

# South Carolina Leader.

ALLEN COFFIN, Editor.

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

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Vol. I.

CHARLESTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 21, 1865.

No. 3.

**SOUTH CAROLINA LEADER.**  
PUBLISHED ON SATURDAYS,  
WEEKLY,  
At 430 King Street, Charleston, S. C.  
BY  
**T. HURLEY & CO.**

Subscription Price:—Four Dollars a year, in advance.  
Rates of Advertising:  
For one Square of Ten Lines, one insertion, \$2.00; for each subsequent insertion, \$1.00.  
A liberal discount made to yearly, half-yearly, and quarterly advertisers. Advertisements conspicuously displayed by special agreement.

**PROSPECTUS**  
FOR THE  
**South Carolina Leader.**  
A Weekly Journal of the Times.

THE LEADER will be devoted to the interest of Free Labor and general reform.  
The Federal Government will be sustained at all hazards; and we hope that its ultimate policy towards this State will ensure peace, prosperity, and domestic tranquillity.  
That 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.  
While fearless in its advocacy of the Right, and frank in its denunciation of the Wrong, its columns will never be made a channel of coarse personal abuse. It will deal with principles rather than men, and allow the free and candid discussion of all subjects pertaining to the public good.  
In striving to make this emphatically a paper for the people, we confidently look to them for the amount of subscription and advertising patronage, which its worth demands.

T. HURLEY & CO.

## POETRY.

For the Leader.

### HUMAN FRAILTY.

Weak and irresolute is man,  
The purpose of to-day;  
Woven with pains into his plan,  
To-morrow reads away.  
The bow well bent, and smart the spring,  
Vice seems already slain;  
But passion rudely snaps the string,  
And it reverts again.  
Some foe to his upright intent  
Finds out his weaker part;  
Virtue engages his assent,  
But pleasure wins his heart.  
'Tis here the folly of the wise,  
Through all his art we view;  
And while his tongue the charge denies,  
His conscience owns it true.  
Bound on a voyage of awful length,  
And dangers little known,  
A stranger to superior strength,  
Man vainly trusts his own.  
But oars alone can ne'er prevail  
To reach the distant coast;  
The breath of heaven must swell the sail  
Or all the toil is lost.

JAMES W. PATTERSON.

Charleston, Oct. 16th, 1865.

[Written for the LEADER.]

### MUSIC.

Sweet music! soft, enchanting! I love thee well,  
And listen from the boy's discordant whistle,  
To the softest note of Beauty's touch.  
Methinks, e'en now, I hear a sound of melody,  
As from a well-known hand, and wonder  
If his feelings change from mirth to sadness,  
As his time. First, in the well-known song of  
Twenty Years,  
That brings me back to childhood, and the giddy  
waltz  
Of other climes, and then a strain, so mild, so  
ethereal:  
Hark, and think I catch the sound of "Angels-  
Whisper."  
But no; 'tis but a vision, a fancy mere,  
That ends in Stilly Night, and bids me to repose.

Thoughts written on viewing the Ocean.

Vast ocean! deep, illimitable!  
Hast thou no resting place?  
Mysteries impenetrable,  
Are there no bounds to space?  
Earth, heaven, and sea,  
Speak of your destiny;  
Is there no voice in yea,  
To tell of your history?  
Flowers, where are you now?  
Withered, perished, and fled,  
To remind us of life's transient hour;  
When we, too, shall number the dead.  
Great God! that word fills my soul  
With reverence, pleasure, and fear.  
Is there all things can control;  
Is to Thee we would ever be near.

Trust in God, and Do the Right

Courage, brother! do not stumble,  
Though the path be dark as night;  
There's a star to guide the humble—  
Trust in God, and do the right.  
Let the road be long and dreary,  
And its ending out of sight;  
Foot it bravely—strong or weary,  
Trust in God, and do the right.

## MISCELLANY.

### Read this Letter.

Hon. William Coleman, of Cabarras County, N. C.; sent the following letter to the Freedmen's Convention in that State. He takes a manly stand.

Concord, N. C., Sept. 27, 1865.

To the Secretary of the Freedmen's Convention.

The delegate from Cabarras (the bearer) has presented me with a circular advocating the claims of the freedmen to equal rights before the law. I concluded that the best way of acknowledging the receipt of the same and of expressing my sympathy with the object of the Convention would be to address you a short letter, setting out in brief my views upon the question, with my reasons therefor.

