TITUDE IN ACTION.

ation to-day of the Florence ng at the Hartford hospital sulmination of plans which gular tribute both to the d to the donors, Mr. and d T. Crane, jr., of Chicago, daughter, Miss Florence institution receives this nted \$300,000 building as of services kindly and effilered. This is but another ng that the donors desired se services more extensivefor others who might be e many who will in the fureatment in this new buildto be devoted to treatment of the eye, ear, nose and rise to call the Crane famfor having expressed their this extremely useful mand accepts with admiration lness this monumental gift hat the donors may conke abiding satisfaction in that their joy over reieir own family will mean ig of similar relief in the ly in the years to come.

VICAN POLITICS.

any devices in the rulesitical parliamentary proceone is given pointed use ity. Certain insurgents in permanent congressional which acts in the place of ing its recess, called a surg and proceeded to do busiheir liking in the way of eral changes in govern-The unnotified members this and appealed to the nmittee of the revolutionwhich also these insurg, and that committee id seventeen of the latter rty. As the surprise meetted a quorum, its action itands, unless some other ing to commission proceiolated.

ent may perhaps be interso much as indicating ling of constitutional maa certain adroitness that ll and confidence in parprocedure. This may not es for the sense of fairis a great improvement ulse to quit the scene and gather a group of armed ce by force such posts as The latter method entirely and no republic can be h a grim basis. But when aders undertake to outwit vith tricks from the book arding meetings and the meted out for such vicwon by that method, is g cast out of a political ocratic government has channel in which to move th more of this headwork olay from ambush, Mexico row in self-governing grace She has but to notice

American congress filibushons on occasion enable men to talk a whole legisly into utter futility, to once it is fundamentally understood, democracy is lost flexible things in the

AGAIN ADVANCES.

ee days ago the weather est that before the winter er people might want to to escape the heat rather

That peril has disap-7innipeg, Thursday mornmeter registered the uniding of 30.9 inches. This t period of cold over the haw in Vermont, where relling visibly at Brattleiperatures hovering about from southern Maine to I Washington, are at end. is and resumption of frost certain. Business, health alike welcome the change. ld wave may extend far h there is slight danger e will be frozen up.

3 MYSTERIOUS.

ited "fountain of youth" as thoroughly hidden toin the times of Ponce de to looked for it in the he Mississippi, but lost



Everything he did was, in the name of

For his own and his children's children.

He, himself, had a family of ten-After losing three before they were men.

Forty years building the town; and clearing,

Till the coach on the first choked road was nearing.

Ten generations carried on his name, Though there weren't so many in each of the same.

The ninth generation bore just one, And the modern, thanks, gets along with none.

But they own the town because of him And his sacrifice, and his vision and

They roll by his statue in their streamline coaches

To buy the newest book on sex and roaches,

And attend with a smile the latest skit, "Hot Lips," "Hot Mamma," "Flame" and "It."

Everything he did was, in the name of God,

For his own and his children's children.

"All who saw meteor January 5 asked to report," says a newspaper, but we think they got the date wrong. That convict-car went by here Januar, 4.

Missing Persons' Bureau, Plea :.

"Editor and Publisher," in it, annual market survey of the United States, gives the population of the trading area of Los Angeles as 1,900,002 persons in 1928, and 1,900,000 in 1929.

The thing that worries us is what has become of those two people. It lardly seems possible that they could have died in such a delightful climate or even "passed away" as Irvin Cob) declares all Californians do. Or other hand, we are loath to b that the weather did not suit and that they decided to leave confines of the state. We are at a to account for their disappearance

We should think a good, argume tive, up-and-coming insurance : could write a lot of business in Connecticut village of Hazardville

Dear Portico:

In your column recently appear line of poetry embodied in a scree one "J. M. C."-"every blade of | 55 has his own drop of dew."

I've been cudgelling my wits to all where before I saw that line. I have finally found in my "Book of rish Poems," one wherein that line is imbedded. The title of the poem is The Lay of the Ancient Hen," and this is the first stanza:

Come all ye loyal Irishmen with ne to Killaloe. Let every brave lad have with hin his jug of mountain dew.

Jug of mountain dew.

We'll leave there in the morning, then
we'll go to Kilmore,

To kill the hated Sassenach or rive him from our shore.

I am wondering if that secor line was not deliberately and basel ourloined by J. M. C. and distorted suit his own hellish purpose. If rewill he kindly give us the source of tion of his limping line?

