

THE ADVENTURES OF 1930

BY JOHN CALVIN GODDARD

The word adventure makes us think of Homer and Vergil, of Scott and Cooper, of the Crusaders and the forty-niners. We recall Columbus' ringing words, "Along the track of pathless ocean it is my intention to steer", or Dr. Warren's comment on the first operation under ether, "Nothing succeeds like success."

Adventure is not limited to the days of the Golden Age, nor to an age when Knighthood was in flower; it is here and now. We had scarcely cooled from the stirring of Lindbergh, when we were thrilled again by the flight of Byrd. The head-lines of every daily are full of adventure. The great craze for detective stories in our day, shared by the President himself, is due to the love of adventure. The urge of the gangster, the crackman and the "rum-runner" is based on the same spirit. We are the very excesses of our young people, incited by that slogan, "Be a Sport", or "Take a Dare." It is not the old Adam in them, it is the spirit of '76, and simply needs a right direction.

Life is purposely constructed on the love-of-adventure principle. Our birth is an adventure, our school, business, marriage, parenthood all up to that last step, which was called on the Lusitania the most beautiful adventure in life. The novelty lies back of adventure keeps us continually on the vive, prevents life from being dull. Adventure tests our resourcefulness, our courage, our self-reliance. What a man they made at length of Ulysses, of the of Washington!

Now, as some claim that this is prosaic, we aim, for a space, to show up its adventure side. It is mainly in little things. To be sure great adventures exist in every family; in our own one member killed by an automobile, another by falling from a tree, a third from an aeroplane. But as a rule, we are gained by little adventures, running from grave to grave, from lively to severe.

Adventure is defined as human enterprise; there is always in it some risk, some element of chance. Milton speaks of "adventurous Eve" or of "a soldier of fortune." But trivial things are adventures, each in its own way. "Taking a flyer" does, of course; we have a friend who dropped a fortune in a business pit, another who dropped less, but for each dime he took out \$4. A bet is an adventurous thing; of Mary Cholmondeley's works the whole tragedy is on a bet against a man's life. Every game is an adventure. "Do you play golf?" "No, but I can't play." Every golfer rises out of his defeat with the adventurous maxim of Waldemar of Denmark, "To-morrow is another day."

Risks lurk in such a simple thing as spelling, ask the typewriter. She has even had a new definition for "synonym"; namely, "it is a word you use, when you can't think how to spell another one." Every spelling-bee develops a mask between two villages in which the first word fired at us was "usquebaugh", and was entirely "on nerve." Nerve, by the way, is always a good thing to have in the house; keep it for all occasions, it will make them lose their terrors, and spirited games of adventure.

The apostle tells us, "the can no man tame"; hence, using language is like taming a mettlesome horse. There are some of us like Goldsmith, "never opened his mouth, without putting his foot in it", and a few like George William Curtiss whose words were "like apples of gold in pictures of lead." Trouble begins with pronunciation, some never saying in-flew-ance and the ay-ter "with on the second." Simon Peter was trapped by his weakness, "thy speech betrayeth thee." Then lurks in quotation; we have heard countless credit Milton with "fresh fields and pastures new" as he wrote "fresh woods"; but this adventure is covered with the nervous mix-up of syllables. One who attempted to close with Hamlet's line, but actually "We shuttle off this cortical moll, excuse me, I mean shuffle off this shortal coil."

Public speech is always an adventure to plunge into a sentence not knowing the way out, to trust to Providence for finding a way to go with it, to "get to thirdly, and stop perplexed, the—Moses—is coming next!" All this is as exciting as the World Series. But it has its compensations; the stage-fright engendered is nature's way of keying a speaker up to concert pitch, and giving steam to his horse. To be sure, if he yield to it, it will be like the horse of a spirited horse, all the worse for the rider; but if he controls that spirit, he will go farther and ride with greater grace.

