

South Carolina Leader.

ALLEN COFFIN, Editor.

"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."—Paul.

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PROSPECTUS

FOR THE
South Carolina Leader.

A Weekly Journal of the Times.

THE LEADER will be devoted to the interest of the Labor and general reform.

The Federal Government will be sustained at all points, and we hope that its ultimate policy towards the State will ensure peace, prosperity, and domestic tranquility.

The self-evident truth, contained in the Declaration of Independence, "That all men are created equal," will be steadfastly adhered to.

In matters of local concern, it will give its earnest support to all important public measures and practical improvements.

Without less in its advocacy of the Right, and its denunciation of the Wrong, its columns will be made a channel of course personal attacks. It will deal with principles rather than men, and allow the free and candid discussion of all subjects pertaining to the public good.

In giving to make this emphatically a paper for the people, we confidently look to them for the support of subscription and advertising patronage, which its worth demands.

T. HURLEY & CO.

POETRY.

SABBATH EVENING TWILIGHT.

Beautiful hour of sweet repose,
O'erflowed thoughts, of love, O' prayer!
How thy deep and tranquil ease,
For all the Sabbath day is here.
Each pure desire, each high request,
That burned before the tempest's ire,
The hopes, the fears, that move the breast,
All live again in light and fire.

I love thee for the evening glow
That sheeneth o'er the cooling day—
Those golden lines, those wreats of song,
That light and give his glorious way!
Through them, I've sometimes thought, the eye
May pierce the unmeasured depths of space,
And track the course where spirits fly,
On viewless wings, to realms of bliss.

I love thee for the unbroken calm
That slumbers on this fading scene,
And throws its kind and soothing charm
O'er "all thy little world within."
It traces every roving thought,
Ye, sets the soaring fancy free;
Sings from the soul the present out,
That all is missing memory.

I love thee for thy peaceful close,
For rows low left recumbent there;
This is the noiseless hour we chose
To consecrate to mutual prayer.
Twas when misfortune's tear at ead
Was gathering o'er the brow of heaven,
Ere yet despair's eternal shroud
Wrapped every vis on hope had given;

When these deep, purpling shades came down,
In softening lights, upon the hills,
We swore that, whether fate should crown
Our future course with joys or ills—
Whether safe moored in love's retreat,
Or severed, wailed by mount and sea—
This hour, in spirit, we would meet,
And urge to heaven our mutual plea.

I call me if this beloved hour
Still finds thee constant at our shrine,
Still witnesses thy fervent prayer
Ascending warm and true with mine!
O'er all through every change of woe,
Thy heart still flies to meet these there;
O'er all to soothe this weary heart to know
That thine responded every prayer.

Written for the Leader.]
TO MISS MARY S.—S.
Thought, a flashing thought, and then a move!
Thought it fair bespoke the act of love;
Then, as 'twas wrote, his mandate Neptune gave
In wrath unmoistened to his soborned wave—
Said:

"Hear, all ye 'thelial minioned host,"
Brave Ulysses sank himself as lost,
On to his aid, Minerva, bright did reach
Savior's hand, which lifting, left a breach
At him and a watery grave.

So I,
Taken as a thorn, as 'twere, to die,
As a gentle, vivifying touch,
The soft, blushing petals (envious much)
As gay dahlias, waiting witching fumes,
Rest, unconscious of its charming blooms,
Sneaking man, the gracious gift imparts;
A latent greatness, true unveils its heart.

COMMUNICATED.

To the Editor of the Leader.

THE POWER OF EDUCATION.

