



Mayor Andrew J. (Bossy) Gillis, town out-up and oratorical live-wire of Newburyport, Mass., gives us reason for leducing that he belongs not to the ank and file. Probably no one ever hought of it that way before, but when you give the matter serious consideration it reveals absolutely nothing which by the greatest stretch of the magination could be pinned upon the ank and file. Of course, there may emain a choice of more than one place o pin it still, but not there. He de-nds beer for clubs keeping good hours nd not abusing the privilege, while effering to raids he had ordered on laces selling "liquor."

"And what do you think he (Chief arshal McLean) did? He started out y raiding the Newburyport hotel where live. Even if the proprietor was sell- g a little beer down there he wasn't illing it, at any rate, to the rank and e."

Home, James.

Hartford Nighthawks
Topic of Burgess Talk—Headline.

We didn't realize before that they me under the heading of natural his-ry, but the subject should provide terest, anyway.

Sometime we are going to ask Ann ur Scotch exponent, if she shakes wicked niblick.

(Ann B. replies to J. M. C., who the er day in the Portico deduced that r age is 60 because she had admitted ng a little girl when the "bustle" me into popular favor.)

Ordinarily I would call the discussion age rather futile, but when a Scotch-an like J. M. C. tackles it with his ar-cut logic it is bound to be inter- ing. My only objection is his brev-; I wish he had elaborated a bit, for stance when speaking of Queen Vic-ia and the day she first wore the stie. Why could he not have told ither John Brown followed the een's suggestion to wear a bustle un- r his kilt? But why think it so ful when to this day some men wear e in front under their belt?

From the date given, 1885, and my ring I was 15 when they came into e he infers I am 60 and he roars it t that all the world may know. It s a most awful thing to do. My ir has turned white. But he is not well informed about some things as am or he would know that style-en radical—works its way slowly, ny fighting against it. It was not il some time after this debated date t I realized that some people, when y finally decided to follow the fash- sly, folded the "Evening Citizen" the "Glasgow Herald" and fastening with tape used it for a bustle. They led fine; that was also the style. ause it was slow work establishing ething so queer among the tch, and because my dresses were in and simply made, I was indeed when I became aware of it—and rly three years between the begin- g of the bustle and my knowledge t.

However, why discuss age among enial souls—the gods were good to and endowed me with a spirit of etual youth. The important thing hat we learn our lessons here and on to new ideas—some flunk and t take the lessons over. Dress has place, but there are still more im- ant things. I have seen happiness ll its glory, wondrous, beautiful, in oom with an open grate fire that ved on the singing tea kettle and kled on the tea pot, a table, two rs, a bench and enough dishes to along. One can stand as straight look as fair on a bowl of brose as roast beef or capon. If we pay debts and behave ourselves we are ch as a millionaire. I write this, in a spirit of goodness, but that may see it is a spirit that counts, the years.

—ANN B.

Why, Mister Portico—what an ex- rdinary vocabulary you have!" said Dopple, in innocent admiration. "The better to vituperate you with, dear," replied the wolf and gobbled he Dopple, who, with his little red

LOVE'S LABOR IS LOST AGAIN
BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

There is altogether too much poi- nant wit being exercised by the news desk of this paper. News desks are like children in some ways, and yet they cannot come under the proverb about being seen and not heard. The news desk should not even be seen any more than is necessary. We went in there to get a match and the head scribbler said, "What did you get on your radio last night?" Well, he went on, after we had told him, "that's nothing. Whatever you got, I got Samoa." A worse pun cannot be found in Judge magazine from cover to cover. Then another fellow piped up and claimed he had Siam. He didn't hear the an- nouncer, but the singing was by the twins and he knew it must be Siam. Finally the new man at the desk said, that's nothing, he had sat up very late and got Chile. We got away from that desk, which all should shun.

And another thing. Here is a good one. Here is one that will puzzle any- body. We went into a shoe-repairing shop to have some rubber heels put on our shoes. The cobbler was a serious fellow with spectacles. He reached up to a shelf full of boxes and said, "What kind of heels do you want?" We re- sponded, "We don't know. Give us the best there is." He coughed, grabbed blindly at a box of heels, and said, "It don't make any difference, they're all alike." Now why did he ask what kind of heels we wanted when he knew they were all the same? The answer is in the primer, page 14. "What kind of pie do you want? Apple, mince, prune, lemon, all we've got is squash."

