

Sweetwater Fore-runner.

BY HUGH L. FRY.

SWEETWATER, TENN., MARCH 13, 1868.

Volume I—Number 23.
Price, \$2 a Year in Advance.

TERMS:

THE FORE-RUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
At Two Dollars a Year.
Payable in Advance.

No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the Cash.
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The Fore-runner.

Sweetwater, Friday, March 13, 1868.

The freedman's Bureau is to be continued in Tennessee, but there is no appropriation made to meet its necessary expenses.

The foundation stone of the bridge to cross the Mississippi at St. Louis, was laid on Tuesday, in the presence of a large number of citizens.

A GREY SABLE made a descent on a small boy near Leon, Iowa, the other day, and but for timely assistance the lad would have been food for the monster bird. It was dispatched, and measured seven feet from one tip of the wing to the other.

A great sensation has been created in the Church of England and in the Episcopal Church by the defection of Dr. Wilberforce, bishop of Oxford, who has openly gone over to Romanism.

Presbyterianism in England claims to be making progress. In 30 years it has built or acquired upward of 100 churches, having 20,000 members, and 15,000 Sunday-school children. Its annual income is now \$250,000.

It was to be expected that the limits of fact would soon be exhausted with regard to the treasures and wonders of the new territory of Alaska, and that fancy would be drawn upon to increase its stock of marvels. But the following tale of enchantment is entirely beyond the wildest anticipation. A Russian guide, it seems, being lately asked by a traveler about a certain mountain range in Alaska, replied:

"They are mighty in size and cause much cold. Wonderful things are told of them. It is said that in some places there are deep pools and lakes in which dwell monsters—serpents as long as a fir tree, which, were they in the open sea, would commit mighty damage. One thing is certain—yonder, far away to the north, in heart of those hills, there is a wonderful valley, so narrow that only at midday is the face of the sun to be seen. That valley lay undiscovered and unknown for thousands of years; no person dreamed of its existence; but at last, a long time ago, two Indian hunters entered it by chance, and then what do you think they found? They found a small tribe of unknown people, speaking an unknown tongue, who had lived there since the creation of the world, and without knowing that other beings existed." Here is a splendid chance for strange discoveries. Who will venture into this marvellous valley and learn the "unknown tongue" and other peculiarities of this pre-Adamite people?

It is wonderful how Oriental customs remain unchanged by the lapse of time. The wedding of the heir to the throne of Persia, which took place quite recently, was accompanied by all the characteristics described in the "Arabian Nights." The bride was enclosed in a carriage, painted sky blue and ornamented with arabesques, and drawn by six led horses. Before her went six gigantic wrestlers, tossing mighty clubs into the air; also, young dancing men, and a band of violins, trumpets and tambourines. Behind her came a train of mules bearing curtained litters in which were her lady attendants. Escorted in this manner, she journeyed thirty-two days from her home toward the capital, and was met at a little distance by a party of Persian lords and dignitaries, mounted upon richly caparisoned horses. The picture was completed by two files of soldiers, in picturesque costumes, who surrounded the whole assemblage.

Short Paragraphs.

—Never waste argument on a man who does not know logic from logwood, which is the case with half the people who have disputation.

—Paddy's description of a fiddle cannot be beat: "It was the shape of a turkey, the size of a goose; he turned it over on its belly, and rubbed its backbone with a stick, and ooh, by the howly Saint Patrick, how it did squall!"

—The new volume of poems by Adah Menken, just issued in Paris, is dedicated to "my friend Charles Dickens."

—Telegraphic operators are beginning to style themselves "Telegramers," and very bad grammars they sometimes are.

—Longwood, the St. Helena residence of Napoleon, is now owned by a Chicago lady.

—Alfred Tennyson has lately written several brief poems. They will be given to the American reader through the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

—Dr. Hall says: "To be a great orator, a peerless beauty, or the star of the social circles, whether man or woman, is the next door to being lost."

—"Mephilipenotracomecomento," is the name given to a new musical instrument, on the other side of the Atlantic.

—"I hope, my little daughter," I said one morning, "that you will be able to control your little temper to-day." "Yes mamma; and I hope you will be able to control your big temper!"

—Some stupid person wants to know how this can be the land of the free, with its ice-bound coasts and mountain chains.

—The engineer who planned the great tunnel at Chicago has been presented with \$11,000 worth of water bonds by the city.

—Aquatic Sports—A race between two milk-carts.

—A country cattle-tender insists Shakspeare wrote: "Conscience makes cowherds of us all."

—Dickens brings "Great Expectations" to America, and will take back "American Notes" to England.

—Why is a goose like a cow's tail? Because they both grow down.