All ordinary speech is also an adventure, you never know what may come out of your mouth. George Sampson found it out, when he remarked blithely Mrs. Wilfer's petticoat, "After all, ma'm, we know there" and instantly felt that he had committed himself. The floor walker blurted out, "Well, old man, you beamed around here all day, and bought nothing, what do you think you want?" "I think I want a new floor; I have just bought this department store."

Yes, language is an adventure, a test of character, a test, whereby it is written, "for thy words shall thou be justified, and by thy words shall thou be condemned."

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Grange Dance To-Night.

"Once a year," New Year's eve, but many will make its memory lasting during the entire year by attending to-night the dance given under the auspices of Oxford Grange at the new hall. Lighted by electricity, steam heated and with dancing floor that was waxed yesterday to the minute by Contractor Meggin and a force of employes, an enjoyable evening is promised all attending.

Another new leaf out of life's book for 1930 will be turned over at 12:01 to-morrow morning by Captain William J. Kinahan and Honorary Hoseman "Spike" Hurlburt of Oxford Volunteer Hose Co. No. 1, who have made iron-clad resolutions for the future not to go pickering through the ice or to drink ginger ale as a preventive for colds.—The Oxford correspondent in the Ansonia Evening Sentinel.

Some of the Resolutions.

1. Never to give an interview for nothing. There's too much money being made endorsing sundry commodities.
2. To announce to the world that the long-missing Sally is found. I wonder what's become of Sal-he? Answer: Sal Hepatica.
3. To join with other optimists in praying that our predictions of prosperity will find the nourishment necessary to healthy maturity.
4. To let others do the reforming. Who cares, anyhow, what any think of my morals?
5. To be brief and, so, as they say in Tahiti, "Manau ia." (Good luck.)

—F.

At a time of year when it is common to make lists of things—"such and such was most outstanding in 1929 or in the last decade, etc.—the Dopples makes his contribution, a list of the ten best dance pieces in the "tip top" twenties (that "tip top" is an idea he has gotten from reading optimistic reviews of said twenties). These are more or less chronological, one for each year: "Margie," "Wabash Blues," "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," "Yes, We Have No Bananas," "Indian Love Call," "Who," "The Birth of the Blues," "Hallelujah," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," and (1929 is a tough year to pick) "Deep Night."

That's a piece for every year in the last ten, more or less based on popularity. The Dopples could make a different list that would do as well, and he's not afraid to argue about this or any other. He hates to leave out "Whispering," which came too soon, "All Alone," "Somebody Stole My Gal," "Somebody Loves Me," and a lot of others. He chooses "Who" as the best of the lot. —THE DOPPLE.

The Silent Poet.

Far better to be the silent poet Than pen a theme and never know it, Has been sung in every tongue Under the sun and better done By no woolgathering imbeciles— Nor yet the plagiarist who steals— But by bards to the manner born, Bards whose artistry adorns And dignify the printed page, Ne'er courting flippant persiflage. Aye, bards above all filthy spoil Who for their art alone did toil, And bards who ne'er were "all the rage"—

Yet but for them we'd have no stage— And bards who e'er were "seeing red," Nor wine nor art went to their head. Yea, better were the verse ne'er born Nor given birth to meet with scorn, Better to spare all labor's pangs And 'scape the critic's stinging fangs. Surely then 'twere best to stow it And still dream on the silent poet. Yet "a little yearning's a dangerous thing"

Said Edward Hope, but Pope could sing. So, if Ambition beats you to it, We'll look for you to Portico-it.

—A. M. J.

The youngster of to-day is allowed to stay up on New Year's eve and morning, and on account of the difference in time, east and west, he hears by radio the ringing in of the year in New

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. XXXIV.

