

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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Hawley had another chance to get into actual fighting in the capture of the forts before Charleston. Admiral Dupont, in charge of the spring assault on this stronghold, had attempted to run his vessels for the fortifications and bombard the city, but the effort had disastrous results and command was assigned to General Gillmore. He landed on Morris Island and laid siege to Forts Wagner, Gregg and Sumter. Here the "Swamp Angel," an eight-inch Parrott gun, was mounted on a platform supported by piles sunk twenty feet in the mud and threw shells five miles into Charleston until it burst on the thirty-sixth round of firing. Hawley, from his letters, regarded this as more of an impressive demonstration than as an important step in taking Charleston. In the attack on Fort Wagner the first colored regiment raised in the free states participated, commanded, finally, when most of its officers had been killed, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson of Boston, then a boy lieutenant. Of the taking of Forts Wagner and Gregg, Hawley wrote on September 7, to his father, with request that the communication be forwarded to "Charley" Warner:

Hd. Qn. 7th Ct., Camp Rodman, Morris Island, S. C. Sept. 7th, '63.

Dear Father:

Though I don't get anything from you and though I need news from the North more than you need news from us, doubtless you will be glad to hear from your boy, on this sand island in full sight of Charleston, Moultrie, Sumter, Johnson, etc.

Well, this morning Wagner and Gregg became ours without the loss of a man. The assaulting columns were all ready for Wagner and this morning at 8 they were to dash (three columns over in front and around in rear of it.) During the night a deserter came in who said the rebels were nearly all out of it. So it proved and our forces ran in and ran on down to Gregg, but the rebels had got away. Major Sanford of my regiment ran in and ran out with men in boats, between this and James Island, and succeeded in catching about 60 of them. Thirty or forty more of them were caught on this island. Wagner stinks like a slaughter—dead, swollen corpses, filth of all description all about in it and the ground sprinkled with old iron.

After smashing Sumter at a distance of from 3,300 to 4,300 yards Gillmore turned against Wagner again, for he could do nothing without it, and miserably inefficient Dahlgren would do nothing anyway. Our approaches—or zigzag ditches with the earth thrown out toward the fort, steadily advanced. Sept. 4th at 6 p. m. I went on duty as General Officer of the Day: that is for twenty-four hours commanding all the guards and defenses in the trenches—about 1,100 infantry and ten or twelve light pieces of artillery—the heavy breaching batteries and the engineer's work being under Gillmore's staff officers. It's a sort of chief marshal or master of ceremonies for 24 hours.

At daybreak in the morning I had to draw back my guards so that they might not be injured by our own guns, and the final bombardment began, with about 15 heavy rifles from 100 to 300 pounders and fifteen or eighteen mortars with many smaller guns to assist. The headquarters of the general officer and the telegraph office were 700 yards from the face of Wagner and our trenches ran up to within 100 yards. I went up to the very end and peeped over at the Fort.

Fort Wagner Silenced.

Our fire soon silenced Wagner and not a rebel was visible. We could look in safety except as to prematurely exploding shells from our own guns in our rear. The Ironsides lay less than half a mile on our right throwing in her shells. It was magnificent! Our own shells passed scarcely 30 feet above our heads—many of them we could see going along—and dashed into the great sand heaps of Wagner, exploding, sending up red flashes, dark earth, white sand and volumes of whiter smoke, while the ground shivered with thunder.

Our big guns fire deliberately but sometimes several will get off nearly together. At one time eight or ten huge projectiles, none weighing less than 100 pounds, and one of them 300, rushed over within about three or four seconds.

It was sublime. We shouted with excitement. The shelter inside such places is like potato houses or ice houses, though with more ventilation, timber frames covered with from three to fifteen feet of earth. We did not smash these in but their guns were dismounted or covered with sand; their parapets and traverses were beaten down and great numbers were killed and wounded.

I could narrate volumes of interesting incidents—horrible, sentimental—patriotic, etc. Our trenches ran through an old quarantine graveyard—striking old coffins and unearthing our own men, buried after the fights of July 11 and 18.

I came off duty in the evening of September 5; the bombardment continued during the night and Saturday, and up to midnight or 2 o'clock Sunday night, when I discovered that they had run. . . . Gillmore has been very strict about letter writing to prevent the enemy's getting information, and the northern papers have been full of the grossest blunders—stories of sailors and hangers-on.

The worst liar is Fulton, editor of the Baltimore American, whose dispatches from on board Dahlgren's ship showed the grossest ignorance of all on land and outrageously exaggerated the doings of the navy.

Dahlgren is regarded as a stupendous failure; inefficient and timid, feeble in body and spirit. He has always been a mere bureau officer and is not up to the mark. Dupont was an excellent admiral, brave and judicious—a noble man.

Regiment Stands High.

