

# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XIX.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1888.

NO. 50.

## THE RACKET STORE

OPENS THE FALL CAMPAIGN OF 1888

With the determination to sell LOWER than ever.



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MEN'S WORSTED DIAGONAL AND CASSIMER FALL & WINTER SUITS

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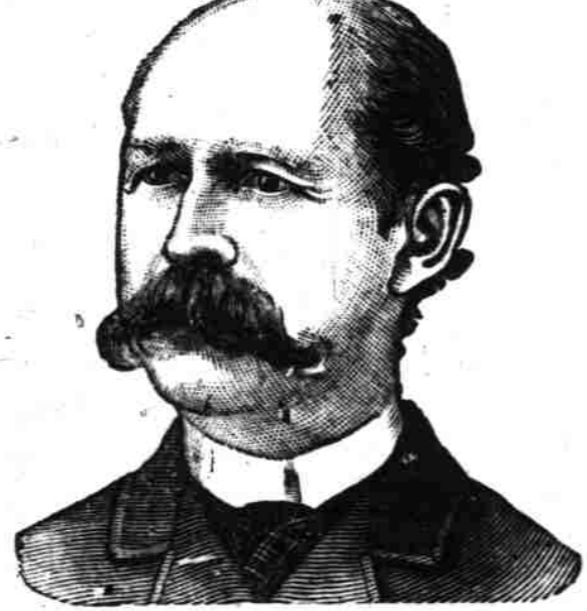
### WILL PLEASE YOU.

I have all sizes of trees desired from a 3 foot tree to 6 and 7 feet high and stocky. Priced descriptive catalogue free. Address,

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WANTED, Traveling and Local Salesmen for Agricultural and Machinery specialties, sell to the trade. State age, reference, amount expected for salary and expenses. Address, MASSAY & CO., Monteluma, Ga.

### For the Watchman. Bells and Belles.

[POE WASN'T HEREBY.]

See the porters with the bells— Breakfast bells. What a dish of juicy hash their tapering fore-tells! How they shake 'em, shake 'em, shake 'em. In their black and scaly hands, As they take 'em, take 'em, take 'em, (And they never get forsake 'em) Whist they kick the flying sands, Keep time, time, time, In a sort of negro mime, To the ceaseless jingling that so magically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells— Bells, bells, bells, From the ringing and the swinging of the bells!

Now we have the "lather" bells— Dinner bells. What a pile of eggs and soup their clattering fore-tells! Down the long and dusty street, How the boarders' ear they greet From the National hotels

At midday? How it feels—how it tells! Oa the hungry man that listens, as he yells "All O. K."

Oh, from out the dining hall, What a gust of grub aroma comfort all! How it swells! Breathing spells To a fellow! How it tells On the stomach, that now swells At the sobbing and the throbbing Of the bells, bells, bells— Of the bells, bells, bells, bells— At the clamor and the glangor of the bells!

See the niggers with the bells— Supper bells. What a host of latheracks their turbulency tells! In the dude's dilated ear, How they scream their tidings clear! But, too dreamily to feel, He can only reel, reel, In a whirr,

As he gives the multitude a vain and vacant look, And swears vengeance on the mad and frantic cook— Swearing more, more, more, Till he makes himself a "bore," All his pitiful endeavor, Now, now, to sit or never

By the side of his pale-faced girl, Oh, the dishes, dishes, dishes! What a hundred thousand wishes To devour! How they start and stop and start! What a blessing they impart! Just within a solitary hour! Yet the ear it fully knows, By the stopping, And the sopping,

How the "lasses" cobs and flows; Yet the eye distinctly tells, By the taking, And the raking,

How the dishes lose their spells, By the winking or the blinking in the agling of the bells— Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells— Of the bells, bells, bells, bells— By the croaking and the choking of the belly. —Wav.

### Story of a Superb September Ship Fight.

In these prosaic and "piping times of peace" it is really curious to note how little the come day, go day, selfish and self complacent American citizen is interested in the building up of a navy. His pulse does not mend its sluggish methodical pace, when he reads in our regular correspondent's "special" opening paragraph that the double turreted iron monitor Paritan, the largest ship in Secretary Whitney's new and vastly improved navy, has been sent to the government yards at Norfolk, Va., to be completed. He barely remembers that such a vessel was launched a few months ago, and that it has a displacement of 6,000 tons or more, because the daily papers said so; but, to the present utility or future achievements of this plate armored and very formidable sea sweeper, he is provokingly indifferent.

Yet it was not always so; and, as a quickening influence upon my business ensnared fellow countrymen, I shall here tell them a tale of brilliant heroism which must set their blood tingling.

