



THE POETS' CORNER

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

Memorial to Larry.

The Me of then, plus circumstance,
Plus these ten years, is Me to-day.
Your vital self, plus lead and chance
And half a second, is clay-clay.

I.

Ten years are gone. Let's see—I've got
A job, a house, a wife and two
Fine children. And substantial chairs,
A car—well, what would you?

My wife is good, my children well,
And all is well, I guess, with me.
So nights we take the car and ride,
Or sit home cozily.

Thus ten years more, and ten years
more.
And more or less, then I am spent.
To all the decades, coming, gone,
You are indifferent.

II.

I doffed a life and donned a uniform
And lived in barracks. Thus I found
that war
Could reach from head-lines, fit me to
the norm
Of olive drab, and set me working for
Something . . . Out of the blur of
drab, some few
Near faces came distinct. And one not
very
Unusual face grew, day by day. It
grew
To be more than a face. For you were
Larry.

And days and drilling came, when
everything
Was strange—more strange than clipped
suburban grass
Is to transplanted birches that saw
spring
In a swamp-thicket. But when I saw
you pass
I'd see the sweet familiar. For to me
You soon were timeless—Larry . . .

One long hike
We quarreled, being fagged, and
savagely
I clenched my fist to strike. I did not
strike.
And months and battles came, and
commonplace
Routine. Routine the march through
that thick night
Till, swiftly, we were torn from void
black space
To a French road, streaked with hideous
light
From mortar shells; they flared like
ghastly flowers
That bloom in nightmares; crashed
with shattering sound
Too loud for ears, too great for flesh
like ours;
Dispersed us, animals, to clutch the
ground.

The shelling stopped and we crept back
We knew
Your presence in the dark. Uneven
lines
Of nervous feet caught your calm pace,
for you
Were Larry, and were iron to our
spines.

III.

I could have easily reached and touched
you—
We, in the woods by the River Aisne,
Rifles in hand as we peered through
the rain;
For you stood in front of a splintered
tree
Three feet, perhaps, to the left of me.
A crack and a whir. Your beautiful
body
Slumped bonelessly, like a bale of
shoddy
Tumbling to earth with boneless thud
Silence. And then I saw white faces,
And you at my feet, stripped of the
graces
That made me love you. There was
blood
Wet on your forehead. I could not
touch you.

IV.

These memories—what more are mem-
ories
Of vivid moments from ten years ago
Than sap-filled maple buds, torn from
their trees
Ten years ago, and pressed and saved?
I know
The blunting weight of time; I know
blood-root
Dull in herbariums—dry parody
Of quickened white in bloom on a liv-
ing shoot.
So I remember with tranquillity.
But then, one day I heard a muffled
sound
That stung a memory to sudden being;
I saw you stand there—it was more
than seeing—
You stood before a tree—its trunk was
round.
Then I relieved . . . what I cannot
relate.
And shuddered back to nineteen-
twenty-eight.

V.

You are remembered, Larry.
You are remembered by Florence:
who for love of you would have played
the pretty fool; whose son is in the
second grade at school; who heard of
your death and stared on blank days.
She speaks your praise to her bank-
clerk husband.
Your mother remembers: you are
her distant son; she is the misty-eyed
speaking with honest pride, "This was
my son who died in the war." You
are remembered for—she is your
mother. But mothers bear mortality
as well as sons. Time runs . . .
Your insurance money went in gov-
ernment bonds.
In elegant bronze you are remem-
bered: in the Public Square is a boulder.
There, on the front of the boulder, is
inscribed some prose (I forget how it

