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Half Cash and Half Barter—A Cute Trick.

A Connecticut broom peddler—a shrewd chap, from over among the steady habits, wooden clogs, schoolmasters, and other fixings—drove through the streets of Providence heavily laden with corn brooms. He had called at several stores and offered his load, or ever so small portions of it; but when he wanted the cash, and nothing else, in payment, they had brooms enough, and that he might go further. At length he drove up to a large wholesale store on the West side, and once more offered his wares.

"Well, I want the brooms badly enough," said the merchant, "but what will you take in pay?"

This was a poser. The peddler was aching to get rid of his brooms; he despised the very sight of his brooms; but he would no sooner sell a single broom for cash than the whole load for any other article—especially that which he could not dispose of so readily as he could brooms. After a moment's hesitation, however, he screwed his courage to the sticking point—it required some courage after having lost his load half a dozen times by a similar answer—and frankly told the merchant he must have cash. Of course the merchant protested that cash was scarce, and that he must purchase, if he purchased at all, with what he had in his store to pay with. He really wanted the brooms and did not hesitate to say so. But the times were hard, and he had notes to pay and had goods that must be disposed of.

Finally, he would put the goods at the best price, for the sake of trading, and would take the whole load of brooms which the peddler had labored so unsuccessfully at the other stores to dispose of. "So unload the brooms," said he to the man from Connecticut, "and select any articles from my store and you shall have them at cost price."

The peddler scratched his head. There was an idea there, as the sequel shows plainly enough.

"I tell you what it is," he answered at last just as they terms for half the load, and cash for the other half, and I'm your man. Blowed if I don't sell out, if Connecticut sinks with all her broom stuff, the next minute."

The merchant hesitated a moment, but finally concluded the change a good one. He would be getting half the brooms for something that would not sell so readily; as for the cost price, it was easily gammon in regard to it. The bargain was struck, the brooms were brought in, and the cash for half them was paid over.

"Now what will you have for the remainder of your bill?" asked the merchant.

The peddler scratched his head again, and this time more vigorously. He walked the floor, whistled and drummed with his fingers on the head of a barrel. By-and-by his reply came—slowly, deliberately and emphatically:

"You Providence fellers are cute; you sell at cost, pretty much all of you, and make money. I don't see how its done. Now, I don't know about your goods, barter one article, and of I take anything else I may be cheated. So, seein' as I won't make any odds with you, I guess I'll take brooms. I know them like a book, and can swear to just what you paid for 'em."

And so saying, the peddler commenced reloading his brooms, and having deposited half his former load jumped on his cart with a regular Connecticut grin, and leaving the merchant cursing his impudence and his own stupidity, drove off in search of another customer.

Secrets of Masonry.

Old Zach Wheeler was quite a character in his time, being a clever easy going, confiding man; who managed to let every body cheat him out of his inherited estates. Just as the last farm was about to slip out of his hands, he succeeded in raising the money to lift the mortgage. Aaron Remer, a prominent mason, accompanied him to the Register's office, which was in a neighboring town. As they were riding along on horseback, so Aaron says, Zach, in a confiding manner, said:

"Now, Aaron, we are here, all alone, and I want you to tell me the secrets of Masonry. I can't Zach, they would kill me. Why, no they won't they'll never find it out."

Yes, they will, you'll tell of it. No, I swear I won't.

Well, if you'll ride close along side of me, and put your hand under my thigh, and take the oath I'll administer, I'll tell you the secrets of masonry.

Zach was not slow to comply, and a most powerful iron clad oath was administered and taken.

"Now for the secrets," exclaimed the impatient and unsuspecting victim.

"Well," said Aaron, with mock solemnity and secrecy, in the first place, we masons combine together to cheat everybody, as much as we can. This is the first grand secret.

The second is like unto it. When we can't find anybody else to cheat we cheat each other, but as little as we can.

Well, exclaimed Zach, with evident surprise, I swear I'll join. I wish I had done it twenty years ago—I might have been a rich man afore now.

Words of Puzzles.

The following funny puzzles in spelling and pronunciation may amuse some during the evenings:

There is one word of only five letters, and if you take away two of them, ten will remain. What word is that?

It is often. If you take away o, f, ten will remain.

There is a word of five letters, and if you take away two of them, six will remain.

Here is a puzzle—

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am always the same. Can't you guess that?

You are right; it is the mail carrier.

There is one word which, if you change the place of one of its letters, means exactly opposite from what it did at first. What is the word?

It is suited. Place the i after the t and it becomes untied.

