

# The Carolina Watchman.

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GEO. C. CRAWFORD  
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July 9, 1888. 3m.

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**The Last Charge of the "Old Guard."**  
A STUDY.  
Hark to the ominous roar in the distance! List to the rattling clatter of drums! To the sturdy tread of the laboring steeds As they tug the mounted cannon! Hark to the brazen bugle's blast! The measured step of the martial force, That nearer now approaches! Hear the huzzahs! see the pennons!— By all the gods 'tis Blucher! Now or never!—now or never! Now for France and Napoleon!

Low hung the sun of Austerlitz Adown the fated sky, What all the world in stillness stood And trembled for the die! What though he knew his cause was run, What though he viewed the fatal sun Verging on defeat! He called his own, his chosen guard, So often hurled against the foe And never hurled in vain; So often crowned with victory— His noble couriers! Bounding forth with sword in hand, "Forward!" was his stern command— "Charge the Prussians' leveled gun! Charge the squares of Wellington! Mount the battery's walls of flame! Snatch from fate the wreath of fame! Charge to deathless victory! Charge for France's glory! My guard—my own—my chosen! Charge for France and Napoleon!"

Low and high was their acclaim Of the mandate thus that came From the topmost peak of fame From their loved Napoleon! O'er the field in swift career Charged each valiant courier; Through the battle's sable smokes Like the lightning's flash they broke; Leaving not the briding steel Nor the murderous cannon's peal Sounding forth destruction! Forward like the tempests blast: Boldly on they rode and fast; Rolling like an avalanche, Bursting with a thunder crash! Against the squares of Wellington! Staggered neath the mighty blow— Rallied—formed—and charged the foe; Sarging—waving—to and fro, Neath the cannons sweeping fire!

Though they knew that all was lost, Glorious in their proud despair Charged in vain the circling host! Rallied—rushed into a square Counting but a glorious death Vowing each to perish there Never to surrender! O, the God-like heroism! O, the high enthusiasm! O, the valor here displayed! By Napoleon's "old Brigade" In its dread annihilation! Future ages long shall tell Of the heroes here that fell On immortal Waterloo! —THERE!!!

**Who Owns the West?**  
From the Missouri Republican.  
All the advocates of high protective tariff have one refrain to their speeches, magazines, essays and sermons—the vast wealth of the country. "We are the richest country on the globe," they assert, "and the protective tariff has made us so;" and then they present us with a bewildering array of figures towering up into the billions to show the prosperity the land has been under the protective policy of the last twenty-six years. In 1862 we had only 32,000 miles of railroad; now we have 150,000. In 1860 we had only \$200,000,000 deposits in savings-banks; now we have \$1,100,000,000. In 1860 we had 2,044,000 farms; in 1880 the number had increased to 4,008,000, and at the present time it cannot be less than 5,000,000. All this they tell us has been brought about by the protective policy—as if the industry, enterprise and patient hard work of the people had nothing to do with the matter.

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It will be seen that the reported mortgage debts cover about four-fifths the assessed value of the farms; and the bulk of these mortgages are held in the Eastern industrial States.  
Next as to railroads. In the seven Western States named there were, in 1885, 37,000 miles of railroad, with stock and bond account and net earnings as follows:

States.	Stocks and Bonds.	Net earnings.
Kansas.....	\$195,700,000	\$6,440,000
Illinois.....	740,000,000	16,000,000
Indiana.....	320,000,000	5,700,000
Iowa.....	105,000,000	2,180,000
Michigan.....	214,000,000	5,000,000
Wisconsin.....	295,000,000	6,900,000
Ohio.....	767,000,000	13,900,000
Total.....	2,587,700,000	57,520,000

