

THE NEWTON ENTERPRISE.

"Here Shall the Press the People's Rights Maintain, Unawed by Influence, and Unbribed by Gain."

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Persia's Breadful Famine.

Mrs. Cochran of Oromiah, Persia, who has been a missionary there for thirty years, has written Rev. A. H. Plumb, of Boston, giving details of the fearful famine in Persia, and appealing for aid. She says that the Christian communities are suffering far less than the Mohammedan, and that the Nestorians are helping the sufferers to the extent of their means. Nothing at all is done by the government, and hundreds through the missionaries' doors daily. The starving also go to the slaughter-houses and catch and drink the blood. Many have sold all they have for bread, parting with valuables for a mere song. A bushel of coarse wheat meal sold for \$25 January 7, while in the former famine it never went above \$8. "Bare footed multitudes tread the frozen streets, having parted with all but a few rags, which offer an apology for clothing. Parents are selling their children for slaves; many men have fled, no one knows whither, to avoid seeing the death of those dear to them. Would that I could take you out among the haggard crowd that will come to-morrow, which comes daily to receive a little. Oh! those sunken eyes! those bony fingers! Trembling, fainting women and children trodden under foot by the stronger ones as they rush forward to receive the precious piece of bread! If I could take you to some of the houses in my villages, where whole families are groveling on the ground floor, some apparently near death—all in the deepest dejection, praying for death, merciful death! Men in this city have poisoned the last food they could procure for their dear ones, and all have gone together. One man with a family of eight a few days ago put arsenic into the flour which was to make their last little cake, and they all died together."

Too Much of a Good Thing.—At a party of young people in Paris conversation happened to turn on the subject of kissing and the question was asked who of the young men present could boast of having given or being able to give "his girl" the most kisses. Various were the replies this question brought out. Finally a young man and the girl to whom he was betrothed bet 200 francs that they could kiss 10,000 times in ten hours providing they would be allowed to take an occasional glass of wine "between." The persons were appointed a committee to count the number of kisses, and the work began. During the second hour the kisses were not nearly as numerous for the committee only counted 1,000. After the third hour, during which they managed to score but 750, further operations were brought to a sudden standstill. The lips of the young man were seized with a cramp, and he was carried off in a fainting condition. The girl, a few days later, was stricken with brain fever, which nearly carried her off to a land where kissing is unknown. When the people who had won the bet demanded their money the parents of the girl refused to pay her share of it. The matter was then taken to the courts, and there it was decided that the bet must be paid.

THREE YEARS IN BATTLE AND THREE IN PRISON.

BY RANDOLPH A. SHOTWELL.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

Personal Narrative continued.—School Boy politics, and a taste of mob-law.—Preparing to cross the Rubicon.—Great Battle at Bull Run.—How North Carolina saved the day.—A Farewell to youth, and school days.—Starting on foot to run the blockade.—Visit to Thomas Bayard at Wilmington, Delaware.

When the last starlike twinkle had vanished from off shore, and the vessel had gone too far to turn back, I summoned resolution to call upon the captain; deeming it safer to beard the lion in his den with an air of fearlessness, than to permit him to pounce upon my back while skulking from him. That it was not in any wise a pleasant venture may be inferred from the circumstances; since if he should treat me insolently, (and naval commanders by habitual exercise of absolute authority are apt to become small salt-water Caesars) I dare not resent it; and if he should prove suspicious I would be completely in his power,—as much so as if under a real lions' paw.

"Well, by the Lord!"—(pause)—"Thus quoth the Autocrat of the Quarter-Deck, with almost ludicrous astonishment, on discovering that he had, in Paddy's phrase, 'a passenger aboard that he'd left behind.' In truth it was an unexpected apparition, this tall young man in a broadcloth suit, but bare-footed, and carrying an old carpet-sack, stepping suddenly out of the muck of the night into the full glare of the pilot house, when no such soul was supposed to be on the steamer!

"Why, sir,"—said I deliberately depositing the carpet-sack in one corner,—"you will probably recollect me as the 'young man that had the pleasure of 'an introduction to you at Chesapeake; but you were busy, (and I 'don't wonder; for that is an ugly 'lock to bring through such an ugly 'ship as this) so I thought I would 'call to thank you for the great favor 'you've done in giving me the ride; 'for really, captain, as you can see for 'yourself, my feet are dreadfully blistered, because I wasn't used to walk 'ing, and I don't see how in the world 'I could have held out to foot it all 'the way to Washington; besides I 'had spent all my money except \$1.50, and of course I couldn't expect 'much assistance from the Maryland 'secesh' in times like this."