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

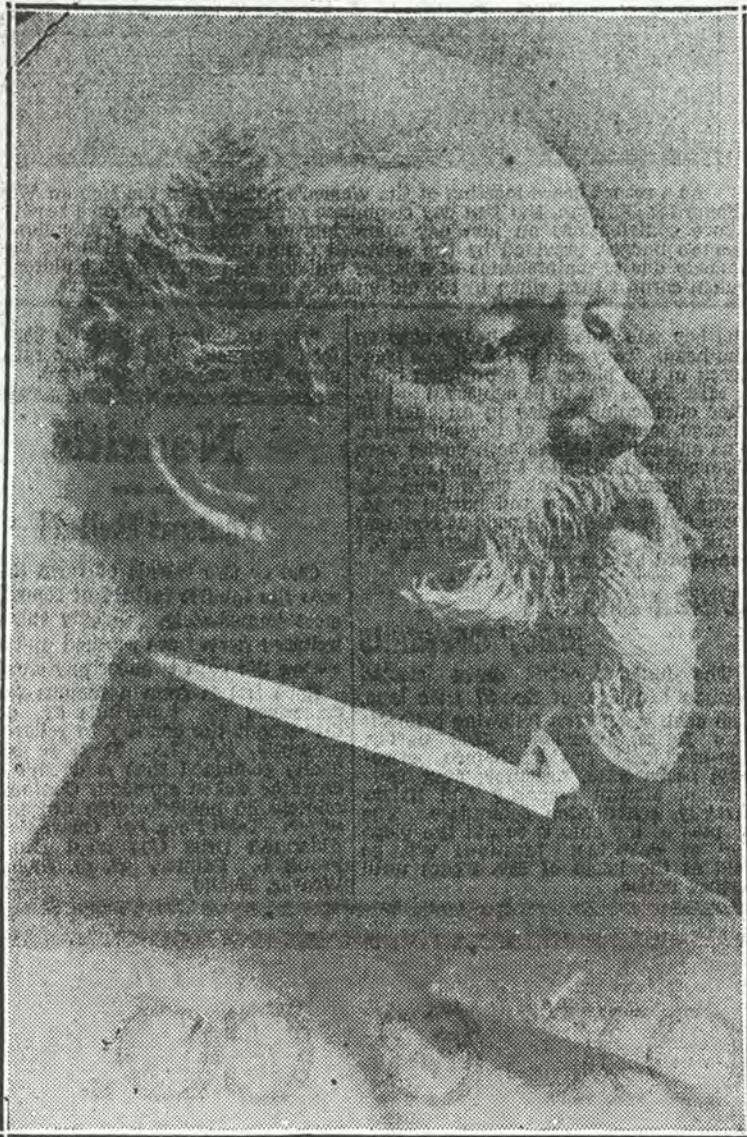
Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut, Congressman and
United States Senator.

Written to

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work.

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JOSEPH R. HAWLEY

NO. II.

In his public life, Joseph R. Hawley
was surrounded by a coterie of men who
came to be known as the Hawley Old
Guard. These included Edward B. Ben-
nett, at one time postmaster; Stephen
A. Hubbard, long managing editor of the
Courant, who managed Hawley's
campaigns until the year before his death
in 1890; Judge Harrison B. Freeman,
John R. Buck, once congressman; Judge
Valentine B. Chamberlain of New
Britain; Francis H. Parker, for some
years United States district attorney,
and others.

Friendship for Warner.

During nearly all Hawley's life, from
youth until death terminated it, there
existed between him and Charles Dud-
ley Warner, long editor of the Hartford
Courant, and a prominent figure in
journalism and literature, an unusual
and remarkable friendship. It began
when Hawley and Warner were boys
together in Cazenovia, New York. Both
attended Cazenovia seminary and War-
ner followed the older Hawley to Hamil-
ton college.
From youth, almost to Warner's
death in 1900 the two kept up the
correspondence whenever separated. It
begins—as far as the letters extant dis-
close, although it may easily have be-
gun even earlier—during Hawley's senior
year at Hamilton, continued while he
taught school in New York state and
after he removed to Farmington to
engage in the study and later the prac-
tice of law.

Hawley even then wanted Warner
with him and he frequently pointed out
to his friend the advantages that might
accrue from residence in Hartford and
mingling with its fine people. When
Hawley embarked upon his journalistic
career with the Evening Press he wanted
Warner's assistance and that is the re-
frain of many of the letters of that
period. Warner eventually came to
Hartford but hardly had he done so
when the flames of war broke and Haw-
ley went to the front while Warner
remained at the helm of the Press.

The correspondence was kept up all
during the war, it was resumed, after
Hawley was mustered out a brigadier
general, whenever either Hawley or
Warner was absent from Hartford. And
when Hawley went to Washington, first
as congressman, then as senator, the
correspondence went into its closing
chapter.

Charles Dudley Warner.

Charles Dudley Warner was three
years younger than Hawley. He was
born in Plainfield, Massachusetts, Sep-
tember 12, 1829. He gave early evi-
dence of scholastic ability. His father
having died, his uncle and guardian
took the widow and her two sons to
Cazenovia, New York. There Charles

series of interesting letters for the press.
Later he traveled extensively in this
country and in Mexico and took other
trips abroad. In 1884 he became an
editor of Harper's Magazine. He had
numerous literary works to his credit
and with Mark Twain collaborated in
the writing of the "Gilded Age," pub-
lished in 1878.

