

# The Abbeville Messenger.

Vol. 2.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., TUESDAY, JULY 13, 1886.

NO. 45.

## Murdered by a Woman

Special dispatch to The News and Courier.

Midway, July 4.—At Hunter's chapel church this morning, while Sunday school was in session, Miss Emma Connelly killed John A. Steedly. She walked into the church with her arms folded and a pistol in one hand cocked. She passed into the seat in rear of Steedly, and when just behind him shot him. He arose, looked around, tried to get out his pistol, and at the same time made for the door. Miss Connelly snapped her pistol at him again, but it failed to go off. If it had gone off the chances are that some one else would have been hurt, as the church was crowded.

Steedly fell at the door of the church just outside and died in about three minutes. There was great excitement among the ladies and children at the time. Steedly had been putting out damaging reports about Miss Connelly, for which her brothers and a Mr. Ott had horsewhipped him some time ago, an account of which appeared in your paper. Some ten days since, Steedly published a letter in your paper giving his version of the whipping and reiterating the reports. This letter seems to have been the immediate cause of the shooting.

As far as can be ascertained the feeling of the public seems to favor Miss Connelly, who is under arrest.

In the News and Courier on June 7th, the following letter was published from our Bamberg correspondent.

"Some excitement prevails in the neighborhood of Hunter's chapel over the cowhiding of Mr. John Steedly by Messrs. W. S. Connelly and A. L. Ott. It seems that Steedly had been circulating false and damaging reports concerning Connelly's sister. In order to obtain full satisfaction for the offence Messrs. Connelly and Ott purchased a \$2.50 whalebone whip, waited upon Mr. Steedly and administered about thirty lashes, wearing the whip completely out. It is said that Steedly had become reconciled to his fate since calling upon a trial justice and being advised that in case a lawsuit was entered against Messrs. Connelly and Ott other punishment would probably be inflicted for circulating reports equally false and damaging concerning other persons.

On June 23d, a letter from John A. Steedly was published in which he said:

"In your issue of the 7th inst., I see a card from your Bamberg correspondent stating that I was cowhided by W. T. Connelly and A. L. Ott. Your correspondent did me great injustice in that report. I was attacked by Messrs. Connelly and Ott, and before I had any warning Connelly presented a cocked pistol at me and Ott placed his hand on his, and I was told by both of these men that if I moved they would kill me. Connelly did strike me several blows with a whip, the cost of which I do not know or care. Your correspondent says that I had been circulating false and damaging reports concerning Connelly's sister. That is untrue. All that I said was in a very confidential way, and I had no desire or expectation of doing Miss Connelly any damage by speaking of her to my friend, but unfortunately for me and him he divulged the secret. "And now, since the lady and her friends have taken the steps they have, in justice to myself I must say that her mother knows the whole truth and knows that I have not lied. Everyone can see that your correspondent was not disposed to do me justice in that report. "I hope in the future, when using my name through the papers, he will be careful to say nothing but the truth. Time will tell whether I am reconciled to my fate or not; and as to his statement about my calling on a trial justice, it is, as other statements made, either wilfully or negligently untrue. Now, Mr. Editor, I hope in justice to me you will publish this:

On June 25 the Bamberg correspondent of The News and Courier wrote as follows:

"In justice to your correspondent and Mr. Steedly it is necessary to state that the report made concerning the cowhiding of Mr. John Steedly was founded entirely upon information given your correspondent by a gentleman whom he believes to be reliable. His statements have been confirmed by other parties, and your correspondent has neither

seen nor heard a denial of the facts as reported until Mr. Steedly's card appeared in the News and Courier yesterday. It was far from the intention of your correspondent to do Mr. Steedly an injustice, and it is hoped that he may be able to clear up the matter satisfactorily.