The poem is quite lengthythree stanzas-or it might be & a in full for the benefit of your Celticreaders. Note the unusual metre of this poem. When the poem was witten, in the middle of the sixteenth cutury, that was the popular metre. was called the heliocentric. Note 1 the accent is adumbrated on the pe bra. The poet's name was Martin ichael. He was born in Kilroo! 'O(Ireland. Many of his poems a e iblimated jazz. At times the po oars into the empyrean, and aga Inilas! he "fails of his feathers and ris to earth."

When very young, at the a $W_{\text{of }2}$, he began his poetic career. At x, m.) he evinced a voracious app for food. His mother was of mold. Martin's hilarious ex ance she repressed with stern meth would not allow him to atter

AS ONE FISHERMAN TO ANOTHER

BY FREDERICK P. LATIMER.

By great good fortune last Monday night we accepted the kind invitation of a friend and went down to the auditorium of the Unitarian church on Pearl street to hear and see the entertainment provided in connection with a meeting of the Hartford Fish and Game club. A principal feature of the entertainment was an address by Dr. John Warren Harper on his angling experiences in various parts of the world, especially New Zealand.

It was Dr. Harper's last occasion of the kind in this world and we might have suspected it, he put into his talk so much that went beyond the mere relation of a sportsman, however good, and was in a true way spiritual. We feel sure that none of the many who listened to this white-haired gentleman's delightful reminiscence crowned by a rapt expression of the poetry that was in him, gracious and pure in its devotion to what is not only exciting and novel in the out-of-doors, but what is beautiful in it, left the room without being permanently the better for the message that had been given.

In a little while after he had begun the Doctor lost himself utterly in the memory of many, many past days in the woods and by the streamside. He saw before him as if they were really present the pools and the ripples of his beloved rivers, the flash of fin and scale, and felt all over again the thrills of the strikes, the tugs on the line, the zest of the casting and playing. In the Bible recall, John 21:3, "Simon Peter said, I go a fishing: and they said: We also go with thee." We all went fishing with Dr. Harper for an hour's sweet pleasure, in the wholesome mood of those ancient, matchless exemplars of the angling exercise, Dr. Nowell of St. Paul's in the reign of King Edward; and Izaak Walton, of all time. Izaak Walton fished both "in fancy's spring" and in the running brooks after he was 86. Dr. Nowell, more than a century before him, after a famous lifetime of noble ministry in which he had religiously angled one-tenth of all his days above small childhood, angled still until his ninety-third year, when neither his eye nor his mind had dimmed, nor his hand lost its deftness in the tieing of a fly. The peace and healthfulness of the occupation in fresh air, sunshine and the clean rain keeps men young.

In the old copy we have of the "Compleat Angler," bought by Augustus, the father of the late Senator Frank B. Brandegee, June 1st, 1849, while he was at Yale, are verses which we wish to reprint. They were written by John Dennys, esq., born in Gloucestershire, England, 1570:

Let me live harmlessly and near the brink

Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling Where I may see my quill or cork down sink

With eager bite of perch, or bleak, or dace. on the world and my Creator think:

Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t' embrace
And others spend their time in base

excess Of Wine, or worse, in war and wanton-

them that list, these pastimes still pursue, And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill, So I the fields and meadows green may

view, And daily by fresh rivers walk at

will, Among the daisies and the violets blue, Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil, Purple narcissus like the morning rays, Pale gandergrass and azure culverkeys.

I count it higher pleasure to behold The stately compass of the lofty sky, And in the midst thereof, like burning

gold The flaming chariot of the world's great eye; The watery clouds that, in the air up roll'd

With sundry kinds of painted colors fly;— * * *

The hills and mountains raised from

the plains, The plains extended level with the ground,

The ground divided into sundry veins, These veins enclosed, with rivers running 'round;
These rivers making way through

nature's chains With headlong course into the sea profound, raging sea, beneath the vallies Where lakes, and rills, and rivulets do

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long, Adorn'd with leaves and branches

fresh and green, In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song
Do welcome with their quire the sum-

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. LI.

On January 15 General Terry and Commodore Porter had taken Fort Fisher at Wilmington after terrific hand-to-hand fighting in which the column of sailors had been repulsed but the soldiers under Terry had made their way into the fort and gained success after a bitter struggle. Hawley was overjoyed that the friend he valued only second to Warner would now have a major generalcy.

