



Oh, Professor, How Could You... Here you've had us hating you... Give your friend a new, combed for Christmas, if he works tail store. It's the only thing that will appreciate Christmas morning.

DEATH CUTS RANKS OF LEGISLATORS

Several Who Served State in House and Senate Pass On.

WOULD AID UNEMPLOYED

State Labor Department Working to Relieve Distress Caused by Idleness.

Among those who died during the past week were persons who were prominent in public affairs of their own towns and in state matters. Two were monogenarians and two were in their eightieth year.

It may be of interest to note that at the session eighteen years later Joseph L. Barbour of Hartford occupied the speaker's chair and that his colleague, as a member of the house in the representation of Hartford, was the late Robert A. Griffing, who had spent years in the municipal service of the capitol city of the state.

An incident happened at the closing day of the session of 1897 which has its place in the memories of those who were present. In acknowledging the thanks of the house for the manner in which he had presided, Speaker Barbour, with his usual magnanimity, said in a clear voice, that whatever credit he had achieved he owed it to the men who filled the position of clerk during the session, Fred L. Averill, now commissioner on the statutes, and Frank E. Healy, the assistant clerk.

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. Copyright, 1929, by The Hartford Times, Inc., Trustee

NO. XXXV. June 14 found Hawley at St. Augustine and he had time to write Warner a voluminous letter, telling how he dealt with a crooked war profiteer, describing a romantic episode of revenge and expressing his delight with the success of the Press under Warner's editorship.

Hd. Qrs. U. S. Forces St. Augustine, Fla. June 14, 1863.

My Dear Boy: I was at dinner yesterday when one of the guard rapped at the door—"steamer coming, sir." That is a great event at this Post; it always was a great event at St. A.

Wins Approval of Superior. Gen. Hunter's despatches were very cordial and complimentary. He entirely approved my long report of matters and things here and my management throughout, spoke of leaving all to my "excellent judgment", authorizes me to "exercise a liberal discretion", expresses his "appreciation of the first fruits of your (my) activity" in a little cattle raid in which Capt. Skinner and Dennis brought in 120 or 130 cattle and cows from a confederate cattle pen 8 miles out; thanks the officers engaged by name, etc., etc.

He told a gentleman of this place that he had now got the right man in the right place and meant to sustain him. I could not stand better at Headquarters and that, you know, is what a soldier likes.

You speak of the object of our being sent here. I was sent to Fernandina by Gen. Brannon because the management of the 9th Maine was not satisfactory. There I had the Fort and about 1,200 negroes and whites to govern and my management there was entirely satisfactory.

You might perhaps wonder what there is to do. Well, enough to keep four men busy. Besides the usual government of a Regt, you know that the position of post commander in war, in the enemy's country, makes one a despot. Scarcely anybody lives in his own house or cultivates his own land at Fernandina. All town or city regulations as to order, cleanliness, hours, passes, etc.—in short, everything that a mayor and council and police court and, I might say, state government could do is to be done by or under the orders of one man. All people are registered. Half those at Fernandina are fed by government. Land is to be given out; work found; people made to work, gardens encouraged, schools encouraged, secession sympathy put down, army followers, sharks, blood-suckers, etc., checked or punished and last of all, the enemy watched, for they don't trouble us much along this coast—Deserters and refugees cared for and examined, etc.

Fun With Speculators.

I have had some fun with speculators. An Indiana judge named James M. Latta, a man about 30 who calls himself the friend of Colfax, etc., knows Washington, thinks he can manage everybody, sets up for something of a literary chap and a good deal of a politician, came down here last fall and got Saxton to appoint him civil provost marshal general of Florida. You know we have a sort of double headed government here, Saxton pretty much independent, subject only to Hunter and taking general charge of negro organizations, regiments, plantations, and I don't know what exactly—nor does he. Latta really came down here to speculate; thinks himself a Talleyrand.

Well, at Fernandina is the terminus of the Cedar Keys and her R. R.—Yulee's speculation backed by M. O. Roberts and others. There is, of course, a quantity of old iron—wheels, axles, burned locomotives, etc. Latta, as Provost marshal general under Saxton's instructions, claimed to control all such stuff.

When I got to Fernandina I found the three U. S. Direct tax commissioners for Fla. and Latta and their attaches preparing for land sales. I supposed them all honest. Latta said he had sold the loose iron of the R. R. by permission of General Saxton to one Robinson "Claim Agent," a former loyal resident of Jacksonville. I supposed it was for the benefit of government but didn't like it.