Warner married in 1856, Susan,
daughter of William Elliott Lee of New
York city, Yale, Dartmouth, Hamilton,
Princeton and the University of the
South all conferred honorary degrees
upon him. He died suddenly in Hart-
ford on October 20, 1900. For some
years before his death he ceased to
have an active connection with the
Courant, although he visited the office
frequently when in Hartford and con-
tributed often to its columns. He
wrote The Courant's obituary editorial
on Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Hawley's Letters to Warner.

Some two hundred letters which
Hawley wrote to Warner, and some
which he wrote other persons, and
some which the first Mrs. Hawley
wrote have been preserved. Taken
altogether they offer a record of the
period in which Hawley lived. Aside
from interesting sidelights they throw
upon an earlier Hartford and the citi-
zens, they deal with historical move-
ments, incidents and events. Students
of history and biography will revel in
them.

As stated, Hawley was an ardent
anti-slavery man and free-soiler. He
joined the republican party at its birth.
As a soldier he was brave and capable
and impatient with the resistance to the
war and to the shirking of what he
regarded as patriotic duty by many
citizens. His letters afford a picture
of Hartford and Connecticut person-
ages, official and otherwise, and a re-
cord of political history and develop-
ments over a period of fifty years. They
disclose the development of Hawley
himself from the youth just out of col-
lege to the man who had become a war
hero and popular idol, a leader not
merely in the state but in the nation.

The letters are reproduced as Haw-
ley wrote them. No change has been
made in his capitalization or punctua-
tion, or the lack of it, or in any such
peculiarities as to his frequent use of
the character "&" instead of spelling
the word out. Thus the correspondence
is preserved in its original atmosphere,
rather than made coldly formal by at-
tempting to reduce it to a set standard
of style.

Beginning of the Correspondence.

The first of the letters bears the date
of January 9, 1847. Hawley had just
arrived at Clinton, New York, from
Cazenovia, apparently after the Christ-
mas holidays, for the final half of his
last year at Hamilton college. "Bango,"
he headed the letter sheet, and began:

on March 17, he gave his friend, then
in Cazenovia seminary, a picture of col-
lege life of the day:

"Well, Charley, what do you
want to hear about?" I don't know
what there is in College that you are
particularly interested in at present.
Everything moves on regular as clock-
work,—no excitement—no electioneer-
ing, no quarrelling of any kind to give
a pleasing variety to the dull monotony
of college life. The cold desolate hill
and the rough stone buildings give
small promise of good cheer. A stran-
ger riding by would think the place un-
inhabited unless the bell should then
ring for prayers or recitation and like
a blow on a beehive out they swarm
men and boys of all sizes sorts shapes
and ages—(from 14 to 28.)

"When East grows light in the morn-
ing and that half past six bell rings
away they go for dear life some in good
season good steady boys who have been
up since five o'clock bell 'hosing in for
the marks' then straggling along the
clever easy b'boys who have just man-
aged to get out of a warm cot and
hurry along to grub thinking a little
uneasily of that lesson they must get
before 8.

"After them you will see from 7 to 7 1/2
and 8 here and there, on a full run, the
lazy ones. Then the bell rings for 8
and the good old Prex reads and prays
in orthodox stereotyped style for all
creation. All the classes go in im-
mediately to recitation. At nine the
bell rings again and for two hours it
is still as death. At eleven they all
recite again. At 12, two days in the
week they draw books. At half past 2
dinner, fluting, singing, etc. Two still
hours again—at 4 all recite, at 5 an-
other rush to chapel and out they pour
and off they go in long single files
hallooing, laughing, running, tumbling,
to their suppers and to the P. O.

"When it is dark all the windows are
bright and as you pass along you hear
in one room flutes, another fiddles, in
another little companies of singers
some at sacred music, some sentiment-
al, or perhaps a dozen yelling 'Mary
Blane' or 'We're the b'boys from old
Virginia,' etc., etc. The nine o'clock
bell rings and one by one the lights go
out and only here a poor devil sits
scratching away at an oration, like as
not to be committed and delivered the
next day, and gazing as he stirs up the
fire and trims the lamp. But even he
gives it up and silence reigns.