Now we can make a start. Sunday we went out for quite a long walk, in the back of Mud hill. The sign says, "Fern hill," but it was mud, Sunday. Just before you get to Mud hill, down in the hollow there is a very neat little house that we think of as "the Thimble house." Perhaps some would think of it as "the Stone-hammer house." The shape of it is like a thimble and also like a stone-hammer head, the wedge end up. As an example of ingenuity in the modern style artistic and sharp- pointed at the top, it is a "dandy," one of the best in all West Hartford. The proportions are so good and the wave- length effect in the gable just about unsurpassable.

We trudged on over to the west, there, and were astonished to learn from words on a board that no swim- ming is being allowed now in the chil- dren's pool of the creek. On the other side of the road is a nice little place of fifteen acres for sale, lying beauti- fully with the stream running through. The watch dog of it is very alert. He thought we were one of the escaped convicts from Wethersfield, but finally he let us go through around by the old apple tree on the far left and into the brush where we meandered on northerly until we swung down by the brook again to where somebody shack- minded is building a splendid log cabin out of native logs. We should name this cabin, the "Pinoakal" cabin, be- cause it is right under a great, big pin- oak. How they are going to plaster up the chinks is a wonder, and somehow they seem to be running out of log poles for the rafters and have mixed in some plain sawed stuff, but it is a magnificent cabin. We wish they would mend the bridges. You need to be a wild cat to make the cross-over as things are now.

We withdrew from peering into the cabin and burrowed in the brush once more, following the bank of a kind of a long swamp by the brook until we found a big pignut hickory which has the goitre, or worse. All its branches have become covered with warty, nubby knots, and swelling from a tree disease which has spread to this hollow from away up on the first ridge of the hills beyond Mountain road. We noticed the disease up there on some birches, two years ago. These knobby branches are most picturesque, however, and by tottering on the top of a rail fence and the crotch of a sapling, we managed to tear off a characteristic limb to carry home for our family as a house- hold ornament.

This large club we carried along, al- though it was awkward going through the brush with it. We inspected a grove of warm, brown trunked old sassafras near by and embraced a massive whiteoak that was almost five feet through the butt at the root crown, if not more; debated in mind which we liked best a Canadian white birch or a group of mouse and ivory-sided

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. XLIX.

Matters were quiescent before Rich- mond as 1865 dawned and Hawley had time for considerable letter writing. He had convinced himself that Governor Buckingham should be re-elected and so wrote Warner for his guidance in the conduct of The Press.

Some of Hawley's own friends, led by Mark Howard, insurance president and capitalist, wanted to nominate the gen- eral for congressman from the First district and had tried to interest him in the proposition. Hawley was op- posed to it and consulted Gideon Welles who agreed with him. Hawley was en- joying added responsibility and honor. His friend, General Terry, had been as- signed to other duty by Grant, and Hawley accurately suspected it meant another attempt to take Wilmington, N. C. Hawley's own brigade was sent on the expedition and he regretted his inability to go with it, but he had been assigned to command Terry's division, the First, and could not go.

Things were not going well within the confederacy. Recognizing the precari- ousness of the situation Jefferson Davis had talked of freeing the slaves and arming them to fight for their former masters. Then, too, there was dissatis- faction with Davis and talk of making Lee dictator.

Friends Plan Sword Presentation.

Hawley's friends at home were pre- paring to present him a sword and he was at loss to know how he could get home to receive it. On January 7 he wrote:

Hd. Qrs. First Div. 24th A. C. Before Richmond, Va., Jan. 7th, '65. Dear Charley:

You owe me a letter now and I am somewhat anxiously awaiting, or rather I should say, looking for it with inter- est, for there is nothing which should cause me special anxiety. Two or three weeks ago I amused myself by writing as I do once in three or four months, a long letter to Mr. Welles, ten or twelve pages. The moving cause just at that time was admiration for his annual report and my great satisfaction at seeing how completely he has an- swered all that his enemies have ever said against him. After having de- clared my great pleasure arising from these considerations, I gossiped away about army politics (if that conveys the right idea to you)—about Butler, Grant, Sherman, etc., the Wilmington expedi- tion, Washington matters and Conn. state politics, etc.