On looking at it, I couldn't see how a R. R. corporation could be a rebel; it seemed to me that the loyal stockholders and bondholders had a claim on that iron; that secess stock might be sold and the road then pass into loyal management.

Latta sent off one cargo of 90 tons; my provost taking copies of all papers, and passing the vessel to Hilton Head. Latta was loading another when I issued a sort of injunction forbidding another step till I could hear from Hunter. I found that Latta sold the whole for \$500 and was then a partner with Robinson to share profits of sales at N. Y. There was much unused material in it and much copper and brass. That first cargo was worth say \$5,000.

sanction and ordered the seizure of the first vessel and all her crew and cargo. Saxton to the contrary notwithstanding. Latta escaped with a damaged character and a great rebuke. He got to Ft. Augustine just ahead of me and carried off the St Augustine Historical Library of about 600 vols. I wrote demanding that he return it and reported to Gen. Hunter. Latta is under arrest at the Head for this abuse of power. My original communication concerning the iron was sent to Collector Barney at New York to help catch the vessel.

Marshall O. Roberts has taken just the course I prophesied. Having got an excuse for charging all the damage to the road upon the federal government, he has preferred a claim of \$100,000. I shall give Latta fits if he gets out of this scrape and comes within my jurisdiction again.

Lt. Col. Halpine, Gen. Hunter's A. Adj. Gen., is a beautiful hater of these swindlers. Whatever may be said of Gen. Hunter's statesmanship he is a thoroughly honest man and detests fraud. . . . Nor are we without our bloody romances.

Owen Quigley's Revenge.

Owen Quigley was always a Union man, quite a large landholder about 30 miles S. E. from here and a cattle raiser. The rebels drove both his sons into the service—one I will call John, the other is Jesse. All are splendid marksmen. John was very sick and got discharged and came home. The old man was boiling a little salt a few miles off and John did the work. Old man went down and sent John home with 70 or 80 in his pocket.

Five rebel neighbors bound themselves by an oath, seized John, robbed him and the body was never found. (One of these men is said to have killed three U. S. soldiers many years ago. The same gang hung an old man named Whitney for circulating Union docs.) John's horse got away and ran home. The old woman heard the horse's neighing, looked out, read trouble, mounted John's horse and went to the salt works.

Old Quigley started. Donaldson, the leader, a justice of the peace, told him he would never hear of his boy again. He hunted the country over and then being hunted himself, ran in here.

Jesse heard of the trouble and tried to get a furlough. He was near Jacksonville. Couldn't get it; told his captain he should leave and he did. He could get no satisfaction and came in here. When I came home the old woman was making trips in deadly fear, carting her children and goods to our outposts.

When she got all in, old Quigley came to me and begged leave to go out and settle with those five men. He told me that they should all die; he had promised them that and should keep his word.

There's a question for moralists. Should I let that old man go out with his heavy double barrel and 25 buckshot in each barrel? I tell you I let him go. I went on a little expedition with the Anastasia, and let Quigley son slip off.

In four days they were gone by boat, and on the way they were miles and back. They were very tired and tired, but said they should be very soundly.

They approached the home of one of their enemies and both Quigleys fired, each one barrel. The man dropped stone dead. The next morning they lay between the house and Donaldson's and let some of the family go by after help. Soon three men came along. The foremost one was Donaldson, "the head devil." Young Quigley alone fired one barrel and Donaldson dropped dead, only saying "I'm a dead man." The others ran.

The Quigleys burned the house of D's son-in-law and came on here. The people about there well know who did the work. I think I never was more intensely interested than in getting the Quigleys to tell me all the particulars, with their satisfied look of a bloodhound returned from a long chase, their slow backwoodman's speech and mild, quiet ways. They know where only one more of the five is; he is in Westcott's (rebel) Company about 40 miles off. They mean to have all the five if they live.

Do you remember "Shot in the Eye" in the old "American Review"? Well, this is just as good a story and it has the great advantage of being true. . . . Fort Marlton is a queer old hole—so is the whole town with a very interesting history—full of sieges, attacks, captures, massacres, Indian fights, changes of flag, superstition, idleness, poverty and riches. In the Fort wall are the shot works of Oglethorpe of Georgia, 123 yrs. old.