There was only one State refused you this right, in its organic law, at the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Congress has recognized it over and over again, and many of you recollect when free persons of color voted in North Carolina. The great and good men who founded the Government felt it no degradation that the ballot-box was open to free persons of color, nor did General Jackson so regard it when he called them "fellow citizens" in his Louisiana campaign. But further, it can easily be shown by the severest logic, that if you are not to be allowed equality before the law, then the principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence, upon which our Government was based, are words full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

You are four millions of people, the bone and sinew of the Southern States. If they are ever to recuperate and regain the important position they once held in the commercial world, it will be due to your energy and industry. But you may well ask how is this to be expected if you are denied the rights of freemen, if you are still to remain a proscribed and degraded race? If you have no other motive to incite you than a base struggle for physical existence, if you are to feel no weight of responsibility, to be moved by no feelings of honor and patriotism, are to entertain no hopes for the elevation and advancement of your children to a higher standpoint than you now occupy, then indeed I cannot see with what heart you can go to work to rebuild the future of these shattered States.

But then you will pay tax to the support of the Government. Your brethren in Louisiana have been paying one for a number of years on property to the assessed value of fifteen millions of dollars. Is the colored man to have no voice in the appropriation of his money? And this too in a Government claiming to be republican, founded after a seven years war upon the principles of taxation and representation! Nothing could be more preposterous unless it be to refuse men the right of suffrage who have and gone all manner of hardship and dangers for the sake of the Government; who have volunteered in the ranks of its armies and risked their lives upon the battle-field to maintain its integrity. There is something more than a jingle of words in the copulation of "ballot and bullet."

But there is even a more terrible calamity that you may be doomed to bear than the denial of suffrage. I mean the denial of justice in our courts of law. If you are not admitted to the witness box how are you to prove your contracts? You will be at the mercy of every scoundrel who has a white skin and is disposed to swindle you. Of course you have no protection for your property. How about your persons? You may be set upon, beaten into a jelly, and murdered outright, and although fifty colored persons may have seen it you will be without redress. What is to protect your wives and daughters when the brutal fist of those who would select a time when no white witnesses were present, to effect their devilish designs? Formerly your masters protected you as property, now you must protect yourselves as persons, and unfortunately the prejudice is too strong against you, I fear, to expect justice from the State. And there are other feelings by no means so excusable as prejudice, and a policy by no means national, which will operate to keep you down. Your only hope is an appeal to Congress.

Hold your meetings throughout the State; you have a right to do so. But let everything be done decently and in order. Put down at once the slightest intimation in favor of violence. Let not the evil disposed among you bring discredit upon a good cause. There will be others, also, designing men, who will try to provoke you to this for your injury. You have been a much enduring people; continue to be so now. Bearing these things in mind, go on with your meetings. Set the facts before Congress. You have friends there, and your petitions will not be unheard. You may tell them that national tranquility and national justice demand your equality before the law; that if the agitation of this question is ever to cease, if you are to be a contented and happy people; if the root of future internal trouble and confusion at the South is to be removed; if they will introduce a new element of strength into the Government; an accession of voters heartily loyal, who will support a national policy, and who may be relied on in any emergency, in peace or in war, if they will give you the means of defending your freedom, which otherwise will be a mockery; if they will guarantee to each State a republican form of government; if they will make Ameri-

ca the field for the development and progress of humanity; if they will carry out the principles of the immortal Declaration; if they will do these things, or any of them, then implore them not to admit a State until these important guarantees are well secured. At present your rights are protected by a military force, but woe to you will be the day when a former Slave State will be admitted to full equality in the Union and your equality before the law not recognized.

You may make what use you please of this letter.  
Yours respectfully,  
WM. W. COLEMAN.

### Henry W. Beecher and the Cow.

A cow had been purchased of a farmer residing two or three miles distant, and being rather wild, she had led the doctor, mounted on Charley,—quite a steeple-chase,—twice swimming the Ohio and back again, and performing sundry other exploits of an exasperating nature. But, by infinite perseverance the Doctor had succeeded in getting her home and safely fastened in the stable, and was reposing victorious in the house. Just at this time Henry Ward, who had been absent and knew nothing of the new acquisition, chanced to visit the barn for some purpose, and finding, as he supposed, a strange cow, was seized with indignation. "Why, here," said he, "here's a strange cow in our barn. Get out! Go along! why!" And, snatching a stick from the words, he seized a whip, and drove the astonished brute out into the street. "There," said he, coming in panting, where the Doctor was lying stretched upon the sofa, "there! I guess that cow will not get into our barn again in a hurry!"

"What cow?" says the Doctor; "what do you mean?"

"Why, I found an old cow in our barn, and drove her into the street, and chased her until I was tired out, and then gave her a good beating."

