THE SWEETWATER ENTERPRISE.

BY C. B. WOODWARD. SWEETWATER, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1871. VOLUME VI Number 33.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One inch, or less, one insertion	$1.00
For each subsequent insertion	50
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MEN'S WEAR,
BOOTS, SHOES AND HATS.
And in fact, everything usually kept in a Store.

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ANY OTHER HOUSE IN TOWN.

I have connected with my establishment a nice
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Where you can get a drink cold as ice, and flavored with any Syrup desired.
Price, Ten Cents a Glass.
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Don't forget that this is the place to get your Goods
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Give me a trial, and I will convince you.
H. L. FRY,
Sweetwater, Tenn.
April 27, 1871.

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Which we propose to sell cheap for cash, or good saleable produce at the market price. Our Stock consists of
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apl 27-tf

THE ENTERPRISE.

Sweetwater, Thursday, July 6, 1871.

The Frontier Wedding.

BY THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

One day in early winter, my husband received summons to Burke's settlement, to unite a couple in the bonds of wedlock. It was especially requested that his wife should accompany him; as he should be expected to remain all night, and partake of the festivities.

It was twenty miles to the settlement; and we reached the log house of Mr. Burke, the father of the expected bride, about noon. A dozen tow-headed children were at the door waiting our arrival. They telegraphed the news instantly.

"Marm! marm! here's the elder and his woman. They're nothing but folks. She's got a man's hat on, and a turkey-wing on the front of it. His nose is just like dad's—as crooked as a cow-horn squash."

Alas, for Mr. Morrison's aquiline nose, of which he was a little vain.

"Sam!" cried a shrill female voice from the interior of the cabin, "run out and grab the rooster, and I'll clap him into the pot. Sal, you quit that churn and sweep the floor. Kick that corn dodger under the bed. Bill, you wipe the tallow out of that cheer for the elder's wife, and be spry about it.'

Further remarks were cut short by our entrance.

Mrs. Burke, in calico short gown, blue petticoat and bare feet, came forward wiping her face on her apron.

"How d'ye do, elder? How d'ye do, marm? Must excuse my head; han't had no chance to comb it since last week. Work must be did, you know. Powerful sharp air, han't it? Shoo there! Bill, drive that turkey out of the bread trough. Sal, take the lady's things. Set right up to the fire, marm. Hands cold? Well, just run 'em in Bill's hair; we keep it long on purpose.

Bill presented his shaggy head; but I declined with an involuntary shudder.

"Laws! if she ain't actually a shivering!" cried Mrs. Burke. "Bring in some more wood. There, marm; take this corn-dodger into yer lap. It's as good as a soapstone."

A fateful squall announced the execution of the rooster, and shortly afterward he was bouncing about in a four quart kettle, hung over the fire. Sal returned to her churn; but the extraordinary visitor must have made her careless, for she upset the concern, and the buttermilk went swimming over the floor.

"Grab the ladle, Bill," cried Mrs. Burke, "and help dip it up. Take keer; don't put that snarl of hair in. Strange how folks will be so nasty! Dick, do keep your feet out of the buttermilk, it won't be fit for the pigs when the butter's gathered. Drive that hen out quick; she's picked up a pound of butter already. There, Sal, do try and churn a little more keerful. If you are gwine to be spliced ter-morrow, you needn't run crazy about it."

"I advise you to dry up!" remarked the bride elect, thumping away at the churn.

By the time I had got fairly warmed dinner was ready, and you may be sure I did not injure myself by over-eating.

Night came on early; and, after a social chat about the event of the morrow, I signified my desire to retire.

Sal lighted a pitch knot, and began climbing a ladder in one corner of the room. I hesitated.

"Come on," said she. "Don't be afraid. Sam and Bill and Dick, and all the rest of ye, duck your heads while the elder's wife goes up. Look out for the loose boards, marm; and mind, or you'll smash your brains out against that beam. Take keer of that hole where the chimbly comes through."

Her warning came too late. I caught my foot in the end of a board, stumbled and fell headlong through what appeared to be interminable space, but it was only to the room I had just left; where I was saved from destruction by Bill, who caught me in his arms, and set me on my feet, remarking, coolly: "What made you come that way? We generally use the ladder." I was duly commiserated and at last got to bed. The less said about that night the better. Bill and Dick and four others slept in the same room with us, and made the air vocal with their snoring. I fell asleep and dreamed I was just shot from the muzzle of a Columbiad, and was awakened by Mr. Morrison, who informed me that it was morning.

The marriage was to take place before breakfast; and Sally was already clad in her bridal robes when I descended the ladder.

She was magnificent in a green calico over a crinoline full four inches larger than the rest of her apparel, a white apron with red strings, a yellow neck ribbon, and white cotton gloves. Her reddish hair was fastened in a bag behind, and well adorned with the tail feathers of the defunct rooster before mentioned.

When it was announced that Lemuel Lord, the groom, was coming, Sally dived behind a coverlet, which hung across one corner of the room to conceal sundry pots and kettles, and refused to come forth. Mr. Lord lifted one corner of the curtain and peeped in, but quickly retreated, with a few sharp words from Sally, telling him to mind his own business.