The Augusta Chronicle gives the following additional details:

"Quite a number were at the depot as the morning train stopped at Midway to see the fair slayer leave for Barnwell, where she has gone to give herself up to the County authorities to await a trial. Miss Connelly was accompanied by her attorney, Mr. Williams, of the firm of Skinner & Williams, her father, her brother and several friends (Mr. Connelly, her brother, is in charge of the Central Hotel bar here), and the reporter, not wishing to be too bold, obtained an interview with Miss Connelly through her brother.

"Miss Connelly is a well-formed young lady of medium height, with brown eyes deep set, high cheek bones and sweet, interesting face, and one to see her seated by her father would not believe that it had been but twelve hours since she had taken the life of the man whom she thought had injured her.

"The reporter, on taking his seat by Miss Connelly, said: I do not wish to be impertinent, but do you object to talking on the subject of yesterday's tragedy?"

"I do not," she quietly replied. "I have nothing to regret about it." She had simply punished an injury that a cowardly man had placed on her. She spoke well of Mr. Steedly, with whom she said had been on the best of terms. The two families are on intimate terms. Miss Connelly said: I killed him because I felt it my duty, and I did not want to put my father or brother in the position I am now in. My name, and that's all a woman has, has been vilified, and I have wiped out the stain with the blood of my traducer."

"She said that Mrs. Steedly, who is a brunette, weighing about 200 pounds and rather good looking, bore a good character in the neighborhood. She said she would not care if the trial was to come off immediately; she was ready.

"Miss Connelly did not display the least emotion. The Chronicle reporter's pleasant interview was cut short by the arrival of the train at Barnwell.

"Miss Connelly and Mr. Steedly are second cousins. Robert. Aldrich has also been retained to defend Miss Connelly. The Chronicle bade farewell to Miss Connelly, promising to be present at the trial."

## The Political Problem.

"It makes us tired" to hear men forever pretending that farmers are imposed upon in the administration of laws. We hear men continually talking about those who are opposed to farmers. We do not believe there is an intelligent man in Laurens county [who really would, if he had the power, do ought to injure this class of our citizens. Is it the lawyer, doctor, merchant, teacher, carpenter, blacksmith? Who is it?

No; you may look in vain for those who seek to injure farmers. Men differ as to what political measures are for the good of the country, but the real question after all is to place men in office who have good sense and sound judgment to decide these questions intelligently. We are opposed to any class of citizens making political nominations. The Democratic party has adopted the primary election system of making these nominations, and any convention "suggeestees" in the field will necessarily defeat the spirit of the primary. The Democratic party as an organization, allows farmers and every other class a voice, and we believe this organization is amply sufficient to meet the demands of the times. This being the case, we do most heartily oppose any political organization that seeks to supplant democracy, whether it be farmers or republicans. If the Democratic party has failed to redeem pledges; if it cannot make nominations by the mode adopted, then we might join some other political organization. When farmers' clubs assemble they should discuss agriculture, and when they discuss politics, it should be done in a Democratic club. Farmers can discuss politics, and should do so; not as farmers, but as citizens—as Democrats.—Laurens Advertiser.

## Paul H. Hayne

In his home upon the Georgia hilltop, where the July wind dirges through the pine forest, dear to the heart of the poet, Paul H. Hayne, the laureled singer of the South, slept the sleep that knows no waking in this lower world. He had valiantly, laboriously, faithfully, devoutly finished his course. In honorable poverty, after early affluence, he struggled on, always keeping the torch of literary genius resplendent above his head. Beyond his immediate family and the All-Father, few can understand how tremendous a struggle this gifted man waged unceasingly with the "unspiritual god—Circumstance." Unfitted for the ruder conflicts of the material universe, and shrinking from the rough contact of the work-day world, he devoted his existence to his art, and never recognized another intellectual rival in that orbit. What prodigies, for what scant reward, that busy brain and tireless hand wrought! What beautiful poems, from year to year or month to month, shaped themselves in his pure imagination or flashed from this land to that other clime, which he pined to see, but never was permitted to behold! He was a master too of nervous, picturesque, suggestive prose, in nearly every chord of passionate pathos or delicate irony, to say nothing of the spiritual insight that illumined and enchanted everything serious that came from his pen. How tenderly and eloquently and piously he gathered the immortal flowers that fell from Timrod's hand and made the world weep at one of the saddest stories of neglected genius since the days of Chatterton, "the marvellous boy who perished in his pride." Timrod, unlike Chatterton, awaited the summons of his Maker and passed away reverently when "Love was stronger than Life." Happy was he in having had a friend like Hayne to lead his gentle apparition "down the corridors of time."

