

THE SWEETWATER ENTERPRISE.

VOL. III.

SWEETWATER, TENN., THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1870.

NO. 24.

THE ENTERPRISE.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
At two Dollars a Year,
Payable in Advance.

FRANK BOGART, M.D.

SWEETWATER, TENN.,

WILL devote his entire attention to
the practice of medicine in its various
departments. feb 17-19

N. I. MAYES,

DENTIST,

SWEETWATER, TENNESSEE.

Dr. J. Harvey Johnston,

SWEETWATER, TENNESSEE.

WILL IN THE FUTURE DEVOTE HIS AT-
tention to the practice of medicine. Prompt
attention given to calls at all hours. Office at the
Store of Johnson & Russell. mar 3-11

BARLOW & KEY,

Philadelphians, Tenn.

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, HATS, QUEENWARE,
Books and Shoes, Hats, and Ready-made
Clothing. Keeps constantly on hand, one of the
largest stocks found in the country, all of which
they sell cheaper than the cheapest. They pay
the HIGHEST Cash price for all kinds of
Produce. Call and examine our stock, and we will
not fail to make it to your interest to give us
your trade, our motto is, short profits and quick
sales. feb 17-19

W. B. STALEY,

Kingston, Tenn.

T. E. H. M'CRSKEY,

Madisonville, Tenn.

STALEY & M'CRSKEY,

Attorneys and Solicitors,

Madisonville, Tenn.

WILL PRACTICE IN ROANE, ONTARIO, and
the adjoining counties. Prompt attention
given to the collection of all claims, and the
prosecution of suits either in Circuit or Chancery
Court. Dec. 2-19

ATKIN HOUSE,

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

JAMES BELL, PROP'R.

SITUATED WITHIN A FEW STEPS OF THE DEPOT.
A new and elegant first class Hotel, well fur-
nished, and having every comfort and conven-
ience.

SUFFICIENT TIME FOR

Travellers on the Trips East & West to get
Dinner. feb 17-19

JOHN W. HOPE,

F. 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 24-19

R. M. Bearden,

WHOLESALE

LIQUOR DEALER,

AND

Commission Merchant,

GAY STREET

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Country Produce Bought and Sold on Com-
mission. oct 21-19

LAMAR HOUSE,

Knoxville, Tennessee.

J. C. FLANDERS, Lessee.

THIS House has been repainted and papered
The Beds are Good. Business men will
consult their own interests by being in mind
that this house is located

IN THE BUSINESS CENTRE,

which gives them advantages that no other house
affords. Omnibuses at the Depot.

Terms for Tennessee guests as liberal as any
other house. oct 17-19

S. BISSINGER,

MERCHANT TAYLOR

AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

No. 98 Corner Gay and Clinch Sts.,

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS.

T. L. REYNOLDS,

WITH

A. M. MIDON & CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

EAST TENNESSEE

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT

AND

Mill Furnishing Depot.

McCORKLE & CO.,

Manufacturers' Agents and Dealers in

AGRICULTURAL

AND

LABOR-SAVING IMPLEMENTS

FERTILIZERS, &c.,

INCLUDING

Mowers, Reapers,

Thrashers, 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,

East Tennessee & Virginia

Rail Road Depot.

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.

CALVIN McCORKLE,

HIRAM HOLT,

mar. 17-19

BOLIVAR FEMALE ACADEMY,

Madisonville, Tenn.

THE EXERCISES OF THIS INSTITUTION

will be resumed on the 1st Monday in Sep-
tember, under the charge of Professor R. H.
Ramsay, who has had charge of the same for
the past four years.

Board can be procured at reasonable rates
in the best families of the city.

The Music department will be as heretofore
under the charge of Prof. Wasson.

Wm. WILLIAM Pres't. Board.

S. P. HALE, Sec'y.

aug. 19-11

NICHOLS & PARSLEY

ARE SELLING

Groceries and Provisions,

QUEENWARE, 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 buy in the Produce line. You
will find us at the Post Office, East Broad Street,
Sweetwater, Tenn. NICHOLS & PARSLEY.

apr. 29-11

SWEETWATER

UNION INSTITUTE.