Despite the frowning and puzzled expression of the captain's face, I proceeded to explain that my people wished me to continue on at school, and take a college course, but now that I was sixteen years old,—and big for my age, 'don't you think so captain?'—it seemed a pity to waste four years before making a start in life; so I meant to try to do something for myself; and at any rate, I intended to call on the Secretary of War to see what he could do for me, etc., etc.

Every word of this statement was literally true; though it must be confessed my gorgeous "Red-White-and-Blue" neck-tie, and enormous silver-plated Spread-Eagle badge, (worn on the lapel in accordance with the fashion of gushing loyalty at that period) were calculated to make him put a slightly erroneous construction upon it. Fortunately as he was beginning a gruff rejoinder a clangor of bells called him hastily to some matter connected with the ship, and I hastened to the rear, not anxious to hear his further remarks, or—questions!

Yet, the unfinished interview left

me very uneasy; because, though unskilled in reading countenances, I felt the captain was not satisfied and would perhaps turn me over to the public to give a better account of myself. It must be considered that a great hubbub had been raised only a little more than a fortnight previous by the capture of the steamer *St. Nicholas*, of the Bay-Line. The facts were as follows:—

A GALLANT EXPLOIT.

Col. R. Thomas, of Baltimore, had been secretly organizing a battalion of Zouaves for the Southern service. On the 1st of July, a party of ten or twelve poorly dressed men took passage on the large side-wheel steamer *St. Nicholas*, which ran between that city and Washington. The men seemed to be countrymen going to various points along the route. A very lively French lady, with her maid, also came on board. When the steamer reached Point Lookout, at the mouth of the Potomac, a number of other countrymen took passage. Among them was Lieut. Alexander, and Capt. Geo. N. Hollins, a Virginian, who had resigned from the Federal navy. These men made a sign to the French lady, who thereupon slipped her petticoats over her head, and stepped out, the redoubtable little Colonel Thomas, with a big pistol in each hand! All the countrymen fished up their pistols from their boot-tops, and the *St. Nicholas* became a Confederate prize. She was headed for Cone river, where a Tennessee regiment was to be taken on board, and several grand exploits attempted. But the Tennesseans were too tardy; so the ship sailed up the river capturing three other vessels, with a quarter of a million dollars worth of property and 45 prisoners, all of which were brought safely into Fredericksburg. Unfortunately this success rendered Col. Thomas so rash that two weeks later he attempted another project, and being betrayed was found tucked away in the drawer of a bureau, on the steamer *Washington*, while she was sailing up the Bay. He was chained down in the dungeon of Fort McHenry. Naturally these occurrences kept the officers of merchant vessels, plying the inland waters in a suspicious condition for some time thereafter, and I had the benefit of it, boy though I was.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

That the captain distrusted me, though bewildered in a measure by my frank talk, soon became apparent from his actions. Repeatedly he slipped into the cabin on some pretence, and shot many sharp glances at me, curled up on a corner-sofa, simulating sleep. Early next morning, the duty of keeping an eye over me was assigned to a pretty and sprightly young woman who may have been the stewardess when the steamer ran as a passenger-boat; though apparently she was a near relative of the captain. Unaware, I won her favorable opinion by bringing her a chair when she came on deck, and offering her a pictorial paper which Todd had given me. Later, on seeing that I did not go to breakfast, she told me I might get sea-sick; and when I boyishly explained that I could only afford to pay for four meals (1.00) during the trip, she brought a tray of breakfast, and told me to go into one of the State rooms to eat it. Ere noon the kindness was well appreciated; for the day was exceedingly blustery, and the water near Point Lookout is almost always rough; the Potomac river,—seven miles wide,—here debouching into the Bay, causing what the sailors term 'a choppy sea.' Little did I dream that in the same month three years hence, with 600 other officers, packed like sardines in the dark, filthy, and nauseating hold of a much smaller vessel, I should be tossing on the same waves, at the same point, suffering for air, so grievously that dozens of strong men were dragged out in dead faint at every moment! Of this I shall give account in due season.

HISTORIC LOCALITIES.