Rev. William Croswell Doane was rector of St. John's church in the Civil war period. He got into a controversy with the Press in January 1865. An editorial explains that the Press, according to custom had printed an announcement of a choral service to be held at St. John's church. To this Rector Doane had taken exception in "no measured terms from the chancel on Sunday" and in a letter, in the church calendar he discussed the matter. The Press construed the letter as "an allocution leveled at the fourth estate." Hawley observed the controversy and alluded to it in a letter to Warner as he did to "E. L. E." the writer of a fifty-two line poem, entitled "Dying for Country," which tells of her feelings on learning that a friend has been killed in the war. She took as a text the words of J. B. Gough: "Whosoever dies for country is a hero!" The poem contained the rather beautiful

"What was he that the summer sky Should so oppress me dark and low?"

It concludes with the stanza:

"Oh friend, once only friend, who gave Thy life in loving deed and brave; Thy name is writ in radiance now, And hero glory crowns thy brow."

Hawley had not been able to get home for his sword, but was overwhelmed by the reports of the magnificence of the gift.

He saw that the law was definitely and permanently behind him and was selling some of his law books. As the beginning of the end of the struggle was now to be seen his interests were turning more to details of ordinary affairs at home. He wrote on January

January 18th, 1865

Dear Charley:

I just got your exceedingly welcome letter of the 15th. Shall add a few disjointed sentences to the long and borous letter and I send herewith

What glorious news from Wilming-in! What a magnificent opportunity ton! What a magnificent opportunity for Terry and how splendidly he has improved it. We parted with great feeling and I've felt most deeply the reeling and I've felt most deeply the responsibility of his mission. It is one of the most brilliant performances of the war. You see that my brigade under Abbott had the honor of giving the finishing stroke. I have actually cried with vexation to think I wasn't there. If I have actually cried with vexation to think I wasn't If I had remained a Colonel I should have gone, but a General belongs anywhere he is wanted, and I was

I might withhold my criticisms upon Butler's Wilmington movement, but I still think they are just, on general principles. Terry must now be a full Major General and must have his Corps. It was cruel to put Gibbon in here while Terry was gone. Terry has commanded these troops twice as much as any other one way, and we much as any other one man and we

Put Buckingham Through

You are right-go on and renominate Gov. B. and put him through.

What under the sun does Rider mean

by talking about selling the American Encyclopedia? For pity's sake stop him. I told him to sell my United States Digest, a law book of no earthly use to me, and also any other law books of mine, save Blackstone. I mean strictly law books, octavo bound in yellow calf—there! Also to sell my insurance stock, piano and land and invest every-thing in government stocks. If he will read my letter he will see it. No sir— you keep all the rest of my books shan't sell you anything.

Don't know anything about my chances of going home. Better try to chances of going home. Better try to get down here if you can. I'll pay all your expenses. Never mind cold—tisn't half as cold here as up there. We have good nice log cabins with cheerful fireplaces, regularly laid in brick, clay for mortar. Very little snow so far and ice lasting only a few days at a time. Don't think mercury has been below 20 degrees this winter and as low as that very few times.

What a goose Croswell Doane (rector of St. John's church—Ed.) is. Tell 'em if

the supreme despotic power-It howls fiercely at Davis. The rebel House turns Foote over to Davis to do with as D. pleases. (Foote was a rebel sen-ator who tried to escape to the north.—

> Yours JOE.

Awed by Sword Splendor.

Got the news of Fort Fisher yester-day. Bands out—salutes fired—everybody cheering—couriers galloping with the news, even squad of soldiers or of-ficers cheering—Glory. Terry is "top" of the heap now. Set him up. Con-necticut is too modest. Don't quite agree that that sword cusht to have been all money. It looks

ought to have been all money. It looks like a large sum, to be sure, but I shall take that sword to bed with me the rest of my life. Wouldn't take a leg take that sword to bed with me the rest of my life. Wouldn't take a leg for it. Would give just \$10,000 to-day (all I'm worth) if I'd gone to Fort Fisher. What a bully record the old 8th has got. Just to think that we must fill it up with foreigners. "It makes me sick."

Ordered To Fort Fisher.