These 37,000 miles of railroads, having a nominal value of \$2,527,700,000 (over two and a half billion dollars) and yielding annual net earnings of \$57,520,000 are put down in the statistics of the day as part of the property of the states in which they lie. But it is a notorious fact that only a very small fraction of their value is owned in these states. The last report of the Iowa railroads commissioners states that only one out of forty stockholders in Iowa owns lives in the State, and only one-seventeenth of the capital stock is held in the State. In Illinois a similar condition exists. The Illinois Central has \$29,000,000 of capital stock, of which 95 per cent is owned in these states. The last report of the aggregate capital stock of the Illinois roads is held in Illinois, but the location of the capital stock of the leading roads will assist us in forming an estimate. The Illinois Central has \$29,000,000 of capital stock, of which 95 per cent, or less than 3 per cent, of which is owned in Illinois. Of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, about 5 per cent. of the capital is stock is owned in Illinois; of the Ohio and Mississippi stock, only one-half of 1 per cent. of the St. Louis, Alton and Terre Haute, less than one-half of 1 per cent. Taking these figures as a guide we may safely estimate that of the 19,000 miles of railway in Illinois, valued in stock and bonds at \$740,000,000, the people of Illinois own 5 per cent; the other 95 per cent is held in the rich industrial States of the East.

As Illinois is called the most prosperous and one of the richest agricultural States of the West, it may be inferred that the other States are in no better condition than it in the matter of railroad ownership, and therefore it may be broadly asserted that practically all of the railroads of the seven States named, valued at \$2,527,700,000 (two and a half billion dollars and over), are owned in the industrial States. The industrial States are therefore drawing a pretty round sum of money for one thing and another from the seven Western States named every year. The items may be stated as follows:

In protective taxes.....	\$150,000,000
In interest on mortgages.....	270,000,000
In railroad net earnings.....	57,000,000
Total.....	477,000,000

The Western States are, in fact, being bled to death. Western farmers are actually becoming poorer and poorer every year. As a body they do not make a living, and the convincing proof of this fact is that their farms are fast passing under mortgage to the money-lending manufacturing States of the East. Twenty-five years ago those mortgages were few in number and small in amount; now they number millions and cover an aggregate value of thousands of millions, and all bear 6 to 8 per cent. interest.

The West does not own itself. It is owned by the industrial States. Twenty-five years ago the high tariff had done the work and done it effectually. The industrial States of the East, enriched beyond estimate by the annual tribute of \$400,000,000 exacted for a quarter of a century from the other States under the pretence of shielding our home manufactures, own all Western railroads, telegraph lines, and bridges, and hold mortgages on nearly all farms, their cities, and towns.

**Wise Sayings by Big Men.**  
Humble usefulness is better than learned idleness.—Pope.  
Hope of ill-gain is the beginning of loss.—Democritus.  
If you wish to remove avarice, you must remove its mother—Lazury.  
A brain might as well be stuffed with sawdust as with unused knowledge.—Emerson.

It is the good fruit and not the bud which the birds peck at.—Mary J. Holmes.  
It's no disgrace to be poor, but the richer you grow the lighter will be your step.—Ez.  
Our lives should be like the day—more beautiful toward the evening.—Dr. Goodell.  
Not to feel misfortunes is not the part of mortals, but not to bear them is unbecoming man.—George Elliot.

Knowledge is like money—the more it is circulated the more people get the benefit of it.—Bishop Haines.  
When a man has no good reason for doing a thing, he has a good reason for letting it alone.—Tacitus.  
There is usually an area of low aeracity about a trout brood.—Brunswick (Me) Telegraph.  
If you would know one of the minor secrets of happiness. It is this—cultivate cheap pleasures.—Er.  
'Tis the hatchet in the hand of the unmethodical youngster that causes the "how and cry."—Binghamton Leader.  
God rebukes no home love. Breaks no tie or kin apart. Breaks heresy of doctrine, Than heresy of heart.—Exchange.

