

THE SNOW-FLAKE'S STORY:

Christmas Song for the Little One. BY THE REV. JOHN F. MINES, M. A. ... comes the snow? my Snow-Flake asked; And what is it like, Papa? ...

THE FREDERICKSBURG SHAMBLES.

Letter from the 14th Conn. Regiment. THRILLING DESCRIPTION OF THE CHARGE ON THE REBEL BATTERIES—SCENES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD—LOSSES OF THE 14TH. The New Haven Register is permitted to make the following extract from a private letter from a member of the 14th C. V., dated FALMOUTH, VA., Dec. 16th, 1862. Dear Father:—We have had a terrible battle at Fredericksburg, but by the mercy of the Lord, I am at present safe. We left our camp at this place last Thursday, at daylight, and lay there during the day, while our batteries shelled the city. Friday morning we crossed the river, and lay in one of the streets all day. While there we were in range of the rebel guns, and three men, standing about two rods from me, were wounded by a shell. The next morning (Saturday) we marched up to attack the rebels at 9 o'clock, but did not go into action until 12 o'clock. Then we marched across a plain, under a terrible fire of shot, shell and musketry, about 150 rods. Our men fell very fast. We stooped under a little ridge, and lay down to avoid the shot; but the rebels had a battery bearing directly on us, and the men were being killed very fast. We were doing no good, so we fell back about 50 rods, to another little ridge. This did not give us much protection as the other had, so we were ordered to charge. The Irish Brigade took the lead, calling us cowards, as they went over us up the plain. We fell in at once, and went up after them, under the most terrible fire of infantry and artillery probably ever known. Our division was the only one engaged at this time, and ours was the second brigade. We were entirely unsupported by any artillery, and exposed to the fire of the whole rebel force. Our men were slaughtered like sheep. The whole plain was covered with blankets, haversacks, wounded men and dead men. We went up to within about 200 yards of their batteries, and stopped. Here most of our men fell. One of my tent mates, Fred Ward, fell dead at my side; another, George Stannard, was wounded in the side and arm. The Colonel (Perkins), was shot through the neck, and will probably die. Major Clark, shot in the breast; Captains Gibbons and Carpenter, badly; Captains Bronson and Davis, slightly; (Davis has command of the regiment); Lieut. Stanly of Co. H, badly wounded in the foot; Lieut. Canfield, killed; Lieut. Goddard, wounded slightly in the leg. We stood it as long as we could, and were ordered to fall back—when the whole brigade broke and ran. At this time I had no idea of leaving. Men fell on every side of me. One running by my side, was struck in the back, (I think), and throwing up his hands, with one wild cry, fell dead. It was a terrible scene, and I hope I shall never be called to witness another. I feel that it is only by the great mercy of God that I am alive. I had had my last thought and look of home and you, as I supposed. Our company came off very well. The wounded are George Stannard, Nathan Clement, (in the head), Wm. Morgan, Henry Knowles; the dead (supposed)—Edison Spencer, Ed. Wilcox, Wm. Dawes, Fred. Ward. Some companies lost double this number. Our regiment is good for nothing. Only three line officers and 158 men report for duty this morning, out of 29 officers and 1000 men that left Hartford three months ago. We left Wednesday night last, and came here, but are liable to be ordered back any time. John and Henry Bradley are safe. William Norton is dead. The 27th Regt. is badly cut up. Twelve Madison men were wounded. II.



WEDNESDAY, EVEN'G, DEC. 24, 1862.

Daily Times, Single Copies 3 Cents.

DAILY AND WEEKLY TIMES. DAILY TIMES, per year, (in advance,) \$6.00 WEEKLY TIMES, single copies, per year, 2.00 " " in bundles, " 1.50 For ordinary notices of marriages and deaths, 25 cents. Poetry and special obituary notices, 10 cents a line.

