

THE CHRISTMAS GLOW

BY JON CALVIN GODDARD

It began with the glow of a star; it continued with the glow of hearts by shepherds, Magi and angels, It found expression in gifts, exclamations and halleluias.

But the glow of Christmas is only a point of departure for considering the Milky Way we are in. For life is full of glows, those of the eye, those of the heart, both associated with the two great definitions, "God is light," "God is love."

The eye is formed to see a thousand glows in nature, beginning with the dawn. No wonder that "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." According to the observer Wordsworth, "The moon doth with delight look round her, when the heavens are bare," and all of us feel the same complacency.

There is a glow in benevolence, active, passive, or observed; it is pleasing to read the enthusiasm in Manhattan for "The Hundred Neekest Cases," or to learn that the Actors' League instantly staged a benefit for the victims of the studio fire.

Then, there is something about the reception of moral truth that makes us say with those of Emmaus, "Did not our hearts burn within us?" It even gives a cheer to hear the gospel preached occasionally by an S. D.

"His wisdom is sublime, His heart supremely kind; God never is before His time, He never is behind."

Literature furnishes glow after glow: the Germans call their revival of it "the illumination." It gives a distinct pleasure to read the thoughts of the great, or even of the not so great.

Which leads us straight to humor, one of the divine ways of giving human nature a glow. We deplore its scarcity, especially in religion. We entered an immense city library this week, and enquired for a "toast book" (full of paragraphs for dinner speakers), only to learn that they had but one, and that was out!

This glow of humor is so welcome, so appealing, that it ought to be preserved by statutory penalty, as in preserving our wild flowers and public parks. We would like to put up a red sign, an unmuzzled dog, and a mounted man in front of certain topics already treated to the point of exhaustion.

The art of seeing things that have a glow is one of the finest. Tennyson confessed his mission was to "Follow the Gleam." St. Francis professed it, even preached a sermon to the birds, which we would have loved to hear. We shall not touch on religion here, but the Scriptures are full of the highest of all glows, the glow of glory. The Christmas in the skies will be still more resplendent:



Two shavers of 15 say the movies and a crook's "I confess" book at the library paved their way toward breaking a safe. It's a good thing they were discovered before growing up to young manhood as by that time they might have acquired enough suggestions to start out of Hartford county with an army of recruits and Napoleonic ideas, to cut a swath of destruction from here to Hudson bay.

"Paris Taxis Help Christmas Spirit," according to a Hartford Times headline. The spirit of giving.

Mr. Maxim's diverting experiences with Asylum avenue buses indicate that one of the profound problems of urban life is to determine which is greater: The inconvenience of taking a rush-hour bus, or the inconvenience of taking your car downtown and fighting for parking space.

From a Portico Poet.

Dear Portico: May as well warn you at the go-off that this prospective masterpiece will not be rewritten. The fact is that the old portable and I regard each other with that clammy feeling best described as tolerance—as the word is usually (mis)understood.

The foregoing was precipitated by your kindly reference to my unfortunate condition. The saying, "A man's a man for a' that" never came in any handier than after that rather ambiguous adjective. All joking aside, I've no doubt whatever that your wishes for good luck were fabricated (Excuse, please) from the biggest and best paving stones available. If it could be as tactfully imparted to the multitude that the things I annoy you with aren't a patch on what I inflict upon a cold-blooded employer who takes such a mercenary view of things as to insult me with actual coin of the realm by way of compensation, I should feel that the evil day upon which hostilities are to be resumed had been handled as it so richly deserves.

Am going to sign off, using the not-so-well-known initials which I once fondly hoped to make notorious, as I am keenly aware that if all I possess in the way of monickers, cognomens, pseudonyms, false entries or absent-minded registration (to turn a novellette into a short story) were placed in a cylinder and rotated rapidly by one of those let-the-chips-fall-where-they-may bozos, or simply picked out of a hat loaned by some kind gentleman in the audience, the answer would be simply yet eloquently expressed thusly—MUD. However, I am not worrying at all, as I intend to let this blow over for a few days, and if any smarty even makes a distant guess at my real identity in this connection I shall break all past, present or future records for blank looks, than which, etc.—unless you care to use your imagination.

