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.

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SOUTH CAROLINA LEADER,

PUBLISHED ON SATURDAYS.

At 430 King-street, Charleston, S.C.,

BY

T. HURLEY & CO.

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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

The Federal Union, with its [illegible] of labor sustained at all hazards, and will be forced to live [illegible] policy towards this State will cause these Southern [illegible] security, and domestic tranquility, and engaged

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 [illegible] 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.

MR. AND MRS. MORRISON'S SCHOOL for Men and Women is open from 9 o'clock till 5, p.m., and 6 to 9 in the evening, at the Normal School, St. Philip's Street. School books furnished. Terms moderate. Nov. 11—tf—6

LAWRENCE & FAULKNER,

GENERAL PRODUCE STORE.

180 King Street,

(Below Horlbeck Alley,)

Charleston, S. C.

3m Nov 4—6

The public may find it to their advantage to call at our store, in getting up their Christmas supplies as we have Fresh Supplies of Cake Prints Fire Works, etc., etc., which we offer as low as can be had in the city.

RANSIER & FARRAR.

MUSIC AND DANCING.

HOPKINS has come again with his usual tunes and admired airs. He may be found at his old place, No. 37 HENRIETTA STREET. Price as usual.

JOHN T. HOPKINS,

A Colored Professor.

CHARLESTON, Oct. 21. 1m 5

WANTED,—An elderly Woman, to cook and wash for two persons. One who has no encumbrance of family preferred. Apply at No. 86 Market St. Nov 25—tf 8

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF CROCKERY for sale cheap at CARDOZO'S STORE. Nov. 25—8

KEROSENE OIL, One dollar and fifteen cents by the gallon, at CARDOZO'S CHEAP GROCERY. Nov. 25.

MRS. T. W. CORDOZO

Respectfully announces to her friends that she is prepared to give

LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE

At Reasonable Rates.

Residence—Charlotte St., one door east of Alexander Street. Nov. 18—3m 7.

WIGG & CO.,

RESTAURANT,

No. 55 Market Street.

Charleston, S. C.,

Where the Public will always find on hand, or got up to order, every variety of Dishes at the shortest notice.

A. B. WIGG. | A. B. WIGG.

☞ Give us a Call, and you will find our Terms moderate. 3m Oct 24

WILLIAM WALLIS'S COMMERCIAL SCHOOL for Colored Boys, will be opened on Tuesday 2nd day of January 1866, in King Street, corner of Morris Street.

Terms, . . . $2 per Month.

One-half paid in advance the first month.

Dec. 21. 3m 12

To the Colored People of South Carolina.

ATTENTION TO ALL!

GILBERT WALKER is prepared to receive and sell all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, and Buy and Ship goods of all descriptions to any part of this State with promptness and despatch.

Address GILBERT WALKER,

Charleston P.O.

Refers to Charles Wilder and Israel Smith, Columbia, S. C. Oct. 28—1

Ransier and Farrar.

460 King St. 3 Doors above John.

HAVE Constantly on hand a fine assortment of Groceries and Fancy goods. From us the public can be supplied with the choicest teas, sugar, canfruits, butter, lard and flour of the very best qualities, also meats in pickle from the Northern Markets by weekly steamers. Here can also be found the celebrated Trenton Crackers, in quantities to suit purchasers. All those who are fond of getting up nice parties will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

N. B. Our prices are as Reasonable as any in the City.

ROBERT STEVENS,

FAMILY GROCERY,

444 King Street,

Wishes to call the attention of the public to his fine stock of goods. They will always find a large assortment on hand, which will be sold as reasonable as at any other house in the city. Give us a call, and see the stock. Prompt attention paid to all.

2 Oct. 14. tf.

POETRY.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS OF THE CARRIERS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA LEADER.

