



The invention of spectacles and goggles for Russian cattle so that they will not be blinded by blizzards on the steppes and wander from their sleet homesteads to destruction has elicited the following contrib from "Mary Anne":

Moo! Moo-o-o-o-oo!
Well, well, if it isn't the lowing herd winding over the well-known lea! The sun is glinting on their spectacles, and they are wagging their horns in a dejected fashion.

A great tragedy has occurred. Grandmother Cow has lost her specs! Not her high-toes—those are tied securely to her tethering rope—but her fur-ffs. And what will the poor old lady do without them? She won't be able to see the trees and flowers and corn, and all the other beauties of nature. And how can she spot a fence when she is out in a snowstorm? They were rose-colored, too, and without them she can no longer be a contented cow.

But wait—here she comes. She is galumphing in a kittenish fashion for one of her years, and on her face is a happy smile. She remembers now.

She has dropped them on the steppes, and they must have fallen through a crack.

"Senate rate on bells is only one boosted," reads part of a Washington tariff story headline. This is a far-sighted move, if the senators are plotting what some folk around about fear they are plotting. Bells may be needed. With the grand funeral effect the dirge may be played by a carillonneur.

The kindergarten teacher thought the children knew how to play Blind Man's Buff. She blindfolded one little girl, and when the child didn't move she asked, "What's the matter, dear, what are you waiting on?"

"A cigarette," was the reply.

Thoughts on Easter Day.

Richard sent me roses,
Long-stemmed and yellow,
Roses for a slender vase,
Fragile and mellow.

William sent an orchid,
A perfect petalled bloom.
It's far too nice for me to wear,
I'll keep it in my room.

From John—a mass of violets,
Each purple blossomed part
A message from the dearest one,
I'll wear this on my heart.

—IRIS STUART.

If there's no other way to dispose of the farm relief problem, perhaps we could get Mr. Shearer to sell somebody.

The best magazine for women costs you about \$1,235 a year—\$5 for the subscription, and \$1,230 to keep up with the ads.

We are a rich nation, but most of our great men can remember being sent to borrow a cup of sugar.

People who get discouraged because a law isn't made effective in ten years are too impatient. Look at the Ten Commandments.

The senate has voted to admit obscene literature, doubtless figuring that our own product is so well established it need no longer dread competition.

A football game is much like life. The "great" man frequently is an inferior one who got the breaks.

Bridge: A manipulation of small paste boards that occasionally interferes with the conversation.

It is easy to judge a man if you know what things he considers important. Especially if his list of important things includes himself.

Still, if politicians were as comradely after election as before, they wouldn't have time to do anything but listen.

The way to find the last fly of the season is to try taking a nap on Sunday afternoon and look at the end of your nose.

HEARING FROM THE CHILDREN

BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

It is quite interesting what our youngest "hopeful" writes to us from Paris where she is at present causing more or less consternation among the authorities in charge of the Sorbonne. She says that in addition to having found a restaurant named "Sam's," where she can get an honest-to-goodness American breakfast—hoop-ee!—she and Rozy have been to a theater. The "theater," she continues, "was quite impressive," but the "play"! It was the "Merry Widow." "In America, billed as a burlesque of the operetta (We would like to know where she got the idea that the "Merry Widow" was an operetta), it would send people into hysterics. The heroine had a double chin and a gold tooth. (In the American follies sometimes the girls don't even have a double chin. Note, by father.) The hero looked as if a stiff breeze would blow him over and as for the chorus, words fall me! They ranged in age from thirty to fifty, I should say, roughly speaking, and in weight from 90 to 200. (Another aside. The 200-pound chorus girl should have an electric vibrator-massage, like Mabel in the movies.) One costume they wore was particularly fetching. High-laced brown boots, tan stockings, lisle, I bet; good old-fashioned below-the-knee gym bloomers and blouses that looked as though they had been pinned together. Such beauty, such grace!"

Well, there she is, in Paris, living in the Louvre, in a great wing of that historic structure, with her bedroom windows overlooking the very court yard where D'Artagnan would have practiced horseback riding had there ever been any occasion for him to practice anything, or had there ever been a D'Artagnan. She is living in the family of a professor. (Rozy's window overlooks the Seine.) And across the court is a great museum. All she wants for Christmas would fill up the rest of this page, but she will be satisfied with much less. That's good. She'll be home next summer and that will be better, although there will be no small amount of local tumult ensuing.