Sincerely, —H. R. W.

A poster in a Hartford theater has, the past few days, been announcing an attraction which you never heard of before and probably never will again: "Walter Hamden in Richelieu, by Budwer Lytton."

Wonder where all the long-skirts-issue contributors are now? Preparing briefs against the time when garments shrink again?

W. A. R. says Socrates never lived in New England, but he bets he originated: "Gosh all hemlock."

The Doppie saw an embroidered collar, or maybe it was lace, the other

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut, Congressman and United States Senator.

Written to

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work.

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NO. XXXIII.

"Lick Tom Seymour."

The Warners next heard from Mrs. Hawley, who sent them a pleasant letter telling of the life she was enjoying at Fernandina. Trips to Florida were not then as common as they are to-day and it is to be imagined that the Hawleys found novel and pleasing enough, the experience of living in a mild winter climate.

Mrs. Hawley had suggested that her letter to the Warners be passed around among the residents of Nook Farm and when they had finished with it that it be forwarded to Guilford, where her relatives lived. Thus one complete newsy letter was made to inform and edify a considerable group.

A few days later Hawley similarly wrote a letter addressed to his father which he sent to Warner to be forwarded with the semi-apology that if it seemed egotistical in spots that it must be remembered his father thought very well of his son and therefore it must not be minded.

The apology was contained in a long postscript added for Warner's benefit. In that as usual Hawley discussed Connecticut politics and adjured Warner to "lick Tom Seymour." He also showed his high spirit in his assurance that if Seymour, should he be elected, "wags a traitorous finger he shall be shot."

There had been some talk of electing Hawley to congress. He himself had somewhat ached to be in the midst of affairs at home although in the depths of his soul he was devoted to the Union cause and determined to stay in the service as long as necessary to help it to success. Still he felt it that there was but a single complimentary vote for him in the nominating convention, which selected Colonel H. C. Deming, ex-mayor, and that none of his political friends had communicated with him.

Hawley sought to inform Warner fully as to conditions at the front relying upon him to respect the confidence, or not to make disclosures which would be fatal to Hawley. However, armed with accurate knowledge Warner was enabled to know what to print from other sources and what to discard as inaccurate.

The letter tells how Hawley dealt with a profiteer who was endeavoring to sell as his own property what rightfully belonged to the government. Hawley was quick enough to sense what was going on and displayed his capacity as an administrator by the promptness and decisiveness with which he acted. The letter:

Hawley to His Father.

Hilton Head, S. C. April 3, '63.

My dear Father: An opportunity offers tomorrow morning to send mail north and I avail myself of it though I have time to send but a line—March 31, at Fernandina at 8 a. m. I received orders to take 5 cos. of the 7th and report myself at Hilton Head as soon as possible. Of course we thought we were bound to Charleston. In eight hours I was on board with 347 officers and men and the next forenoon I reported to Gen. Seymour, chief of staff.

I found myself assigned to the command of Hilton Head Island and its forces, in charge of the fortifications and the great warehouses, etc. I should have been glad on many accounts to go to Charleston but still this is an honorable position—higher than I could have expected had I gone with the forces. It is of course by all odds the most important fort between Fortress Monroe & Key West. Beaufort is not half the importance yet Gen. Saxton is left there.

Mine is practically a Brig. General's command. I have two regiments—the 9th Maine and 115th New York and half the 7th Conn., and 3 Cos. of artillery and cavalry, not mustering in the whole though over 1800 privates for duty. There is much anxiety lest the rebels should send a ram out of Savannah and running past Fort Pulaski, should give us a lively time here. If they have a good ram there it could make us great trouble. For naval defense we have left in this harbor only the Wabash and Vermont, grand vessels of the old style and two gunboats and on the S. W. side of the island two moderate sized gunboats. The rebels have 50,000 or 60,000 at and near Charleston. If they had transportation they might try to throw over a surprise party where the narrow creeks do not admit our gunboats.

