

# Easley Messenger.

TRUTH, LIKE A TORCH, THE MORE IT'S SHOOK IT SHINES.

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## The Way of It.

The wind is awake, little leaves, little leaves,  
Heed not what he says—he deceives, he deceives :

Over and over  
To the lowly clover

He has lisped the same love and pledged himself true  
As he'll soon be lisping and pledging to you.

The boy is abroad, dainty maid, dainty maid,  
Beware his soft words—I'm afraid, I'm afraid :

He's said them before  
Times many a score.

Ay, he died for a dozen ere his beard pricked through  
As he'll soon be dying, my pretty, for you.

The way of the boy is the way of the wind,  
As light as the leaves is dainty maid kind :

One to deceive  
And one to believe—

That is the way of it, year to year ;  
But I know you will learn it too late, my dear.

## GOOD JOKE ON A JUDGE

BY T. B. BALDWIN.

[Written for the Texas Sittings.]

Hon. Benjamin Fitzpatrick, who was Governor to Alabama from 1841 to 1845, came of a family renowned for practical jokes. He was not such an irrepressible jester as some of his brothers and other relatives, but he too had a decidedly large pump of that brand of humor, as the following true story told me by a near relative of his, will show :

At one time he held the office of State Solicitor, or what is called in some States, District Attorney ; Montgomery, his place of residence, and Wetumpka were in his district. Judge Cannon was the presiding officer at the time of which I am writing.

Court had just closed at Montgomery and was to open next day at Wetumpka. There was not a railroad in the State of Alabama at that time, and the officers and lawyers of the district 'took the rounds' either on horseback or in buggies.

Judge Cannon, and an elderly attorney whom I shall call Jonas, traveled together in a buggy, drawn by a pair of large mules.

Jonas was rather an effeminate looking man destitute of beard, and almost bankrupt in the matter of cranial foliage. What little he had, grew along the lower edges of his dome of thought, while the upper precincts were as barren as the Staked Plains, Jonas allowed these scanty strands to grow as long as Mother Nature would let them, and he would brush them back in such a manner as to entirely cover the denuded table lands above, and twist them together behind, and hold them in place by a 'tucking comb,' such as is worn by ladies.

With his hat on, Jonas did not present a particularly eccentric appearance, but when seen for the first time bareheaded, he was really a mirth-provoking object.

On the occasion of which I am writing, Fitzpatrick rode on horseback to Wetumpka, and passed Judge Cannon and his friend Jonas on the way.

A few miles from the city he crossed a 'shallow slough' of rather muddy water, which was some 200 yards wide. After crossing, he dismounted, built an immense fire of brush and pine-knots, and then proceeded to disrobe, hanging his garments around the fire as though he was drying them.

In a little while his Honor and Mr. Jonas arrived at the further edge of the water, when Fitzpatrick, arrayed in a single garment, (an undershirt) yelled out: 'Don't drive in there, Judge, for Heaven's sake! it's at least ten feet deep in the middle, and you will drown sure!'

The Honorable Court and his companion then held a brief consultation, when they decided that the present outlook was anything but flattering. They also decided to take Fitch's advice (Fitch was a sort of nickname or contraction for Fitzpatrick), unhitch their mules, and swim over, as he said he had done. Not caring to get their clothes wet and having to stop to dry them as Fitch was doing (or rather seemed to them doing) they concluded to strip off before they started upon their perilous ride, tie their clothing up in small bundles and hold them over their heads as they swam their mules across.

Once across they could resume their raiment and walk the rest of the way to Wetumpka, or ride their bare back mules, as they saw fit.

By this time Fitzpatrick began a rather hasty resumption of his garments, saying that he would hurry on to town and send a buggy back to meet His Honor and his friend. He did not start, however, until he saw his victims nearly across the dark and shallow water.

The two legal luminaries presented anything but a spectacle of dignity and reverence, to be sure; with no article of clothing on except a stove-pipe hat, riding bareback mules with blind bridles and buggy harness on, with one hand convulsively clasping a small bundle above their heads, while the other clutched in a vise-like grip a tuft of mane, for neither of them could swim a yard.

Thus they tremblingly entered the slough. Fitzpatrick afterward said that he would willingly have given a hundred dollars to have had some of his legal comrades with him to enjoy the fun.

Suppressed laughter almost burst his diaphragm, as onward the dignified Judge and solemn barrister came splashing through knee-deep water, momentarily expecting to plunge into a tenfoot abyss! There was no portion of the water over a foot and a-half deep!

As they neared the further shore Fitzpatrick mounted his horse and rode on to Wetumpka, leaving 'The Court' and his comrade to enjoy the discovery of his wicked sell.

The hotel at which the Judge and visiting attorneys always stopped was kept by a very prim and somewhat prudish old lady, who was well acquainted with 'Col. Fitch,' Judge Cannon, and most of the Montgomery lawyers; but she had never seen Jonas.

The old lady had numerous questions to ask 'Col. Fitch' about himself and some of his brother attorneys who had not yet arrived. With a lugubrious expression 'Col. Fitch' told her that he had passed Judge Cannon some miles back, 'but was very sorry to find that he was bringing that old woman along with him.'

'What old woman? His wife?' asked the landlady.

'No indeed!' replied Fitch. 'The

Judge has no wife.' It's a great pity he hasn't. If he had a good wife perhaps her influence might restrain him from traveling over this judicial district in the company with a female dressed in male attire.

The old hotel mistress was thoroughly shocked that 'such a nice, modest, wellbehaved old gentleman as Judge Cannon should thus disgrace himself,' and she suggested the possibility of Fitzpatrick's being mistaken about it.

'It is a fact, madam,, he solemnly assured her. 'No one would suspect her sex at first sight, so well disguised is she, but if you will notice carefully when she removes her hat, she has her hair done up in a little Grecian knot, and fastened behind with a regular ladies tucking-comb. It is really a crying shame the way the old hypocrite has been acting lately, and if you do not want the reputation of your hotel ruined, you better not let them put up here.'

The old lady was ablaze with indignation, and she said she 'was jest eachin' to see the old vily an and tell him what she thought of him.'

About dusk Judge Cannon and his baldheaded companion drove up. The evening was rather cool, and the little office of the hotel was nearly full of newly arrived lawyers, to whom Fitzpatrick had just related the deep-water joke, as he styled it, and also what he had told the landlady about 'His Honor' and his female traveling companion.

They were all giving the Judge a hearty greeting, when in sailed the old landlady, with the hauteur of a duchess. Walking boldly up to the Judge, that good-natured dignitary, with his face wreathed in smiles, held out his hand with, 'How do you do, my dear madam; I am really glad—'

'Don't you come around here a 'dear madaming' me, you old white washed graveyard!' she fairly shrieked. 'You and that lantern-jawed old wench' (shaking her finger menacingly in Jonas's face) 'can jest getner up your duds an' skip; you out-dacious old heathen!'

[CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE.]