Four-and-seventy years ago (precise date, Sept. 20, 1813) the American privateer General Armstrong, built by Rensselaer Havens for several New York merchants, east and/or in the neutral Portuguese harbor of Fayal, one of the Azores. These islands, as every school boy knows, are grouped in the Atlantic ocean, below the 40th parallel of north latitude and about 27 degs. longitude west from Greenwich. The Gen. Armstrong carried seven guns and many gallant hearts. Samuel Chester Riel was commander. Frederick A. Worth was his first lieutenant, he a brother of Gen. William Jenkins Worth, who made a big reputation at Chippewa, with Winfield Scott, and, a third of a century later, in conquered Mexico. His monument is the tall granite shaft at the junction of Broadway and Fifth avenue, opposite New York's famous Madison square. Alexander Williams was second lieutenant, and Robert Johnson third lieutenant of the Armstrong. There was a crew of ninety men, and this count included the officers. The vessel had been named in honor of a soldier, statesman, diplomat and author, who was our minister to France during Napoleon's time, and became secretary of war in 1812. Off the coast of South America, that year, the Gen. Armstrong, then commanded by Guy R. Champlin, had encountered the British sloop Coquette, mounting twenty-seven guns, and badly crippled her. It was left for Capt. Riel, however, to show to the world what American sailors could do when they went heart and soul, gun and cutlass, fit-really into action. His vessel added water; and twenty days safely cleared

from New York's blockade, he entered Fayal harbor at high noon to refill the Armstrong's casks and barrels.

Riel's personal history is most interesting. He was born at Norwich, Conn., late in the summer of 1783, and died in New York city about three months prior to the bombardment of Fort Sumter in 1861. His father was a British officer, who conscientiously and bravely fought the American colonies in revolutionary days. It was Samuel Chester Riel who, refusing a post captaincy in our navy after his brilliant victory at Fayal, became port warden of New York and invented and put into operation the signal telegraph from Sandy Hook to the Narrows and Battery. He was the designer of our present national standard and the father of ten children. Their excellent, beautiful and talented mother was a daughter of Capt. Nathan Jennings, still honorably spoken of by his numerous descendants at or near Fairfield, Conn.

Immediately after the Gen. Armstrong had anchored off Fayal, the American consul, John B. Dabney, ordered water to be promptly sent aboard the vessel, and invited Capt. Riel to dine with him. A pleasant afternoon was passed at the consul's house and in driving about the island. About sunset, having returned to the Armstrong with his shore friends, Riel noticed from his deck the rapid approach of six English war ships, forming the squadron of Commodore Lloyd. Three vessels, the Plantagenet, the Rota and the Carnation, had a combined armament of 136 guns, and the whole fleet carried upwards of 2,000 fighting seamen. In flagrant defiance of neutrality laws, Commander Lloyd attacked Gen. Armstrong with his greatly superior force, but he soon found that he had caught a veritable marine tartar. Next morning, having counted his dead, wounded and presumed to be drowned, he bitterly remembered that Admiral Cochrane was waiting for him at Jamaica for re-enforcements that would never be available in the proposed conquest of New Orleans.

Darkness settled over Fayal island and threw its heavy mantle on the peaceful, land locked day. Capt. Riel was wary. Certain movements on board Lloyd's flag ship, the Plantagenet, had excited the American's suspicion. He knew there would be a full moon, and having dismissed his guests and set them on shore, he quickly ordered the Armstrong's deck to be cleared for action and moved the vessel nearer to the island, until it was within shadow of the governor's castle. The moon had now risen, and by its light Capt. Riel discovered, about 8 o'clock, that four boats, each containing forty men, were being pulled towards the doomed privateer. He repeatedly hailed them, but got no reply. They were soon alongside, but he was ready for them. As the British seamen attempted to board the Armstrong the valiant Riel passed the word to his gunners to open fire on the four boats. They were beaten off with fearful slaughter, and two of them retired so severely broken that it was with the utmost difficulty they could be kept afloat. It being more apparent that the English squadron intended to renew the onslaught and crush their netting adversary, the governor of Fayal dispatched a message to Commodore Lloyd forbidding any further hostile demonstrations. The haughty Briton replied that if any attempt was made by the Portuguese to shield the Gen. Armstrong, he would at once fire upon castle and town.