A MERRY NEW YEAR to you all!
The high, the low, the great, the small.
For Eighteen SIXTY-FIVE is gone,
And SIXTY-SIX is coming on.
Time, in its ever varying round,
Is marching to the solemn sound
Of the sweet music of the spheres,
The Heralds of revolving years.
The busy nations rise and fall,
And Nature drops her funeral pall
Upon the face where beauty lingers,
Though marred by Death's decaying fingers.
The throne of life, the human tide,
That pours itself in lordly pride
Along the crowded track of time
May make our history sublime;
The clock of Time may toll the hour,
From heaven's dome, the world's high tower.
'Tis twelve—the midnight of the soul—
And stormy billows darkly roll,
And ever and anon the roar
Comes sounding from the sounding shore,
Where nations are like vessels cast
Before the fury of the blast,
Forever beating for the brave,
Those funeral marbles to the grave.
Good morning, fair and gentle reader!
I am the Carrier of the *Leader*;
Provisions high and hard the times,
And I'm not used to writing rhymes;
But if they sell for ill or well,
For this my dull and thankless task,
The finest thoughts that I can utter
Are now laid off for bread and butter.
And as I write, you almost think
That I can hear the printers clink.
I've served you faithfully every week,
And now with most submissive mien,
I, at your door with hat in hand
And soiled and tattered garments stand,
A dime or two you'll never miss
Neither in the world to come, nor this.
I bring you news from every clime
And woo'e them in my homely rhyme
And hoping in my heart, thereby
To catch the glance of beauty's eye,
For by my hand the gen'ral print
That I have got a soul to love,
Although, my fair one, you must know
Has never been to Jerjen.
Charleston is a glorious place,
At least to think the colored race,
As they can now be out o' nights
Without infringing others' rights.
And it 'tis after nine o'clock
They're not in danger of the lock,
The night was made for nigger too
As well, kind hearts, as for you,
And day or night we now can meet
And possess friends upon the street,
And though at times a little "blue,"
It seems the "white folks" do so too,
And the "black fair sex" if heard in tune
Can dance a jig by the light of the moon.
We see no reason for a muss,
And if there is kicked up a fuss
About emancipation day,
This "nigger" 'll try and be away.
The war is over and we are willing
To stop the barbarous way of killing,
And with a free, contented mind,
To live in peace with all mankind.
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long, you know,
And soon the longest race is run,
That man's allowed beneath the sun,
Then why not plant, in Eden's bloom,
A flowery pathway to the tomb,
Instead of building human thrones,
Or monuments of human bones.
And now, kind reader, fare thee well
For weat last must break the spell
That bound our willing heart to thee
In the soft wreaths of poesy,
And though we are bound to say adieu,
Our willing task we'll soon renew
And drop the *Leader* at your door
As we have ever done before,
Pay up the cash and "there's your mule!"
"New year's address" or "April fool"
Whatever name you please to call it,
Or whatever fate befall it,
So you but get the carrier's rhymes
And let the pocket full of dimes.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

THE WARRIORS.

Beau and Lee
Went out on you see,
To do a little slaughter:
Beau fell down
And broke his crown,
And Lee came tumbling after!

THE CONSULTATION.

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander?
Said the rebel president
To his great commander!
Goosey, goosey, gander,
It's time to meander;
Out of here you'd better steer,
Said the great commander!

FLIGHT OF JEFF. DAVIS.

There was a man in Richmond town,
And Yankees came to nab him;
He climb up to the chimney-top
And saw they meant to grab him.
So he got down on t'other side,
And then they couldn't find him;
He rode as fast as he could ride,
And never looked behind him!

THE ARCH-TRAITOR.

Jeff. was a cunning dog,
Jeff. was a thief;
Of all the rogues in rebeldom
Jeff. was the chief.
But Weitzel went to Richmond,
And then Jeff. fled;
If the Yankees catch him
They'll chop off his head!

SONG OF THE CITIZENS.

We are all in the dumps,
For Yankees are trumps,
And Chivalry's gone to the wall;
Jeff. Davis is bit,
And Lee's in a fit,
And that is the end of us all!