To my surprise (its length consid- ered) I last evening received from him a letter of ten letter pages, and exceed- ingly interesting I assure you. I find that we agree surprisingly. He is more frank than I have ever seen him on paper before, and moreover he shows what I have always known, that he is a man of the warmest sensibilities, a singular character he has in some respect—very admirable in some of its fea- tures.

Campaign in Connecticut.

He agrees with me entirely in my view of the spring campaign in Con- necticut. He is much more earnest, however, in advocating the re-election of Gov. Buckingham. Last at the time I wrote him I was vexed a little by some injudicious appointments, as I thought them. They are partially corrected, however, and I think it really of great importance that Gov. B. should be re- elected. He stands very high in the es- timation of patriotic men at Washing- ton and is really a noble man.

A strong consideration is the impos- sibility of fixing upon any man whom the people would be willing to take up and cordially support. Calvin Day would make an excellent governor in spite of the fact that he is willing to sacrifice everybody's sons but his own in the war, but you could not make a conven- tion think so. Gov. B. is thoroughly familiar with the business and makes fewer mistakes than any new man would—put him through. I regard his own wishes of minor consequence, yet if told that it is a public necessity doubt- less he would run again. He may as well fight it out on that line as we on this.

The Congressional "Scheme."

As to friend Howard's scheme in my behalf, Mr. Welles agrees entirely that it is most unwise and so told Mr. H. not long ago in Washington. Deming stands well with the people as an elo- quent, able, brilliant man; he has voted right—always right, hasn't he? and it is customary to re-elect. Personally, I should not like to be placed in that at- titude toward Deming. And as a mat- ter of policy, I am perfectly clear that it would be suicidal to get me nomi- nated even if it is anyway possible. To attempt it would make a very sore feeling and damage me greatly. Of course I am perfectly willing to be damaged if there's any great principle at the bottom of it. I value the real friends I have at the very highest esti- mate, but the outside superficial popu- larity isn't worth a rush. Three- fourths of those active in politics in

fifty dollar post office for a fourth cousin. Now that's enough about this matter for I don't suppose there will be a step made about it, but understand, I am dead against it.

If it wasn't for you and the Press and the war should end next spring, or come near its end, I would for the first time beg for an office. I'd ask for a good consulship when I could save a little money and rest for three or four years. I'm afraid I shall make a poor candi- date for anything. The autocratic habits one gets here unfits him for seeking popular favor and maneuvering for office. I thoroughly enjoy military power.

In Command of Division.

You see the heading of my letter. I am in command of one of the largest divisions of the army. Terry is the regularly assigned commander of it, but he has been commanding the corps a good deal and Foster who took his place has gone on 30 days leave and I am the next in rank. There are 4 brigades (one, my own, is gone under Abbott) and the position is the extreme right of the two armies, Meade's and Butler's, with a long line and many redoubts, etc. I do wish you could share my cabin for a week.

I must tell you that on the 2d Gen. Grant sent for Terry and on the 3d the forces that went on the Wilmington ex- pedition all started from here again, with my brigade added, all under Terry instead of Weitzel—the latter has gone to Cincinnati to be married. They did not get on shipboard until the 5th and I doubt if they left Fortress Monroe before yesterday. When Terry left me he did not know where he was going. Grant was going to instruct him finally on his way down the river. We suspect a renewal of the Wilmington affairs. I feel very anxious about it, for the rebels have had a chance to strengthen them- selves greatly. I really do not know yet what to say about the other attempt. Had I been there I should have a very decided opinion. Gen. Ames, whose division took the lead there, didn't seem to be any more decided. He thought it might have turned out a Wagner slaughter and it might have been a suc- cess. A repulse would have been a great disaster. Butler's friends say Porter was greatly behind time and lost the first and only good opportunity and then pitched in without waiting for consent.

Great Opportunity for Terry.

Terry has a great opportunity for glory. If he gets Fort Fisher, he will do the country great service and become a full major general immediately. There isn't a volunteer officer of his rank in the country whose reputation in the army is so securely based. He is a more accomplished military scholar to-day than three-fourths of the West Pointers. Grant thinks well of him as you per- ceive. If he succeeds in this he has Grant's heart forever. "Success is a duty" with Ulisses.