Three hours passed, but they were not wasted by Riel; he knew too well the value of time and preparation, and took all the chances. At midnight, fourteen boats and 500 desperate Brits renewed the unequal attack. The dumfless gun of Connecticut listened to the English shout "No quarters!" and vowed that none should be given by his gunners or crew. Again there was an outburst of powder flare and an avalanche of hot shot. The English recoiled, but not in confusion. They stubbornly kept up the attack, but for more than half an hour supplied a gory harvest to Capt. Riel and his Spartan nerved sailors. Blood was flowing everywhere around the Armstrong and rivulets of it from the privateer's slippery decks tinged the waters of Fayal bay. Three of the English boats had been sunk and 250 of their men killed or wounded. Capt. Riel dexterously used his cutlass to repel boarders, grasping it with his left hand, while pistol after pistol, loaded and primed by powder boys, flamed from his right hand and laid many a stalwart Briton on glory's eternal quarterdeck. The intrepid Williams, second lieutenant of the Gen. Armstrong, was killed in the fore part of the action, and his brother of officers, Worth and Johnson were both severely wounded, but Riel himself miraculously escaped with hardly a bruise. His total loss was nine men, and of these only two were killed outright.

At a dyebreak of the 27th commodore Lloyd signaled the Carnation to open her guns upon the Armstrong and try to sink that vessel. Riel kept up a vigorous return fire, and finally compelled the English brig to haul off for repairs. Seeing no way to evade the

doom which threatened his little craft, Riel scuttled the Armstrong, went on shore with his heroic crew, and took refuge in a dismantled fort on the island, knocked away the drawbridge, and grimly prepared for a continuance of sanguinary results. Although Commodore Lloyd defied the Portuguese governor and threatened to land 500 valorous Englishmen, he didn't make good his brag. In fact, he had more than enough of Samuel Chester Riel and of night fighting in neutral waters with Yankee born demons. His fleet, augmented by the sloops, Thais and Calypso, was detained at Fayal ten days for burials and repairs. It then set sail for Jamaica, and Riel took another dinner with his warmly approved friend, Consul Dabney.

Landing at Savannah, ten weeks later, the commander of the Gen. Armstrong was met at every city and town, as he journeyed northward, with heart gratifying testimonials of a nation's esteem. Virginia tendered him a public dinner, and Richmond, Baltimore and Philadelphia excelled their provincial hospitality in receiving Samuel Chester Riel, who had so signally humbled the marine prowess of England. The state of New York voted him an elegant gold hilted and jeweled sword, and America's metropolis adulated a massive service of silverware to a round of banquets and receptions. The modest hero of Fayal harbor almost succumbed to this promiscuous welcome and was sail. His exploit at the Azores made a profound sensation in Europe. It was referred to by an admiring and candid writer, in a London newspaper, as "the essence of heroism."

At a venerable age, this courageous, dashing, scarred and peace honored American surrendered a life worthily filled out, just as his beloved country was nursing and girding itself for a dreaded ordeal—fratricidal war.

### Caught in His own Trap.

Buffton, or De Land Wharf, as it is now called, the St. John's River landing for this town, used to be a famous place for gators. The river there is narrow and deep, but wide and shallow bayous stretch out on every side, full of fish, and before the advent of the murderously inclined Northern sportsman it was a paradise for saurians.

Any warm day a person standing on the wharf could easily count them by scores, lazily resting out on the sand-pits, enjoying the hot rays of the sun. But a few years of the immense travel on the St. John's, in the years 1881 to 1884, before the railroads entered into competition as they do now, completely killed out the gator family there, or else dispersed them to other fields where the shotgun and Winchester are unknown.

In the early days of Florida travel it was quite the thing for the sportsman to stand on the forward deck of the river steamers and bombard every live creature that came within range, from a limpin or "Poor Joe" to herons, egrets and gators. After a few years of such destructive work, and when they noted that the beautiful plumage birds were growing scarce on the romantic St. John's, the river men began to see where their interests were being injured, and from that time forward all shooting from the steamers was strictly prohibited.

One of the famous characters of that time was an old colored man known as "Fisher Jim." His real name was probably never thought of, and from his living on the water, almost, and hunting fish, gators and birds, he became known as "Fisher Jim," and he would have hardly answered to any other call. Old Jim was a cute one for both fish and gators; he could secure plenty of good fish when others complained of poor luck, and he secured a very remunerative trade from the passing steamers. He also made war on the saurians, but never with a gun, as he said "he noise done frighten 'em off too much." For their capture he used a harpoon, or a net, but his most effectual method was by means of a slip-noose.

