

Special Notices.

Advertisements are forwarded with an explicit order in season... The Independent is published weekly...

The Independent

SOMEbody's SON.

BY REV. THOMAS L. CUYLER.

A runaway horse was one day seen dashing through the streets of New Haven at a terrific rate, dragging a wagon that contained a small lad who was screaming with fright.

The good mother was ready enough to lend a hand to save somebody's boy who was in danger of death; but we fear that there is many a mother and many a daughter who, during the approaching holiday festivities, will lend a hand to lead somebody's son right toward destruction!

Let me say to you that true hospitality does not require intoxicating liquors on such occasions as any other occasion. We honor the kindly spirit which, on the birthday of the year, prepares a liberal entertainment.

Whoever will trace the history of human success will wonder to find the way to eminence so generally a rugged, uphill path; and this is so, whatever the department of effort, whether literary, religious, political, or philanthropic.

As a necessary result of entering strong drink, or any other stimulating agent, we would urge that many persons are condemned to ruin in habits of intoxication.

As a necessary result of entering strong drink, or any other stimulating agent, we would urge that many persons are condemned to ruin in habits of intoxication.

As a necessary result of entering strong drink, or any other stimulating agent, we would urge that many persons are condemned to ruin in habits of intoxication.

As a necessary result of entering strong drink, or any other stimulating agent, we would urge that many persons are condemned to ruin in habits of intoxication.

As a necessary result of entering strong drink, or any other stimulating agent, we would urge that many persons are condemned to ruin in habits of intoxication.

As a necessary result of entering strong drink, or any other stimulating agent, we would urge that many persons are condemned to ruin in habits of intoxication.

The Independent

VOLUME XV. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1863. NUMBER 786

But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts.

THE OLD YEAR OF THE NATION.

Closed is the book whose crimson-lettered pages are blurred and blotched by a nation's grief; sealed up with all the ponderous tones of ages...

The lists we lingered over with reverent sorrow, filled full as heaven of stars with hero-names, a celestial light from Freedom's triumphs borrow...

Round the red chronicles, on every border, illuminations done by Mercy's hand show fair amid fiercer battling and disorder...

Despite its glooms, the grand heroic story we need not blush to ponder or again; for Freedom on the title page wrote "Glory,"...

Whoever will trace the history of human success will wonder to find the way to eminence so generally a rugged, uphill path; and this is so, whatever the department of effort, whether literary, religious, political, or philanthropic.

As a necessary result of entering strong drink, or any other stimulating agent, we would urge that many persons are condemned to ruin in habits of intoxication.

As a necessary result of entering strong drink, or any other stimulating agent, we would urge that many persons are condemned to ruin in habits of intoxication.

As a necessary result of entering strong drink, or any other stimulating agent, we would urge that many persons are condemned to ruin in habits of intoxication.

As a necessary result of entering strong drink, or any other stimulating agent, we would urge that many persons are condemned to ruin in habits of intoxication.

As a necessary result of entering strong drink, or any other stimulating agent, we would urge that many persons are condemned to ruin in habits of intoxication.

THE PALMER'S PREACHING.

I roared in a dim old city, A city of other days, With many a stately minister, And threaded with quaint ways.

And there, as I gazed and lingered, A melody through passed by; The knight in his sash and mantle, The queen with her pageantry.

The beauty and fame of the city Came over before my eyes, And I read in their passing faces Of the wealthy, the proud, the wise.

And it seemed as they still moved onward, Honored, or rich, or gay, That a voice bade me give attention To a palmer beside the way.

He was sad and bowed with his travel, And his face had a weary look, And beneath his arm he carried An old and sacred book.

He paused by the wayside, gazing At the crowd as it swept along, And he leant on his staff and pondered— (It was just at the even song.)

A look of his holy pity And his hands on his face, And the rays of the sun enshined him With a halo of saintly grace.

And he stepped him before the palmer, And raising his wasted hand, Stayed all who had sought to hasten, With a motion of calm command.

And then from his book he read them Of one who came down to earth, And how he had lived and suffered, And how they despised his worth.

And he read the holy story, And he read the holy story, And he read the holy story, And he read the holy story.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE WAR. The war news of the week is almost nothing. Our chief armies in Virginia and Georgia are apparently entirely quiet.

NAVY. The captured steamer Chesapeake was recaptured in Samba Harbor, 20 miles from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on Wednesday, Dec. 16, with three of her crew.

GEN. BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT. It is reported that but very few rebel troops are left in North Carolina. Gen. Butler is rapidly raising a colored army, three colored cavalry regiments being now in rapid progress.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUFORD. Major-General Buford, one of our very best cavalry officers, died of typhoid fever at Washington, Dec. 15.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY. The general success of the national finances during the fiscal year covered by this report (from June 30, 1862, to June 30, 1863), was greater than the Secretary had expected.

THE MARKET-WOMAN OF SAN DOMINGO. I spent some weeks in the spring of 1857 in the city of San Domingo. I might say, the grand old city, with propriety, because of its imposing ruins, barricaded castles, dark and gloomy masonry, towering cathedrals, and wine-bung walls, all tumbling into decay, and showing how time, war, and neglect have been working their way into what was once deemed so strong and indestructible.