"Well, there!" exclaimed the Doctor, in despair; "you have done it! Here have I been chasing half the day to get that cow in, and you have gone and chased her out again!"

**PURE INGENUITY.**—A preacher in the neighborhood of Blackfriars, London, not undesignedly popular, had just finished an exhortation strongly recommending the liberal support of a certain very meritorious institution. The congregation was numerous, and the chapel crowded to excess. The discourse being finished, the plate was about to be handed round to the respective pews, when the preacher made this short address to the congregation: "From the sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and the strict attention you have honored me with, there is only one thing I am sorry for; that some of you may feel inclined to give too much. Now, it is my duty to inform you that justice, though not so pleasant, should always be a prior virtue to generosity; therefore, as you will all be immediately waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood, that no person will think of putting anything into the plate who cannot pay his debts." I need not add that this advice produced a most overflowing collection.

**POLITE.**—There recently lived at Palermo, Sicily, an old priest who passed for a little cracked *un poco matto*, as the Italians say. He had an odd whim: whenever a carriage passed by him he would bow profoundly. The idle young fellows would laugh and say: "Don Liberatore, you have strangely aristocratic acquaintances for a man of your station of life. Where in the deuce did you make the acquaintance of all those lords?" "Bless your heart, child; I don't salute the lords; I salute the horses." "Their horses!" And pray why do you salute their horses?" "In the first place, child; because I think it is very good-natured to drag about people as they do; in the second place, because I feel I am under personal obligation to the horses, therefore I tender them my thanks; because if these aristocratic people had not horses to drag them about, they would take you and me."

[From the Phrenological Journal.]

### OUR GIRLS.

Mr. Editor.—There is no part of your highly esteemed journal more interesting than that of "Our Social Relations." Anything that comes under this department is read with care, although hitting me often severely.

Now, I am a man, and unknown to fame. In these respects, differing from Mrs. George W. Wyllys as in opinions of various causes that make the relation of the sexes inharmonious, I respectfully beg leave to throw out a few hints, or, rather, give my masculine ideas on various points in the social education of the sexes.

There is from the very beginning of training of our youth wrong modes of thought and action; and much more at variance with a proper system in that of girls than boys. The most are brought up on the idea, papa is a person to gratify each pecuniary desire. They are to be educated in a fashionable school. This means a place to gain, with a little useful knowledge, many frivolous and even injurious ideas; to dress fashionably, becoming a puny set of beings, with distorted, unhealthy bodies, and the seeds of disease that will carry them prematurely to their graves. I apprehend the great trouble is in want of a physical education. This will bring about a more simple and natural style of dress conducive to a freer action of all parts of the system and better health. Now none can deny that there is too great a difference between the males and females of our race. In no other department of creation do we see so vast a difference in the physical endurance. The female organization is finer and incapable of as long action, but as healthful and more perfect; and the more perfect the physical, the better the intellectual, and greater intelligence upon books, wars, and politics. At present so much time is given to fashionable dressing, that our girls have not time to inform themselves upon current events. "Open the purse-strings." I think that generally we cannot complain of want of economy by our girls. The extravagance is in the waste of time in fixing "frisky frillings" to decorate their persons, not for the gentlemen, as the ladies of my acquaintance admit, but because "the other girls do." It is carried to excess, and gives them no time to inform themselves upon business and kindred topics that must necessarily interest the men, as from them comes all the money for the gratification of all desires.

In this we are all blamable. Did the necessity exist, how soon would they acquire it. Our girls now are quite excluded from business employments that give a liberal idea of the wants and magnitude of our great world of business. Where they are allowed to engage, how inadequately rewarded! Certainly they ought to receive the same pay for the labor as the men. So small a compensation prevents many poor girls from acquiring an education, for when dependent upon their own labor, it is impossible to clothe themselves and pay the expenses of schooling. Thus they are forced to a life of excessive labor, or to marry at the first offer, and get all the money possible from their beloved. Who would not do the same? I certainly would. A truer compensation is the demand of the working-girls. A simpler dress, that they may have more leisure to acquire useful information upon those topics that engross the attention of the men, who now seek every means to gratify each desire of the loved ones.

Let there be a perfect understanding, mutual confidence, and no more would the husband seek other society or neglect to take you when he drives.

Are men so unwise that the ornaments of dress secure attention or attract them more than true moral worth? Girls, beware, for only the worthless are pleased with such ostentation, and they are those who make your negligently don't-bother-me husband. You need fear no neglect, if able to talk and consult with him who is to provide you with the necessities and surround you with the luxuries of life. To this the whole attention is given. And when you are not interested as much in the gaining as in the spending, he is apt to retire within himself, and show you a berish sociability.