**A South American Scene.**  
THE GREAT SALT PLAINS OF THE INTERIOR—TROOPS OF FLAMINGOES.

'Twas two o'clock in the afternoon; Loannee marched at the head of our troop. "Oh, look! look at the snow!" he exclaimed, at the moment when leaving the valley of Condors, we were about to enter the plain. Snow in the month of March in the southern hemisphere! We thought our companions must have had a sudden sun-stroke; that would not have been at all impossible, for the heat in this valley was torrid—if one might give the name valley to the large opening bordered with enormous rocks whose broken fragments strewed the ground as if to hinder us in our march, and keep us longer in this cursed pass, where vegetation is only represented by gigantic lichens, whose silvery threads could hardly be distinguished from the grayish mass of rock to which they clung.

"Are you crazy, Loannee?" cried Charles.  
"Dame, you can see for yourselves. If that is not snow it certainly looks exactly like it; though as you get closer it is not cold at all."  
The thermometer marked 75 degs. Scarcely had we rejoined our comrade when we uttered a simultaneous cry of astonishment. Right before us, bounded only by the horizon, stretched an immense plain of dazzling whiteness, whose surface sparkled under the bright rays of the sun. Any one would have sworn that it was snow. Without uttering a word, so overwhelming was our astonishment, we turned to Barlejo with an air of mute interrogation. "I have found out what it is," cried Lawrence—"it is cotton."

"But where are the cotton pickers?"  
"Yes that is true—they are nowhere to be seen."  
The "Vaquera" laughed in his sleeve; he thoroughly enjoyed our astonishment. "We are about to enter the great salt plains," he said finally, when he thought our patience had been thoroughly tested.

The salt plains? Don Cabral had spoken to us of them when we were discussing our journey at the estancia of las Jarillas; but our imagination had never pictured any landscape as grandiose in its uniformity. As far as the eye could reach, extended an ocean of salt, white and sparkling as snow. Not a shadow in this panorama, which reminded me of the immense steppes of Siberia, when winter had spread her immaculate winding sheet over that kingdom of death and silence. Not a spot which could break the monotony. "Come—encourage," continued Barlejo, "it is a vile place to cross and yet the broiling sun, which is hot enough to roast an ox, but we must get over it before nightfall, for even if we sacrifice our horses we could not think of camping on the salt plains."

"And how far across this plain?"  
"About twelve miles."  
"Twelve miles!" and our poor horses had not been able to get out of a walk all the morning. It was the only gain possible in the valley of the Condors. Putting spurs to our horses we started off at a hard gallop. The gauchos allowed us to take the lead. Our gallop did not last long. As soon as their feet touched the snow our horses stopped as if nailed to the ground; under their feet the salt cracked like snow. We could only go on step by step. And twelve miles to make at this pace, when we had hoped to clear the plain at a gallop. The heat was suffocating—the reflection of this sea of salt so many times refined and purified by the continual washing and dryings of rain and wind blinding us. To complete our sufferings the north wind, that suffocating, enervating wind, began to blow. We went panting through this furnace with nothing to freshen or mitigate the scorching heat. The last rays of the setting sun tinged with a rosy hue this white and naked landscape. Suddenly on our left appeared a mass of fiery red, while before us a long line of vivid green was clearly defined against the whiteness of the salt. At the same moment the horses began to whinny—they smelt the water. Their pace quickened under the stimulus of this hope of soon reaching fresh water, as only those who have lived in the desert can understand. Water—we were soon to reach the water—with voice and hand we encouraged the poor animals. We were on the edge of the lagoon when at a word from our guide a portion of his land in consideration that he and his family should ride free over the line as long as the land was salt. Issuing from a marsh in a line like veteran troops of infantry, two or three thousand birds with excessively long necks and feet, the plumage on their bodies of soft rose tint, and wings the color of fire were advancing, calm, dignified, majestic. "Los Flamencos," exclaimed Barlejo, as we stepped on the ground, or rather on the salt.—Henri Letourne, in Detroit Free Press.

The Southern Methodist Church last year raised \$102,022.16 for conference claimants; domestic missions, \$52,423.95. Something about one million dollars was paid to pastors. There are 11,304 churches, 2,100 homes for preachers, and 4,380 preachers—550 of whom are supernumeraries and superannuates—to put in them. We are glad to note however, that the parsonages are multiplying more rapidly than the parsons. Richmond Advocate.