I was in command of the Division three days before they started. Had Foster been here I should have gone with my brigade, and I wish I could. But was necessary to leave some gen- eral officer here. Ord was just then away and when Terry went, taking Ames with the Second Division, Gen. Devens commanding Third Div. and myself commanding 1st were the only generals left with the corps and this long and important line and Devens took command of the corps. Butler told Terry to leave me here. When the time comes to give an account of the expedition you must account for my ab- sence by saying that I had to fake Terry's place in command of the other three brigades of the Division here. Col. N. C. Abbott of the 7th N. H. is very anxious to win his stars and I hope he will succeed.

Jan. 8th—Evening. I have just re- ceived a copy of an order in which Gen. Ord, who returned yesterday, says that under instructions contained in Special Orders No. 4, Hd. Qrs. Armies of the United States (which means Grant) he assumes command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina. We don't understand it. We suppose that Butler is relieved, either because of dissatisfaction or to be sent to Kentucky or Missouri. When But- ler has gone before this (to New York and Wilmington for instance) Terry or Ord just took command of the "Army of the James" issuing an order on the subject and having no control of the Department. Butler must have gone—you will know all about it be- fore this reaches you. The regulars have all along fought Butler hard and perhaps now they have hit him a nearly fatal blow. He will never be a great soldier anyhow. There are some very bad things in him, but I don't like to see him killed because he is a volun- teer. I have no doubt that had Sher- man or Thomas been in his place the whole of this Virginia campaign would have been widely different and infinitely better and no more lives lost. I think he has had a controlling influence in some things over Grant and against the better judgment of the latter.

Just got an order issued by Butler yesterday (wonder if Ord will recon- sider it?)—authorizing the corps com- mander to grant leave and furloughs to ten per cent. of the officers and men present for duty,—twenty days for all living in Pa. or New Jersey, 25 for New England and New York, and 30 for all

home since last April or whose terms expire before next May.

Bounty Jumper Shot.

Make an item if you choose that two bounty jumping deserters of the 8th Conn. were shot for desertion in front of the 24th corps lines on the 7th inst., making seven men of Con- necticut regiments and two of all oth- ers shot on the same field within two or three weeks. And say that every man who can fairly be convicted of desertion is likely to follow in their footsteps. Such men as ran home for a visit and then reported to the Provost Marshal to be sent back are not con- sidered deserters fairly. They only get from 6 months to a year prison life at hard labor with ball and chain and forfeiture of pay, or some mild punish- ment like that.

Chaplain Trumbull, I say again, is substantially right. Instead of long argument let me state some truths. For important, serious and dangerous work like this the better the man, the better the soldier.

Bad Men Never Good Soldiers.

Bad men never made really good sol- diers and never will. Men of bad morals and habits might be made to drill well and fight tolerably well, if they enlisted with any intention of serving in the field. On the contrary they enlist with the positive determination not to fight but to run away and enlist again.

(The rebels keep faith with such of these men as desert to them and set them over their lines where the men can get North to enlist again.)

The hitherto nobly reliable character of Conn. regiments will very greatly deteriorate (it has already) if the prac- tice is continued of filling the quota with the riff-raf of great cities and the seas and foreign nations.

A better class of men can surely be obtained if those who have our honor and success at heart will properly urge them into the field. Many a youth would gladly come if his friends would say but a word.

If it be true that such men as come now must be sent or none at all, it is a fact exceedingly discreditible to the state and justifies a charge that the people have greatly lowered the tone of their patriotism.

A few real Connecticut men are en- listing and each one is worth four or ten of the bounty jumpers. A small minority of the men lately mustered in Connecticut can be trusted to perform all the duties of soldiers faithfully.

The whole South is surpassing many portions of the North in its spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion.

Lose Heavily By Desertion.

We lose more men by desertion than the rebels. (Gen. Ord says I am cor- rect) and a prominent general (Ord) tells me that he knows of one thing that gives the rebels more encourag- ement than the increase of the "crime of desertion on the federal side.

No army in the field can entirely pre- vent desertion if the spirit of the crime prevails. Our soldiers, God bless them, are here of their own free will. They could desert every night by scores if they chose.

To say of a depressed man, a thief and a cutthroat, that he is "good enough to make a soldier," or will make a good soldier, and of a moral and in- telligent son of New England that he is "too good to send out as a soldier," is to grievously wrong and insult a noble cause and a noble army, though it may not be so intended.