The Potomac soon grew narrower, and the young girl called me on deck, to view points rendered famous by recent occurrences. She brought the

captain's large glass and watched me narrowly as she inquired if I wouldn't like to take a look at the "Rebel flag." At another place, the order was passed for every person to go inside, and remain concealed while running by Mathias Point, the spot where Capt. Ward of the gunboat *Puante* had been killed only a few days previous. He had discovered signs that the Rebels were erecting a masked battery (all Southern batteries were "Masked" in these days) amid the spruce thickets at the Point; and at once landed to drive them off. He was killed, and several of his men wounded. But the Confederates, a mere scouting party, also withdrew. This was singular, inasmuch as the point is the only one at which the Potomac could be blockaded. The current sets in so near the shore that, as I said, we were cautioned to keep out of sight, lest concealed riflemen in the thicket should pick us off. Instead of thus closing the river, the Confederates planted their batteries at Aquia Creek, where no boat could be struck at night and few during the day.

DISCOVERED.

And now night descended rapidly. Mountainous masses of clouds piled, Pelion upon Ossa, around the horizon, still showed the ruddy tinge,—the crimson blushes—of the sunken sun, but darkness lay upon the land—like a funeral pall,—not a light twinkling, nor even the bark of dog barking, from the wooded bluffs of the Virginia shore. Presently the great bell began a muffled tolling that was in strange consonance with the hour and the scene. It was the usual salute of honor paid by vessels in passing the tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon. I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of the *Empress of the Sea*, but gloom was impenetrable.

In a short time, Fort Washington was reached, and the steamer "slowed down" to admit of a conversation between the captain and an officer on the parapet. Standing on the gang way, looking up at the massive battlements, I fell into a familiar school boy habit of thinking aloud. "Wonder why under the sun our men didn't seize this fort when they took Harper's Ferry, and Alexandria? Instantly, to my dismay, a voice from the latticed window next to the one against which I was leaning, responded—"Why, because OUR men got here first!"

There was no mistaking the significance of the emphasis on "our men." My secret stood revealed! and Washington was almost at hand. In less than an hour I should be delivered up to the enemy. The situation was desperate. Had I been able to swim, no matter how poorly, I should have been sprung overboard, trusting to blind fortune for escape. But a pound of lead were a better swimmer than I. However "all is not necessarily lost," says the proverb, "because in great danger." By sudden impulse, I hastened around into the saloon, took my boots and baggage, and went into the small State room, locked the door, and stayed there. (For reasons, not required here, it must suffice to say that when Washington was reached—I was among the missing.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An American preacher in his prayer said: "I pray that the power of Satan may be curtailed." Just then an old dandy in the congregation cried out: "Yes, amen! Bress me! Cut him right smack snooze off!"

"It would have been wise to have let the matter patiently wait until the regular session, but now, whatever action is taken the party must shoulder the responsibility. The Governor has presented it with an elephant, and it will require more than ordinary wisdom to manage the animal, so that it will not injure his keepers. As it is, the matter is now forced upon the party, and as honest men and true representatives, our legislators can only look to the good of the State and the people—the tax-payers. New York capitalists and railroad rings are dangerous things for unsophisticated 'tar-heel' legislators to deal with."—*Winston Sentinel*.

John Jay on Education.

It is good to see the illustrious name of John Jay identified in the third generation with the best interests of the country. There was no sounder judgment, no loftier patriotism, no clearer intellect, in "the times that tried men's souls," than were found in John Jay, whose mind and pen were employed on the Farewell Address of George Washington. His son, William Jay, a jurist, statesman, scholar and Christian, inherited all the virtues of his father, and transmitted them to his son John Jay, who is now employing his pen in the almost hopeless attempt to awaken his countrymen to the importance of preserving their institutions from the wily and destructive approaches of the Jesuits, the leaders of the Roman Catholic conspiracy against education, liberty and human rights.

In the last number of the *International Review*, Mr. Jay returns to the discussion of the question, presenting such an array of facts as would startle the American people, had not the necessities of politics driven them into a dogged determination not to contend any farther against the sect whose votes are now the controlling factor in every contested election.

Mr. Jay is showing the mischief that springs from the schools now supported in the Roman Catholic churches as distinct from the public schools, and he quotes Brownson, one of their great authorities as saying: "The cause of the failure of what we term Catholic education is in the fact that we educate not for the present or the future, but for the past, which never can be restored." Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins has proved that in this State the Romish parish schools turn out 3-12 times as many paupers as the State schools. Thus the R. C. schools beget ignorance and pauperism instead of knowledge and thrift. But even more fearful is Mr. Jay's exposure of the code of morals taught in these schools. In showing this he adduces proof that no intelligent Roman Catholic will dispute, and it is proof that would convict under any impartial administration of justice. He presents facts under the head of chastity that we cannot cite, but they show that the doctrine is held that "Temptation, when greatly protracted, need not be positively withstood continuously, inasmuch as that would be over-irksome, and render one liable to innumerable scruples." Mr. Jay says that "of the questions put to female penitents in the confessional little is known to the public, for the alleged reason that their publication in England has been adjudged illegal under the laws forbidding indecent publications." And it is also proved that lying is specifically allowed in order to conceal offences against chastity; that bribery of judges is allowed, and stealing justified; that a breach of promise to marriage is permitted when the woman was rich at the time of the promise and lost her property before the marriage; and it comes home to the experience of thousands of housekeepers when Mr. Jay proves that the Roman Catholic school of morals allows servants and all persons employed at salaries, who are of the opinion that their wages are less than they ought to be, to increase them by helping themselves to their employer's property. The same rascally doctrine is taught in regard to paying taxes to the government, and to importers of goods paying duty.

