AT THE HOME OF JOHN JAY.

THE FIRST CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Serene Retirement in a Beautiful Spot—The Harmony of His Public and Private Life—He Wrote the First Constitution of this State—His Opposition to Slavery.

BEDFORD, N. Y., April 24.—If I were to tell the New York people that they had another Mount Vernon within forty miles of their city, and that, unlike Mount Vernon, it required no benevolent association to preserve it from shiftless descendants, but is still with all its treasures, firmly in the hand of the third and fourth generation of the family of John Jay, the first Chief Justice of our land, there might be a languid inquiry as to what sort of house this might be. It is barely possible that some

John Jay

of the people of New York on other than errands of interest or summer boarding, have been to see the Croton River, which is our bountiful Providence, and has been giving us water since the administration of William H. Seward, about fifty years ago, and has of late commenced anew to pour more crystal treasure down our throats. The Harlem Railroad runs forty miles from the Grand Central station to Bedford; two miles north it is at Katonah, where Collector Robertson resides, the same whose appointment led to the tragedy of President Garfield. If you take the road from Katonah to the west, you soon see the exquisite Croton River, falling pellucidly over pebbles, and suggestive of trout. If you take the road from Katonah up over the dividing hills to the right, which are of that sandy, drift-looking formation frequent in New York State, you will come upon very high ground, and in the course of two or three miles will find long stone fences, as if some important place might be within, like a park of an old colonial house. Still rising until you get above the springs and ponds, you will presently begin to see the whole foreground of the Highlands roll away toward the Palisades. A queer corner of Connecticut comes in about this region, and a straight line from your standpoint drawn through the town of Bedford would almost cut off a piece of Connecticut on the way to the town of Rye, sixteen miles below Bedford, which was the ancestral farm of the Jay family, and where John Jay is buried. Bedford, some six miles below Mr. Jay's residence, has become the more recent place of sepulture for the family of his grandson, John Jay, our Minister to Austria, and public spirited in numerous things. You finally enter an opening, rather than a gate, and the road continues to wind around a promontory or headland, until you come in sight of a long wooden house slightly hipgabled, which has its broadside to the south, and is spanned for the entire width of the building by a wide veranda. A full story is over this veranda as below, and the old garret above has been pedimented in a sort of roundish form, so as to get something of another story between the eaves and the roof top. To the left of the house is a lower extension, covered over with vines and with a tall chimney above the gables, and this was the study of John Jay during his remarkable and serene retirement, which passed in these high latitudes with such unbroken rusticity and sincerity that most persons thought he had been dead long before he died.

MRS. JOHN JAY.

What Washington desired to do—to spend a remainder of his life upon his estate—Mr. Jay carried out in his own case. He had attained all his wishes, or, rather, fulfilled all his obligations, for he was a man who, from his youth, put a correct estimate on human fame, the more strictly because he was a man of natural piety, very little of a zealot, but he had made up his mind that there ran through the world imperial divine government, and that the struggle of man to perpetuate himself could only be carried out through continuing this species in a state of independence and virtue. He was a religious philosopher. He retired at 56, and Washington at 65. The latter lived less than three years afterward, and had been again tempted to take some hand in politics when death cut him short. Every inducement was offered to Mr. Jay to come forth, but without avail. He derived from his Huguenot progenitors a love of retiring early from active affairs, and his father had done the same before him. They were people who esteemed a few things, such as their own self-respect and worship of principle and the admonitions of nature. Cases are rare in the world of a man equipped as John Jay was, with the love of life, with warm literary and imaginative qualities, with fair means, happy domesticity, and a handsome person, who without the least bitterness toward the world showed unflinching perseverance for a bowery existence. We may be reminded that the old Bowery of New York took its name from the tranquil roosts or bowers along its sides, where the sailors, traders, huckasters, pirates, and politicians of the Colonial day, every one of them, in time, made an abode over which might have been put the motto yet found in Holland, "Lust en rust," otherwise, pleasure and rest.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Mary Van Cortlandt inherited many high acres on this spot, and where it is about thirty miles from Long Island Sound to the Hudson River across the upland. The Jays had been driven from their place at Rye to Fishkill, opposite Newburgh, where both the parents of the Chief Justice died. The Americans kept watches all along these hills of Bedford to prevent the British making an onset upon them, and on the property it was designed by the children to erect another home. This had been built just after the Revolution, and when Jay resolved to put public life aside after he had been Governor, he erected the library aforesaid. You can see close at hand a substantial farm house occupied by the person who regulates the farm. Behind the house you see another building of a nondescript sort which, in the course of time, was built by William Jay, son of the Chief Justice and a Judge, in order to have his children go to school within limits, instead of prowling with a tutor about the dwelling.