My regiment stands high. Gillmore told me himself it was the best in the department. Though an infantry regiment it has the lion's share of the guns to work and Capt. Gray, who has had the 300 pdr. to manage, is called by the chief-of-staff the best artillery on the island. He has managed the gun splendidly, firing it 398 times. The second fracture made yesterday, is incurable. You would be astonished at its accuracy. At 2 1/2 miles he would hit your little house half the time, allowing for many shells which burst on the way, and in spite of varying powder and gusty wind.

Our men made the first two charges on this island and being an artillery were not put down for the assault this morning. We have had but three killed within a month, though we have had from 125 upwards under fire all the while. My officers make the men keep covered when they are not needed out and encourage no recklessness or show of bully bravery. Our men have done splendidly.

We have Morris Island, the whole of it, and Sumter is dead—though a dozen or two rebels still keep their flag there, but what is to be done next I cannot tell—except that Gregg and Wagner will be put in order and the former greatly enlarged and strengthened. The navy has done nothing but help us shell Wagner a little. Their other work has been at safe distances and amounted to nothing. They have not touched the obstructions between Sumter and Moultrie.—Charleston is doomed—but the north is foolishly impatient.

Could the grumblers just go into the trenches for twenty-four hours they would shed tears of admiration for our men and repentance for the fault-finding. Health is good, considering the fatigues and exposures. My camp is almost washed by the tides. Sickness mostly diarrhoea and colds.

I shall have to ask you to pass this on to Charley Warner who must not publish. He can correct others by it, though. The Herald, Times and Tribune, in the order I give, will be found generally most reliable. The Herald correspondent is from Clinton, N. Y., son of the Universalist clergyman Sawyer and boards in our mess. Hattie is at St. Augustine and wants to stay all winter. Charley must tell me if he received the \$700 or \$800 I sent and if he has bought me any 5-20s.

Continued Tomorrow.)

THE POETS' CORNER

Edited by Martha L. Spencer. Address all communications to 'The Poets' Corner,' care of The Hartford Times.

Christmas Carol.

God bless the master of this house, The mistress also, And all the little children, That round the table go, And all your kin and kinsmen, That dwell both far and near, I wish you a merry Christmas And a happy New Year.

—UNKNOWN.

"Come Christmas"

"Come Christmas" is an anthology edited by Lesley Frost, the daughter of Robert Frost, the poet. The French and Spanish miracle plays in the original text will be a delight for the linguist, for others something of an aggravation; but one should be satisfied with other treasures of classical selection; with the old nativity songs, the carols and verse both ancient and modern. This is a store-house of Christmas poetry.

The Song of the Lowly.

The hushed fields throbbed with music and with light Upon the little Christ's white natal night. Upon the ground the strange Star's silver spread, There in a darkened stable Jesus lay, But touched not His head.

Held in the arms of the sweet-smelling hay, The flowers of the field, Though dead, the grass Felt a new Spring pass,

The calm-eyed folk, the ass and oxen meek, Bowed their awed heads to hear Christ's mother speak. While the high Heaven marvelled and adored, The lowly saw and touched the Lord,

MARY BLACK DILLER.

Poetry.

FROM LOCAL WRITERS.

Reminders.

Silver stars of Christmas evening, Glowing heavenly light, Reminders, through the centuries, Of a wondrous night, When, afar, above the hilltops Shone a mystic sign, And the wisemen, journeying Kneelt before a shrine.

Little happy children's faces, Little eyes alight, Glad reminders every Christmas Of a wondrous night, When around a lowly manger Shone a deathless joy, And the wise men found God's promise In a baby boy.

—DOROTHY I. MCCONNELL.

Response.

The candle is dim in my window to-night, Which in the yesteryears once burned bright. Its flame finger reached till it touched the sky And lighted a star that was waiting nearby. Now in the nightway, starlight so true Answers the glow of the candle's dim hue.

Burns the flame low in your window to-night? It points above to stars shining bright Their sheltering care. Are you watching here With heart beating slow, amidst Yuletide cheer? Then catch its gleam. For all the way through, The Christmas star shines for me and for you.

—OLIVE ALLEN ROBERTSON.

Dec. 24, 1927.

Billy Robbins and Me.

The snow was coming down quite fast, As we hurried along the street; It seemed that I was growing numb And hadn't any feet.

But we kept going all the same, Little Billy Robbins and me, Yes Sir, kept going on and on, Trying to find a Christmas tree.

Billy isn't really my brother, (My name is Sally Lane) We took him when his mother died, But we pretend it, just the same.

We're quite happy little children, And live in a little white house. We've got lovely toys to play with And fur coats as soft as a mouse.

Not really, you know—we haven't, That's just when we pretend, For you see, we look quite ragged—Our clothes are full of mend.

I am only nine and a half, And Billy he's seven years old. Now, it's the day before Christmas And burr—but it's awfully cold!

