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## Christmas: Articles from Civil War Newspapers

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## Christmas

Articles from Civil War Newspapers

[LITTLE ROCK] OLD-LINE DEMOCRAT, January 5, 1860, p. 3, c. 6

Christmas Presents for Gentlemen!  
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Fresh Supplies of Genuine Imported  
Havana Cigars,  
of the Finest Quality—REAL  
Turkish Smoking Tobacco!  
Meerschaum Pipes and Meerschaum  
Cigar Tubes of the most Elegant Styles,  
Just received per steamer "Red Wing," and for sale  
at the lowest prices, by

B. Bernays.

At Henry's Variety Store.

[LITTLE ROCK] OLD-LINE DEMOCRAT, January 12, 1860, p. 1, c. 7

Communicated to the Old-Line Democrat.

Lewisburg, Arkansas, Dec. 29, 1859.

Dear Sir:--Once more before the close of the year 1859, "I take up my quill to dot you a few items." Christmas is here again; the long looked for holidays have come at last, and many social reunions of friends will have taken place before it closes; and many a glass of champagne [sic] and sparkling catawba will be drank to each other's health; and many a pleasant conversation by the fireside will take place between friends. We have spent a very pleasant Christmas, so far, with our friends, considering the weather being so bad. And I wish to pay thanks to my chivalrous and ever accommodating friends, Messrs. Dowdle, Menafee and Harper, at whose houses I have partaken of the sparkling wine, and dainties of the season, and have passed off many a happy hour this Christmas, which will never be forgotten. May they live to see many Christmas reunions. . . .

I attended a very pleasant soiree given by the young gentlemen of this place last Monday evening, and enjoyed myself "largely;" and I think every one that was present came away perfectly satisfied and every thing went off as "merry as a marriage bell." The beauty and chivalry of Conway county were present; and the young ladies especially, graced the occasion with their winning smiles and beaming countenances. And what is there more grand and sublime than to look upon the countenance and form of a fascinating and beautiful woman? I say there is nothing. And I think we have some as fine looking ones in Conway, as can be scared up anywhere.

I expect this letter is long enough, and I will close by wishing you all a merry Christmas and a long and prosperous life.

Yours ever,

Justice.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 13, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Clarkesville Arks. }

Dec. 21st, 1859. }

Messrs. Editors:--We are all on the qui vive for the good time coming, Christmas, the time when all is mirth and enjoyment, is nearly here and we young folks are anticipating a vast deal of fun. But while this is the case rumors of a far different character are float. It has been ascertained that the negroes of this and several adjoining counties intend to start for Kansas or leave as soon as the arms, which were promised them, should arrive from Cincinnati. Three white men of Dardanelle are implicated in the plot whose names have been divulged by the negroes at that place. We are wide awake and prepared for any emergency. Patrols are out every night in town and throughout the County.

The Harper's Ferry affair and these rumors of an intended stampede of the negroes have prompted our citizens to get up and organize a Military company, of which O. Basham was elected Captain, E. T. Adams 1st., C. B. Gillespie, 2nd., and J. T. Stone 3rd Lieutenants.

In consequence of more exciting topics of conversation I hear very little about politics. . .

Truly yours,

Aristides.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, January 14, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Stanley & Nimmo's Packery.

The Jefferson Gazette gives the subjoined interesting notice of this firm and their business operations.

We had the pleasure of attending, on Christmas day, in company with a few invited guests a Christmas Dinner, given by the proprietors of this extensive establishment to their operatives, numbering, we believe, some eighty or ninety men. The table was about one hundred feet in length, and spread in the second story of the main building.

At two o'clock, the bell summoned all parties to the feast—and a feast truly it was, for set before us in magnificent abundance, were "fish flesh and fowl," the substantial of life, with every variety of sweetmeats and delicacies to match all, too, having an air of neatness and care resembling a banquet to some tender bride, or a happy people's offering in commemoration of the day that gave our nation birth. No kid-gloved aristocracy nor jeweled millionaires, scarce knowing how they are fed, were there, to cock their useless noses in sickly mockery at the hardy sons who alone keep the world in motion—but men with stalwart arms and cheeks redolent with the health and happiness that an active life alone can give, rendered the scene a grand exhibition of the nobility of labor. No bacchanalian guffaw nor vulgar wit was heard, to disturb and put to the blush the dignity that attaches to true gentility, but a modest reserve—an unassumed pride pervaded the whole assembly—a pride of conscious merit. The scene passed off quietly, without the assistance of police, and we hope that each succeeding Christmas day may bring about a repetition of the scene of happiness, sobriety and tranquility that characterized the occasion and its participants. . .

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Ozark Institute, }  
29th December, 1859. }

T. C. Peek, Esq:--

. . . Unable to be out, I have no news to tell you.

On the 16th inst., I fell on the ice, crippled my ancle [sic] and am on my crutches. I have heard of many pleasant parties around us; and happy festivities in our schools, where teachers, pupils and patrons with bright eyes and pleasant smiles met around the Christmas tree, and spent the evening in the interchange of good feelings and christmas presents.

Of our schools I would like to say a word, but cannot now.

I hope you may soon double the number of your subscribers.

Respectfully,  
Robt. W. Mecklin.

[LITTLE ROCK] OLD-LINE DEMOCRAT, February 9, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

#### Interesting Ceremonies.

On last Sunday evening, at Christ church, in this City, was witnessed one of the most beautiful and impressive scenes that it was ever our good fortune to behold. It was the occasion of a double marriage ceremony, solemnized according to the imposing rites of the Episcopal service, by the Rev. Dr. Wheat, between the Hon. Henry M. Rector, of the Supreme bench of Arkansas, and Miss Flora E. Lynde, late of Memphis, and Major H. M. C. Brown, of Fort Smith, and Mrs. Sallie F. Trapnall, of this city.

The ceremonies commenced just after the conclusion of the regular evening services. There was a large congregation in attendance—in fact the church was crowded to its utmost capacity; and what with the brilliant lights, and beautiful evergreen wreathes and garlands—still fragrant relics of the late Christmas decorations, and the thousand bright and joyous faces intensely gazing towards the altar, as the bridal parties stood at the bar of the chancel with the "holy man of God" clad in his snowy vesture, blessing with his benediction the sweetest yet most solemn vows that were ever breathed by mortal lips, it was a scene from which the genius of a Raphael might have drawn is sublimest inspiration . .

[LITTLE ROCK] OLD-LINE DEMOCRAT, November 15, 1860, p. 2, c. 8

#### Grand Tournament of the State of Arkansas, 1860.

*To the Knights of the South, wherever dispersed:*

You are hereby notified that there will be a *Tournament* held in the city of Little Rock during the Christmas holidays, for the benefit of the State Agricultural and Mechanical Society, of which the following is the programme, to-wit:

The first tilt will be for the championship of the State (each Knight representing his county.)

The second tilt, for the honor of crowning the Queen of Love and Beauty.

The third tilt, for the honor of crowning the Maid of Honor.

The fourth tilt, for crowning the second maid of honor.

Knights from a distance, are earnestly invited to attend and contend for the championship of the counties.

Rules.—Each Knight is expected to appear in such costume as his taste may suggest as appropriate.

Each horse ridden will be required to make speed at the rate of 100 yards in 12 seconds.

All false rides to be decided upon by the judges.

Each Knight, before entering, will apply to the Secretary, and upon payment of entrance fee, will receive his card.

Each Knight shall be entitled to five rides, at three rings suspended seven and a half feet high, at a distance of twenty-five yards apart, whole distance to be run, one hundred and twenty-five yards.

Entrance fee, \$5.00.

W. E. Ashley.

President of Agricultural and Mechanical Association.

[LITTLE ROCK] OLD-LINE DEMOCRAT, November 15, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Editor Old-Line Democrat.—I am requested by Col. H. Armstead, of Des Arc, to accept, in behalf of Prairie county, the challenge made on the Fair Grounds yesterday by Robt. H. Stevenson, Esq., of Pulaski county, to *ride against the State* for the honors at the *next State Fair*, in a Tournament. An invitation is extended to each county of the State to send up a representative to contend for the palm, and add interest to the occasion. Who responds?

J. H. Newbern,

Cor. Sec'y of the State Fair.

November 10th, 1860.

Little Rock, Nov. 12.

*Editor Old-Line Democrat—*

Sir: In yesterdays issue of the *Daily Old-Line*, of the 12th inst., I find an acceptance of the challenge made at the Fair Grounds, "To uphold the beauty of Pulaski against the State." I will make the challenge good, and the more willingly for the reason, that in other climes, (where the sight of the print of a No. 3 gaiter, was sufficient cause for an encampment, even in the absence of these usual necessaries, wood and water, where the sight of a bonnett [sic] run men wild,) I always upheld the beauty of Little Rock, and to the ladies of Little Rock, the fairest of the fair, was always my toast. Being self-constituted their champion, an apology may be necessary to the fair sex of Pulaski, but I can assure them that although they might have a more skilful [sic] knight, they may not have one who would more earnestly contend for the honors. But, sir, to combine utility with sport, I propose that the agricultural society of this county give notice for a tournament to be holden [sic] during the Christmas holidays, and that knights from all parts be invited to attend at an entrance fee (to be fixed) that there be three rings suspended seven and a half feet from the ground, each knight to have five rides, the first honor to be for the counties, and the second for the Queen, the third and fourth for the maids of honor.

And that the society receive all benefits arising from the entrance fees.

If this should meet the approval of those interested, let them issue their circulars immediately.

R. W. Stevenson, of Pulaski.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, December 22, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Concert.

