The Charleston Advocate.

"As we would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them."

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The Charleston Advocate.

CHARLESTON, S. C., September 12, 1868.

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Religious.

LOVE.

Love God! this is the first command;
Then love thy neighbor too;
To all who hate thee stretch thy hand,
And thus their love renew.

No time for hatred in this life;
Our days are far too brief;
No more have fellowship with strife,
But wipe the eye of grief.

If others wound and pain our heart
From heaven the trial came;
And from that heaven to heal the smart,
God gave His holy Name.

If wronged, forgive; if hated, love,
This is the blessed heaven
Descending from the realms above,
A foretaste sweet of heaven.

No anger in that land is known,
No place for strife is found;
The voice that issues from the throne
Proclaims it holy ground.

To gain the land of love and peace,
They must be mine below,
My Christ-like spirit must not cease
If I would glory know.

For the Advocate.

Greenville Circuit.

Mr. Editor:—This will inform you and your readers, of the great things God is doing for us on our circuit. We have just returned from our camp-meeting; it commenced on Wednesday 19th, and closed Monday 24th. God has truly worked wonders amongst us; and his power was felt, by both saints and sinners. Many were happily converted, and many left the meeting calling on God for mercy. It would be almost impossible to give a correct discription of the joy manifested by the people, at the thought of being on their own ground, and on their own vine and fig-tree,—and none to trouble or make them afraid." May you, old men and women were there, who joined the church forty, and some fifty years ago and Oh! how they sang praises to God, and shout "Glory to Jesus!" Our sons have seen the day we have long prayed for, now Almost persuaded to take the home." We have never seen so much rejoicing among God's people, and such weeping amongst sinners before. Bro. Joshua Wilson, preached a powerful sermon on Sunday; and the Holy Spirit applied the word to every heart. Many walked more than twenty miles, to attend the meeting; and better order has never been kept at any previous meeting, in this country. God's spirit is working among the people around the whole circuit, and many have been led to Jesus, this year. The harvest is truly great, and the laborers are few. In this region; but we are doing all we can to lead souls to Jesus. We have more preaching places, now, than we can well attend to, and we are sent for from all sides of the country to organize new churches. You can see by this, that God has been with us, blessing our labor, and watering the seeds sown by his servants. God's truth is marching on, and let all his people say, Amen! Come Lord Jesus! Yours in Christ.

J. R. ROSEMOND,

Greenville, S. C., August 25, 1868.

Their Works do Follow Them.

Many years ago Dr. Bowen, of Oneida Conference, stood conversing with a brother minister on the subject of the entire sanctification of the heart through the power of the Holy Spirit. The said minister had sought the interview from the deep distress he felt to prove in his own experience the power of grace in the complete deliverance of his heart from sinful desires. As the conversation proceeded, he expressed a fear which many others have felt. "But I fear I could not keep it." Just then another minister, Bro. A. passed by on the walk where the two stood conversing. He heard only the words from one, "But I fear I could not keep it," and the reply of the other, "Nothing but holiness will keep you." The words of the reply sank down into his heart as he walked on, and inspired him with new courage to cast his whole soul on the atoning blood for purifying grace.

Some months passed, and Bro. A. related the incident to me with signal power to my own heart. Some years after, I happened to be in New York at the time Mrs. Palmer was at work on "Faith and its Effects." The incident was named one day, and was at once seized upon and recorded for the forthcoming book.

Some years later, while traveling in Vermont, I one day met a lady, a member of the Episcopal Church. She related to me the struggles through which she had passed for several months in seeking purity of heart; said she had been often thrown back and discouraged in her attempts to reach the experience which she had come fully to believe was her privilege, by the fear of future failure to retain her position, and honor its profession. "But," she added, "one day, when oppressed with this sense of weakness and fear, I took up a little book, called 'Faith and its Effects,' and read the remark which some one had made who must have felt just as I was feeling then, 'I am afraid I could not keep it;' and the answer, 'Brother, nothing but holiness will keep you.' It was just what I needed, and made me feel that the oppressive sense of my own insufficiency ought to lead me at once to lay hold on the grace which alone could keep me in the trials of life. I found the experience of love that day."

What missions a single sentence may serve. How words live when the speaker is dead. A gracious utterance of to-day may go to-morrow, and next year, and through the years, leaping on from heart to heart—the added grain in the history of a thousand souls that turns the trembling scale for holiness and heaven. Let us speak good words.

Zion's Herald.

Uncle Will the colored Preacher.