Now, my dear sir, I say these things in all soberness, firmly convinced of the truth of every word. If it will do any good print it, just as I have written it.

I wish, Charley, you would print what I have indicated by a line on the mar- gin, omitting the part in brackets crossed out, as from a private letter of mine. I did not think of writing for publication when I began but it is just as good as the long letter I intended to write for the Press. Send marked copies to "Col. Horace Porter, Lt. Gen. Grant's Staff, City Point," and "Maj. Gen. E. O. C. Ord, Army of the James." Porter is an old Lybee friend. Smith I have known for nearly three years—a fine man. Now write me a good long letter about everybody and everything.

Later, Jan. 9th. The N. Y. Times of the 6th has a first-rate article about bounty jumpers—read it. Print some if you wish. I tell you the present sys- tem will not work. Nothing but shame, disgrace and disaster are before us if Connecticut goes on as she has done for a few months past.

Since last night I have not heard one word more about Gen. Butler. It's but half a mile to Corp. Hd. Qrs. but we don't feel acquainted there. They are an 18th Corp set and nobody has been down here.

Rebel deserter from 50th Ga. came in this morning. One brigade of this divi- sion is gone to Branchville against which the rebels say Sherman is ad- vancing. You will speedily have news from there.

Gen. Grant was in very good spirits three or four days ago. Said he didn't care whether they made Lee Dictator or not or freed their slaves. They are sure to quarrel at any rate.

Yours as ever, JOE

Geo. Bissell writes me that that sword is about done and some money ready besides. Don't see how under the sun I am to get home there six week."

torla and the day she first wore the bustle. Why could he not have told whether John Brown followed the queen's suggestion to wear a bustle under his kilt? But why think it so awful when to this day some men wear one in front under their belt?

From the date given, 1885, and my saying I was 15 when they came into style he infers I am 60 and he roars it out that all the world may know. It was a most awful thing to do. My hair has turned white. But he is not as well informed about some things as I am or he would know that style when radical—works its way slowly, many fighting against it. It was not until some time after this debated date that I realized that some people, when they finally decided to follow the fashion, slyly folded the "Evening Citizen" or the "Glasgow Herald" and fastening it with tape used it for a bustle. They rustled fine; that was also the style. Because it was slow work establishing something so queer among the Scotch, and because my dresses were plain and simply made, I was indeed 15 when I became aware of it—and nearly three years between the beginning of the bustle and my knowledge of it.

However, why discuss age among congenial souls—the gods were good to me and endowed me with a spirit of perpetual youth. The important thing is that we learn our lessons here and go on to new ideas—some flunk and must take the lessons over. Dress has its place, but there are still more important things. I have seen happiness in all its glory, wondrous, beautiful in a room with an open grate fire that glowed on the singing tea kettle and sparkled on the tea pot, a table, two chairs, a bench and enough dishes to get along. One can stand as straight and look as fair on a bowl of brose as on roast beef or capon. If we pay our debts and behave ourselves we are as rich as a millionaire. I write this, not in a spirit of goodness, but that all may see it is a spirit that counts, not the years.

—ANN B.

"Why, Mister Portico—what an extraordinary vocabulary you have!" said the Dapple, in innocent admiration.

"The better to vituperate you with, my dear," replied the wolf and gobbled up the Dapple, who, with his little red flag, was looking very pretty that morning.

But the point is, really, that the Dapple's point has been overlooked. In the last sentence of his paragraph on "progress" (the sentence which, rhetorically, is supposed to bear the most weight) he said that he thought he knew a few reasons for American supremacy. He thinks they are more real, perhaps, than the ones he gave on the other side of the argument, more fundamental. But he thinks that it would be foolhardy to overlook the others. Literary snides are as much to be deplored as complacent bores. The latter are noisier, however, and speak not opinions, but ignorant convictions. All the Dapple wanted to do was jog their ignorance a trifle.

—THE DAPPLE.

The prophets were almost right. Mr. Mellon is resigned to his job, if not from.

It's easy to pick out your superiors. They are the people whose little faults you point out as an alibi for your own vile sins.

Longer skirts at least provide work for the girls who make alterations to please the customer.

Usually you can estimate the size of town by the shabbiness of its railway station and bootleggers.