All of the iron-clads have gone to the rendezvous near Charleston. Most of the troops have embarked. If the strong wind blowing tonight dies away the rest will be on board tomorrow morning. Gen. Hunter left this afternoon.

Revolution in Warfare.

Should the weather favor the iron-

than all words are the regiments as they move in solid swinging step down the long pier, with serious, determined set faces and not a laugh or a jeer but perhaps occasionally a "good-bye," Jim to some friend looking in.

Connecticut in the Lead.

The Charleston Expedition excluding some battalions of engineers, artillery men, etc., is in three divisions commanded by Brigadier-Generals acting as Major Generals. Gen Terry has the First Division, Gen. Ferry the Second and Gen. Heckman the Third. Two Connecticut Generals taking the lead, you see. Every Colonel who commands a brigade is many months my senior—that is of the brigades of our (the 10th Army) Corps, so that I should have gone a Colonel. I stay at the most important point with virtually a Brigadier's duty.

I have reason to know that my conduct at Fernandina is highly approved, in several matters of considerable interest. Gen. Hunter greeted me most cordially and Gen. Seymour and Col. Halpine, his chiefs of staff, have treated me with marked respect and kindness.

Don't imagine that I have forgotten Hattie. Supposing that I was going on the Charleston Expedition she stayed at Fernandina. I may not be able to tell her for a week or two yet that I am here and wish she were with me. Should operations be prolonged at Charleston I may stay here some weeks. Should the iron-clads fall the land forces will return and I shall go back to Fernandina. Again: in the event of a prolonged siege, I may get a chance to lay my bones there too. Depend upon it Charleston must come down soon or late. We look with interest for the result of the Connecticut election in spite of the great operations here.

good news concerning mother's health and inexpressibly gratified by what you say about Jared. I shall find time to write him by the next mail.

You speak of interpenance in the army. No doubt there is great danger. But such are the orders here that the matter is very well regulated. The Maine Law. Not an officer can get a drop without the signature of the Post Commander and the men only on occasions of great fatigue or wet night work on the recommendation of the surgeon. Punishment invariably follows drunkenness among the men and an officer drunk on duty is disgraced for life.

You say that you are going to Farmington and Hartford, and I cannot wait (it is now late at night) to write a letter to Charley so I send this first to him. If he does not know where you are he may send it on to Cazanova.

Love to mother and sisters. Love to everybody but copperheads.

Yours eve, JOE.

And the postscript to Warner: Charley:

There's a good deal of egotism in this letter to father but you know he thinks a good deal of his boy and so you must not mind it. Never indicate from my letters how large or small the forces may be at any point. You may say that half the 7th is manning the heavy guns and guarding intrenchments at Hilton Head and the other half doing ditto with other forces. (Mighty small the "others" are though) at Fernandina. Quite healthy—only one death—Kimball, Co. F.—in 1863.

Gen. Hunter heartily approved my course about the little disloyal demonstration in the 7th. He required me to report it in writing and quite unexpectedly to me, forwarded it to Washington (Col. Halpine tells me) with an earnest recommendation that Lt. Col Gardiner be dismissed from the service. Good. Some officials at Fernandina (part of Gen. Saxton's machinery) undertook to sell at private speculation for \$500 to one of their friends all the old iron, copper and brass, ruined locomotives, wheels, etc., at the terminus of the Gulf R. R. at Fernandina. They got off one cargo of 90 tons just after I got there and before I fairly knew what they were about. They declared that it was all regular and by Gen. Saxton's orders. I thought it looked mighty like a swindle. I put a vehement veto on it, sent the second vessel off without a cargo and reported to Gen. Hunter for further orders. He duly approved, told me not to let an article go without his orders and sent to New York to seize and bring back the vessel, cargo and all hands. Gen. Saxton was mad with me and has appealed to Washington. If any letter to Gen. Hunter goes on also, I'll bet on my side.