Gators are great travelers and nightly wander from one pond to another, making regular tracks or paths. Jim would skirmish around till he found such a path leading from one lake to another; then he would make preparation to have that path work for his profit. Selecting a large overhanging limb of some big oak that hung over the path he carefully scraped the upper surface or edge smooth. Getting a long rope he made a strong slip-noose at one end. Throwing the rope over the limb he drew the end down to the path and opening the noose he arranged so that a gator walking along the path must pass through it. But it was carefully hid with leaves and brush so that the most suspicious saurian would not be aware of the deadly trap awaiting him. The other end of the rope was held by Jim a yard or so off behind some safe screen.

An old alligator would come shambling along unconscious of danger, and pass into the folds of the fatal slip-noose. Jim would be watching carefully, and at the right moment he would pull the rope with all his might, closing the noose tight around the saurian's body or neck and lifting the astonished and bewildered reptile clear off the ground. Old Jim would say

that after he had raised and fastened the animal above the ground he would come and lie down near the struggling prisoner and well-nigh laugh himself to death at the comical appearance the big fellow made swinging in the air, bellowing and thrashing vainly in his frantic efforts to get loose. When it was thoroughly tired out by its useless struggles, Jim would end its existence by a blow on the soft part of the skull with his axe. Jim often described the surprise and chagrin of the gator when first yanked up in the air, saying the air of helplessness and wonder that seemed to appear in their actions were simply rib-tickling.

But Jim tried on the game once too often, and the story of his tragic death, which was very peculiar, serves to keep his memory fresh in the minds of the negroes thereabouts.

One Monday night, in company with his little boy, he started out to set his trap, as he had secured an order to capture a gator alive. The boy told the tale afterward about as follows:

Crossing the river, they went off about half a mile through the dense hummock till they came to a smoothly worn path leading between two small lakes. As he hadn't been there before for some time, Jim felt his way carefully, but soon struck a spot he was familiar with. He fastened a rope around his body and threw it out, the bait on the other end. It was not long before there was a big gator fastened on it. As soon as Jim got him he gave a tug and the alligator began to thrash around in a very lively manner and to bellow loudly. Jim instantly pulled the rope taut and began to haul away. But this the old gator resented, and he began pulling violently in the opposite direction. He was such a big one that Jim could not hoist him clear of the ground, and there was nothing near by around which a turn could be taken to secure the rope. Soon Jim began to perceive that the gator had the best of the fight. Slowly, but surely, he was hauled along till finally he stood right under the limb over which the rope was passed. The gator had passed on down the path and was pulling like a steam engine to get away. Jim began to feel frightened now and endeavored to unloose the rope around his body, but the strain on the rope prevented his securing any slack to accomplish it. To his horror and fright he found that the gator was slowly pulling him up to the ground. This didn't suit him at all, and he yelled for help. The boy came up and clung to his heels, but that helped him but little. Soon the chap had tumbled off, and his release sent Jim up a foot or so higher. There he hung up some six or seven feet above the ground, the tight noose around his body slowly choking him. His face was blanched to a dirty gray and his eyeballs seemed starting from his head. He called to the boy to run home for help and he at once started. But being frightened, he lost his way, and it was morning before he arrived where help could be had. Alarmed at the lad's wild story, several negroes started out at once to Jim's aid.

Arrived there a horrible picture burst upon their startled gaze. Hanging by the neck was poor Jim dead. His tongue hung out, while his eyes seemed almost forced out of their sockets. His appearance indicated that he died in great agony. An investigation showed that he had attempted to climb up toward the limb had slipped over hand. Failing in this he had tried to get the rope from around his body. He had succeeded partially, but probably just as he had tried to pass it over his head, his strength had failed and he felt the coil settling about his neck and strangling him. His body was carefully taken down and carried home. The old gator, a monstrous one, was found at the other end of the rope thoroughly tangled up in the bushes, and the negroes beat him to death with pine knots. No gators have ever since been caught there, in the same manner, since Jim's death, as the negroes are terribly superstitious over such a thing and say that if any one else tried it there he would be "hoodooed" and killed for sure. St. Louis Globe-Debuter.

### An Overwhelming Fact.

New York Herald, Ind. We printed a statement, made some time ago by one of the principal woolen manufacturers in this part of the country. He owns eleven mills, only one of which is running on full time. The ten are not only idle, but for sale. They can be bought at almost any figure that may be offered. He told a Herald reporter that he would sell them for the cost of the machinery and throw in the buildings and the land. No one wants them; there is no profit in the business. He was asked what would happen if the duty were taken off raw wools. The reply was that in such case his mills would not be for sale; he would have used for them himself. Give him raw materials free and he would start up every one of the mills—that means employment to many hundreds of hands. He could produce carpets for the American market at a lower price than they cost now—that means larger sales, a boom in the business—and he could export the product to London and undersell Englishmen in their own market. "Public office is a public trust." GROVER CLEVELAND.