The following month came the orders moving Hawley and his regiment north for the campaign in Virginia. Needless to say Hawley rejoiced to go where it appeared that effective fighting might be done. He was heartened also by the reelection of Governor Buckingham in Connecticut, although the democrats led by Origen S. Seymour, candidate for governor, whom the republicans had refused reappointment as a judge in 1863, carried Hartford. William W. Eaton, later to be a democratic United States senator and long a power in Connecticut was barely defeated for the state house of representatives. Hartford republicans were much elated because of the capture of one of the city's two seats and because it was Eaton who was beaten. At sea off the coast of North Carolina Hawley wrote on April 17 to Warner:

Hd. Qrs. 7th Conn. Vols.
Str. S. R. Spaulding, at Sea
Off the Coast of No. Carolina.
April 17, '64.

Dear Charley:

The 7th, at 16 hours notice, embarked at Jacksonville on the morning of the 13th, arrived at Hilton Head on the morning of the 14th, spent a day there getting supplies of all sorts, and sailed on the morning of the 15th for Fortress Monroe with orders to report to Gen. Butler. About 18,000 troops will come from the department of the South. Gen. Gillmore expects to command them—3 divisions commanded by Brig. Gens. Terry, Vogdes and Turner (late Chief of Staff of Gillmore). There will be 3 brigades in Terry's division, the 10th Conn. will be in the 2d, commanded by Brig. Gen. Stevenson if he is able to take the field. I expect to command the 3d Brigade, Terry's Division, consisting of the 7th Conn., 6th Conn., and 3d and 7th New Hampshire. Three of the regiments are excellent and I think the 7th N. H. will do well next time in spite of its failure at Olustee. (It broke completely there in spite of Hawley's efforts to rally it—Ed.) Butler is said to have about 55,000 troops, our corps will make it 73,000. It is rumored that two great columns will advance upon Richmond,—one from the Peninsula or thereabouts and the other from the Rapidan. We shall see. For the present Brig. Gen. J. P. Hatch will command the Dept. South. He has been in command at Jacksonville since Seymour was relieved and we think him liberal, kind and judicious, but know nothing of his views upon slavery. The department will be chiefly held by black troops. He left the 1st North Cgr. at Jacksonville. Col. Beecher was rather blue the last time I saw him. Dead inactivity there will not suit him.

No Spreading Out in Florida.

There will be no further attempt to spread out in Florida. Palatka will be or has been evacuated but Jacksonville will be held. It is so well fortified that probably 4,000 troops could defend it against anything that the rebels would be likely to send. Doubtless they are already following our example and removing troops from Florida. I am heartily rejoiced to go, for whatever we do here will tell upon the general result. Twice at least in the department of the South, I have been in severe battles, which were confessedly useless, except in that they disciplined the troops.

The 7th Conn., has 899 on board this ship. We have about 1,050 on our rolls (partly unassigned recruits) and I suppose Rodman has more in depot. I found Hattie at Port Royal and she is on-board with me. She bears the voyage quite well, though it has been rather rough. She thinks that she will get a place in Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe, with an old Elmira friend, whose name I cannot at this moment recall—Ella Wolcott that's it. Please send this to Col. Robinson with compliments. I hope he will join us soon as we greatly need all our officers. Great events are coming rapidly. God speed the right. Thank God for the victory in Conn. I expected just about that.

Yours as ever,
JOS. R. HAWLEY.

Publish nothing except that the 6th and 7th and probably the 10th will be at Fortress Monroe.

Grant Launches Drive.

Grant, promoted to lieutenant general and given command of all the Union armies in March, 1864, had determined upon a combined movement against the two remaining Confederate armies, those of Lee and Johnston. Sherman was placed in command on the west and south and moved from Chattanooga toward Georgia and thence to Atlanta, which he took and burned and then started his march to the sea. Grant himself was in charge of the operations against Lee in Virginia.

Entering the Wilderness Grant's forces were attacked by the rebels and there were two days of hand to hand

hold in common. I feel deeply the embarrasments which you refer to. Say nothing petulant. Simply state errors and faults of the administration if you must. This is a grand month and we cannot quarrel.

