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, DECEMBER 9, 1865. — No. 10.

SOUTH CAROLINA LEADER.

PUBLISHED ON SATURDAYS,

WEEKLY,

At 430 King Street, Charleston, S. C.

BY

T. HURLEY & CO.

Subscription Price:—Four Dollars a year, invariably 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 tranquility.

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.

SABBATH EVENING TWILIGHT.

Delightful hour of sweet repose,
"Of hallowed thoughts, of love, of prayer!
I love thy deep and tranquil close,
For all the Sabbath day is there.
Each pure desire, each high request
That [illegible]
The hopes, the fears that moved the breast,
All live again in light [illegible]

I love thee for the [illegible] glow
[illegible]
Those golden lines, those wreaths of snow
That light and pave his glorious way!
Through them, I've [illegible]
May pierce the [illegible]
And track the course of [illegible] 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 [illegible] soothing charm
O'er "all the little world within."
It trances every roving thought,
Yet sets the soaring fancy free,
Shuts from the soul the present out,
That all is [illegible] memory.

I love those joyous memories
That rush with force upon the soul;
Those deep, unuttered symphonies
That o'er the [illegible]
All the bright scenes of love and youth
Revive, as if they had not fled;
And Fancy [illegible] with seeming truth
The forms she rescues from the dead.

Yet holier is thy peaceful close,
For vows [illegible] recorded there
This is the [illegible] hour we chose
To consecrate to mutual prayer
'Twas when misfortune's [illegible] out
Was gathering o'er the brow of heaven
[illegible] despair's eternal shroud
Wept [illegible] every [illegible] hope had given.

When these long, [illegible] shades came down,
In softened tints, 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 wide by mount and sea,—
This hour, in spirit, we would meet,
And urge to heaven our mutual plea.

O, tell me if this hallowed hour
Still finds thee constant at our shrine,
Still witnesses thy fervent prayer
Ascending warm and true with mine!
Faithful through every change of woe,
My heart still flees to meet thee there;
'Twould soothe this weary heart to know
That thine responded every prayer.

[Written for the Leader.]

TO MISS MARY S—S.

A thought, a flashing thought, and then a move!
Which thought it fair bespoke the act of love;
With this 'twas wrote, his mandate Neptune gave
And saith unmoistened to his suborned wave—

And brave [illegible] 'therial minioned host
When to his ses sank himself as lost,
[illegible] saving [illegible] Minerva, bright did reach
[illegible] him and [illegible] lifting, left a breach
Forsan [illegible] grave.
Feeling a thorn [illegible] So I,
Like the soft [illegible] to die,
Of the gay [illegible]
Modest, unconscious [illegible] much)
To sickening man, the [illegible] times,
Thus latent greatness, true [illegible] blooms,
[illegible]

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 mite 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, from 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 were so fortunate as to have obtained it. But, notwithstanding that we have just emerged from under the power of a false [illegible], and that we have been denied many of the rights that are accorded to all men in those countries that enjoy a higher civilization than this in which we live, yet we are fully alive to our interests, 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-day a position among men, and that we are destined to a high place on the ladder of fame if we are only true to ourselves and to our country. Who has the authority to doubt this assertion, when the fact was made evident by us in the affairs of the nation from the commencement of the troubles which have just passed over us? What matter the ordinary amount of brains, though of high learning and even though his skin be as black as ebony, can [illegible] motionless and passively view the effects of the mighty changes that have been wrought about in this country within the past four years, without exhibiting some life. But he not with [illegible]

[illegible] the earth has made more revolutions since you went to sleep? And do you not know that the [illegible] horn is hung upon the wall like Ole Bull's fiddle, and that slavery has yielded up its last breath and gone to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," divested of all its royalty and power, regretted by none save a few antiquated disciples of an obsolete idea? Beautiful thought! magnificent inspiration of the divine will! in disenthralling 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 extremest 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 Baal. 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, get up from among the brickbats, 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 daring 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 [illegible] and, more than that, we do not expect to receive the four 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. Not at 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! It has broken down prejudices which ages of ignorance had builded up. It has toppled over Popery, it has toppled over monarchy; it has [illegible] over Slavery and [illegible]