"You turn to leave and a yell like a
dying Indian's echoes far and wide. A
bright blaze flashes up before the
Chapel—the lights glimmer in the win-
dows and forty or fifty half dressed
shivering fellows come crawling out to
warm and see the fun while some just
look out and roll in again. Nobody did
it, that pile 10 or 12 feet high of rails,
boards, old timbers, etc. came there it-
self. Oh, of course! and those fel-
lows in the doors just happened to be
there and ran 'round kicking the doors
just to let the others see the fun. And
so the President who walked out with
all possible dignity walks back again
just so.

"But such a thing happens at the
most but two or three times a year and
for the rest of the time we sleep as
soundly as any body unless perhaps the
'Calathumps' are out. Old pans,
pails, drums, flutes, tin and French
horns, etc. make such an unearthly ado
that the devil couldn't sleep. If you
want to see what makes the noise creep
round very carefully and you may pos-
sibly get a sight at some dozen indi-
viduals very calmly hammering and
blowing away, but you certainly never
saw any such humpbacked long and
short ring streaked and speckled boys
in college before. Oh, No! They don't
belong there.

"Well, to the old men and women
and even to us there are better scenes
in college. The declamations, the ora-
tions, the Society debates and the var-
ious expedients for drilling in knowl-
edge are by no means devoid of inter-
est. And could the veil be lifted
from some secret conclaves and the
proceedings, for instance of the Psi U
be revealed to vulgar eyes while the
unconscious brethren were perform-
ing their duties in unison and har-
mony I doubt not the coldest heart
and the most bigoted would give one
more tribute to the brotherhood so near
my heart.—Passing by some meetings
of that band which must for obvious
reasons remain unnoticed—we have
had one glorious season this term.

"All of our class but two (a couple
of ministers 28 years old and poor and
those excused by the rest) went to
Rome one Wednesday afternoon. We
started about one and going a little out
of our way to pass through one or two
villages we arrived at R. in a splendid
sixhorse sleigh about 5 p. m. At 8 we
sat down to a splendid supper and
after—but I despair of giving you any
idea of that 'bust.' Till one o'clock
we kept it up without one moment's
intermission. Our class are all sing-
ers and there are some splendid voices
among them. I do not believe there
can be picked up 30 fellows in any
class of any college who can so stir
up the soul with the glorious student
songs as that same class. And the
speeches were excellent some of them
really eloquent, not to boast to

The Isle of Safety.
was what ancient writers called
An ardent and devoted swain,
no waited, properly enthralled,
Where upper State street marries
Main.

ure, I'll be there," she used to coo—
"The Isle of safety—don't forget!"
id let him stand there wondering
who,

Or what, had happened to his pet.
er alibi, that once was fine,
And, presently, no more than fair,
egan to dwindle, peak and pine—
She said she couldn't find him there!

he heard his loud, explosive "What!"
He told her briefly—well, you know—
and swore that State and Main was
not

A blooming archipelago!

—T. H. KNOTT.

The Fossil Hunters," a painting in
a modernistic manner, is discovered
springs sideways after it has been
awarded the \$500 Altman prize. It is
stated that the art world is now
pondering whether the savants would
have allotted the first Altman prize
to a picture if it had been hung correct-
ly. But what if this up-to-date treat-
ment of fossils and their patrons had
shown neither horizontally nor
vertically, but on its head?

It is not at once have hogged all
the art world? We fear there are some peo-
ple who from the incident evokes no
other thought. "Serves 'em right," these
modernists agree, "fooling 'round
with impressionistic stuff. Bad as
impressionism. And did you pipe the fossils?"

Mr. Dickinson, the painter, declares
on the other hand that he has been
awarded the prize and he consequently
is not at all pleased for "no publicity." Perhaps
it is meant to say was, "no bad
publicity." Mr. Dickinson shouldn't
have had publicity, one way or the other.
Publicity just the same; and it isn't
every painter, even every modernistic
painter, who can get \$500 for a work
when subjected to a horizontal posture
of course, Mr. Dickinson will not agree
with our conjecture that he might not
otherwise, have received nearly so much
recognition, though he had gone on
painting and painting to the ripe old
age of a very fossil.
There are, in these immediate part-

Where upper State street married
Main.
"Sure, I'll be there," she used to coo—
"The tale of safety—don't forget!"
And let him stand there wondering
who,
Or what, had happened to his pet.
Her alibi, that once was fine,
And, presently, no more than fair,
Began to dwindle, peak and pine—
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A blooming archipelago!

