

Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY FRY & FISHER.

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TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
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No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the Cash.
Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of ten lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance. A liberal discount made to parties who advertise by the year.

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Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

A gymnast in England beats a drum while hanging by a rope to his teeth at a height of forty feet.

The radicals are talking about running General Jo. A. Mabry for Congress, as Representative from the State at large.

Gen. Meade has transferred Florida to the civil authorities. It is stated that Howard is preparing to reduce the employees of the freedmen's bureau.

On the 14th instant Pinckney White, Senator from Maryland, took his seat, vice Reverdy Johnson, now Minister to England.

There are four candidates in the field for Congress from the Second District: Maynard, Houk, Parson Williams and General Cooper. The Rads will find it hard to make a choice.

Senator Doolittle has written a letter strongly discouraging the third party movement. It is thought by well informed parties that there is no real basis for third party rumors.

The New York World published, the morning after the nomination of Seymour and Blair, dispatches from thirteen States, announcing the holding of large and enthusiastic meetings to ratify the nominations.

The Maryville Republican came to hand last week greatly improved in appearance. We congratulate its friends on the change.

It is every day made more apparent that the National Democratic Convention knew what they were about when they nominated Seymour and Blair. Never were clearer manifestations given of popular approval than their choice of candidates has elicited.

A large cotton factory has recently been established near McMinnville and arrangements are being made for the erection of an extensive woolen mill, and a foundry and machine shop, in the same neighborhood.

The bill to continue the Freedmen's Bureau has become a law without the President's signature, the constitutional limit of ten days having expired.

At the balloon ascension, at Macon City, Mo., on the 4th, the balloon took fire, and fell half a mile, lodging in the top of a tree. The aeronaut, Professor Yard, who fell with it, was not seriously injured.

The report that insanity is hereditary in Seymour's family is false. His brother-in-law was once erroneously supposed to be insane, and that is the nearest touch his family have had of such affliction.

The New York Sun says a bet was made on the 4th, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, of \$1,000 against \$100 that Grant would not be the next President of the United States. The wager was made in a crowd of Democrats, and on being accepted by a Republican, Mr. John H. White, of New York, promptly deposited the \$1,000 with Mr. John Morrissey, Mr. John List covering it with his \$100. The reservation is made that General Grant shall be alive at the next inauguration. Mr. White feels surer now of winning his bet than when he made it.

Short Paragraphs.

The young lady who was frozen with horror, and subsequently melted into tears, was carried out and consigned to a watery grave.

A little boy who was praised for never taking his eyes off the preacher, answered with all simplicity: "I wanted to see how near he was to the end."

"Has the railroad got in?" asked a gentleman of an Irishman standing at a depot, thinking to quiz him. "One ind has, sir," was Pat's reply.

To enjoy a pure feast of imaginations when your stomach is empty and your pocket ditto, sit down and read a cookery book.

A returned Californian found the baby he had left at home a miss of five summers. One day he offended her and she exclaimed: "I wish you had never married into the family."

The young lady who has been telling how she felt when her lover first kissed her, is requested to state how she felt the first time she was spanked.

I clasped her hand in mine—
I clasped her beautiful form;
I vowed to shield her from the wind
And from the world's cold storm.

She fixed her beautiful eyes on me;
The tears did wildly flow;
But with her lips she said to me,
"Confound you, let me go."

"How many steady, regular boarders are there in this house?" asked a census taker of a servant girl. "There's fifteen boarders in all, sir, but not more than four of them is steady persons."

A love-sick swain, in order to more fully understand the mind of his lady-love, closed a letter with the following lines:

If you was a dog,
And I was a hog,
A rootin' away in the yard;
If the old man should say,
"Drive that hog away,"
Would you worry or bite very hard?

A bashful young man in Delaware, who was afraid to propose to his sweetheart, induced her to fire at him with a pistol, which he assured her was loaded only with powder, and after she had done so, fell down and pretended to be dead. She threw herself wildly upon the body, calling him her darling and her beloved, whereupon he got up and married her.