Warner desired to visit Hawley at the front and Hawley was anxious to have him but did not expect to remain long before Petersburg. Within three days of so writing he got orders transfering him to Fort Fisher, to rejoin elephants are (
Terry. His letters of January 29 and
Echyptery 1: Feburary 1:

Hd. Qrs. 1st Div. 24th A. Jan. 29th '65

Dear Charley: We had a big scare here the other day—headquarters of the Army of the James was more scared than the army for it knew the danger better. The rebel fleet was very near running down past us to City Point—destroying our pontoons and cutting us off from all pontoons and cutting us off from an connection with the other army. We keep only about five days' rations on this side at a time. Only one monitor was up there and that ran away—you'll hear all about it. God helped us. One of our land batteries blew up the "Drewry" and two other robel beats got. "Drewry" and two other rebel boats got badly damaged. The rebels are under arms ready and had their cavalry out-

ide of their lines.

I have the post of danger—the right I have the post of danger—the right flank with altogether too few troops. If the rebels should come there it would be with a desperate endeavor to make a brilliant stroke. I have about 6.500 fighting men, about 25 guns and four detached redoubts with "redans," "curtains," etc. besides. I have to straddle over at least three miles of front and there are only two light brifront and there are only two light brigades in reserve to move to a threatened point.

In Lee's Path.

If Lee makes a desperate attack any where, it will be here. And he is meditating some stroke or other Turner says. Perhaps he will only try a minor says. Perhaps he will only try a minor enterprise to encourage his troops. They have moved some heavy guns out of Richmond and have been fortifying lines near Danville and below there. I couldn't say that they are preparing to evacuate but, like wise men, they are previding assignt the guite possible conproviding against the quite possible contingency of being obliged to go.

Were Virginia in good condition for

Were Virginia in good condition for campaigning they would be manoeuvred out of Richmond in a week or fortnight. They are certainly hard pressed. Some deserters came from troops that never deserted before—Hampton's Legion, for instance. But oh! how wicked and weak this peace talk; they will fight like the devils in hell this long time yet.

"Set Terry Up."

Set Terry up; he deserves it. After this war, if we both live, I want, and it has long been my plan, to try and make him occupy a high position politically. He is a noble man. I want you to know him.

I might like the devils in hell this long time yet.

Breckinridge is rebel secretary of war. We learn that Lee is to be Commander-in-Chief, Johnston to take Hood's. Sherman's movements will depend somewhat on what Hood's army you to know him.

I might withhold are pend somewhat on what Hood's army does—I didn't see you do my brigade justice in the Fort Fisher affair. The Fort would not have been taken that night—perhaps not all but for my men. Four battalions of it—the old brigade precisely, went in last with a yell— about 800 men and ran from traverse to traverse, chasing the rebels out. To be sure they lost but 33 men but it took just as much courage to go up in style—they couldn't anticipate that it would be such easy work after what had been

Severity of Fight Exaggerated.

The severe character of the fighting as been exaggerated. Ames' Division has been exaggerated. Ames' Division took only 3600 or 3800 men and must took only 3000 or 3000 her and must have assaulted with say 3500. It lost 625—just about 18 per cent. Now at Olustee we fought 3½ hours face to face with the rebels and lost about 1900 out of 4700. Of the troops which had the real fighting to do we lost about 35 per cent. in actual killed and wound-35 per cent in actual killed and wounded. It was twice as hard a fight as Fort Fisher—Drewry's Bluff was harder fighting and ditto Deept River for a portion of the troops. I don't mean to belittle the affair. It was most gallently done and for its loss, altogether the most productive victory of the war on land. Tom Clark (New Haven editor—Ed.)

is an off ox as usual. I am extremely sorry to see his article about Terry and myself. It is very unjust to Terry. As for our relations to each other, they have been the most introduced from they have been the most intimate from the day we started. Nor has there been an unkind or an envious or jealous feeling between us for an hour. You know in what terms I have always spoken of him. Enough of that.
I don't know what to say about your

The

DO YOU When the bi beautiful room
When pop-co When nearly

skater? When only t When the C States respecte United States! When no ni before noon? When front yanking a knol at the end of

When wome When every out a gorgeous New Year's? When you co

a finger at an; "Trust!"? When conter ception rather When autor umbrellas, gol bottles on the When music clean?

When any gir alone stepped ton as a matt When a mar for a couple of When ice fo come in one sh When you consent for \$2?

When Gilda's were considered When every a When a mar parade shouting

When eggs co When the sta was 15 cents? When it wa not to chew to When one of men in any to grain merchant When people were assumed t When there drinking places

of a companiate a few seconds Year's eve. "W "I'm not une

jus' wonderin' i "Don't worry can't get in her (Copyright, 1

LETTERS F.