The following is taken from correspondence of the Watchman and Reflector:

Should I tell you of a meeting of the colored contraband, a scene unbidden, and Uncle Will was the preacher. He is very old, much worn, probably by his master. His body is shrunken and frail, but his eye and spirit shine from his face. Long before we reached the house, which is a log, as is usual in a clearing, the voice of singing came to our ears through the forrest, in hearty chorus, sinking away in mellow cadance. There was nothing of artistic excellence about it, but it was the untutored music of the renewed child, breaking forth with a perfect abandon of heartiness, in such words as the so:

"We baby your treats every day
Awaiting on the Lord
Awaiting on the Lord"

or

"There's none but the righteous,
None but the righteous,
Shall see the Lord."

The company was quite large, filling the little house and overflowing into the surrounding shade. The pulpit, a little platform about three feet square, boarded up with rough boards on two sides, stood about a foot from the floor, up which Uncle Will drew himself with a tottering step. In reminiscent tones he line out a hymn from memory, which being sung, he leaned toward his congregation, resting heavily on the board before him, and spoke, in part, as follows:

"I shall 'dress you dis morning, my dear fren's, from de text that tell bout de lazy bird. De lazy bird, my fren's, dat built her nes' four thousand miles up. Yes, she built it four thousand miles high. And when she built it she lay two eggs in it, and she sit on 'em, and she hatch 'em. When de little birds got grown, de mother bird want dey should fly, but dey won't fly. Dey won't lef' de nes'. Den de mother bird she git dem on de edge of de nes', and she push dem off. Dey flutter, and dey flap deir wings, and dey go down and down. When dey 'fraid, and dey scream, de mother bird she fly under dem, and she bil dem up; yes, my fren's, she *pil dem up*. Jes' so, dearin fren's, wid de Lord Jesus. He don't want his chil'en to stan' still. He want dey should *trabble*. He knows what is best for dem; and if dey' re in 'tress, if dey' re in pain, if dey' re weak, and dey cry unto him, he will help dem—he hol' out his han' for dem."

Uncle Will, though he sadly lacks in a knowledge of the letter of scripture, as never read a word of it, has, I am led to believe, a rich experience in its spirits. He says the Holy Spirit teaches him. I have no doubt of it.

Lake County Miss.

Advice Gratis.

There is in Charleston a self-constituted body styling itself "The Democratic Central Club," which seems to have undertaken the sole oversight of the whole State of South Carolina. This Association emits edicts in the name of "The Great Democratic Party," which it declares is soon about to resume the administration of the Government of the United States," and of these manifestoes, address "To the Colored voters of Charleston, the State of South and the State generally," is now before us. To say of it that its style is paternal, in the ordinary sense of that word, would be to speak of it without adequate reverence, for it exhorts and advises in the tone of a demigod, and backs up its exhortations by threats which avow of the diabolical. It resembles an old public schoolmaster who, having been cut off by his committee from the chastisement of his pupils, avenges himself by talking to them at length with the most awful gravity, and threatening them with the most dreadful and hideous punishments. It seems to hold the predestined election of the Democratic candidates as the end of this trumpery and temporary nonsense about emancipation, and as a signal for the full resumption of these old partriarchal relations which for the present are in lamentable abeyance. If we had no other objection to this Address, we should still object *in toto* to its tone—to the perfume of the most condescending patronage of which from beginning to end it is redolent, and which sometimes rises to the severity of insolence, and sometimes falls to the tenderness of a maudlin affection. In this medley of coating and cursing "The Democratic Central Club" first says, with infinite softness, to the Blacks: "We are "naturally your friends, and you are our friends. Any "other relations between us are unnatural "and injurous to both. We desire your labor "because you know us and we know you." Here the tenderness deepens to pathos: "We "were born together here," says the Club, and it might have added, "some of us of the "same paternal parentage.." "In fancy," continue the Democratic Centrals, "we were "nursed together, in boyhood we played to-"gether, and we do not easily forget these "things for the sake of strangers." But, unfortunately there are other things which the Central cannot easily forget. Although the cowhide and the paddle have been suspended from the willows, the patriarchs of the Club remember sadly the time when those parental implements were constantly used to enforce the dictates of parental affection; and thus the excessive amiability of the Address is suddenly interrupted by sentences like these: "We *know* we can do without "you. We think you will find it difficult to "do without us. We have the wealth. The "houses in which you live are ours; the lands "upon which you must labor or starve are "ours. We have education, advancement in "the arts and sciences, and in civilization "generally." It will certainly strike the attentive reader that this is rather remarkable language to be used officially, or in any other way, by a *Democratic* Club. What would he thought of the madness or imbecility of a *Democratic* Committee here in New York, which should say in a printed document to a certain class in this community: "We are "rich and you are poor: we own the houses "you live in, and can turn you out without a "moment's warning; we give you the work "which supports you, and you are ignorant, "and therefore, do you see to it that you "vote this ticket, or you will bring beggary, "and all other bitter troubles, upon your own "heads and those of your families—starvation first, and extinction presently!" Fancy the feelings of the Five Points if Tammany Hall should toss into that delectable quarter such a tremendous threat as this! But in Charleston such an evasion or abandonment of Democratic principles is a hundred times more contemptibly disgraceful: for these black voters who are to be intimidated were "born" with the Whites, grew up with "the Whites; in infancy they were nursed "together;" and it, under such early influences, the Blacks became all that is base, or even all that is helpless, pray what is the probable character of their associates who have now arrived at manhood? Why, this very Address presupposes that its objects are thoughtful, conscientious, capable of forming a wise and honest judgment; and why then should they be threatened with the horrors of homlessness, starvation, and final disappearance as a race from off the face of the earth, simply because they take the liberty of acting as their White playmates are acting; in matters to them of vital concernment insist upon judging for themselves, and refuse to receive the law from the Democratic Central Club of Charleston, or the Democratic National Convention in New York, or from any other body engaged in promoting the triumph of a party which has been historically hostile to them from the beginning?