Are you once confidently announced that a big comet that was approaching the earth would not destroy it. "How do you know?" he was asked. "I do not know," he replied, "but in either case I am safe. If it does not knock the world to pieces I shall be considered a prophet, and if it does they can't blow me up in the papers."

A young lady once blew her lover out of doors and kissed the candle.

A young lady who had lost or mislaid her beau was advised to hang up her fiddle. She said the advice did great violence to her heart-strings.

"What are you looking after, my daughter?" said an old gentleman at a Christmas party. "Looking after a son-in-law for you, father," was the witty reply.

In Curran's last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practicing all night."

Diggs saw a note lying on the ground, but knew it was a counterfeit, and walked on without picking it up. He told Smithers the story, when the latter said, "Do you know, Diggs, you have committed a very grave offence?" "Why, what have I done?" "You have passed a counterfeit bill, knowing it to be such," said Smithers, without a smile, and fled.

In a speech on behalf of a blind asylum an English orator once remarked, "if all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!"

"Ma, if you will give me an apple, I will be good." "No, my child, you must not be good for pay—you ought to be good for nothing."

Adam is claimed as having belonged to the fraternity of provision dealers, as he early engaged in disposing of spare ribs.

An editor down South apologizes for delay in the issue of his paper, as he had an extra "male" to attend to during the week.

The following conclusion to the life of Robespierre appeared in a London paper: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

Fate of the Apostles.

Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain, in the city of Ethiopia.

Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, until he expired. Luke was hanged to an olive tree in Greece.

John was put into a boiling cauldron at Rome, but escaped death. He died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle and beaten to death.

Philip was beheaded.

Bartholomew was skinned alive.

Andrew was crucified.

Thomas was run through with a lance.

Jude was shot through with arrows.

Simon was crucified.

Matthias was stoned.

Barnabas was stoned to death.

Peter, after his release, journeyed to Rome, where he held at bay all the secret artifices of the people, and even confounded the magical qualities of Simon, the entertainer and pleasure-maker of Nero, the Emperor. He also converted one of that monarch's concubines to Christianity, which so fearfully enraged that tyrant that he ordered both Peter and Paul to be arrested. Peter was taken out of prison for execution, which was carried into effect by being fearfully scourged and crucified with his head downwards.

Paul was afterwards beheaded by Nero's successor.

General J. B. Gordon, of Ga., in his letter declining to be a candidate for the U. S. Senate, says: "It is a sad truth that our country has been ruined, in a great measure, by erroneous and atheistic theories of human rights. To insist, as the enemies of the Constitution do, on conferring upon the ignorant and vicious rights, (1) or rather, to place weapons in their hands to destroy the liberties and inalienable rights of the intelligent and virtuous, is both erroneous and atheistic—erroneous by the light of experience and atheistic in the brighter light of revelation. These theories find no sanction in the enlightened statesmanship of any people, and are sternly rebuked by the teachings of the unerring God."

Its Own Comment.

The following from the Knoxville Whig of July 15th, needs no comment:

Hitherto we have counselled peace, as have all men of the Radical party. These assassins have constructed our course to mean cowardice. We no longer counsel peace. War is what they evidently desire, and in God's name we say let it come. On Gay street they (the Ashby sympathizers) have the majority. In the country we (the Radicals) have the majority. Our friends in the country tell us they are all armed and prepared to march into Knoxville on short notice.

Let the fight come on and that speedily, and we will gut and clean out the infernal traitors and assassins who back Ashby. Camp's fight is our fight; it is the fight of every Union man in Knox county, and we will stand by him to the death. Because and solely because of his devotion to Republican principles, a vile conspiracy has been entered into to take his life. The Republican who will not stand by and defend him is a constitutional COWARD. Cowardice is marrow in his bones and circulates in his blood.

The Turkey-Caller.