On Friday night of Christmas week, the members of the Washington Saxe-horn Band will give a grand musical entertainment at the Court House in this city.—These young gentlemen, with their enterprise, should be patronized by the citizens of Washington county. They have labored hard and gone to considerable expense for their instruments and the employment of a teacher at a large salary, and can look only to our citizens for a compensation, to whom it is most beneficial. We should be pleased to see a large crowd in attendance. Call on Mr. James Trott, at the store of Stirman & Dickson, and Mr. Henry L. Smith, at the store of Quarles & Walker; of whom tickets can be obtained for the small and trifling sum of FIFTY CENTS. Children and servants half price. Come one, come all, come everybody, and bring your neighbors and your neighbors' children.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, December 22, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Christmas.—Next Tuesday is the eighteen hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the Christian religion. On that day much fun is generally anticipated by the young folks; big cakes, fine presents, egg noggs, and a good time generally is expected. We wish our friends much pleasure this Christmas, and hope they will not forget to honor the cause which gave these days of pleasure its name.

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL [MEMPHIS, TN], December 25, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

Church Decorations.--We were kindly admitted yesterday, by the Rev. Mr. White, to a sight of the Christmas decorations of Cavalry church, and were not a little struck with its appropriateness and beauty. Along the side wall evergreens are disposed in double lines of festoons, the intersections of which form a space bounded with graceful curves; within the alternate spaces appears a neat cross. From the four corners wreaths hang in festoons like the drooping of a canopy of foliage. The altar and its furniture appear to great advantage. High above the chancel window is a circle of evergreens, inclosing the motto: "When they saw the star they rejoiced." Beneath this is a large star, among the foliage of which are skillfully placed jets, and when the gas is lighted at night, the effect will be extremely beautiful. Below the star is a large cross, covered with evergreens and ornamented with white roses. We acknowledge that we like to see this cross, which heathen despised and spat upon, displayed with honor in the house of God; it looks as if the worshipers were not "ashamed of Jesus." On the sides of the altar the stones containing the epitaphs of the Rev. Mr. Wright, the first, and of the Rev. Mr. Slater, the second rector of the church, are neatly decorated, as is also the whole of the noble chancel window. On the two walls flanking the window appear the two mottoes: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," and "For he hath visited and redeemed his people." The font, of white marble, is twisted round with a thick wreath of ivy, plentifully intermixed with white roses, the latter an emblem of purity, well suited to the baptistry. The reading desk and rostrum are similarly decorated. Over the organ appears the motto: "Hark, the heavenly angels sing," and in front of the gallery: "Glory to God in the highest." The whole is in good taste and very pleasing; it was the work of Mr. J. P. Lallemand, to whose skill it does very great credit. The decorations of the Roman Catholic church are less ornate, in harmony with the style of the interior. The pillars have wreaths twisted from top to bottom. The front of the gallery is very pleasingly ornamented,

and in the center appears a large drawing of an angel; with the motto: "*Gloria in Excelsis.*" The altar will excite the most attention, but as it was necessarily late before the decorations were commenced here, we are not able to give the full description we would wish. The altar itself has evergreens and roses, with candles at intervals, very tastefully arranged. On one side is an angel with one hand pointing to a brilliant star above and beyond; on the other, a second, with a trumpet, bearing the motto: "Tidings of great joy." We understood a third would most likely be added, with the motto: "Hallelujah," and probably, also, figures of the three kings of the East. To the labors of Mrs. Gilmore and the ladies of the Society of the Altar is due the handsome decorations of the church.

DAILY CHRONICLE AND SENTINEL [AUGUSTA, GA] December 25, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

### "A Merry Christmas!"

Yes! let it be a *merry* Christmas. Let us say for this day, "begone, dull care, I'll have none of thee. The time must be filled with joy, with happiness, with hilarity and mirth." Let us for one day--and *this* of all others--give ourselves up without restraint to the festivities, the hearty sports and pastimes which should be the concomitants of the season. Let all grim-visaged people "smooth their wrinkled fronts"--let sober people break out in smiles, as the sun peeps out from a black cloud--let people with acidity in their tempers and a superabundance of bile, sweeten the one and do all in their power to remove the other. And *how* can they effect these desirable objects? By contact with the children--watch them in their free, gushing moments of happiness, and you will grow happier yourselves by sympathy. There is no deceit about those little ones whose clear, silvery laughter rings out upon the air like the song of birds or the ripple of crystal brooks. Is there not contagion in their smiles, their gleeful shouts, their wild romps? It is enough to make a cynic's features relax their rigidity, and to make us staid elders utter the fervent ejaculation, "I would I were a boy again!"

Of all our holidays--and we have none too many of them--Christmas is esteemed the most, and looked forward to with the greatest anxiety and the fondest anticipations. It is emphatically the *children's* day--set apart for their special use and behoof. How they do long for it to come, to be sure! Time moves *so* slow for childhood--and alas! so swift for age. "When will Christmas come?" is asked on all sides. "Will it be in a week--in a few days--to-morrow?" *To-day* is Christmas, boys and girls--("young ladies" and "young gentlemen" are myths for the nonce.) But there is not a child in our goodly city, who has a home and loving parents, (let us hope they *all* have) but knows this is indeed Christmas Day. The busy note, of preparation in each happy household latterly, has unmistakably portended Christmas. Mysterious culinary operations, under the superintendence of "mother," have been going on for several days in the kitchen. The cooks were up to their elbows in flour and paste--fragrant steams, suggestive of various delicacies, "rose like an exhalation"--the sudden advent of numerous pies, cakes, fruits, fowls, &c., &c., showed there was something unusual toward. Cupboards were filled to repletion with such dainties as children love, and the tables on Christmas day will literally groan with their weight.

The night *before* Christmas is an era in the history of childhood. Those little brains are busy cogitating--they are wondering what they *will* get in their stockings! Before these wee forms are safely abed, rows of tiny stockings are suspended in the chimney corner, ready for the visit of "Santa Claus," who will come down the flue, precisely at midnight, with sacks and sacks

of rare and beautiful things to deposit in those receptacles. Boys and girls have implicit faith in St. Nicholas. He is their patron Saint, whom it were cruel to dethrone before the cold realities of life, which come all too soon, displace him. We would not have the old heads--the knowing ones--tell those little folks the *real* state of the case. Don't tell them what *paterfamilias* has been busy about for a day or two past. Don't tell them that we saw him, instead of poring over ledgers, or puzzling over knotty accounts that *wont* balance, rushing up and down the street on "desperate deeds intent"--diving into a toy store, and being lost to view for a while, then emerging and bobbing into a candy shop, again to come forth (all the time radiant with smiles, and with an inward chuckle, as if he was going to play off a good practical joke on somebody)--now losing himself in a bookstore, and doing something mysterious there, which makes the clerks laugh, and which he returns with compound interest. When that man goes home, and for fear of disturbing any one, steels in the back way, is there nothing unusual in his appearance? Are there no protuberances about his person which were not formed by nature, and which did not actually exist two hours ago? What can those things be which protrude from the distended pockets? A doll's head peeps out; another one's legs point upward; the handle of a tin trumpet; a horse's head; a tiny wagon; little boxes with soldiers and horses and trees; a drum for that boy who has such a military spirit and wears a conical paper cap and a wooden sword with the tip dyed of a sanguinary hue; parcel after parcel of candy, made into strange, uncouth shapes, but exceedingly toothsome for all that; these and many other things which he keeps studiously concealed from our view, are going to make glad a host of guileless hearts this morning. Saint Nicholas has hired an emissary to do his bidding, and the result will be, those tiny socks and stockings which are wont to encase fairy feet, will be stuffed to their utmost limit--while numberless gifts of the Saint will be pendant from the outside, too large for storing in the interior.

But we must not pursue this train of thought farther. We are fain to believe, as we most fervently hope, that all the little children of the city, when they arise this joyous Christmas morning, will find *some* pretty gift to make them happy--As we said at first, we wish it to be a *merry* Christmas; and we can well imagine it will be if all our young friends, have been remembered by Saint Nicholas--that veritable Dutchman, who had

"A bright shining face, and a little round belly,

That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly."

--we have all had him in our "mind's eye"--and he is one of the jolliest fellows in the world, dispensing gladness among children everywhere.

We cannot close this hastily prepared sketch, however, without hinting, that in this great world of ours, aye, even in our own city, there may be families where sorrow and suffering are known, and tears are oftener seen than smiles. Grim Want stands on the threshold of some house holds, and his great shadow so fills the way, that no sunshine can come in. All is gloom and misery. Ye children and youth who have been pampered in luxury--who have never known what it was to go hungry to bed at night--who have kind fathers and mothers who anticipate your lightest wish and supply your every want--whose healthy, robust forms are warmly, comfortably clad--who never saw or felt what Poverty was--go, and take father and mother with you--go into "the huts where poor men lie,"--go among those huddling groups of half-starved, ragged children, and dispense to them of the bounties which, as munificent Providence has bestowed upon you. Your coming will be as golden rays of light to those who sit in darkness--as the soft, sweet breath of heaven to those who gasp for air--as the balmy fragrance of flowers, or the freshness of springing grass, of the shady coolness of leafy trees, or the murmur of sparkling

streams, to those who toil in desert ways. Then you may hear the merry laugh where once were only wails and cries, see smiles dimple little wan cheeks, wrinkles and hard lines smoothed away, and peace and joy, so long strangers, take up their abode in the poor family. After you have looked over all the nice things which Saint Nicholas has given you because you were dutiful, kind, and loving at home--after you have feasted on the dainties which were preparing for you so long in the kitchen--fill your baskets from this store, and, as we before urged, to around visiting the homes of the poor. Do this (we had no intention of reading you a lecture when we began) and then indeed will it be a MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL [MEMPHIS], December 25, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

For the Memphis Appeal]  
"Krissskringle done Forgot."

'Twas "Happy Christmas" morning,  
    And I lay still in bed,  
When from the couch beside me  
    There peeped a little head,  
With a pair of roguish eyes  
    That sparkled wild with fun,  
And a silver voice said softly--  
    "Dear Sis, has Cristmas [sic] come?"

Then the restless, dimpled fingers  
    Threw aside the snowy sheet,  
And chasing to the hearth-stone,  
    I saw two pinky little feet;  
Then I saw a dainty little sock,  
    (Unnoticed quite before),  
'Twas grasped between the tiny hands  
    And carried to the floor.