The 18th (Smith) and the 10th Corps (Gillmore) under Butler landed at Bermuda. Hundreds landing on the 5th and 6th. The P. & R. R. has been attacked several times. Kautz's cavalry raid destroyed it below Petersburg. His army has had some smart fighting—more or less of it daily. Most of us were out on the 9th and 10th to the railroad. My brigade had no fighting on the 9th and I got used up by want of sleep, heat and rheumatism and gave out. Abbott took command on the 10th. The 10th Corps had some fighting. My brigade under Abbott with Terry supervising had a handsome brush and repulsed a large rebel force. Pickett's Brigade met our brigade and was repulsed with heavy loss. The 7th New Hampshire redeemed its fame and standing firmly broke several rebel regiments in succession. The 7th Conn. had a handsome opportunity to use Spencer carbines and inflicted heavy loss. It also retook from the rebels one gun which they had taken from a New Jersey battery.

So far everything is quite successful here. The railroad is badly damaged. Love to all. We expect orders every moment. Part of our forces are cut in front and at least two cannon are heard every line I scribble.

Yours as ever,
JOE HAWLEY.

I was totally broken down for a day or two but I am much better and expect to go with the rest if we go to-day. I wish it distinctly understood that if I live I can go to Baltimore. (To the republican national convention.—Ed)

At the Bermuda Hundred.

At Spotsylvania Grant and Lee grappled in five days of fighting without decisive result and then Grant, as at the Wilderness moved off to Lees right. There was fighting at North Anna and at Cold Harbor where Grant's forces suffered terribly in trying to drive the confederates out of their entrenchments.

Grant crossed the James and moved on Petersburg, Lee having gained that city.

Butler's forces, under protection of gunboats, had sailed up the James and landed at Bermuda Hundred. On the 5th and 6th of May Butler had considerable success, driving the rebels back. Later, on May 20, he was repulsed at Drury's Bluff by Beauregard who dug entrenchments across the narrow strip of land connecting Bermuda Hundreds with the mainland and thus bottled up Butler's force effectually.

Hawley and his men, who were with Butler, were in the thick of the fighting and Hawley, as usual, acquitted himself well and was complimented for bravery and leadership. His Seventh regiment was equipped with Spencer repeating rifles and able to do deadly damage. On one occasion when a heavy fog permitted rebels to get within fifty yards before being sighted, the Seventh fired in volley after volley and did tremendous execution. Hawley's regiment was noted for steadiness under fire and it was frequently called upon for particularly hard or dangerous work.

The activity was intense and the fighting severe. Hawley could write of nothing else and little even about that. He did, however, give Warner a curious story of incidents in which he participated in two letters written in June.

On June 15:

Hd. Qrs. 2d Brigade, 1st Div. 10th Corp.
Bermuda Hundred
Entrenchments, Va.
June 15, '64.

Dear Charley:

Been listening to the rumble of Grant's cannon at Petersburg at intervals all the morning. Yesterday morning Grant himself appeared at the Bermuda Landing, about five miles below here. (9 cannon heard (10) since I began to (11) scribble) I learn that (12) (13) he covered the Chickahominy in four places. One or two corps crossed the James some distance below. Can't write—June 16th Great fighting yesterday and to-day at Petersburg. Rebels evacuated their strong works in front of us this morning. Gen. Terry is in command of this line of intrenchments and took a part of his forces and went out to the railroad and tore up a mile and a half, just getting back out of the way of Pickett's Div., which followed our men back and the rebels now lie close in front, though we have leveled the threatening part of their fortifications to-day and hold the old original picket line from which we were driven May 20th.

An Alabamian paper to-day on the Turnpike (R & P) said that our men were within 100 yards of catching Lee who was coming down from Richmond. My position is right in the center of

...with Hamlet's line, but actual said, "We shuttle
this coral moll, excuse me, I mean we muffle off this
red coil."

Public speech is always adventurous; to plunge into
sentence not knowing the way out, to start a noun and
to Providence for finding a verb to go with it, and
to thirdly, and stop perplexed, at what the—Moses—
"coming next!" All this is as exciting as a World Series.
It has its compensations; the very stage-fright en-
dered is nature's way of keying the speaker up to
correct pitch, and giving steam to his boiler. To be sure,
he yield to it, it will be like the bolting of a spirited
horse, all the worse for the rider; but if he controls that
bit, he will go farther and ride with greater grace.