On the occasion of my visit I beheld a large man who might have been some old French nobleman, or, better still, some fine old merchant gentleman of Holland, banker or diplomatist, with the rich, liquid, black eyes so frequently found among the Holland descendents. This was John Jay, in whom one thinks he can trace both the French and the Dutch descent. He has been an author on subjects of his grandfather's diplomacy, and seems to retain the blessings which many of the old Federalists were able to transfer to their children, of fixed principles, family stability, and the same providence in their private lives, which they attempted to confer on the whole land. As I looked out from the veranda of the house over that battle country, of which Washington knew every road, lane, and pass, I thought that Mr. Jay's tenure here as the companion of Washington resembled the oft-made figure of Moses on Pisgah, looking over into the promised land. But one Administration, in all the years of his retirement, claimed to have any sort of descent from his principles. And yet he saw that whenever the country came to realities and had to grapple with imperial facts, the promised land he had started toward was again in the glow of the returning sun of Washington. As I looked out on the scene, and the proprietor conducted me to a point or two in the grounds for a still grander view, I almost thought I could see the city of New York and its bays, now containing a population of 3,000,000 of people, more than equal to all the population of the land when John Jay took up his pen and sword for independence.

Mount Vernon has been of late years well furnished by the ladies competitively from the different Colonial States. After Washington retired from the army he lengthened his house, which had before been a square wooden mansion with a hall right through the middle. The house of John Jay was nearly that same thing, and the two men appear to have been like minded as to the proper extent and cost of a residence in the country. When you come within the Jay house, however, you perceive unexpected beauties. The hall is lined with paintings taken from their personages when living by Trumbull and others who knew the men of the Revolution. The parlor to the left as you enter the hall also contains more of these beautiful pieces of canvas; a glass partition divides the parlor from the dining room behind. When you enter Mr. Jay's library through the drawing room you find the books he collected just as they were, and perhaps some others which his son added thereafter. The portraits are in nearly every case those of the Federalists, such as Jay himself, by Stuart over the mantelpiece, of life size, one of the best of Stuart's portraits, in perfect preservation; Alexander Hamilton, John Adams,

JAY COAT OF ARMS.

Rufus King, Judge Benson, John Marshall, and I think also Madison. There are portraits besides of the other Jays and Van Cortlandts, going back to the colonial days. All these things are arranged without the least reference to what somebody else shall say. They look as if they had been where they stand from the time this house was founded.

FIVE GENERATIONS.

Though a fourth and probably a fifth generation, I know not but a sixth, from John Jay to the present time, move and frolic about these lawns, and rooms, yet the *menage* is nearly the same as would have been the case if John Jay were still alive and the father of the family. So we do have in America, though they are not in our bustling highways, families which yet cling to country life, and while maintaining their tenure on intercourse and career, consider it worthy and delightful to take all the pleasant months which nature will give for the appropriation of herself.

In this house, in 1824, the old Methodist preacher, Freeborn Garrettson, who by some kindly fitness married the well-to-do sister of Robert and Edward Livingston, wrote his description of John Jay as he was about to pass to his rest:

"Mr. Jay lives in dignified retirement, resembling a patriarch in the midst of his children and grandchildren. As several were there on a visit, there were about twenty persons at the table, and the best of all is they appear to fear God and to be engaged in doing good. He is now about 80 years of age, and very feeble. After having filled some of the first civil offices in his country, in this advanced time of life the American Bible Society have elected him their President, as the successor of Mr. Boudinot, deceased. He has prayers in his family morning and evening. After a very pleasant visit here we set our faces toward home, crossed the mountains, and on Saturday arrived in safety at our quiet habitation."