But, Oh! the disappointment;  
    It was lean, and empty quite!  
And sobs that touched my stony heart  
    Said something was not right;  
Then a little cheek all trembling  
    Was laid against my own,  
And a voice all "broke" with sobbing  
    Breathed out in saddest tone:

"Oh! Sister dear, my sock was hung  
    Just in the lucky spot,  
And, Oh! sweet sister, darling,  
    Krissskringle *done forgot!*"  
I soothed my little sister,

"Till I won a smiling kiss,  
Then I pointed to a table,  
Full of messages from Kris!

A doll full two feet high  
With the blackest real hair,  
And loads of cakes and candies  
And all sorts of toys were there;  
A couch just made to fit Miss Doll,  
A wardrobe for her clothes.  
And the daintiest fairy library  
With gilded books in rows.

A dinner set of China,  
Fit to serve a fairy queen,  
And a parrot "mighty knowing"  
In a coat of red and green--  
My little sister's grief soon changed  
To wildest merry play,  
And one young heart was happy quite,  
Upon last Christmas day.

Memphis, Tennessee.

Nannie Oh!

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL [MEMPHIS], December 25, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

Weber's Grand Mass.--The choir of the Roman Catholic church, at the corner of Third and Adams street, assisted by some of the first musical talent of the city, and a full orchestra, the whole numbering thirty-five performers, will this morning execute Weber's Grand Mass in G. We are assured by a musical friend, who has attended the rehearsals, that it will be the richest musical treat ever produced in Memphis. The service commences at 10 1/2 o'clock this morning.

DALLAS HERALD, December 26, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

### Christmas!

Once more we are in the midst of Christmas festivities—once more we hear the ringing notes of happiness from girls and boys—once more we hear the kindly greetings of friends and see their joyous faces radiant with hope and joy, and hear on all sides, from old and young, that sound so welcome to our hearts, "A merry Christmas." The Yule-log burns brightly on every hearth—the Christmas dinner, so carefully prepared by the "gude woman," smokes on every table and all hearts are ready and willing to be happy. Our annual and time-honored holiday comes upon us at this time amidst scenes of national gloom and disquietude,—amidst scenes of unusual interest, and in times that are well calculated to try men's souls. But notwithstanding the alarm that pervades the entire country, we are glad to see that we are not cast down, nor our souls disquieted within us. Altho' a nation is about to absolve itself from its allegiance to a government that might be used to oppress us, as a people we should rejoice that our

independence will be achieved before the bonds are placed upon us, and that we are not called upon to carol our Christmas lays nor to sing our joyful songs in a strange land, nor to sit down by the waters of Babylon and weep when we remember our country; nor to hang our harps upon the willows like the captive daughters of Israel.

We have much for which to be grateful during the last year, and especially for that inestimable blessing, a love of Independence and hatred to oppression. The recurrence of Christmas at this crisis seems to be symbolical of the birth of a New and Great People, as it is the anniversary of the birth of the Savior of mankind. We trust that we may, as a people, be a light, a bright and shining light to the nations of the earth, as the home of Liberty, Science and Christianity. We say then, let not this glorious festival pass by unheeded, nor let the prayers of Patriots and Christians for our country's good, be silenced on our altars. Let the hearts of our people send up an incense, as acceptable in its purity and sincerity as are the swelling anthems that to-day peal from the proudest sanctuaries in all christendom. We are reminded, in our hours of ease of happiness,—in the festive hall and solemn church, in prayer and thanksgiving, in joy and sorrow, that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, directs the ways and destinies of men as well as of nations, and that God, in his Goodness, has spared us another year and permitted us to enjoy the innocent pleasures of another Christmas.

To our readers and patrons, our friends and neighbors, we wish a happy Christmas, and that their lives may be indefinitely prolonged to enjoy unnumbered Christmas dinners and countless bowls of Egg Nogg. [sic]

DALLAS HERALD, December 26, 1860, p. 4, c. 1

#### Cakes for the Holidays.

A lady correspondent of the American Agriculturist gives the following receipts for making good cake for the holidays:

*Welcome Cake.*—Stir a cup and a half of sugar and half a cup of butter together, with three well beaten eggs. Sift a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda with three small cups of flour; this, with half a cup of milk, must be mixed with the above, and baked in a moderately quick oven. By adding raisins and currents,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of each, a very good fruit cake may be made.

*New Year's Cake.*—1 cup of butter, 1 of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of soda, and caraway seeds to the taste. Flour must be added till the dough is fit to roll—these require a quick oven.

*Spice Cake.*—1 cup of sugar, 2 of molasses,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter, a teaspoonful of spice, and one of soda dissolved in a little milk; add flour till it is quite stiff; then roll thin and cut in cakes. Bake quick.

*Wealthy Cake.*—Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of butter,  $\frac{3}{4}$  pound of sugar, the same of flour, 4 eggs, 2 lb. of seeded raisins, 1 pound of currants,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound of citron, 1 gill of brandy. Spice well with nutmeg and ground cloves. Bake slowly three hours. This cake will keep six months. Icing for the cake: beat the white of two eggs to a froth, then stir in half a pound of powdered sugar. Flavor with a little essence of lemon, and spread on with a knife when the cake is cold.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, December 26, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

On Monday night the boys had a great time, shooting and firing off crackers. On Tuesday many of our business men found their signs gone, and different ones in their places. This is bad business, boys. We wish you would not do so. The editor, however returns his thanks to them for their regard in letting his things alone. The boys have always treated us well.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 29, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Christmas.—Since our last, Christmas has come and gone. While the festive season has brought joy to some it has brought sorrow and sadness to many. The good old ship of State freighted with our political fortunes, which heretofore, has steered clear of shoals and quicksands, has been driven by the storms of fanaticism into the very breakers of destruction. That she may escape without being wrecked—that we may escape with our lives and our honor—is the prayer of the patriotic, to which let all say Amen!

SEMI-WEEKLY RALEIGH REGISTER, January 2, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

Toys and Gifts for Christmas.  
China Dolls.  
Wax Dolls.  
China Toilett [sic] Setts,  
Vases,  
Perferme [sic] Bottles, &c.

W. H. & R. S. Tucker.

DALLAS HERALD, December 11, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

A Concert will be given by Miss Snead, at Lancaster, on Christmas Eve, for the benefit of needy soldiers now in the service of the government. It is a most laudable effort, and we wish the accomplished lady most unbounded success.

[LITTLE ROCK] DAILY STATE JOURNAL, December 12, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

The Firemen's Ball has been changed to Thursday, 26th inst., instead of Monday, 23rd. This change is very opportune, as the girls intend to hold their fair on the 23rd. There will be abundant opportunities of aiding the soldiers during Christmas week as we learn. The ladies intend presenting some new and interesting tableaux.

[LITTLE ROCK] DAILY STATE JOURNAL, December 13, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

The girls interested in the fair to be held Christmas, are requested to meet at Major Peek's residence next Saturday, (to-morrow) afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

[LITTLE ROCK] DAILY STATE JOURNAL, December 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Christmas Day.

What hallowed associations cluster around the memories of this sacred day! Of all the bright sunny recollections that gladden the retrospect of childhood's hours, those connected with this joyous holiday are the brightest. The bounteous favors of good old Santa Claus; the

beautiful presents—pledges of parental love and tokens of a yet more tender passion; gay dresses and gorgeous toys, fire crackers, christmas trees, sumptuous dinners, family re-unions—these are some of the things that always connect themselves with the recollections of christmas. It is a happy day to childhood, a joyous occasion to the young, and even old age is cheered and rejuvenated by its lively scenes. It is the day of all others that revives the sweet sad memories of the past; the day of all others when we miss absent friends and yearn for the comforts of "home, sweet home." Oh! to the sad heart tossed upon the rough billows of tempestuous life, away from home and loved friends, what associations of mingled joy, sadness and regret does this day bring! How the heart aches with the recollections with which it is burdened, and pines for the old homestead, and the friends who gathered around the family hearth when last the sacred circle was formed.

To how many such sad hearts did the light of this joyous day unfold its morning glory? Think of the vast numbers who are now encamped upon the cold tented field, yielding up the pleasures and comforts of home and even offering up their bodies a willing sacrifice upon the altar of their bleeding country. Poor soldiers! how the sympathies of our hearts should reach out to them laden [sic] with our most earnest prayers for their safety and protection.

Five hundred thousand brave, noble gallant sons of the South, that last christmas [sic] were enjoying the festivities of this day, amid the sweet comforts of home, are now far away from home, exposed to the cold winds of winter, the rigors of camp, and the perils of a soldiers life. Poor fellows, we owe them a debt of gratitude which the homage of years could not redeem. They have interposed their faithful breasts, a living rampart to shield us from the destroyers advance, and to protect us in the enjoyment of our rights. They are heroes and patriots, whose brows should be crowned with the evergreen chaplets of our undying gratitude. Brave hearts, may the pangs which you have suffered in dread suspense and anxiety for your country's safety, never be increased by the still sharper pangs of a people's ingratitude; may all the sufferings you have so patiently and nobly borne, be more than compensated in the praise and gratitude that shall ever welcome and congratulate you as conquering heroes—as saviors of your native land.

DALLAS HERALD, December 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Christmas! Christmas!!

Once more this ancient festival has dawned upon our land, and all hearts seem as merry as when, two years ago, peace and prosperity reigned throughout the length and breadth of the country. But in reality the times are sadly changed in places, and although we are freed here from the pressures of the enemy, there are places in our beloved Confederacy where Christmas will be shorn of half its holy memories, and the heart closed against the softer emotions that usually obtain at such a time. Deserted homes and darkened firesides, where the yule-log was wont to blaze, the silent festive halls and blackened ruins now usurp "the blithesome and gay" scenes of old Christmas, and many a little pair of stockings, instead of hanging for Kriss Kringle's present, perhaps now but barely cover the little red and frost bitten feet of their owners, and the mistletoe bough hangs untouched and unhonored in its parent stem, moaning in the cold air of winter, o'er the hard hearts of men. Christmas with us is as happy as usual, and while we are enjoying its pleasures at home and meet around the flowing bowl of egg-nogg [sic], crowned with its snowy diadem, let us reflect upon our soldiers, and if we have anything to give, let us

give it to the needy and may be suffering men, who have volunteered to fight our battles, and are now exposed to the bleak clime of a more northern latitude, where the soft and gentle amenities of a home and Christmas times will be banished in the midst of our joys, let us not forget the absent soldier who in his heart has said a hundred times, "I wish I were at home to spend my Christmas." Each one should send a Christmas gift to the far-off soldier, and show how dearly he is remembered.

