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O. G. Grant

Business Cards

ROBBINS & LONG,
Attorneys at Law
STATEVILLE, N. C.
Will attend the Superior Courts at Newton, Office at Young's Hotel.

N. J. SHIPP & T. H. COBB,
Attorneys at Law.
Practice in all the Courts. Office on Public Square.

L. L. WITHER-POON,
Attorney at Law,
NEWTON, N. C.

M. L. McCORKLE,
Attorney at Law,
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Respectfully,
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We solicit the patronage of the public.
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Lumber dressed and matched ready for use on short notice.
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TURNING THE RASCALS OUT.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—Postmaster General Vilas' confidential letter to Ohio and Virginia Congressmen about the appointment of postmasters, which has found its way into print, is the most positive and significant utterance that has come from the new Administration. The President was consulted before the letter was sent out, and gave his approval to Col. Vilas' scheme for a speedy turning out of the partisan officeholders. It is particularly significant because the disquiet that has apparently escaped notice heretofore is officially recognized in the letter. "I shall beg you, therefore," he says, "to consider the suggestions I make as to the methods of procedure, and if you can adopt them and get some cases ready within the next two or three weeks, I think within the month of May I can give substantial relief that will take away the impatience and discontent."

There is method, too, in the order of procedure indicated by the Postmaster General which suggests that the power of patronage is pretty keenly appreciated by the administration. Thus Ohio and Virginia are the earliest States to be treated. Ohio is the first of the States in which the Administration is to stand the test of a full election. The election there takes place in October, and the nominating conventions will meet in a month. Before that time, if the Democratic leaders move promptly and do not quarrel, the party can be fortified.

In Virginia there is to be a wonderfully hot campaign for the overthrow of Mahone. Nominations for Governor will be made on both sides at an early date, and Federal patronage will play an important part. Its loss will shatter Mahone's strength, and its transfer to the Democrats will build up their organization.

New York, New Jersey and Connecticut have not been overlooked, and a general change in the post-offices of those States will be made in time to aid the Democrats in the November contests. Politicians who come here disposed to growl at the slowness with which things are moving go away very well satisfied after a visit to the Postoffice Department. Col. Vilas has been badly crippled by the protracted illness of First Assistant Postmaster General Hay, who looks especially after the small post-offices. In consequence Mr. Vilas has had to take charge of the appointment of all the fourth-class postmasters, numbering about 50,000.

Appointments are now being made at the rate of one hundred a day. Allowing eight hours of solid work each day, this would make about one appointment every five minutes. The clerical work necessary in each case cannot be more expeditiously. Even at this rate of progress it will take many months to fill all the offices. Col. Vilas' plan of filling one-sixth to one-quarter of the offices at once commends itself to a majority of the Democrats who come here. When the party is convinced that the Administration is earnestly and thoroughly Democratic, there will be very little murmuring at the slowness with which changes are made.

There is less patronage in the other departments, but there is a more clearly defined purpose to move forward that animates the Post Office Department. There is every promise that the Democrats of New York State will speedily see that there is no intention to ignore them on the part of the President and Secretary Manning. Mr. Manning is not one whit less a Democrat since he came to Washington. He has not put away the principles of a life time. If he appointed Mr. Graves, a Mugwump, to be Lead of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, anybody who cares to ask him will be frankly told that it was because of Mr. Graves' thorough expert knowledge and peculiar fitness. Nobody who knows Mr. Manning takes any stock in the stories that all Democrats are to be forbidden to cross the threshold of the bureau in consequence of the appointment, or that any precedent has been established to be followed in other cases.

Gossips who are busy trying to convince greenhorns that Mr. Cleveland and his Secretary of the Treasury are not in entire accord will be

confounded when the situation is further developed. The fact is the two men are in perfect accord. Mr. Cleveland has not so keen a perception of the advantages of party machinery as Manning, but so far as the underlying principles of a Democratic Administration is concerned there is not the shadow of difference between the two men. Neither believes that an Administration can succeed without a party behind it.

RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

FROM "DOOTS AND SADDLES," BY MRS. CUSTER.

I must preface my account of the occurrence by going back to the summer of the Yellowstone campaign. Two of the citizens attached to the expedition, one as the sutler, the other as the veterinary surgeon, was in the habit of riding by themselves a great deal. Not being enlisted men much more liberty than soldiers have was allowed them. Many warnings were given, however, and an instance fresh in the minds of the officers of killing Indians of two of their comrades the year before, was repeatedly told them.

One day their hour of lingering came. While stopped to water their horses, some Indians concealed in a gully, shot them within sight of our regiment, who were then fighting on the hill, and did not find the bodies for some time after. Both of the murdered men were favorites; both left families, and regret and sympathy were general throughout the command.

A year and a half afterwards information came to our post, Fort Lincoln, that an Indian was then at the agency at Standing Rock, drawing his rations, blankets and ammunition from the government and at the same time boasting of the murder of these two men. This intelligence created intense indignation in our garrison. A detachment was quickly prepared and started out with several companies.

The command consisted of two officers and 100 men. The General had selected his brother to assist in this delicate transaction, as he was wont to do ever since they began their life of adventure together during the war. They arrived on the day that the Indians were drawing their rations of beef. There were 500 at the agency armed with the latest long-range rifle.

It was more and more clear that two much care could not be taken to prevent the object of the visit being known to the warriors.

In order, then to conceal the purpose of their appearance at the agency the captain in command resolved on a ruse. He sent fifty men to the camp, ten miles away, to make inquiries of these Indians who had murdered citizens on the Red River the year before. Col. Custer was ordered to take five men and go to the trade store, where the Indians resort constantly. This required great coolness and extreme patience, for they had lounged about, seemingly indifferent, until they could be certain the right man was discovered. The cold made the Indians draw their blankets around them and over their heads. There is never any individuality about their dress, unless when arrayed for a council or dance. It was therefore almost impossible to tell one from the other.

Col. Tom had to wait for hours, only looking furtively when these wily creatures were off guard. At last one of them loosened his blanket, and with the meager description that had been given him Col. Tom identified him as

"RAIN-IN-THE-FACE."

Coming suddenly from behind he threw his arms about him, and seized the Winchester rifle that the savage attempted to cock. He was taken entirely by surprise. No fear showed itself, but from the characteristically stolid face, hate and revenge flashed out for an instant. He drew himself up in an independent manner to show his brother warriors that he did not dread death.

Among them he had been considered brave beyond precedent, because he had dared to enter the agency store at all, and so encounter the risk of arrest. The soldiers tied his hands and mounted guard over him. About thirty Indians surrounded them instantly, and an old orator commenced a harangue to the others, in citing them to recapture their brother.

Breathless excitement prevailed. At that moment the captain in command appeared in their midst. With the same coolness he had shown in the

war and during the six years of the Indian campaign, he spoke to them through an interpreter. With prudence and tact he explained that he intended to give the prisoner exactly the treatment a white man would receive under like circumstances; that nothing would induce them to give him up; and the better plan to save blood shed would be for the chiefs to withdraw and take with them their followers. Seeing that they could accomplish nothing by intimidation, or by superior numbers, they had recourse to parley, and proposed to compromise. They offered as a sacrifice two Indians of the tribe in exchange for Rain-in-the-Face.

It was generosity like that of Arcton Ward, who offered his wife's relative on the altar of his country, for they took care not to offer for sacrifices any but Indians of low rank. Rain-in-the-Face was a very distinguished warrior among them, and belonged to a family of six brothers, and one of whom, Iron Horse, was very influential. The officers prevailed in the end, and the prisoner was taken to the cavalry camp. During the time that the Indians were opposing his removal, the troops had assembled around the entrance, ready for any emergency, and prepared to escort the murderer away. The Indians instantly vanished; all went quickly and quietly to their camp, ten miles distant. Later in the day a party of fifteen mounted warriors dashed through the agency to the road beyond which had to be taken by our troops on the way home. Of course our officers expected an attack from that party when they began their homeward march; to their surprise, they were unopposed. We learned afterwards that the mounted Indians went to the camp of Two Bears to urge the young braves there to combine with them in the recapture of Rain-in-the-Face. Two Bears had long been friendly to the white men, and had been in the habit of trading with them.

