

Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY FRY & FISHER.

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TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
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About the most ridiculous thing out in the way of city doings is the running of two municipal governments in Knoxville.

The President has issued a proclamation announcing the adoption by South Carolina and Louisiana of the 14th article, amendment to the Constitution.

The Electoral College Bill, giving Congress the right to decide whether the vote of the Southern States shall be counted or not, has been passed over the President's veto.

Secretary Seward has addressed a letter "to whom it may concern," announcing the adoption of the Howard Amendment, provided the withdrawal of assent on the parts of New York and Ohio should prove invalid.

The Tennessee River Improvement Committee, becoming impatient at the delay of the Senate about acting on the House bill in relation to their project, have met and passed resolutions urging the Tennessee Senators to bestir themselves in the matter.

Oats are said to have been raised in Davidson County, the stalks of which were six feet high and one inch in circumference. The heads bore 250 grains each.

Mr. Seymour has been twice elected Governor of New York. He has been a candidate four times, but at two elections was defeated.

Brick Pomeroy has relieved the curiosity of his friends on the subject by coming out strongly for Seymour and Blair. He says the Democratic platform is the people's platform, and, with the motto, *Principia non homines*, he rushes into the campaign, always to be found where the fight is hottest.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says that in Brownlow Providence evidently intended to show how much of the hyena and how little of the man was necessary to constitute a Radical Governor.

A military court is in session in Montgomery. A number of soldiers are on trial, and among them Lieutenant Johnson, the petty despot who arrested a lady at Tuscaloosa, and compelled her to walk under the United States flag.

General Scott, the newly elected Governor of South Carolina, is earnest in his advocacy of the Blue Ridge Railroad. He shows a decided interest in the material prosperity of the State over which he happens to preside.

That able paper, the Scientific American, argues that the mission of cholera has terminated, and this terrible pestilence will scourge the earth no more. The chief reason is the discovery that carbonic acid will prevent the spread of the epidemic.

The report that Mr. Doolittle has resigned his position since the meeting of the Democratic National Convention in consequence of being unwilling to support the Seymour ticket is pronounced false by that Senator. He will support the ticket and engage actively in the canvass, and is perfectly sanguine of its success.

Later advices from Millican, Texas, confirm the report of serious negro disturbances, and it is doubtful if they are yet quieted. The telegraph is interrupted and no advices have been received later than the eighteenth.

Short Paragraphs.

To prevent your hair from coming out—never let your wife catch you kissing the servant girl.

Some wretch of an editor says that another twist of the ladies' hair would take them off their feet.

"Can she cook?" is now the inquiry among marriageable young men South. They learned the importance of that art in the army.

"Margary, what did you do with the tallaw that Mr. Jones greased his boots with to-day?"

"Please marm, I fried the griddle cakes with it."

"Lucky for you, I thought you had wasted it."

"How fortunate I am in meeting a 'rain-bean' in this storm," said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day, to her beau of promise who happened to come along with an umbrella. "And I," said he gallantly, "am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander was when he caught the reindeer."

A gentleman while walking in his garden caught the gardener asleep under a tree. He scolded him soundly for his laziness, and ended by telling him that such a jaggard was not worthy to enjoy the light of the sun. "It was for that reason, exactly," said the gardener, "that I crept into the shade."

A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, and, in the course of the "battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which being observed by a man sitting near by, he called out:

"I say, friend, don't make that ar hole in your countenance any larger, or the rest of us will get nothing to eat."

"We know of an old woman," says a country exchange, "who went into the poultry business sometime since, under the expectation that she could make a fortune by selling eggs, but has quit it in disgust, because, as she contends, 'the hens will never lay when eggs are dear, but always being as soon as they got cheap.'"

A leader of music in a church where congregational singing was practiced, selected a tune with the wrong metre, to be sung to the words:

"With hyssop purge my soul, O Lord."