A New York Quaker gentleman, calling on Mr. Jay about 1818, wrote back to him: "I had to behold and contemplate a character which appeared to me so far redeemed from the world and the defilements of flesh and spirit as in a great degree to resemble the piety of old Simeon: 'The same was just and devout, waiting for the consummation of Israel, and the Holy Ghost was upon him.' I thought while sitting by thee and about to take my leave, I could with propriety give thee the right hand of fellowship as one whose attainments in the vitality of religion entitled thee to preeminence."

John Jay lived over to the extension of slavery into the virgin land of Missouri, and he broke his silence, saying, from this house of Bedford: "Slavery ought not to be introduced nor permitted in any new State, but ought to be gradually diminished and finally abolished in all of them. To me the Constitutional authority of Congress to prohibit the migration and importation of slaves into any of the States does not appear questionable. The first article of the Constitution specifies it."

ONE HARMONIOUS WHOLE.

His son William said of him after he had died, of three days' illness of the palsy, unable to speak: "His public and his private life, his professions and his conduct form one harmonious whole. His character, simple and uniform, is perplexed by no eccentricities or contradictions; with an irritable temper by na-

THE HOMESTEAD.

ture, which is so often the attendant and the bane of genius, he acquired a degree of equanimity seldom attained by any. Although warm, sustained, and disinterested in his friendships, he indulged no feelings of hostility toward those who attempted to injure him; and no act of his life is known that indicated a desire for revenge. He was, however, free from that weak confidence which too often makes well-disposed men the dupes of artifice and malice; having once had good cause to doubt a man's sincerity or integrity, he never afterward trusted him. 'Separate yourself from your enemies' was the rule by which he regulated his conduct toward those who wished him ill; and in the whole course of his life he never deserted a friend or courted an enemy. He was accustomed to say that from Absolom down there had never been an honest demagogue. He esteemed the sentence his fellowmen might pass upon him when compared with the results of the Judgment Day as the dust of the balance; and no man was more republican in his habits, nor more affable and condescending to others. 'All,' he said, 'depend on churches and schoolhouses.' His economy seemed to be regulated with entire indifference to money whenever duty forbade its acquisition or required its expenditure. While Governor and President of the Land Office he never purchased an acre of the public lands. He was liberal in all his contracts, acting on the maxim that no hard bargain is a good one. A stranger might have resided with him for months together without discovering from his conversation that he had ever been employed in the service of his country; he changed the conversation from those reminiscences as quickly as politeness would permit. His advice to his sons was never to accept an office except from a conviction of duty."

Daniel Webster said: "When the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell on John Jay it touched nothing less spotless than itself." His robe was black, lined with red. It is yet preserved.

Sir James Jay was John Jay's elder brother, and was knighted in England in 1763 while raising subscriptions for King's College, and was in prison under the British in New York. He died at 83. Peter Augustus Jay was born at Elizabethtown, N. J., where his grandfather's old house, the residence of John Kean, still stands; he came into the world in the year 1776, was his father's secretary in England, and died in 1841, a distinguished lawyer and scholar. William Jay, the second son, was born in 1789. Jay had children in the years of dilemma: William married Augusta Pierrepont, and died in 1858, made Judge by De Witt Clinton, and reappointed after the new Constitution of 1846, a period of twenty-five years. The pro-slavery interest repelled him from the South and retired him because he had led the moral cause against it. He died at Bedford in 1858, after a more aggressive life than his father's, and saw the Republican party get Congress. In three generations from John Jay's birth 145 years have passed, as John Jay, still living, was born in 1817, and is 74 years old. The Jays, the Kings, the Hamiltons, the Adamses testify to the steady posterity of the Federalists.