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"The Fossil Hunters," a palimpsest
of the modernistic manner, is discovered
hanging sideways after it has been
awarded the \$500 Altman prize. It is
reported that the art world is now
wondering whether the savants would
have allotted it the first Altman prize
of \$1,000 if it had been hung correct-
ly. But what if this up-to-date treat-
ment of fossils and their patrons had
been shown neither horizontally nor
perpendicularly, but on its head?
Might it not at once have hogged all
awards? We fear there are some peo-
ple from whom the incident evokes no
sympathy. "Serves 'em right," these
anti-modernists agree, "fooling 'round
this impressionistic stuff. Bad as
cubists. And did you pipe the fossils
Wow!"

Mr. Dickinson, the painter, declared
on the other hand that he has been
assured the canvas was judged in its
proper position and he consequently
petitions for "no publicity." Perhaps
what he meant to say was, "no bad
publicity." Mr. Dickinson shouldn't
kick; publicity, one way or the other,
is publicity just the same; and it isn't
every painter, even every modernistic
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when subjected to a horizontal posture.
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with our conjecture that he might not
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There are, in these immediate parts,
a number of conservative artists of
note, and we venture to say, indeed, we
have every reason to believe that the
conservatives greatly outnumber the
so-called modernists. They enjoy a
faithful and appreciative following.
There is a certain painter, slightly out-
side this picture and yet an influence
in it, who is said to have a dual talent
for both the conservative and the mod-
ernistic. His canvases sell, but he has
learned the native demands in the na-
tional market and accordingly he often
only conservative works in New Eng-
land where he is known only as a con-
servative; in the middle west where
he has found somewhat different taste
he sells only his modernistic pictures
and is known as a modernist. Hence,
in the light of "The Fossil Hunter's"
episode, we wonder whether this un-
named painter really possesses both
talents, or just turns his canvases side-
ways in their frames when he stars
west out of Grand Central on the
Twentieth Century.

The personal column in a state paper
announces that a certain young man
who is to become a husband, has been
given a shower by his mother, and that
many gifts have been received. Far be
it from us to show surprise if the thing
becomes the custom, and if a fiancé
is piqued because he isn't "showered"
at least once or twice, prior to the hap-
piest day of his life. Now that women
are treading the borders of masculinity
by taking up not only the cigarette
but the pipe and cigar, and, for all we
know, chewing tobacco in some quar-
ters, the new development of the man
appears to be simply following Em-
erson's law of compensation.

The ideal breakfast is one that tastes
as good as yours would look in a three-
color magazine ad.

lines
of nervous feet caught your calm pace,
for you
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III.

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We, in the woods by the River Aine,
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In elegant bronze you are remem-
bered: in the Public Square is a boulder.
There, on the front of the boulder, is
inscribed some prose (I forget how it
goes) praising Our Warrior Heroes. On
the boulder's back is a bronze plaque
bearing some names and your name.

Your buddies remember: last Decem-
ber we held a reunion. And somebody
spoke of Larry. "—Larry," "Damn nice
fellow." "He was that guy in the third
platoon." "No, Larry was in the sec-
ond platoon." Larry, late of some
platoon, this was your meed: we agreed
that you were a nice fellow. Our
voices grew mellow: "Damn nice fel-
low." There will be other reunions.

You are remembered, Larry, till
small some day die. But just now
cannot recall your face.

VI.

Our hikes have ended with endless
war;
Our armies walk as men; our scorched
ordnance
Is marble-cool as your white cross in
France;
The Vesle is calm as Troy and Agin-
court;
The Aine is peaceful as my ten-year
sorrow
For Larry, you who lived and are the
dead.
But midnight's past and I must go to
bed.
To work to-morrow. Larry, there's
to-morrow . . .

—KILE CROOK.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.
"Memorial to Larry," by Kile Crook,
is one of the poems to be awarded
honorable mention in the list of the
year's prizes given by Poetry: a Mag-
azine of Verse for 1929.
It is published by Braitwaite in his
"Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1929."
It also appears, in part, in "Best
Poems of 1929," edited by Thomas
Moult and published in England by
Jonathan Cape and in the United
States by Harcourt-Brace.
Kile Crook (Edward L. Crook) has
published poems in many magazines.
He is a member of the Poetry club of
Hartford and though now of Providence,
R. I., formerly lived in Hartford.
Mr. Crook was born in Ohio in 1895.
He served overseas during the World
war in the 305th infantry.