Christmas is a holy time, and will be rendered doubly so, if we improve it by doing our duty. A happy Christmas to our readers and friends, and a joyful return of the absent soldier to his family, is our wish and prayer.

NATCHEZ COURIER, December 25, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

### Merry Christmas.

"Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;"--

Who wrote the above lines? We should like to know, for, since we can recollect, at Christmas Eve, they always float through our brain like far-off strains of sweetest melody, and as old Time silvers our once brown hair, our happy boyhood's Christmas Eve, with its joyous, innocent sports, rendered more pleasant by the presence of a loved father and mother, brothers and sisters, comes back to us in thoughts too gladsome to think upon. "No more; never, no more."

This morning our little folk will be up with the dawn; soft beds and downy pillows will have no attractions for them, while little, barefooted feet will patter over the cold floor to the chimney corner, to see what the Patron Saint of Christmas gifts has bequeathed them. How their bright eyes will glisten, as with almost suppressed breath they proceed slowly and carefully to empty their stockings of their precious contents. Santa Claus's heart will be filled with deep, quiet joy, and vow that each succeeding Eve shall rival the last.

Men and women--you who have to stem Life's stern realities; who battle for your Country's cause with the sword and needle, on the battlefield and in the hospital, on the lonely sentinel rounds and about the dying soldier's couch, in the tent and in the house--to all, Men, Women and Children, we wish you, with many many happy returns, a "Merry Christmas."

NATCHEZ COURIER, December 27, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

Christmas Day was passed by our citizens very quietly. The day was exceedingly fine, and its beauty was in no wise marred by disorder or rowdyism. The churches were well filled and the exercises were of a very interesting character.

NATCHEZ COURIER, December 27, 1861, p. 1, c. 2

### The Families of the Absent Soldiers.

Mr. Editor: The money pressure makes the cotton growers almost powerless in affording relief to the distressed, and as such, cuts off much of that material aid which the condition of society demands. The planters of this county, as a class, have done nobly in their contributions for the support of our soldiers, now in the field, and many of them have furnished articles

liberally to the "Free Market," by which destitute families have been supplied with the necessaries of life. We suggest that a cheerful fire in this wintry weather would gladden many a household, and as Christmas week furnishes a favorable season for such little kindnesses as bless the giver and the receiver, will not our neighbors in addition to the meat, meal and vegetables so regularly sent in for distribution, send in a few loads of wood for the same purpose. If our planters would think of it we have no doubt that a full supply for all immediate necessities could be readily furnished. What say you planters? The cotton yard of Newman, Buckner & Stockman is offered for the use of such as wish to help in this matter.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA], December 27, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

#### Christmas Day.

Was clear and pleasant, and everybody seemed to enjoy it more or less. The usual number of fire crackers and sky-rockets were exploded by the boys in our streets. The fantasticals paraded, and every boy or negro in sight or hearing went screaming and huzzaing after them. A few persons who had never seen such an exhibition of "masks and faces," long chapeaus, forked tails and woolly hair, stared, trembled, and ran affrighted like "Major Jones" at the Female College Commencement at Macon, and were laughed at for it by all who observed them, the same as "Miss Mary" did at "the Major."

DAILY CHRONICLE AND SENTINEL [AUGUSTA GA], December 27, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

Christmas Observances.--Christmas day passed off very quietly in this city and vicinity. Save the gun powder demonstrations by the young folks, the "celebrating" did not amount to much. The weather was delightful, despite the crisp and frosty air of the early morning, and people walked about enjoying the warm sunshine, or paid the devours to the Christmas dinner. Fortunate were they who had a well-stocked larder on Christmas day.

There were abundance of presents bestowed upon the little ones--and many a family has its pleasant episodes to talk of in after times. All our places of business where gifts could be obtained were crowded on the 24th, and a clerk's post in either of those places was just then no sinecure. The sales, despite the hard times, were very large.

Appropriate religious exercises were held at St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church. On Christmas Eve, the exercises were protracted to a late hour, and were of quite an interesting character; and Christmas forenoon, a sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Clarke. Christmas day services were held in the Catholic Church, consisting of Mass at 5 o'clock A.M., and every half hour until 7; High Mass at 10½ A.M., with preaching by Rev. J. F. Kirby; and Vespers at 3½ P.M. The interiors of both churches were handsomely decorated with evergreens.

CHARLESTON MERCURY, December 30, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

Richmond, December 25.

Christmas, the fire-cracker Sunday of the year, dawns as brightly as heart could wish. There is anything else than "peace on earth and good will to men," yet the present situation and the prospect before us afford ample cause for gratitude. We are not perhaps so well off as we might have been, but are intact as a nation, and after many months of war with a people much superior to ourselves in numbers and resources, have proved our ability to maintain our independence. Of course, there were egg-nog parties all over the town last night. "It was the

custom of my ancestors," said a friend, at whose foaming bowl your correspondent presented himself, "and I intend to keep it up, whether I am able or not, war or no war." Military Christmas gifts are all the go among children, judging from the number of little boys in the street this morning with drums swung from their necks. . . . Hermes.

[LITTLE ROCK] ARKANSAS TRUE DEMOCRAT, January 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Close of the Year.—The old year—time—decay—rapid changes—retrospect—solemn thoughts—departed friends—gallant dead—vain regrets—cherished memories. War—prospects last spring and now—contrasts—the old union—Ilium fuil—the future—independence, our own stout hearts and strong arms—liberty or death—freedom or annihilation—rich and powerful republic—career of unexampled prosperity and priceless heritage of liberty bequeathed to our descendants.

We had intended to follow the immemorial custom of editors and write an article on the above theme, but the imp of the office called for copy and announced that the paper would go to press before we could do more than write down the skeleton of the article. As mothers, in Christmas times, to call forth the taste and sewing abilities of their daughters, give them an undressed doll, which they may dress to their tastes, so we present our readers with our skeleton article, to fill up to please themselves.

SAN ANTONIO HERALD, January 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

The Christmas holidays have passed off pleasantly. The young people have enjoyed themselves at social parties. Eggnog, cakes and wines have received a due share of attention, and powder enough has been burned to kill a thousand Hessians. The gay appearance of the city during the past week would hardly indicate the hard times and general distress which might be expected to result from such a war as the country is engaged in. Were old Abe in San Antonio, he would be more than ever convinced that "nobody is hurt."

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, January 4, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

### Christmas.

The first Christmas in the new Confederacy, although not as gay as in former years, has not been devoid of interest. Relatives and friends, it is true, are in the army. Scarcely a family that has not one or more vacant seats around the fireside and the social board. Usually Christmas has been a day of rejoicing and merrymaking. This year it is serious and solemn, but not altogether gloomy. There are great principles which underlie the existing struggle for freedom in the Southern States, which enable the people to bear serious sacrifices, not only without a murmur, but with a spirit of emulation. Men feel that by secession they escaped a great calamity. That if the Union had continued, their institutions would have been destroyed, and that they would not only have lost their freedom, but have been socially degraded. Providence has smiled upon their exertions. The land has been blessed with abundant harvests. Successive victories have followed their armies. They have been chastened but not destroyed. They feel that the fires of revolution are purifying them socially, morally, and politically. That there is something of more importance than self interest; and that a plain and simple government, upheld by virtue and intelligence, is far preferable to one of opulence and grandeur, when linked with corruption. They feel also that the hour of danger has passed; that there may be difficulties and sacrifices,

but that their freedom is secure. And hence, when they survey this broad land, and contemplate its future opulence, have they not reason to rejoice, and look upon the past as a "happy Christmas?"

[LITTLE ROCK] ARKANSAS TRUE DEMOCRAT, January 23, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Christmas Day,

Camp Grey, Foot Mulberry Mountain. }

"At the wee small hour ayont the twal," "when nights candles had burned out and jocund day stood tiptoe on the mountain top," the foam covered goblet was kissed by each member of our gallant little band to "the old folk at home" and "friends that's far awa." Aye, to the highest brim was filled each heart and cup. "Memory," like old mortality, has been busy making legible those characters impressed on her tablets "lang syne"—aye, far back when we sat by the old "*ingle side*" in the rosy hours of boyhood and watched the sparks from the old *yule log* and the dainty fingers of our sweet hearts as they wove the holly and cedar wreath to deck the festive hall, pass before us like pictures in a panorama.

To us it is a merry Christmas. We have enjoyed ourselves in regular camp style—we are content, for we feel many a kind heart whispered, "I wish he were here."

Do you know him, our wagon master, (J. C. Grey) if you don't, consider this an introduction, and take our word for it if you ever "go for a soldier," and are lucky enough to have him along, you will not regret it. The dinner of which we have just partaken must excuse our digression, for friend Grey contributed a fat turkey, which corporal B\*\*\* cooked *ala mode*, washed with a libation brewed by Lieut. B\*\*\*\*\*. To digress again—what a bar keeper was spoiled in making him a soldier. That dinner never to be forgotten, interlarded with rich jokes and "*concealments*" bountifully dispensed by our junior lieutenant. Ours was indeed a merry Christmas, for in the march through life's campaign will the participants wander back in memory to the foot of Mulberry Mountain and love to dwell there as one of the brightest spots in memory's waste, even in the "glo[illegible]." Woman too lent her cheering presence, and though strangers, they had a smile for the way worn soldier. God bless them. What have they not done for our comfort—their fingers have never wearied in toiling, and we feel that prayers well up morning and night to the Giver of all good in our behalf.

Thus far in our toilsome march Providence smiled on us; bearing two days, we have had delightful weather, and leaving out a chill or two, the health of the company has been excellent.—We feel proud of our company and when the tiger strife comes the Adams Battery will do its part.

