

ALLEN COFFIN, Editor.

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

FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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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 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 tranquility.

POETRY.

BOX No. 4. BY DELIA DENISON. Slowly and sadly I walked down the lane When the evening sun was low, Following the grass grown path...

My heart is a strange foreboding, I could not divine wherefore, For to the post-office I was going, To peep into "Box No. 4."

I took it with hand that trembled, My heart beat with joy and with fear, Yet I tried to walk away calmly, And chuckled down the rising tear.

A year have I been a widow, Though the weeds I cannot wear, But my heart is draped in mourning And the grief lies hidden there.

For the dear love that kept us through the night, And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway; For the new miracle of dawning light Flushing the East with prophesies of day, We thank thee, oh our God!

To hear to thee their song of thankfulness, We praise thee, oh our God. Day uttereth speech to-day, and night to night Tells of thy power and glory! so would we, Thy children, duly, with the morning light, And at still eve, upon the bended knee, Adore thee, oh our God.

MISCELLANY.

MY CONTRABAND.

"I was just felling up my sewing," said Mrs. Lansing, resuming her knitting, as Mary took away her bonnet and shawl. And here let me pause to say that Mrs. Lansing is one of my dearest friends, and the purest Christian lady of my acquaintance.

"I was just felling up my sewing when I heard the faintest tinkle of the bell, as if a pair of little wings had entered the room. My husband looked up from his paper in some surprise. I glanced at the clock. It was half-past nine. Who could it be at that hour? Martha had gone to bed; my husband was sick; and it devolved upon me to wait upon the door."

"Where were you thinking of passing the night?" I asked her. "Oh, I don't know, ma'am, except I thought God would give me a shelter somewhere. Miss Virginia thought me never to despair. She said when it was darkest, if I would only pray and have faith, God would always do something for me, and He has."

"I'm twelve," she replied gravely; "but I am small of my age. Miss Virginia always called me petite Nelly." "Then Nelly is your name?" "Yes, ma'am, my name is Nelly Woodward. I can sew, and sweep, and knit some. I can make a bed beautifully--Miss Virginia taught me, because she said I was always to stay with her, and wait upon her--yet she died. I've been used to work. If--if you'll let me stay here all night, I'll pay for it in the morning, some way."

"Why, child, you did at think we'd take all this pains to put life into you to have it freeze out of you before morning, did you?" asked my husband. "Oh, no, sir," she replied hesitatingly; "but then I haven't always found people so good. I tried to find a place all yesterday. I have only been out here two days, and last night I slept in the street, under a deep, dark doorway. I was so afraid; but nobody saw me till this morning, when the girl that opened the door waked me up with a shove. She hurt my arm; but then I suppose she thought if I slept in that fashion, I couldn't be much. Oh, how bad Mrs. Virginia would have felt if she had known it!"

"Miss Virginia is dead, I take it?" "O, sir," and the piteous look came back in her face, "she died so dreadfully! You see she would have married young Mr. Mead, who was a major in the South army, but one day she got a letter that he was dreadfully hurt; so she would go to the camp. Her mother and her grandmother and Harry, her little brother, and her cousin Matty all begged and prayed her not to go, but all they could say did no good. Oh, I shall never forget how she looked--so white and still, as if the life was all taken out of her; and her eyes glittered and looked so steady at everything, wherever she turned them, as she kept saying, 'No, I can't leave him to die alone. I must go, danger or no danger.' So she did go--and--and an ambulance brought her back."

"She was taken ill there?" I said. "Oh worse than that. They told her he was killed, and the body had not been found. So she went to look for it, and there was another fight on that very spot, which had been lost and won twice, they said. Well, a shell struck her through her left breast, and she lived only a week after they brought her home. It was a dreadful time that week for my mistress, her mother, didn't seem to know what to do in trouble. She only wrung her hands and went round the house moaning in a soft voice--but she looked terribly. The doctor was away, and though they tried, no word could be said to him. Her brother soon crossed and angry all the time because she suffered, and her cousin was as helpless as the rest. Miss Virginia called me to her and told me what to do. She said to me, 'Now, Nelly, there are going to be a dreadful time here, I'm afraid, and I want you to stay by, let all the rest leave if they will, but remember, I charge you to stay. I am going to die, but I am also going to God. It does not make me afraid, for I love the Lord Jesus, and I know he has forgiven me. When I am dead you must comfort them.' She only lived a little while after," cried the child with another burst of grief.

"When she died," continued the mite after a while, "it was just as she said. My master's wife lay down and wouldn't eat; the old grandmother didn't take to her bed, but she might as well, for she would sit all day rubbing her hands and groaning. Then Charley cut his foot and was laid up; then a letter came that Dr. Woodward was dead. And oh, dear! everything happened at once."