"Lick Tom Seymour."

Haven't had a letter from a single personal and political friend in Connecticut since the 4th of March. Never mind—lick Tom Seymour and all your faults shall be overlooked. Elect him and if he wags a traitorous finger he shall be shot. Depend upon it; as sure as there is a God, Seymour and Eaton cannot enslave Connecticut. The conscription law will be enforced if it takes 10,000 soldiers to do it. The army is settling to business as if for life, money or no money. I never was surer that all would come out right.

"It seems to me on the whole, that Deming's (Col. H. C. Deming of the Twelfth Conn.—Ed.) nomination was the wisest thing. I felt a little blue for a few minutes at being left out in the cold with but one single complimentary vote and nary a word from a single friend since, but it is wholesome to have one's vanity whacked on the head once in awhile. Besides I'm happy. Here I am temporarily a little despot, with 2,000 soldiers willing of my own

Then, there is something about the reception of moral truth that must say with those of Emmaus, "Did not our hearts within us?" It even gives a cheer to hear the preacher occasionally by an Sc. D. In "The Unit Around Us" we read, "Take a postage stamp, stick a penny, lay both on Cleopatra's Needle, the head of the three will represent the time elapsed since they were born; the penny the age of man; the stamp she was civilized." What a glow of hope that gives for human race, and what a commentary on the patier God!

"His wis sublime,
His hapremely kind;
God ne before His time,
He ne behind."

Literature furnishes after glow: the Germans wisely called their review of "the illumination." It gives a distinct pleasure to read the thoughts of the great; or even of the not so great. Last week's analysis of Thoreau by a contributor to these columns was exceedingly illuminating. Alongside it was a bright paragraph from that observer, who said "O. O." in New York day by day. It was like this, "The comedian cannot dance or sing; he just makes people laugh." "Did you ever hear of Kreisler? All he can do is play the violin!" There is illustration of a deep philosophy; Johnson expressed the like in the phrase, "Beware the man of one book!"

Which leads us straight to humor, one of the divine ways of giving human nature a glow. We deplore its scarcity, especially in religion. We entered an immense city library this week, and acquired for a "toast book" (full of paragraphs for dinner speakers), only to learn that they had but one, and that was out! To my mind, the greatest race on the planet for feeling and imparting this glow live in Ireland, and "if you know what we mean" theirs is the kingdom of heaven!

This glow of humor is so welcome, so appealing, that it ought to be preserved by statutory penalty, as in preserving our wild flowers and public parks. We would like to put up a red sign, an unmuzzled dog, and a mounted "cop" in front of certain topics already treated to the point of exhaustion. They are: 1. mothers-in-law; 2. the mule; 3. the hen-roost; 4. seasickness; 5. Scotch thrift; 6. married life; 7. a woman's tongue. Only once in a dog's age, or a blue moon, or a month of Sundays, all accepted proverbs, does one find a glow about any of these topics; the efforts are generally stale, flat and unprofitable.

The art of seeing things that have a glow is one of the finest. Tennyson confessed his mission was to "Follow the Gleam." St. Francis professed it, even preached a sermon to the birds, which we would have loved to hear. We shall not touch on religion here, but the Scriptures are full of the highest of all glows, the glow of glory. The Christmas in the skies will be still more resplendent; and we from America, as we look around us, will sing our national song with new fervor.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!"

(Copyright, 1929, by John Calvin Goddard.)

