something to eat or to wear occurred. Contrasting their habits with the women of some of the neighboring States, we find this marked difference. Here woman, by her industry, thrift and economy, not only prepares the family food and clothing, but in a great measure provides it. The value of the exports of feathers, beeswax, herbs, roots, dried fruits, butter, poultry and other commodities, the direct results of their efforts, exceed the value of the exports of wheat. They are more than sufficient to pay for all the coffee, sugar and salt consumed by the entire rural population. Add to this the vast quantity of homespun cloth she weaves—the vegetables she cultivates, and you can form a slight estimate of her worth. This is not true of the women of other States or of other sections. These women look more to dress and display than to economy and thrift. Here the farmer's wife is indeed a help mate. There she is an ornamental appendage of the household, scarcely taking interest enough in the family to wash the faces of her own children. And now the crowning glory of our women remains to be mentioned. In her contributions to our population she is worth a hundred commissioners of immigration. She not only brings the immigrant but feeds and clothes him, nurses him when he is sick, teaches him how to work and makes a useful citizen of him, and all this she does not only without complaining, but from the look of pride that brightens up her eye when you ask her how many children she has and she answers "fourteen," you would think she delighted in it.

A Moving Sermon.
We have a subjoined discourse, delivered by a Southern divine, who had removed to a new field of labor. To his new flock, on the first day of his ministrations, he gave some reminiscences of his former charge, as follows:

"My beloved brethren, before I take my text, I must tell you about my parting with my old congregation. On the morning of last Sabbath I went into the meeting house to preach my farewell discourse. Just in front of me sat the old fathers and mothers in Israel; the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks; their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! Behind them sat the middle-aged men and matrons; health and vigor beamed from every countenance; and as they looked up I could see in their dreamy eyes—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! Behind them sat the boys and girls that I had baptized and gathered into the Sabbath school. Many times had they been rude and boisterous, but now their merry laugh was hushed, and in the silence I could hear—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! Around, on the back seats, and in the aisles, stood and sat colored brethering with their black faces and honest hearts, and as I looked upon them I could see a—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! When I had finished my discourse and shaken hands with the brethering—ah! I passed out to take a last look at the old church—ah! The broken steps, the fopping blinds, and moss covered roof, suggested only—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! I mounted my old gray mare with my earthly possessions in my saddle-bags, and as I passed down the street the servant girls stood in the doors, and with their brooms waved me a fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! As I passed out of the village the low wind blew softly through the waving branches of the trees, and moaned fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! I came down to the creek; and as the old mare stopped to drink I could hear the water rippling over the pebbles—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! And even the little fishes as their bright fins glistened in the sun-light, I thought gathered around to say, as best they could—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah! I was slowly passing up the hill, meditating upon the sad vicissitudes and mutations of life, when suddenly out bounded a big hog from a fence corner, with a booo! aboo! and I came to the ground with my saddle-bags by my side. As I lay in the dust of the road my old gray mare ran up the hill, and as she turned the top she waved her tail back at me, seemingly to say—fare ye well Brother Watkins—ah! I tell you, my brethering, it is affecting times to part with a congregation you have been with for thirty years—ah!—Editor's Draw, Harper's Magazine for October.

The statement of Jay Gould that both Grant and his wife were engaged in the late gold speculation in New York, has created considerable flutter in Washington, and semi-official contradictions have been put forth through some of the correspondents.

Ten Years Ago.
The Cleveland Plaindealer says: About ten years ago, Daniel Sickles committed a most cowardly murder in the streets of Washington. Now he represents the United States at the Court of

Less than ten years ago, DEALERS IN Brown, of Georgia, were on secession movement DRY, and on originator, builder, Andersonville prison, and in a leader of the Jacob T I O N—ho

Considerably less and had of a rebel army, dealing death and destruction to Union soldiers. Now he is an appointee of Grant to a very lucrative position in New Orleans.

Ten years ago, Ben. Butler, at the Charleston Convention, voted five times for Jeff. Davis as a candidate for President, and was at that time a poor man. Now he is the head and front—the very quintessence of Jacobinism—and worth his millions of dollars.

That Bull Frog.
A couple of Yankee girls put a bull frog into the hired man's bed, to see if they could get him to talk. Daniel threw the frog out of the window and said not a word. Soon after he put a bushel of chestnut bars into the girl's bed, and about the time he thought they would make the least shadow, Daniel went to their door and rattled the latch furiously. Out went the light and in went the girls, but they didn't stick, though the burrs did. Calling to them, he begged them to lie quiet, he only wanted to know if they had seen anything of that pesky bull frog; he'd gin two dollars to find him.

Pass Him Around.
A man who represents himself as a Canadian Railroad Agent, who calls himself John Wallace, left his boarding house on North Summer street last Monday without paying his board. He is a man of pleasing address and pretends to be very courteous and obliging. He is not the only one that gets his living in this manner. Some people make it a practice to go from one city to another and leave the boarding-houses without paying their bills.—Union and American.

Political Opinion of Mr. Davis.
Ex-President Davis was interviewed, on his recent visit with this result:
He is said to have expressed the hope that the Liberal Conservative Republicans of the South and the Democrats of the North would succeed in the Fall elections. His estimate of parties is that the Northern Democrats represent what is left of the principle of self-government, or "White Man's Government," while the Conservative Republicans South represent all that is left of the principle in that section.

Glad To Hear It.
The Richmond Examiner says:
"Dirt eating" in Virginia has not yet assumed that morbid and disgusting form when a lump of clay furnishes a more sumptuous repast than a dish of good old fashioned "bacon and greens."

Going the whole Reconstruction hog is the bacon and greens of modern progress.

When Mark Twain was in the Holy Land, the monks showed him the "Tomb of Adam," which evoked the following gush from that super-sensitive nature: "The tomb of Adam! how touching it was here in a land of strangers, far away from home and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through the Holy Land. Noble old man—he did not live to see me—he did not live to see his child. And I—alas! did not live to see him! Weighed down by sorrow and disappointments, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born."

The Knoxville (Tenn.) Whig says: "Mrs. Divine and Overton, of Tazewell, now have in their possession a natural monstrosity—a child with two heads, four arms, double thorax and abdomen, three legs, two separate and distinct vertebral columns, two hearts, two pairs of lungs, and two genitals. The gender is feminine. They are united nearly face to face, and precisely resemble Rita Christina, with the exception that the unnatural production has three legs, while the former has but two. Our informant assures us there is no humbug about the matter, and that he saw this curiosity himself, which was the illegitimate offspring of a girl living in Tazewell. It is now dead.

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, and most steadfast happiness.