

Easley Messenger.

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

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BILL ARP'S TALK.

The Cherokee Philosopher Visits Old Scenes.

The Georgia railroad. The old reliable. The first railroad I ever saw. How fondly memory goes back to my amazement and awe and childish fear when for the first time I saw the huge leviathan come steaming down the track breathing fire and smoke and making the earth tremble with its noise. Forty-six years have passed, and I am on this venerable road again, steaming away to Carolina. Ruminating thoughts come free and unbidden, and as we pass Covington I am reminded of the time when my good wife and seven children, with one at the breast, were flying from the fowl invader—seeking a refuge somewhere outside of Sherman's raid. The nurse, a good faithful family servant, was walking out with our youngest child, a little black-eyed brunette, and the raiders came clattering down the road and stopped her, and one of the vandals said: 'Put down that child. What you carrying that child for? Dont you know that you are free?'

The nurse was amazed and indignant. 'What you want me to put down de chile for; de chile cant walk.'

'Whose child is it?' said the old brute.

'It is my chile,' said the nurse, hugging the little thing to her breast. 'Whose chile did you reckon it was?'

'Well, if it's yours it's a dam strange color,' he replied, and galloped on.

Unprotected and almost unknown, my wife and children hid out until the raiders left the village, and having no transportation did not know how they would escape from the next brutal hero that came along. But about midnight they were aroused with

smothered voices at the window and friendly greetings from familiar faces, for a friend in need from Madison had heard of their perils on the wings of the wind, and sent a carriage and a wagon after them, and so they were hurried on with bag and baggage and about sunrise arrived at his hospitable home. A friend in need is a friend indeed. A thousand times have I thought of that act of disinterested kindness, and wondered at it, for it was a perilous thing to do in perilous times when the fowl invader was only too happy to capture good stock, and a horse or a mule was worth nearly his weight in Confederate money. That one deed of kindness stamped Eugene Harris as a noble, large hearted man and a friend in deed. I shall always love him. In a few days I found my lost family at his house, and we thought the raiders had left the country and felt secure; but one bright morning they came tearing by and took the town of Madison by storm. Our folks were two miles out in the country, and when the yankees rode up and wanted water the good old mother, who was alone, came to the door and saluted them, and said: 'Certainly, gentlemen, you shall have water. Do you think there is any danger of the yankees coming this way?' They laughed and told her they were yankees, and she quietly remarked: 'Well, you seem to act like gentlemen,' and this pleased them and they said, 'Some of us are, madam, I hope,' and thanking her for the water they rode away. Well, some of them were gentlemen, and all such we respect. I recalled the few succeeding days when Harris and Joel Abbott Billups and I and two or three friends hid out the mules and the horses in a canebrake and fed them at night, and hid ourselves out in a pine thicket in sight of the horses and played cards on the ground and eat melons and told stories to pass away the time, and had signals of peace and war and distress arranged with our wives, so that we could act on emergencies. I remember how two straggling soldiers found the mules one day and rode two of them up to the front gate, and Mrs. Harris detained them in pleasant conversation until we could get there, and how Eugene was furiously and recklessly mad and slipping round to the back door, got two double-barrelled guns and giving me one of them he rushed frantically up to the robbers and shoving the muzzle in one's face ordered him to dismount and he just fell off quick on the other side, and the next one did the same, and they departed in haste to parts unknown. I saw the house and the pine thick-

et from the car window as we rolled along, and it carried me back to the times that tried men's souls and soles, for we were on the run a good deal, and hardly knew when to stop.

Eugene Harris. I think of him and Frank Jones together. Both of them the friends of my youth and my age. Two noble men whom time nor trouble nor peril nor poverty have demoralized from their natural goodness and greatness of heart. Many a time have I laughed silently and all alone over the midnight frolic when Eugene tread on a snake in his room at Stonewall iron works and was bitten, and they struck a light and killed the venomous reptile and dosed Eugene with whiskey and got him drunk and his ankle began to swell and his tongue got loose and he used language—much language—and was as wild and frantic as an untamed Comanche. 'Send for Axson, Frank; I love Axson. Oh, my Lordy; I've been thinking for five years I would join the church. Axson knows it. Frank Jones, did you kill that snake? Kill him again the infernal beast. When can Axson get here! Do you reckon I'll die? Give me some more whiskey. Just to think of it. I've lived mighty nigh 40 years dodging death and the devil and yankee bullets and all manner of perils, and now at last have got to die by an infernal snake. Mash his head again Frank and give me another drink—When can Axson get here, I want to hear him pray once more. Confound the snake.'

Well, he was laid up two long months and suffered agony, but he got well and still lives to brighten the faces of his friends.

My mind kept wandering along and got to the Rome encampment where the boys fired their blank cartridges and marched around and had a big frolic in time of peace and picked up Henry Grady, and toted him around on their shoulders, and made much of him, and he treated them to watermelons, and ice cream, and soda water, until they let him off and set him down again—and then they cheered the boy and patted him on the back, and petted him like a spoiled child. He used to be Rome's boy, and Athen's boy, but now he is Georgia's boy, and the best known man I reckon in the state. All this carried me back 20 years, when we too had a camp near Rome—when we had a legion. Just think of it—a legion. Legion is a big name, a glorious name. Legions of angels; legions of soldiers; legions of devils. It is a classic name. Well, we had a legion. Yesser's legion, home guards fire side defenders, Georgia meel-

ish. Joe Brown pets and all sorts of names. And we too were in camp and had a battery and some cavalry and infantry, and we just dared the fowl invader to come: I remember how I was lieutenant of artillery and one dark rainy night our guns went off and waked up the legion in terror and alarmed the settlement, and the long roll was beat and the universal cry was 'to arms, to arms, ye brave.' George Burnett and Tom Ayer were at the bottom of that development, and I remember how a few days after, half a dozen yankee cavalry were seen down the rode galloping furiously along in their blue clothes about sun down, and another alarm was beat and our battery was ordered to charge down to Quinn's ferry and and we charged and planted our guns upon the banks and waited for the fowl invader to come. But he didn't come, and we soon found out that the yankee horse-men were Jeff Johnson and Bill Arp and a few more of their sort hunting mischief. I remember that the legion had 800 fighting men and 1200 quartermasters and commissaries who were instructed to scour the country in search of forage and vittles, and they scoured. Eugene Harris and Oliver Stillwell were in my mess and when old man Lewis came into camp one day hunting for some lost hogs, George Burnett told him he hadn't seen 'em, and didn't know anything about 'em; but all he did know was that Stillwell, and Harris, and me, had had spare ribs and backbone, and fresh pork to eat every day for three days.

So we were reported to Colonel Yeizer, and like to have been court-martialed; and old man Lewis believed as long as he lived that we stole his hogs.

Well, it was a glorious kind of war that we engaged in then—a splendid war, and reminds me of the scene when the big Texas ranger rode up to a squad of home guards, and, drawing a big shooter from his boot, exclaimed: 'Lay down, melish—I'm gwine to bust this cap.'

BILL ARP.

—A SPECIAL from Union Star, Mo., tells of a fearful crime committed in the vicinity of Flag Springs, Andrew county, on Sunday. Two little girls, children of John McGathlin, aged seven and nine years respectively, were overtaken in the woods by unknown parties and outraged. The villains then disemboweled the elder and afterwards shot her in the head. They then cut the throat of the youngest child. The whole country is aroused, and lynching will be in order if the parties are caught.