**Hawks and Hydrophobia.**  
THE THEORY ADVANCED BY A PRACTICAL OBSERVER—IS HE CORRECT?  
I captured and raised a nest of young hawks. One female survived and became tame, following me devotedly around my garden. She learned to eat "cent worms" and was very great service in consequence. She also kept birds from my strawberries, and by catching mice and young rats protected my chickens. She would not permit a dog to come on my grounds. The way in which she treated them and the effect her treatment produced may throw some light on the blindness and madness of foxes and wolves, and possibly be a clew to a cause of madness in dogs.  
Her method with dogs was peculiar, and must have been hereditary, as she had had no training. When she served a dog near her she would thrust out her head, draw one foot out of sight and drop her wings. If the dog advanced to attack her she would spring into the air by a quick movement of her wings, and catch the dog by the end of the nose, using the foot that had been hidden under her breast feathers. On this she supported her weight, steadying her body with her wings and threatening either eye that should open. I witnessed her encounters with two small lapdogs, and large fighting black and tan, bull terrier and a very large buff English mastiff. Each dog gave up on his third experience with her talons. The small dogs disappeared from town. No one knew where they went to. The terrier ran to his master's blacksmith shop, where he retired behind the forge.  
Soon his master, Mr. James P. Hill, of Waterville, Me., came and asked me to go and see the dog. He had witnessed the fight only a few minutes before. On reaching the shop I found his dog cowering behind the forge in a pool of water, and as wet as though a bucket of water had been thrown on him. I said to his master, "I would not throw water on him, he is frightened enough now." He replied, "I have not thrown any on him; that is what I saw the dog do a few days after, with a thick viscid saliva hanging to his mouth, scanning against some infant school children, looking into their faces, receiving their caresses and acting very restlessly. Knowing his savage nature—the man's own child, I could not care him up to the time of the fight with the hawk—I went and called him into my garden and quietly ended his trouble with my pistol."  
The mastiff was a noble dog of rare qualities, very intelligent, docile and obedient, would run errands better than a boy, and never play truant. He was owned by a gentleman in Winslow, Me., who said \$100 would be no temptation for him to part with the dog.  
I was called upon by this gentleman for professional services. His dog came with him. Knowing the hawks love for a fight, I asked the man to bring the dog in. He wanted to know why. I told him, "I want to see the bird that can whip my dog," said he, and, seeing nothing would do but "see the feathers fly." He did not see a feather disturbed, but his noble dog, after the third bout, ran for home, and the man could not stop him. The next week he came again. He had shot the dog "on the verge of madness." "A changed dog," all afraid of him, "no longer wild."  
"When I got home," said he, "I found the dog had come straight home and crawled in behind a pile of wood, which I had to take down to get him out. The dog and the ground about him, were as wet as though a bucket of water had been thrown there; his eyes were bloodshot, and he growled and showed his teeth, a thing he was never known to do before. I had to kill him, for we were all afraid of him." I had told him what the result would be, still I could not help feeling sorry for him, and saying so. "Well, it was no fault of yours. If I had not seen the fight I could not have thought it possible. I would not have taken \$100 that day for the dog. It was a pretty fight and worth the cost."—G. F. Waters, in The Swiss Cross.

**A Perpetual Railway Pass.**  
When the Boston and Providence Railroad Company was chartered, Mr. John C. Dodge, of Attleboro, conveyed a portion of his land in consideration that he and his family should ride free over the line as long as the land was salt. Issuing from a marsh in a line like veteran troops of infantry, two or three thousand birds with excessively long necks and feet, the plumage on their bodies of soft rose tint, and wings the color of fire were advancing, calm, dignified, majestic. "Los Flamencos," exclaimed Barlejo, as we stepped on the ground, or rather on the salt.—Henri Letourne, in Detroit Free Press.