THE Trustees take pleasure in announcing

that the Rev. Wm. H. Crawford, a capable
and experienced instructor, will take charge of
the School in the Institute. It will be a High
School, where the pupils can procure an educa-
tion qualifying them for all the ordinary voca-
tions of life, or to enter Colleges or Universities
with credit, to complete a course for learned
professions.

Preparatory School, \$2.00 per month.
Higher English Branches, \$2.50 " " "
Languages and Mathematics, \$3.00 " " "
Contingent fee, \$1.00 in advance.

Payable one half in advance or within two
months—remainder at the close of the Session.

Session to commence 31st day of January and
end 30th day of June, 1870.

Board can be procured in good families at reasonable
rates. T. L. REYNOLDS, Pres't. Board.
H. J. PATTON, Sec'y. Jan 20-11

J. M. MALONE,

Attorney At Law,

MADISONVILLE, TENN.

Will Practice in the Courts of Monroe
County. Particular attention given to all
business entrusted to his care. feb 10-19

SWEETWATER HOTEL,

(Known as the J. C. Vaughn House.)

CHARLES H. BEAN, Prop'r.

SITUATED IN A FEW STEPS OF THE DEPOT.

NO PAINS WILL BE SPARED TO RENDER

Guests comfortable in every respect.

Baggage conveyed to and from the Depot, free
of charge. Persons from this and surrounding
counties can have their horses well cared for.

Prices moderate. feb 10-19

POETRY.

The Doomed Man.

There is a time, we know not when;

A point, we know not where,

That masks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth—
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing, still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on thy forehead God has set,
Indelibly a mark—
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind, and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's path below,
Like Eden may have bloomed—
He did not, does not, will not know,
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.

O! where is this mysterious bourn,
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin!
How long will God forbear!
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent—
Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day repent,
And harden not your heart.

Who For.

Let me kiss you for your mother—
For your sister—cousin—sister—
Or for somebody or other
Whom I long to kiss but can't.

I could wish my love beside me,
As I've you beside me now;
But the pleasure is denied me,
So I'll kiss you anyhow.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Touching Obituary.

A disconsolate husband thus bewails
the loss of his wife and apostrophizes her
memory:

Thus my wife died. No more will
those loving hands pull off my boots and
part my back hair, as only a true wife can.
No more will those willing feet replenish
coal and water pail. No more will
she arise, amid the tempestuous storms of
winter, and gaily bid herself away to build
the fire, without disturbing the slumbers
of the man who doted upon her so artless-
ly. Her memory is embalmed in my
heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her
body, but I found I could embalm her
memory much cheaper.

I procured from Eli Mudgett, a neigh-
bor of mine, a very pretty gravestone.
His wife was a consumptive, and he had
kept it on hand for several years, in expec-
tation of her death. But she rallied that
spring and his hopes were blasted. Never
shall I forget this poor man's grief when
I asked him to part with it. "Take it,
Skinner," said he, "take it, and may you
never know what it is to have your soul
racked with disappointment as mine has
been." And he burst into a flood of
tears. His spirit was indeed utterly
crushed.

I have the following epistle engraved
upon the gravestone:

"To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Mo-
ses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the
Tribune. A kind mother and ex-
emplary wife. Terms two dollars a year,
invariably in advance. Office over Col-
man's grocery, up two flights. Knock
hard. 'We shall miss thee, mother; we
shall miss thee, mother.' Job printing
solicited.

Thus did my lacinated spirit cry out in
agony, even as Rachel weeping for her
children. But one ray of light penetra-
ted my soul. The undertaker took his pay
in job printing and the sexton owed me a
little account I should not have given in
any other way. Why should we pines at
the mysterious ways of Providence and vic-
inity? (Not a conundrum.)

I here pause to drop a silent tear to the
memory of Tabitha Ripley; that was. She
was antiently pious woman, and could
fry the best piece of tripe I ever slung un-
der my vest. Her pickled-up dainties were a
perfect success, and she always doted on
foreign missions.