TAKING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

In a letter, assuming the responsibility of the Fredericksburg battle, Gen. Burnside says: "Thanking the Government for that entire support and confidence which I have always received from them, I remain, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant, A. E. BURNSIDE." Per contra—the Congressional Committee report that: "Gens. Burnside, Sumner, Hooker, and others, testified before the committee, that in their opinion Halleck and Meigs are responsible for the failure of the pontoons." "The failure of the pontoons," was a "failure" indeed. They were to have been at Falmouth, simultaneously with the arrival of Gen. Burnside's army at that point. But when Gen. Burnside arrived he found no pontoon bridge. The enemy's force at Fredericksburg consisted of only one battery of artillery, one battalion of cavalry, and one regiment of infantry. So said the correspondent of the New York Times, at the time. But the pontoons were not there, and the river was to be crossed! The hills could have been easily taken then, without loss of life. Days and weeks passed, and no pontoons. Gen. Burnside went to Washington, and it is said that he did then hold "somebody responsible" for this fatal failure. In the meantime the rebel army poured in, and made the hills bright with brass cannon and bristling bayonets. When the pontoons came, "it was too late." The great disaster followed. The failure to afford facilities for crossing the river at the proper time, resulted in the defeat. Burnside testifies before the Committee that Halleck and Meigs are responsible for that failure. But Gen. Burnside now "assumes the responsibility," considers that he was to blame, just for the fun of the thing—or to please somebody.

SOLDIER'S VOTE.

The bill providing that soldiers of this State may vote in distant States, includes every officer and representative to be voted for. Judges of Probate and Representatives in the Legislature, are not usually nominated till a very few days before the election, and often a very few votes elect them. We have a regiment some 50 miles up from New Orleans. It will require about a month to get the news of a nomination to them. Other regiments are scattered over a vast extent of country. The bill is clearly unconstitutional, and for this reason we do not see how any member, swearing to support the Constitution, can vote for it or how a governor, whose oath is registered, can sign it. The bill will never secure the real voice of the soldiers, but we fear it will cause them to be misrepresented. It will certainly make much trouble and confusion at home, and probably lead to decisions which will embarrass legislation, if they do not seriously affect the interests of the people. But it was for this object, that the extra session was really called. Gentlemen Republicans, you are mistaken if you think the heart of a majority of the Connecticut soldiers are with you. It is not. But who supposes that a fair vote can be had among soldiers on the battle field—with commanders for box tenders, judges, and canvassers? Who honestly supposes that a political canvass thrust into the camps of the soldiers, will be of use, or really gratifying to them? Who does not suppose that it must tend rather to demoralize and harm them as soldiers on duty, far removed from the scene of the political contest and its surroundings, and without the usual information as to candidates, afforded to electors?

for it seemed impossible that any one so aged should have a living parent, I asked: "Where is your father?" "In the house," he answered, amid his tears and sobs. Curiosity led me into the house, and there I saw—Methuselah, as I verily believed. The sight made me start. "Sir," said I, "is this your son at the door, crying?" "Yes," replied the ancient, gruffly. "And pray, what did you whip him for?" "Why, the good for-nothing blockhead threw a club at his grandfather!" I felt amazed. But K ever I go that way again, I am determined to see the grandfather. Manchester Mirror.

CITY ITEMS.

Christmas Religious Services. Divine service in Christ, St. John's and St. Paul's this evening at 7, and to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. There will be divine service in the South Church (Rev. Mr. Parker's) this evening, commencing at quarter of 7 o'clock. By invitation of the pastors of the Congregational and Baptist Societies of Hartford, Rev. Dr. Kennedy of the Methodist Church, will preach on Christmas morning (Thursday) in the Centre Church. Service commence at 11 o'clock. The congregations represented are invited to be present by their respective pastors.

The Daily Times Will not be issued to-morrow, it being Christmas, and generally observed as a holiday.

The Post Office will be open on Christmas from 9 to 10 A. M., and from 1 to 2 P. M.

