

Easley Messenger.

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

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ONE DEAR LITTLE WOMAN.

One dear little woman,

With her eyes true blue,

A face like the sunlight,

And breath like the dew.

A wealth of brown hair,

That has no need of art,

So merry, yet earnest,

Possesses my heart.

No angel or fairy

This darling of mine,

But one quite as human

As she is divine.

With hands just as busy

As busy can be,

This dear little woman

So precious to me.

She may have a will

Of her own, it is true

She gives me advice

As our way we pursue,

Rut her judgement is good.

And she's oft in the right,

The dear little woman

Who keeps my home bright.

She flits through the house

Like the sunshine each day,

And home is not home

When my darling's away.

The bird in his cage

Will not sing when she's gone,

The dear little woman

My heart so dotes on.

Some say it is magic,

Some say it is love,

I know it's the latter,

And pure from above.

I promised to cherish

And love till I died,

The dear little woman—

My helpmeet, my bride.

BILL ARP

Turns His Attention to Military Boys.

What a pleasant thing it is—the re-union of army comrades. I believe there are more of them both North and South this year than any year since the war. There is a sad, sweet pleasure about it, and there is nothing wrong or demoralizing, and I hope the boys in blue and the boys in gray will keep it up as long as there is a quorum left. The quorums of

some of the companies are getting very small, for there is an enemy to human life that is sure of his mark than cannon ball or shot or shell. Old father time is slow, but he is sure. Speaking of quorums reminds me of a faithful soldier, a Jew, a very humble and patient Jew, who joined a company from Rome and was received under protest, for he was frail and feeble, and had never made any demonstration of courage or patriotism. That man hardly ever saw anything—rarely smiled even at the camp-fire jokes, but he was as true as steel. He never went to hospital, never asked for a furlough, never was well, never was sick, never straggled on the march, never missed a battle, and never boasted of anything he did. I remember that when his company were badly cut up and badly demoralized and a force march was ordered, the regiment was suddenly halted for review, and when his company was called for to be inspected the faithful Jew stepped forward and presented arms. "Where is company, Mr. Jones?" said the commanding officer. Jonas made an humble salute and replied, "Colonel I ish de kumby." I was ruminating over these things the other day when I was in Banks County and heard that the Banks County Guards were to have a re-union. I wish I could have stayed to see it and enjoy it. I recall the time when the Banks County Guards made such a sensation in the Virginia army on account of the peculiar politeness of their captain. Captain Candler was a born Chesterfield and neither the rules nor the rigor of war could shake or modify his instinctive politeness. "Gentlemen of the Banks County Guards, you will please to right face."

"Gentlemen of the Banks County Guards I thought that I ordered you to look to the right and dress, but doubtless you did not hear me, so I will repeat the order, gentlemen of the Banks County Guards you will please look to the right and dress."

"Gentlemen of the Banks County Guards, I have just received a communication from Col. Semmes saying that he will send Maj. Harris down at 2 o'clock to exercise you in the drill and tactics. I would like to ask you gentlemen if it is your pleasure to be drilled by Major Harris?"

Bill Chaston says that about this time a great big bearded private who was a bell weather among the boys and was leaning up against a tree, locked his arms over his head and gaped and yawned as he replied, "no capting I dont believe I feel like drilling this evening. We

will let the colonel know when we feel like it."

Military terms and military tactics were altogether unknown to the mountaineers and their officers, but they did the best they could and were always ready for a fight. When Captain Candler wanted his company to advance a few paces to the front he always said "Gentlemen of the Banks County Guards I will thank you to step this way." But in due time they became familiar with right oblique and file left and counter-march and charge and fix bayonets and all the other orders except fall back and retreat, and no company in Col. Semmes' command stood higher for courage and patriotism than the Banks County Guards. Long may the remnant live to honor their country, and long may Captain Candler live to command them in peace as faithfully as he did in war.

I see that many of the regiments have presented their banners, their tattered and torn and faded banners, and it is now lawful for the boys to plant the old colors in their midst and do homage to them and there are none to molest or make us afraid.

That is a good sign, a sign of returning reason in the minds of our masters. I remember well when it was not tolerated. I remember when the young folks of Rome had some tableaux in this city hall to raise money to put the pews back in the churches, the pews that Sherman's men had taken out to make pontoons of and kindle their camp fires. They had a battle scene on the stage and set up an old confederate flag in the corner.

De la Mesa was there, the commandant of the post. He was half French and half Spanish, half fool half dog and would have made a splendid priest in old Spanish inquisition. When he saw the flag he left the hall in a tower of rage. Next morning he put all the prominent persons connected with the tableaux under arrest and threatened to put the girls in jail, but he was afraid.

I was lord mayor of the little town at that time and as in duty bound wrote to General George H. Thomas at Louisville, Ky., and told him frankly about it and asked for the discharge of the young men.

The reply that I received in due time reminds me of Logan's letter of acceptance. It is a splendid bloody shirt, I have it now before me and will give an extract just to show where we stood in February, 1867. I had written him as humble as a dead nigger. I told him that our people in Rome had in good faith accepted the situation, and the boys intended no in-

sult by the display of the flag.

The answer says, "If your people have ordinary intelligence they misunderstand their present status, which is that the rebellion is a huge crime embodying all the crimes in the decalogue. It has been conquered and disarmed and its very name emblems are hateful to the people of the trusted States, and he must be indeed obtuse who expects to be allowed to parade before the eyes of loyal people that which they execrate and abhor."

"Your excuse that the young men did not know it was wrong is too puerile to answer. They know well enough what is right in such matters without waiting to be warned by orders from these headquarters."

"The sole cause of this offense is that the citizens of Rome have not accepted the situation which is that the civil war was a rebellion and those engaged in it are rebels, and rebellion is treason, and treason is a crime, a heinous one, deserving of punishment, and that you rebels have not been punished is owing to the magnanimity of your conquerors, with many of you, the war is called a revolution and rebels are called confederates and loyalists to the union are called d—d yankees and traitors and over the whole great crime with its accursed record of slaughtered heroes and patriots, you are trying to throw the gloss of respectability."

"As however, it is pretended by you that the persons arrested were so innocent as not to know that it was wrong for unpunished traitors to glory in their shame and plant the symbol of their crime in the face of the country they will be released from confinement with the understanding that no act of treason will hereafter pass unnoticed and may they and all others profit by the lesson they have received."

WM. D. WHIPPLE.

Asst. Adjt. Gen.

That is very nice and affectionate and well calculated to make good union men of those boys, wasent it? Thank the Lord we have survived such bitterness and tyranny, and if it was not for such men as Logan, who continue to hate and abuse us, our whole country would be at peace.

BILL ARP.

—Why is a man who gets shaved regularly by a tonsorial artist a perfect loafer? Because you can see his mug in the barber shop any time you go in.

—Wives are presumptuous creatures. They are always asking for a lock of their lover's hair before marriage, and taking it without asking afterward.