He is a great simpleton who imagines
that the chief power of wealth is to supply
wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hun-
dred it creates more wants than it supplies.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies
gather around, when sickness falls on the
best, when the world is dark and cheer-
less is the time to try true friendship.

In Advance of His Party.

Either Horace Greely is in advance of
his party; or else Butler, Drake, Howe &
Co. of the Congress do not truly reflect
the animus thereof. In an article in the
Tribune on the fifteenth amendment, dem-
onstrating universal amnesty, he reminds
the leaders of his party that the "civil
war" was virtually closed with Lee's surren-
der five years ago. No armed force has march-
ed or fired a shot under the flag of the
Southern Confederacy since May, 1865.
There are bad men who still commit out-
rages; there is mob, and for years has not
been any open, embodied resistance to the
Federal authority and laws. It is high
time that every one were officially assured
that no penalty still impends over him
for anything done or threatened in the in-
terest and under the flag of the rebellion."
Therefore he contends in his argument to
the dominant party, of which he is an in-
fluential member, or was, that "we ought,
for our own sakes, to identify universal
amnesty with impartial suffrage. We
ought to make one the complement of the
other, so that they should begeth have a
common vitality, a common longevity. We
ought to be able to say: "The edifice
is crowned, the work is complete, hence-
forth, we to him who risklessly disturbs
and imperils it."

"There are still heart-burnings at the
South. There are men who lament the
fall of the Confederacy and do not love
the flag of the Union. Proscription and
disfranchisement are the ailment where-
on their morbid feelings subsist. They are
(in fact) patents of nobility in the eyes
of a class respectable in numbers and
strong by social position. To say of a
Southern: "He cannot vote," he is forbid-
den to "hold office," is to invest him with
a peculiar and often envied distinction.
His children take up the quarrel which
by mistaken policy fastens upon him; they
are trained to hate the Government which
brands him as unworthy the rights of a
citizen, and to detest the race with whose
enfranchisement his proscription is in their
minds identified. We can never have gen-
uine peace while we still hold many thou-
sands as prisoners of war.

Let us close the contest! Let those
who are grandly triumphant be wisely
magnanimous. Let us shut the temple of
Janus, and proclaim to all mankind that
we have forgotten that we were lately en-
emies, and remember only that we were
formerly brethren. Let us fill the ranks
of loyalty by effacing all pretext for fur-
ther disloyalty. Let the world rejoicingly
note, that, as the blood of prostrate foe
stains our triumph, no vindictive feeling
lingers in our hearts—that we acquitted
not for a party; a taste, a section, but for
all humanity. Let us have peace!"

A Good Yarn.

Once upon a time there lived among
the hills of an adjoining county an old
gentleman, whose entire personal and real
estate consisted of a wife, a well ventilated
log cabin, half an acre of not very produc-
tive land, and a violent fondness for what
is sometimes called "tangle-leg whiskey."
One spring morning the owner of all this
property was struck with the conviction
that his land must be plowed. But he
had no horse and found it impossible to
borrow one. Nevertheless, the ground
must "be broke up," horse or no horse,
and it was finally determined that the "old
woman" should hitch up the old man, and
hold the handles and drive, while he drew
the plow. This was accordingly done, and
the plow went bravely on, until the plow-
share ran under a root, and the team came
to a dead halt. But the "critter" had be-
come warmed up by this time, and as the
old lady gave him a rap with the reins
and cried "git up there!" he threw his
weight upon the harness with a heavy jerk,
which snapped the traces short off, and he
shot forward against the fence, his head
striking the end of a rail with the force of
a maul. "Thunderation, old woman!" he
exclaimed, as he wiped the blood and dirt
from his eyes, "why in the devil didn't
you say 'a-h-o-a'?"

Marry Us Like White Folks.

"How much ya charge Massa Magistrate,
to marry me Miss Dinah?"

"Why, Clem, I'll marry you for two
dollars."