The Hartford War Committee have reduced the bounty offered for enlistments from \$8 to \$25.

JOSEPH SCHWAB, 402 Main street, has received a fresh supply of skating mittens. They are comfortable as well as a convenient article for the use of skaters, being so contrived that the thumb and fingers can be slipped out of the mitten without taking it off.

POLICE COURT.—James Harris, an old comer, was sent to the townhouse for 30 days as common drunkard.

Peter Doyle was up on the same charge, but was let go on his promise to leave for Boston this noon. Patrick Maloy was charged with being implicated in the assault on Miss Callahan on Monday night. His case was adjourned till Friday morning.

THE BEETHOVEN SOCIETY, numbering a hundred voices, with the best orchestra in the country—the celebrated Germanian's, give Handel's grand oratorio, The Messiah, to-morrow evening at Allyn Hall. In addition to Hartford splendid corps of solo singers, the society have the assistance of Mr. C. A. Guilmette, Boston, and one of the first vocalists in the country. Tickets can be obtained, and seats secured at L. Barker & Co's Music Store.

THE STEREOPTICON was exhibited last night in Touro Hall to a large and delighted audience. It is a wonderful exhibition, as all who were present last evening will testify. The photographic views embrace some of the most interesting landscape scenery in both the old and new world, the most celebrated structures of ancient and modern times; views of cities, castles, palaces, public galleries, the pyramids of Egypt, and the ruins of modern and ancient times, together with the most noted specimens of sculpture extant. The whole combining an exhibition of unsurpassed interest and beauty. The representations of statuary are truly marvellous. It should be witnessed by every lover of the beautiful in nature and art.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Preparations are manifest in the showery array of the toy and confectionery stores, the evergreen ornaments of churches, the extra arrivals of Christmas poultry, and various other movements that indicate the advent of "Merry Christmas." The Mission School in Morgan street will enjoy a grand Christmas dinner for the children in City Hall. The laurel and pine adornments of St. John and Christ Churches are in process of arrangement, and extra fine music will be among the

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Correspondence of the Springfield Republican. FREDERICKSBURG, Dec. 15. Oh, Republican, my heart is sick and sad. Blood and wounds and death are before my eyes; of those who are my friends, comrades, brothers; of those who have marched into the very mouth of destruction as coolly and cheerfully as in any ordinary duty. Another tremendous, terrible, murderous butchery of brave men has made Saturday, the 13th of December, a memorable day in the annals of this war. On Friday, Fredericksburg was taken with comparatively little trouble and loss. On Saturday, the grand army corps of Sumner marched up against the heights back of the city, where the enemy lay behind strong fortifications, and bristling with cannon and protected by rifle pits; while our men must cross a wide space of clear, open ground, and then a canal whose every crossing was swept by artillery so perfectly trained beforehand that every discharge mowed down whole ranks of men. Into this grand semicircle of death our divisions marched with rapid and unflinching step. French's division (to which we belong) behaved splendidly, and the others no less so if we may judge by the losses. Of whole companies and regiments, not a man flinched. The grape and canister tore through their ranks, the fearful volleys of musketry from invisible foes decimated their numbers every few moments; the conflict was hopeless; they could scarcely inflict any damage upon the foe; our artillery couldn't cover them, for they would do more damage to friend than to enemy; yet our gallant fellows

12/24/62

In His great plan grow dim  
For thou is good, and dust is dust,  
And death is Life through Him!

VII.  
A violet over the wave  
And thrice and parted seemed its blue, blue eye;  
A drop of the water 'seemed to crave,  
I live in it, cried, oh give or I die.  
Light, a soft gleam from the selfish wave  
To the warmest spot in its little arms,  
When sweet, thrice sweet were the thanks it gave,  
And sweet the carols of its midst charms.  
And it poured out its scents upon my head,  
While I drank of its cup of rich, ripe wine,  
It lulled me to sleep in my azure bed,  
And bade its leaves for a canopy twine.