IN CONGRESS.

Jay was a member of the first committee in America (in May, 1774) to take action on England closing the port of Boston. He drafted resolutions proposing a general Congress: "The cause is general and concerns a whole continent; assemble it without delay." At 29 Jay took his seat in the Philadelphia Congress, its youngest member; Washington was 42. He wrote the address to England in a tavern; Jefferson said "it must be the production of the finest pen in America." The picture by Stuart at Bedford represents him writing, a refined man with gold seals and the face of a peer. A provincial Congress in New York replaced the laggard Legislature. In the second

THE LIBRARY.

Congress, Jay nominated Sullivan, sitting there, for New Hampshire's General, and in time he cleaned up the Six Nations. Jay wrote the address to Canada and carried a petition to the King, and wrote an address also to Ireland: "In the fat pastures of Ireland many hungry parricides have fed and grown strong to labor in her destruction. We hope the patient abiding of the meek may not always be forgotten." He became Colonel of the Second Regiment. Withdrawn for a year to the State Convention, he moved at White Plains the immediate adoption of the Declaration; hence his name is not on the Declaration. He showed an indifference to clergymen coming into Revolutionary politics, and proposed the law of high treason for New York and its penalties. He personally took the first twenty cannon to West Point from Connecticut, and had charge of the arrest of Tories after the defeat of Long Island. He called the State to arms: "Freedom is now in your power; value the heavenly gift. Blush, ye degenerate spirits who give all over for lost. Rouse, brave citizens! Providence will not permit this Western world to be involved in the horrors of slavery."

He soon had to remove his parents from Rye to Fishkill, and the Rye place was abandoned for the whole period of the war. He induced Robert R. Livingston to throw off despair: "Let us unite in proving that the rule which declares juvenile friendships like vernal flowers to be of short continuance is not without exceptions. * * * Fifty tons of saltpetre arrived to-day." "Such men as you," wrote Robert Morris, "in times like these should be everywhere."

He kept up the foreign correspondence by cipher devices and wrote the first Constitution of New York State, which was imperfectly adopted owing to his absence at the bedside of his dying mother. It was his maxim that those who own the country ought to govern it. "I should have had no peace," he wrote, "for a clause against the continuance of domestic slavery and for the support and encouragement of literature."

HIS FIRST CHARGE.

He refused to be Governor, but became Chief Justice of New York State and Livingston the Chancellor. The first charge of Jay was delivered to the Grand Jury at Kingston a little while before Clinton laid the village in ashes. "Blessed be God, gentlemen, the time will now never arrive when the prince of a country in another quarter of the globe will command your obedience and hold you in vassalage. I congratulate you on the dawn of that free, mild, and equal government which now begins to rise and break from amid the clouds. Let virtue, honor, the love of liberty and of science be and remain the soul of this Constitution!" Was this not a fit man to become Washington's Chief Justice? He was only 32 years old—and Hamilton was no more precocious.

While visiting his remaining parent at Fishkill Gen. Washington came to see him there. He sent $100 to Col. De Lancy, Tory, in Hartford jail, to make him "comfortable and easy as much as may be consistent with that great cause to which I have devoted everything I hold dear in this world." To Tory Peter Van Schaack he wrote: "Could we now and then smoke a few pipes together you would be in a better humor with the world."

Regarding Jay's Constitution Chancellor Kent said, in the Convention of 1821: "For forty-four years it has wonderfully fulfilled all the ends of civil government. We have trebled our numbers within twenty-five years. In less than a century New York city, with the operation of universal suffrage and under skilful direction, will govern this State. Universal suffrage once granted is granted forever and cannot be recalled."