Can you tell me what letter it is that has never been used but twice in America? It is a; it is used only twice in America.

Can you tell me when there were only two vowels?

It was in the days of Noah, before you and I was born—In the days of no a before u and i were born.

Now let me hear whether you can spell the fate of all earthly things in two letters? I will tell you—d-k (decay).

I suppose you have often heard, or can guess, how to spell mouse trap in three letters?

You are right. It is c a t.

Can you tell a man in one word that he took late breakfast?

This is the way—attenuate (at ten you ate).

Can you tell me what word is always pronounced faster by adding two letters to it?

It is the word fast; add er to it, and it is faster.

What is the word of one syllable, which if you take away two letters from it will become a word of two syllables?

You must try and guess that, for it is my last puzzle. It is plug; take away p, and it becomes auger.

Ponderous.

"The lonely mountains o'er,
And the Cumberland's shrouds,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament
From haunted pond and dale,
Edged with Hillegale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent."

No more bull-frogs, with melodious voices, mocking the belated truant on a summer's eve, with dismal bass; or starting with sudden plunges, as homeward his wends his way filled with horrid forebodings, and shrouded with fearful birchen shadows; no more mud eels, nor perch; no more ice, no more skating; no more chills and fever, no musquitoes; no more pond lillies—Egyptian Lotus, pleasing the eye with their magnificent bloom—the queen of the lillies, blossoming with regal splendor and transforming the impure waters into an abode for fairy bands. How often have been heard, there beneath the falling dews of eventide, low breathed vows and honeyed words, "l'esque sub noctem enseris," chiming well with the low voiced, melodious song of the frogs, or the "shard bone beetle's drowsy hum."

Whilst the moonbeams trembled in the bosom of the water, and the floating clouds mirrored down in the depths, and the zephyrs lightly wooed the lillies. Alas, improvement, that sparest neither hill nor dale; "twilight shade of tangled thickets," nor romantic grove, that caret neither for moonlit walk, nor lonely stroll at starlit eve, the clustering memories that so thickly cloud our fancy, when we recall the big pond of the past, and the moonlight walks there on its brink and the lingers there, beneath the falling dews, the whisperings there and the gazing down at the sparkling gems beneath the waters, glimmering as the waves trembled with the breeze! We are tempted to wish that lotus were the lotus of old, and that our city fathers had eaten of it until they were willing to linger in the old time, dreamy past, leaving the home of the fairies and the pond lillies untouched by sacrilegious hands; to "bid the wakening waves their oozy channel keep."

An Eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies that a good many men have done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor says that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely promising to marry, without going any further. A Southern editor caps the climax by telling the story of a man who had much trouble in finding any one to listen to his promise to marry.

It was Jeremy Taylor who said to all men: "If you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last, best gift to man; his angel of mercy; minister of graces innumerable; his gem of any virtues; his casket of jewels; her voice his sweetest music; her smile his brightest day."

The prayer of the office-seeker—"Oh, that I were an event, that I might take place."

Tennessee.

THE CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN THE STATE.

STATEMENT OF HONORABLE DORSEY B. THOMAS, SPEAKER OF THE SENATE, BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

To make myself understood it will be necessary to review a little of our past history as a State. Under Gov. Brownlow's administration the right of suffrage was denied to a majority of the white men of the State.

This embraced nearly all the tax-payers and most of the intelligence of the State.

Many who had acquired the right to suffrage were deprived of this right without charge or conviction of crime.

They were denied the right to sit on juries, or assist in the arrest of persons charged with crime, unless by permission.

The Governor had entire control of the right of suffrage, and gave, or withheld, or withdrew at pleasure.

He appointed the judges of the courts, or had them elected to order, as he preferred.

The blacks were nearly all voters and paid no poll tax, while the disfranchised whites paid nearly all the taxes.

Militia were called out at his pleasure and quartered on us to awe and intimidate.

Fugitives, by hundreds, convicted by their own courts, were turned out of the State prisons, and enlisted in this militia.

Secret political societies were formed all over the State, and the colored voters, almost without exception, inducted there-in.

On election days they were generally marched in solid column to the polls and voted to order.

Everything was done that could be to engender race antagonisms and alienate those whose interests are identical.

A despotism such as never existed on this continent before was established and maintained.

The ballot, the courts, the purse and sword all in the hands of and under the control of one man.

To protest against this, whether Republican, Whig, or Democrat, Union or Rebel, was political death. None but supplicants at the throne could live politically, except by accident or by personal power and influence so strong as to be feared.

