



The Portico

O. B. Joyful is moved to the following verse by Dr. Paul R. Heyl's prediction that science is moving toward a clear understanding of physical nature of life, and other allied predictions:

Genesis.
 "Man is wonderfully made."
 Thus an ancient sage essayed.
 And he, we must perforce confess,
 Did make a very clever guess.
 No physics did his mind illumine;
 No protons knew, we must assume;
 And nothing did of quantum know—
 Nor did we a year ago.

Man is wonderfully made.
 Sure. And so is my dog, Wade.
 The chemicals that man compose—
 My dog, Wade, possesses those.
 And what is more, the crawling worm
 Had birth in the same slimy sperm
 As man and dog and grassy blade.
 Yes, man is wonderfully made.
 —O. B. JOYFUL.

The weather man or whoever it is responsible for the prevailing natural phenomena ought to make good in business. Here we are, after being duly warned by pre-Christmas blizzards and sheets of good skating ice, finally provisioned at great cost to ourselves, with new skates, skis, sweaters, mufflers, boots, etc., ready for the white wastes and tingling air. And the June weather has been just fine, making you wonder, unconsciously, why some merchant doesn't get the jump on the others by putting in a display windowful of waterwings and beach wraps.

A Monday Caller.
 The "unwelcome visitor" made a call at S. J. Tucker's store on Monday night. Considerable food was taken and when Mr. Tucker came to his store in the morning it presented a very disheveled appearance. All drawers had been emptied. The floor was covered with matches.—From the Shore Line Times.

My Dear Editor:
 In a recent item you suggested asking me a question in future, and I will try to answer now. The question was whether I had ever wielded a wicked niblick. Indeed I have, just like others, and often found myself in the rough and had to use the wicked niblick to scoop myself out of a hole. But why call it wicked? It is called wicked because of the skill with which one plays—so thinks our opponent if he happens to be left in the lurch.

The wielding of a niblick is great exercise. The possibilities of a good play! It adds to the joys of living. I am not a great sportsman other than with my wits, symbolically. Physically, I have taken my exercise sweeping floors, caring for my children and in lots of other old-fashioned kinds of sprinting. I can see, however, what it must mean to the poor, beslaved man to get out on the green where men are men, with liberty of expression and freedom of speech.

Thank you for calling me "our Scotch exponent," especially for the word "our." I didn't know I was giving any such notion and would not have believed it had I not been hauled over the coals by my 7-year-old youngest son. It was this way: I had gone to town to do some shopping, and on my return, as is often the case, I was entertaining the family with what I had done and seen. I spoke of a little boy I had seen on the train; how bonnie, clean and well-behaved he was. He was so polite to his mother and talked in a low, sweet voice. I was elaborating eloquently for a purpose, and adding this and that to his virtues when my 7-year-old boy exclaimed, "Mother, I know that boy." "Know him?" I repeated, for I knew he didn't because I didn't myself.

THE POETS' CORNER
 Edited by Martha L. Spencer
 Address all communications to 'The Poets' Corner,' care of The Hartford Times.

EAVESDROPPER.
 The talk among the poplars is of rain:
 From leaf to leaf the eager gossip goes,
 Out in the dark, low-pitched and very plain,
 Tree unto tree telling the thing it knows.
 This delicate and silver sound they make
 Would seem to-night to have no league
 with sorrow,
 Yet all my thought is saddened for the sake
 Of poplars that will strip their leaves to-morrow.
 For I who lie here listening in the dark
 Learn in this wise how rain will fill the dawn.
 And how the slow uncertain light will mark
 Their hammered-silver shining from the lawn,—
 One listener, secret as the gnomes and elves,
 Who heard the poplars talking to themselves.

—DAVID MORTON.
"Nocturnes and Autumnals."
 "David Morton of Amherst college has mastered the sonnet form and achieved within its narrow limits a certain character of his own." "Nocturnes and Autumnals" is his second volume.