—Does corn whiskey necessarily make a man's throat husky?

—An unknown historic hero—Cantharides, who has always made the Spanish fly.

A little boy, whose mother had promised him a present, was saying his prayers preparatory to going to bed, but his mind running on a horse, he began as follows: "Our Father, who art in Heaven—ma, won't you give me a horse—thy kingdom come—with a string to it!"

—People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.

—The bridge of the Knoxville and Charleston Railroad, across the Holston is nearly completed.

—One thousand unmarried women are wanted in Colorado.

—A young woman is walking from New Lisbon, Ohio, to Pittsburg for \$500 and a husband. It's a long way to travel on foot for so little.

—Sleight is the last word coined. En suite will follow, grocier, gasist, breadist, milkist and writist. It needs only one more to finish up this absurd attempt at humor. Foolist.

—The girls in the braid mills at Norwich, Connecticut, work 13 hours per day.

—The Crotons, backed covertly by Russia, are thrashing the Turks rather vigorously.—Russia wants a slice of Turkey badly.

A belief is prevalent among the Turks that the Empire is to end with the present Sultan. And the Cinamen have a prophecy in circulation that Tartar rule is to end in the Celestial Empire with the present occupant of the throne.

—They have now come to the point in the West of timing divorce suits. One has been granted in Terre Haute, Ind., in a minute from the time the trial began—the best time yet made.

A hundred Indians, armed each with two six shooters and a Spencer rifle, recently made a descent on the little town of Gatesville, on the northwestern frontier of Texas, killing ten persons and taking off several captives. Among the latter was a woman who was stripped of her clothing, whipped, and otherwise shockingly abused.

—There are one thousand six hundred so-called Indians in Massachusetts, but probably not one of unmixed blood. A century ago they numbered three thousand six hundred.

GREAT FEAT IN TELEGRAPHY.—Ten Thousand Miles in Three Minutes. The weather Friday being unusually favorable for telegraphing, an experiment was made, according to previous arrangements, by connecting the lines through from Valentia, Ireland, to San Francisco, California, direct, a distance of between five and six thousand miles. A message was sent through and an answer received at the place whence it was dispatched in three minutes. This is the greatest feat in telegraphy ever accomplished.

"ROCK ME MOTHER."—The question of the authorship of the poem entitled "Rock Me to sleep Mother" has become the subject of as much newspaper discussion as that of "The Beautiful Snow," and "All Quiet Along the Potomac." It seems to be claimed by a brace of authors, each of whom has probably thought that the recent interecine strife destroyed the other. An "Old Composer" writes the *New York Tribune* that the poem in question was written by Edward Young, of Lexington, Georgia, in 1859, and originally appeared in *The Southern Field and Fireside*, printed in Augusta, Georgia, in that year, and can be found in the files of that paper now in the office of *The Constitutional* newspaper of that city. Mr. Young was a blacksmith or carriage smith of eccentric and wayward character, but the author of some very exquisite and plaintive melodies. "Old Composer" adds: "I set the poem in type myself from Young's manuscript. It was handed me in the envelope in which it was received at the office, and I do not think that he could possibly have plagiarized it from either Ball or the irreproachable Mrs. Allen Akers. During the war I was much astonished at finding it circulating in the Confederacy as a production of some Florence Petey, whoever that might be."—*Knoxville Press and Herald*

(ORIGINAL.)

No longer boast of fragrant flowers,
That dwell, amid the Paphian bowers.
E'en Araby's rich perfumed rose,
That fills with rapture, every nose;
I cannot half so highly prize,
As the rich odors, that arise
From a dog's carcass; whose abode
Is in our village; near rail-road.
Yes!—there it lies upon the ground,
Scouting the atmosphere around.
Olfactories on it regaling,
Extatic feel, rich sweets inhaling.
Pray don't remove it; for the longer
It stays, the perfume grows the stronger.

CAROLUS.

UKASE FROM THE CRIMSON DEN.—The Pulaski Citizen of a late date contains the following, which was handed to the editor by an old and respected citizen, who found it in his pocket, and could give no explanation of how it got there:

OFFICE, G. G. S.,

CRIMSON DEN, FIRST MOON, 1668.)
Special Order to First Grand Division.

To the Grand Giant Commanding:

There are those who endeavor to pry into our sacred mysteries. There are spies on the alert. Watch and be silent. There are some who say we are *Politicians*.—This your Chief denies for the honor of the Klan. There are some who say we will keep the *Bureau* here. Your Chief here says, for the honor of the Klan, that we will not harm the poor African. There are some who say we commit outrages on citizens of our State; this your Chief denies for the honor of the Klan.