MR. EDITOR—Encouraged by an article in your paper, the 11th ult., signed J. H. K., I am induced to follow his example in adding my effort to the general good. This being my first effort, I might joyfully exclaim in the language of a learned doctor, who is even now in our midst, "that I, too, am a man." It is a truth that is generally acknowledged, that the educated mind, and even intellects that are but partially developed, possess over the uneducated and undeveloped marked advantages, the simple fact that they can grapple with, hold and dissect the various topics of the day; obtain the opinions of heroes and sages of the past upon all the varieties of subjects extant; and, more than that, they can at pleasure hold converse with the prophets, saints, and martyrs of early times, and even with the blessed Saviour himself, when their hearts fail them and their faith is waning. This is certainly a great privilege, one that cannot be doubted, and a blessing that cannot be too highly appreciated by those who are so fortunate as to have obtained it. But, notwithstanding that we have just emerged from under the power of a false democracy, and that we have been denied many of the rights that are accorded to all men in these countries that enjoy a high civilization, though this in which we live, yet we are fully able to over-estimate, and, with open eyes and hands, are ready to catch at the first opportunity that offers itself in our favor; and it is a moral certainty, by manifestation, that we hold to a position among men, and that we are placed on a high place on the ladder of fame, we are only true to ourselves and to our country. Who has the audacity to doubt our position, when the fact was made evident by us in the affairs of the nation from the commencement of the struggle which have just passed over us? What man of the ordinary amount of brains, though of little learning and without the skin of black as ebony, can be motionless, and passively view the effects of the mighty changes that have been brought about in this country within the past four years, without exhibiting some life. Did he not with prophetic vision see, though he spoke not, that the rising billows which threatened destruction to all within its reach, might be so directed as to save the old ship of State, which still lives, and of which he is still a passenger, who had weathered the stormy sea of politics for nearly a century, even when and under the guidance of a faithless pilot who thought not of his responsibilities nor of the account to be rendered to the King of kings, but only of self-aggrandizement and in admiring pleasing and intoxicating draughts to his numerous worshippers, which has also been metamorphosed into bitterest poison. Arise, ye saviors of the 19th century. I say arise! Do you not know that you have just been taken from a dream the length of which Rip Van Winkle's cannot be compared? Do you not realize the fact that the earth has made many revolutions since you were a sleep? And do you not know that the over-seer's horn is hung upon the wall, like Old Ned's fiddle, and that slavery has yielded up its last breath and gone to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," divested of all royalty and power, regretted by none save a few antiquated disciples of an obsolete idol? Beautiful thought! magnificent inspiration of the divine will! In de-centrally the human heart from the greatest sins; that enables the mind to dive into the deep recesses of thought, and the tongue to herald forth to the extreme corner of the universe the glad tidings of redemption; for the last sacrifice has been offered for the expiation of our sins; and Elijah has again implored, and God hath showered upon the parched earth rains of blessings to the sons of men, to the utter confusion and dismay of the prophets of modern Babel. For the cry of suffering humanity will no longer be heard, and the heart-broken mother no longer made to weep over the grave, upon the altar of her heart, of the living dead, thus making a wreck of God's noblest handiwork. And to you who have just escaped the general ruin surrounding this temple of antiquity, set up from among the bricks, the virtue of whose mortar has at last expired. Shake off thy garments the dust of a feudal age, for the midnight revel's no longer heard; the tournament passed away, and the noble derring of gartered and golden knights have vanished like dew before a summer's sun." There's no longer need for high battlemented castles, deep moats, and assassinations; for virtue is safe. Come view the sun of liberty, as he rises in glorious majesty, penetrating into the remotest corner of this broad land. Look how he invigorates and gives new life to him who had been a slave; who no longer drags along, but moves with an elasticity astonishing to behold. His feet seem scarce to touch the earth, his fingers to have ceased to come in contact with what's not his own; for then he was a double compound with the alkali of slavery to create affinity; but now that that power has been overcome, he dares to call himself a man. And he, too, who had hitherto thought himself free has at last discovered that there was behind him a wall, from beneath whose shadows he could not escape; but when the camera of a false existence was thus suddenly removed from before his enfeebled sight, yea even he realized the fact at once of a new