All ordinary speech is also full of adventure, you
never know what may come out of it. George Sampson
found it out, when he remarked blithely of Mrs. Wilfer's
"tunic," "After all, ma'm, we know it is there" and
he faintly felt that he had committed himself. The floor
manager blurted out, "Well, old man, you've roamed around
all day, and bought nothing, what do you think you
will do?" "I think I want a new floor-walker; I have just
bought this department store."

Yes, language is an adventure, a sample of character,
and whereby it is written, "for by thy words shalt
thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be con-
demned."

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Twenty-five Years Ago To-day

JANUARY 2, 1905.

Arthur surrendered by General
of Russia to Japan marking
that the Associated Press re-
as "the most dramatic war in-
modern times" and which
s, editorially, called "one of
remarkable sieges in the his-
tory of the world."
Phalanx observed New Year
shoot in which G. O. Broth-
ne, J. H. Gowen and A. L.
each scored 74 out of a pos-
sible 100.
of Mrs. Elizabeth Mygatt
at No. 620 Farmington ave-
-Northrup was ninth in
om Joseph Mygatt, one of the
rs of Hartford.
nk Commissioners Charles H.
George F. Kendall announce
nk deposits of \$220,597.197 in
increase of \$8,419,000 over pro-

George Primrose with his minstrels at
Parsons's theater on twenty-fifth anni-
versary of his first appearance with his
own company in Hartford.
Governor Abiram Chamberlain, guest
of honor and speaker at New Britain
Y. M. C. A. anniversary observance.
Dr. Newman Smyth of New Haven
sends circular letter to clergymen,
Christian Endeavor, and temperance
societies of the state urging their oppo-
sition to candidacies of Morgan G.
Bulkeley and Samuel G. Fessenden for
the United States senate.
City of Rockville decides to settle suit
by Ralph K. Sweet for pollution of
Hockanum river as Mayor Forster begins
administration.
New church of St. Mary's dedicated
in Willimantic by Bishop Tierney of the
diocese of Hartford.
Alembert O. Crosby chosen president
of the Glastonbury Business Men's as-
sociation.

FROM THE PEOPLE

raises Postal Service.
itor of The Times:
to say a few words in appre-
the excellent service rendered
tal employes during the great
e Christmas. We have at our
ally paper from Boston, and
not been a day in December
paper was not delivered with-
r mail. Cooperation has cer-
n exemplified at the post

Indians were daily dying from smallpox;
they were so sick that their bodies stuck
to their blankets, and it was a horrible
mess. Notwithstanding that, these
noble whites hourly administered to
these red men, and Bradford rec-
orded the amazing fact that not a white man
caught the disease.

WILLARD C. GOMP.
Hartford, Jan. 1.

REQUIRES COOL PATIENCE.

(Akron Journal.)
The hard part of establishing foot-
ball in Mexico will be to persuade eleven
men to fight for the same thing that
long.

RIDING THE LIGHTNING.

(Los Angeles Express.)
The farm boy who rode seven miles
clinging to the tail of an airplane
ought to know how the man felt who
had a bear by the tail.

Cars may be considerably different
these days, but it still is necessary to
advance the hand throttle when starting
a cold engine.

Has been sung in every tongue
Under the sun and better done
By no woolgathering imbeciles—
Nor yet the plagiarist who steals—
But by bards to the manner born,
Bards whose artistries adorn
And dignify the printed page,
Ne'er courting flippant persiflage.
Aye, bards above all filthy spoil
Who for their art alone did toil,
And bards who ne'er were "all the
rage"—

Yet but for them we'd have no stage—
And bards who e'er were "seeing red,"
Nor wine nor art went to their head.
Yea, better were the verse ne'er born
Nor given birth to meet with scorn,
Better to spare all labor's pangs
And 'scape the critic's stinging fanz.
Surely then 'twere best to stow it
And still dream on the silent poet.
Yet "a little yearning's a dangerous
thing"
Said Edward Hope, but Pope could sing.
So, if Ambition beats you to it,
We'll look for you to Portico-it.
—A. M. J.