The Grand Cyclops of all Dens in each Division will order councils for the trial of all members who have been guilty of wearing their costumes outside of their respective Dens. This order is peremptory. All persons are hereby warned against wearing the costume of our Klan. It shall be the duty of all members of the Klan to put down all attempts to bring reproach upon our Klan by malicious persons. By order of the G. G. C. STELLA, G. G. S.

PARDONS.—The following named convicts have been pardoned from the Penitentiary by Gov. Brownlow:

- John H. Casey, Granger county, larceny, ten years.
- Green Isler, Obion county, larceny, one year.
- Aqualla Orr, McMinn county, five years.
- Alphonso Whitley, larceny.
- Samuel Fleming, Hardeman county, larceny, five years.
- James Upton, Knox county, three years.
- William Bell, Davidson county, larceny, five years.
- J. H. Wilson, Hamilton county, larceny, three years.
- John Scott, Coffee county, larceny, three years.
- Solomon Parrish, Hamilton county, obtaining money under false pretences, three years.
- Milton Fox, Sevier county, larceny, one year.
- Thomas McCrory, Davidson county, larceny, three years.
- William Pulin, Knox county, larceny, two years.
- Thomas Harrison, Blunt county, larceny, three years.
- William Huggins, Roane county, robbery, ten years.—*Press & Times*, March 2.

THE HAY CROP.—We submit below for the benefit of our agricultural patrons and the reading public generally, the statistics of the hay crop in the United States, for the year 1865, as compiled from official statements by our friend Dr. Robert Early. The table below exhibits only the production of the Northern States and territories, as no census for that year was taken in the Southern States by reason of the existing war.

	Production: Tons.	Valuation.
Maine,	1,429,511	\$16,882,525
New Hampshire,	793,327	11,663,907
Vermont,	991,314	11,405,861
Massachusetts,	844,173	17,727,633
Rhode Island,	64,312	1,447,020
Connecticut,	596,191	14,010,488
New York,	5,288,352	65,205,380
New Jersey,	461,958	6,416,596
Pennsylvania,	2,463,545	27,665,610
Maryland,	181,341	2,978,525
Delaware,	29,800	506,600
Kentucky,	127,301	1,540,342
Ohio,	2,158,021	17,264,168
Michigan,	1,231,272	14,980,467
Indiana,	1,251,646	11,765,492
Illinois,	2,600,070	24,180,651
Missouri,	519,479	6,301,276
Wisconsin,	1,066,180	10,811,085
Iowa,	1,018,455	7,590,737
Minnesota,	274,217	2,355,524
Kansas,	118,348	846,784
Nebraska,	29,425	165,957

SIMILES GROTESQUE AND COMICAL.—A grotesque simile is sometimes very expressive. We may mention those of Daniel Webster, who likened the word "would" in Rufus Choate's handwriting, to a small gridiron struck by lightning; of a sailor who likened a gentleman whose face was covered with whiskers up to his very eyes, to a rat peeping out of a bunch of oakum; of a western reporter, who, in a weather item on a cold day, said that the sun's rays, in the effort to thaw the ice, were as futile as the dull reflex of a painted yellow dog; and of a caduactor, who, in a discussion as to speed, said that the last time he ran his engine from Syracuse, the telegraph pointer on the side looked like a fine-tooth comb.

Similes of a like character are often heard among the common people, and are supposed to be the peculiar property of western orators. Instances: As sharp as the little end of nothing; big as all out-doors; it strikes me like a thousand of bricks; slick as grease or as greased lightning; melancholy as a Quaker meeting by moonlight; flat as a flounder; quick as a wink; not enough to make gruel for a sick grasshopper; not clothes enough to wad a gun; as limp and limber as an india-rubber stovepipe; uneasy as a cat in a strange garret; not strong enough to haul a broiled codfish off a gridiron; after you like a rat-terrier after a chipmunk squirrel; useless as whistling Psalms to a dead horse; no more than a grasshopper wants an apron; don't make the difference of the shake of a frog's tail; soul bobbing up and down in the bosom of a pond of red-hot grease; enthusiasm boils over like a bottle of ginger pop; as impossible to penetrate his head as to bore through Mont Blanc with a boiled carrot, as impossible as to ladle the ocean dry with a clam-shell, or suck the Gulf of Mexico through a goosequill; or for a shad to swim up a shad-pole with a fresh mackerel under each arm; or for a cat to run up a stove-pipe with a tealz tied to his tail; or for a man to lift himself over a fence by the straps of his boots.