We cannot close this letter without mentioning the names of Dr. Pitkern and Col. Carroll, near whose residences we camped. We are indebted to them for kindnesses that a soldier can appreciate. We could mention many others, but we plead the editor's excuse, want of time and space.

Respectfully,

One of the "Adams Battery."

MEMPHIS APPEAL [JACKSON, MS], December 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

Christmas Gifts!

Auction Sale,

On Tuesday, December 23d inst., at Messrs. George Fearn & Co.'s store.

French China tea and toilet sets,

Motto Coffee Cups and Mugs,

Cologne Bottles and Powder Boxes,

500 Toy Dinner and Tea Sets,

450 pair Decorated China Vases, worth from \$50 to \$100 a pair;

Cut and Engraved Wine Sets,

Fowls and Preserve Dishes, with or without covers,

Pitchers Salt Cellars, Finger Bowls,

And a great variety of articles suitable for Christmas presents.

I will also sell Ivory handled Knives and Forks, Plate Warmers, Chafing Dishes, Brass Fenders, Andirons, Shovels and Tongs, twenty sets rich patterns Oval Waiters, inlaid with Pearl, and one small Heating Stove, etc. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock.

J. H. Boyd, Auctioneer.

MEMPHIS APPEAL [JACKSON, MS], December 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Concert--Attention is invited to the notice of the concert, to be given to-morrow evening. The ladies will be assisted by Madame Rhul. Christmas Eve spent at Concert Hall, will be an occasion of enjoyment within the reach of all, as well as affording an opportunity of contributing to a commendable object.

The ladies of Brandon have determined to hold a fair on Christmas eve, for the benefit of the village hospitals; and on Christmas day to give a substantial dinner in aid of the convalescent soldiers. The fair will be held in the hall of the Shelton house.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 24, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

The Veritable Headquarters  
of  
Santa Claus!  
The Home Confectionary of  
J. E. Hernandez,  
On Broughton Street, near Barnard,

Where Candies, Confectionaries, Cordials, &c., suitable for the Holidays, can be had warranted free from deleterious substances. Being daily manufactured under the immediate supervision of the undersigned, he is prepared to fill orders from families or dealers with care and dispatch [sic].

Grateful for the patronage of the past, he solicits a continuance of the same.

J. E. Hernandez.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 25, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Christmas.

We congratulate our readers on the return of this great festival. If it does not find them "happy," we trust they will at least be resigned to such dispensations as a kind Providence may have meted out to them. The great secret of life is to be contented with our lot. Good and evil are allotted to all, and true christian philosophy teaches to bear the one with meekness and the other with patient resignation to the will of Him who doeth all things aright. May he smile on the fortunate, comfort eh distressed, and bind up the broken-hearted!

These solemn times dictate a suggestion. Let frivolity and extravagance find no place in the present festive occasion. Let good deeds take the place of idle compliments, and the thousands lavished on friendship be devoted to the alleviation of the sufferings of our brave and needy defenders. This will make Christmas a festival indeed, one on which the Most High will be compelled to smile.

Pursuant to our custom, no paper will be issued from this office until Saturday morning. Important news will be given in the form of an Extra.

CHARLESTON MERCURY, December 25, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Merry Christmas to you, kind reader. That is to say, the merriest Christmas possible, under the circumstances. The noble hymn, written for this anniversary of the great Festival, by one of our own poets, and published in to-day's paper, reminds us how heavily the joyous scenes of the season must be fringed with sorrow and distress; how the gladsome pealing of our ancient chimes, which were wont to usher in the morn of the Nativity, are drowned to-day in the din of a ruthless war; how the memories of the heroic dead, whose blood has dyed the battle-fields of the expiring year, and the thoughts of the not less heroic living, who are watching and battling and suffering on the border, surge up together to sadden the Christmas time of '62. Yet it may be that the little ones will escape these grave reflections, and, though they may miss something of the well-remembered grandeur of the shops in the holidays, will yet, with unshaken faith in the inexhaustible bounty of the good old Saint, who annually fills their stockings with his gifts, spring delighted from their beds, as of yore, to grasp the presents of the thoughtful Kriss Kringle, whom neither war nor blockade can banish or repress. For their sake, then, let the old-time customs of Christmas Day be faithfully kept up. The Christmas tree may still blossom with its marvelous and miscellaneous fruit; the mantel may still be decked with Laurel and Evergreen; the Yule Log may still blaze and roar cheerily, shedding its generous glow around the hearth, and still may the children listen to the old chaunt [sic] of the days gone by, and with their joyful voices ring in the chorus, lustily and mirthfully,--

"Christmas luck and Christmas cheer,  
Christmas cakes and Christmas beer,  
Christmas far and Christmas near,  
For Christmas comes but once a year!"

SAN ANTONIO HERALD, December 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

A Bright Christmas Thought from One of Our Little Friends.--A little six-year-old, in speaking of Christmas the other day remarked that he did not expect to get any thing this time, as he reckoned Old Santa Claus was a Conscript and had been sent to the wars.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA], December 28, 1862, p. 3, c. 4 [note--misspelling due to drunkenness—not my bad typing!]

## A Dull Christmas.

A neighbor thus discourses on his Christmas experiences:

On Christmas Eve the streets were thronged, and everything wore the 'pearance of hurried preparation. Shoy Tops were crowded, brisness was bisk and hexpectation was runnin' 'igh--evidently so, for I was guessing that old Santa Anna Claws, or what you call him, would be on hand, and had a mind to buy a pair of extra gentlemen's half stockings to hang up.

Every friend I met would "be at home at -- o'clock to-morrow, and would be happy to see you 'round." Wonder if some trick aint up? Don't often get invitations!

Christmas morning found everything in situ quo--thought it was Sunday, but heard no Church bells. Early in the morning a venerable friend with a mechanical smile, said "Merry Christmas to you!" with the same no-motomy--no nomotomy (now I've got it) that the steam road conductor says "All abroad." During the day a few squads of boys was a crackin' their poppers in the streets and the Provost Office Guard broke up the peace. Some body shot, out of the lines of coroboration, and I thought the Sabbath was desecuted.

During the evening but few people were on the streets, and still it required constant dodging from side to circumference to avoid collisions with the pequestreans lookin' 'round for more gnog. At night I called on a neighbor, without any invitation, and he said they had just drunk an gnegog; but the block-eg, and the Gover-nog's proclamation and the speg-nogalators-hic-heg nod ache.

When I waked up I concluded that Christmas was an unlucky season of the year.

PEORIA (IL) MORNING MAIL, December 28, 1862, p. 4, c. 2-3

Letter from "B. Sharp."  
High Mass at St. Mary's.

Editor Mail:--I have hitherto done little but find fault with the musical arrangements of the churches of this city, and really feel a little ashamed of myself; but I cannot help it, for, first, I think the fault-finding is "called for," and second, it is my privilege, as a "confirmed old maid," to find fault, and I shall exercise my prerogative as I think it is deserved. I am one of those unfortunately constituted individuals known as "nervous," and, to save my life, it is impossible for me to quietly listen to a constant succession of "unresolved discords," or the promiscuous "coming in" of the various voices of a choir—out of tune and out of time,--as it would be for me to be easy when tormented with a raging toothache. Patience is a cardinal virtue, but in the above cases the supply is not equal to the demand.

For a number of years I have been in the habit, on Christmas morning, to attend the early service of the Catholic church. On this, the greatest festival of the year, no pains or expense is spared to render the service as imposing as possible, and as music enters very largely into the Catholic order of worship, it is on this occasion, generally, of the highest order. In the metropolitan churches the choirs are strengthened by the addition of at least a quartette of professional vocalists, and also full orchestra is called into requisition. Then and there can the lover of music enjoy a rich repast in listening to the artistic rendering of the sublime works of Haydn, Mozart, and some of the more modern masters. But in this city I did not expect all this, and therefore, when in company with some friends, we left our comfortable firesides, and encountered the storm and midnight darkness of Christmas, in our visit to the midnight service at

St. Mary's church, it was not with the expectation of listening to the artistic, finished performance of the cathedral choir, but I did expect something—perhaps simple and easy of execution, but still tolerable. The choir commenced the service with the good old hymn, *Adeste Fidelis*, during the performance of which, I found that a large proportion of the singers were Soprano—and some very good voices, too,—the Alto very fair in one or two instances, the Tenor and Bass I did not sufficiently distinguish to note peculiarities. The organ—a sweet-toned little instrument—was very clumsily handled, or else the accompaniment to the *Adeste* has been most unharmoniously altered. Then followed the commencement of the Mass,—the *Kyrie Eleison*. The music was not familiar to me, but struck me as being very peculiar in its composition, or else \_\_\_\_\_. Then followed the joyful "song of the angels"—the *Gloria in Excelsis*—the opening strain of which was unmistakably familiar—it cannot be mistaken when once heard. I listened attentively for what followed. Surely, that strain was the commencement of the *Gloria* of Haydn's Third Mass—the *Imperial*—but where was the balance? It must be that some scribbler has surreptitiously appropriated that much to his own base use, or else the choir of St. Mary's have, in this instance, done what so many aspiring church choirs have before this accomplished in the same way—undertook more than they could succeed in doing well and made a signal failure.

During the entire service that little organ was not quiet for a moment, but persisted in "showing off" its capabilities of murdering harmony, and of putting in defiance all known and acknowledged musical laws. I verily expected it would attempt to accompany the sermon, but to my great joy it ceased its idle clamor at the moment the reverend father ascended the pulpit, but only to collect strength to commence with renewed vigor the moment the sermon was ended. I think the organist of St. Mary's is determined to earn his salary, and to that end has concluded to make up in quantity of his performance what he lacks in quality.

Myself and friends did not stay to hear the conclusion of the musical (?) portion of the service, but elbowed our way through the throng of worshippers, there assembled, and sought our homes.