He tried it twice, when some old lady cried out:

"I say, mister, you had better try some other yard."

Mr. Fuller, a Methodist preacher, found it necessary to eke out a scanty living by selling sermons. He called on a lady in a parish where he once labored. As he announced his errand, the lady expressed her horror and surprise: "What! Mr. Fuller, I thought you labored for souls, and not for money." Fuller replied: "A minister can't live on souls, and if he could, he'd soon depopulate such a region as this!"

A handsome young peddler made love to a buxom widow. He accompanied his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union. "Name them," said the widow. "The want of means to set up a retail store." They parted, and the widow sent the peddler ample means. When they met again, the peddler had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. "I have another wife," cried the notion dealer.

A schoolmaster in a neighboring town, while on his morning walk, passed by the door of a neighbor, who was excavating a log for a pig-sty.

"Why," said the schoolmaster, "Mr. S., have you not furniture enough yet?"

"Yes," said the man, "enough for my own family, but I expect to board the schoolmaster this winter, and am making preparations."

A jealous man, who was on a visit to London, was induced to call on a clairvoyant and ascertain what his wife was doing at her residence, some ninety miles away.

"She is sitting in her parlor," said the lady, "and she looks out of the window, as if in expectation."

"Strange," said the gentleman; "what can she expect?"

"Some one is entering the door! she caresses him fondly."

"Horrible!" interrupted the gentleman, thinking of the Divorce Court.

"Now he lays his head in her lap, and looks tenderly into her eyes."

"Dreadful! she shall suffer for this!"

"Now he wags his tail," continued the sleeper; and as this explained the story, old Jealousy decamped, and resolved not to be inquisitive again with regard to his wife.

Terrible Storm.

From the Lynchburg Virginian.]

Tazewell and adjacent counties were visited by a terrible storm a few days ago. The hail in some places laid two or three feet deep on the ground. A correspondent says: "Not far from Mr. Jam's Freeman's a water-spout fell: a citizen living in a ravine below the spout lost his wife and child in a most shocking manner. She saw the terrible tide rushing upon her house; she threw the children upon a bench after a small boy outside, and as she entered the door with the child, the tide entered the upper door with a large tree; this struck the woman with great force, carrying her and the child away with the logs and trees. There being two houses, one giving way, turned the current of water, which saved the other house and other children, after moving the house some two feet. The woman's body was found one mile below her house, severed in twain—one leg was not found. The child was a perfect jelly. It was found half a mile below the house. Two cows that were swept off, had not been found. Great damage was done to the gardens, crops, etc. The woods look like mid-winter."

COMMENTATED.]

So remarkably strange an appearance does the Radical party present, that no artist, however gifted, would be willing to risk his reputation by an attempt to depict, on canvas, a faithful portrait of the original.

Vainly would he strive to delineate its unprecedented patriotism, vaunted loyalty, glaring duplicity and superlative selfishness! presenting to his gaze such a bewildering heterogeneous mass of ingredients, his genius would be completely paralyzed, his pencil thrown aside in despair.

But we pause, under the impression that we may be slightly mistaken. Appearances are oftentimes deceitful, and before proceeding any farther, will take a peep at "Webster" and ascertain his definition of a few words.

"Patriotism—love to one's country—devoted to the welfare of the community."

"Loyalty—faithfulness to duty."

"Duplicity—double dealing, deceit."

"Selfishness—regard to one's interest, solely."

Now, the only way in which a painter can be successful in a correct delineation of his subject, is to make prominent the most striking characteristics.

We are a bit of an artist ourself, and have the vanity to suppose, that we have at least skill enough to sketch a faint outline; have not sufficient temerity to attempt a finished picture of a subject that would defy the efforts of a "Raphael" or a "Rubens."

We will first examine the patriotic features. They do not appear very prominent; seem deficient in a number of concomitants essential to strong development; to-wit, strong love for the country; unless, indeed, treating with contempt and trampling its unrivalled constitution, be received as evidence.