I woke—where was I? My sleep had been sweet,  
Lulled by the hum of the thieving bees,  
By the songs of the birds, by the leaves that meet  
With a rustle that swells through the vales and  
trees;  
By the bud that was bursting its swaths of green  
With the shrilly sound of a fairy flute;  
By the silk of the corn that spreads its sheen  
With a voice that is loud when the winds are mute;

I had dreamed my voice was added to those  
And blent, with the violet's little hymn,  
To over the topmost spires of the trees  
In the far-off sky had its joy grown dim  
But a gentle hand had broken my dream—  
Had look'd in the stem of the violet—  
Broken and left there a ghastly stain,  
Where the life flowed out in a silvery jet.

Yet the flower, like a heart that's crushed and bent  
To be earth by the stroke of a cruel blow,  
Gave out its treasure of sweetest scent  
Where its love's best hope had been laid low  
And the maid whose heart was of tender make  
Spared the nestling dew-drop for pity's sake.  
She bore the flower to a dying man,  
Till its purple cheek his eye might catch,  
And its wings of scent his breath might fan:  
Oh, still in its breast I kept my watch!

Dear Lord, my facing heart doth call  
For the healing dew that wait on thy power;  
See, Lord, how maketh thy dew to fall  
On the fading lips of the little flower!

I stood, when, a tear on the white, white lid  
Of the eye that had looked its last on earth;  
I heard the prayer of the priest that bid  
The soul proclaim the land of its birth.

I stood, a tear on the cold, cold lid—  
And the eye was dim—and the heart was dead—  
When a ray from Heaven through the widow slid,  
And, up, up to God with thy hymn, it said,  
I rose through the upper air and took  
The sunbeam's track for my little feet—  
And its golden rays, though they quivered and shook,  
With kindly aid I gave my footsteps greet.  
I stepped in the leafy cloud and slept—  
And there when an angel called their host  
With the other drops in the Bow I crept  
Not 'e'en in their numberless number lost.

We circled the earth from pole to pole,  
And, when the sun passed us in brave review,  
Red, golden, and blue, our banners stole  
Out till to one bright arch they grew.  
Then I halted at every shining star,  
For though but God's stepping stones they be,  
Yet for my little feet the way was far  
And I totted in the task but wearily.

I reached but the outer gateway of all;  
Yet a joy it was—too, much joy for me—  
To gaze on the golden glow of the wall,  
And the echo hear of the minstrelsy.  
I sang my song at the portal, there—  
A faint song was mine of a contrite soul—  
But angel harps took the song up and bare  
It in shouts of joy: ah, I heard it roll  
On through the streets to the Temple's door—  
And I listened—but mortal can hear no more!  
Mine was but a lowly sphere to fill,  
But the little rain-drop was glad to be  
In the might that circled the Deity  
Least of the servants that do His will.

Child, the King was pleased with my ministering,  
And He breathed His breath on my heavy wing  
Till it grew as white as any that wait  
On the prideless pomp of the King's high state:  
And once more he bade me descend to men  
To yield up my life for duty again.

IX.  
I see, my sisters nestle aroud  
To shield my wings from the hard, hard ground;  
Good night, my little one, sweet good night—  
Pray God to clothe you in robes of white!

The New Orleans Picaune has a dog that  
writes "dogged," and a parrot that is "parrotical."  
The latter on seeing a lady in thin shoes, crossing  
a muddy street, intimated the following:  
"Ye ever' tawful glorious ninn,  
Oh! bless this beautiful bird of thine  
With powers of poesy, rich and rare,  
To caution yonder maiden fair,  
Who walks the damp and muddy street,  
With thin-soled slippers on her feet,  
To tell her by consanguinity she  
Will shortly dead and buried be—  
And pass into eternity."