existence; for he no longer felt the chilly blasts of a winter's wind, but basked freely in the direct rays of the sunlight of freedom, crying—"thanks be to God and Abraham, who art truly the Father of all his people," that I no longer shiver in the cold, my daughter no longer the barrier of protection to the virtue of her more favored sisters; but, standing erect, with his head towards Heaven, and, with uplifted hands, realizing with amazement the enervating and rejuvenating influences of his newly acquired birthright, and that, too, of which he was so unjustly robbed—the rights of all mankind. And now that we have recovered from the electrical of shock our sudden transition, let us seek to elevate ourselves intellectually, morally, and religiously; let us work day and night, if necessary stretching every nerve, seeking instruction from every source, and turning everything to account, no matter how insignificant that thing might appear to be, thereby adding to our stock of knowledge. It will surely at some future day swell and expand according to our susceptibility of impressions. We might with candor ask how is all this to be accomplished, since all of our time is occupied in getting a living, and that living, too, but a scanty one. But have we forgotten that we are men? and, as men, we are necessitated by the peculiar position in which we are now placed, to give the lie to those who are never tired of asserting that we are not, and, more than that, we do not expect to receive the full rights and privileges of American citizens, since by force of circumstances they have been made to see their error, by discovering a certain document which had been accidentally mislaid, that declares all men free and equal. How are we to exercise those rights? Need we no preparation to that end? Are we not to be respected in those rights? Do the ignorant masses of any country claim the respect of the refined classes? Certainly not. It matters not what rights they enjoy, they have no place in respectable society, but are low, vulgar, and debased. But let them become enlightened, and you'll see them climbing up, step by step, to what before seemed to them insurmountable heights. O the power of education! I have broken down prejudices which ages of ignorance had built up, it has toppled over Papery, it has toppled over monarchy; it has toppled over slavery; and at last it will have to topple over all the enemies of the colored man. See how much can be done by patience, industry, and close application. Benjamin Franklin, the great philosopher, the man who electrified the world by bringing lightning down from the heavens, thus proving the truth of a supposition that lightning is electricity; thereby conferring a lasting benefit upon mankind, and an honor which will last as long as time upon the infant American Republic. Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, who worked from eight to ten hours every day, and in seven years mastered seven languages. And last, but not least, is Andrew Johnson, our present chief magistrate; like the former, a self-taught man, whose clear and far-sighted statesmanship is far beyond the reach of fire-eaters, whose prayer is that he might turn this beautiful country, with all its wealth of happiness and liberty, which is in store over to the Philistines. Thus we see that a good deal can be accomplished by a proper exercise of our faculties and by a strict adherence to economy, in all its various senses, postponing no duty that should be immediately performed, having a time for every obligation, even though that time be short, and but a very little can be accomplished in that allotted space; yet do it properly, have it finished with despatch, having it as correct as possible; thereby declaring that we have faith in our ultimate success. For the seed that's in embryo today will to-morrow germinate and become a nucleus, from around whose circumference will radiate the perfume of the sweet flowers of human greatness, an intelligence almost divine. And more particularly in these times of seduction necessary, for the intelligence of the masses is essential to the perpetuation of liberty; consequently at no period of the world's existence, save this, that the power of learning was felt. It therefore becomes the duty of every individual in this country, without regard to condition or color, to acquire some knowledge of the principles of the Government under which they live. The causes of the apparent phenomenon of many things natural, by the which they might reduce to the wants of every-day life, those things which now appear only ornamental and superfluous. The now ignorant mechanic would then understand the principles on which the work depends, sharpen his inventive genius, giving to him the power of improving upon the ideas of others, thereby giving a tone and character to his craft, not to be entertained where practice is denied the light of theory. The bricklayer, for instance, should understand the laws of gravitation and cohesion, the housewife that of affinity and evaporation, and, furthermore, the result of the proper development of those faculties which exists in every mind, in a greater or less degree, latent, would be great, inasmuch as its power would not only be felt physically and mentally, but it would have a marked influence over the moral character of the people, raising them to positions of honor, profit, and trust, thus implanting virtue in their hearts to the expulsion of vice and all its attributes, thereby clothing chastity with the mantle of truth, and enhancing the beauty of female loveliness, not to mention the effect it would have upon the religious complexion of man. O! how pleasing and profitable must it