FALL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Trumpery Dumpty sat on a wall,
Trumpery Dumpty had a great fall;
All Jeff.'s horses and all Jeff.'s men
Can't put the trumpery together again!

SUMMARY.

Confederate Grandy
Was born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Sickened on Wednesday,
Very ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday,
And that is the end
Of Confederate Grandy!

—*J. G. Saxe.*

COMMUNICATED.

Articles inserted under this head are written by correspondents. We shall be glad to publish communications of merit, but do not hold ourselves responsible for their sentiments.

LETTER FROM A SLAVEHOLDER

"Comets importing change of time and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky."

MR. EDITOR.—In my last, which I hope you received, I briefly reviewed the duty of former masters to the freedmen, with some general remarks on the subject. You desired that the papers should be short; hence I have avoided unnecessary elaboration, as everybody would at once clearly understand my object, appreciate the truth and propriety of my sentiments on a perplexing and troubled subject, and give me credit for a sincere desire that wisdom may direct our rulers, and that our freedmen, satisfied that the honest intention of the white man may put their energies to industrious pursuits, wait with patience the fulfilment of their warmest and most ardent desires.

I ask the freedmen now to pause and reflect—a great political change has now taken place, and they are now called upon to show to the world that the black man can properly appreciate the blessings of freedom; and while he rejoices with unalloyed delight at his political change, that he is willing to receive education, extend it to his children, and thus prepare them for the exercise of inestimable privileges. Freedmen! don't neglect your former masters. If God has blessed you with liberty, he means that you are to use it with wisdom; and, instead of turning away, gather around them in fond remembrance of the time when all alike hailed this joyous season, and all alike enjoyed the blessings of the day,—when it was a splendid and time-honored custom to meet the sun upon the upland lawn, and hail with delight another Christmas morn. Meet your former masters on the square; confer together honestly for the future; enter into contracts for mutual benefit; work faithfully the allotted labor, and when this is over return to your homes, gather your families around you, and with the aid of your old masters, improve your minds, and fit yourselves to exercise in due time the political privileges which you are desirous of consummating. Kind and friendly feelings towards your old masters cannot take away one jot of your rights and privileges; and as time obliterates the landmarks, you will feel proud that, instead of abusing the boon of freedom, you have used it as a sacred heritage.

When Pompey the Great, after the battle of Pharsalia, fled to Egypt, and on the lonely seashore fell beneath the daggers of his treacherous friends, who of all who had left with him staid with him,—staid to pay the last honors to one who had stood the equal to imperial Cæsar? Why, none but his faithful freedman Philip, who gathered up the wood on the shore (after the habit of the Romans), burnt the body of his once great master, raked together his ashes, and, depositing them in this dreary spot, erected to his memory a rude stone, upon which he inscribed those words, which, though due to the illustrious dead, did immortal honor to the freedman's heart and head—

He who deserved a monument can now scarce find a tomb.

EDGAR.

SUMMERVILLE, S. C., Dec. 27, 1865.

DEAR EDITOR: SIR,—I have seated myself to write you a few lines in hopes that you will find room for them in your paper. I have not much experience in writing, and you will please correct all mistakes. A few words that I have to relate to you may interest some. Many of our regiment have been absent from our dear wives and little children for near three years, and we long to get back again to the enjoyment of home and friends, and the blessed freedom which now belongs to us and our families. If there is one man that will come forward, and say that we have not obeyed all the orders that have been given to us, throughout all of our marches in the States of Florida and South Carolina, then we will not ask for any more privileges when we are mustered out of service. We hope to show the whites of South Carolina that the blacks can take care of themselves. For I know that before the rebellion the black man had to make his own grub, and that of his master, also, and his master's children to maintain, though he had no taxes to pay. But taxes will not be difficult with the privileges of freemen.

I am very thankful that the Lord has been so good to us and all of the Union armies. I pray that the Lord may have this State so settled that everybody may, if they will, make their own support by their labor. You will see, yourself, that something can be made of the black man, as has been proved. It makes a great many white people mad to see the colored man go straight forward for his rights. May we live to see our country able to give us our rights, and so live in this world that the world which shall come after death may be pleasant to us, and enjoy the celestial home of our Father and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is my prayer. Amen.