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish to know why it is that second rate choirs will, on all occasions like the present, almost invariably attempt more than they have the ability to accomplish? Why can they not be satisfied with less difficult music? There is plenty of easy music of a very pleasing style for the use of Catholic choirs—*Masses* by Peters, Webbe, LaHache, and very many others—the tasty performance of which will give good satisfaction to all, both performers and listeners, and the choir of St. Mary's would do well to practice such and such only. If you have no Tenor—and Tenors are hard to find—get the three part *Masses* of LaHache, for Soprano, Alto, and Bass, which are very pretty and not difficult of execution, and if your organist is capable of performing well his part, you will in good time, by much practice, furnish a style of music gratifying to your honored pastor, to the congregation, and to yourselves, but until then the music will be, as it was on Christmas morning, a FAILURE. Yours,

B#

[AUSTIN, TX] STATE GAZETTE, December 31, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

#### Christmas Day.

We wish all our readers a "merrie christmas," though we fear but few will be able to partake of the enjoyments which are usual on this festive occasion. We can well remember,

when a boy, how many indications might be seen, for days before the advent of this auspicious season; and how many hearts, both young and old, were wont to leap with joy with this time honored festival arrived. These were the good old times,

"When the Squire's wide hall,  
And the cottage small,  
Were filled with the best of cheer."

On such occasions, young and old, were wont to unite in one grand jubilee, and nought [sic] but sounds of mirth and notes of gladness could be heard, among the happy groups, which thronged around each fireside; and when the evening shades began to fall, many a wanderer far from home, throughout the year, would seek again the old familiar roof, to greet his friends and neighbors on the eve, which ushered in the natal day of Him, who died to save a world.

Alas! how changed the scene, from that of former years! How many hearthstones now are desolate, where, but a year ago, a happy family met, to share their Christmas cheer, and bid each friend and neighbor welcome, who might chance to call, in passing by! How many hearts, that then beat high with future hopes and expectations, are now laid low and silent in the tomb! The picture is too sad to dwell upon; but it would ill become us, at a season like the present, to be unmindful of those patriot heroes, whose best blood has been poured out, to save our homes from the desecration, and give us, what is dearer still than life, the liberty we yet enjoy. Let us not, in our hours of enjoyment, forget the widow and the orphan, who are now left helpless and dependent, on the cold charities of a heartless world. Let each, before indulging in the joys peculiar to this season of the year, contribute to the aid of those in need. Apart from all the good it does, our own enjoyments will be much increased, for we shall know, within ourselves,

"That deeds of charity, which we have done,  
Shall stay forever with us, and that wealth  
Which we have thus bestowed, we only keep;  
The other is not ours."

Let us also cheer the sad and sick, with words of kindness and of sympathy, and let us hope that ere another year rolls round, we shall again enjoy those blessings which, till now, we scarce knew how to value. Our grounds for hope are many, and we still believe the worst is past, and that our smiling land will soon become the home it used to be, of peace and happiness.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, January 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Christmas holidays seem to have passed off this year, in this vicinity, with more than the usual amount of gaiety. There have been quite a number of parties, and the young appear to have given a loose reign to enjoyment, perhaps thinking that it was as well to appear happy as sorrowful.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY [ATLANTA], January 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

In Camp Near Murfreesboro, Tenn. }  
December 26th, 1862. }

Messrs. Editors:

Since the date of my last letter there has been considerable skirmishing on the front. . . . On Christmas eve the officers of the 1st La. and 2d Ky. Regiments gave a ball at the Court House in Murfreesboro which proved a magnificent affair and complete success.--The beauty and fashion of this little city and many distinguished officers were present. The decorations were exceedingly handsome, among them I noticed four large "B's," constructed of evergreens,

"Beauregard and Bragg, of La.," "Buckner and Breckinridge, of Ky." Over the windows were the names, "Pensacola," "Donelson," "Shiloh," "Santa Rosa" and "Hartsville," all entwined with cedar. Conspicuous were numerous United States flags--Union down--trophies belonging to Gen. John H. Morgan, furnished for the occasion by his lady. . . Volunteer.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

An Account of Two Very Different  
Scenes—A Ball and an Execution.

A letter from Murfreesboro', Tenn., dated the 26th ult., gives an account of two scenes of camp life—a ball and an execution. The writer says:

On Christmas Eve the officers of the First Louisiana and Second Kentucky regiments gave a ball at the Court House in Murfreesboro', which proved a magnificent affair and complete success. The beauty and fashion of this little city and many distinguished officers were present. The decorations were exceedingly handsome. Among them I noticed four large "B's" constructed of evergreens: "Beauregard and Bragg, of La.;" "Buckner and Breckinridge, of Ky." Over the windows were the names, "Pensacola," "Donelson," "Shiloh," "Santa Rosa," and "Hartsville," all entwined with cedar. Conspicuous were numerous United States flags—Union down—trophies belonging to Gen. John H. Morgan, furnished for the occasion by his lady. .

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, January 13, 1863, p. 1, c. 3-4

Fredericksburg, Dec. 27th, 1862.

Mr. Editor:-- . . . Our camps in many places were not struck because Gen. Lee was confident of the result. Therefore, the boys just left the lines where the foe had fled, and again the even tenor of camp life began as smoothly as ever. Again the buskin was resumed and Ethiopian tragedy and farce stalked across the stage. "What," you ask, "is't possible there is camp histrionics among the ragged rebels?" It is an existing reality. If you will come sometime and go with us to "Hood's Minstrels"—they show to-morrow night again—"Old Bob Ridley" will make your sides ache with fun. It is only a few hundred yards away just yonder in the woods. An enterprising number of young men from Gen. Hood's old Texas brigade formed a very fine company and have some very diverting amusement for camp. Their efforts to relieve the tediousness of the soldier's life has been kindly encouraged by the Generals, who are often seen mingling with the soldiers and laughing over the obsequious negro delineations. A few nights ago the Minstrels contributed by their performance over three hundred dollars to the sufferers in the city of Fredericksburg. There fun has been turned to charity, and Humor made mistress of Philanthropy.

Christmas is with us, but she comes clad in the dark weeds of death—the land is wrapt [sic] in gloom—the grand Nativity in which all should give a free hand to fellowship and good will is welcomed with rivulets of blood—the shout of victor is mingled with the wail of sorrow for those who have bought it with their lives. Such is the decree of fate for our land, and the directing of an inscrutable [sic] Providence.

"Rise happy morn! rise Holy morn!

Draw forth the cheerful day from night,  
Oh, Father, light the light

That shown when Hope was born."

Tout le Monde.

[LITTLE ROCK] ARKANSAS TRUE DEMOCRAT, February 25, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

The great body of the negroes of the South are loyal and true. If the dissatisfied ones could be sent North for a year or so, and test Yankee philanthropy, they would gladly come home and stay there. The majority of those now at the North were forced away, and nine-tenths would gladly return. The following letter shows how Texas servants feel about this war.

Austin, Texas, January 5, 1863.

Dr. J. Boring,  
Surgeon Texas Hospital, at Little Rock.

Dear Sir:

Herewith I send you \$70 for the benefit of the Texas hospital at Little Rock. It comes to me from two negro men, of Bell county, Texas, Dan, whose master (Capt. S. G. Davidson,) was killed early in this war; and Matt, whose owner, Dr. James G. Robinson, was severely wounded at Corinth.

These faithful servants of truly patriotic families, gave a Christmas dinner to their colored brethren. This money is the proceeds thereof, and they desire me to send it to you for the benefit of sick Texans, of whose chivalry Dan and Matt are proud; while they detest the ruthless infidels who are ravaging portions of our country.

Your friend,  
Jno. Henry Brown.  
Clothing Agent, C. S. A.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 21, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

A Noble Little Patriot.—If the Yankees [illegible] take a peep into the hearts of the Southern people—men, women, and even the little children, and we may go farther and add the slaves—they would give up in despair the crazy delusion that they will ever conquer and enslave us.

We have had occasion, from time to time, to offer in these columns many evidences of this [illegible] of the "rebel" sentiment among our population of every kind. There is hardly a child ten years old in the Confederacy that has not done something "for the soldiers," and their little hearts bleed as deeply as the rest over the tales of blood and suffering that come in from the field and the camp. The knitting of socks, gloves, and neckties has been a regular employment among them, and many a dollar has poured through our hands alone, that are the product of their savings and handwork. We have before us now the noblest contribution of them all. Little Bessie Hamilton of Bryan county, has sent us an excellent pair of socks, and one hundred dollars, which, in a note accompanying them, she begs us to give as a "Christmas present" to the sick and wounded soldiers. We shall carry out her request, and no doubt Heaven will bless both the gift and the patriotic girl who made it.

MEMPHIS APPEAL [ATLANTA, GA], December 21, 1863, p. 2, c. 7

Look Here, Everybody!  
Grand Entertainment!

For the Benefit of the Sick and Wounded Soldiers

To be given Christmas Eve at the City Hall by the Ladies of the Atlanta Hospital Association.

Any contributions to the Christmas Tree, or Refreshment Tables, will be thankfully received.

The ladies will please sent in all articles by two o'clock, P. M.

Doors open at 7. Tickets two dollars--to be had at the door.

Mrs. Isaac Winship,  
President.

MEMPHIS APPEAL [ATLANTA, GA], December 23, 1863, p. 2, c. 7

Delicacies for Christmas! Fresh peaches! A few cans at G. W. Knight's, Whitehall street.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Sardines,  
Mackerel,  
Codfish,  
Sperm Candles,  
Green and Black Tea,  
Preserves,  
Coffee, Sugar,  
French Brandy,  
English Ale,  
Scotch Whiskey,  
and  
Numerous Other Articles  
Call and get your Christmas Supplies early

R. Ehrlich.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer, corner Barnard and Jones street.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

"A Merry Christmas"?