FROM LOCAL WRITERS.
Covenant.
Ye dead
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NO. II.

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Cazenovia, New York. There Charles
D. Warner's education began and he
continued it in Hamilton college, gradu-
ating in 1851.

He had prepared a book of eloquence
shortly after his graduation which was
published in 1853. In that year he was
with a surveying party on the Missouri
frontier and upon his return he en-
tered the University of Pennsylvania
Law school graduating in 1856. He was
practicing law in Chicago in 1860 when
he responded to repeated invitations of
Hawley and came to Hartford to join
the editorial staff of the Evening Press,
of which he assumed direction when
Hawley went to war.

Mr. Warner became one of the well
known literary men of his generation.
In 1868 he went abroad, spending four-
teen months in travel and writing a

series of interesting letters for the press.
Later he traveled extensively in this
country and in Mexico and took other
trips abroad. In 1884 he became an
editor of Harper's Magazine. He had
numerous literary works to his credit
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the writing of the "Gilded Age," pub-
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Warner married in 1856, Susan,
daughter of William Elliott Lee of New
York city. Yale, Dartmouth, Hamilton,
Princeton and the University of the
South all conferred honorary degrees
upon him. He died suddenly in Hart-
ford on October 20, 1900. For some
years before his death he ceased to
have an active connection with the
Courant, although he visited the office
frequently when in Hartford and con-
tributed often to its columns. He
wrote The Courant's obituary editorial
on Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Hawley's Letters to Warner.

Some two hundred letters which
Hawley wrote to Warner, and some
which he wrote other persons, and
some which the first Mrs. Hawley
wrote have been preserved. Taken
altogether they offer a record of the
period in which Hawley lived. Aside
from interesting sidelights they throw
upon an earlier Hartford and the citi-
zens, they deal with historical move-
ments, incidents and events. Students
of history and biography will revel in
them.

As stated, Hawley was an ardent
anti-slavery man and free-soiler. He
joined the republican party at its birth.
As a soldier he was brave and capable
and impatient with the resistance to the
war and to the shirking of what he
regarded as patriotic duty by many
citizens. His letters afford a picture
of Hartford and Connecticut person-
ages, official and otherwise, and a re-
cord of political history and develop-
ments over a period of fifty years. They
disclose the development of Hawley
himself from the youth just out of col-
lege to the man who had become a war
hero and popular idol, a leader not
merely in the state but in the nation.

The letters are reproduced as Haw-
ley wrote them. No change has been
made in his capitalization or punctua-
tion, or the lack of it, or in any such
peculiarities as to his frequent use of
the character "&" instead of spelling
the word out. Thus the correspondence
is preserved in its original atmosphere,
rather than made coldly formal by at-
tempting to reduce it to a set standard
of style.

Beginning of the Correspondence.

The first of the letters bears the date
of January 9, 1847. Hawley had just
arrived at Clinton, New York, from
Cazenovia, apparently after the Christ-
mas holidays, for the final half of his
last year at Hamilton college. "Bangs,"
he headed the letter sheet, and began:
"Well Charley."

"We are not obliged to study very
hard," he wrote—Waylands Moral
Science, Upham's Intellectual Philoso-
phy & Lectures on Geology, Anatomy
& a touch of Mandeville's Elocution to
supply the absence of Professor Cat-
tin (who, was quite ill) & Astronomy.
. . . Give my respects to Messrs.
Crandall & Mosely & confound it don't
look too earnestly at Miss T. But I
have nothing to say, do or care about
the maidens now. Go it while you're
young.

"Yours ever,
"J. R. HAWLEY."

College Life in the Late Forties.

When he wrote three months later,

Race Wisdom Becomes In-
stinct, But Folly Dies With the
Individual
BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

Instinct serves the "lower animals"
in place of reason, and in that fact is
the hope of the human race.

For instinct is race knowledge, in-
herited by the new-born, and to possess
it is to escape the unpleasant and un-
certain business of learning.

Those who must learn are confused by
many teachers and buffeted by hard ex-
perience, and may end their unhappy
days without acquiring the ability to
distinguish between the true and the
false; but instinct is the distilled wis-
dom of a thousand generations and it
makes no errors.