Sergt. SIMON SCOTT, Co. I, 35th C. T.

SUMMERVILLE, S. C., Dec. 29, 1865.

DEAR SIR.—Print me a few lines about the 35th Regt. It has been called the best regiment that was in the field, but it has suffered much since it has been in camp. We must put our trust in the Lord, who helped us out of many fights. But we have suffered much for our color in the past, and still feel the curse of class distinctions. I honestly think that the colored people of South Carolina can show as fair specimens of humanity as can be found in the United States. It has been said by a white man that our race could never rise, but before three years shall have passed I believe we shall have risen considerably above the condition of slavery. The rich white men may then be poor. Our regiment has been in many fights, and lost many in the battle-storm; of them still live, and are prepared to do more for the fight the right. I am now near twenty-five years of age, and before long hope to be a free citizen of the United States. I pray to the Lord for our rights, and I feel that the Lord will be with us as long as we live.

LARRY JAMES, Co. B, 35th C. T.

Secession Gleams.

Under this head we shall republish weekly extracts from Southern literary works produced during the Rebellion that our readers may judge of the intellectual resources of southern property, as well as know what fate awaited the poor and laboring classes of the South had the Confederacy succeeded.

THE GLORY OF GOD, THE DEFENCE OF THE SOUTH.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH, YORKVILLE, S. C., JULY 28TH, 1861, THE DAY OF NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR THE VICTORY AT MANASSAS: BY REV. JOHN I. WIGHTMAN.

"And the Lord will create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night: for upon all the glory shall be a defence.—Isaiah iv. 5.

The office of a Christian minister is to preach repentance; yet he has divine warrant in overshadowing the nation with the "burden of prophecy." Even He who came to redeem poured in his mission to shed patriotic tears over Jerusalem. The ambassador of the Prince of Peace should not needlessly rush into the storm of battle, or into the angry debates of the forum; yet he should solemnly point the eye of the nation to the cloudy pillar of Providence distilling the "fat things on the "dwelling-places of Mount Zion," and leading the host to "triumph gloriously."

From this general survey fix your eye on one spot, the belt of Cotton States, and inquire what position they occupy in the interplay of the wheels of Providence? As a family of the Germanic race they have a mission in common with the other branches, each in its own sphere. Germany, England, and the North, must each in an independent, and in a common circle of labor. What, then, is ours? Is the South to play a subordinate part to one of these powers? or does she possess independent attributes qualifying her for an independent office? Here are inexhaustible agricultural treasures which the world demands, and which are deposited in no other spot from pole to pole. True, it were a benign office to be commissariat of mankind; true, on the temporary suspension of these supplies, processions of mothers and children stagger through the streets of New York howling for bread; true, ships are rotting in the silent gates of commerce, and millions of operatives in Europe are clamoring for work, with hungry graves before their eyes more clamorous to receive them; true, the splendid capitol of the United States already begins to fulfill the prophecy: "the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl, also, and the raven shall dwell in it; and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness;" true, the crown lands of civilization are in dismay, the foundations of two hemispheres shake with the death throes of commerce, and ancient cities stand aghast at the prospective picture of a naked and hungry winter; yet I rise to a subtler aspect of our position. * * * Cotton is king. * * * *

The Cotton States occupy a position still more commanding. Across them runs the breakwater to Papal and pagan aggression. The trade-ship freighted with their wealth, becomes a winged sanctuary carrying Bibles and missionaries to every land; the manufactory propelled by their profit weaves the web of the social fabric; and the cylinder of the press turned by their springs of industry throws off churches and colleges and colossal intellects. The cotton trade keeps the Bible and the press under the control of Protestantism.