Lemuel was dressed in blue, with bright buttons. The entire suit had been made for his grandfather on a similar occasion. His hair was well greased with tallow, and his huge feet encased in skin pumps.

Very soon the company began to gather, and the room was well filled.

"Now, elder," cried the bridegroom, "drive ahead. I want it done up nice. I am able to pay for the job; do you hear? Come, Father Burke, trot out your gal."

But Sally refused to be trotted. She would be married where she was, or not at all. We argued and coaxed, but she was firm; and it was finally concluded to let her have her own way. Mr. Morrison stood up, the happy couple joined hands through a rent in the coverlet, and the ceremony proceeded.

Just as Mr. Morrison was asking Lemuel, "Will you have this woman," etc., down came the coverlet, enveloping both minister and bridegroom, and filling the house with dust. Dick had been up in the loft and cut the strings that held it. Mr. Morrison crawled out, looking decidedly sheepish; and Sally was obliged to be married openly. To the momentous question Lemuel responded: "To be sure; what else did I come here for? And Sally replied; "Yaas, if you must know!"

"Salute your bride," said Mr. Morrison, when all was over.

"I'm ready to do anything, elder," said Lemuel; "but skin me if I know about that, sir! Just show me how, and I'll do it, if it kills me."

My husband drew back nervously; but Sally advanced, threw her arms around his neck, and gave him a kiss that made the very windows clatter.

"I vum, if I don't do ditto!" cried Lemuel; and hastily taking a huge bite from a piece of maple sugar which he drew from his pocket, he made a dash at me, smashed my collar, broke my watch-guard into a dozen pieces, tore my hair down, and succeeded in planting a kiss on my nose, greatly to the delight of the company.

Then he turned to my husband:

"Now, elder, what is the damage? Don't be afraid to speak?"

"Whatever you please," said Mr. Morrison.

Lemuel produced a piece of fur.

"There, elder," said he, "there's a muskrat skin; and out in the shed is two heads of cabbage. You're welcome to the hull."

My husband bowed his thanks; the young people went to dancing; Mrs. Burke went to getting breakfast; and at my earnest request, Mr. Morrison got our horse and we bade them adieu. I never could have lived through another meal in that house.

I have since heard that Mr. Lord said that if he had seen the elder's wife before she was married, Sally might have gone to the dickens.

"Alas! it might have been."

Hotel de Vicksburg.

The Chicago Tribune publishes the following bill of fare, found in one of the camps at Vicksburg. It is surmounted by an engraving of a mule's head, behind which is a hand brandishing what might be a bowie, or may be a carving knife:

BILL OF FARE FOR JULY, 1863.

SOUP.
Mule tail.

BOILED.
Mule bacon with poke greens.
Mule ham canvassed.

ROAST.
Mule sirloin.
Mule rump stuffed with rice.

VEGETABLES.
Peas and rice.

ENTREES.
Mule head stuffed, a la mode.
Mule beef jerked, a la Mexicana.
Mule ears fricassed, a la gotch.
Mule side stewed, a new style, hair on.
Mule spare ribs, plain.
Mule liver, hashed.

SIDE DISHES.
Mule salad.
Mule hoof roasted.
Mule brains, a la omelette.
Mule kidneys, stuffed with peas.
Mule tripe, fried in pea meal batter.
Mule tongue, cold, a la bray.

JELLIES.
Mule foot.

PASTRY.
Pea meal pudding, blackberry sauce.
Cotton seed pies.
Chinaberry tarts.

DESSERT.
White oak acorns.
Beech nuts.
Blackberry leaf tea.
Genuine Confederate coffee.

LIQUORS.
Mississippi river water, vintage of 1492, superior, $3.
Limestone water, late importation.
Spring water, Vicksburg brand, $1.40.

Meals at all hours. Gentlemen are to wait on themselves. Any inattention on the part of servants will be promptly reported at this office.

JEFF. DAVIS & Co., Proprietors,

CARD.—The proprietors of the justly celebrated Hotel de Vicksburg, having enlarged and refitted the same, are now prepared to accommodate all who may favor them with a call. Parties arriving by the river, or Grant's inland route, will find Grape, Canister & Co.'s carriages at the landing, or any depot on the line of entrenchments. Buck, Ball & Co. take charge of all baggage. No effort will be spared to make the visits of all as interesting as possible.

The total levy on New York for State city and county purposes in 1870 was $23,570,240.10 on an assessment of $1,047,388,449. The city debt, on the 29th of April last, was $49,710,000, less $18,215,900 sinking fund, and the Comptroller's reports calculate that the entire debt will be extinguished in forty years—leaving a surplus of over $27,000,000 in the sinking fund. The city holds property five times the value of its debt.

The Memphis Avalanche gives the following account of the way Memphis jurymen kill time: "Every day a number of men—jurymen—can be seen busily engaged in playing the game that Ah Sin did not understand in one of the rooms of the Second Circuit Court. It is very thrilling to watch the buckets of perspiration flow from the marble brows of the players when the wrong man puts down the right bower."