There aren't any of our children at home, except figuratively two cats, one owned and the other invading! Our nearest child is in New York where she inhabits, with a group of college friends, Greenwich Village, by night, and by day she is one of those huge buildings there where she has a position. Exactly what the position consists of we have meager information from a many-page letter which describes about 6,000,000 chasings, and goings and visitings and seeings between the Hudson river and Montauk Point. Perhaps she did not get out quite as far as Montauk Point. But if she works as vigorously as she goes and visits and sees and eats she should own the larger part of New York below 110th street by the first of the year.

Our farthest son is in Central America, El Salvador, San Salvador. For about a month until the second decade in October that country was deluged by terrible rains so that mails were interrupted. It takes about a fortnight to get a letter through when the mails are all right, unless it is sent by air. He has been having dinner with the Mexican ambassador and played bridge and lost 75 cents. He has a pup which is half Alsatian and half Great Dane and wholly amazing. His family has about all it can do taking care of that pup and eating up what their native cook serves up. The list of dishes would just make you go wild with envy, and you pay the cook per month about the equivalent of four casual Hartford taxi rides. He goes in swimming in crystal lakes in the craters of old volcanoes, and strange to say, while the native country folk drink far more native firewater than is good for them, they are remarkably fine people and don't disturb anybody, so that he takes long walks into the country as freely as he would at home, finding pleasant greeting wherever he goes, and no snakes, or centipedes, scorpions or anything of that kind. And the mountain climate is absolutely charming. Splendid people, wonderful neighbors, a modern city, a happy family, congenial work, amid marimba bands and harmless earthquakes he seems to be all right.

We wish we could have some of the papayas he eats for breakfast, and the candy his family makes from fresh

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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INTRODUCTORY.

A notable correspondence has become available for the archives of history in the disclosure of some two hundred letters written by General Joseph R. Hawley, editor, brave and brilliant soldier, governor, congressman and statesman, to his friend and co-worker, Charles Dudley Warner, long editor of the Hartford Courant and an accomplished writer.

The correspondence began in 1847 when Hawley was in Hamilton college at Clinton, New York, and Warner was a youth in Cazenovia, then home of both. It continued, whenever the two were separated, for 49 years, until four years before Warner's death. It presents a picture of the youth and early manhood of Hawley, his early championing of the anti-slavery cause, his life as a school teacher in New York state and as a teacher, law student, lawyer and editor in Connecticut, as a soldier in the Civil war, as congressman, and senator, and a figure of consequence in the political life of the nation.

The importance of the letters for the light they throw upon the times in which Hawley lived, upon his career, and upon an earlier Hartford will scarcely be overestimated.

For thirty years the letters with their rare literary quality, their revelation of Hawley's remarkable character, and their picture of Hartford and Connecticut affairs, were buried in storage. Years after the death of Warner and Hawley they were delivered to Mr. Warner's widow. After her death they came into possession of Attorney Arthur L. Shipman, whose father had been a contemporary of Hawley's in the law and attended him at his wedding. Mr. Shipman has generously made the letters available to The Times, which, regarding them as both important and highly interesting, will offer them to its readers substantially complete and so edited that they afford a continuous serial narrative, quite the most important collection of articles this newspaper ever has been privileged to present.

Hawley Among the Giants.

Joseph Roswell Hawley, lawyer, editor, soldier and statesman, was numbered among the giants of a stirring era in American history. Even in such company he strode a stalwart figure. To some men is given to a remarkable degree the capacity for leadership. Hawley had it. Physically he was an impressive man, large and well formed, distinguished, even handsome, appearance. His manhood was robust and virile. He was an ardent partisan of causes and of friendships; staunch in his adherences; whole-souled, sometimes almost violent in his oppositions. Men naturally rallied around him. He had the ability to enthuse them and to lead them effectively. At Hamilton college the Union chose him for its president. When he came to Connecticut as a student one of Hartford's ablest lawyers almost immediately wanted him for a partner. A vigorous Free-Souler, and anti-slavery man, Hawley was one of the first to join the movement for the creation of the new republican party, and although he had been a resident of Hartford scarcely a half dozen years, and was still under thirty, the Hartford meeting to organize it locally, was held in his office and he very shortly became a state leader.