Discovery and conquest, language and literature, have added domains to the kingdom of Christ, but the fields of the South have built the bulwarks of Zion, equipped missionaries, evangelized Africa, touched a thousand springs of benevolence, and gathered within the bosom of the church inexhaustible reservoirs of wealth and power. Blight the South, and Christianity falls paralyzed on her altars. Enrapturing visions break on the gaze of the prophet, and strangely does he connect the triumphs of the gospel with the products of the soil. * * The South lays her first fruits on the altar of Christianity, and her institution is the garden of the Lord.

* * God blessed the land, and gave to Ham the privilege of mitigating his curse by spreading Christianity with the labor of his hands. Simon of Cyrene bore the cross of Jesus.

* * * * * *

The eminence of the South is the result of her domestic slavery, the feature which gives character to her history and which marshals the mighty events now at work for her defence and perpetuity. Following the guidance of Providence, she was led to the lowly stable, where she received her laws and institutions from the hand of God. Her constitution received the finishing touch from Christian statesmen, and reflects the accumulated wisdom of ages. It was not extempore. It was the slow crystallization of truth and justice and love, under the [illegible] guidance of Christianity. [illegible] Hos, that eat the sweet fruits of slavery. [illegible] against [illegible] you a just God will arise North and South, to put up and spoil the South, the bloodiest [illegible] paralyze civilization, humanize the [illegible] rights and blast the prospects [illegible] universal triumph of Christianity? What would be gained by [illegible] Could the South accomplish her mission, as one of her sisters, by union with the North, or crushed beneath a military despotism? She must triumph and become independent. God will defend his providence, vindicate his decrees, and blast every attempt to abolish the institutions of the South, that create harmonious interplay and dependence among nations, and equip Christianity for her celestial mission. He eye looked on the cannon that [illegible] Fort Sumter and asserted her independence. And when the invader with hooting and sour-krets came to Bethel, we threw down our rifles and met them with corn stalks"—the angel in the cloud looked in the face of the [illegible] and lay dead on the field. The "grand army" advanced to Manassas, with bugle and banner and banquet, moving before it walls of iron and forests of bayonets; chivalric knights and cautious Congressmen, and gallant blades and gay women dining from the capital, dancing with merry wine to grace the triumphs. Onward it rolled in the pomp and circumstance of war, with carriages and carriages and handcuffs [illegible] for "Richmond." At Sabbath sunrise, flushed with anticipated victory and elated with fuel, solid columns push forward, flanked by artillery and supported by reserves, but the sling in the pillar of fire flashed the watchword along our battle-line—

Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!

and ere the sun had set vast columns had melted away, batteries were taken, Congressmen captured, flying horses in and panic-stricken nations, and bewildering generals, and terrified women [illegible] in the twilight and left their tents and their horses, even the camp as it was, and they fled [illegible] the Jordan; and lo, all the way was full of garments and vessels which the Syrians had cast away in their haste." "Thy right hand, O Lord, hath become glorious in power; thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy." "They said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied on them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind, and the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters."

* * * * * *

Need we further proof of God's providence? that our cause is just? that the South will triumph? * * * The triumphs of Christianity rest this very hour on slavery; and slavery depends on the triumphs of the South. The hand of God has severed this nation to perpetuate this institution, and is inflicting judicial punishment on a people who have attempted to violate his decrees. "Ham shall be a bondman." The war is the servant of slavery * * * * * * * If Shem gave the Saviour, and Japheth established his kingdom, it is left for Ham to usher in the millennium. Incapable of self-preservation, his productive labor can only be brought out under the guidance of a superior race. Yet it is so identified with the triumphs of the church, that the daughter of Africa is the "beloved" of the Spouse. "I am black, but beautiful. O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me; my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." Do men of higher pretensions scorn an agent so humble?

MISCELLANY.

GEN'L. DEVENS AND THOMAS SIMS.

Thomas Sims was one of the fugitive slaves whom Massachusetts, out of respect for law, caused to be returned to slavery. Charles Devens, was an United States Marshal who officiated in the arrest and rendition of Sims. The presence of Gen'l. Devens in our midst, in an important military capacity makes his history of interest to us, and that the obloquy of his connection with Mr. Sims case may no longer rest upon him, and injure his sphere in the future, we publish the following letter:—

TO MRS. MARIA CHILD.