Our fund set apart for common schools was squandered and lost.

Our taxes were increased until they were burdensome, and yet the treasury was bankrupt.

Crime was frequent and often went unpunished.

When a change in the administration was had, by the election or appointment of Gov. Brownlow to the United States Senate, a dawn of day was perceivable. Many of the prominent men of the dominant party demanded a change. They had felt the yoke, and did not want its burdens continued.

A contest for Governor was had. Two prominent men of the party were candidates. The little gleam of light they had received had revived all their former love of liberty and freedom. Each vied with the other in their advocacy of a restoration of liberty and the establishment of a republican, representative State government.

The Supreme Court caught the spirit and released some twenty thousand voters, who had been deprived of the right without trial or conviction of crime. All became liberal and felt that the time had arrived when we should be set free. The majority of the people had little or no choice between the contestants; but one held the power while the other did not, and interest induced them to support the incumbent.

A liberal construction of the franchise law was given and a large vote was polled. None advocated the continuation of the franchise laws, and they were considered as virtually repealed, and yet the forms were rigidly complied with.

The members elected to the Legislature were, almost without exception, original Union men.

Their every effort has been to repeal all laws discriminating in favor of or against any class—to pass all laws necessary for the suppression of crime—in short to do all and everything in its power to restore the equal rights and protection to all without regard to race, color or previous condition—to restore the credit of the State financially, politically and morally. That we have abridged the powers of the Governor is true. We advocated and we know it to be necessary to the preservation of republican liberty in the State. We submit our every act to your careful consideration.

To carry out the wishes of all parties, as expressed at the ballot-box last summer, a change in the organic law was necessary. For that purpose a convention of the people was asked. We herewith submit to you their acts, which if ratified, becomes the organic law of the State. It speaks for itself.

The crimes that have been mentioned in such brilliant colors (if committed at all) have been committed under their own laws, and while every officer in the State is of their own appointing. If it is as they say, let us make the change. We can't make it worse.

Preparations for Spring Work.

The present is the farmer's time to arrange his plans for the coming year, and on its being carefully done depends greatly the success of future operations. He has the gathered experience of the past to aid him and if one or more crops have failed, now is the time to consider the cause. Has he been unprofitably stinted in the necessary amount of labor? has any other than the best seed been sowed or planted? have weeds been allowed to grow unchecked? has work been performed too much in a hurry? have the most improved implements of all kinds been used?

Trade and business in the cities have been depressed the past season, as well as the prices of produce in the country. Let not the farmer be discouraged.

Is the working stock of the farm sufficient? has there been false economy in the use of manures? has there been room to store the crops?

All these questions should be asked and answered; recollecting that the most improvident of all kinds of farming is the raising of half-crops, and that poor stock is always the most expensive; he should map out his plans for the year 1870, so as to avoid all these errors; and with the aid of agricultural papers, to introduce an improved system of management. The increase of railroad facilities may bring his farm within market distance of large cities or manufacturing, so that his whole system should be changed—and perishable articles, such as butter, milk, small fruits, vegetables, be cultivated instead of beef and grain, with which he has been striving in an unequal competition with the cheap lands of the West.

Let the farmer now consider and digest the tried capacities of his soil and its adaptation to particular crops. Has he generally succeeded in his crop of corn, potatoes, or cotton, or cabbage, or broom corn, or hops, or pasture?—let him not suddenly change his system on account of temporary depression in prices.

"Time and chance happeneth unto all," and with patient industry and perseverance, every man in his proper calling, (not forgetting the performance of moral, social and religious duties) will find that for him "seed time and harvest, cold and heat, Summer and Winter, day and night, shall not cease, nor the early and the latter rain."

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate—
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Before the war, it chanced that in a hotel bar room in Canada, not far from the line, a group were seated, when a bright looking negro entered.

"I suppose you're a runaway slave," said one, looking sharply at the new comer.

Feeling that he was pretty well away from bondage, the darkey responded that he was.

"Ah, indeed; well, we're glad of it, but you don't seem to look very poor—have good clothes down South?"

"Certainly," said the darkey, with some pride, "same clothes as my master."

"But you got many a good thrashing eh?"

"Never had a whipping in my life."

"Never thrashed?" said another; "well but you niggers don't get enough to eat, do you?"

"Always had enough, gemmen; never went hungry."

"What?" said the interrogator, "good clothes, no punishment, plenty to eat?"

"Now," said he, turning to the group, "only think of it! This fellow has left a position where he enjoys all these privileges for an uncertainty."