not be to him who can at pleasure transport himself, as it were, to regions beyond the conceptions of him who little dreams of such a place. Can he not view from any given point of that vast eternity which is above us, the hand of God directing the per etual motions of that immensity of worlds. Can he not unravel seeming impossibilities. Has he not entered into the profound abyss of speculation in quest of cause and effect, and has he not been successful in his untiring efforts to enlighten the great mass of ignorant humanity, by reducing supposition to fact, revealing its minutest workings, thus demonstrating their real existence as actual parts of the material world. But we need not go as far as that; nor wander off to regions of ethereal bliss. There is an object here greater than all else—man. What a wonder is he, the noblest work of God; and yet it is but yesterday—what? that he had been raised from the level of the brute. God's image a piece of merchandise. Tush! away with such gloomy thoughts. That brute is to be educated; he is to be brought back again to his primal state; he is to show and reflect from his countenance the light of intelligence, he is to be lifted from his low estate, and raised to the standard of an enlightened age; he has got to do it himself, as no one can, or will, or wishes to do it for him, as it is more preferable to them that love him not to see, yes, to help to push him down the yawning gulf of despair and degradation. O wonderful combination of the mortal and the immortal! Man's a study, a never-ending volume of woes and misfortunes. But why despair of man's disgrace, when he who now sitteth at the right hand of the Father was spit upon; and it hurt him not. Then we see that our condition is not deplorable. If we help ourselves by putting our shoulders to the wheel, Hercules will help us. Then our friends will give us their aid in this our time of need. We should make an effort toward enlightenment for more than one reason, the greater part of which, that such a people in such a condition should be found in a country that would scoff at the philosophy of a Ptolemy or a Confucius; therefore seeing the condition of affairs, and that it is "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," we must make an effort for human liberty and universal education. I'll hammer at this again. PETER.

LETTER FROM TENNESSEE.

MR. EDITOR—What we need at this time is a unity of action, a consort of feeling, a good purpose with a strong will, perseverance, resolution, independent prospective ideas, and then I am inclined to believe that in twenty years hence our position, when thrown in the balance, will not be found wanting. Thank God, the manhood of the colored Americans has been tested. The indivisible spirit for freedom amid the valleys and hills of San Domingo found its equal on the new continent known as North America.

It may be remembered that on the 9th of January, 1861, that gallant old ship the "Star of the West" entered Charleston harbor on an errand of mercy to a starving garrison, but was compelled to leave to the effects of shots from Forts Moultrie and Pinckney, and finally left the harbor without accomplishing the object for which Government had commissioned her commander. On the 9th of February, 1861, Mr. Jefferson Davis was elected President of the Southern Confederacy, and on the 12th of April the batteries of Charleston opened upon Fort Sumter. In a few minutes the clarion voice of Major Anderson was heard amid the squad of his trumpeter's bugle, "Cannons, to your posts." Doubtless, they rallied as men never rallied before; yet on the 13th Sumter was compelled to surrender. That rag of treason and rebellion floated over Charleston. The hearts of the loyal people of the country were moved, white and black; the issue, or rather the challenge, was not accepted squarely by the loyal people of the North at first, and they faltered between two opinions: first, some wished to preserve the rights of the States (State Rights) and to prevent encroachment thereon by the general government; the second (by another party) was willing to do anything to allay the conflict, save an abandonment of principle, to give peace to the country and allay sectional agitation. But, with all their plans, they received *despite*. Colored men, North and South, were treated with the most bitter malignity. The South wanted freedom, by which the rich could govern the poor whites and with an iron hand and unprincipled mind rivet forever the chains of slavery on the black man, made pernicious and unjust decrees, anything rather than laws. They rebelled against the general government to carry out their schism, not knowing—and, if knowing, they did not heed, that there is no rebellion possible against the true sovereign, the people; and how can the people be rebels against themselves? Rebels are they, North and South, who create iniquitous privileges for themselves at the people's expense.

They have in gone-by days by stratagem and by force subjected us to their rules, which have now been broken, and the peace disturbed. But in disturbing their peace, we accomplished the will of God, which is always just.