In this connection, too, it is a gracious memory that his last prose contribution was in sympathetic aid of the venerable Charles Gayarre, who, in his old age, has not had the consideration his wonderful talents and services deserve. It was an impulse of love that made Hayne the literary executor of Timrod. It was the chivalric call of fraternal duty that roused him, in his last days, to rebuke the South for its churlishness toward such a man as Gayarre. This was one of Paul Hayne's noblest virtues. He had no jealousy of his professional brethren, but was swift and eager to do them any kindness and to espouse their cause in any practicable fashion.

Hayne was an ardent lover of nature and, like Wordsworth, had laid his ear to the bosom of the mighty mother, hearkening to secrets which she never fails to reveal to children who nestle in her arms and confide in her inspiration. The winds had music for him, in storm or zephyr. The sky, in serenity or fury held messages for his Muse. Flower, thorn, herbage, the multitudinous miracles of creation were creatures of his fancy and gold mines of his thought. All were instinct to him with the Power that permitted them, and he saw the majesty of God in the loveliest violet as well as in the plunge of the cyclone through the shrieking woodland.

Luckily for Paul Hayne, he had some inestimable compensation. No man was ever blessed with a wife who so thoroughly understood and appreciated him; and the same, in a relative degree, was true of the remarkable son who has inherited the gentleness of one parent and the talent of the other. Ah! that was a happy family, despite the trials and thwarting of life! Harmony was there and love and trust and heavenly union. The master-singer has departed. He has laid down his cross and taken his crown, in God's great mercy. An unspeakable void is in the hillside home and the two faithful hearts that admired and adored him beyond human expression. But praise be to Christ the Redeemer and Healer the do not mourn as the hopeless! A little while and they shall rejoice in him. His splendid work remains to make them and the people rejoice that he lived. His memory is stainless. The good he did was incalculable.

There will be wet eyes in many lands when tidings of his death are known. He will remain in the heart of wife and son and grateful countrymen. We would not in speaking thus still the grief of his kindred, but simply assuage it by reverent comfort.

Not long ago, as if prescient of his approaching end, Paul Hayne, though grateful to Georgia for cordial hospitality and ample recognition of his merit, cried out to his South Carolina mother, never forgotten in another State to receive him when, to quote the lovely thought of Tennyson, "God's finger touched him and he slept." Georgia would be proud to have him in death as in life, but how can she resist the poet's last pathetic cry for the embrace of South Carolina? Surely that imperial mother will claim her glorious son and consecrate his last abode. And when he shall sleep beside the twin rivers and within sound of the historic sea, while men of all nations shall seek his grave as pilgrims visit sacred shrines, no tears will fall upon the sod more affectionately than those shed by Georgians, who surrender him only at his own bidding and in response to a summons that even Love cannot deny.—Augusta Chronicle.