In Memory.
 Dr. J. Warren Harper was much beloved by the members of the Poetry Club of Hartford. A poet with facile pen, who wrote fluently and fervidly of many things. Too fluently to pause always to polish his gems, but a poet of rugged thought, sensitive to honor, truth and beauty, and whose whimsical humor always delighted his listeners. There are many treasured memories of his kindly, friendly presence. A recent letter promised another poem for the Poets' Corner. It did not come—but we shall publish some of his verses another week which have been moved and often quoted by his friends.

FROM LOCAL WRITERS.
A Jewel Box.
 Four velvet walls and roof the same
 To hide the diamond and the flame
 Of ruddy ruby or an emerald's hue,
 Gems from the mine of a pearl's soft hue.
 What lapidary's treasure could aspire to give
 Back spark for spark and still hope to live?
 Her eyes will steal the secret of your charm
 And yet I know you will not come to harm;
 For I have seen the light those eyes can give,
 I have looked and loved and still I live.
 —CARLOS P. DAY.

Dawn.
 We watched the morning flight of birds across
 The January sky, where daybreak flung
 Pink filmy clouds, frail draperies of air.
 The house-wife hanging out her clothes
 such hour.
 Her day began the day before and held
 No sluggard in her veins this bitter morn.
 The shadows lift and traceries of elm
 And maple branches fret the tapestry
 Of sunrise sky, where winter winds
 blow cold.
 The glow suffuses every cranny now
 Of city street, long hidden in the dark.
 Their golden pathways of the night are lost
 In light, and at the window day
 looks in.
 M. L. S.

Power and Peace.
 Men have watched the sun
 Rise over castles of power
 They have seen dawns break
 And have observed the lightning
 And heard the roll of thunder
 They have been to far off lands
 Where strange peoples live
 In turn observing

They have stood at battlements
 And hurled death at their foe
 Who came on . . . and returned the
 death
 The conquerer has stood with his foot
 Upon the breast of the vanquished
 And laughed and watched the blood
 A nation bowed its head in sorrow . . .
 Then uplifted again with a look
 Not of forgiveness . . . but of greater
 hatred
 And returned to the battle ground
 In turn conquering—and standing and
 laughing
 One other nation bowed its head
 In sorrow

So it has gone on from the beginning
 Power against lesser power
 Man against lesser man
 Hatred against lesser hatred
 And so it will go on eternally—
 Until the sun rises above ruined castles
 And the lightning flashes over desolation
 And the thunder rolls unheard—
 For until all men are dead
 There will be no peace
 Until there are no more who stand
 And laugh at blood—
 Until there are no nations to bow
 And then look up again with
 Blacker haired
 —HIGGINS.

The Distant Sea.
 Long have I watched the distant hills,
 The flight of birds, the trees and rills
 As seasons come, as seasons go;
 While life is passing, and years flow—
 Though all this beauty comes to me,
 I yearn to view the distant hills.

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. LIV.
 The reconstruction problems interested Hawley much and he followed the newspaper accounts of what was going on eagerly, also the orders issued by generals commanding various reconstruction areas.

In early October Mrs. Hawley riding in an army ambulance, went out from Richmond with her uncle, N. Parmelee of Guilford to visit the grave of Captain U. Parmelee of the First Connecticut cavalry. Returning, the ambulance upset and she received many bruises, including a severe cut on one temple. Hawley knew that she was severely hurt, especially as inflammation of the brain was threatened for a day or two and she was obliged to go to a hospital, but even he did not expect that she would be invalided by the accident for a long time, as proved to be the case.

A Major General.
 Hawley was practically ready to start for home when the accident occurred and the start was delayed by her condition. He had been brevetted major general of volunteers on September 28 and was under orders to go home to Hartford and report to the adjutant general at Washington by mail. That would give him his expenses home and pay until formally mustered out, a perquisite to which Hawley felt his service legitimately entitled him and which he was not averse to receiving.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale had offered Hawley the secretaryship and management of the New England Freedman's Aid society, with a salary of about \$5,000 a year. However it would necessitate residence in Boston and Hawley was averse to leaving Hartford. "I look with longing to an editor's life with you," he wrote to Warner on October 12, expressing his wish to retain "at least a nominal interest in the Press."