A simile resembling this was once used by Lady Montague, when, getting impatient in a discussion with Fox, she told him she did not care three skips of a louse for him.—He replied in a few moments with the following: "Lady Montague told me, in her own house, 'I do not care for you three skips of a louse.' I forgive her, for woman, however well-bred, will talk of that which runs most in their head."

There is another class of similes scarcely less pertinent, as for instance: straight as a ram's horn; it will melt in your mouth like a red-hot brickbat; talk to him like a Dutch uncle; smiling as a basket of chips; odd as Dick's hatband; happy as a clam at high water; quicker than you can say Jack Robinson; like all possessed; like furylike all natur'; like all sixty; as quick as any thing; mad as hops; mad as Halifax; sleep like a top; run like thunder; deader than a door-nail.

A gentleman in St. Cloud Minnesota, says that recently the mercury sank to 40 degrees below zero one morning, and froze, and a spirit thermometer indicated 44 degrees below. But so dry was the air, and so brightly shone the sun, that little inconvenience was felt. It frequently gets to 20 degrees below zero, and ranges most of the time near the mystic 0; but the Minnesotians go about warmly clad and think nothing of it.

INTERESTING NATURAL PHENOMENON.—A FAMILY OF SINGING MICE.—Many years ago the public of merry England were thrown into a state of intense excitement by the exhibition of a singing mouse, and before the astonishment caused by the gnat-tilling rodent had subsided, a companion monstrosity, in the form of a whistling oyster, was announced. We are not quite clear as to whether the syllabatory bivalve kept his promise to the ear or not, but the singing mouse was a four-legged, furry fact. Since then, domestic vermin, as well as marine shell-fish, have been mute, and it has been reserved for San Francisco to discover, in the year 1868, that the race of musical mice is not extinct. How the discovery came to be made we will now relate. For some days past the family of Mr. Louis R. Lull, residing on Post street, has been disturbed by very singular and unaccountable noises, proceeding apparently from the ceiling and the walls. The noises were not the familiar squeaking of rats, or the shrill or troubles of mice, nor did they resemble in the least the chirpings of crickets, or the utterances of any known insects or vermin. They shifted their position, too, in a highly disturbing and incomprehensible way, and for some time excited a good deal of special wonder. Suggestions as to the possibility of spiritual manifestation were made, but Mr. Lull refused to accept any explanation of this kind, and at last determined to set a mouse trap and see what he could catch. The next morning, on visiting the trap, he found a mouse in it, but what was his amazement when the little creature opened its mouth, and raising its head, began to pipe away like a young canary. The mystery was solved—and he was the happy possessor of that *lusus nature*, a singing mouse. But the wonder did not cease here, for though the strange songster was caged, the singing was still heard from behind the walls. Again the trap was set, and another singing mouse was captured. And still from behind the wainscot the cheerful voices of other members of the family gave satisfactory evidence of the existence of what promises to be a whole race of singing mice. Mr. Lull had a little cage made for his captives, and yesterday placed them in the Pioneer's Hall, where they were visited in the course of the day by hundreds of citizens. There is no delusion or mystification about this matter. The mice do sing—they do not squeak. Their notes are like the piping of a young canary just trying its voice; and the little creatures throw up their heads and shake them from side to side, exactly as a bird does when singing. When placed in the dark, they will chirp and twitter so loudly that a person standing two rooms away can here them plainly, and they sing in any position, sitting, standing, or hanging head downward from the wires of their cage. There is nothing peculiar in their appearance. They look just the same as other mice, but they have that within that passeth show. We trust that the California Academy of Natural Sciences will lose no time in calling a special meeting to investigate this extraordinary phenomenon, and that the members will lend the whole force of their powerful intellect upon its explanation.—*San Francisco Times*.

SOJOURNED TRUTH.—This old colored woman, now living in Michigan, recently visited Milton, Wis., where she was the guest of a Mr. Goodrich who was an out-and-out temperance man and a noted hater of tobacco. One morning she was puffing away with a long pipe in her mouth, when her host, Mr. Goodrich, approached her, and commenced conversation with the following interrogatory: "Aunt Sojourner, do you think you are a Christian?"

"Yes, Brudder Goodrich, I speck I am."

"Aunt Sojourner, do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, Brudder Goodrich, I bleve the Scriptures; though I can't read them as you can."

"Aunt Sojourner, do you know that there is a passage in the scriptures which declares that nothing unclean can enter the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, Brudder Goodrich, I have heard tell of it."

"Aunt Sojourner, do you believe it?"

"Yes, Brudder Goodrich, I believe it."

"Well, Aunt Sojourner, you smoke, and you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, Brudder Goodrich, I speck to leave my breff behind me when I go to heaven."

Five ladies have been sworn in by the Legislature of Kansas to assist as enrolling clerks to that body.