## What is Cheat.

Messrs. EDITOR: I noticed an article in your last issue, headed above, and your request "to hear from some of our farmers on the question." I am not a farmer now, but was one for the space of forty-five years, and will freely give your readers my views long entertained on the above subject. Cheat or ches is the offspring of imperfect wheat or oats and other small grain, I think, not possessing vitality sufficient to produce its own species—caused either by the grain being imperfect when sown or becoming so by the soil remaining wet for a long time after sown, as seen more plentifully in wet spots in the field or the stalk may be so injured sometime after sowing, by freezes, as was the case in the fall sowing last winter, sapping its vigor to the extent that it failed to produce its own species. We all know that the fall sowing of oats has changed to cheat the present year which is proof sufficient of my views of it. I learn there is no cheat in the spring sowing. My attention was called to a field of wheat in 1845 in Newberry County, by a friend who was a practical planter for many years, which had much cheat in it. He asked me if I knew the origin of cheat. I gave my views as above stated, and he corroborated them by saying that he and his brother sowed wheat in adjoining fields, of the same variety and same soil, his brother sowing two weeks before he did; much rain fell on his brother's wheat immediately after sowing, but none on his until after it had made its appearance above ground. The result was that his brother's wheat was much infested with cheat whereas his was exempt from it. He then asked if I had not noticed more cheat in fields in low and wet spots than elsewhere. I answered in the affirmative.

As there are several varieties of ches or cheat two of which I noticed yesterday, one that bunches, not unlike oats, the other having its grains adhering to the stalk which is found in wheat the other in oats. I became more convinced of the theory I have advanced as to their origin. Any grain or seed unless a water plant belongs to it will lose much of its vitality in wet ground while germinating. This is seen in most plants when just above ground, or before a wet spell of weather. No doubt all farmers and gardeners have noticed the weakness or want of vitality in plants, and want of green color, that appear above ground after much wet or cold weather. I doubt not that some varieties of ches or cheat take their origin from the same species. Be this as it may, but that does not prevent wheat or oats under the circumstances changing to cheat.

If I am in error I should be pleased to be corrected in your next issue by some one whose experience has led them to a different conclusion.—W. E. in Winnsboro News and Herald.

P. S.—In corroboration of my theory as to the origin of cheat it is a will known fact that all our fruits and vegetables have undergone a radical change since they were first known. I recollect when there was but one variety of Irish potato, and only two of sweet, and they the poorest vegetables I ever eat. So also with garden vegetables. When a boy I never was but three varieties of beans or cabbage and one of turnip. What changes in variety and flavor have since occurred no one but the aged know. The same theory will also apply to most or all of the animal as well as vegetable kingdom. W. E.

## A Plea for Candidates.

Messrs. EDITORS:—As the candidates are being announced, I am prompted, with your permission, to bring to the attention of your many readers, two subjects. In one of these the candidates are particularly interested, and in the other all of us are or should be deeply concerned. For several years the candidates have been subjected to an annoyance, to say the least of it, which in our humble opinion, should be stopped, either by the candidates themselves, or the people at large or both combined. I allude to calling upon the candidates to assist in all conceivable enterprises, and in what is considered by any one a charitable object. Now generally, the most of those offering for the Legislature, are men possessing at least a moderate share of this world's goods, and it may not be heavy upon them to contribute of their means to an occasional call, but for those who are running for any of the minor offices, it is not short of oppression. Could it be known positively, prior to the primary, who were to be the favored ones, there would be some sort of propriety in those being approached and asked for aid, but these petitions, these subscription lists, are presented when all is uncertain, and all must alike be called upon and expected to shell out. The whole thing is a crying evil—a nuisance which should be abated. One of the candidates, several years ago, told this writer that he was almost afraid to go anywhere, for fear of being asked to give some of his hard earned money, which he could ill afford to do, to build or repair churches, school-houses &c., in other sections of the county, when there were more of just such calls in his own, than he could in justice to himself and family respond to. As a failure to respond, might lose him a good many votes, I for one, am in favor of all the candidates uniting and positively refusing to give one cent, at least till after the primary. After that election, those who feel able to do so, might, if disposed, give according to their means, and the others give according as their future prospects warrant them in doing.