This argument is continued, until the conviction is made that such a system of morals is utterly incompatible with a government "of the people for the people." And it is well suggested that it ought to be made a penal offence for a priest or any one else to prevent children by threats of any kind, spiritual or physical, from attending State schools, and compelling them to go to schools where such principles as these are inculcated in the minds of the future citizens of this Republic. In Belgium at this moment it is said "that if the magistrate shrinks from deciding in the sense desired by the Church, abolition is refused to him." And when we note the subserviency of our officers of the

city government and our legislators in voting money to Roman Catholic institutions, we can easily understand that the priest has his finger on the will of the American magistrate, and the vote is cast, the decision made, the water tax removed, the assessment released, at the dictation of the priest, who holds that the State exists for the Church, and does its duty only when it obeys.—*N. Y. Observer*.

Sam Houston's Duel.

A correspondent of the *Bowling Greene (Ky.) Intelligencer* uncovers an old man of the vicinity who remembers all about the "sensations of the year 1826," the old man being one of the participants in the duel that caused the sensation. To settle a spat that came of hot blood, General Sam Houston, then a member of Congress from Tennessee, and General White, of Nashville, agreed that on September 23, 1826, they would "fight a duel on the Tennessee line; time, sunrise; distance, fifteen feet; weapons, holster pistols." Houston got out of bed at 3:40 a. m. on the 23d, and, sitting, in his night-clothes, molded two bullets. As the first fell from the mold a dog named "General Jackson" raised a triumphant howl under the window. When a second bullet dropped a game cock crowed loud and loud from a neighboring tree. Houston, who was superstitious, cut the figure of a dog on one bullet and the figure of a cock on the other. The principals stood at their posts on the second and to the inch. White's lead cut a whistle through the sharp air, but Houston stood unhurt. At the same time the bullet with the dog mark passed clean through White's body, so that a silk handkerchief was drawn from one side to the other. After the duel Houston selected as his coat-of-arms the famous "chicken cock and dog."

Pretty Girls in a Wine Vat.

A resident in Italy vouches for the following: In the vineyards near us the girls mount ladders and clip the rich bunches, dropping them into the baskets. With industrious workers one day is enough to clear an average vineyard. When the grapes are all gathered in they are carefully picked from the stems for the pressing. This last process is the same primitive, simple operation that was performed by the patriarch Noah. The grapes are thrown into an enormous vat, where the juice is tramped out of them by the bare feet. At this stage of the vintage you may see hundreds of the young ladies of the city of Perugia coming forth in groups in the morning, beaming with pleasant mystery and excitement. Your ordinary tourist, whose intellectual and instructive palnulum is gathered from the guide books, has not the remotest conception of their object. He may think they are out for an early constitutional. But early constitutions are not the rage with Italian ladies. Shall I tell you the secret of all that mystery and excitement? They are off to the country to tread in the wine presses. It is a novel holiday for them, besides being a most salutary exercise. Even prim old dowagers are known to "wade in" and banish the rheumatism in a half day's exercise in the wine press. Apart from the healthful exercise of tramping, the new mash acts as a bath to the limbs, while the uprising fumes are considered eminently stomachic. After the treading performances these ladies wash themselves in hot wine, taking a moderate decoction internally for the stomach's sake. The effect is pleasant and rejuvenating, and is especially noticeable in the vim with which they participate in the dance, which is the usual sequel to treading in the wine press.

MONTREAL HEARD FROM.—R. L. Mosely, of Montreal, Canada, certified Sept. 27, 1879, that he had suffered terribly from dyspepsia and was completely cured by taking Warner's Safe Bitters. He says: "My appetite is good and I now suffer no inconvenience from eating hearty meals." These Bitters are also a specific for all skin diseases.—*Adc.*