After the command had returned and the officers reported to Gen. Custer sent for Rain-in-the-Face. He was tall, straight and young. His face was quite imperturbable. In a subsequent interview the General looked himself in his room with him. Though an interpreter and with every clever question and infinite patience he spent hours trying to induce the Indians to acknowledge his crime. The culprit's face finally lost its impervious look and he showed some agitation.

THE MURDER.

He gave a brief account of the murder and the next day made a full confession before all the officers. He said neither of the white men were armed when attacked. He had shot the old man but he did not die instantly, riding a short distance before falling from his horse. He then went to him and with his stone mallet beat out the last breath of life. Before earing him he shot his body full of arrows. The younger man signaled to them from among the bushes and they knew that the manner in which he held up his hands was an overture to peace. When he reached him the white man gave him his hat as another and further petition for mercy. But shot him at once first with his gun and with arrows. One of the latter entering his back the dying man struggled to pull it through. Neither man was scalped, as the elder was bald and the younger had closely cropped hair.

Two Indians, one of them Iron Horse, had followed the cavalry from the agency and asked to see their comrade. The General sent for Rain-in-the-Face. He came into the room with clanking chains and with a guard at his heels. He was dressed in mourning. His leggings were black, and his sable blanket was belted by a band of white beads. One black feather stood erect on his head. Iron Horse supposed that he was to be hung at once, and that this would be the final interview. The elder brother believing there was no hope, was solemn. He removed his beaded and embroidered buffalo robe and replaced it with the plain one that Rain-in-the-Face wore. He exchanged pipes, also, giving him his highly ornamental one that he might afterwards present it to the General. The pipes are valuable, as the material of which the bowls are made has to be brought from Kansas. Then, finding that there was a prospect of Rain-in-the-Face having his trial in Washington, he took off the medal that had

been given to his father by a former President, whose likeness was in the medallion, and placed it over the neck of his brother, that it might be a silent argument in his favor when he confronted the "great Father."

It was an impressive and melancholy scene. Iron Horse charged his brother not to attempt to escape, saying that if he did get back to the reservation he would surely be recaptured. He believed that he would be kindly treated while a captive, and perhaps the white chief would intercede for him to obtain his pardon. After asking him not to lose courage they smoked again and silently withdrew. In about ten days Iron Horse returned, bringing a portion of his tribe with him.

The Indians with Iron Horse came directly to headquarters and asked for a council. As many as could get into the General's room entered. There was time, while they were preparing, to send for the ladies, and a few of us were tucked away on the lounge with instructions not to move or whisper, for my husband treated these Indians with as much consideration as if they had been crowned heads. The Indians turned a surprised, rather scornful glance into the "ladies gallery" for their women are always kept in the background. In return for this we did not hesitate to criticize their toilets. They were gorgeous in full dress. Iron Horse wore an elaborately beaded and painted buckskin shirt, with masses of solid embroidery of porcupine quills. The sleeves and shoulders were ornamented with

A FRINGE OF SCALP LOCKS.

Some of the hair we saw with a shudder was light and wavy. I could not but picture the little head "running over with curls" from which it had been taken, for all the Indian locks I have ever seen were straight and black.

The chief wore on his shoulders a

mass of bead work. He wore a cap of otter without a crown, though, for it is their custom to leave the top of the head uncovered. Three eagle feathers that denote the number of warriors killed, were so fastened in that they stood erect. There were several perforations in each ear from which depended bead ear rings. He had amulets of burnished brass thrown around him was a beaded blanket. The red clay pipe had the wooden stem inlaid with silver, and was embellished with the breast feathers of brilliantly plumaged birds. The tobacco bag, about two feet long, had not an inch that was not decorated. The costume was simply superb.