Jay returned to Congress without resigning from the bench. In 1779, being elected President of Congress, he resigned. Congress soon sent him as its Minister to Spain on the frigate Confederacy and his wife accompanied him. They suffered many privations, and their only child, having been left in America, they both hailed the birth of a babe in Spain, which died in one month. Jay was opposed to confiscating the property of loyalists. "New York is disgraced by injustice too palpable to admit even of palliation." He never would purchase any confiscated property. A daughter was next born to him abroad, but his bills were protested, and hearing that Silas Deane advocated peace with England, Jay threw his colleague's picture in the fire. In Paris he defeated schemes to make the United States a permanent ally of France, and sent Gouverneur Morris, Vaughan, diverted to the British Ministry to defeat French chicane. Lord Shelburne adopted Mr. Jay's candid propositions; the French were left out, and the West, the navigation of the Mississippi, and the fisheries were saved. John Adams warmly adopted Jay's programme, and Franklin came in. The French were hot, but were beaten at their own game by an old Huguenot. Jay believed that the French had abstracted private papers.

"While I have a leaf you and yours may freely partake of it," he wrote to banished Peter Van Schaack. "I always considered you one of the most formidable enemies of this country [England]," answered Van S., "but there is no man to whom I more cordially wish the glory of the achievement." Jay had him brought home, and he founded a law school of 100 pupils at Kinderhook.

HIS POLITICS.

Jay's father died in his absence. He signed the treaty of independence and came to New York after five years' banishment. He and Jay stayed together not long, and it has been said that Livingston wanted the Chief Justiceship which Washington chose to give Mr. Jay. He closed the account with Livingston in 1797, however, without noticing any asperities, by beating him for Governor even after the Jay treaty had been made. Edward Livingston, Robert's younger brother, has been accused of aiming the stone at Hamilton which broke up the meeting of the friends of the treaty.

Some excess of feeling that Jay seems not to have understood marked the conduct of the Livingston brothers toward him. In South Carolina about that time Chief Justice Jay was threatened by public meetings with the guillotine, and Rutledge, the Chief Justice, went crazy, and Virginia threatened secession in 1795. I venture the suggestion that it was the choleric Scottish jealousy of the sixteenth century, from which Scotch they were descended, which reappeared in the American Livingstons.

IN RETIREMENT.

The year Jay was married came the Revolution. For twenty-six years he was in the firmament of war and politics, but in 1801, at the age of 56, he removed from the Governor's house in Albany to Bedford, never again to take public commission, though he lived to Sunday, May 17, 1829, a retirement of twenty-eight years. In vain had John Adams nominated him for Chief Justice again. He outlived both Adams and Jefferson, outlived his blind brother Peter sixteen years, and his wife twenty-seven years. She had been a lady of fashion and high society, but she went to the country without remonstrance, saying: "I can truly say I have never enjoyed so much comfort as I do here." The Bedford estate of 1,300 acres belonged to Jay's wife. The Rye farm contains the tombs of the family.

We may notice the singular situation of affairs when Chief Justice Jay, without resigning, went on the English mission and took the nomination for Governor in his ermine, as Robert Livingston ran against him while still Chancellor. That resulted from the late royal and colonial situation, wherein public opinion had small play. Long afterward the Chief Justice of New York, Ambrose Spencer, played the political Warwick from the bench with entire candor. Mr. Seward says: "I attended the county of Goshen in 1822 and there first saw Chief Justice Spencer, the chief adviser and manager of the Governor, De Witt Clinton. He discoursed at the village hotel in a manner so dogmatical as to silence all debate and to raise in my own mind a doubt whether a partisan so violent could be an impartial judge. The doubt was quickly lost. No more independent and impartial judge ever presided in any court."

The leading qualities of Jay were purity, conscientiousness, and principle, things slightly different and in their trinity Godlike; next, perhaps, concession, the basis of the New Testament. He was to Washington the type of Sully to Henry IV., the Huguenot—subject, yet Minister. What the Huguenots failed in before Sully's day was loyalty. The reward of Jay and Washington for each other was too complete for assurances. Said Jay, only in the third person, after Washington signed the treaty be made with Lord Grenville: "He will close a career without any parallel in history, as far as I know."

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

GEORGIA HISTORY.

Old-Field Schools—Vermonters in Georgia—Last of a Race.

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VII.