Of all the bad effects which slavery produces upon the character of the whole community, none is more conspicuous than its effects upon the moral sense of the people. Nothing can be more disastrous than to put asunder that which God has joined together—the law of the land and the moral sense of the people. In New England this has been the case in relation to the fugitive slave law, and we are happy to say that the practice of poisoning the [illegible] Kind and conscientious men not unfrequently [illegible] in the conflict of duties, which [illegible] for them if they can preserve their integrity, after they have subordinated the higher to the lower law, though with the idea that they are thereby performing a civil duty.

I have met with one remarkable case of this kind, and for the sake of its moral influence I think it well to be recorded. Some months after the war broke out, a friend showed me some letters from Thomas Sims, expressing an anxiety to purchase his freedom. His master first promised to let him buy himself for $1800. It was a large sum; but I tried to raise it by writing many letters, most of them to persons of whom I was entirely ignorant. Some of my letters were answered; others brought no contributions. The Hon. John P. Bigelow, who was Mayor of Boston at the time the city was so deeply disgraced by that inhuman transaction, sent me $20, with expressions of regret that the execution of the law had compelled him to take such a course. A short time after I commenced these operations, I was astonished by the following note from Worcester, Mass.:

"MRS. CHILD: I have heard that you are trying to raise money to redeem Thomas Sims from slavery. If you have received any contributions, please to turn them to the donors, as I wish to [illegible] the entire sum myself. [illegible] Yours respectfully, CHAS. DEVENS, JR." [illegible]

In making my applications, I had chanced to overlook Mr. Devens, though I knew he had acted as U.S. Marshal at the time of the rendition of Sims. According to his request, I returned the contributions I had received; and, in writing to thank him, I informed him of the high price demanded. He replied that the sum was subject to my order whenever I chose to call for it. The feeling of indignation which I formerly had against him was changed to respect and admiration; but when I wrote to him I could not refrain from giving him a little *coup de raison*—merely saying that he reminded me of the Senator in "Uncle Tom."

There were impediments in the way of communicating with Thomas Sims, and before the affair could be safely arranged the outbreak of civil war rendered negotiations with Southerners impracticable. Mr. Devens, though well established as a lawyer, immediately volunteered his services for the defence of the country, and received a major's commission from Gov. Andrew. He is still in the army, having fought bravely through the war. He was severely wounded at Fair Oaks, and again at Chancellorsville, and in numerous battles has fairly earned his present rank of brevet major general.

In a recent letter to me, he writes: "It is a satisfaction to me that I have had a reasonably active part in the great struggle which has resulted in the emancipation of all the slaves. I agree with you that suffrage ought to be given to the negroes, though with certain restrictions as to education, the same restrictions being applied to all white men who shall vote hereafter. The liberty of no race can be safe if deprived of this right as a race. Injustice, followed by civil commotion, will be the inevitable result of such a deprivation."

Thomas Sims married after he was returned to slavery, and when the United States army arrived in this vicinity, he contrived to convey himself, wife and child into their camp. When he again arrived in Massachusetts, Gen. Devens sent him, through me, a present of $100, to assist him till he could get into business. I call that man a true hero, in the highest and best sense of the term; and I think all your readers will agree with me. L. MARIA CHILD.

President Johnson sent a dispatch to a friend at Nashville, Tenn., on the 10th, urging the passage of the negro testimony bill, and saying: "It is to be regretted that the Legislature has as yet taken no step indicating that public sentiment is moving in the right direction." The president has no scruples about using his moral influence with his southern friends in favor of reform.

Secretary Seward by order of the President sent dispatches to the Provisional Governor and Governor elect of South Carolina, similar to those addressed to the same officials in Alabama and Georgia, directing Gov. Perry to retire from, and the Governor elect to assume the duties of, the gubernational office.