Easley Messenger.

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

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THE PRICE OF FAME.

Bill Arp on The Conduct of The National Campaign.

The higher a man climbs the plainer he shows his fundamental infirmities. That is if he has any and most people have got them in this subloonary world. I was wondering in my mind why they hadent brought out all these things about Cleveland and Blaine before when they were running for office, but it seems that the office they run for wasn't high enough to develop every hidden thing. As they climbed up the pole the slanderers only put at them a small opera glass but now that they keep climbing higher and higher they bring out their long barrelled telescopes that magnify a thousand times to the inch and they hunt all over them for spots and blemishes and if there is a little speck on the glass of the telescope they mistake it for a big spot on the man and raise a howl all over the nation. When Cleveland was running for governor of New York he was abused right smart by the republican newspapers, but they never said anything against morals or his virtue as a man, but now since he keeps climbing up the pole and gets higher and higher, they have brought on their telescopes and microscopes and kaleidescopes, horoscopes and Cleveland is an awful bad man. Well, I am afraid he has not been as clean in all respects as he ought to have been. I expect he has been overtaken by the infirmities of the flesh, but mighty little harm came of it and he acted like a gentleman. When men are overtaken by a fault it does not matter so much how they fall into trouble as it does how they come out of it. Just so with Mr. Blaine. The slander against him is worse than against Cleveland, for he has a wife and children whom it affects. It is cruel and outrageous, for even if it is all the truth it has been atoned for long ago by his good conduct in his domestic relations. If it wasent for Mr. Blaine's family I wouldent care a cent how many bad things they brought out on him, if they were true, for the southern people never had a worse slanderer than he has been. His Andersonville speech was a web of lies, a monstrous cruel slander, a bloody shirt dipped in slime, and it was delivered by him, not for a principle, or to illustrate truth, but to make political capital for himself. He deliberately sought to play upon the base passions of mankind; to excite their hate and revenge, and thereby promote himself. And now since his own iniquities have been brought to light, I wouldent care one cent if it was not for his family. David was in a power of trouble when he prayed: 'Oh, Lord, visit not upon me the iniquities of my youth,' Mr. Blaine had better kept dark. He could have suppressed the charges against Cleveland if he had tried or wanted to. He ought to have telegraphed every republican editor in the nation and begged them, for his own sake, to publish no charges against Cleveland with a woman in the case. Let not the pot call the kettle black.

And there is Black Jack Logan, Injun Logan, Weathercock Logan splurging around and abusing us like we were a passel of devils and had just broke out in a new place. Before the war he was hollering hurrah for Dixie and was sending back our runaway niggers, and when the war broke out he raised a confederate regiment and was sending the Indian boys down into Kentucky where he was to organize his regiment, and about that time he was brought up with a commission as brigadier-general and flopped over on the other side, and has been waving the bloody shirt ever since. He is a national fraud.

But it is all right I reckon. When a man is a candidate the people are bound to know the best of him and the worst, too. If he is an angel on one side he will be made a devil on the otherr; and considerate people will split the difference between the two. A candidate ought to be fair and pure and spotless, for that is the meaning of the word. But we can't expect to get that sort. The best men don't seek office, and they rarely get it. It is a hopeful sign when the office seeks the man, and that is what I like about Mr. Cleveland. He has never hunted for office or intrigued for it, and I believe the time has come when the American people honor a man of that sort. They are tired—tired of the hungry horde who keep up the strife between the sections, tired of demagogues who deceive the people to get a chance to plunder them. But there are some politicians who are so honest and so clever and kind hearted that we forgive them for playing the demagogue. I like Zeb Vance and sunset Cox and Blount and Phil Cook and Hardeman and all their sort, for they are amiable and unselfish. I heard Zeb Vance telling about how he captured the votes of a backwoods settlement in North Carolina when he first ran for Congress. He said he had never been in that settlement and dident know the boys. He dident know their politics nor their habits nor their religion. But he sent them word he would be there to see them on a certain day, and so he rode over the mountain and got there and found about sixty of the sovereigns at a cross-road grocery, and he got down and hitched his horse and began to make their acquaintance and crack his jokes around, and thought he was getting along pretty well with them, but he noticed an old man with shaggy eyebrows and big brass spectacles sitting on a big chunck and marking in the sand with a stick. The old man dident seem to pay any attention to Vance, and after awhile Vance concluded that the old man was the bell-weather of the flock and that it was necessary to capture him, so he sidled up close to him, and the old man got up and shook himself and leaned forward on his stick and said solemnly, 'This is Mr. Vance, I believe.' 'Yes, sir,' said Vance. 'And you have come over here to see my boys about their votes, I believe.' 'Yes, sir,' said Vance, 'that is my business.'

'Well, sir.' said the old man, 'afore you proceed with that business I would like to ax you a few questions.'

'Certainly, sir, certainly,' said Vance.

'What church mout you belong to,' said the old man.

That was a sock dolger—Vance dident belong to any church. He knew that religion and meeting was a big thing in the backwoods, and controlled their politics, but he dident know what their religion was, for North Carolina was powerfully spotted and had a nest of Episcopalians in one place and Presbyterians in another and Baptists here and Methodist over yonder, and they never mixed, but were all one way in a settlement, and so he was in a dilemma.

But he squared himself for the responsibility, and says he:

'Well now, my friend, I will tell you about that, for its a fair question. Of course it is. Well, you see my grandfather came from Scotland, everybody is Presbyterian.' Here he paused to note the effect, but saw no sympathy with his grandpa.

But my grandmother came from England, and there everybody belongs to the Episcopal church.' He paused again and the old man marked another mark in the sand and spit his tobacco away off.

'But my father was born in this country in a Methodist settlement. and so he grew up a Methodist.' Still no sign of approval from the old man, and so Vance took his last shot and said: 'But my good old mother was a Baptist, and it's my opinion that a man has got to go under the water to get to heaven.'

The old man waked up and taking him by the hand said, 'Well you are all right, Vance,' and then turning to the crowd said, 'boys he'll do and you may vote for him I thought he looked like a Baptist.' And the old man slowly drew a flask from his coat-tail and handed it to Vance to seal his faith.

Speaking about slander, I heard the other day that Governor Colquitt stopped over at Raleigh to see Governor Jarvis, and Mrs. Jarvis told him how the newspapers slandered her husband when he was a candidate—and they accused him of swindling and lying, and every mean thing.

'Well, madam, did you believe any of it,' said Colquitt, very earnestly.

'No, indeed, I dident,' said she.

'Well, madam, Governor Jarvis is a fortunate man, for my enimies abused and slandered me,' and he whispered, 'and I'm afraid they made my wife believe it.'

Well, we are getting along very well in our country about politics. We have all buried the hatchet on Mr. Felton, and are going to send him to the legislature 'nolens volens.' We wanted to send General Young too, for as Lawyer Graham said, old Barter wants to make her representatives serve six years in Congress as an apprenticeship before she sends them to the legislature. But there were so many others hankering to go that the general modestly declined; nevertheless I reckon we will be represented all right, and no harm done. This is one office the doctor has not sought, and I am glad to see our good people united on so able and so good a man.

BILL ARP.

—We learn our virtues of the bosom friends who love us; our faults from the enemy who hate us. We cannot easily discover our real form from a friend. He is a mirror, on which the warmth of our breath impedes the clearness of our reflection.