Do you believe in Santa Claus? We do—Billy and me— We believe in him every year Though he has never seemed to see.

Well—we'll fool him this year, us two— We'll just get our own little tree; We will dig one up by the roots We will—, Billy Robbins and me.

—ELLA CHRISTENSEN.

"Yule-Doo" Cookies.

Roll out the dough for the little Yule-cakes, Using the care that an artist takes, Fashion the form of a baby's head And round little body from Christmas bread.

Currants for eyes, a citron-peel nose, Tiny red candy for mouth like a rose; Here is our "Yule-doo" cut into cake . . . Your oven hot, Cook? We will watch them bake.

THE NATIVITY.

Night on the calm Judean hills, Three wise men, farers from afar; Sight in the East whose wonder thrills; The flaming of a deathless star.

A babe within a manger laid Above the lowly stable's floor; The wise men, with their gifts displayed, Who stand in rapture to adore.

Look! ye of helmet and of spear, Who in the sword have put your trust; Behold! your legions disappear. Behold! their shields turned into dust.

Before that gloried couch of straw Bow, and their adoration share; For now is born the Higher Law, The conqueror of the world lies there.

—J. WARREN HARPER.

The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILIPS

THE RADIO SANTA'S NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

(Reprinted by Request.)

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

The stockings were hung by the "speaker" with care, For the program had said that St. Nick would be there;

The children were sleeplessly snuggled in bed, Each hoping the batteries wouldn't go dead, And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap

Were wishing a tenor would close his big trap, When out of the radio came a great clatter

Of hoofbeats and sleighbells (but mostly the latter). The jingle, the laughter and noise of the pack

Made me think that the ginger ale hour was back. When what should my ears very presently hear

(Though the static was bad and the words not so clear) But a voice saying, "Kindly stand by, folks, because

The next voice you hear will be Joe Santa Claus, Who is speaking to-night, we are happy to state,

O'er an unequal hookup, extensive and great;"

Then next, to our joy, came a voice rather thick—"Good evening! How are you, folks? This is Saint Nick!"

The patter of deers' feet then through the air came As he whistled and shouted and called them by name—"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!

On Comet, on Cupid, on Donner and Blitzen These reindeer, dear folks, are the Superfine Brand. Mild, Tender and Wholesome When Fresh or When Canned;

"To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall! Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

This porch and the wall that we're using to-night is a Schmalz & Schmalz Product, the Builders' Delight."

And then in a twinkling I hear on a roof pawing and prancing of each little hoof; "his roof," said St. Nick, "is of copper, I think, Product of National Roofers Corp., Inc."

I tuned out the static I next heard him say: "You'll kindly stand by I'll a saxophone play."

And he played lots of jazz with much gusto and swing, and a while on the tariff—then started to sing!

And he pulled a few jokes and a short talk on sports, and an organ recital and market reports:

"Voice—how it pleased me, so rich and so merry—Rox's except it was deeper, oh, very; laughter was that of a jolly old elf."

I never did doubt it was Santa himself; "he said gayly, "you people ought there pleased with this hour of mine on the air; think I'll spring to my sleigh, folks, and when you'll know it's just quarter past ten."

And he sprang to his team, cracked the whip o'er his pets, and "All of these reindeer smoke Blang cigarettes."

I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight: "Christmas to all, and to all a good night—management with Rosenberg, Plotz and Maloney—Famous Makers of Splendid Bloney!"

Style Note.

A friend says that a number of stars were hit so hard in the past that they are putting minus signs on their plus-fours.

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NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Dec. 24—Men in New York are doing more "window shopping" than women. Along Fifth, Madison and Park avenues as well as Broadway you see them idling in front of window displays all hours of the day. Merchants have found men the most impulsive of all buyers.

It used to be a window was dressed almost solely for Milady. Once in awhile some whiffle would be on view for the masculine eye. But not often. To-day it is almost reversed. Eight out of ten windows in the shopping zone are for the male buyer.

Among famous gentlemen who are chronic window snoopers are: Otto Kahn, Irvin Cobb, Clarence Mackey, Gatti-Casazzi, W. R. Hearst, John Golden, Charles Dana Gibson, John

room filagree in mother of pearl and still others releasing a grand opera aria from a hidden music box when the lid is lifted. These sell for as high as \$3,000.

One de luxe shop has a complete gambling cabinet—containing everything from dice to roulette. The great house of Cartier's has gold coins with "Heads" on one side and "Tails" on the other for parlor matching. Golf, hockey, cane and polo windows are high lights, too, in the galaxy.

As one of the ardent window peepers it seems to me nothing has the power to coagulate a group of passers-by like a window of frolicsome puppies. Birds and tanks of gold fish have a lure, but not so pronounced. A dis-

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