There was much republican disapproval with the course of Andrew Johnson. The radical element of the republican party differed decidedly with his ideas on reconstruction. Johnson, a Tennessean, was conservative in his view of demands the federal government should make on former rebel states and citizens. The left wing of the republican party was for a sterner policy and a course that would stamp out the spirit that produced rebellion. Democrats who had opposed the war naturally favored the position of the president above that of the radicals. Thus the democrats claimed to be supporting the president, and they accused the republicans, who had ridden them hard during the war, of not standing by their own leader. This issue had its effect in the Connecticut political campaigns, immediately following the war.

The result of the election in Connecticut, reflecting this dissension filled Hawley "with grief." He wrote on October 12 that he could not help reproaching himself that he was not home to work for the right side. He counselled Warner:
 "Don't make war on the president. We shall not differ much when we get together, but don't please copperheads by growls or insinuations against the president. Talk principles, but don't make war on men. Let us preserve our cheerfulness and hope. The world has moved wonderfully and doesn't stop yet."

Boom For Governorship.
 Hawley heard from Southport that "some of our friends want to run me for governor," as surely enough they did in the next election. "I don't lie awake nights on account of the office," Hawley wrote in the same letter, "for I doubt much and care little most of the time if Connecticut ever gives me anything."
 Plans of General and Mrs. Hawley for their homecoming were further disarranged when the brief journey from Petersburg to Richmond proved almost too much for Mrs. Hawley. Hawley did

not disclose to his wife his impatience to get away but all his ties in Virginia and in the service were loose and he longed "like a homesick boy to get back to Hartford," he wrote to Warner on October 17. He and Mrs. Hawley were agreed that he should reject the Boston offer. He "had seen quite enough in his younger years" of the trade of being agent or manager of any kind for benevolent or voluntary associations" to convince him that he wanted none of it. Possibly his particular reference was to the long service of his uncle, David Hawley, as city missionary in Hartford.

"I want a home," he wrote, "and you and Hooker and George Bissell and other good folks and a quiet life and a good business."
 Hawley had told his Southport friends that he had heard so much in the past about being a candidate at various times for various places that rumors that he was being talked of had ceased to impress him. Concerning affairs in the south he wrote:

Richmond, Va.,
 October 17th, '65
 Dear Charley:
 Election in Virginia not very satisfactory according to my way of thinking. Don't know but the Legislature will pass the routine measures prescribed but it is composed of rebels or rather men who were hot rebels and "The spirit of Virginia is unbroken." It is insolent rebellion to elect such men as A. H. Stuart and Conrad who cannot, and know they cannot, and openly avow that they will not, try to take the required oath. They call it unconditional and the damned rascals come to Congress virtually demanding the repeal of that law that they may come in. They, with the halter just taken from their necks, impose conditions upon us! Some good men are elected. It is a good thing that Mr. Barbour, congressman-elect from the Richmond district, is going to New Jersey to take the stump for the constitutional amendment!
 We have many pleasant visitors here. Yesterday, Mr. Watkins, Cobden's successor in Parliament—a true and wonderfully well-informed friend of America.

Love to all.
 Yours Truly,
 J. R. H.
 Please scribble me a few lines. I shall not get off before Wednesday, the 25th at best.

Hawley Back in Guilford.
 Soon Hawley did get away from Virginia. Mid-November found him at Guilford, freed of responsibility and enjoying his first real rest since the outbreak of the war. He wrote to Warner:
 Guilford, Conn. Nov. 11, 1865

Dear Charley:
 Rest, shooting, play and laughter are so delicious to me that I have been unable to tear myself away. It is difficult to tell anybody just how I feel. The sense of responsibility is gone—I am not under orders of any sort from anybody, except perhaps you, for the only person I think of as caring a farthing where I am is yourself. But it is true that myself calls to myself in the same way, saying all the while, "It is time to go to work upon the Press."
 It is altogether and supremely delightful to lounge and walk about here in this atmosphere of peace, comfort and happiness. Sam, Spencer—all the family are here or hereabouts. Kate has been over from New Haven and Andrew from Nut Plains, and we've had 16 at table, jokes, laughter, giggling, whist, euchre, dominoes, at evening, quail and squirrel and target shooting by day.