Ex-Governor W. E. Stevenson has taken charge of the editorial department of the Parkersburg, West Virginia, State Journal.

An Editor in Jail.

From the Montgomery Advertiser.]

We learn from the letter of our correspondent at Eufaula that Mr. John Black, the editor of the Eufaula News, is now in prison under somewhat novel circumstances. About two months ago a communication was published in the News commenting in severe terms on the want of fitness and qualifications of the grand and petit juries of the City Court of Eufaula, and declaring that these juries were not drawn, as the law directs, but selected, in violation of the law. It also charged that a certain individual, not named, (by inference the Judge,) had caused the negroes on the grand jury, constituting a majority of that body, to meet him at night to find indictments or to change those already found. The Judge of the Court was also described at the same time as being "inexperienced and unlearned," and the juries with being "ignorant and stupid." Mr. Black was summoned before the grand jury, and required by the jury to expose the name of the correspondent in question, which he refused to do. He was ordered into custody for contumacy as a witness, but afterwards discharged by the Judge. It appears that subsequently he was re-arrested.

The ground for Mr. Black's arrest seems to be an alleged contempt of the grand jury in refusing to answer questions as a witness. The fifth paragraph of the 637th section of the revised Code confers on the courts and grand juries the power to inflict summary punishment in cases where a person refuses to answer "any lawful questions as witness or garnishee." In the present case was the question proposed to Mr. Black by the grand jury, and which he declined to answer, a lawful question? If the object of the grand jury was to obtain information for the purpose of investigating, through the correspondent of the News, the truth or falsity of the grave charges affecting the course of public justice made by the correspondent, the question was perhaps a lawful one, though we are by no means sure of it. No such question could be asked for any other purpose.

Do You Owe the Printer?

Is there a man in all the land who can read the following touching "poem" without feeling a very strong disposition to rush to a printing-office, ask for his account, and if he owes anything pay it at once? If there is, may the gods take care of him! We hope all our patrons will give it a careful and prayerful perusal, and act as the poor sinful debtor did:

DO YOU OWE THE PRINTER?

Come, sinful debtor, in whose breast,
Some conscience may revolve,
Come, with your coward fear oppressed,
And make this wise resolve:

I'll seek the Printer, though my debts
Have like a mountain rose;
I know his wants, I'll pay him off,
Whatever may opppose.

Perhaps he may take my excuse—
Perhaps believe I lie—
But if I perish I will pay,
And then his thoughts defy.

Straightway I'll to his sanctum go,
And see him face to face,
I'll boldly fork the tin that's due,
And thank him for his grace.

Although ashamed thus late to go,
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away I know,
In infamy I'll die.

I think I know his nature well,
Delinquents he'll forgive;
He'll kindly pardon debtors' sins,
And bid such suppliants live.

Cincinnati Southern Railroad.

The people of Eastern Kentucky are moving on the question of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad. The following is taken from the Danville Advocate:

At a Democratic convention, a few days ago, for Senator, Gardner, who voted against the charter for the Southern Railroad, was laid on the shelf, and a gentleman pledged to vote for the charter selected in his place. The same fate awaits Little next Monday in his district. In the selection of candidates for Senators and Representatives, if this question is properly presented to the people all over the State, we have entire confidence they will send men to the next Legislature who will sustain a properly guarded charter like the one presented by Mr. McKee last winter. Gov. Leslie has emphatically repudiated the idea that he would veto the bill if it should be passed by the Legislature. If the bill passes he will sign it, whatever his private wishes on the subject may be. To this he is distinctly pledged by his speech at Vanceburg. Let us elect him Governor and send railroad men to the Legislature, and our object will be accomplished.

Commenting on which, the Louisville Courier-Journal says: Col. Hoskins, from Boyle, and Mr. Barnum, from Lincoln, have been nominated with reference to the railroad question. While the Democracy seem determined not to allow any advantage to be taken by the Radicals in the counties on the route, they are preparing for another fight over the question next winter.

Mr. Wade, of the Senate, charged Mr. Vallandigham as "a man who never had any sympathy with the Republic, but whose every breath is devoted to its destruction, just as far as his heart dare permit him to go." (Con. Globe, page 1,735.) To this the Representative openly responded in language as follows: "Now, sir, here in my place in the House, and as a Representative, I denounce—and I do it advisedly—the author of that speech as a liar, a scoundrel and a coward. His name is Benjamin F. Wade."

Greeley, on his farm, keeps a running account of his hens, double entry. When a hen lays an egg she runs around the bases, and when she strikes the home base, where the book-keeper is located, she sings out "tally one" or "tally two," as the case may be, because some of them are repeaters, and the book-keeper gives her credit and charges her with her meals. In this way Horace can tell what hens are shirking, and how much he makes on each hen. He says that his experience is that roosters are a glaring fraud, putting on style around and never laying an egg once in two weeks.