He was selected to go about the state debating the issues of the Fremont campaign of 1856 and in the closing days, in a great parade in Hartford, a transparency was carried through the streets emblazoned "Hawley Our Champion." Such was the hold this young man got on his followers. He was the first man in Connecticut to respond to Lincoln's call for volunteers at the outbreak of the Civil war, and when he had assisted in organizing the first company enlisted in the state, known as "Hawley's Rifles," the men insisted upon his being captain. The rifle company was the first Connecticut unit to be accepted into the federal service and Hawley's name was the first to appear on its muster roll. Thus the claim that he was the first to enlist in the state finds official confirmation. Hawley had drawn up the enlistment paper immediately

Stratford, Connecticut in 1840. The family settled in Farmington about 1700.

The Rev. Francis Hawley gave up his work in North Carolina and returned to Hartford in 1837, his son receiving his early education in the Hartford grammar school. Five years later the family removed to Cazenovia, New York and young Hawley attended the seminary there and entered Hamilton college where he was graduated with honors in the class of 1847, with a fine reputation in debating and public speaking.

Removes to Connecticut.

Hawley was aiming at the law as a career, but first took up school teaching which he pursued for a year or two, working at his law studies at the same time. In 1849 an opportunity arose for him to come to Connecticut and take up the study of law with John Hooker of Farmington, who was practicing in that town. Hooker was a lineal descendant of Rev. Thomas Hooker who founded Hartford. He found the young student so desirable that he took him into partnership and they removed to Hartford and opened their office, largely upon the advice of David Hawley who was for many years city missionary in Hartford and who was the double of young Hawley.

From his college days Joseph Roswell Hawley was an anti-slavery man, and bitterly opposed to those who sought to extend the system, and almost equally so to those who would temporize with it, and like Henry Clay seek to preserve outward peace by compromise.

Young Hawley came honestly enough by these sentiments as his father was staunchly against slavery. Hawley's interest in questions of the day diverted his attention from the law to public affairs and politics, and eventually he turned to journalism, establishing with Hooker, Ex-Senator Gillette and others, the Evening Press of which he became the editor and directing genius. The Press was a free soil paper and very soon became the organ of the new republican party.

In 1856, Hawley's reputation as a public speaker was so well established, although he was not quite thirty years of age, that he gave three months of his time to the Fremont campaign. During all the rest of his life he was a notable orator, and as long as his health permitted, was greatly in demand as a speaker in presidential campaigns.

Notable Career as a Soldier.

His career as a soldier was notable. As a leader he inspired his men. He was an excellent executive and a prudent administrator. He was equal to every responsibility laid upon him and to every trust reposed in him. His personal bravery won him the sobriquet "Fighting Joe" Hawley, which clung to him all his life and perhaps described his characteristics as a public man, as well as a soldier. In the battle of Bull Run, his first engagement, he was mentioned for good conduct on the field, his company drawing off in excellent order in the midst of the Union rout. Fugitives among the routed Unionists heard the cry "Steady men, steady men," by which "Hawley and his boys" in good stead. The battle was fought on the last day of his three months' enlistment and when he was mustered out he was immediately appointed a major by Governor William A. Buckingham, and with Colonel Alfred H. Terry raised the Seventh Regiment of which he was made lieutenant colonel. The regiment saw service on the Port Royal expedition, off South Carolina, at Morris Island, Fort Wagner, in the siege of Fort Pulaski, James Island, Pocotaligo and in the Braman expedition to Florida.

When Colonel Terry was promoted to be a general in 1862, Hawley was given command of the regiment which became "Hawley's Regiment." He was entrusted with command at Fernandina, Florida in 1863, and had charge of administrative duties there and at other points in connection with federal occupation of the south. He participated in efforts to capture Charlestown, S. C., and in February, 1864, commanded a brigade under General Truman Seymour in the battle of Olustee, Florida. In 1864, in April, the Seventh Regiment was ordered into Virginia and Hawley was given a brigade command under General Terry of the Tenth Corps, Army of the James, Drury's Bluff, Deep Run, and Derbys town road were some of the notable battles in which Hawley then participated. In the fight on Newmarket road he was in command of a division and he participated in the siege of Petersburg. His friends long made efforts to get him a brigadier generalcy and he finally was so commissioned, in September, 1864, after having been repeatedly recommended by his superiors.