To my great regret Hattie recovers very slowly. She comes down stairs but a few hours in the middle of the day and the rest of the time tries to be very quiet in her room. Much talking tires her sadly—yet she is very happy and, if slowly, is surely getting well.
 We see or hear nothing of politics, except what we find in the New York Herald and Times. I want to get hold of Sumner's letter to the N. Y. Independent. The general drift of behavior at the South is such as to stir up the devil in me—I don't know how it affects others, but it seems to me that it must have that effect upon Congress: Georgia and Florida are acting meanly, and so I fear North Carolina has done in the late elections.
 I long to rest more here, but it cannot be. I shall run over to Norwich by the Sunday night train and be with you Monday evening.

Truly yours,
 J. R. HAWLEY.
 (Continued To-morrow.)

Twenty-five Years Ago To-day
 JANUARY 14, 1905.

The Rev. Dr. Francis Goodwin re-elected president at annual meeting of Wadsworth Athenaeum.
 General assembly elects Morgan G. Bulkeley United States senator by 227 votes to 37 for A. Heaton Robertson,

District Attorney William Travers Jerome in his campaign against gambling.
 Ebenezer Newman, prominent resident of Stamford, and author of several volumes of verses, dies at age 91.
 George B. Curtiss, leading citizen of Terryville and civil war veteran, dies

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was an ideal speaker for None heard the address ber, as long as they have splendid picture he gave n interpretation he put acter, life and work of ll.

ST J. FARRELL.

Robert J. Farrell, pres- Eastern League baseball at a tragically early age, rd's energetic, promising likeable young men. Mr. eply interested in sports, bai, having been a play- mself, but he was even d and enterprising bus- the real estate and in- nanship field he had progress and had built siness. His friends were ber. His demeanor was tivate respect and com- of a large group of re- a very wide circle of arell's untimely demise rge number the experi- and loss.

QUAL EXCHANGE.

somewhat why the cor- tween Dr. William Oxley Ohio State university, Hoover has been pub- intimate in its nature nly on the part of Mr. in trace of human im- l opponents who may in as conscientious as he. these old friends think it public should realize as uch difficulty any presi- hands when he under- the march of a glori- after all, the president is sident, and looks upon h, as he stands before od which flows through e," or moves or is stag- quarters of the nation. to "penetrate the vital blic action—the discov- igation of truth," he is personal favoritism of ridual ambition as truly nmon will and effort of enership for which he is leader and instrument. of what the president what the people want , that agitates him and se embarrassments and quaintly likens, by way "mental hair shirts," circumstances of his him to endure. Critics mor of half-truths and jured facts," an exceed- ption, assail him pro- nance, oftentimes with e difficulties in the way l successful action are d. It is trying, indeed. Hoover's spirited and se of the "commission" methods which some it which are logical and ficiency in the search and policies, beyond the gle individual, or any to find unless so aided. -operation with govern- best citizens, not only l, but also they aid to get action upon it. rican experiment has at the people will, of five, take care of pro- gram can remove abuse he signs on the road, ll of which is the part sidents. consider these letters, s encouragement of a us of a great school of president of the United unique, moderate and hich it received, as es for the country at permit these things to wrote Dr. Thompson, of dismay, but a cheer- th of purpose and dis- Hoover's response.

visioned at great cost to ourselves, with new skates, skis, sweaters, mufflers, boots, etc., ready for the white wastes and tingling air. And the June weather has been just fine, making you wonder, unconsciously, why some merchant doesn't get the jump on the others by putting in a display windowful of waterwings and beach wraps.

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"I don't really," he explained finally, "but I know where he comes from. A little boy so nice as that could only come from Scotland." My husband laughed; he is only Scotch by marriage, and is a Yankee.

I was thoughtful. Had my love for my native land, which is purely spiritual, been oozing out into the souls and hearts of my children? Yes, but they were impressed only as any sensitive mind can be, with a vision of beauty and perfection. I trust that is all I have done in the Portico. You know it is said that a Scotch person is never at home except when he is away from it. And when visiting in Scotland and England four years ago I quite likely left behind with my friends there a wonderful impression of America.