Dr. J. To the Editor Whether a causes it, or wlof gentle and lurally to the fir among those wand literature, cacy of appreci

All these wer istics of Dr. J. sudden passing l one of its widel pected and love disposition, the knightly attitude pressed all who him. He saw him. yet his sympath tender, to those tion of his cha fashioned hones which took forn always chaste; modesty, even the ish delight who

Under the poetry was proposed and co The doctor n he came in con with youthful unusual to one o

his writings.

Dr. Harper m not a poet, but the Poetry club, far and wide ov a high opinion poetic work. imaginative, he

tures. Hartford, lost gentleman, in the friend.

Hartford, Jan.

Marriage To the Editor of

It is all very normal persons t the sole purpose But they seem people in comp "all" wrong. Isr wrong, too? One should tal

those children v mind, in body: tuberculosis or Clarence Darrow that society has like, for experir arguments again what is the life thinks our asylu crowded than ou

Parents who their children the have, have childr prived of many n perhaps to be cri

We should think a good, argum tive, up-and-coming insurance could write a lot of business in Connecticut village of Hazardville Dear Portico:

n

it

k

In your column recently appear line of poetry embodied in a scree one "J. M. C."-"every blade of has his own drop of dew."

I've been cudgelling my wits to where before I saw that line. I have finally found in my "Book of Irish Poems," one wherein that line is imbedded. The title of the poem is "The Lay of the Ancient Hen," and this is the first stanza:

Come all ye loyal Irishmen with he to Killaloe. Let every brave lad have with hin his jug of mountain dew.

We'll leave there in the morning, when we'll go to Kilmore, ll the hated Sassenach or drive To kill

him from our shore.

I am wondering if that secor line was not deliberately and basel ourloined by J. M. C. and distorted suit his own hellish purpose. If r will he kindly give us the source of lation of his limping line?

The poem is quite lengthyntythree stanzas-or it might be & h in full for the benefit of your Celtic readers. Note the unusual metre of this poem. When the poem was written, in the middle of the sixteenth century, that was the popular metre. t was called the heliocentric. Note I t the accent is adumbrated on the pe bra. The poet's name was Martin ich. ael. He was born in Kilroo: O(Iree ibliland. Many of his poems a mated jazz. At times the po oars nalas! into the empyrean, and aga he "fails of his feathers and ris to earth."

When very young, at the a ôf 2, he began his poetic career. At x . m.) he evinced a voracious app food. His mother was of Martin's hilarious ex mold. she repressed with stern meth would not allow him to atter until he could button his own ts. -O. B. Jo

She

It is doubly gratifying to le that 4,500 people stormed a New York hall to see a movie on the Einstein theory. Of course, it is heartening to realize that all the population there does not spend all its time storming undertaking parlors where dead movie heroes lie in tate, paying \$1.50 to see films on Broadway which have already reached New 3ritain and Middletown with a fiftyent top, or flinging torn telephone diectories at Grover Whalen's reception parties. But it also means that 4,501 eople now apparently grasp the theory.

A winter resort is a place where you hiver in a room that has no heating rrangement because such weather is ery unusual.

Correct this sentence: "We went over hear his new radio," said the neighor, "and he let us enjoy a full program istead of changing stations every two inutes."

St. Peter is scheduled to enjoy many huckles as absent-minded college proessors explain: "I forgot to pull the

Home is a place where you eat diner scraps for supper and know it.

New Yorkers who can't select the orst of 26 city noises must live in artments where nobody is learning from a hobby are hooked by it,

Americanism: Buying books we don't ad; attending opera we can't appreite; paying for a room with bath and t taking the bath.

was at Yale, are verses which we wish to reprint. They were written by John Dennys, esq., born in Gloucestershire. England, 1570:

Let me live harmlessly and near the brink Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place:

Where I may see my quill or cork down sink With eager bite of perch, or bleak, or dace,
And on the world and my Creator

Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t' embrace And others spend their time in base excess Of Wine, or worse, in war and wanton-

Let them that list, these pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feed
their fill,

So I the fields and meadows green may

view, And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil,
Purple narcissus like the morning rays,

Pale gandergrass and azure culverkeys I count it higher pleasure to behold The stately compass of the lofty sky, And in the midst thereof, like burning

gold flaming chariot of the world's

great eye;
The watery clouds that, in the air up roll'd
With sundry kinds of painted colors fly;— * * *

The hills and mountains raised from the plains,

The plains, extended level with the ground,
The ground divided into sundry veins,

These veins enclosed, with rivers run-ning 'round; hese rivers making way through nature's chains

With headlong course into the sea

profound. The raging sea, beneath the vallies low, Where lakes, and rills, and rivulets do flow.