"Gemmen," said the darkey, "all I've got to say respectin' dese privileges is dat if any one wishes to avail himself, de situation still stands open."

A Veteran.

We had the pleasure of meeting, yesterday, Mr. John Bishop, an old veteran of the war of 1812, who stated as follows:

That he was 91 years of age, and was now living with his fourth wife. That he had raised 21 children out of 27. That he had 15 boys, six of whom fought in the Federal army, and nine in the Confederate army. He also said that he had never taken a drop of medicine in his life, and consequently, felt in perfect health, and able to out and split one hundred rails any day. He said his grandmother lived to the extraordinary age of 137 years, and his father lived to be 118 years old.

This extraordinary man was one of General Jackson's best bowlers, and was in the battles of Horse Shoe and New Orleans under old Hickory. General Jackson assisted him to scale the walls of Pensacola and he was the second man over the fort. —Daily Times.

Compositors in the New York Tribune office are fined 10 cents for each profane word uttered on the premises, the money so gathered being given to the poor. One unfortunate chap a new hand, lost nearly a week's wages one night over a bit of Greeley's manuscript.

Well, wife, I don't see for my part how they send letters on them 'ers wires without tearing them all to bits. La me! they don't send the paper, they just send the writing in a fluid state.

Philosophy of Marriage.

Few people, in estimating the happiness of a married couple, makes due allowance for human imperfection. No two human beings can be brought into intimate relationship of husband and wife without an occasional development of something discordant. Only perfect, absolutely sinless persons, could live absolutely perfect lives together, and such men and women can never be found in this world, and as in another world there will be no marrying, absolutely perfect marriages can never be realized, either in this world or that which is to come. But, are not the vast majority of married persons quite as happy as unmarried ones? Nay, more, are not the great majority of married people as happy in their married state as they would be unmarried? And still more, are they not as happy with each other as they would be with anybody else? By a change of partners they might get rid of some one or more causes of disturbances between them—some constitutional defects or infirmities, or some disagreeable, cherished habits, but they would find in other parties other causes of disturbance quite as serious, though of an entirely different kind—so that, after all it might be very difficult to say on which side there was the greatest amount of happiness or misery. The fact is, that men and women are susceptible of only a given amount of contentment and happiness, in any condition of life, and marry whom they will, they can never exceed their capacity for enjoyment. Many people are foolish enough to imagine that marriage is the sovereign cure for all the disquietudes and miseries of life—and when they get married and yet find their favorite panacea does not work perfectly, they jump to the conclusion that it is because their marriage is not a true one—that it was ill-sorted, and, therefore, an unhappy one; whereas, the only trouble is, that both husband and wife are human—neither divine nor angelic—and have, like all other human beings, more or less of sinful infirmity about them.

A Fox's Revenge.

A respectable man of the county of Montgomery, lived on the banks of the Hudson River. One day he went to a bay on the river to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there he saw a fox come down to the shore, stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water, very silently, sank himself, and then, keeping the moss above the water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank and found a hole made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, laid in the goose, and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it. The fox then left; and while he was away the hunter unbundled the goose and closed the hole, and then resolved to await the issue. In about an hour the fox returned with another fox in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend.—Murray's Creation.

A paper in Stockton, Wis., has the following pathetic and irresistible appeal to its debtors: "Come in. We cannot forgive our debtors as our Heavenly Father; we are unable to do so; our powers are limited. But we can write receipts and stamp them nicely when full payments are made. We are waiting anxiously."

EMPLOYER TO NEW CLERK.—"Well, Sniffles, have you posted the ledger?"

NEW CLERK.—"Ye, thir! I've posted the ledger; but, lor, thir, it wath too big for the letter-box, and I had to take it inthide the poth-offith!"

"What death would you prefer to die?" said one person to another. "I don't exactly know; I should like to try seven or eight before deciding the point."

You may outlaw the friend of truth, but truth remains; you may humble the poet, the artist, the Christian, but you cannot debase poetry, art or Christianity.

A Chicago husband advertises that he will pay no debts contracted by any person except by his wife. The ladies ought to erect a monument to him while living, as a model husband.

A lady wished a seat. A portly, haughty gentleman brought one and seated the lady. Oh! you're a jewel, said she. Oh, no, he replied, I am a jewel; I have just set the jewel.

The man who tried to sweeten his tea with one of his wife's smiles, has "fallen back" on sugar. Nothing like first principles, after all.

God loves simplicity and sincerity, even though it be mixed up with ignorance and weakness: "When Israel was a child then I loved him."