Iron Horse began his speech in the usual high-pitched, unchangeable key. He thanked the General for the care of his brother, and the whole tenor of the rest was repeated petitions to ask the great father in Washington to spare his life. He then slowly took off his elaborate buckskin shirt and presented it to my husband. He ended by making

A SINGULAR REQUEST.

Which was worthy of Damon and Pythias. Two sly young braves in the outer circle of the untitled, asked permission through their chief to share the captivity of Rain-in-the-Face. After his two friends had left him, Rain-in-the-Face occupied a part in the guard house with a citizen who had been caught stealing grain from the storehouse. For several months they had been chained together and used to walk in front of the little prison for exercise and air. The guard house was a poorly built, in secure wooden building. After a time the sentinels became less vigilant, and the citizen, with help from his friends outside, who were working in the same way, cut a hole in the wall at night and escaped.

He broke the chain attaching him to the Indian who was left free to follow. We found afterwards that Rain-in-the-Face did not dare to return to the reservation, but made his way to the hostile camp. In the spring of 1874, he sent word from there by an agency Indian that he had joined Sitting Bull, and was awaiting his revenge for his imprisonment.

The stained waters of the Little Big Horn, on June 25, 1876, had how deadly and fatal that was. The vengeance of that incarnate fiend was concentrated on the man who had effected his capture. It was found on the battle field that he had cut out the brave heart of that gallant, loyal and lovable man, our brother Tom.

MISTAKES IN HISTORY.

Raleigh Farmer and Mechanic.

It is a little hard on the "Ex-Rebels" of the Second Revolution (Descendants of the Rebs who created the Nation) that they have to fight as fiercely with their Pens to protect their names and reputation as they used to fight for Freedom, Family and Fireside! Now here is Daniel Harvey Hill, one of the three surviving Lieutenant Generals of the Confederacy, forced to vindicate himself (for the sake of his family) in such wise as this:—

MACON, GA., May 4, 1885.—Editor of the Century Magazine for May, there is a sensational story by Gen. J. D. Imboden, that Gen. Stonewall Jackson arrested me at Edward's Ferry on our crossing into Maryland, on account of my indifference to the obstruction of the ford by my wagon train. I am inclined to think that this alleged incident is myth, for the following reasons:

1. My troops and myself crossed the Potomac at Toole's Ford some five or six miles above Edward's Ferry. Not one of us saw General Jackson or knew where he crossed.

2. I saw General Jackson the next morning for the first time in thirty days. He met with an accident to his horse falling upon him, and he put us in command of his corps to move on and seize Frederick. Gen. Jackson would not be likely to treat an arrested man. He did not himself go on to Frederick, and the Barbara Fritchie story is as mythical as Gen. Imboden's.

3. I was not arrested or reproved by any one during the civil war.

4. Gen. Jackson never spoke an unkind word to me, publicly or privately, at any time or in any place.

These few reasons satisfy my mind and I hope that will satisfy the minds of others that Gen. Imboden has made a mistake. Respectfully and truly,

D. H. HILL.

Gen. Imboden's memory is also at fault in other particulars. In describing the Battle at Bull Run, (July 21, 1861) he says:—

Gen. Jackson's wound became very serious when inflammation set in. On hearing, three days after the fight, that he was suffering with it, I rode to his quarters in a little farm house near Centerville. Although it was barely sunrise he was out under the trees bathing the hand with spring water. It was much swollen and very painful, but he bore himself stoically. His wife and baby had arrived the night before. His little daughter Julia was still in long dresses, and I remember tossing her, to her great delight, while breakfast was being made ready on a rude table under the trees. Of course the battle was the only topic discussed at breakfast. I remarked in Mrs. Jackson's hearing, how is it that you can keep so cool and appear so utterly insensible to danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit? He instantly became grave and reverential in his manner and answered in a low tone of great earnestness: "Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about that, but be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me." He added after a pause, looking me full in the face: "Captain, that is the way all men should live, and then all men would be equally brave."