The next subject in which we desire our would-be Legislators to take a lively interest, is in regard to the Township School Trustees. It is a hard matter, in some of the Townships, to get any one to serve. In this Township two years ago, quite a number were called upon, and urged to act before the board was full. It may seem to the uninitiated but a small matter, but to those who have tried it it assumes much greater proportions. Several years since, the school trustees were exempt from road and jury duty and the payment of a poll tax, which was some sort of compensation. Now all of these are denied, and the trustees must neglect their business and thereby in many instances, incur considerable loss. The office of school trustee is the only one in the county, except that of road supervisor, in which the pay is all honor and no profit. The school trustee has to spend at least one day more than the number of months that the school fund lasts in attending to his duties. It has been urged by some that to excuse the trustees from serving as jurors too many good men are exempt from that very important duty. There are sixteen townships in this county, and three trustees to each township aggregate forty-eight men. In a voting population of several thousand, good men must be alarmingly few in number, if taking therefrom forty-eight would seriously impair the jury system. The trustees have the disbursing of sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars—have the burden upon them of properly distributing that sum, and "doing the greatest good to the greatest number." If good and true men are not needed in such a place, I know not where they are. Even the advantages enumerated above, are far from being an adequate remuneration to the trustees for time lost and labor done. Philanthropy and patriotism are well enough in their way—are very commendable at times, but these hard times it is not very encouraging to have to work for nothing and board and clothe yourself. There is but one more step to be taken in a downward direction, and that is to require the trustees to pay an annual sum for the pleasure and honor of serving in that capacity. The public school system has many defects, some of which cannot well be remedied, but

this evil can be easily removed, and it is to be hoped that our next Legislature will see to it that it is done.

TROUPE.

## Necessity of Grasses.

There is no good reason why every farmer should not raise grass enough for his own use. We cannot excuse ourselves for neglecting the grasses because we cannot raise blue grass, for there are grasses adapted to the soil and climate of South Carolina just as valuable as blue grass.

The misfortune is that we look upon our grasses as nuisances. Bermuda, one of the most valuable grasses we have, is by most of us considered good enough to hold the levees of the Mississippi in place, but not good enough for our fields and pastures. Its great tenacity of life which should recommend it is made a serious objection. It is perennial, nutritive, relished by all kinds of stock, and everything feeding upon it fattens rapidly. It makes good pasture in the extreme South every month in the year. When cut and dried it makes a most excellent hay and is more profitable than a crop of cotton. But as the floods cannot kill it, nor the hot, dry summers of the South, nor tramping, nor in all cases plowing, we are warned to keep it at a distance. Its merits are considered faults. For the same reason we could find fault with blue grass. In many instances it has been turned over in the spring, the land cultivated in corn without killing it.

But I must confess that talking does not always effect revolutions, however wisely it may be done.

Example is sometimes, if not always better than precept. When a problem is demonstrated before one's eyes there is no disputing it. Every man wants to do the best he can and when he is shown a new way, that is decidedly an improvement over the old one, or what he has been used to, he will adopt it. Then let some one take the lead and adopt new ways, make use of the grasses, and stop the leak that is ruining our land.

## John Ruskin on Pious Beggars.

John Ruskin being asked the other day for aid in paying off a church debt replied by letter thus: "I am sorrowfully amused by your appeal to me, of all people in the world, the precisely least likely to give you a farthing. My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is, 'Don't go in debt. Starve and go to heaven; but don't borrow. Try first begging. I don't mind if it's really useful, stealing. But don't buy things you can't pay for.' And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges or in a sandpit, or in a coal-hole first? And of all manner of churches thus idiotically built, iron churches are the damndest to me. And of all the sects and believers in any ruling spirit, Hindoos, Turks, Feather Idolators, and Mumbo Jumbo Log, and Fire Worshipers, who want churches, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me. All of which you might very easily have found out from my books. Any other sect would, before bothering me to write it to them."

## The Salary of Teachers.

[Greenwood Tribune.] Surely the common school system is sufficiently farcical as it is, but what must it become when placed under the instruction of teachers worth the whole of \$10.00 per month? When one undertakes to ride a hobby he is very apt to ride it to death and it is not unfrequently an appropriate thing for a man to pray that God would deliver him from his friends.

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