In another generation or so the things which have been in story books and in the anecdotes of old men of the schools, particularly those in rural districts in middle Georgia, will seem incredible because impossible to have been tolerated. The epithet "Old-field" had become immortal. If all the absurd things done and said in those institutions to which it was prefixed could be gathered and reported, the great library at Alexandria would not be able to hold the books. Those which I went to when a very young child (four of these from 5 to 8 years of age) were in one of the most thickly settled and intelligent rural communities in the State. Hancock was not inferior to any county in eagerness to impart to its youth educational opportunities which the conditions of pioneer existence had kept their parents from getting. A school of some sort was within a distance of one to three miles of nearly every family, and schoolmasters, if their system had not rendered such a thing plainly impossible, might have tried to improve themselves, or at least hold their own among the bettering conditions of other concerns. In the time of my childhood they had become less like satyrs from the woods, half man, half goat, than they were forty years before; yet even they must foresee, as others did, that their dominion, which they were incompetent to improve, was destined to come to its end.

Whoever remembers an Old-field schoolmaster of sixty years ago remembers one almost unique in the constitution of his genius. Singularly enough it seemed to be thus in every individual of his kind. Every one, except as to the matter of acquaintance with books, rather, I should say, the ignorance of them, was like the phœnix which had neither ancestry nor progeny. He usually came a stranger into the community, as if it was important for him that his antecedents should not be known. People employed him, because he was all they could get. At one place he wore himself out, and then migrated somewhere else to wear himself out again. Where he ended at last few who had known him in the several places wherein his little kingdoms were held neither knew nor inquired. There was the one of force who enjoyed the wielding of his hickory as much as the eating of his dinner, and almost as much as the drinking of his toddy. He seemed to have gone into the business of school-keeping with a purpose like that which the older Mr. Weller, in "Pickwick Papers," ascribed to toll gate keepers, which was to avenge on mankind in the aggregate the kicks and other slights which had been put upon him and which he was too cowardly or too weak to resent in the individuals. Every time he whipped a boy or a girl he was probably imagining the latter in the place of a woman who had ridiculed him and the former in that of a man who had slapped his face, wrenched his nose, or kicked him off the plank. Then, there was the meek one, too much of a good fellow in general and too lazy to be fond of such violent exercise constantly, seldom indulging except when complained against by parents, many of whom thus interpreting the wife man's antithesis of the child and the rod, suspected that their children's understandings were not being healthfully developed unless they brought home from school visible signs upon their backs and limbs. Midway between these was the moderate one, who but for the fact that neither of the other two was procreative or productive, might be regarded as a cross between them. He was neither brutal nor compassionate; he was without both resentment and sympathy; he was neither industrious nor painfully indolent. He would as lief whip as not. He knew how to keep open his eyes, and, like the mole who is said to see with extraordinary accuracy within the limits of its vision, he watched with notable ken the theatres of domestic circles and divined the times and the seasons of laying on and letting up, of beating hard and cuffing moderately. It was the sound health, the hardy indolent manhood that kept Georgia, before the boys being situated under these strange despotisms. They were institutions, and the youth got used to them. I never knew but one person who as a man resented treatment received when a boy from one of this class. Very many years ago in the town of Milledgeville a young man meeting an elderly stranger, after looking at him closely asked if he was not named so and so. The answer being yes, the youth knocked him down.

"What upon the earth is the matter, young man?" inquired the other.

"My name is So-and-So—. Fifteen years ago you whipped me for nothing, and I swore that when I got to be a man I'd strike you for it, if I ever got the chance."

"Well," replied the other, after picking himself up, "you harbor malice a long time." Then he went on his way.

Yet respites were to be had sometimes by turning the master or checking him in the spring branch. I remember well an instance. The master, a goodish, half-and-half specimen of his kind, one day not long before the term was to expire was seized upon by the larger boys, carried to the branch, and refused to yield until let into the water, four boys holding his hands and legs. As his mouth and nose were about to be submerged, he cried:

"I give up."