The youngster of to-day is allowed to
stay up on New Year's eve and morn-
ing, and on account of the difference
in time, east and west, he hears by
radio the ringing in of the year in New
York, New Orleans, Kalamazoo and
San Diego all in an evening. By the
time he reaches his majority he will
have heard so many years come and go
that he will feel a hundred.

The Real Thing.

"Hey, Jack," said the Coast Guard
sailor to his mate as he stepped ashore
at New London at the end of a week's
patrol filled with killings and boardings
at sea, spindrift, liquor and hazard.
"Now for excitement. Whajusay to a
movie?"

Wall street wouldn't feel flattered if
it could see the New Year resolutions
this time.

The monkey needn't feel offended.
People object to all of their relatives.

There's hardly anything left for Byrd
now, unless he wants to try sliding down
Niagara in a plane.

And many a so-called open mind just
seems that way because of the great
open spaces between ideas.

There's no danger of revolution in a
land where everybody meekly obeys a
"no parking" sign without asking who
put it there.

Solomon isn't described as howling in
anguish, so the joint account probably
wasn't known in those days.

It may be true that half of the
people miss their calling. That would
explain their superior ability to run the
other fellow's business.

Americanism: Making a sport of buy-
ing stolen goods; wondering what
causes so many thefts.

Treachery is shameful, and you can't
blame a congressman for disowning a
trunk that leaks on him.

found Hattie at Port Royal and she is
on-board with me. She bears the voy-
age quite well, though it has been
rather rough. She thinks that she will
get a place in Chesapeake Hospital,
Fortress Monroe, with an old Elmira
friend, whose name I cannot at this
moment recall—Ella Wolcott that's it.
Please send this to Col. Robinson with
compliments. I hope he will join us soon
as we greatly need all our officers.
Great events are coming rapidly. God
speed the right. Thank God for the
victory in Conn. I expected just about
that.

Yours as ever,
JOS. R. HAWLEY.
Publish nothing except that the 6th
and 7th and probably the 10th will be
at Fortress Monroe.

Grant Launches Drive.

Grant, promoted to lieutenant general
and given command of all the Union
armies in March, 1864, had determined
upon a combined movement against the
two remaining Confederate armies,
those of Lee and Johnston. Sherman
was placed in command on the west
and south and moved from Chattanooga
toward Georgia and thence to Atlanta,
which he took and burned and then
started his march to the sea. Grant
himself was in charge of the operations
against Lee in Virginia.

Entering the Wilderness Grant's
forces were attacked by the rebels and
there were two days of hand to hand
sanguinary encounter without marked
advantage to either side. After a brief
respite Grant moved toward Spotsylvania
court house.

Simultaneous with the move into the
Wilderness Grant ordered Gen. Ben-
jamin F. Butler with the Tenth and
Eighteenth corps to strike in the vicin-
ity of Petersburg to the south of Rich-
mond. Hawley and his men were in
this expedition. His brigade, as it turned
out, was the Second, rather than the
Third.

Meanwhile the presidential campaign
of 1864 was already under way. There
was plenty of republican opposition to
Lincoln and fear of what the democrats
might do. Hawley felt, as he had said,
that Lincoln had been weak and even
incompetent in many instances but he
saw nothing to do but renominate him.
He was planning to attend the conven-
tion at Baltimore, to which Connecticut
had made him a delegate. So he wrote
to Warner on May 12:

"Only Principle Left."
Hd. Qrs. 2d Brig. 1st Div. 10th C.
About 7 miles from the junction
of the Appomattox and James
Rivers, Va., and two or three
miles from the Petersburg and
Richmond R. R.
May 12th, '64.