"Two dollars—what you charge to mar-
ry white folks, massa?"

"We generally charge them five dol-
lars, Clem."

"Well, marry us like white folks, and
I give you five dollars, tho'."

"Why, Clem, that's a curious notion,
but as you desire it I will marry you like
white folks for five dollars."

The ceremony being over, and Clem
and Dinah made one, the Magistrate asked
for his fee.

"Oh, no massa, ya come up to de greet-
ment—ya know kiss de brids!"

"Get out of my office you black rascal!"
And so Clem got married for nothing.

"What is the matter with you?" inquir-
ed a judge, who had called to see his sick
neighbor. "Vell, I don't know, chudge-
day say it ish de cont; but vy should I
have de cont? I lives plain; I don't eat
too much; nor drink too much." "Per-
haps, suggested the judge, "it is heredita-
ry?"

"I guess it is hereditary; I remember
my wife's uncle had it."

A Newspaper Sensation.

Dr. Shelton Macken's gives the follow-
ing instance of creative genius:

I am cognizant of the instance in which
a London "penny-a-liner" showed more
sharpness than probity. It was in the au-
tumn—a dead season for the London press
—when the political and fashionable, and
professional classes are "out of town." A
reporter who had been called to the bar;
but had never been employed there by any
one, not finding any news, resolved to make
it. He invented a dreadful murder, at-
tended with romantic and mysterious cir-
cumstances, and described it, very fully,
as having taken place in a remote subur-
ban district, for which he manufactured a
Saxon name. He supplied additional de-
tails; gave evidence at the inquest before
an imaginary Coroner; published a verdict
of "willful murder against some person or
persons unknown; described the funeral
of the victim; lengthily and legally went
into conjectures as to the motive for the
crime and the identity of the murderer,
complimented the police, who, he said,
were on his track. He had a "clear stage"
for some ten days, until the Home Secre-
tary thought it his duty to inquire into
the case; and soon discovered that it was a
fiction from first to last. The newspaper was
laughed at, but the imaginative reporter,
who had done nothing for which the law
could punish him, was allowed to escape.
Years passed by, and the next time I
heard of him he was Attorney-general in
one of the Australian colonies, finally ris-
ing to a seat on the bench. I last saw
him in 1847, when he visited England on
official business, and we had a good laugh
at his remarkable "Murder in Essex."

Not Posted.

A youthful applicant for a certificate to
teach school, presented himself before the
superintending School Committee of a
town in Maine, and having answered cor-
rectly several questions in mathematics he
was asked—

"In what year did Columbus discover
America?"

The young man paused, scratched his
head and replied—

"Well, Mister, you've got me now!"

"Was it before or after the birth of our
Savior?" continued the committee man.

The youth spent a moment in thought, and
then raising his huge fist, and striking it
upon the desk, exclaimed—"You've got
me again by thunder!"

The Teacher decided that the young
man might "pass"—and he did—pass in-
to obscurity.

A Horrible Mistake.

Once upon a time, an accomplished
young American woman had the honor to
dine with the Czar of all the Russias. Dur-
ing the royal entertainment, a plate of de-
licious grapes was passed around. It is
true the young lady saw the golden knife
which rested on the side of the basket, but
as the fruit came to her first, she had no
way of learning its use; so she did just
what she would have done in America—
she reached out her dainty fingers and lifted
from the dish a whole stettin of grapes.
What was her consternation to see the next
person, as well as all the other guests take
the golden knife and sever a single grape
each, and transfer it to their plates. Had
a young Russian lady in this country help-
ed herself to a whole chicken, the error
would have been the same. It is true the
young woman committed a crime, but her
feelings and those of her friends would
have been spared had she learned the eti-
quett of the royal tables before she be-
came an Emperor's guest.

Clover.

In some remarks on the value of differ-
ent farm crops, and the best mode of
growing them, the Southern Cultivator
says:

To secure a "set" or "stand," two things
are requisite: 1st. That the seed be cov-
ered very slightly, not more than one-half
inch deep; 2d.