Some fathers still seem wonderful to their small sons, and some have tried to help work arithmetic.

Nature is prodigal, but her distribution is faulty. The old South Carolina negro who has forty-two children doesn't need any tax exemptions.

unsurpassable.

We trudged on over to the west, there, and were astonished to learn from words on a board that no swimming is being allowed now in the children's pool of the creek. On the other side of the road is a nice little place of fifteen acres for sale, lying beautifully with the stream running through. The watch dog of it is very alert. He thought we were one of the escaped convicts from Wethersfield, but finally he let us go through around by the old apple tree on the far left and into the brush where we meandered on northerly until we swung down by the brook again to where somebody shack-minded is building a splendid log cabin out of native logs. We should name this cabin, the "Pinoakal" cabin, because it is right under a great, big pinoak. How they are going to plaster up the chinks is a wonder, and somehow they seem to be running out of log poles for the rafters and have mixed in some plain sawed stuff, but it is a magnificent cabin. We wish they would mend the bridges. You need to be a wild cat to make the cross-over as things are now.

We withdrew from peeking into the cabin and burrowed in the brush once more, following the bank of a kind of a long swamp by the brook until we found a big pignut hickory which has the goitre, or worse. All its branches have become covered with warty, nubby knots, and swelling from a tree disease which has spread to this hollow from away up on the first ridge of the hills beyond Mountain road. We noticed the disease up there on some birches, two years ago. These knobby branches are most picturesque, however, and by tottering on the top of a rail fence and the crotch of a sapling, we managed to tear off a characteristic limb to carry home for our family as a household ornament.

This large club we carried along, although it was awkward going through the brush with it. We inspected a grove of warm, brown trunked old sassafras near by and embraced a massive whiteoak that was almost five feet through the butt at the root crown, if not more; debated in mind which we liked best a Canadian white birch or a group of mouse and ivory-sided sycamores thrusting up from the swamp toward a clump of hemlocks beyond; and then strolled up a long knoll northwestward and over its rise, where a smart job of stump pulling is being done, until we descended into a regular swamp. It was a good one, just plain old-fashioned swamp, with plenty of black water and ice in it, and here and there some snow left over from December's storms.

We were carrying the big warted limb. Next comes a tumbling brook out of the swamp, through a ledgy ravine. It was still in there except for the cracking of the ice and solemn gurgle of the water black as ink under a bosom of congealed, mushy ice. Turned our ankle three times and fell into a big hole, but kept on. Came out by another bridge and stopped to watch some tree sparrows taking a drink and dangling to dry on some old alders and milkweeds. In the dusk you could hardly tell which was milkweed pod and which was sparrow. They twittered and wheeled and fluttered, the only signs of life amid the wintry scene.

On through the fields up to the road and down toward Brookside, getting colder all the time, but still carrying the mass of vegetable warts carefully. Certainly there have been some tasteful houses built at Brookside. But how can any of them beat the old Colonial white house with the doubled door, which looks as if it might have been a tavern, perhaps in the Revolutionary days? Still, those are wonderful new houses. We could take any of them and not regret it. And we carried the limb with the warts on it away on down to Fern street and crowded it reverently to the back seat of the bus. We thought our family's eyes would glow with affectionate pride when they should see what father had brought home to adorn the household. And we got it home at last, but, oh, our family, when she saw the quaint lumber, what she said was so terrible we hope we will never think of it again. As nearly as we could infer the quicker we could carry the limb out and erect it in the garbage barrel, the better it would be. She does not seem to have the least appreciation of natural wood warts. Next time we will merely bring in spicewood buds or smoke cross for the goldfish bowl.

annual report and my great satisfaction at seeing how completely he has answered all that his enemies have ever said against him. After having declared my great pleasure arising from these considerations, I gossiped away about army politics (if that conveys the right idea to you)—about Butler, Grant, Sherman, etc., the Wilmington expedition, Washington matters and Conn. state politics, etc.