The insects, oldest of earth's in-
habitants, seem the wisest of all crea-
tures. They are guilty of no follies or
excesses. They make no experiments.
They know what is right and neces-
sary and profitable, and this inborn
knowledge masters them. They are in-
capable of making foolish decisions.

Man, the newest of earth's creatures,
has in some small degree profited by
the wisdom of his ancestors. He inherits
from many generations of decency a
tendency to be unselfish, a respect for
honor and a craving for truth.
He is a nobler creature than his un-

"You turn to leave and a yell like a
dying Indian's echoes far and wide. A
bright blaze flashes up before the
Chapel—the lights glimmer in the win-
dows and forty or fifty half dressed
shivering fellows come crawling out to
warm and see the fun while some just
look out and roll in again. Nobody did
it, that pile 10 or 12 feet high of rails,
boards, old timbers, etc. came there it-
self. Oh, of course! and those fel-
lows in the doors just happened to be
there and ran 'round kicking the doors
just to let the others see the fun. And
so the President who walked out with
all possible dignity walks back again
just so.

"But such a thing happens at the
most but two or three times a year and
for the rest of the time we sleep as
soundly as any body unless perhaps
the 'Calathumps' are out. Old pans,
pails, drums, flutes, tin and French
horns, etc. make such an unearthly add
that the devil couldn't sleep. If you
want to see what makes the noise creep
round very carefully and you may pos-
sibly get a sight at some dozen indi-
viduals very calmly hammering and
blowing away, but you certainly never
saw any such humpbacked long and
short ring streaked and speckled boys
in college before. Oh, No! They don't
belong there.

"Well, to the old men and women
and even to us there are better scenes
in college. The declamations, the ora-
tions, the Society debates and the va-
rious expedients for drilling in knowl-
edge are by no means devoid of inter-
est. And could the veil be lifted
from some secret conclaves and the
proceedings, for instance of the Psi U
be revealed to vulgar eyes while the
unconscious brethren were perform-
ing their duties in unison and harmo-
ny I doubt not the coldest heart
and the most bigoted would give one
more tribute to the brotherhood so near
my heart.—Passing by some meetings
of that band which must for obvious
reasons remain unnoticed—we have
had one glorious season this term.

"All of our class but two (a couple
of ministers 28 years old and poor and
those excused by the rest) went to
Rome one Wednesday afternoon. We
started about one and going a little out
of our way to pass through one or two
villages we arrived at R. in a splendid
sixhorse sleigh about 5 p. m. At 8 we
sat down to a splendid supper and
after—but I despair of giving you any
idea of that 'bust.' Till one o'clock
we kept it up without one moment's
intermission. Our class are all sing-
ers and there are some splendid voices
among them. I do not believe there
can be picked up 30 fellows in any
class of any college who can so stir
up the soul with the glorious student
songs as that same class. And the
speeches were excellent some of them
really eloquent, not in bombast in
swell but in the language of the heart.
The Romans gave us a reputation for
being most emphatically the b'hoys
—bloods and no mistake. There is no
necessity for one getting drunk or
'breaking things' in order to have a
'glorious time.' The real wit and
overflowing 'good-souledness' in many
of them are good promise, on any oc-
casions of enjoyment—Heigho! my days
are soon over here but while they last
they shall be improved. God bless the
Psi Ups and the Seniors.

"Think off, ye brethren, think of
the gladness of our youthful
prime
It cometh not again, that golden
time."

(Continued To-morrow.)

washed ancestors because their striving
to improve themselves developed decent
race instincts. He inherits a sense of
morality.

If he inherits less than the ants and
the bees, it is because his race has had
less time to accumulate wealth.

Yet the fact that he does inher-
tendencies and capacities unknown to
primitive man affords proof that in-
heritance will grow with the passing
centuries and eventually dower him
birth with the knowledge and wisdom
necessary to a sane and profitable
existence.

When men have lived as long as
ants have, why doubt that their
heritage of race wisdom will give
them as sanely as instinct now give
the ants.

A few generations of good breed-
can produce a man with an in-
aversion to things that are vile and
inborn capacity for the enjoyment
things that are beautiful and fine,
doubt that a thousand thousand gen-
erations schooled in decency will pro-
men born with a passion for right
truth and therefore incapable of
and folly?

Only man, with everything to
chooses excess and folly. What
instinct guides him, he will do right
naturally as the duck takes to water.
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dicate)

MONEY A HANDY HE

(Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch)
"Nerve and vision are needed
the market," according to
How about a little money?