of clear, open ground, and then a canal, which  
every crossing was swept by artillery so perfectly  
trained beforehand that every discharge mowed  
down whole ranks of men. Into this grand semi-  
circle of death our divisions marched with rapid  
and unflinching step. French's division (to which  
we belong) behaved splendidly, and the others no  
less so if we may judge by the losses. Of whole  
companies and regiments, not a man flinched. The  
grape and canister tore through their ranks, the  
fearful volleys of musketry from invisible foes  
decimated their numbers every few moments; the  
conflict was hopeless; they could scarcely inflict  
any damage upon the foe; our artillery couldn't  
over them, for they would do more damage to  
friend than to enemy; yet our gallant fellows  
pressed on, determined to scale those breastworks  
and take the position of the rebels. But there  
were none left to do that work. A little handful  
of a great division approached, and even in a few  
instances began to climb the works, but only to  
leave their mangled bodies on the bloody field; a  
few torn and blackened remnants of those fine  
regiments sternly retired to the city. The wounded  
were mainly brought off, though hundreds were  
killed in the benevolent task. The city is filled  
with the pieces of brave men who went whole into  
the conflict. Every basement and floor is covered  
with pools of blood. Limbs in many houses  
lie in heaps, and surgeons are exhausted with their  
trying labors.

But I will not sicken you with a recital of the  
horrors before us. Why our noble fellows were  
pushed on into such a hopeless and desperate un-  
dertaking I am not military man enough to say.

### What the Popular Feeling Really Is.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.  
The people know now that the Administration  
at Washington is responsible, and they will not be  
satisfied until that Administration is absolutely  
changed—changed in men, changed in views,  
changed in spirit, changed in policy.

If there were any plain constitutional method of  
compelling the resignation of President and Vice  
President, and placing a new man in the seat of  
Abraham Lincoln, the people would demand that.  
They are a Constitution loving people to-day, as  
they have been throughout the war, and they recognize  
the necessity, the duty of standing firmly by  
the President as long as he remains President. But  
if Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin should  
resign, and Congress order a new election at once,  
there can be no doubt that the people of the United  
States would accept the event as the consummation  
of their most ardent desires and the means of saving  
the nation. They do not expect that. But they  
do desire—not Democrats, not conservative men,  
but the people of all parties, Republicans more  
loudly than any one else—they do desire that the  
President should at once, and wholly change his  
entire Administration. A half way patching up  
of the Cabinet will but lead to a renewal of the  
old wrongs. There are members of the Cabinet  
who might well be in a new Cabinet, but the con-  
struction should be new. Every man should  
resign, and a new ministry be called by the Presi-  
dent, who should be wholly free from the trammels  
of party politics and party association, who will  
conduct public affairs on public principles, and who  
will advise the President as American patriots and  
not as selfish politicians.

We speak with great plainness of speech. This  
is the hour for such speaking.

**HORRIBLE DEATH.**—We have rarely heard of  
a more heart-rending, yet thrilling scene, than the  
following, described by the Dumfries (Scotland)  
Courier:—On Thursday last, the Comet put into  
the harbor of Garliestown, and took the ground  
on a sandbank at a short distance from the quay.  
Next day, as the tide was flowing, five men were  
engaged in docking the vessel, when a person  
standing on the quay observed that she was about  
to heel over. He forthwith gave the alarm, and  
four out of the five succeeded in keeping clear;  
the fifth, a man named William Loch, was caught  
by the hull of the vessel as it went over, the bul-  
warks resting on his loins, leaving his head, arms  
and the upper part of his body free. The tide was  
coming in rapidly, and it was known that the pros-  
trate body would be submerged in the course of  
an hour if the weight of the vessel could not be  
shifted. In the course of a few minutes all the  
seamen, carpenters and able-bodied men in Gar-  
liestown were upon the spot, and every effort was  
made to lift the vessel a few inches, but in vain;  
and by the time the water had reached the pros-  
trate prisoner it was evident that his fate was  
sealed. The scene which ensued was truly piti-  
able and heart-rending; it was witnessed by a large  
number of spectators, among whom there was  
hardly a dry eye. The Rev. Thos. Young walked  
into the water beside the drowning man, engaged  
in prayer, and drew his attention to thoughts  
befitting the sudden and inevitable change await-  
ing him. His last words to his companions were,  
"Oh, take off my vest and cover my head so that  
I may not see the water." An effort was made to  
do this, but the garment could not be removed,  
and his face was covered with a napkin, just as  
the tide was rising around him. In the course of  
a few minutes after this, the cold green waves  
covered the body, and the sorrowing crowd dis-  
persed.