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As to friend Howard's scheme in my behalf, Mr. Welles agrees entirely that it is most unwise and so told Mr. H. not long ago in Washington. Deming stands well with the people as an eloquent, able, brilliant man; he has voted right—always right, hasn't he? and it is customary to re-elect. Personally, I should not like to be placed in that attitude toward Deming. And as a matter of policy, I am perfectly clear that it would be suicidal to get me nominated even if it is anyway possible. To attempt it would make a very sore feeling and damage me greatly. Of course I am perfectly willing to be damaged if there's any great principle at the bottom of it. I value the real friends I have at the very highest estimate, but the outside superficial popularity isn't worth a rush. Three-fourths of those active in politics in that district would scalp me to get a

glory. If he gets Fort Fisher, he will do the country great service and become a full major general immediately. There isn't a volunteer officer of his rank in the country whose reputation in the army is so securely based. He is a more accomplished military scholar to-day than three-fourths of the West Pointers. Grant thinks well of him as you perceive. If he succeeds in this he has Grant's heart forever. "Success is a duty" with Ulysses.

I was in command of the Division three days before they started. Had Foster been here I should have gone with my brigade, and I wish I could. But was necessary to leave some general officer here. Ord was just then away and when Terry went, taking Ames with the Second Division, Gen. Devens commanding Third Div. and myself commanding 1st were the only generals left with the corps and this long and important line and Devens took command of the corps. Butler told Terry to leave me here. When the time comes to give an account of the expedition you must account for my absence by saying that I had to take Terry's place in command of the other three brigades of the Division here. Col. N. C. Abbott of the 7th N. H. is very anxious to win his stars and I hope he will succeed.

Jan. 8th—Evening. I have just received a copy of an order in which Gen. Ord, who returned yesterday, says that under instructions contained in Special Orders No. 4, Hd. Qrs. Armies of the United States (which means Grant) he assumes command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina. We don't understand it. We suppose that Butler is relieved, either because of dissatisfaction or to be sent to Kentucky or Missouri. When Butler has gone before this (to New York and Wilmington for instance) Terry or Ord just took command of the "Army of the James" issuing an order on the subject and having no control of the Department. Butler must have gone—you will know all about it before this reaches you. The regulars have all along fought Butler hard and perhaps now they have hit him a nearly fatal blow. He will never be a great soldier anyhow. There are some very bad things in him, but I don't like to see him killed because he is a volunteer. I have no doubt that had Sherman or Thomas been in his place the whole of this Virginia campaign would have been widely different and infinitely better and no more lives lost. I think he has had a controlling influence in some things over Grant and against the better judgment of the latter.

Just got an order issued by Butler yesterday (wonder if Ord will reconsider it?)—authorizing the corps commander to grant leave and furloughs to ten per cent. of the officers and men present for duty—twenty days for all living in Pa. or New Jersey, 25 for New England and New York, and 30 for all others. None to go who have been

The whole South is surpassing many portions of the North in its spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion.

Lose Heavily By Desertion.

We lose more men by desertion than the rebels. (Gen. Ord says I am correct) and a prominent general (Ord) tells me that he knows of one thing that gives the rebels more encouragement than the increase of the "rime of desertion on the federal side.

No army in the field can entirely prevent desertion if the spirit of the crime prevails. Our soldiers, God bless them, are here of their own free will. They could desert every night by scores if they chose.

To say of a depressed man a thief and a cutthroat, that he is "good enough to make a soldier," or will make a good soldier, and of a moral and intelligent son of New England that he is "too good to send out as a soldier," is to grievously wrong and insult a noble cause and a noble army, though it may not be so intended.

Now, my dear sir, I say these things in all soberness, firmly convinced of the truth of every word. If it will do any good print it, just as I have written it.

I wish, Charley, you would print what I have indicated by a line on the margin, omitting the part in brackets crossed out, as from a private letter of mine. I did not think of writing for publication when I began but it is just as good as the long letter I intended to write for the Press. Send marked copies to "Col. Horace Porter, Lt. Gen Grant's Staff, City Point," and "Maj. Gen E. O. C. Ord, Army of the James." Porter is an old Lybee friend. Smith I have known for nearly three years—a fine man. Now write me a good long letter about everybody and everything.

Later, Jan. 9th. The N. Y. Times of the 6th has a first-rate article about bounty jumpers—read it. Print some if you wish. I tell you the present system will not work. Nothing but shame, disgrace and disaster are before us if Connecticut goes on as she has done for a few months past.

Since last night I have not heard one word more about Gen Butler. It's but half a mile to Corp. Hd. Qrs. but we don't feel acquainted there. They are an 18th Corp set and nobody has been down here.