It is curious to notice, while the general tone of this document, and it is not a short one, is that of menace with a spice of arrogant malignity, that the Democratic Central Club is particularly exercised at the want of good manners exhibited by the Freedmen. "Our families," says the Address, "have "been insulted by vulgar and profane lan-"guage, and the night quiet has been disturb-"ed by unearthly whoops and screams." These are indeed, felonious offences, but it must be remembered that if the Freedmen have "whooped and screamed" in their way, the Democrats, in this very Address, have "whooped and screamed" after their fashion also: and we do not see that the Black "Boo!" is any more reprehensible than the White "Boo!" but you are familiar and drilling in warlike practices," cries the Club. Might not the fair response be "You are "threatening to exterminate us, and why "should we not arm and drill?" Why, will the reader just notice particularly the warlike way in which this Charleston Club talks to the Freedmen? "Upon the click of "the telegraph the City of New York could "place send from her swarming population "men enough to avenge us." That is to say: "We have at our command an impressible band "made up of the offcast ruffians of the country—thieves, murderers, assassins, shoulder-hitters, common stabbers, the very "spawn of a crowded city, and we might "have summoned these unscrupulous instru-"ments to our aid and subjected you, the "Freedmen, to one general massacre!" Pray what better argument for the propriety, nay, for the common prudence of "arming and drilling in warlike practices," could the Blacks of Charleston desire than this sanguinary threat?

We have by no means finished our comments upon this extraordinary Address. But we must leave it for the present. If this is the best the Democrats of Charleston have to say for themselves, they had better set their houses in order, for the day of their departure is at hand.

Doubtful Democrats.

The *Tribune* in noticing the effort to form colored Democratic clubs, says:

"We warn their new friends to mind the crusty adage that "Fine words butter no parsneps." An old play hits the point thus briefly:

CAPTAIN—Are you honest, Cudjo?

CUDJO—What you gib me, Massa?

Sambo has a liking for "Old Massa"—he lives on his lands, earns his wages, and has substantial reasons for preferring his good will to that of a "carpet bagger;" but it won't do to forget he is a Conservative. He now enjoys the Right of Suffrage, and he means to retain it, to conserve it. Blessed well does he know that the barbacues and other flattering attentions so generously tendered him by his paler Democratic brethren are due to his being a free and independent voter—that they would see him in Heaven before soliciting the honor of his company at a roast, if the accursed Radical had not enfranchised him. He will of course gladly attend every Democratic barbacue to which he is invited, will eat and drink his fill there, and declare that the White folks have "done him proud" by their hospitality, he will join their club and wear the badge, if he clearly sees what he is to gain by so doing; but when *his vote* is wanted it will come up missing if casting it *Democratic* is to result in his disenfranchisement. He won't vote to kill the goose that lays such nice eggs. Do but consider that there is some human nature in a nigger' and you will realize that this *must* be so, and can't possibly be otherwise. You may have a White and Black Democratic club of a thousand members; the fraternization at barbacue and bar may be lovely, perfect; but, when the votes are counted out of the ballot-box, you have just so many for Seymour and Blair as the White members will have cast: all the rest will be for Grant and Colfax.