The lofty woods, the forests wide and

long,
Adorn'd with leaves and branches
fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song
Do welcome with their quire the sum-

mer's Queen; The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts among intermixed, with verdant grass

between;
The silver-scaled fish, that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery

All these and many more of his creation That made the heavens, the angler

oft doth see;
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful

they be; Framing thereof of an inward contemplation.

To set his fancies free; And, while he looks on these with joyful eye. His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

Such is the secret of the happiness Dr. Harper had when at three-score and ten, with the heart of a boy, and the dreaminess of youth unending, he went to his old haunts by the Ketz or Broad Brook stream; was bogged, and muttered harmlessly a human, "d--u" in the awkwardness of the predicament, and returned homeward with but two or three small trout, maybe, yet with creel of happiness full, mind and body aglow, and his eyes shining. We shall have fine remembrance of him in such places, always. Such men could teach us much of how to cast.

Whoever fishes merely to catch fish might usually catch more in a market, and very likely at less cost. Whoever does nothing but angle, as some are so obsessed, instead of getting something from a hobby are hooked by it, and victimize themselves even more than they do their prey. The real angler as chance affords throws out a lure and with a little turn of his wrist, a little winding on a reel, brings home a universe, almost; and therein is the great profit.

Judge Silas C. Robinson, in superior court in New Haven, makes adverse decision in case of William Jennings Bryan in effort to obtain \$50,000 under the will of Philo S. Bennett.

President Henry C. Dwight presides at annual meeting of Hartford board of trade at which Secretary James U. Taintor presents report of great progress in business during past year.

Board of aldermen decides to petition general assembly for additional legislation for improvements on water front. and very likely at less cost. Whoever

Dear Charley:

I just got your exceedingly welcome letter of the 15th. Shall add a few disjointed sentences to the long and borous letter and I send herewith.

What glorious news from Wilmington! What a magnificent opportunity for Terry and how splendidly he has improved it. We parted with great feeling and I've felt most deeply the responsibility of his mission. It is one of the most brilliant performances of the war. You see that my brigade under Abbott had the honor of giving the finishing stroke. I have actually cried with vexation to think I wasn't there. If I had remained a Colonel I should have gone, but a General belongs anywhere he is wanted, and I was obliged to stay.

"Set Terry Up."

Set Terry up; he deserves it. After this war, if we both live, I want, and it has long been my plan, to try and make him occupy a high position politically. He is a noble man. I want you to know him.

I might withhold my criticisms upon I might withhold my criticisms upon Butler's Wilmington movement, but I still think they are just, on general principles. Terry must now be a full Major General and must have his Corps. It was cruel to put Gibbon in here while Terry was gone. Terry has commanded these troops twice as much as any other one man and we as any other one man and we want him.

Put Buckingham Through.

Put Buckingham Through.

You are right—go on and renominate Gov. B. and put him through.

What under the sun does Rider mean by talking about selling the American Encyclopedia? For pity's sake stop him. I told him to sell my United States Digest, a law book of ng earthly use to me, and also any other law books of mine, save Blackstone. I mean strictly law books, octavo bound in yellow calf—there! Also to sell my insurance stock, piano and land and invest everything in government stocks. If he will read my letter he will see it. No sir—you keep all the rest of my books—shan't sell you anything.

Don't know anything about my

shan't sell you anything.

Don't know anything about my chances of going home. Better try to get down here if you can. I'll pay all your expenses. Never mind cold—'tisn't half as cold here as up there. We have good nice log cabins with cheerful fireplaces, regularly laid in brick, clay for mortar. Very little snow so far and ice lasting only a few days at a time. Don't think mercury has been below 20 degrees this winter and as low as that very few times.

What a goose Croswell Doane (rector of St. John's church—Ed.) is. Tell 'em if they don't want things in the newspapers they mustn't have 'em happen. That's the only preventive. The newspaper's no more to blame than the photographer's card is for receiving the picture.

Who's E. L. E.? She has much poeti-

People up north understand Butler after all. Who is the main spoke in the Courant now? Has Clark (A. N. Clark—Ed.) anybody behind the scenes? Does he keep it up well—I don't see it often-only seldom.