Rebel deserter from 50th Ga. came in this morning. One brigade of this division is gone to Branchville against which the rebels say Sherman is advancing. You will speedily have news from there.

Gen. Grant was in very good spirits three or four days ago. Said he didn't care whether they made Lee Dictator or not or freed their slaves. They are sure to quarrel at any rate.

Yours as ever, JOE

Geo. Bissell writes me that that sword is about done and some money ready besides. Don't see how under the sun I am to get home there six week."

(Continued To-morrow.)

The Once Over

BY H. I. PHILIPS

THE SKIN SHE LOVES TO BURN.

Have you seen those ladies' bathing suits for 1930 as revealed in store windows displaying smart styles for southern winter resort wear? Boys, there's human apparel reduced to its lowest common denominator!

The new suits are enough to make the bathing-beach censor of year before last develop acute palpitations of the upper eyelids and send out S. O. S. signals for the army and navy.

Suits isn't the word. They are really salt-water camisoles. You know what a camisole is: a bib with silk straps.

The ultra smart bathing garment for 1930 is mostly straps. The only difference between a girl in a bathtub and a girl on the Palm Beach sands this winter is going to be that the girl in the tub will have more privacy.

Sun-tan, what indiscretions are committed in thy name!

The complete tan is what the modern bathing beauty is seeking and if she doesn't get it this year it won't be the designers' fault. To paraphrase Gunga Din:

The bathing garb she wore was nothing much before— And rather less than art of that behind.

Even the wooden dummies in the department store windows look embarrassed. When a girl gets into her bathing garment this winter all she is going to need to outdo Lady Godiva is a horse.

Godiva rode down the main streets of her native city with her long hair

covering her like a raccoon coat. Not even her hard-hearted husband would have allowed her to ride horseback before the public with as little on as the bathing beauty of 1930 will wear.

The craze for tan is responsible. For centuries women dodged the sun's rays. They used to be afraid they would get burned. To-day they are afraid they won't. The modern girl's idea of that school-girl complexion is something between Hottentot brown and lampblack.

And she doesn't believe in skimping. She believes every vertebra's place is in the sun.

And this year the bathing-suit makers are with her to a man. It looks as if the designers had expressed it, "Happy Nude Year—And Many of 'EM!"

Suggestions for Disposing of Xmas and New-Year's Cards.

- 1.—Tie them in little packets of three to stick under the short leg of wobbly bridge tables.
2.—Tie them all up in a neat little package and give them to the ash-man, enclosing a card with a puzzling message "From an admirer."
3.—Keep them to give to the traffic cop who catches you when you have no operator's license.
4.—Use them to stuff in mouse-holes.
5.—Chop them up and save for confetti for the next wedding.
6.—Send them to Devils Island to brighten the lives of the sentimental dears there.
7.—Mail them to Commander Eckner for dirigible ballast.
8.—Use them to start the furnace fire next time it goes out.
9.—Dump them on the floor where the maid will sweep them under the bed.

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In their three and a half centuries of contact, with the white race the manner of living of the Hopi Indians has changed very little.

Twenty-five Years Ago To-day

JANUARY 8, 1905.

United States army board kills draw-bridge plan for Hartford, and new solid stone bridge plan is approved.

Colonel Schulze announces new rifle range at Elm street armory available for practice by all local military organizations.

Police all over the state asked to search for Frank Sherrle, accused of murder of Mrs. Stephen Kulas, Somerville boarding house keeper.

Meriden Malleable Iron company sold to Sears, Roebuck & company of Chicago.

Fall River liner Pilgrim forced to put into New London harbor in storm. All 300 passengers transferred and continue their journey by rail.

General Nogi of Japan and General Stoessel of Russia exchange compliments on their first meeting after the fall of Port Arthur.

Gideon D. Crane, 74, civil war veteran, formerly of Bethlehem and Waterbury, and representative from Bethlehem in the legislature in 1874, dies in Cheshire.

IF THEY STILL HAVE THEM.

(San Bernardino Sun.) A lot of people are astonished to find their stocks are paying as good dividends as they did before the bottom dropped out of the market.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

(Detroit News.) What we don't understand about Santa's reindeer is how they can gallop like that over the housetops, without hooking an antler into the aerial.

(Other Editorial Features Page 12.)