soldiers are with you. It is not. But who sup-  
poses that a fair vote can be had among soldiers  
on the battle field—with commanders for box  
tenders, judges, and canvassers? Who honestly  
supposes that a political canvass thrust into the  
camps of the soldiers, will be of use, or really  
gratifying to them? Who does not suppose that  
it must tend rather to demoralize and humiliate  
them as soldiers on duty, far removed from the scene of  
the political contest and its surroundings, and  
without the usual information as to candidates, af-  
forded to electors?

The whole thing is embarrassing, unconstitu-  
tional, and really unjust to the real sentiments and  
good opinion of the soldiers themselves. Whilst  
one company votes, another removed on picket  
or other duty, cannot; and this, too, will make dis-  
satisfaction, and will be considered unjust. Sol-  
diers feel like other citizens—when they leave the  
State on duty or business, they leave voting be-  
hind them, and they do not ask that the Constitu-  
tion shall be violated by sending the ballot box  
out of the State, for their votes, or such votes as  
somebody may put into them, any more than the  
Secretary of the Navy will ask that it be sent to  
him and to his chief clerk, for their votes.

**Mr. Gladstone.**  
Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the English Ex-  
chequer, says in a published letter, that he has not  
expressed any sympathy with the Southern cause.  
But he "would not encourage the North to perse-  
vere in their hopeless and destructive enterprise."

**OLD WHITE COAT AFTER 'EM.**—Major Gen.  
Preston Pratt has introduced a resolution into the  
Legislature censuring the Black Republican Sena-  
tors at Washington, for holding a caucus on the  
subject of the Cabinet, and giving their opinion upon  
that celebrated institution. "D—d scoundrels!"  
"Rocky Hill" had better dig up another buried  
representative, if they can find one, crazy as a bed-  
bug.

MILFORD, Dec. 13.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES:  
Thinking your readers might be interested in  
the following item, I send to you being one of your  
readers.

The firm for manufacturing hats in this town,  
has received a new impetus from a discovery by  
which paper is made so closely to resemble thick  
cloth or felt as to be very valuable in the manufac-  
ture of hats, both by its cheapness, the first cost of  
each being less than 25 cents, and also for its light-  
ness. The inventor, a Mr. Andrews, is still experi-  
menting with a view to some needed improvements  
in summer hats.

### THE BELLS OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY TENNYSON.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:  
The moon is hid; the night is still;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,  
From far and near, on mead and moor,  
Swell out and fall, as if a door  
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease,  
Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,  
Peace and good-will to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,  
I almost wish'd no more to wake,  
And that my hold on life would break  
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,  
For they controlled me when a boy;  
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,  
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

### "Old Folks at Home."

An old joker gives the following whimsically  
amusing account of an adventure of his in York  
State. Unless he exaggerates, there must be a  
place out there where "the king of terrors" has  
for a long time back failed to enter and take toll.  
Had our informant been a little more explicit, and  
given the precise locality of the occurrence he de-  
scribes, no doubt a swollen tide of emigration  
would have at once set thitherward, made up of  
such as, "through fear of death, are all their life-  
time subjects to bondage."

The oldest man, apparently, ever I saw in all  
my life, was sitting on a wood-pile by an old farm-  
house, crying bitterly. I called and inquired of  
him the cause of his trouble. And what you think  
was the unexpected reply?  
"Father whipped me."  
Half doubting the infirm gray-beard's sanity,

### THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

Preparations are manifest, in the show  
of the toy and confectionery stores, the e-  
naments of churches, the extra ar-  
Christmas poultry, and various other mo-  
that indicate the advent of "Merry Chris-  
mas."