I took my papers and tried to read, but I lost all interest in reading and drew my chair close to the table to watch the game. I looked on for a while and became perfectly disgusted with the players, to think what chumps they were. Why they didn't know how to play. Here was another instance of my luck. If I hadn't sworn off I might have won a couple of hundred dollars. I watched their game so long that I thought I would risk \$50, and if I lost that I would quit, and well, \$50 more or less for expenses wouldn't cut much of a figure. So I went to the captain and bought \$50 worth of "corn." They used corn in those days, having no chips as we do now. I started in to play, and after a while lost all the corn I had. It was not my bad playing, but simply hard luck. I thought I couldn't always lose, so I invested \$100 more in corn, and to make a long story short, I lost that. After losing \$150 I became desperate, and played with great recklessness. I invested the balance of my money in corn, and had lost all but five or ten grains, which I had in my coat pocket, when the boat whistled for a landing. The first mate arose and said: "Gentlemen, I am very sorry, but we have to take some wood at this station and my services are needed. You gentlemen can continue the game or wait until we get under steam again, and I will join you."

After awhile we agreed to wait for the mate. I thought I would take a stroll on the deck and get some fresh air. I walked down the gang plank, and where the boat had landed, there was a great, large house. I could not tell what kind of a house it was, as the night was pitch dark. I walked up to it and felt that there were holes in the side. I ran my fingers through the holes, and imagine my surprise when I found it contained corn. I had accidentally run across a corn crib. I was not of a theivish disposition, but I thought if I took an ear of corn and I won, why I would place in my pocket what I had taken, and only cash what I had really won; but on the other if I lost on the other, if I lost—well, it was like a drowning man catching at a straw. So I took an ear of corn and placed it in my pocket, and commenced sheeling it. It was the course of half an hour the boat started down the river and we resumed the game. From the start I commenced winning. Everything I drew to I got. I won pot after pot. About 3 o'clock a man some one proposed that we have a jack-pot and quit for the night. Everybody agreed. There was something like \$5,000 in the pot, and I won it. Every one commenced counting their corn to cash in, and I commenced counting mine. I was winner of \$10,000, when the captain said:

"Hold on there! I don't issue any red corn."  
There was a stir immediately. The Captain wanted everybody searched, and in going through my pockets he discovered the ear of corn which I had taken, which proved to be red. In taking out the corn I had won, some of the red corn got mixed in with the white. Some of them wanted to shoot me; others wanted to lynch me, but the captain said no; he would not cash my corn, and would put me off the boat. Immediately he stopped the boat and set me ashore in a meadow. I walked back and had gotten as far as the crib of corn which contained 75,000 ears of white corn, and the one I got was the only red ear in the crib. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**Lime Water in Diphtheria.**  
Lime water is an admirable remedy in cases of diphtheria. Its local effect is most useful in cleansing and purifying the fauces, and its mode of application is the easiest imaginable. It requires no spray apparatus, no douching, and no effort at gargling. It is sufficient to have the patient slowly swallow a teaspoonful or more every hour, in order to get good results from its use. This fact is of the greatest importance in treating children, who are too often cruelly tortured in the attempt to make local applications to the throat. Lime water can be given easily, and is taken rapidly by children; and there are, we believe, few cases of diphtheria which require a more energetic local treatment than the one just described. In fact, we think that an early clearing out of the bowels with calomel—some times in massive doses—following up after a short interval by the administration of lime water and the use of a suitable tonic and robust regimen, constitutes a method which comes the nearest to being of universal applicability of any one with which we are familiar; and we think that the use of the lime water is of more consequence than any other part of the treatment except it be the preliminary purgation. —Med. and Surg. Reporter.

Mr. Blaine's article in the American Magazine on "The President's Error" is characterized by the Chicago News (Ill.) as "an elaborate and convincing refutation of a proposition which President Cleveland never advanced."

Before you call attention to the fact that a pig has no use for his tail, please remember that you have two buttons on the lower back of your coat that doesn't button anything.

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