THE MARKET-WOMAN OF SAN DOMINGO. I spent some weeks in the spring of 1857 in the city of San Domingo. I might say, the grand old city, with propriety, because of its imposing ruins, barricaded castles, dark and gloomy masonry, towering cathedrals, and wine-bung walls, all tumbling into decay, and showing how time, war, and neglect have been working their way into what was once deemed so strong and indestructible.

THE MARKET-WOMAN OF SAN DOMINGO. I spent some weeks in the spring of 1857 in the city of San Domingo. I might say, the grand old city, with propriety, because of its imposing ruins, barricaded castles, dark and gloomy masonry, towering cathedrals, and wine-bung walls, all tumbling into decay, and showing how time, war, and neglect have been working their way into what was once deemed so strong and indestructible.

THE MARKET-WOMAN OF SAN DOMINGO. I spent some weeks in the spring of 1857 in the city of San Domingo. I might say, the grand old city, with propriety, because of its imposing ruins, barricaded castles, dark and gloomy masonry, towering cathedrals, and wine-bung walls, all tumbling into decay, and showing how time, war, and neglect have been working their way into what was once deemed so strong and indestructible.

THE MARKET-WOMAN OF SAN DOMINGO. I spent some weeks in the spring of 1857 in the city of San Domingo. I might say, the grand old city, with propriety, because of its imposing ruins, barricaded castles, dark and gloomy masonry, towering cathedrals, and wine-bung walls, all tumbling into decay, and showing how time, war, and neglect have been working their way into what was once deemed so strong and indestructible.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE WAR. The war news of the week is almost nothing. Our chief armies in Virginia and Georgia are apparently entirely quiet.

NAVY. The captured steamer Chesapeake was recaptured in Samba Harbor, 20 miles from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on Wednesday, Dec. 16, with three of her crew.

GEN. BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT. It is reported that but very few rebel troops are left in North Carolina. Gen. Butler is rapidly raising a colored army, three colored cavalry regiments being now in rapid progress.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUFORD. Major-General Buford, one of our very best cavalry officers, died of typhoid fever at Washington, Dec. 15.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY. The general success of the national finances during the fiscal year covered by this report (from June 30, 1862, to June 30, 1863), was greater than the Secretary had expected.

THE MARKET-WOMAN OF SAN DOMINGO. I spent some weeks in the spring of 1857 in the city of San Domingo. I might say, the grand old city, with propriety, because of its imposing ruins, barricaded castles, dark and gloomy masonry, towering cathedrals, and wine-bung walls, all tumbling into decay, and showing how time, war, and neglect have been working their way into what was once deemed so strong and indestructible.

THE MARKET-WOMAN OF SAN DOMINGO. I spent some weeks in the spring of 1857 in the city of San Domingo. I might say, the grand old city, with propriety, because of its imposing ruins, barricaded castles, dark and gloomy masonry, towering cathedrals, and wine-bung walls, all tumbling into decay, and showing how time, war, and neglect have been working their way into what was once deemed so strong and indestructible.

THE MARKET-WOMAN OF SAN DOMINGO. I spent some weeks in the spring of 1857 in the city of San Domingo. I might say, the grand old city, with propriety, because of its imposing ruins, barricaded castles, dark and gloomy masonry, towering cathedrals, and wine-bung walls, all tumbling into decay, and showing how time, war, and neglect have been working their way into what was once deemed so strong and indestructible.

THE MARKET-WOMAN OF SAN DOMINGO. I spent some weeks in the spring of 1857 in the city of San Domingo. I might say, the grand old city, with propriety, because of its imposing ruins, barricaded castles, dark and gloomy masonry, towering cathedrals, and wine-bung walls, all tumbling into decay, and showing how time, war, and neglect have been working their way into what was once deemed so strong and indestructible.

THE MARKET-WOMAN OF SAN DOMINGO. I spent some weeks in the spring of 1857 in the city of San Domingo. I might say, the grand old city, with propriety, because of its imposing ruins, barricaded castles, dark and gloomy masonry, towering cathedrals, and wine-bung walls, all tumbling into decay, and showing how time, war, and neglect have been working their way into what was once deemed so strong and indestructible.

Advertisements are forwarded with an explicit order in season... The Independent is published weekly...

Advertisements are forwarded with an explicit order in season... The Independent is published weekly...

Advertisements are forwarded with an explicit order in season... The Independent is published weekly...

Advertisements are forwarded with an explicit order in season... The Independent is published weekly...

Advertisements are forwarded with an explicit order in season... The Independent is published weekly...

Advertisements are forwarded with an explicit order in season... The Independent is published weekly...

Advertisements are forwarded with an explicit order in season... The Independent is published weekly...

Advertisements are forwarded with an explicit order in season... The Independent is published weekly...

Advertisements are forwarded with an explicit order in season... The Independent is published weekly...

Advertisements are forwarded with an explicit order in season... The Independent is published weekly...

Advertisements are forwarded with an explicit order in season... The Independent is published weekly...