Rid of Lieut. Col. Gardiner.

We have got rid of Lt. Col. Gardiner—a blessed riddance but he dies hard. He is at home abusing me like a pirate and swearing that he will return. Sec. Stanton told Mr. Welles he should not. Gov. B. says he shall not. Ditto Gen. Hunter and your humble servt. Don't see but that includes about all that touch his case. The War Department, on Gen. Hunter's recommendation gave him the option, etc.—you know the story. He is . . . scoundrel. He has intrigued against me up to the verge of clear sedition and it

came to this, we couldn't both live in the same regiment and I wasn't going out . . . He has had a number of servants at different times since we came south and every one claims wages due. He . . . never sold one twentieth as much against Davis as against Lincoln.

Hawley's "Three Best Men."

So Gen. Terry was in Hartford? I hear that he has returned to the Herd. Do you know whom I consider the three best men of my acquaintance—of my personal friends? C. D. W., J. H. and Gen. T. (Charles Dudley Warner, John Hooker and General Terry—Ed.) And you didn't take him by the collar and drag him out to tea that Nook Farm might know a man worthy to sit in one of the best seats forever. Our long, rawboned chaplain (Wayland—Ed.) is another. God bless his homely body and beautiful soul.

Let me praise you a little. How I love you for it. You come out sound every time. You are emphatically and precisely right in opposing the re-election of Waldo and Seymour. No man in Augustine dares express in public the sentiments of those men. God only knows how much the judiciary may have to do within the year. I denounce them as traitors, as liars, hypocrites and scoundrels and cowards. They know that they are selling God and man by supporting Tom Seymour. They are a disgrace to the bench and ought to be impeached—morally I mean they deserve it—legally you cannot get hold of them. I thought English history contained wisdom enough on the subject of traitorous judges to last the world through. It is this same infinitely pitiable weakness that makes Connecticut a milk and water state.—I see just how our noble friend Hooker is misled by his dislike of innovation and change in the dignified machinery of law but alas that he should call this bringing the bench into the "political" arena, in the vulgar sense of the word. Alas that he should lend his name to treating this struggle for life and death as a mere political strife, a common party contest.

You are sound again on the secret societies. I was tempted strongly in our Free Soil days by an organization which ran a short time, (Know nothing party, probably—Ed.) but long ago when no temptation was up it seemed to us a clear thing that it was best to work openly. Perhaps in Italy we might be driven to something of the sort but let us fight it out now with the old flag nailed on in broad daylight and no visors down. You are right not to quarrel with it. Let it work. It may be good. Certainly more hurt may be done by our friends quarreling about it.

Hawley's letters are notable in some instances for their voluminousness as well as for their literary quality and human interest. This one is an example and it is necessary to divide it in two parts. The second will appear in a subsequent issue.

mentions generals merely by name in that day they were and needed no further identification. Not all of them are well remembered to-day.

General Brannon was John Milton Brannon, a graduate of West Point, who served in the Mexican war and throughout the Civil war. Hunter was General David Hunter, also a West Point graduate and veteran of the Mexican war whose retreat from Lynchburg late in the war left Washington undefended and put him under serious fire on the ground of inefficiency. Grant defended him vigorously. He presided over court martial which tried the conspirators in the assassination of Lincoln.

The allusions by Hawley to the judiciary and politics have to do with election of judges of the superior court by the legislature of 1863. The terms of Judge Loren P. Waldo and Origen S. Seymour, democrats, expired and they were not re-elected. Dwight W. Parlee and Samuel Phelps were re-elected as republicans.

According to The Times of the period the issue turned upon the question of the granting of habeas corpus writs to free men arrested on political and military charges. Republicans asserted that Waldo and Seymour as democrats would issue such writs. They naturally declined to give any pledge as to what they would do as judges in cases that might be brought before them. Any other position would have been contrary to the theory of an untrammelled bench. So they were not elected. Hawley, naturally, approved of the outcome, while apparently a good many sound thinking lawyers, including his own former partner, Hooker, were dubious about the policy followed.

(Continued Monday)

show that the policy of Commissioner MacKenzie throughout the state is having satisfactory results. There are eight . . . ters relating to agriculture particularly the production of milk with profound knowledge of his subject and with . . . formance of its duty faithfully and efficiently. Nothing can be clearer than this statement of the mayor's policy