The Mission School in Morgan street v  
a grand Christmas dinner for the child-  
City Hall.

The laurel and pine adornments of S  
and Christ Churches are in process of  
made, and extra fine music will be a  
features of the Christmas Eve services thi-  
The South Congregational Church wi-  
serve the day by a Sabbath School Sa-

The grand concert of the Beethoven Sa-  
be given on Christmas night—Thursday  
A special train of cars will run from  
this evening at 7:45, to accommodate p  
who wish to attend the Christmas Eve  
ball at Weaver's, North Manchester. S  
Neptune Engine Co. give a Christmas  
evening at the City Hall, with fine  
Church for prompter.

Turkeys and goslings to-day sell at  
chickens at 14c a lb.—the right mat-  
good Christmas dinner, next to hold  
"plum pudding with brandy sauce."

**HOLIDAY GIFTS.**—The stores have  
viting aspect—a large and attractive di-  
be witnessed in the show windows, and  
difficulty in making a selection of gifts,  
large variety one has to choose from.  
dealers make their usual fine display  
rich and rare; and the jewelers have s  
most attractive specimens of their work  
while the toy and fancy stores display l-  
itudes of playthings and trifles for juven-  
little ones talk of Santa Claus, and the  
indication that the Christmas of '62  
season of much pleasure. How fares i  
soldier? We fear not so well; but w  
will momentarily forget the dark cl-  
hange above the national horizon, and  
celebration of the world's great holiday.

Below we call the attention of our  
the stores where suitable presents can be  
Books and Fancy Goods of all kinds ce-  
at Wm. Jas Hamerly's, 263 Main street  
Pona's, Post Office Building; Brown &  
Main street, and Abraham Rose's, 91 Aa;  
Their stocks show Books, Writing Desks,  
Opera Glasses, Chessmen and Boards; a-  
have every kind of fancy articles, to suit  
all.

**Watches and Jewelry.**—Deming & Gu-  
accommodate purchasers with a costly pr-  
their stock of first class Watches, Jewe-  
lry, then a call.

**Perfumes.**—John J. Lamb, 161 Main s-  
Moses, 605 Main street, Preston & Osborn,  
and American Row, have Soaps, Extracts,  
articles of the best variety and exquisite fi-  
At Sage's, Asylum street; D. R. Telf's, 4-  
and H. W. Goodwin's Central Row, an ex-  
of rich presents can be seen, and they are v-  
big at. They have Bohemian and Porcelai-  
fine Fancy Willow Ware.

States will prove acceptable to boys and  
may be found, of various qualities, styles,  
ferent prices, at Francis & Gridley's, 313 M-  
Geo. M. Way & Sons, and at Whiting's.

Cornish has a full assortment of Boots, F-  
Albans, and fancy goods, which he adverti-  
sises.

**Cartes de Visites** are among the most fa-  
well as most appropriate articles for presen-  
Brothers, in the Charter Oak Bank Build-  
ing, 245 Main street, have facilities for furni-  
ing at short notice, The Moore Brothers  
a fine assortment of Albans.

**Mrs. Lincoln,** 403, Julius Wallach, 447, A-  
Schwab, 472 Main street, advertise a new  
variety of Milliner's and Fancy Goods. Mrs.  
Pratt street, offers desirable articles.

Don't forget to supply yourself with an s-  
of fruit and confectionery. Graham & C-  
Union Hall Building; Gregory, 102 State s-  
a full assortment, and Schottlander, 423 M-  
says that Santa Claus gets lots of Confection-  
ery.

For those seeking Dry Goods firms, we al-  
look at our advertising columns.

24 December 1862 G. H. C. T.  
Hartford Daily Times