"Every one of them, and they tried to make me. My own mother sent word to me that I must go, and I would but for Miss Virginia. When I thought of her, and everybody sick, I didn't dare to." "But who took care of the house?" asked my husband. "Oh, I did that the best I could. Virginia's cousin helped me, but she was different from my dear Miss Virginia. She would get so angry and throw anything at me; but I did everything I could, because it seemed as if God gave me strength just as she said. He would. Then Miss Matty was taken sick, and it proved to be the smallpox. Oh, that time was terrible! Nobody would come to the house, nobody would go near her--but I thought of Miss Virginia and my duty, and I prayed to God on my knees to strengthen me. Mrs. Woodward left almost the whole house to me, and the rest lived in the cookhouse--I don't know how, but it must have been very hard for them. So when poor Miss Matty died I walked six miles to get someone to bury her, and I had to give a black man all the money I found in Miss Matty's box to do it. I think it was a hundred dollars. I had some money of my own, that Miss Virginia gave me, and that I hid, for she told me I might want to go some day. Then you see," continued the child earnestly, "the rest of the family would not allow me to come near them, but a kind woman in the neighborhood led me come to her house, and gave me some clothes to change with."

"So I thought that by that time my duty was done, and God and Miss Virginia wouldn't require anything more of me. My good friend sewed up my money for me, and I set out to leave the place, and find some of the Northern cities, where I'd heard they would be kind to me. So I travelled all alone, day after day, and once I was in a train that was attacked by guerrillas, so that I lost my money, and then I walked and begged my way, and yesterday morning they landed me in Boston. It seemed as if I could hear Miss Virginia say when I got out of the car, 'Child, you'll find a home here, but I don't know.'"

"It's my opinion that you will, too," said my husband, and I assure you the tears were running pretty fast down my cheeks.

So we've adopted her and are going to educate her; and the old home seems all alive. For my part, I never knew such a child. She took her right off my shoulders, and she's the loveliest little Christian alive. I couldn't like any thing better than I do her, and if she isn't quite bite, she's a great deal lighter than I am. So ere's the history of my contraband; and I wouldn't wonder if she's a bright and shining light before many years roll round."

ROBERT E. LEE AND WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

The New Orleans Daily Tribune says that the following caustic article is from the pen of the Rev. J. B. F. Gray, editor of the Central Christian Advocate, St. Louis, Mo.: WASHINGTON COLLEGE, VIRGINIA. We would soon send our son to a pest-house for health to a gambler's den for education, as to sending to this villainous college. Robert E. Lee, President, and we think him the worst man America has produced. He is educated by the Government in order to do good, and therefore is an ingrate. He swore to defend the Government and its Constitution, and violated his oath, and therefore is a traitor and perjured wretch. He acted as a spy while yet in the employ of the Government, and betrayed the plans of his commander, Gen. Scott. He saw thousands of helpless men put to death by the most atrocious cruelties ever perpetrated, and yet did not utter a syllable against the terrible wickedness.

Altogether he stands out the most execrable, vile traitor of the whole crowd of criminals who he headed. Putting him in the position of an educator of youth is an insult to the Government and an outrage upon all respectable teachers. What have the youth of the country done that such a man should be their teacher? He would not for the wealth of the world be educated at such a place, by such a man. Every student who receives a diploma at his hands should be hanged through life. He ought to be excluded from every position of trust and honor. We would not permit a son to go to school to a teacher who should graduate under this arch-traitor. We go in for civilizing Old Virginia, and expelling from decent society the trustees, professors, and students of this traitor college. A more flagrant, indecent, unpeppable outrage than his election has never been perpetrated in the name of education.

PATCHING.

Some of our politicians are coaxing Mrs. Columbia to imitate "the mother," of whom it is said in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," that she "with her needle and her sheers, Gars and claws look assist as well as the new." The mother's poverty forced her to patch; an excuse which our national hero has no need to avail herself of, for she is both able and willing to provide new clothes to replace the torn garments in which her wayward children are now clothed. Besides, the "saucy class" are not only torn, they are too small for the boys; and the old lady thinks that if her rebellious sons are penitent, and wish to return to the old homestead, they should do so in garments suitable to its renovated condition. The returning prodigal was willing to wear a new robe; but the politicians, who love to patch as much as some women love to darn, prefer her with offers of aid if she will only hock the old clothes. If permitted, they will contract to do the job, and present to her the garments checkered with as many patches as ever mottled a troop of beggars. But remembering that these politicians were not so ready with their aid when she was flogging her bad boys into obedience, she turns a deaf ear to their wheedling, and puts her foot down against all patching and mending.

