

Easley Messenger.

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

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FOR ME ONLY.

I was climbing after a rosebud
That grew a little too high,
Though I stood on tiptoe to reach it,
When I heard him passing by.

He held in his hand a lily,
He stopped and gave it to me,
But I thought of the rosebud hanging
High up on the trellis tree.

So I only took it a moment,
And pressed its petals apart,
Inhaling one breath of the fragrance
That lay in its golden heart.

Then I gave it back again, saying:
"Look there, where my neighbor
stands
Waiting for just such a plaything
To hold in her dainty hands."

He turned and went from me slowly,
Like one silently grieves,
And all the green path behind him
Was strewn with white lily leaves.
—London Society

ARP ON POLITICS.

He Thinks the Nation is Safe Either Way.

[From Atlanta Constitution.]
Politics is on a boom. Fifty millions of people are going to choose a President, and it looks like most everybody is in a good humor about it. I am, so are my nabors. There hasn't been a time since the war that the people felt so easy about an election as they do now. The nation is safe. Both of the great parties will put up their best men and there is not much of principle or policy to divide them. The country is prosperous. We are all doing pretty well, better than any other notion of people on the globe. There is a good, humble, old-fashioned preacher not far away who always prays, "We thank thee, oh, Lord! that we live in a land of freedom, where the gospel is dispensed with. We thank Thee that we have a plat and grant and a clear chain of titles to a field in the promised land." Well, we

know what the old man means, and it is all right. I wish we all could read our titles clear to mansions in the skies. Land is cheap enough down here on the top side of this green earth, but I'm afraid we will find it very dear up yonder. This is a blessed country for the poor. We can't realize how blessed until we read about the old world and talk to people who have traveled there. Just think of land renting for \$60 an acre in England and \$40 in Germany. Just think of the average laborer working 12 hours for forty cents and boarding himself. No wonder they keep coming over here here, and they would choose the South instead of the North and West if they were not fooled by those agents who arr paid to work for the railroads and get settlers for their lands. The South has got no agents. We tried to establish agencies of immigration and we had pamphlets printed telling all about our climate and productions and the first thing we knew them fellows up North had great big maps printed and stuck up everywhere showing the Dismal swamp to extend from Virginia to Texas. Nearly all of Georgia is covered with it. Well, our folks couldn't make the foreigners believe but that it was all so and they wouldn't come. Those Northern rascals have been swindling us for a hundred years by all sorts of tricks and devices. But we will get even with them after awhile—see if we don't. The time was when we had statesmen of principle for our President and Cabinets. Who ever heard of a President plundering the government or being mixed up in any moneyed scheme before the war? The war seems to have corrupted the whole yankee nation and made stealing respectable. How came all these charges against Grant, Garfield and Hayes and Arthur, and all those chaps connected with the Credit-Mobilier, the railroad subsidies and the star route transactions? There were no Southern men in those schemes.

But what surprises me now is to see a big lot of them fellows up there splitting off from the party and saying they won't support Blaine because he plundered the treasury. When did Mr. Beecher and Mr. Adams and the Harpers and Judge Tourgee and the other editors take this new departure? When did they reform? They have supported the whole Republican shebang for twenty years and just now begin to preach political morality. There is something peculiar about this. The tauth is Arthur had a slate and these fellows were on it. They were all interested in some way in that ring, and now they begin to hollow wolf. Why,

Mr. Blaine is about the best man they have got. He is the best statesman, and has got the biggest brain, and the grandest way of doing things. Why, even when he steals there is nothing little about it, and he divides liberally and tells on nobody. I never expected any respectable Republican to find fault with him for plundering the government. They have all been doing it so long that we thought it was a plank in their platform. If we have got to take a Republican for President we want Mr. Blaine. He has got enough and won't want any more and he will put a stop to the business. He is no little trickster. He wouldn't stoop to put a darkey in as chairman of the great Republican convention that was to nominate a President—not him. I heard a Blaine man say the other day that he had a letter from him since his nomination and if he was elected he would make a clean sweep of every darkey that was in office.

But Mr. Cleveland is a reformer sure enough. He comes from that kind of stock. He has got a Southern name and a Southern pedigree. His ancestors came from Carolina. Cleveland is a Carolina name. They were the old cavaliers and wouldn't stoop to do a mean thing. The Clevelands are all about in Carolina now, and still the same proud and noble stock. When Grover Cleveland gets to be President he will clean up things generally. He is following in Mr. Tilden's lead and will wear his mantle when the old man is gone. I'm free to say that I believe Mr. Blaine is the smartest man, the grandest man, but Cleveland is the safest and most reliable. When Ben Hill whipped out Blaine in the Andersonville matter, Blaine didnt go off and pout and plot revenge, but he gave it up nobly and went over and congratulated Mr. Hill and they became warm personal friends and could be seen together arm in arm walking on Pennsylvania avenue. I like that. It did me good. And when we wanted to build a monument to Mr. Hill he was among the first to send down a liberal contribution. But he has gotten a man tied on to him that wouldn't have done that.

Logan is a dead weight. He is a half Indian—that is, he has got an Indian's hatred without his love. He has been waving the bloody shirt ever since the war. He will do some dirty work if he gets in power. I have a contempt for him. He shouldn't come in my house. He shouldn't stop in the big road and say howdy. He has never said one kind word about the South and would put us all in chains and bondage if he could.

He is a turbulent disturber of the public tranquility. He is no gentleman, and I'll bet ten dollars Mr. Blaine feels handicapped by having him on his ticket. But such is politics. That was the way with Garfield. They tied Arthur on to him. He was nothing but a ward politician bumming around among the brothels of New York. History is still repeated. The great men of the nation who won't stoop to meanness can't be made Presidents. It all goes by favors and by rings for plunder and office. Blaine is a great man and I was hopeful of the sign but the respectable Republicans are against him. The 'Tribune' is for him and that is the leading paper, but you see the 'Tribune' was on his slate. Whitelaw Reed is to be minister to England and that is all right. He will make a good one. He is smart and bold and has got money enough to do him and his children. So let him go.

Well, we can't please everybody, and so if we can't get our man, let's take Blaine, and be thankful that we live in a land where the gospel is dispensed with. I heard a good man say the other day that he knew Blaine was a good man for he was a Presbyterian. That shows our prejudice, and its all right. We get our religion from our fathers. You couldn't make that man believe that Blaine is a bad man. We are all very selfish and we can't help it—not so selfish about money, but about honors and office and the like.

Well, we are through our harvest. The wheat shocks stand thick in the field, and are a solid comfort to look at. I'm looking at them now. Next thing is the "traveling thrash," and I shall sit down by it with a piece of soft pine in my hand and cut a notch for every measure as it is poured in the sack. There is no politics about that, and everything is calm and serene. Cobe is hopeful and holds his head up. When I asked him last summer about his crop, he said: "Major, it's about null and void, and if the weather don't adulterate very soon it will be nuller and voider." But he will biscuit soon and be happy.

BILL ARP.

—A drunken fellow passing through a gateway in the dark, hit his nose against a post. "I wish that post was in hell," said he. "Better wish it somewhere else," said a bystander. "You might run against it again."

—"Eternity, past and future, flashed before my eyes," he said, "and I saw where the crack of doom began and ended." This was his experience the first time a base ball struck him in the stomach