Ah! no. We cannot find it in our heart to utter such a wish in these solemn times. The day for merriment wish to [illegible] a people has passed. We are dealing with the fearful realities of blood. We are in the midst of a revolution and the angel of death and desolation stalks abroad through the land. Brother is in arms against brother, a deadly and terrific strife, on the part of one for liberty and his own fireside—on the part of the other for vengeance, subjugation and a remorseless tyranny. Nearly every household in the land is clad in mourning for dear ones departed; want and distress extend their bony arms and embrace thousands upon thousands of a once happy and contented people; avarice wields its might sceptre [sic] among us and bring low the widow and the orphan, the naked shoulders of our brave troops are bared to the rude blasts of winter, and their shoeless feet crimson the frozen earth on the battle-field and the march. Verily, this is no time for rejoicing, for present making, for the revelry usually [illegible line in fold of paper] the sun of 1863 goes down in blood, and the stoutest heart must grow sad when it sees his sickly lingering rays cast athwart a land [illegible] by the tread of hostile armies

and resounding with the lamentations of the [illegible]. We hope nobody will have or desire a merry Christmas.

The close of another year is an occasion for reflection, for good deeds to the public, for repentance of our manifold shortcomings, for resolutions of amendment, less selfishness and more patriotism for the future—and for solemn invocation of the Most High to watch, [illegible], reform, protect, and guide us in all our struggles to come.

Thus improved, the Christmas of 1863 will rise upon a precious incense to Heaven, and call down its mercies and blessings upon this suffering land of the South. In the stead of jollification and mirth, we wish for all our readers that quiet but happy contentment of having discharged their whole duty at a time when God and our country required no [illegible] at their [illegible].

CHARLESTON MERCURY, December 25, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

The same necessities of our present situation must materially abridge the various pleasures and delights of the season. Shoes and stockings of the dear children need no longer be hung in the chimney, by the urchins ere they go to bed on Christmas eve. Where will the fond parents find the pretty toys, the playthings, dresses, decorations, and bon-bons now, with which to fill them? Sugar at \$3 per lb; candy at prices which mock even the surfeit of Confederate currency; toys of Paris and London cut off by the blockade; and a tiny gold watch, such as we give to the damsel of sixteen, requiring \$2000 to procure! The dear young ones must be content, with their parents, to feed upon hope, and find it in the faith which teaches us to look to the Lord of Hosts for more important and essential blessings--peace, security, independence!

SOUTHERN WATCHMAN [ATHENS, GA], December 30, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Christmas.

This time honored festival passed off quietly in our town. There was a Military and Dress Ball at the Lumpkin House Christmas Eve where, we learn, the young folks enjoyed themselves finely. We are indebted to the polite Managers for an invitation, and regret we were unable to "look in" a little while.

SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, December 31, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

A Christmas Rhyme.  
by Carrie Bell Sinclair.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

I would weave a joyous lay  
For the loved ones who are absent  
On this holy Christmas day;

For the brave who are in battle  
I would breathe a holy prayer,

Oh! Father, in thy mercy,  
Shield the loved ones that are there!

Blessings on the war-worn soldiers  
    Marching through the winter rain,  
Health to the patient sufferer  
    On his weary couch of pain.  
Can the heart at home be merry  
    While our war-stained banner waves  
On a distant field of battle,  
    O'er so many new made graves?

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!  
    Oh! [illegible] a mockery.  
Bring no costly Christmas token  
    Twine no festive wreath for me;  
Only bring me welcome tidings  
    Of the dear ones far away,  
Of one—oh! he is lonely|  
    In his prison home to-day.

There no smiling faces greet him,  
    And no kindly voice to cheer;  
Not a sound of mirth or gladness  
    Making merry Christmas there;  
While the hearth at home is lonely,  
    Dimmed is all the household joy;  
For the loved ones there are thinking  
    Of the absent soldier boy.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!  
    Oh! hearts so light and gay,  
Have you bought a single token  
    For some suffering one to-day?  
Do you miss, amid glad greetings,  
    The one who is not here  
And wish him Merry Christmas!  
    Though it cannot reach his ear?

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!  
    Still the glad sound ringeth out;  
For each guileless little prattler  
    Has caught the joyous shout;  
Here, too, little hands are busy,  
    Playing with a Christmas toy,  
While the mother smiles in blessings  
    On her darling little boy.

'Tis not merry Christmas to her,

Nor the father far away;  
He would give the world to bless [?] her  
And his little boy to-day!  
By the camp-fire he sits dreaming,  
Thinking of the cheerful light  
That will burn upon the hearthstone  
In his distant home to-night.

There are eyes that watch with weeping  
On this holy Christmas day;  
Thinking only of the loved ones,  
Of the loved ones far away;  
There are hearts now sadly pining  
For an absent one to come;  
Leaving [?] for his smiles of gladness  
To make sunshine in their home.

Ah! It may be Merry Christmas  
To the happy and the gay,  
Who have no loved one in battle  
On this holy Christmas day;  
But a shadow dark is creeping  
Over many a household wall,  
Where the gloom of sorry hangeth  
Like a mournful funeral pall.

They have gathered holly berries  
And the evergreen so bright,  
And garlands they are twining  
For the walls at home to-night;  
But my thoughts will sadly wander  
To another land than ours,  
And the cypress wreath be woven  
Amid all my Christmas flowers.

Savannah, Ga.                      December 25th, 1863.

FORT SMITH NEW ERA, January 2, 1864, p. 3, c. 1

We would call the attention of our readers to the large accession of goods received this week at A. McDonald's store. A good assortment of toys, though not exactly in time for Christmas, will enable our friends to make their little ones' faces beam with joy and gladness.

MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, January 6, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

[Communicated.]  
Christmas at the Soldiers' Home.

There was a jolly good time generally through Montgomery on Christmas day. Everybody seemed to think a duty to enjoy themselves upon that occasion. "Hard times" were forgotten for the time being and good will and plenty of good things, were every where to be seen. The "Soldiers Home" was the scene of much pleasant enjoyment, which it did one good to behold. Early in the day the ladies of the society under whose management this admirable institution has been established, began to assemble bringing with them large contributions for the contemplated celebration. The eyes of the soldiers sparkled, and their countenances beamed with joyful anticipation of the coming feast. Soon the clatter of merry voices were heard, and the drumming of spoons and forks beating up the eggs for the Christmas beverage of EGG NOG, was delightful music to the ears of the invalid soldiers who had not seen the shadow of such good things since they left their homes. While this busy note of preparation was going on the soldiers in the number of some two hundred or more had collected together in the main hall of the building and having improvised a band of ethiopian minstrels from their number entertained themselves, and a crowd of visitors with songs and well executed airs upon the violin, banjo and bones. Soon the young ladies were seen bearing the foaming glasses of the luscious egg nog, and distributing them to all the soldiers. Every ward was visited and every invalid soldier had a gannymede to present him with a cup of the true nectar—then came the preparations for dinner; and surely the soldiers will long remember the sumptuous entertainment prepared for them by the ladies of Montgomery. From ten o'clock until two there were constant arrivals of roast turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, old and new hams, beef in all its varieties, roasted pigs, looking so brown and crisp that they would have tempted an anchorite or dervish from his faith; then the rich, yellow sweet potatoes dressed in various ways to please the most fastidious tastes. After all this came the pies and puddings of all rich and racey [sic] characters, and piles of fragrant cakes, and sweet oranges, altogether presenting a scene of good cheer, which surrounded as it was, by the smiling faces of women in their loveliest character of ministering angel to the wants of humanity, has nothing more lovely upon this chequered [sic] earth. The dinner with all its enjoyment came to an end, and the well pleased soldiers again assembled in the hall and the band of minstrels were once more introduced, and renewed their pleasing entertainment. There was a large number of visitors during the day, and particularly during the performance of the minstrels. At the close of the evening performances, Mr. B. H. Richardson, of Baltimore, being present, in response to a call from the company, made a few brief and appropriate remarks which were well received by the audience. We noticed amongst the active ladies of the occasion Mrs. Judge Bibb, Mrs. Crawford Bibb and Mrs. George Bibb, Mrs. and Miss Bell, Mrs. Reese, Miss Chisholm and many others whom we had not the pleasure of knowing. This occasion will not soon be forgotten by the soldiers. Its moral effect upon their minds and its beneficial effects upon their health cannot easily be estimated. The soldier who finds such appreciating friends at home will remember it upon the battlefield, and his arm will be nerved with new power when he knows that he is not only battling for political and social liberty, but that the smiles and the approval of God's last best gift to man is to be his sure reward. All honor, say we, to the noble and liberal women of Montgomery, and may their own homes ever be brightened by the smile of love and the sunshine of prosperity.

One of the banished ladies from Vicksburg furnishes the Mississippian with the following order from Gen. McPherson, who bids fair to rival Beast Butler in the war on defenseless women:

Vicksburg, Dec. 27, 1863.

The following named persons: Miss Kate Barnett, Miss Ella Barrett, Miss Laura Latham, Miss Ellie Martin, and Mrs. Mary Moore, having acted disrespectfully towards the President and Government of the United States, and having insulted the officers, soldiers and loyal citizens of the United States, who had assembled at the Episcopal Church in Vicksburg, on Christmas day for divine services, by abruptly leaving said church at that point in the services where the officiating minister prays for the welfare of "the president of the U. States, and all others in authority," are hereby banished and must leave the Federal lines, within forty-eight hours, under penalty of imprisonment.

Hereafter, all persons, male or female, who by word, deed, or implication, do insult or show disrespect to the President, Government, or flag of the United States, or to any officer or soldier of the United States, upon matters of a national character, shall be fined, banished or imprisoned, according to the grossness of the offense.

By order of Maj. Gen. McPherson.

Jas. Wilson, Lt. Col.,  
Provost Marshal 17th Army Corps.

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Headquarters 17th Army Corps, }  
Provost Marshal's Office. }  
Vicksburg, Dec. 27, '63. }

The parties ordered to proceed outside the Federal lines by circular from these Headquarters, dated Dec. 27, 1863, will report at the railroad depot, at 10 o'clock, a.m., tomorrow. They will be permitted to take their private baggage. A conveyance will be in readiness at Big Black bridge, with flag of truce to take them into the Confederate lines, or so far as the flag may be permitted to proceed.