Let there be a place at home sacred from all ideas of toil—a sanctum of domestic love and sociability, where never intrudes the cross word and sour look. With a pleasant word and smile, welcome him as he comes from the sharp conflict with his fellows. You say are we always to wear a smiling face to chase away his frown? The children have been vexatious, can we always bear it smilingly? Know this, wives, that when assured of a habitually pleasant reception, the frown will be left at the office, put from the faces, closed with the ledger. It is utterly impossible to do otherwise, for it begets like, as surely as operates nature's laws. Become to him a necessary part and parcel, a wife in every respect, and he will not fail to respond. If he does not, then put him down as one of those to whom Mrs. Wyllys has not addressed any hints.

Can we not in these times of revolution and reform, when the last wreck of barbarism is vanishing before light of liberty, while a free, ransomed nation shout hosannas—can we not banish all false ideas of fashion, and live a rational existence in greater accordance with the plainest laws that govern our physical and social being?

J. H. P.

### "Hear Me for my Cause."

The following address was agreed upon by the Convention of colored people, recently assembled in North Carolina, as proper to present to the Constitutional Convention of that State. It is so fair, so clear, so just and humane, that we think the Convention will receive it.

To the Constitutional Convention of North Carolina and the People of the State:

Assembled as delegates from different portions of the State, and representing a large body of the colored people thereof, we most respectfully and humbly beg leave to represent to you, and through you to the people of North Carolina, something of our situation and our wants as a people.

Earnestly disclaiming all wish to forestall your action, or to dictate in the solemn and important duties which have been entrusted to you in this most critical period; and confiding in your wisdom, justice, and patriotism to guard the interests of all classes, and more particularly of that class, which, being most helpless, will most need your just and kind consideration; they but exercise the rights guaranteed to the humblest citizen in this their petition.

It is with reverence and grateful acknowledgment of the divine favor and interposition that we accept the precious boon of freedom. Resulting as it has from the prolonged and bloody struggle of two great powers, and finally decreed by the national will, we look forward with confidence to see the decree ratified by the whole people of this State.

Though it was impossible to remain indifferent spectators of the struggle, you will do us the justice to admit that we have remained throughout obedient and passive, acting such part only as has been assigned to us, and calmly waiting upon Providence. Our brethren have fought on the side of the Union, while we have been compelled to serve in the camp, to build fortifications, and raise subsistence for the Confederate army. Do you blame us that we have meantime prayed for freedom to our race.

Just emerging from bondage, under which our race has groined for 250 years, and suffering from its consequent degradation, we are fully conscious that we possess no power to control legislation in our behalf, and must wholly depend upon moral appeal to the hearts and consciences of the people of our State. Born upon the same soil, and raised in an intimacy of relationship with you, which is unknown in any other state of society, we have formed attachments for the white race which must be as enduring as life; and we can conceive of no reason why our God-bestowed freedom should now sever the kindly ties which have so long united us.

Filled with gratitude to God for his great blessings, we would bury in oblivion the wrongs of the past, and wish to become more united than ever and more useful in all the relations of life.

We are fully conscious that we cannot long expect the presence of Government agents, or the troops to secure us against the evil treatment from unreasonable, prejudiced, and unjust men. We have no desire to look abroad for protection and sympathy. We know we must find both at home among the people of our own State, and merit them by our industry, sobriety, and respectful demeanor, or suffer long and grievous evils.

We acknowledge with gratitude that there are those among the planters who have promptly conceded our freedom, and have manifested a just and humane disposition toward their former slaves. We think no such persons, or very few at least, have lost their working hands by desertion. At the same time it must be known to you that many planters have either kept the freedmen in doubt, have wholly denied his freedom, or have grudgingly conceded it, and while doing so, have expelled his family from the plantation which they may have cleared and enriched by their toil through long and weary years.

Some have withheld just compensation, or such as would not support the laborer and his family, while others have driven the hands away without any pay at all, or even a share of the crops they have raised. Women with families of children, whose husbands have been sold, have died, or have wrongfully deserted them, have in some cases been driven away from the home service. Is it just, or Christian, thus to thrust out upon the cold world helpless families to perish?

These grossest forms of evil, we believe will correct themselves, under wise and humane legislation; but we do most respectfully and earnestly urge that some suitable measures may be adopted to prevent unscrupulous and avaricious masters from the practice of these and other similar acts of injustice and cruelty towards our people.