This was a singular, and not very delicate remark to a guest who was not himself religious, though possibly quite as brave as if he had been. But Gen. Imboden cannot have a very distinct recollection of the language, when he is so decidedly in error about the child. Gen. Jackson's first child died in infancy; and as Miss Julia was not born until November 1863, it seems clear that the General's memory is not so clear as the bright eyes of the young lady—soon to become Mrs. Christian) upon whose head he piles two or three years more than the law allows.

It is really astonishing how many historical incidents become misrepresented, and distorted until they seem to verify the well-known saying that "All History is Half-Lie!" While casually turning the leaves of a recent publication on North Carolina matters we noticed numerous incorrect state-

ments. For example it was stated that ex-Gov. Thomas Bragg's last public appearance was at the Holden Impeachment Trial; whereas he was a leading and volunteer counsel in the defence of the so-called Ku-Klux prisoners more than two years later; and his death was doubtless hastened by his sympathy for our harassed and outraged people in that era, when U. S. Grant was using the whole power of his army, and his Judges, to carry the South for a "second term."

Another incident: in the editorial correspondence of the New York World, we notice the following:—

"An aged and bent gentleman. As he was being shown through the rooms stated that the White House was a very familiar place to him. He had lived in it when a boy, and one of the incidents alleged to have occurred within it he announced to have occurred to his personal knowledge. Being pressed for the story, he said that he was sitting upon President Jackson's knee when Randolph Tweed the Chief Magistrate's nose, and to his dying day he will never forget the scene that ensued. He was pushed violently aside by the irate Old Hickory, who wanted to inflict immediate chastisement upon his assaiant, but was prevented by friends of the principals from making the affair more disgraceful."

This is very silly! The affair did not occur in the White House at all. It was on a steamer in the Potomac River, near Mt. Vernon. Jackson, who was bitter, prejudiced, and brutal in any case which ruffled his temper, had acted very unjustly towards Lieut. Randolph, of the Navy; causing him to resign in apparent disgrace, without any hope of re-employment. Randolph being a gentleman of birth, brooded over his ill-treatment until almost crazed; and accidentally seeing his enemy, marched up to him and gave his nose a pull that was never forgotten while life lasted.

Randolph was much abused by the Government organs, and history has censured him; but that was expected. The power of office is so great that even the tenderness of Jackson, the vulgarity of Lincoln, the brutality of Grant, the adultery of Thad Stevens, and many other cases, not to be mentioned, were winked at while living; and are condoned and denied by the Historian, who naturally gets his facts from the surviving friends of the Great.

The pulg of the President's nose was not a nice thing but neither was Jackson a nice man. His very popularity arose from his rough ways. His title of "Old Hickory" is said to have sprung from his crawling into an hollow log to sleep, while half tipsy, in one of his Indian campaigns. He had fought several duels, and killed his man, and was apt to think himself the "Big Bull of the woods" in matters personal and physical. He was, in fact, so surprised when Randolph tweaked his nose that he stood silent for a second; and it was only when half dozen of the Cabinet and others surrounding him had seized the assailant that Jackson struck him over the head with his umbrella.

Randolph was hustled off the boat (which had just touched the river bank), and though "Old Hickory" roared for an hour, the matter proceeded no further.

A daughter of Gen. Winfield Scott who attended the Georgetown Convent a number of years ago, took the veil when a young lady. There is a little romance connected with her life and determination to become a nun. She visited England in company with friends, and while there met a young man with whom she fell in love. The young man had a similar fall. For some reason the two were prevented from marrying. In consequence she determined to become a nun and be a priest. The determination of the one was unknown to the other. A few years after he as a priest, visited the convent here. She was lying on her death bed. He saw her and recognized her. The recognition was mutual. A word was passed between them and she lay back upon her pillow and died.—Chicago News.

The Right Reverend Bishop Gilmore, Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the many eminent church dignitaries who have publicly added their emphatic endorsement to the wonderful efficacy of St. Jacob's Oil in cases of rheumatism and other painful ailments.