Meantime, let the good work go on! Induce the Ku-Klux Klan to believe, if human credulity hath such extent, that all the niggers they don't shoot will vote for Seymour and Blair, and there will be more of them left alive to vote for Grant next November than if no such delusion had been propagated. Make the Mobile Rebels fancy that they are winning the negroes' votes, and they will no longer drive them out of the street-cars—not they!—but insist on giving them the snuggest corners and the softest seats. The Southern Democrats might have won the negro vote by acting with sense since Lee's surrender; and they may win a part of it, even yet, if they will really try. But they have much leeway to make up, and they should set about it speedily and heartily. Let them remember the old maxim—"Seek not "to seem, but to *be*."

Thriving Colored Community.

Two-thirds of the population of Calvin township, Cass Country, Michigan, is made up of colored people. They pay one half the taxes, supply three entire school districts averaging from sixty-five to seventy scholars each, and are about equal in four others, and paid $2500 tax last year. They own five-eighths of the land in the town, and that the most choice, amounting to 14,400 acres, which is worth $10 per acre, making their entire valuation in landed property $576,000. Of course, they have in addition a large amount of other property. They are industrious, determined to educate themselves and their children, and to be honorable and respected citizens, a benefit to their State and an honor to themselves.

A Soldier's Opinion of Seymour.

General Woodford, Lieutenant Governor of New York, made a speech at Hopeville, N. Y., a short time since. His opinion of Seymour is that of the vast majority of the Union soldiers everywhere. He said:

You can now understand how we soldiers feel toward His Excellency Horatio Seymour. In the hour of our sorrow and weariness he had no encouragement for us, no faith in our courage, and no faith in the final victory. Now, in our triumph, when the fair streams on every breeze, and all our land is one again, we have no need for thee, Horatio Seymour. Let Southern rebels shout thy praises; let the barracoon of Canada, and the deserter, and the skulker from the draft, twine laurels for thy brow; we will stand by the old flag, all battle scarred, but glorious in victory, while we follow the great Capitain of our armies, our own Ulysses Grant.

At the battle of Lookout Mountain, as, following the line of fire, our surgeons climbed up the rally steep, they met four soldiers coming down and carrying in a blanket a shapeless mass. Laying their burden tenderly down, they asked the doctor to look at their wounded color sergeant. His shoulder and forearm had been torn away by a shell. The surgeon knelt, and putting the hair back from his manly brow, asked, "My brave fellow, where were you hit?" His eye unclosed for a moment, and he faintly answered, "Almost at the top." "No, my good man, whereabouts are you wounded?" Again his dying eye opened, again his pale lips moved, as he whispered, "I was almost at the top, sir, bearing the flag when the shell struck me. One moment more and I should have been clear up." He gave one gasp, and his brave spirit was gone forever.

And so dear friends, it is with us to-day. We are almost at the top. In faith and love we have carried the dear old flag for four long years of struggle until we are above the clouds, fighting as Joe Hooker fought up in the clear sunlight of absolute justice and right. Only once more close up the ranks. Only once more press up the mountain slope, and we shall plant our dear old flag clear up on the mountain top of a final victory for liberty and the rights of man.

For the Charleston Advocate.

The Alarms of our goodly City.

The Democratic party in this city seem to be in a "peck of trouble." They rant, and rave against every moving person, or object that lies in their path. Like the rabid spaniel, they are just as likely to rend a shaking bush as a veritable mortal. They are constantly racked with convulsions of some orts, and their outcries are *some* terrific. Every rustling leaf is an armed "scalawag;" every stirring breeze is a fortified "carpet-bagger;" every flying scud is an army of bloodthirsty radicals; and every insect buzz in the ear, is the drum rolling to marshal the "dusky cohorts" for fire, rapine, and murder.

With doors doubly barred upon their *defenceless* wives and children, they grasp their revolvers, newly capped, and with finger upon the trigger, they tremblingly sally forth, patrolling the entire city. If by chance they return unharmed, (which up to date has invariably been the case,) you cannot convince them that miracles have not been wrought for their deliverance.

The plunge of Putnam down the precipice, was nothing, compared with the perils, and hairbreadth escapes through which they have passed unscathed. Tell them the crowds they encountered upon the streets were only happy, harmless, jolly Republicans, and they will laugh you to scorn. Tell them nobody seeks their life, or thirsts for their blood, and, ten chances to one, they will charge yourself, as being the chief conspirator. They fear, and tremble, and refuse to be comforted.