Yes, the slave-master had struck the paralytic blow which no physician could heal. We met the conflict manfully; let us now have no more of the old endurance. Ask for no compromise. Our rights demand in respectful but

earnest strain. But Mr. Editor, this principle must be fought out on the line known in military life as the echelon, and, in the words of Sir Thomas Moore when he was ascending the scaffold, "I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." O how glorious the day and important the theme! Think no effort too great to preserve peace, the foundation of all good; support others that they also may support you; patience gradually softens the rudest asperities; suffer nothing to exhaust ours; irritating language and provoking vivacity let us bury in oblivion. Be like the vine, whose juice is sweeter the stronger the soil in which it grows. He who gives wise counsel, prudent warning, or useful instruction at the proper time gives that which is more valuable than gold, and sows the seed for the nourishment of successive generations. Knock, whether it be one, two, or three knocks, at the door of Congress next December, and there present our grievances to the general government. Let us ask the friends of humanity to help us ascend the ladder of Equal Rights. We are yet at the bottom, or first step—Faith. Ask them in the name of all that is dear not to prove recreant to the plighted faith of the sleeping heroes, the widows, and orphans, and those who yet have arms in their hands, to carry out the principle of Democracy, to maintain the union of these States as an inestimable blessing, second only to the freedom of individuals and the independence and dignity of the States, which it was designed to secure and perpetuate.

Our faith is well founded upon the broad principle we assume—"God is love." Illuminated by the light eternally shining in the bosom of the Infinite Being, we discover that which neither passes nor changes—Truth immutable, and on this line let us fight it on to the second step—Hope. Have we a hope? Upon the plighted faith of the Government, in 1863, the ranks of the Union army were depleted, when we left our homes and the dearest ties of nature, betook ourselves to the tented field. That hope has not yet forsaken us; for we believe it ends in fruition. Hope spreads her wings in immensity. We feel the sacred impulse of her motive power. Upon this ground, then, are not all men equal by nature?

Amid the disadvantages we have labored under,—every avenue closely tyed against us, both mechanically and intellectually,—we see that we have an organ of our own. All of us hope that it may stand the fiery ordeal of time.

Who, then, can say that our cause is hopeless? Though we are admonished by sympathizing friends (would-be) that "liberty means work," etc., we believe that liberty is subjected to the general condition of order; we believe it has its limits and its rules, not in human prescription, but in divine laws. We acknowledge but one master, and he is found in the letter G, and faithfully we know He holds the scale of justice in equal poise. Our motive is a good one, our aspirations, but the spontaneous production of nature. If we ask for our rights, we receive it not as a privilege granted us, but as an inherent right.

Human laws must be made according to the general laws of nature. Upon this doctrine we will weigh anchor, hoist our sails, and homeward bound, Truth at the helm. Justice our captain, and the Leader for our pilot, we will, with a few more head-winds, a few more tacks, arrive safe in the harbor. With a high hope for the success of your paper, I remain, a common soldier.
H. J. MAXWELL, U. S. A.
FORT MORRIS, Nashville, Tenn.,
25th November, 1865.

MISCELLANY.

CHARLESTON CORRESPONDENCE.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

Shall we be represented in the next Congress? This is the absorbing question that is now upon every lip. It is now certain that no one prominently identified with the late rebellion will be able to pass muster before a republican tribunal. President Johnson has repeatedly expressed an earnest desire to extend to us the blessings of self-government—the government of our people by their own laws and their own civil magistrates. And he has also frequently stated the conditions upon which alone he can help us to our wishes, and obtain for us the much desired boon of civil government. He has told us expressly and repeatedly that he cannot help us if we send to Washington those who have made themselves conspicuous as politicians or soldiers in the recent war against the government.

The time has been when we could dictate terms to "the powers that be" at Washington, with some degree of impunity; but that time has passed, never to return. We appealed for the settlement of our difficulties, to the arbitration of arms, and staked our all upon the uncertain and varying fortunes of war, and lost; and now we must abide the consequences, and submit, with the best grace we can, to the terms that the victors see proper to accord us. But still our bearing is proud and haughty, even in defeat; and that overreaching, restless, defiant spirit that plunged us into a bloody, protracted, and disastrous war, is still rampant in our midst; and secession is rearing its hydra head, even amid the ruin and desolation which its own mad policy has wrought. Like the scorpion when begirt with fire, it turns its venom upon its own vitals, and with the madness of the suicide stings itself to death.