"The welfare of the community"—This is very faintly exhibited, unless military despotism, tyrannical laws, and enormous governmental extravagance, which has caused distress to thousands of our citizens, is to be classed among items that contribute to a community's welfare.

Loyalty—This is scarcely perceptible, and can be left out, without injury to the picture.

Duplicity—stands out in bold relief, and will receive special attention from the artist.

Selfishness—This feature, is more strongly developed than any other, indeed is so palpable, that aided by it, we cannot make an entire failure, and are rather sanguine, that when we sit before our easel, and make duplicity and selfishness sufficiently prominent in our sketch, they will insure a likeness of the original, not very difficult to recognize.

There is only one difficulty we anticipate. Modern political lexicographers, have presumed to differ with "Webster" on true definitions. These are,

"Patriotism—love of self, devotion to the welfare of party."

"Loyalty—faithfulness to party, even at the expense of duty."

"Duplicity—smartness."

"Selfishness—justifiable preservation."

We deem these however to be unjustifiable innovations, and shall decline their aid in assisting us in our artistical efforts.

ADRIAN.

The bill to divide Texas into three States is likely to fail. Bingham, Paine and Farnsworth oppose it, as they fear these new States will become Democratic.

Be honest and you will be happy.

Remember!

A full battery of artillery and a thousand rifles, ordered by Congress for "the loyal militia" in each and every Congressional district at the South. The "loyal" means "negro" militia, and the arrangement will equip and discipline a powerful force of negro troops, under Radical officers, not only for the continued subjugation of the Southern whites, but to constitute an army at the South ready to obey and follow blindly "the man on horse-back." American! see you no danger here? Are you willing the liberties so dearly earned by the bayonets of your white ancestors shall be swept away by the bayonets of negro troops? If so, vote for Grant and Colfax.

[New York World.]

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.—"I am on the bright side of seventy," said an aged man of God; "the bright side, because nearer to everlasting glory." "Nature fails," said another, "but I am happy." "My work is done," said the countess of Huntingdon when eighty-four years old; "I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." To a humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world." "Fear it, sir," he replied; "I know I am; but, blessed be the Lord, I do not fear it, I hope it."

THE POOR BOY.—"Don't be ashamed my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane word escape from your lips. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing my lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as we."

Peripatetic Congressmen.

In Mr. Pendleton's great speech at Grafton, Virginia, the other day, he said:

Read the dispatches of the day before, and you will see that one of the newly elected Senators from Louisiana was, six months ago, a citizen of Illinois, and the other a citizen of Indiana, that the Governor of Florida was, a year ago, the President of an Agricultural Society in Iowa. If I am not mistaken, the State of Virginia rejoices in the possession of a Governor fresh from the soil of Ohio; [laughter] and if the newspapers do not belie him, a citizen of our State has declined to be a candidate for Congress in the district in which he lives, for the reason that he expects to be a Senator from Alabama before the fall elections in Ohio shall take place. [Laughter and applause.]

The Bondholders.

I have been represented as inimical to the bondholder. Gentlemen, you shall judge me. I am hostile to no class or interest in the country. I simply desire to be just—just to the bondholder—just to the people. I would live up, with scrupulous fidelity, to the terms of our contracts. I would pay the interest of the five-twenties in gold, because the government has promised to do so. I would pay both principal and interest of the ten-forties in gold, because the government has promised to do so. I would pay the principal of the five-twenties in legal-tender notes, because the bondholders agreed to receive them in payment; and as I would not repudiate an honest bargain to make money for the people, so will I not repudiate an honest bargain to make money for the public creditor.

[George H. Pendleton.]

The number of deaths last week in New York was 1142, of which more than fifty per cent. were from sunstroke and diarrhoea diseases. Infants suffered terribly from the latter, but the exact number has not been ascertained. The increase in the total over the week before was 528. The weather Saturday was fine, the thermometer only reaching 86 degrees. There was, however, quite a number of cases of sunstroke, but few compared with the number in the early part of the week.

