

### The late Mr. Barnard.

Mr. Editor:—I would fain express my gratitude to the writer, for the moving call to duty breathed in the "Lines" which appeared in a late number of THE NEW SOUTH, on the death of F. E. Barnard. It occurred to me, that one or two facts in the life of the subject of them, which would serve to show the motives that actuated him, might interest some of your readers.

He had resided, until he came here in March, exclusively I believe, in the pleasant home of his childhood—Dorchester, Mass. In his journeyings, however, he had loved to mingle with Christians, and to enjoy the communion which earnest souls know. His spirit was free, and he rejoiced to meet in the various folds those who were led by the Great Shepherd. He was a young man of uncommon business capacity. He had a lucrative situation in Boston under employers who would not voluntarily have parted with him. But he had heard of the field providentially opened, in which light and knowledge might be imparted to those who had hitherto sat in darkness, and it was impressed upon him that he must enter it. It was at a pecuniary sacrifice, but for this he cared not: he only wanted the opportunity and the privilege of sharing in such a work. Mr. Barnard was assigned to duty on Edisto Island. I had occasion to know, in one or two instances, how earnestly he pursued the interests of the people under his charge. His business talents were all needed and used. When Edisto was abandoned, the superintendents moved with the colored people to St. Helena Island. This removal was necessarily attended with a good many difficulties, in meeting which Mr. Barnard doubtless overtasked his energies. While recovering from a fever, in September, he engaged in work, indiscreetly, we cannot doubt, but in obedience, as he thought, to the call of duty, and was thrown into a nervous fever. The overtasked brain no longer performed its office. Fancied sights and sounds of trouble distressed him, and by "the darksome way" he passed hence, but, we cannot doubt, to "perfectness of rest," and "deep tranquillity." T. D. H.

### Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

#### PROCLAMATION BY BRIG. GEN. SAXTON.

I hereby appoint and set apart THURSDAY, THE TWENTYSEVENTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, as a day of public thanksgiving and praise, and I earnestly recommend to the Superintendents of Plantations, Teachers and Freedmen in this Department, to abstain on that day from their ordinary business, and assemble in their respective places of worship, and render praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for the manifold blessings and mercies he has bestowed upon us during the past year; and more especially for the signal success which has attended the great experiment for freedmen and the rights of oppressed humanity, inaugurated in the Department of the South. Our work has been crowned with a glorious success. The hand of God has been in it, and we have faith to believe the recording angel has placed the record of it in the Book of Life.

You, freedmen and women, have never before had such cause for thankfulness. Your simple faith has been vindicated. "The Lord has come" to you, and has answered your prayers. Your chains are broken. Your days of bondage and mourning are ended, and you are forever free. If you cannot yet see your way clearly in the future, fear not; put your trust in the Lord, and He will vouchsafe, as he did to the Israelites of old, the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, to guide your footsteps "through the wilderness" to the promised land.

I therefore advise you all to meet and offer up fitting songs of thanksgiving for all these great mercies which you have received, and with them forget not to breathe an earnest prayer for your brethren who are still in bondage.

Given at Beaufort, S. C., this ninth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

R. SAXTON,

Brig. Gen. and Military Governor.

PRENTICEANA.—The Charleston rebels, a few days ago, baptized what they call "the Ladies' Gunboat." They baptized it by sprinkling, but the Federal fleet, when they encounter it, will baptize it by immersion.

Gen. Beauregard proposes in a letter to Bragg to call Union men abolitionists. Beauregard is great at calling names. He calls himself by a name that he never got from his father and mother.

The officers of Bragg's army have reported to the Southern papers that they had a two days' battle with Buell. They evidently mistook a two days' foot-race for a two days' fight.

Put Gen. Pillow's mind in one scale and an in-

flated bladder in the other, and the General will have a well-balanced mind.

Charleston is getting very saucy. She needs some serious monitions. We must send her a few Monitors.

Any man, who casts a vote in any election with a view to encourage the rebellion either directly or indirectly, is, however short his stature, a head taller than he deserves to be.

It is said that the rebel government is about to close the whole of the newspaper offices of the Southern Confederacy. It needs all the paper that can be had to make Confederate scrip.

Many of the Kentucky rebels have been heartlessly robbed by John Morgan, and yet they feel compelled to praise him without stint. They remind one of the jockey, who, whilst showing off a filly that he wished to sell, received from the animal a severe kick in the ribs. Though half dead with pain, he exclaimed with a smile, "Pretty, playful creature!"

It is both foolish and unjust that men should be arrested in the Southern Confederacy for counterfeiting the Confederate notes. There is no real difference between a counterfeit rebel note and a genuine one. The one promises to pay and the other promises to pay, and one lies and the other lies.

The Golconda (Ill.) Commercial says that Buckner and Tilghman were exchanged for a blind teamster and a lame mule. The Yankees always were sharp at a bargain.

It is said that Buckner, in the battle of Chaplain Hills, hearing the bullets whistle all around him, sought safety by lying down flat on his belly. It wasn't the first time by a good many of his getting out of a tight place by lying.

EXPERIENCE AS AN EDITOR.—In the Ortum of 18—my friend, the editor of the Baldinsville Bugle, was obliged to leave perfunctory duties & go & dig his taters, & he axed me to edit for him doerin his absence. Accordingly I ground up his Shears and commenced. It didn't take me a grate while to slash out copy enuff from exchanges for one issoo. I hawt I'd ride up to the next town on a little Jaunt, to rest my Branes, which had been severely rackt by my mental efforts. (This is sorter Ironical.) So I went over to the Rale Rode offiss and axed the Sooprintendent for a pars.