Restaurant Patrons Still Prefer a Side Table Because Men Once Feared Attack BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

Greed is a product of fear. In long-settled rural communities there are many old people, passing rich by local standards, who deny themselves the comforts and conveniences commonly enjoyed by the poor. Habit has made them slaves. In their youth they practiced thrift as a virtue. They were poor and unrespected, and they lived in dread of want and shame and the world's contempt. "We must get money," they said, "to be respectable. We must deny ourselves now to win independence and security for our old age." They were afraid of poverty—afraid of the world's scorn—afraid of the injustice and discourtesy and bullying contempt the world has for the moneyless. They were even afraid of charity. And to escape the things they feared, they worked hard and pinched pennies and denied themselves. Now they own a house and have money in the bank. They have nothing to fear. They could enjoy many luxuries without endangering their future. They will die and leave money unspent. But habit has warped their minds and they are incapable of enjoying luxuries. They shudder at the thought of spending a dollar unnecessarily. They save pieces of string. They wear ragged clothing. Their sharp, greedy eyes glitter with a childish shrewdness as they bargain to save a penny. The habit of greed, inspired by fear, has made them misers and robbed them of the ability to enjoy life.

That is the story of the human race. Primitive man got his food where he could—drifting with the seasons, hunting, fishing, gathering wild grains and roots and nuts, and often he went hungry to bed.

When he learned to plant and plow and make a permanent home the fear of want urged him to gather and hoard a surplus, as the fear of thieves urged him to build walls and make weapons.

The strong had abundance and the weak went hungry and naked. Fear of want and misery urged men to get and get and get. Greed became a race habit. The fear of hunger had resulted in castles stored for a siege.

Now there is abundance for all, but race habit spurs men on to seize and hoard riches they do not need. The business of getting is still a career.

Men do not live. They do not know the art of living. Their brief years are spent at the childish business of gathering pebbles they must leave behind.

Race habit, inspired by fear, has robbed them of their birthright.

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UNTIMELY SUBJECT NOW

(Terre Haute Star.) Great Britain and the United States should become more interested in the ownership of antarctic territory along about the middle of August.

BEST REWARD COMING.

(Terre Haute Star.) The Hoosier girl who took first prize with a homemade dress will not be forgotten when the young gentlemen plan to settle down.

PROBLEM IN UNEQUALS.

(Rochester Times-Union.) If you think it a simple matter to establish naval parity, try to determine how many cows equal six sheep.

the evil day upon which hostilities are to be resumed had been handled as it so richly deserves. Notwithstanding President Hoover's faith (and hope and charity for that matter) in the good, old word "work," that monosyllable possesses inflections and overtones that make the Boston symphony seem like a jews-harp by comparison. The way the word is pronounced in employment agencies in that look-what-the-cat-dragged-in tone of voice makes one realize what a wishy-washy term "blood-curdling" turned out to be. To do it justice, if the word is held up to a strong light you perceive latent possibilities for benevolence, though one "touch" is about all the ordinary stock-car-type of friend will stand for.

Am going to sign off, using the not-so-well-known initials which I once fondly hoped to make notorious, as I am keenly aware that if all I possess in the way of monickers, cognomens, pseudonyms, false entries or absent-minded registration (to turn a novellette into a short story) were placed in a cylinder and rotated rapidly by one of those let-the-chips-fall-where-they-may bozos, or simply picked out of a hat loaned by some kind gentleman in the audience, the answer would be simply yet eloquently expressed thusly—MUD. However, I am not worrying at all, as I intend to let this blow over for a few days, and if any smarty even makes a distant guess at my real identity in this connection I shall break all past, present or future records for blank looks, than which, etc.—unless you care to use your imagination.

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Wonder where all the long-skirts-issue contributors are now? Preparing briefs against the time when garments shrink again?

W. A. R. says Socrates never lived in New England, but he bets he originated: "Gosh all hemlock."

The Dopple saw an embroidered collar, or maybe it was lace, the other day. It was really beautiful. It was made by a young lady nearly a hundred years ago, and it was worthy of being in a museum, as indeed it was. Harassed by petty wars over the petty tyrannies of the petticoat tyrants in Paris, the Dopple was relieved. It restored his faith. Few young ladies, or, they call themselves, girls, even unto the age of eighty, of nowadays seem to be able to create anything useful and beautiful, for all their fidgeting and wondering what to do. Yet, once upon a time, young ladies did (more or less as an everyday thing), and, as far as the Dopple knows, they seldom complained of a lack of things to do in spite of the fact that there were few cheap magazines, and novels, no automobiles, no movies and not many of the things, like radio, that we couldn't do without to-day.