"Captain Flack's Hunter's Experience," a pleasantly-written work, relates the following anecdote, to show with what pertinacity the turkey-caller follows his prey, and to illustrate the queer humor of the hunters: "Only a veteran in the art has any chance of success. It is recorded of an old hunter that he once chased a turkey regularly for three years, only catching sight of the bird twice, although he used the 'call,' with which they imitate the cry of the female, and so allure the cock within range of the rifle. But let him relate his adventures himself: 'I always hunted that ar' gobbler in the same rangel, till I know'd his track and his 'yelp' as well as I do my old dog's. But the critter were so knowin', that when I called it would run from me, takin' the opposite direction to my foot-marks. The old scaly varment kept pretty much about the ridge, at the end of which, where it lost itself in the swamp, was a hollow cypress-tree. Now, I were determined to have that gobbler, boys; so what do I do but put on my shoes heels foremost, walk down the hill very quietly, and get into the hollow tree. Well, then I gave a call; and, boys, it would have done your hearts good to see that turkey come trotting down the ridge towards me, looking at my tracks, and thinking I had gone the other way!"

The Great Rebel.

The Chicago Times, in answer to the sneer of the Jacobin papers at the Southern delegation in the New York Convention, holds this language:

"The welcome of the Democracy to the delegates named in the list is a heartfelt one. Would to God that Lee—than whom, in all that constitutes true nobility, a 'better man is not, but has gone forever'—was at their head. His presence among the honest masses of the Republican party would awaken more enthusiasm in New York than that of the cat's tail strategist, the Jacobin candidate for the Presidency. The people would rise up to do Lee reverence; because the purity of his life, the unselfishness of his ambition, the splendor of his military genius, the persistent courage with which he defended a wrong and desperate cause, compel for him respect and admiration in the heart of every man whose pulse beats faster when standing before proud genius and worth."

Letter from Mr. Pendleton.

The following private letter from Mr. Pendleton was addressed to Washington McLean, of the Ohio delegation, before that delegation left Ohio, and was handed to John A. Green, Jr., on their arrival in New York:

CINCINNATI, June 25th, 1868.

My Dear Sir: You left my office this morning before I was aware of it. I seek you at home, but you are not here. I must say what I want to by note. As soon as you get to New York see Governor Seymour. You know well what was my feeling before and after I heard from him last fall. He is to-day the foremost man in our party in the United States, his ability, cultivation and experience put him at the head of our statesmen; he commands my entire confidence; I would rather trust him than myself with the delicate duties of the next four years.

You know I am sincere. Make him feel this, and that he can rely on me and my friends. I have a natural pride—an honest pride—in the good will of my countrymen. But you know better than any one else that it is neither egotistical nor overrating, and that I am ready and anxious to give up the nomination to any body who can gain one single vote more than myself.

Express all this frankly to the Governor, but delicately, and let him understand my views of men and measures as I have frequently given them to you. Good bye—God bless you. Yours truly,

GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

To Washington McLean, Esq.

Robert E. Lee.

Dr. Bagby, who attended the late commencement at Washington College, writes of General Lee as follows to his paper, the *Native Virginian*:

And here it will be in place to relate that, on my return from Lexington, a gentleman in the coach expressed the fear that General Lee's kindness of heart and his desire to enlarge the college might, perhaps, make him too lenient and, possibly, lower the scholastic standard. To quiet his fears I told him what had been told me a few days before by a clergyman residing in Lexington.

"General Lee's office," said he, "is no sinecure. His work taxes to the utmost his powerful constitution. He registers in his mind not only the face, but the name of each of the 410 students. Nor is that all. He can tell you the standing of each student in the several branches which he studies, and any neglect of duty is promptly punished."

"Punished?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "in General Lee's own way."

"How is that?" I inquired.

"Well, not long since a young friend of mine, who is in the college, confessed to me that he had been, as he expressed it, 'haunted up'—that is, he had received a message to the effect that the President desired to see him in his office."

"Did General Lee lecture you?"

"No, indeed."

"Did he scold you?"

"Scold! I only wish he had. He talked to me so kindly that he nearly broke my heart, and you don't catch me in there again, I tell you."

