

# Easley Messenger.

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

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## The Easley Messenger.

**J. R. HAGOOD, Editor and Prop'r.**

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### Afterward.

O strange, O sad perplexity,  
Blind groping through the night,  
Faith faintly questions can there be  
An afterward of light?  
O heavy sorrow, grief and tears,  
That all our hopes destroy;  
Say, shall there dawn in coming years  
An afterward of joy?  
O hopes that turn to gall and rue,  
Sweet fruits that bitter prove;  
Is there an afterward of true  
And everlasting love?  
O weariness, within, without,  
Vain longings for release;  
Is there to inward fear and doubt,  
An afterward of peace?  
O restless wanderings to and fro,  
In vain and fruitless quest;  
Where shall we find above, below,  
An afterward of rest?  
O death, with whom we plead in vain  
To stay thy fatal knife;  
Is there, beyond the reach of pain,  
An afterward of life?

[Written for The Messenger.]

## A LETTER FROM PEGGY S.

PICKENS CO., S. C.

MISTER EDITOR: I disremember whether you have axed fur contributions to your paper or not. The "Sentinel" does, and I think hit's a powerful nice way to git the news from all over the country.

Thar's ben a sight of rain lately, and daddy's in a mighty stew about not gettin' to plow none hardly; he says hit looks like thar won't be no craps planted this Spring.

Daddy grumbles a heap, but mammy allers lows: "Don't fret, Josiar, frettin' won't mend matters none; thar'll be some way pervided, ef we do right."

I beleve 'twas Mr. Shakespere said as how 'taint no use to "greve over

spilt milk," and I recon he was about right. I had meant to buy me a accordeon this year, but craps is so late I'm afear'd I'll hav to do without it longer, less'n Eph Oakley — I mean, less'n I save up a power of butter an' aigs 'twixt this and Summer.

A most ever paper abody gits hold of now is full of accounts of terrible storms—some folks calls 'em cyclones—and since daddy and the boys aint had much to do, they jes' set an' read about them ar cyclones, and Sam Potter, Jim Dorsey, an' them, comes over, an' they talk so much about 'em that we'uns is most afear'd to go to bed o' nights.

Some folks has got a power of curiosity, an' I do know if hit was a killin' disease, old Mis Stringer'd a ben ded long ago. 'Tother day a feller driv up to our gate to see daddy about sellin' him one of these here new-fangled plows, the sort you ride on, an' it wernt no time 'tel here come old Mis Stringer with a mess of turnip sallit for mammy. She knowed we'uns had a plenty of sallit, but she seed that feller from her winder, an' she wanted to see who he was an' what he come fur.

Old man Stringer's ben dead nigh onter two years, and they say she's lookin' round fur another pardner. Well, she sot in 'tother house longer mammy tel arter dinner, then she cum inter the big house whar me an' Calline was a sowin', and she lowd: "Yon gals must be a flxin' to git married." "Law no!" says Calline, "I'm gwine to be a old maid." Rube Fyler's ben a comin' to see Calline quite a spell, and they've laid off to git married next camp-meetin', but you know gals ner boys nuther don't mean everthing they say, and Calline jes wanted to git Mis Stringer started.

"Law honey!" says she, "don't talk about bein' a old maid, why old as I am, I can git marrid any day, ef I wanted ter. Thar's old man Peabody ben a lookin' at me all time o' meetin' fur a month er more, an' last Saturday as me an' Mary Ann Watkins was gwine to town we seed Peabody a ditchin' close to the road, spryer'n ef he was jes twenty.

"Good mornin'!" says I, "how d'ye do, Mr. Peabody?"

"Purty well, thank ye, Mis Stringer," says he, "considerin' I'm mighty lonesome."

"You orter marry agia', Mr. Peabody," says I.

"Yes, I know it," said he, but I don't know who'd have me.

Mary Ann spoke up, an' says she: "Why, thar's one, right thar," a pintin' at me.

"Mary Ann Watkins, says I, you'd a sight better tend ter your own business, an' let 'tother folks's alone." I was that mad I could skasely see, but I seed old Peabody jis a larfin', an' gals,

ef you won't tell nobody, I'm expectin' of him up next Sunday.