By order of Maj. Gen. McPherson.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, February 3, 1864, p. 1, c. 5

Another Woman Order.—The following order lately issued by Gen. McPherson, has the order of Gen. Butler about it:

Headquarters 17th A. C., Provost marshal's Office.—Vicksburg Miss., Dec. 27, 1863.—Circular: The following named persons—Miss Kate Barnett, Miss Ella Barnett, Miss Laura Latham, Miss Ellen Martin and Mrs. Moore, having acted disrespectfully towards the president and government of the United States, and having insulted the officers, soldiers and loyal citizens of the United States who had assembled at the Episcopal Church in Vicksburg, on Christmas Day, for divine service, by abruptly leaving said church at that point in the service where the officiating minister prays for the welfare of the President of the United States, and all others in authority, are hereby banished, and will leave the Federal lines within forty eight hours, under penalty of imprisonment.

Hereafter all persons, male or female, who, by word, deed, or implication, do insult or show disrespect to the president, government, or flag of the United States, or to any officer or

soldier of the United States, upon matters of a national character, shall be fined, banished or imprisoned, according to the grossness of the offence.

James Wilson, Lt. Col. and Pro. Mar. 17th A. C.

[LITTLE ROCK] UNCONDITIONAL UNION, March 18, 1864, p. 4, c. 3

A Capital Burlesque.—A late London letter, referring to the fact that the American question enters into all the amusements of the season abroad, cites the following rich and racy hit at American in one of the new Christmas pantomimes—that at Astley's. The opening scene shows two shops, very Cheapside in appearance, over the larger one of which is the sign, "A. Lincoln & Co., hardware man and general dealers." On the next is "J. Davis & Co., cotton brokers." On the former's doors and windows are notices, informing all interested that paper was wanted, and just beneath, that greenbacks might be had in any quantity. There was also a placard: "This shop one and the same with that next door." On the shop of J. Davis & Co., the most prominent placard is, "No connection with the concern next door." In the window is a large Confederate flag, on which is printed, "Two rams wanted immediately."—Another is, "A few horses, sheep, women, children and other cattle for sale." Then comes on the fight, which is of course, a prize fight.—Davis and our worthy President are characteristically dressed, and the fight goes on until they both get into a box; which box Harlequin strikes and Columbine dances about, and it flies open in front, revealing the symbol of our American future in two large heads and tails of the Kilkenny cats.

[LITTLE ROCK] NATIONAL DEMOCRAT, December 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Fun Ahead.—The Stereopticon which was to have arriv [sic] have arroven [sic], and will be exhibited next week. The new Theatre opens next week also, and there is every prospect for fun during Christmas times.

Now, if they bring on some toys for the children, and Santa Claus gets here, we will have a merry time.

[LITTLE ROCK] NATIONAL DEMOCRAT, December 10, 1864, p. 4, c. 1

Hard on the Children.—We are told that there are any number of boxes of toys, goodies, and Christmas tricks on the way here, or at the other end of the rail road, the owners of which are afraid they will be unable to get them here in time for Christmas. The little ones are in suspense, for it is understood Santa Claus, saint as he is, has to come under the rule, and get permits like any other man. Still we are in hopes the toys, etc., will come over in time.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, December 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 7

Christmas is Coming!—A variety of finely bound books, with other articles suitable for gifts during the approaching holidays—some on hand—more expected.

James Burke.

[AUSTIN, TX] STATE GAZETTE, December 14, 1864, p. 2, c. 3

Christmas! Christmas!

The undersigned will open Monday next, at Bahn's Old Stand, with a fine assortment of Confectionaries, suitable for Christmas presents &c. His stock is select, and the most fastidious can be accommodated.

[LITTLE ROCK] NATIONAL DEMOCRAT, December 24, 1864, p. 1, c. 1

The printers claim a holiday though Christmas comes on Sunday, and consequently no paper will be issued on Monday.

[LITTLE ROCK] NATIONAL DEMOCRAT, December 24, 1864, p. 3, c. 5

Christmas Services at the Episcopal church—At 10½ A.M. and 7 P.M.—S. S. will meet at 3 P.M.

The church which has been closed for the past four months is now re-opened for regular services.

The interior has been re-painted and is being decorated with evergreen for the Christmas festival. It will accommodate from 300 to 400 persons, and it is desired that all who appreciate the privilege of Christmas worships through a pure comprehensive and Scriptural Liturgy, should feel free to enter and join in the services of Christ Church.

NASHVILLE DISPATCH, December 27, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

INTERESTING EVENT.--Some interesting ceremonies took place yesterday, at the Episcopal church, of which the Rev. Mr. Harlow is the pastor. About one hundred and fifty children, members of the Sunday School, and fifteen teachers, met in the church yesterday afternoon for the purpose of receiving their Christmas presents. The church was handsomely decorated, a Christmas tree being in the center of the church, ornamented with flowers, and illuminated with wax candles. Dr. Harlow addressed the children, and after singing a Christmas hymn and chorus, Mr. George Hazlewood, the Superintendent, called out the names and distributed the premiums, consisting of toys, book marks, candies, etc., the eyes of the dear little ones sparkling with joy, and betraying a gratitude springing from their very hearts.

GALVESTON WEEKLY NEWS, January 11, 1865, p. 1, c. 6

The following Anthem was furnished us a little too late to appear for Christmas, and has been delayed longer than it should have been by an oversight:

Christmas Anthem  
Written for the Victoria Female Academy, by  
St. Geo. S. Lee  
Music by Professor Chas. Reisner.

Oh! Christmas is come, in Judea afar,  
Our Savior was born, 'neath the bright eastern star,  
Whilst far on the mountains, the shepherds rejoice,  
And angels and men proclaim with glad voice,  
Our Savior is come, our petitions are free,  
Lord God of battles we have access to the;  
Scatter thou red battle's cloud,  
Still now war's tempest loud,

Cause this vile strife to cease,  
Give us freedom, give us peace.

By danger surrounded, in privation and woe,  
Menaced and beset, by the insolent foe,  
The world all shut out, our God is still near,  
Still ready to rescue, still ready to hear,  
Our Savior still reigns, our petitions are free,  
Lord God of battles, we have access to thee.  
Scatter thou red battle's cloud,  
Still now war's tempest loud,  
Cause this vile strife to cease,  
Give us freedom, give us peace.

Far distant from friends, who in the dread front,  
In hardship and danger, encounter the brunt  
Of death in the field, or a prison afar,  
Oh, what can we do, to close this foul war,  
Our Savior still reigns, our petitions are free,  
Lord God of battles, we have access to the,  
Scatter thou red battle's cloud,  
Still now war's tempest loud,  
Cause this vile strife to cease,  
Give us freedom, give us peace.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, January 20, 1865, p. 1. c. 3

The following paragraph from the Tyler Journal, is decidedly patronizing and fatherly. It is good advice:

Bring Them Back.—Maj. Sanford, of the "Holman House," is of opinion that the boys have carried that Christmas joke far enough, and his Knives, Forks and Spoons—a leetle too far. Bring them back boys, our worthy host is anxious to get up another entertainment, and he is short of table ware.

*And here are three advertisements from an earlier happier time...*

*Columbus [GA] Enquirer*, December 17, 1850, p. 3, c. 2

AT HOME, Dec. 1st, 1850.

MY OLD FRIEND:--I am going to *put up* with you this Christmas, I am, and I want you to publish the enclosed, "CARD," so that the "Boys" may know where to find me.

KRIS KRINGLE.

To Geo. Strupper, Columbus, Ga.

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A Card.  
Attention--Juveniles!

All Boys and Girls--particularly the Girls, that love *kisses*, and the Boys whose business it is, during the hot weather, to tie tin buckets and fire-crackers to dogs' tails, climb "greased poles" feet first, turn cats loose in church--and to stir up tadpoles with mullen stalks--are notified that I shall hold forth during the Christmas holidays at

George Strupper's,  
Randolph Street.

My assistant "Bringo" will attend me, and take his position on THAT pole--to see that the Boys behave--and those young scamps that chunked him last Christmas had better keep their eye "tight skinned" or they'll "*hear something drop*."

KRIS KRINGLE.

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### FUN AHEAD!

From the above "Card" it will be seen that my old friend, KRIS KRINGLE, and his worthy Assistant, will spend the approaching holidays RIGHT HERE--he will. In addition to the attraction of his "budget," I will say, that I have a splendid assortment of *Fruits, Preserves*, and good things generally, to regale the inner man--remove the wrinkles of time--smooth the care-worn brow, and make the heart glad--to say nothing of the great variety of articles of HOME MANUFACTURE that took the premium at the late Fair.

*"There's a good time coming, boys."*

You had better believe it.

GEO. STRUPPER.

*Columbus [GA] Enquirer*, December 17, 1850, p. 3, c. 2

### CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

Come Old Folks, Young Folks, Women and Children--All come and see  
T. M. Hogan's  
Great Display of Fancy Articles

He has just returned from New York, and has purchased and brought with him, the LARGEST and most FANCY assortment, of HOLIDAY PRESENTS and FANCY Goods ever brought to the South, which he will display for exhibition on the 24th, at EVE.

In addition he also has a large stock now in Store of GREEN AND PRESERVED FRUIT, and NUTS of all descriptions. He has a large Stock of FAMILY GROCERIES, which he is selling at LOW figures, if you don't believe it, call and see.

N. B. On Christmas Eve, I will send up precisely at eight o'clock, SIX one pound Rockets, containing different colored fire balls, which never was seen in this country before. I will display them for the benefit of the public, and invite every body to come and see them, as they are something NEW. T. M. HOGAN.

*Columbus [GA] Enquirer*, p. 3, c. 3 [drawing of Santa Claus, with striped knee britches with three buttons, striped stockings, and his finger by his nose, ready to go up the chimney]

Kris Kringle's  
Head Quarters on Broad Street.

The Proprietor returns his sincere thanks to the people of Columbus and its vicinity, for the kind patronage he has received from them for the past years, and hope to receive a share from them on this Christmas.

On the 23d he will open a variety of TOYS and FANCY ARTICLES, suitable for Christmas and New Years' presents--wishing all a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR, I am yours, &c.,

JOHN B. STRUPPER.