A Poor Boast.

The Radical journals boast that the entire British press favor the Grant ticket. It is only a little while ago that these same radical journals were howling that the British press "sided with the rebels." It does not occur to those papers that possibly the British press both tend to the disruption of the Union.

Joe Brown is trying to trade with the Democrats in the Georgia Legislature to secure his election to the United States Senate.

The Chambermaid's Stratagem.

In the town of Marne, France, there resided some years ago two wealthy bachelors, whose chambers were kept in order by a good looking damsel named Annette. The latter was anxious to have the wedding ring placed upon her finger, but her lover was so poor that she durst not venture.

These bachelors were brothers, and one day they had sold some property which they owned lately; the money, amounting to one hundred thousand francs, was paid in the city of the Bank of France too late to take into Paris that afternoon. An midnight great noise was heard in the house. Annette ran and rapped at her master's door, saying that robbers were at work below.

"You have a gun," said she; "take it and shoot the villains."

Both the bachelors were much frightened. One began to barricade the door, while the other removed a tile from the hearth to secrete the blank bills.

"Fools," said the girl, "they will murder us all—give me the gun."

She seized a double barrel gun which lay upon the shelf, and started down stairs, the two frightened men watching her movements without saying a word.

Presently bang went the gun, and a groan was heard—bang went the second barrel, and now a screech of pain resounded through the house.

Annette soon came tripping up stairs, and asked for powder and ball to reload. The astonished bachelors gave her the requisite charges, but soon steps were heard retreating from the house.

All three went cautiously down stairs, when lo! a pool of blood showed that one robber at least had paid the penalty of his rash attempt.

In the morning it was plain to be seen that the body of the unhappy victim had been dragged by his companions to the river. Blood marked the whole distance, and the police were instantly on the alert for the arrest of the living thieves and the discovery of the dead one. All was vain however, but the intrepidity of the poor girl was discussed far and near.

The grateful bachelors, knowing that Annette wanted to marry, prepared to give her a dowry.

"Ah! monsieurs," replied she, "how can I leave you? You may again be attacked by robbers."

"But we will not, nevertheless, stand between you and happiness. Here are thirty thousand francs. You saved our lives, and richly deserve the money. If you choose to live in this house with your husband, we shall repair the lower part for that purpose, and you can then be paid for keeping our rooms neatly as at present."

Annette did not hesitate to accept the dowry and the house.

It was several years before the real facts relative to this midnight attack of robbers came to light. The rich bachelors were then both dead, and had willed Annette another thirty thousand francs.

The robber, it appears, was not of the plural number, but only Annette's lover alone. The blood was from a lamb that had been killed for the occasion. Indeed, the whole affair was but a ruse by the lovers to open the hearts and purses of the rich bachelors.

A Slight Mistake.

In a New Hampshire town there lived an ignorant, irreligious, worthless family, Ransom by name, no member of which had been seen inside of a church within the "memory of the oldest inhabitant." The village pastor, after years of failure, had at length "almost persuaded" two of the younger scions to promise attendance for one Sabbath; but the fear that they would be made the subject of some personal remarks still deterred them. They were in great terror lest they should be publicly upbraided with their misdoings, and called to account for their wickedness. After much exertion their fears were quelled, and on the following Sunday the eyes of the good pastor's congregation were astonished at the unwonted presence of the aforesaid Ransoms. All went well until the reading of the second hymn, which was the familiar:

"Blow ye the trumpet, Blow!" etc.

Imagine the effect when, at the end of the line,

"Return ye Ransom's sinners home," the elder of our heroes seized his hat, and with long strides toward the door shouted: "Come along home, Bill! I know'd they'd be flinging at us if we came here!"

The 14th article, amendment to the Constitution, was passed by the Georgia Legislature on the 21st instant.