The reverent affection and admiration with which General Lee is regarded by the citizens of Lexington seems rather to increase than to lessen—proof enough, if proof were wanting, of the true greatness of the man. Whenever he rides through the village, the people watch him with as much interest as though they had never seen him before, and if he chance to step in the street on some business, they linger at their doors and windows as if their eyes would never tire of gazing upon that face so heroic yet so full of all gentleness.

Terrible Scene at Salisbury, N. C.

A man named Rufus Ludwig was hung at Salisbury, N. C., June 26, for the murder of his wife, to whom he had been married but a eleven days; he was convicted on strong circumstantial evidence. At the execution about 4,000 persons, of all ages and both sexes and colors, were present. A correspondent says the instant he touched the platform a most extraordinary and exciting scene ensued. He at once made a wild plunge forward, with the intention of leaping off the platform on the farther side, and with the evident purpose of making a break and a desperate effort to push his way through the crowd.

He succeeded in throwing his feet and legs off the platform, but the two officers having hold of his arms and shoulders held fast, and, pulling him backward, he fell with the upper part of his back still on the platform, his legs and part of his body projecting over the edge. The platform was about four and a half feet high. Several of the nearest officers of the guard at once rushed to the assistance of the sheriff, and laid hold of Ludwig's legs, endeavoring to shove him backward on the platform, but the prisoner struggled with almost superhuman strength. For a long time he uttered no word, but with convulsive and rapid movements of arms and legs strove to wrench himself from the grasp of the eight or ten men who now had hold of him.

A thrill of horror then ran through the immense assemblage. Some turned and fled from the awful spectacle; exclamations of excitement and terror broke forth from others; women and negroes shrieked. Such a scene is not often seen in this world. And still the struggle went on, one against ten; and at times almost as if the despairing wretch would succeed in freeing himself from the powerful posse who were holding him. The noise was two feet above his head as he lay, and powerful efforts were used to push him up to it. Meanwhile, the platform grew rickety, and several were employed in steadying it. At the end of more than five minutes—which seemed, however, to be three times as long—the sheriff was about getting the noise over Ludwig's head, which he threw quickly from side to side to avoid it. He then exclaimed that he would stand up and be quiet if they would release their hold, but this was evidently said only for the purpose of inducing them to relax their efforts, for he showed no sort of disposition to relax his own exertions.

The officers persisted in placing the noise over his head, and as he felt the inevitable fate now had him, he is said to have muttered a curse, which was overheard by some of those nearest him. The noise was at last put on and drawn tight around his neck. He clutched it convulsively, and still used his feet to the utmost in kicking off those who had hold of him. It took several minutes to pinion his hands and feet; he meanwhile lying on his side and choking to death as fast as possible, for the rope was stretched by his weight. His face was perfectly livid, and his eyes starting from their sockets, presenting a spectacle not easily forgotten; the sheriff being too busy subduing and pinioning him to take time to put on the white cap. By the time his arms and legs were tied he had become motionless; the cap was put over his face, and the officers sprang off and knocked out the prop. He soon died by strangulation.

Fry & Spillman are determined to sell all their goods for cash as low as they can be bought in the State. Don't fail to call on them when you come to town. 3t.

Forgot to Look Up.

We have somewhere seen the story of a man who went to steal corn from his neighbor's field. He took his little boy with him to sit on the fence and keep a look out so as to give warning in case any one should come along. The man jumped over the fence with a large bag on his arm, and before commencing to take the corn, he looked all around, first one way and then the other, and not seeing any person, he was just about to fill his bag. Then the little fellow, his son, a good little fellow he was, too, cried out:

"Father, there's one way you haven't looked yet!"

The father was startled, and supposed that some one was coming. He asked his son which way he meant.

"Why," said the little boy, "you forgot to look up."

The father was conscience stricken; he came back over the fence, took his little boy by the hand, and hurried quietly home without the corn which he had designed to take. The little boy had reminded him that the eye of God was upon him.