We cannot consent to give up our dear and long-cherished idol, the treasured memories of the hallowed past are sweeter than life, and stronger than death; and standing around the grave of slavery, and looking upon the pale lineaments of its confined corpse, we strain our longing eyes to catch a glimpse of some sign of returning life. But decay's defacing lines are unmistakably drawn; and when we would say to the inanimate clay, "Come forth!" the only response from the dark and dolorous caverns of the tomb is, "Dead! dead! dead!!!" The last sigh which was breathed in the death-throes of our fabled Confederacy—the troubled dream of a disordered mind—was a wail, not for life, not for home, not for hope, but for the loved and lost "institution," the pledge of God to his favored people; boasted badge of the legion of honor; the partition wall that divided "the chosen few" from the "outside barbarians." But, alas! the partition wall is broken down, and the inner temple, the holy of holies, is thrown open to the Gentile world; and it appears of a truth that God is no respecter of persons.

We are sighing for our lost Eden, our African Eden; for even Paradise would be a dark and dreary desert without the "inevitable negro," and he an inevitable slave. But we have casten the forbidden fruit; we have sinned and fallen from our high estate; we have passed its cherub-guarded gates as criminals and outcasts, never to return again; and henceforward, by the sweat of our own faces we are to earn our bread and not sweat, as heretofore, by proxy, and eat in propria persona.

The negro was our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country; and cotton was the king that ruled it, before whose throne we purposed, in the pride and arrogance of our hearts, to bring all nations to their knees. But ah, what madness! what infatuation! Our country—the negro, is gone from our avaricious grasp; our king is deposed, throneless, crownless, and scepterless! and the surrounding nations, the outside barbarians whom we proposed to rule or ruin with our little vegetable king, are to-day free, while we are sitting clothed in sackcloth and ashes, amid the tottering pillars and crumbling ruins of our once proud and imperial southern temple, from whose sacred arches and consecrated halls we had determined that the money changers, and those who bought and sold slaves should never be driven.

But in an evil hour, prompted by ambition and vain glory, we madly grasped at more than belonged to us, and lost what we had. If we had been content to rule the negro only, we might have succeeded for a time longer at least; but we sought to rule the white man too. In our hot haste for dominion, glory, and power, we foolishly killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

By a wise and prudent course on our part, we might have cherished the viper in our bosoms for another half century at least, perhaps longer, though it was only a question of time, for the "institution" was doomed of Heaven, and would finally have stung itself to death. It was the secessionists of the South, and not the fanatics of the North, that emancipated the slaves. Had we not insisted on continual agitation and forced the question to the arbitration of the sword, the North neither had the power nor the disposition to meddle with slavery where it existed. They only intended to circumscribe it to its present area, and prevent the admission of any more slave states. With the southern states represented in Congress, the requisite majority to effect the Constitutional Amendment never could have been obtained. We locked the citadel and gave the key to the enemy. We held all the trumps, but played foul and lost.

The experiment of secession is final, and will never be tried again. The government which we sought to overthrow is stronger to-day, and stands higher abroad than it ever did before, for it has proved its ability to sustain, intact, its integrity, in the face of one of the most gigantic rebellions the world has ever known. The problem of the capability of man for self-government is wrought out, and no one can henceforth say as many have said during the war, that popular government is a humbug, and that we should have to fall back upon the protection of a monarchy. There is no other nation under the sun that could have sustained the shock of such a revolution as we have just passed through, with as little injury. The Republic is now a fixed fact—a permanent and reliable establishment, based upon the experience and wisdom of nearly a century; and not a rickety fabric, a political puppet, to be put up and knocked down at the bidding of any discontented faction.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 17.

THE BAREFOOTED LITTLE ONES.—Two little ragged gents went by my window just now, their scanty garments fluttering in the wind but their little blue hands were locked in each other, and the elder lifted the younger through the snow-drift. It was but a short time ago that I passed the same children on Broadway. One of them had ragged round her feet and a pair of broken shoes. The other was barefooted, and she looked very red, for it was pinching cold.

"Marry," said the other, in a gentle voice, "sit down on the doorstep here, and I will take off my rags and shoes. Your feet are cold, and you shall wear them the rest of the way."