Been helping Trumbull set Ab. Wainwright (one of Hawley's groomsmen and a New Haven newspaperman—Ed.) and a New Haven newspaperman—Ed.) right about bounty jumpers. Trumbull is a little given to exaggeration but is a noble chaplain, very earnest and useful. Have you entirely forgotten that I asked you to try and find me an aide? Here's your chance for a fine young man.

Richmond Examiner of this morning goes in for a permanent Convention a la Long Parliament, Revolutionary Congress, French Convention, etc. to be

Twenty-five

Years Ago To-day

JANUARY 10, 1905.

Congressman Gillett of Massachusetts

withdraws objections to drawless bridge

at Hartford after army board makes ad-

verse report on development of up-

river navigation. Judge Silas C. Robinson, in superior

tating some stroke or other Turner says. Perhaps he will only try a minor enterprise to encourage his troops. They have moved some heavy guns out of Richmond and have been fortifying lines near Danville and below there. I couldn't say that they are preparing to evacuate but. It're wise men they are

couldn't say that they are preparing to evacuate but, li're wise men, they are providing against the quite possible contingency of being obliged to go.

Were Virginia in good condition for campaigning they would be manoeuvred out of Richmond in a week or fortnight. They are certainly hard pressed. Some deserters came from troops that never deserted before—Hampton's Legion, for instance. But oh! how wicked gion, for instance. But oh! how wicked and weak this peace talk; they will fight like the devils in hell this long time yet.

time yet.

Breckinridge is rebel secretary of war. We learn that Lee is to be Commander-in-Chief, Johnston to take Lee's army and Beauregard to have Hood's. Sherman's movements will depend somewhat on what Hood's army does—I didn't see you do my brigade justice in the Fort Fisher affair. The Fort would not have been taken that night—perhaps not all but for my men. right—perhaps not all but for my men. Four battalions of it—the old brigade precisely, went in last with a yell—about 800 men and ran from traverse to traverse, chasing the rebels out. To be sure they lost but 33 men but it took just as much courage to go up in style—they couldn't anticipate that it would be such easy work after what had been

Severity of Fight Exaggerated.

The severe character of the fighting has been exaggerated. Ames' Division took only 3600 or 3800 men and must have assaulted with say 3500. It lost 625—just about 18 per cent. Now at Olustee we fought 3½ hours face to face with the rebels and lost about 1900 out of 4700. Of the troops which had the real fighting to do we lost about 1900 out of 4700. Of the troops which had the real fighting to do we lost about 35 per cent. in actual killed and wounded. It was twice as hard a fight as Fort Fisher—Drewry's Bluff was harder fighting and ditto Deept River for a portion of the troops. I don't mean to belittle the affair. It was most gallently done and for its loss, altogether the most productive victory of the war on land. war on land.

war on land.

Tom Clark (New Haven editor—Ed.) is an off ox as usual. I am extremely sorry to see his article about Terry and myself. It is very unjust to Terry. As for our relations to each other, they have been the most intimate from the day we started. Nor has there been an unkind or an envious or jealous feeling between us for an hour. You know in what terms I have always spoken of him. Enough of that.

I don't know what to say about your.

what terms I have always spoken of him. Enough of that.

I don't know what to say about your coming here except that I want to see you and will pay your expenses. Faxon (Hawley's ex-partner in the Press, later navy dept. chief clerk—Ed.) could get you a pass probably. The mischief is, just now that I may not be here two days longer. I must go to my brigade. I cannot live in comfort here—I shall be out of my set. And I foresee that Gen. Gibbons, though a thorough soldier, is not the man to have any social circles or influences that you or I would core for. He has all the prejudices of a "regular," and no particular intellectual or political taste or gossip.

Ordered To His Brigade.

Ordered To His Brigade. New Market Road, Feb. 1st. '65. Dear Charley:

Dear Charley:
Relieved on hour ago; ordered to Fort Fisher to take my old brigade.
Starting now for the river.
Don't trust those peace stories. Likely to be some big peace doings by Grant before long. The army has 4 (lay's rations in its haversacks.

Yours as ever.

Yours as ever, JOE HAWLEY. (Continued To-morrow.)

Manager Tracy of the Hartford base-ball team announces signing as pitcher for coming season of P. H. O'Keefe, editor in chief of the Bothwell Herald of Bothwell Ontario of Bothwell, Ontario.