[illegible] Benjamin Franklin [illegible]

[illegible] time for every obligation [illegible] faith in our ultimate success [illegible] circumstances will [illegible] sweet flowers of human greatness [illegible] gence almost divine. And more particularly in these times is education necessary, for the intelligence of the masses is essential to the perpetuation of liberty [illegible] 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 relate 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. Oh how pleasing and profitable must it not be to him when at pleasure transport himself, as it were, to regions beyond the conceptions of him whose little dreams of such a place. Can he now from any given point of the vast ether which is above us, the hand of God stirs the perpetual motions of that immensity worlds. Can he not unravel seeming impossibilities. Has he not entered into the profoundness of speculation in quest of cause and effect has he not been successful in his untiring efforts to enlighten the great mass of [illegible] humanity, by reducing supposition to [illegible] revealing its minutest workings, thus demonstrating their real existence as actuating of the material world. But we need not go 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 [illegible] from the level of the brute. God's image a piece of merchandise. Tush! away with such gloomy thoughts. That brute is to be [illegible] he is be brought back again to his pristine [illegible] he is to show and reflect from his countenance the light of intelligence; he is to be lifted up from his low estate and raised to the standard of an enlightened age [illegible] he has got to [illegible] him, as no one can, or will, or wishes to do [illegible] him, as it is more preferable to them that [illegible] not to see, yea, to help to push him down the yawning gulf of despair and degradation. O wonderful combination of the mortal and immortal! Man's a study, a never-ending [illegible] of woes and misfortunes. But why despair [illegible] man's [illegible] when He [illegible] now sits at the right hand of the Father was spit upon [illegible] 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 [illegible] in this our time of need. We should make an effort toward enlightenment [illegible] than our reason, the great part of [illegible] such a people in such a condition [illegible] that would [illegible] a Ptolemy [illegible] the condition of affairs, and that [illegible] we must make an effort for humanity and universal education.

PETER.

LETTER FROM TENNESSEE.

Mr. Editor—[illegible] at this time is a [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] North America.

[illegible]

[illegible] loyal people of the North [illegible] Colored men, North and South, were treated with the most bitter malignity. The South wanted freedom, by which [illegible] could govern the poor whites and with an [illegible] and unprincipled mind [illegible] the chains of slavery on the black [illegible] made [illegible] 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 power, we accomplished the will of God, which is always just.

Yes, the slavemaster had struck the patient [illegible] which no physician could heal. [illegible] Ask for no [illegible] Our rights demand a respectful but earnest strain. But, Mr. Editor, this principle must be fought out on the line known in military life as the [illegible] 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 once, twice 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, on the 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 [illegible] the second step—Hope. Have we a hope? Upon the plighted faith of the Government, in 1861 the ranks of the Union army were replenished when we left our homes and the dear [illegible] 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 [illegible] every avenue closely [illegible] against us, that we have an organ [illegible] intellectually [illegible] hope that it may stand the fiery ordeal of time.

Who, then, can say that our cause is hopeless? [illegible] sympathy [illegible] we believe [illegible] the general condition of order; we believe it has its limits and its rules, not in human [illegible] but in divine laws. We acknowledge [illegible] 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 MORTON, 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 arbitrament 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 serpent when beginning 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 coffined 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; honored 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 eaten the forbidden fruit; we have sinned and fallen from our high estate; we have passed its cherubim-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 sceptreless! 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 [illegible] "white man's" [illegible] might [illegible] dominion, glory, and power, we foolishly killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

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 [illegible] 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 arbitrament 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 under 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.

NIMROD.

Charleston, S. C., Nov. 17.

THE BAREFOOTED LITTLE GIRLS.—Two little ragged girls 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 these same children on Broadway. One of them had rags round her feet and a pair of broken shoes. The other was barefooted, as she looked very rich for it was pinching cold. "Mary," said the other, in a gentle voice, [illegible] and I [illegible] you [illegible] Your feet are [illegible] shall wear them the rest of the [illegible]