Don't cry, little girl, if you think your lot unbearable, if you have to trudge home from the office and cook dinner for your husband. Rupert Hughes says you are lucky and triply so. You are lucky because you have a job—so he says—and lucky because you have a home, and lucky because you have a husband to cook for. That's three in a row, tit-tat-too.

If you don't think the calling of the man who works with his hands is noble, witness the deference with which those who putting the finishing touches on the Horace Bushnell Memorial were treated.

There isn't a legitimate playhouse left on Broadway from Columbus circle to 42d street, says O. O. McIntyre, yet they persist in speaking of the center of American histrionics as "on Broadway"—accent on the last if you live in Greater New York. This seems to be about as misleading a misnomer as saying—since the latter part of October, 1929—that the Hartford offices where you invest your money and then sit down and begin clipping coupons are located on Pearl street.

Lives of rich men oft remind us, wealth can make us seem sublime, and keep press men right behind us to report each given dime.

The poor have advantages. You can put on a new 75-cent shirt without having to pull out 32 pins.

his kindly, friendly presence. A recent letter promised another poem for the Poet's Corner. It did not come—but we shall publish some of his verses another week which have been moved and often quoted by his friends.

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As seasons come, as seasons go;
While life is passing, and years flow—
Though all this beauty comes to me,
I yearn to view the distant sea.
The day is calm, the sails go by,
I see them with that inward eye;
As silence comes to inward ear
The lapping waves I softly hear
And all those sounds so dear to me—
I yearn to view the distant sea.

The silence of that distant sea,
Calms my soul, as it comes to me;
The mighty power of ocean crest
That soothes us all, and bids us rest;
As sinking slumber comes to me,
I yearn to view the distant sea.

The sea I view with inward eye
I value more as time goes by;
My heart is in the long ago;
The waves are there—I loved them so!
Again the past comes back to me—
I yearn to view the distant sea.

Some day when pain there is no more
I'll stand upon a distant shore;
And there I'll watch the waves at play,
And hear their music all the day;
Then beauty of the past shall be—
I yearn to view the distant sea.
—ELIZA B. WYMAN.

I WOULD NOT LOVE
Cupid's wiles are not for me.
Ah 'tis fine to be so free
I would not love.

Independence is a joy.
Love is but a fragile toy.
I would not love.

Lovers are but Cupid's slaves
Cupid claims the pay he craves.
I would not love.

Cupid aimed at me, to-day.
Love's sharp arrow came my way.
I would not love.

I must end my tale of woe.
Shot am I by Cupid's bow.
I would not love.

Sad am I to tell the tale.
Sad am I and ghostly pale.
I would not love.

Victim of love's potent spell.
Truth to you now I must tell.
I can but love!
—JANET HOTCHKISS PAGE.

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Yours Truly,
J. R. H.

Hawley Back in Guilford.

Soon Hawley did get away from Vir- ginia. Mid-November found him at Guilford, freed of responsibility and en- joying his first real rest since the out- break of the war. He wrote to Warner: Guilford, Conn. Nov. 11, 1865

Dear Charley:
Rest, shooting, play and laughter are so delicious to me that I have been unable to tear myself away. It is difficult to tell anybody just how I feel. The sense of responsibility is gone—I am not under orders of any sort from anybody, except perhaps you, for the only person I think of as caring a farthing where I am is yourself. But it is true that myself calls to myself in the same way, saying all the while, "it is time to go to work upon the Press."

It is altogether and supremely de- lightful to lounge and walk about here in this atmosphere of peace, comfort and happiness. Sam Spencer—all the family are here or hereabouts. Kate has been over from New Haven and Andrew from Nut Plains, and we've had 16 at table, jokes, laughter, giggling, whist, euchre, dominoes, at evening, quail and squirrel and target shooting by day.

To my great regret Hattie recovers very slowly. She comes down stair- case but a few hours in the middle of the day and the rest of the time tries to be very quiet in her room. Much talk- ing tires her sadly—yet she is very happy and, if slowly, is surely getting well.