—THE DOPPLE.

Maybe the senate needs the sons of wild jackasses. You get quick action with the jacks wild.

A fourth-rate author is one who eats regularly now instead of getting famous after he is dead.

You may break, you may shatter stock marts if you will, but folks will keep up with the Joneses still.

The chief danger is that everybody will stop spending to prove that he lost a fortune in Wall street.

Critics who think self-government doesn't work should observe the crowd standing in line at a ticket office.

Blessed are the peacemakers. And with that start you can guess what becomes of orators.

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All of the iron-clads have gone to the rendezvous near Charleston. Most of the troops have embarked. If the strong wind blowing tonight dies away the rest will be on board tomorrow morning. Gen. Hunter left this afternoon.

Revolution in Warfare.

Should the weather favor the iron-clads will begin the attack on Sumter Sunday or Monday morning. It will be the grandest event of the history of wars. It is a complete revolution in warfare. All other changes have been gradual. There are 9 iron-clads only and they will deliberately settle to the work of smashing in walls selecting some section of the northeast face or the east side. How much the rebels have strengthened it remains to be seen. It could have been made impregnable even to iron-clads.

There will be a terrible fight. Admiral Dupont himself goes in the Ironsides which will participate. If the water be smooth and no running aground, etc., interfere and the rebels have not filled the lowest tier of casemates solid with masonry and iron, I predict that in less than two days the Monitors will knock one side in. (Those 420 pound balls are going to make awful work with masonry.) Should this happen, the land forces will try to get a footing on the sea shore either on Morris or Holly Island below, or Sullivan's or the next (I've forgotten its name) just above the harbor. They will then advance by regular siege operations.

Gen. Hunter has not half force enough. I tell you privately he moves all he can raise and that is only about 15,000. If events favor he will get a foothold and hang on until the last man and dollar of the north are exhausted. There are enough to make a beginning; but once they grapple there must be 30,000 more sent here.

Everybody is hopeful and plucky, but I tell you we are serious people about here nowadays. More eloquent to me

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Communications designed for publication in this column must be signed by the writer and address given. Anonymous letters will not be printed.

Plea for the "Newsies."

To the Editor of The Times:

The two letters signed "Newsie" interest every lover of children who seek to help their families by having a newspaper route, private customers chiefly. Boys make many valued friends and

him. If he does not know where you are he may send it on to Cazenovia. Love to mother and sisters. Love to everybody but copperheads.

Yours eve,
JOE.

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"My dear little wife parted from me without a tear—the little heroine, but I wish I could tell her to-night that I am not charging the batteries of Morris or Sullivan's Island.

"The Navy feels quite hopeful. They are more afraid of channel obstructions than anything else—torpedoes—ropes to foul the propeller wheels, etc. What a grand event it is. I ache to see it. Be dreadfully careful how you publish a word of what I say. A storm, and it now looks like it, may postpone the fight a week. Then the battery may go on a week before the infantry land. In the meantime traitors at the North pick up and forward every word of information. Much of what I tell you is wholly unknown except to the generals and staff officers. The plans are well kept.

"Yours as ever,
"JOE."

"For instance, Charley, to print a word of what I say about our weakness everywhere in the Department might bring supreme disgrace on me. You with my correct information, judge what to take from N. Y. papers."

(Continued To-morrow.)

gain business experience but what a pity some customers forget to pay the boy and he loses not only his commission but pays the newspaper office for every paper delivered. Surely the customer does not realize the serious loss to the boy and his disappointment, but he deeply appreciates the prompt-paying customer, and the newspaper office which permits him to have private customers.

A TEACHER WHO KNOWS.
Hartford, Dec. 16.

(Other Editorial Features Page 22.)