In November, 1864, he was in command of a picked brigade assigned to keep order in New York during the presidential election. Finally in January, 1865, he succeeded General Terry as commander of the division.

When Wilmington, N. C., was captured, Hawley was detached there by General Schofield to command and establish a base of supplies for the approaching army of General W. T. Sherman, and he was in command of

between Hartford and New Haven as to which should be the single capital of the state, which had its influence wherever a Hartford man sought office. The senatorship was a great plum and there were plenty of rivals for it. Moreover the democratic party was strong, particularly in the cities. In spite of his eminence as a soldier and his popularity with the people Hawley was usually unable to carry Hartford in an election.

Hawley's Closing Years.

Hawley's health failed in 1902 and he took small part in congressional affairs thereafter. The war laid a heavy tax on his strength and there is little reason to doubt it shortened his life. He maintained in one of his letters that his four years' service had aged him ten years. He died March 18, 1905. He had announced that he was not a candidate for re-election in 1905, so the struggle for his seat which had been kept up during his incumbency had been anticipated in the choice of legislators in the campaign of 1904. It was renewed as the legislature assembled. Bulkeley and Fessenden were the leading candidates and Bulkeley won easily.

Fessenden never realized his ambition to become a senator. Senator Orville H. Platt attended the funeral of his colleague and took a cold which caused his death. The legislature was wholly unprepared for the situation which this unfortunate incident precipitated. It had been elected with the choice of one senator in mind, but not with the choice of two. Fessenden having made his stand against Bulkeley did not enter the field for the second time, throwing his support to the then youthful congressman, Frank B. Brandegee, who won the nomination over ex-Governor George P. McLean, his chief opponent and was elected, largely, perhaps, because the state could not accommodate itself to the idea of having two senators from Hartford.

Was Twice Married.

Hawley was twice married. His first wife was Harriet Ward Foote of Guilford. They were wed December 25, 1855, and she died on March 13, 1886. She accompanied Hawley to the south during the Civil war and was also at the front assisting in relieving the distress of soldiers. The men of the Seventh loved her for her kindness and ministrations. She was a daughter of Colonel George A. Foote, a brother of the first wife of Dr. Lyman Beecher, who was the father of Henry Ward Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe and the other notable members of this family. Hawley's second wife was Edith Anne Horner, an English woman who had devoted her life to hospital work and the training of nurses.

Hawley met her on shipboard while she was returning to her home in England for a visit. She was a brilliant and much traveled woman, and a talented linguist. In her younger days she was a volunteer hospital nurse in the Zulu war in Africa, for which service she was decorated by Queen Victoria. When Hawley met her she was on her way home after having assisted in organizing a great hospital in Philadelphia. Their acquaintance ripened into a romance and they were married. Two children were born of this marriage, Marion and Edith, and Hawley also adopted Margaret, niece of his first wife.

Hawley was a curious mixture of traits. He was brave and warm-hearted, with great capacity for friendships, a tremendous loyalty to ideals as well as to persons, a magnetic personality and the power to inspire men to follow him. Yet his manner was often brusque. He would pass acquaintances on the street without speaking—he alludes to it in one of his letters. He was careless often of such details as letters that ought to be written—he even neglected to have a good friend invited to his wedding. Such things caused some hard feelings.

Hawley was essentially a right-minded man but not a man of great profundity or of unerring judgment. He gave up the practice of law before he had much more than barely started in it. Had he clung to the profession it may be doubted if he would have achieved tremendous reputation for legal learning, although he probably would have been a highly successful practitioner. As an editor he burned with zeal for a great cause, but his career was early interrupted by his military service and later by his office holding. He was a great editor in the sense that he espoused a great cause and fought nobly for it.

He was impulsive, and this led him into extremes of both enthusiasm and the lack of it. While his views were usually sound on great questions, it is not safe always to accept his judgment of men with whom he came in contact. He sometimes idealized men without being sure that they fully deserved it and was compelled to revise his estimation later. The high spirit with which he entered the cause in which he enlisted also led him at times into extremes of harshness in judging those who did not agree with him. So, it will not do to accept his characterization of