Dear Charley:
I cannot give my views for I have
none—of men and measures politically.
I have only left the principles which
you know as well as I and which we

NEWSPAPER MERGERS.

(New London Day.)
Apparently there will soon be an
amalgamation of the Providence Even-
ing and Sunday Tribune with the
Providence News. This consolidation
seems assured, and recent trends in
newspaper management would give it
large probability as an eventuality even
if announcement of bargaining had not
already been made by Ex-Senator
Gerry, owner of the News.
Providence is a city of perhaps 280,-
000 population. As such it is probably
the only city of its size which supports
four daily newspapers, with the excep-

tion of Springfield, Mass., where the
four dailies are owned by one cor-
poration.
Detroit has but three dailies; even
Chicago has got down to five. Boston
and New York are our most populous
cities, in the newspaper sense, but they
have the largest circulation fields. It
appears nowadays almost impossible to
operate more than one paper to a unit
of perhaps 100,000 metropolitan circula-
tion. The costs of operation, the
capital outlay necessary and other fac-
tors make consolidation a necessity in
many cities where once from five to ten
dailies flourished.

nothing else and little even about that.
He did, however, give Warner a curi-
ous story of incidents in which he partici-
pated in two letters written in June:
On June 15:
Hd. Qrs. 2d Brigade, 1st
Div. 10th Corp.
Bermuda Hundred
Intrenchments, Va.
June 15, '64.

Dear Charley:
Been listening to the rumble of
Grant's cannon at Petersburg at inter-
vals all the morning. Yesterday morn-
ing Grant himself appeared at the
Bermuda Landing, about five miles be-
low here. (9 cannon heard (10) since
I began to (11) scribble I learn that
(12) (13) he covered the Chickahominy
in four places. One or two corps
crossed the James some distance below.
Can't write—June 16th Great fighting
yesterday and to-day at Petersburg.
Rebs. evacuated their strong works in
front of us this morning. Gen. Terry
is in command of this line of intrench-
ments and took a part of his forces
and went out to the railroad and tore
up a mile and a half, just getting back
out of the way of Pickett's Div., which
followed our men back and the rebs
now lie close in front, though we have
leveled the threatening part of their
fortifications to-day and hold the old
original picket line from which we were
driven May 20th.

An Alabamian paper to-day on the
Turnpike (R & P) said that our men
were within 100 yards of catching Lee
who was coming down from Richmond.
My position is right in the centre of
the intrenchments. On my part of the
line are 3 strong batteries. Maj. Trum-
bull holds another just on my right.
Two of my regiments were out to-day
but I was not. Events are too many
and big, cannot write. The gigantic
game is playing all around and before
us and I expect at any moment to hear
the heavy firing of an hour or two ago
renewed. From a high tree by my
quarters my aide could see the lines
of smoke near Petersburg.
Part of the 6th Corps. comes up to-
night to help us. Lee may be about to
attack us here to-night or to-morrow
morning. Petersburg was not ours at
noon but perhaps it is to-night.
Yours in great haste,
J. R. HAWLEY.
Col.

8 1/2 p. m. 16th.
A "Desperate Assault."
James Island, S. C.
June 16, '62.

On June 16:
Dear —
Desperate assault this morning. Our
Reg. was second in the advance. Did
nobly—90 killed and wounded. Poor
Captain Hitchcock dead—Lieut. Horten
dead—2nd Lt. Upson, Co. F. fatally
wounded, Lieut. Dempsey shot in shoul-
der. Co. A. (Hawley Rifles) has 19
wounded and 3 missing, supposed dead
—out of 60. Co. D. suffered, 5 dead.
Total dead supposed to be about 15.
Thank God. I have not a scratch. Sup-
pose I did my duty—Got praises for
self and regiment on the field and since,
by Gen. Stevens.
The enemy had a most powerful po-
sition. The fire of grape was awful.
More soon—Yours, J. R. H.
(Continued To-morrow.)