If the simple fife and drum, which have shrieked, and rattled through the streets for centuries, happen to attract a *certain cross* of listeners, they hasten to the Mayor to dig up some old rusty ordinance which has slept for half a century, and silence again reigns supreme in the streets. If Republican processions are more frequent, and more *intermitable* than those of the Democrats, and if the lungs of those who shout for Grant and Colfax overmatched those who cry out for Seymour and Blair, why, the very mischief is to pay. Like ducklings, terrified by the shower, they hie away to Hibernian Hall; make up frightful looking faces, draw ominous pictures of blood flowing in the gutters, houses on fire; stupid ungrateful negroes haggling the jugular veins of their "best friends;" Seymour hanging suspended over some fathomless abyss; and Grant impudently peering out of some sly window at the "White House." With the drawings and paintings all completed, they, with almost indecent haste, dispatch a messenger to "Father Andrew," beseeching Lian, that in *some* way or other, by *some* means or other, he would speedily devise, and send to their relief *some* agency, power, or principle, which might operate to assist them out of *some* dilemma, into which at *some* future time, and by *some* fortuitous circumstance, they might chance to fall.

Now all this is sensational, and simply ridiculous. Like thunder from a clear sky, or a whale from the forest, everybody is wonder-struck and marvelling whence it proceeds. It may be true that as new converts some exhibit excessive zeal, which in time subsides down into what becomes rational and permanent; so these new citizens, who have just yesterday celebrated their second birthday, may now exercise all the propriety, gravity and reflection out of those who inherited citizenship at their birth; lost it by rebellion, and regained it by a tedious process of purification. All this constitutes a varied, and extended experience, of which the colored race have derived no benefits whatever. It might seem strange that an occasional outbreak should be perpetrated by those whose age alone should be a guarantee against misconduct, or that untutored, mischievous boys should occasionally throw bricks, throw sand, and even kick and then a brickbat. But such acts are entirely wrong, and should be discountenanced, by every friend of peace, and good order. Yet time, and patience, and reasonable correction will remedy all these evils. As the rights of colored citizens become by degrees more recognized, and respected by our boys, they *may* become also the better appreciated by themselves; till they shall have learned to practise more rigidly the amenities, courtesy, and liberality, *so* characteristic of the white race of the present day. Texas, in some respects, are all similarly situated. They are on a kind of sliding; sea level; and where there is no motive power to carry them upwards, they are almost sure to gravitate the other way. *Facilis descensus Averni.* But what inducements are held out to the colored race, to inspire them with zeal in an upward course? Hampton, and Aldrich, and Campbell, and other shining lights of the Democracy, are constantly thundering in their ears, that this is a white man's government, in which they are to have no part, except to obey its mandates; that the "Reconstruction Acts," by which they have governed what little of liberty, and constitutional rights they are struggling to enjoy, are "unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void," and that the election of Seymour and Blair will again place them back into the hands of those, who fought desperately for four years, to retain them in bondage.

To secure this election, they contend, for once, just once, to relieve the "carpet-baggers" and "scalawags," from the humiliation of voting with *niggers*, by exterminating the "disgusting objects" to abolish carrion, own citadel, and for once, to beat Africa, and strengthen the Democratic ranks. To accomplish this, they invest generously in roasted oxen, crackers and whiskey, and sweetly sing.

"Will you walk into my parlor?
Said the spider to the fly:
'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy."

And in the *possible* event that such *disinterested benevolence*, should fail to convince them that they are their "best friends," they are, when necessary, resort to the relentless *argumentum ad stomachum*, by warning every Democrat to refuse bread to all who refuse to vote the Democratic ticket. Now, whatever of Christianity or patriotism may be attached to, or detached from this last incentive, it is applied by "so called" Christians, and patriots, with astonishing unction. It *may* be that all this should have a tendency to pacify, yea, even to delight colored men, in view of their present, and future destiny. If they are not in raptures, certain it is, that the masses of them are patient, and enduring. They exhibit trust in God, and in the plighted faith of the government, with an assurance that is more than surprising.

Granted that their processions moving through the streets, are sometimes attended with excess of noise, and clamor. We would gladly see it moderated. In like manner, when the cloud passes over the city, out of regard to the nerves of delicate woman, and shrieks of terrified children, we would have the thunder peals softened down to sweetest cadence. But the thunder will roll and rattle, neither are there any serious consequences resulting from it after all. Even the lightning which precedes it is perfectly harmless, unless perchance somebody is *hit*. It is not so much the dread of the thunder, or the lightning that annoys us mortals, as it is the excruciating fear of being *hit*.

Whether they be Grant, or Seymour bolts, that go whizzing through the air, we should each run our risk, with all the equanimity possible. We should each pay proper respect to the rights, and opinions of others. If it be disturbance of political gatherings; or the cowardly shooting down of a Dill, or a Knight; or pelting street cars with stones; or striking down inoffensive men, white or colored, at the street corners, the press should thunder forth its anathemas against it; the pulpit should utter its unequivocal denunciations, and all good, and law abiding citizens should combine to bring offenders of every degree, to justice.