Our first and engrossing concern in our new relations is how we shall provide shelter and an honorable subsistence for ourselves and families. You will say, "Work." This we are willing and expect to do, but without the aid of just legislation how shall we secure adequate compensation for our labor? If the kindly relations we so much desire shall prevail, must there not be mutual co-operation? As our longer degradation cannot add to your comfort, make us more obedient as servants, or more useful as citizens, will you not aid us by a wise and just legislation to aid ourselves? We desire education for our children, that they may be more useful in all the relations of life.

We most earnestly desire to have the disabilities under which we have formerly lived removed; to have all the oppressive laws, which made unjust discriminations on account of race or color wiped from the statutes of the State. We invoke your protection for the sanctity of our family relations. Is this asking too much?

We most respectfully and urgently pray that some provision may be made for the great number of orphan children, and the helpless and infirm who, by the new order of affairs, will be thrown upon the world without its protection. Also, that you will favor by some timely and wise measures the re-union of families, which have been long broken up by war, or by the operations of slavery.

Though associated with many memories of suffering, as well as of enjoyment, we always loved our homes, and dreaded, as the worst of evils, a forcible separation from them. Now that freedom and a new career are before us we love this land and people more than ever before. Here we have toiled and suffered; our parents, wives, and children are buried here, and in this land we will remain unless forcibly driven away.

Finally, praying for such encouragement to our industry, as the proper regulations of the hours of labor, and the providing the means of protection of our property and of our person against rapacious and cruel employers, and collection of just claims, we commit our cause to your hands, invoking Heaven's choicest blessings upon your deliberations.

### Fight Your Way Up.

The many who have to take the world rough and tumble are prone to envy the few who roll through it untroubled, in cushioned vehicles of patent springs. The toiler, as he stumbles through its thorny thickets, and limps over its foot-blistering gravel, is apt to curse ill-luck that placed him on such a hard road, and to sigh for a seat in one of the splendid equipages that glide so smoothly over Fortune's macadamized turnpike. Born with a pewter spoon in his mouth, he covets the silver one which was the birth-gift of his do-nothing neighbor. The more fool he. Occupation is the "immediate jewel" of life. It is true that riches are no bar to exertion. Quite the reverse, when their use are properly understood. But the discontented worker, who pines for wealth without being willing to labor for it, regards the idleness in which it would enable him to live as the acme of temporal happiness. He has no idea of money, as a great motive power, to be applied to enterprises that give healthful employment to mind and body. All that he desires is to live a leather-bed life—to loaf luxuriously. We have no sympathy with such sensuous longings. People who indulge in them never acquire wealth. They lack the energy to break their way to the worldly independence of which they yearn and whine. They don't know how much more glorious it is to tear affluence from opposing fate, by main strength of will and inflexibility of purpose, than to receive it as a windfall. There is infinitely more satisfaction in conquering a fortune with brain and muscle, than was ever experienced by a "lucky heir" in obtaining the golden store which some thrifter hand had accumulated. Your accidental Cross knows nothing of the pride of success—of honest exaltation, with which the self-made man looks back upon the impediments which he has overcome, and forward into the future which he has earned the right to enjoy.

**CALMNESS IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.**—It was not merely the loss of money that he could bear, with such calmness and tranquility—he could face death with equal composure. Some time afterward, being in London, he had taken the water at the Savoy Stairs, in company with his brother, Sir Ellis Leighton, his lady, and some others, and was on his way to Lambeth, when, owing to mismanagement, the boat was in great danger of sinking. While the rest of the party were pale with terror, and most of them crying out, Leighton never for a moment lost his accustomed serenity. To some who afterwards expressed their astonishment at his calmness, he replied, "Why, what harm would it have been, if we had all been safe landed on the other side?" In the habit of dying daily, and of daily conversing with the world of spirits, he could never be surprised or disconcerted at a summons to depart out of the body. He used often to think of death, and often spoke of it but never in a melancholy tone. His nephew even says that in illness his spirits rose to an unusual gayety, and he would say that, from the shaking of the prison-doors, he was led to hope that some of those brisk blasts would throw them open, and give him the release he coveted. In a letter supposed to be written shortly before his death, he wrote thus: "I am growing exceedingly uneasy in writing and speaking—yes, almost in thinking—when I reflect how cloudy our clearest thoughts are; but I think again what other are we to do, till the day break and the shadows flee away?—as one that lieth awake in the night, must be thinking and one thought that will likely oftenest return when by all other thoughts he finds little relief is—When will it be day?"

"There's a difference in time, you know, between this country and Europe," said gentleman in New York to a newly arrived Irishman. "For instance, your friends at Cork are in bed and fast asleep by this time, while we are enjoying ourselves in the early part of the evening." "That's always the way," exclaimed Pat; "Ireland never got justice yet."