There has been enough of it in the family for the last forty years to last her for a life-time. It did no service, and was not only expensive but irritating as to beset a four years' quarrel. Therefore, hoping that the boys have learned new ideas concerning their filial and paternal duties, and are sorry for their misconduct, she proposes in the kindness of her heart, to provide them with new garments adapted to their growth and resembling those which her dutiful sons wear. In this acting, she thinks she is obeying the advice of Him who knowing what was in man, said to those who sought to patch Christianity with Judaism, "No man putteth a piece of new cloth upon an old garment, for that which is put in to fill up, taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse."

The editor of the New Orleans Times advises the colored people who have employment to get certificates from their employers to that effect. Suppose the editor of the Times and all his white fellow-citizens were compelled at every street corner to prove that they were pursuing some honest calling, how many white "vagabonds" would be found? A STATSMANLIKE VIEW.--The Newberne Times supported Holden because its editor was "tired of seeing white men elbowed off the banquet by negro soldiers." The editor and some other confederates surrendered a long time ago because they were tired of being thrashed by negro soldiers. A soldier belonging to an Illinois regiment recently married a negress at Americus, Ga., whereupon his indignant comrades tarred and feathered him and drove him off. He was probably a Southern man by birth and education, and Hoosiers and Suckers don't take readily to Southern habits.

The President to Congress. The Chicago Tribune's Washington correspondent has the following with regard to President Johnson's forthcoming message:

"A Major General in the confidence of the President--if we may receive his own assurance upon this point--was given to understand, but a few days since, in a frank interview with His Excellency, that the message would receive and convey to Congress all executive responsibility in connection with reconstruction; that His Excellency would say for substance, 'God bless the two Houses; I have the honor to represent to your sovereignties that upon assuming office I found a very conciliatory policy already inaugurated, not only formally, as in the reorganization of Louisiana, but lying ready in the councils of the administration, for universal application upon the return of peace. Coming to the Presidency under such circumstances as shadowed my coming, I could not think it courteous to my predecessor, or to his constitutional advisers, who were also mine, to interrupt the course of events already shaped, by the introduction of theories more satisfactory to myself. I have, therefore, without essential modification, carried forward the plans of your late President, not without the approval of a large proportion of my fellow citizens, deferring the formation of a new policy until I could avail myself of your very valuable counsels, and here I pause for your reply.'"

A SLAVE TO HER AUNT.--A girl nearly white visited the headquarters of General Britain, at Lexington, Ky., a few days ago and asked for a military protection from her aunt, a white woman, who claimed her as a slave, and demanded that the girl should either pay four hundred dollars for her freedom, or return again to bondage. The girl is the daughter of the lady's brother, and has lived with her aunt, Mrs. X., for sixteen years, July last. The girl, whose name we will call Sally, thinking she had worked long enough for Aunt X., without pay, came to the city, obtained a pass from General B., and was single continued to live with her husband, who is a hard working man, a shoemaker, and provides her with a good home and a comfortable living. The aunt claimed Sally under the Mayor's proclamation as a negro slave, and sought to return her to servitude. When the case came up before General B., he decided that it was improper for relations to hold each other in bondage, and therefore advised Aunt X. to go in peace. She departed.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.--The "Old Oaken Bucket" was written by Samuel B. Woodworth, while he was yet a journeyman printer, working in an office at the corner of Chamber and Chatham Streets, N. Y. Near by on Frankfort Street is a drinking house, kept by one Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was super-excellent. Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he, setting the glass upon the table, and smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's eau de vie was superior to anything ever he had tasted. "No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken; there was one which in both of our estimations far surpassed this as a drink." "What was that?" asked Woodworth dubiously. "The draughts of pure, fresh, spring water, that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer."

The teardrops glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "True, true," he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour the "Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript, to be embodied in the memories of succeeding generations.

A wedding was interrupted lately in Colchester, England, by the levity of the groom. All went well until the clergyman required the bridegroom to repeat after him the words, "I take thee to be my wedded wife." "For better, for worse," etc., when he altered the formula to "I'll take her for better, but not for worse." The minister immediately closed the book and quitted the church.

A young man in Harrisburg, Penn., answered an advertisement in a New York paper, which set forth that "valuable information would be forwarded on receipt of ten cents." The young man sent the ten cents, and received the following: "Friend, for your ten cents postage, etc., please find enclosed advice, which may be of great value to you. As many persons are injured for weeks, months, and years by the careless use of a knife, therefore, my advice is, when you use a knife, always whittle from you."

Dictionary making appears to be a healthy business. Dr. Johnson saw seventy-five years; Walker lived to a good old age; Dr. Worcester, who died recently in Boston, was eighty-one; Noah Webster was eighty-five when he passed away; and the last English news reports the death of Dr. Richardson, at ninety. A monument is to be erected at Moscow to commemorate the emancipation of the Russian serfs.