2. "You a editer?" he axed, evijently on the pint of snickerin.  
3. "Yes, Sir," sez I, "don't I look poor enuff?"  
4. "Just about," said he, "but our Road can't pars you."  
5. "Can't, hay?"  
6. "No, Sir—can't."  
7. "Becauz," sez I, looking him full in the face, with a Eagle eye, "it goes so orful slow it can't pars any body!" Methinks I had him thar. It's the slowest Rale Rode in the West. With a mortified air he told me to git out of his offiss. I pittid him, and went.—Artemus Ward.

NUMBER "290."—The origin of the name of this famous and rather infamous ship is not generally known. The ship was bought by a subscription made by two-hundred and ninety British merchants, from that honorable class whom Burke said the counting-house was their temple, the ledger their Bible and gold their God. One of these days a settlement of their account will be made.

THE LAST DITCH.—The Continental Monthly has discovered the kind of ditch in which the rebels propose to die. The authority given is one William Shakspeare; the passage is put into the mouth of the repentant traitor, Enobarbus, in "Antony and Cleopatra":

I will go seek  
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul best file  
My latter part of life.

—Two unsophisticated country lasses visited Niblo's in New York, during the ballet season. When the short-skirted, gossamer-clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage, they became restless and fidgety. "Oh, Annie!" exclaimed one, sotto voce. "Well, Mary?" "It ain't nice—I don't like it." "Hush." "I don't care, it ain't nice, and I wonder aunt brought us to such a place." "Hush, Mary, the folks will laugh at you." After one or two more flings and a pironette, the blushing Miss said, "Oh, Annie, let's go—it ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable." "Do hush, Mary," replied the sister, whose own face was scarlet, though it wore an air of determination, "it's the first time I was ever at a theatre, and I suppose it will be the last, so I am just going to stay it out, if they dance every rag off their backs!"

—A dignified clergyman, possessor of a coal mine, respecting which he was likely to have a law suit, sent for an attorney in order to have his advice. The lawyer was curious to see a coal pit, and was let down by a rope. Before he was lowered he said to the parson: "Doctor, your knowl-

edge is not confined to the surface of the world, but you have likewise penetrated to its inmost recesses. How far may it be from this to hell?" "I don't know exactly," answered he, gravely, "but if you let go your hold you'll be there in a minute?"

—Among other articles received by the Washington Sanitary Commission, lately, was a good and patriotic old lady's tribute, to be laid on the altar of her country, bearing this inscription: "These socks were spun and knit by Mrs. Zeruth Clapp, 96 years old, of Chestertown, N. Y., whose hands in youth were engaged in moulding bullets in the Revolutionary war. Keep the toes of these socks towards the rebels."

—One of the "solid men" of Boston—his weight must be between four and five hundred—was asked the other day, if he did not intend to get a certificate of exemption from the examining surgeon. His answer was a good one. "No," said he; "I acknowledge I am a coward, but I don't want to pay two dollars to have it recorded!"

—Muggins was passing up the street one day, with a friend, when he observed a poor dog that had been killed lying in the gutter. Muggins paused, gazed intently at the defunct animal, and at last said: "Here is another shipwreck." "Shipwreck! Where?" "There's a bark that's lost forever." His companion growled and passed on.

—"How is this?" said an old friend of Colonel Blank of the regular army, as he met him on Broadway the other day; "I thought you declared you would resign if the President issued an anti-slavery proclamation, and yet you wear your shoulder straps still?" "Oh," replied the Colonel, "I meant that I would resign myself to it, and I have done so."

—A party of ladies were the other day discussing the question of draft, when a young lady inquired the reason why men were exempt who had lost but two or three teeth. "Because they couldn't bite off the end of a cartridge." "Then," replied the questioner, demurely, "Why don't they soak 'em in their coffee?"

—A little fellow weeping most piteously, was suddenly interrupted by some amusing occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment—the train of thought was broken. "Ma," said he renewing his snuffle, and wishing to have his cry out, "Ma—ugh! ugh! what was I crying about just now?"

—I go to the woods after game; but if the game is not there, I get nuts; if there are no nuts, I gather flowers or leaves; if all fail, yet I get health, a little woodcraft, or by the grace of Heaven, a thought. I am not one of those who find that the road is only good to leave behind them.

—Tom Thumb has been duly initiated a Master Mason in St. John's Lodge No. 1, of Bridgeport, Conn. The hall was crowded on the occasion of the ceremony.

—We once knew a boy who said he liked "a good rainy day—too rainy to go to school and just rainy enough to go fishing."

—A man who commits suicide does a rash act; but he who eats bacon for breakfast does a "rasher."

—The geological character of the rock on which drunkards split is said to be "quartz."

REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PORT ROYAL, S. C.—The undersigned will despatch a vessel twice a month from each of the above named ports. For freight or passage, apply to JOHN PITTS, Agent, Bay Point, S. C., B. H. BIXBY, 56 Greenwich St., N. York.

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The latest daily and pictorial papers for sale on each arrival from the North. Also, THE NEW SOUTH every Saturday morning.

AMERICAN WATCHES FOR AMERICAN SOLDIERS. The American Watch Company of Waltham, Mass., give notice that they lately issued a new staple of watch expressly designed for soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to take the place of the cheap anchors and lepinos of foreign manufacture with which the market is flooded, and which, as every one knows, were never made to keep time, being refuse manufactures, unsaleable in Europe and sent to this country for jockeying and swindling purposes only.

Our new watch is most substantially made, cased in sterling silver, and is a reliable and accurate time-piece. It is offered at a price but little above that which is asked for the trashy anchors and lepinos already referred to. We have named this new series of watches Wm. Ellery, and they may be found at the stores of our agents, Chancey G. Robbins, Beaufort; Douglas, Steele & Co., Hilton Head, for the American Watch Company.

H. A. ROBBINS, General Agent.

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