Archie Boyd, long connected with "The Old Homestead," makes his debut "The Old Homestead," makes his debut in vaudeville at Poli's theater.

Dr. Alonzo H. Sylvester, native of Maine, dentist to Kaiser Wilhelm and an honorary royal councillor, commits

suicide in Berlin, Receiver named for Whitney Electric company in Chicago, capitalized for \$56,000,000, on ground that many inventions backed by company were "visionary."

"Visionary."
Miss Eliza A. Loomis, one of the oldest residents of Hartford and of colonial ancestry, dies at age 94.

H. S. Frye of Poquonock elected president of New England Tobacco Growers association at annual meeting in Hartford.

Turkey and Bulgaria make active preparations for war as world keeps eye on tense situation in the Balkans.

(Other Editorial Features Page 25).

and literature, we constantly find deli-cacy of appreciation, cheerfulness of outlook and great kindness.

All these were noticeable characteristics of Dr. J. Warren Harper, whose sudden passing has taken from Hartford one of its widely known, highly respected and loved citizens. The sunny disposition, the cheerful word, and the knightly attitude of Dr. Harper impressed all who came in contact with him. He saw happiness everywhere, yet his sympathy was quick, warm and tender, to those in need. The foundation of his character was rugged old-fashioned honesty of mind and heart, and he had, a fine gift of epression which took form in words elequent and always chaste; and there was delicate modesty even though he showed a hove modesty, even though he showed a hoy-ish delight where friends appreciated his writings.

Under the stress of war times his poetry was brilliant, discriminating, powerful and convincing.

The doctor never married, and his fine affections were for all with whom he came in contact, and these he gave with youthful freedom and abandon unusual to one of his years. Dr. Harper modestly insisted he was

not a poet, but among the members of the Poetry club, and among his friends far and wide over the world, there was a high opinion of the quality of his poetic work. Virile, colorful, graphic, imaginative, he wrote as he saw, in pic-tures. tures.

Hartford, lost a courtly Christian gentleman, in the passing of Dr. Harper, and many of us lost a warm hearted J. S. STEVENS.

Hartford, Jan. 9.

Marriage and Children.

To the Editor of The Times:

It is all very well for two healthy, normal persons to unite in marriage for the sole purpose of having children, But they seem to think that the two people in companionate marriage are "all" wrong. Isn't their view just a bit wrong, too? One should take into consideration all

One should take into consideration at those children who are abnormal in mind, in body; those diseased infants who can never be happy, afflicted with tuberculosis or some such sickness. Clarence Darrow was correct in saying that society has use of morous and their that society has use of morons and their like, for experiments. But there are arguments against his statements. For what is the life led by a moron? Methinks our asylums and jails are more crowded than our colleges.

Parents who feel they cannot give their children the things they should have, have children. The latter are deprived of many necessities, and grow up, perhaps to be criminals, unwanted, unwelcome to the world.

Civilization may revert to its pre-historic days, its cavemen, if the majority decides to follow the example majority decides to follow the example of Mr. and Mrs. William Mayer, for such a marriage seems to point out that woman's only reason for living is to be an incubator. What then? What shall become of the so-called revolt of womankind? What of suffrage? What of freedom for women and equal rights? As for depopulation, there need be no fear of that, for the two "styles," that of childlessness and that of bearing children plentifully, have ex-changed, come in, and gone out, again and again in history, which is known to repeat itself.

K. O. MULLINS. Hartford, Jan. 9.

ALL LOOK ALIKE.

(Boston Transcript.)
Complaint is made that subway stations look too much alike, and the office cynic observes that the same thing might be said of the crowds that jam into them into them.

Dr. J. Warren Harper.

How often when we sought his face In recent bygone days,
We would not find him in his place
Along familiar ways.
He would be sailing down to Crete
Or fishing on the Marguerite.

He might be crossing an expanse Where sand replaces sod,
But he would never miss a chance
To pack his fishing rod.
And what good tales he would rehearse Or paint some charming scene in versa,

And now he has set out once more Alone and suddenly, To seek a new and distant shore Beyond another sea. He did not tell, he did not know. He just slipped out and left us so.

Perhaps, since earth and pain are not, Beside some quiet pool, In some celestial beauty spot With shadows long and cool, Still fishing he waits a fair to-morrow, Smiling to see us cling to our sorrow.

CARLOS P. DAY, Hartford January 9.

Hartford, January 9.