PROPHETIC WORDS.--All the great charters of Humanity have been writ in blood. I once hoped that of American Democracy would be engraved in less costly ink; but it is plain now, that our pilgrimage must lead through a Red Sea, wherein many a Pharaoh will go under and perish. Alas! that we are not wise enough to be just, or just enough to be wise, and so gain much at small cost. [Theodore Parker, 1859.]

The process of making pills by machinery is so rapid as to baffle the eye, and so comically instantaneous that any one who witnesses it for the first time laughs over it as a most excellent practical joke. There is a whizz of revolving wheels, a splutter of white shaving, a procession of little staves chasing one another in the air then another whizz of the collected staves, and the pill is hooped and made.--Ex.

FLOWERS FOR PERFUME.--Flowers are generally reckoned rather among the beautiful than the useful institutions. The manufacture of perfume, however, furnishes employment to great number of laborers. According to the New York Tribune, the quantity of flowers manufactured into perfumes in the town of Cannes alone, amounts to the following quantities, which we give in tons instead of pounds: Orange blossoms, 700 tons; Roses, 250 tons; Jasmine, 50 tons; violets, 37 tons; peach, 22 tons; jonquil, 2 tons;--amounting in all to over 1,100 tons of flowers, and being sufficient, if piled on waggon loads of hay, to form a close procession more than three miles long, or sufficient to fill twenty good sized barns.

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.--The Manchester, England, Examiner publishes the following letter:

Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1865. Dear Sir: The Manchester Examiner and Times shows me how kindly you have watched over my good name, and seen a justice done in the matter of alleged attempt for repudiation. Accept my thanks. I judge you see our American papers. If so, you will observe that our best guides, both journals and public functionaries, are now directing public attention to the very point my arguing which, during the last year or two, has got me so much censure--I mean the point that national credit in pecuniary matters is one and the same question with justice to the negro. Let him vote, our public debt, state and national, will be paid. Shut him out from the franchise, and give back the unconverted southern white race their old power, and there's great danger we shall repudiate. I mail with this the Anti-Slavery Standard of September 21. Please notice Thaddeus Stephen's speech on this point. Of course you will see Sumner's speech, and will have observed that Justice Chase's observations. Our journals are just printing an excellent letter of your noble Stuart Mill, which covers the whole ground. I hope we shall be wise in time, but I do not expect that we shall. I fear that Mr. Johnson will deliver us, bound hand and foot, into the hands of the old tyrant white race of the South. Yours, with thanks for your kind thoughtfulness, WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. Barker, in transmitting this letter to the Examiner, says: From letters recently received from the United States, I believe that William Lloyd Garrison will visit England next spring, accompanied by his devoted friend and our esteemed countryman, Mr. George Thompson, when I am sure the people of Manchester will give to these great champions of freedom a most cordial and a fitting reception.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The English friends of General Garibaldi positively deny the truth of the statement that the General has been obliged, on account of his want of means, to sell two horses. They say he is sufficiently provided for against such a necessity, and that if the horses were sold, it was only because they had become unnecessary on the farm at Caprera.

A terrible fire broke out on the night of Oct. 13th in some of the storehouses attached to the arsenal of Naples. The firemen had to work incessantly until daybreak before the conflagration was effectually overcome. The damage is estimated at 2,000,000f., but the cause of the disaster is as yet unknown.

It has been ordered in Moscow that in all public buildings the doors shall open outwards instead of, as heretofore, inwards. The reason of this arrangement is to enable people to have free egress in the event of any panic or accident occurring.

In Croatia the highroads are so unsafe, owing to the bands of robbers which prevail there, that it is thought martial law will be proclaimed there before long. A notorious robbing chief, Joseph Umanic, besides three others less famous, have just been made prisoners. The French Government, in order to thwart as far as lies in its power the Students' Congress at Liege, ordered the railway companies not to convey any persons going to the congress at reduced fares, and has warned the manager of the Theatre Francaise that no member of his company must play at Liege. A boy named Joseph Petit has just been executed, at Chalons-sur-Saone, for the murder of his mother, under circumstances too horrible to describe. For a long time he supported his courage by an idea that they never executed one so young as he was. The Patrie has received intelligence that a cargo of cotton, gum, etc., purchased at Djedah, by a French trader, has made a passage direct from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean through the Suez Canal, and arrived at Port Said. The Appeal Court of Gothen in Sweden has just quashed, on the grounds of informality, the judgment in the affair of Pastor Lindbeck, condemned for having poisoned several of his parishioners in administering the sacrament. A severe trial has been ordered.