We see or hear nothing of politics, except what we find in the New York Herald and Times. I want to get hold of Sumner's letter to the N. Y. Inde- pendent. The general drift of behavior at the South is such as to stir up the devil in me—I don't know how it affects others, but it seems to me that it must have that effect upon Congress. Georgia and Florida are acting meanly, and so I fear North Carolina has done in the late elections.

I long to rest more here, but it can- not be. I shall run over to Norwich by the Sunday night train and be with you Monday evening.

Truly yours,
J. R. HAWLEY.
(Continued To-morrow.)

Twenty-five Years Ago To-day
JANUARY 14, 1905.

The Rev. Dr. Francis Goodwin re- elected president at annual meeting of Wadsworth Athenaeum.

General assembly elects Morgan G. Bulkeley United States senator by 227 votes to 37 for A. Heaton Robertson, democrat, of New Haven, on strict party vote.

Senator Albert J. Beveridge and State Representative James A. Hemenway chosen by Indiana legislature for the United States senate. Mr. Hemenway succeeding Vice-President-elect Charles W. Fairbanks.

Proprietors of leading faro and rou- lette establishments in New York vol- untarily turn in their paraphernalia to

District Attorney William Travers Jer- rome in his campaign against gambling. Ebenezer Newman, prominent resi- dent of Stamford, and author of several volumes of verses, dies at age 91.

George E. Curtiss, leading citizen of Terryville and civil war veteran, dies at age 60.

Commander Frederick L. Averill, Naval battalion, G. N. G., applies to Major General George M. Cole to be placed on the retired list.

Frank J. Cadwell, Hartford cyclist, breaks world's record with mark of 7:58 in three-mile motor-paced race at Troy, N. Y.

William J. Mackey engaged as coach of Wesleyan baseball team.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Lights for Bushnell Park.

To the Editor of The Hartford Times:
This week it is the great privilege of the people of Hartford to have a part in the dedication of the beautiful auditorium in memory of the late Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell.
Let it not be overlooked that we also owe to him our "Bushnell Park" which for many years was our one and only park. Unfortunately, however, it is "dark spot" by night in the center of our city because it is inadequately lighted.
Let us hope that our city fathers will take cognizance of this fact and that this park may soon be a shining mem- orial by night as by day to the great man, Horace Bushnell, who made it possible.
G. A. N.
Hartford, Jan. 14.

Concerning Dr. Harper.

To the Editor of The Times.
During the many times that I was the guest of Henry C. Denslow, the artist and taxidermist, who formerly lived with his family on Sumner street, I occasionally met Dr. J. Warren Har- per, who lived on the same street as the Denslow family.
During the American Legion drive, I was made a team captain to help raise enough money to take out of public institutions and place in good private homes, thirty-five thousand children of deceased veterans of the World war. Dr. Harper was on my personal list, and he was one of our most liberal contributors and supporters.
The last time I talked with him he said he intended to publish a book of verse and I said that I would like the

honor of buying the first book off the press. He chuckled, saying that he would like the honor of giving me the first book.

Dr. Harper had great driving power of character. However, the thing that most impressed me about him was the wonderful affection that he had for his mother.

RATCLIFFE HILLS.
Hartford, January 12.

Secret of Longevity.

To the Editor of The Times:
Reading your editorial of the 10th inst., "It Is Mysterious," treating upon various contradictory courses (or re- sults?) of longevity, "reminds me."
I remember a specially hale and hearty old gentleman from the rural districts who was being shown the sights in the capitol city by his son who was quite a prominent politician from an eastern county. Among the celebrities exhibited was the governor, who by the way, was a republican. In complimenting the octogenarian upon his hearty appearance the governor asked him, "How do you preserve your age so effectively?" Promptly answered the old gentleman, "I drink cold water and vote the democratic ticket." That combination accounted for it—how could he help living, he had nothing else to do.
B.
Hartford, Jan. 11.

ROYALTY IS HOPEFUL.

(Springfield Republican.)
Reports that the king of Spain is gaining ground as a potent factor in affairs doubtless have been received with sympathetic interest by Victor Emmanuel III.

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A MOST USE

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