Mr. Peabody aint ben a widderer more'n six weeks, and old Mis Stringer prars to think he's gwine to 'set up' to her, but he wants some 'young gal,' he says, 'better suited to his age'—he aint but seventy-four.

He told daddy that Mis Stringer'd ben a sendin' ever day er two fur a month to git his socks to wash, like as ef a man ever had his socks washed in the winter time, less'n he plowed.'

Please excuse mistakes, the boys has ben a pesterin' me so I could'nt hardly write.

Yours respectfully,

PEGGY S.

## Excessive Love for the Negro--Base Ingratitude to The Soldier.

We leave it for an intelligent, honorable and fair-minded public to say whether the distinguished Southern gentlemen did not recently cut a nice figure in Washington in their pitifal appeals for money with which to educate the negro. This at a time too when car loads of negroes were in the city from Virginia to convict our own men and brethren of infamous crimes which they did not commit. We leave an observing public to pronounce upon the sincerity or the hollowness of their appeals. We shall let the world say whether there was anything in them which savored of hypocrisy to the public, and of ingratitude to the Southern soldier.

We believe that no man in Abbeville county endorses in the heresies which have been recently promulgated in Washington in regard to negro education. The pretense that we are anxious for his education is merest mockery, which deceives nobody, and we are tired of hearing such proclamations. We have never felt called upon to criticise disprovingly any act of Senator Hampton, but we respectfully submit that if he would manifest a little more anxiety for the welfare of the old soldiers who followed him in the 'Lost Cause,' and if he would let the esteemed negro take care of himself that he would command equally as much respect from his constituents residing in Abbeville county. It is useless for grave Senators and able Congressmen to rise from their seats in the National Congress and proclaim that we of South are dying for negro education. There is not, in our opinion, one scintilla of truth in any such assertion.

Of course we know very little of the sentiment generally, but we feel perfectly certain that Senator Hampton could not in a day's journey find one man in Abbeville county who would not be gladly relieved of the present enormous burden upon our people, which the good Democratic leaders, in their love for the negro, and in their

ingratitude to the Southern soldiers, induced our confiding people to assume.

South Carolina before the war had no public schools at all and yet her percent. of illiteracy was less than that of almost any other State, but now, with all our public schools, the illiteracy among the whites is threè times as great as it was in the good old times, when every boy's education was furnished by honest toil.—Press and Banner.

**POLYGAMY IN GEORGIA.**—Elder Sam. Echols, of the Mormon Church, has created another sensation by introducing polygamy into Georgia. His name was brought into prominence several months ago by an attempt to gain possession of his three-year-old boy. In 1879, being then a well-to-do young farmer of Paulding county, he wooed and won Miss Vincent. Later that year he became a convert to Mormonism and went to Utah, his bride refusing to go with him on account of her aversion to Mormonism. Subsequently she gave birth to a boy, which was the sole link which bound her to her husband. In Utah Echols soon found promotion and was advanced as Elder and a few months ago was commissioned Apostle to Georgia. His wife refused to receive him, whereupon he instituted a suit before Ordinary Johnson, of Floyd county, for possession of the child. The issue was squarely made that he was not a proper person to have the child, owing to his opinions. The Court decided in favor of the mother. Elder Echols's chagrin knew no bounds, and he determined that his zeal for faith would be his best revenge. As a result, many converts have been in Paulding County, among others the family of W. A. Lee, all people of excellent standing. Mr. Lee had a blooming daughter, Miss Araminta, whose love became necessary to Elder Echols' heart. With the full consent of her family she agreed to become 'sealed unto him,' and has already left with him for Salt Lake City, where the ceremony is to take place.

**FORGOT TO PULL HIS MOON IN.**—The literalness of children has to plead for their want of reverence in such cases as a boy named Tom, 6 years old, who noticed one winter morning after sunrise the moon in the western sky. Having never before seen both orbs at the same time, he was deeply impressed, and ran to his mother with: 'Oh, mamma, I've got an awful joke on our Heavenly Father!' 'Why, Tom, what do you mean?' said the mother in a rebuking tone, greatly amazed and shocked. 'He forgot to pull his moon in,' cried Tom, his voice quaking with glee.

—It is well to know that camphor and water will keep flowers fresh for a longer time than anything else, and will revive them when faded. The process is easy enough to try.