This broke up the school. The dethroned monarch went to a neighbor's house, and, as the custom was on such occasions, got upon what was called a good, honest, old-fashioned drunk. I well recall the painful impression which I felt for him. He went away from our neighborhood the next day, and I never saw him again. Such a person could move off after briefest notice, for he had little except himself to carry.

It was not strange that native young men of good education kept themselves away from a business which by such discipline had become ludicrous, even contemptible. Yet, after passing the straits made by the war of independence and struggling with the work which pressed upon all, with the people and negroes, thoughtfulness began to look out for the means of imparting to their children culture like what their fathers had had, but not themselves. This was notably the case in Hancock, first at Powelton, soon afterward at Mt. Zion. Seventy years ago within six miles of Powelton were made manifest. When the Powelton academy was incorporated, in the year 1815, thirty years after the cutting off the county from Greene and Washington, for these schools men were sent for at the North, mainly the State of Vermont. They were for both boys and girls, and have always so continued. As far back as the year 1824 Salem Town, afterward an eminent author of school books which sold to millions of copies, had in Powelton a school of nearly a hundred and fifty pupils. Among these were Charles Jenkins, Eugenius Nisbet, Mark Cooper, and others of distinguished families, while at Mt. Zion, eight miles distant, under the Bemans, were Absolom Chappell, Charles M. Donald, Eli Baxter, Henry Bateman and others from the very beginning of these mixed schools there was never an instance of scandal between the sexes. Boys and girls, young men and young women, recited together in class, boarded at the same houses, often walked together forth and back on school days, and on Saturdays sometimes went together on fishing or other excursions. At the schoolhouse and in families rules of deportment were stringent, but they were reasonable. The common law of living was upon a scale, I verily believe, as pure as in any community at any period in the country history. Courtships there were, many of them which resulted in felicitous marriages, but never one sounding in dishonor. I have heard Jenkins tell of his being the confidant of the loves of Eugenius Nisbet and Amanda Battle, when the boys were 18 and the girl 11. Very many of the most fortunate marriages in the State had their start in the innocent intercourse of boys and girls in this school. The first fruit of Nesbit's marriage, was named Charles, after the friend of the lovers; with this boy I went to school in the same village to another Vermonter, named Whittle.

The impulse thus given to higher education was mere benign. Alonzo Church, another Vermonter, came to Eatonton; Terence Taylor, another, to Sparta, establishing an academy for girls only. The superiors of these three educational establishments were not in any one of the United States. The teachers were reverenced and loved to a degree approximating those felt for parents, between whom and them was unalterable, hearty cooperation. The last time I was with Eugenius Nisbet, while we were talking of his times and my times in the Powelton school, his eyes moistened. We agreed in the opinion that there never had been a society in village and rural people among whom the standard of individual and community deportment was higher. So Judge John A. Campbell, whom I happened to meet one day about three years ago, when mention was made of a crime of much atrocity that had been committed lately in Georgia, said to me:

"Ah, Colonel, such as that could not have happened about Powelton in your day, could it?"

School keeping having been put upon a plane of respectability, native young men with competent preparation came to it, in my youth, the most eminent of these in middle Georgia was Simpson Touche, a native of Wilkes. Barring what to timid youth seemed too much harshness of discipline, he was the very best teacher whom I have ever known. His acquaintance with general politics was equal to the very best; so was his ability to discuss them. It seemed to me, even when a young boy at his school in Powelton, curious that a man with such gifts and culture, and who was so ardent and combative, would be content with the life he led by him.

With one exception all those Vermonters who had come to Georgia remained. Nathan Beman went back. His brother Carlisle and those who had taught at Powelton and elsewhere became fixed by intermarrying with Georgia girls. With Alonzo Church, who was for more than thirty years President of the university, I was intimately associated what time I was a student in that institution. Of all the teachers upon whom the State has had his influence, in my opinion, it has been the most extensively benign. Happily married into one of the best families in Putnam county, the examples of him, his wife, and his daughters upon collegiates from every part of the State filled every requisite. A braver man, more polished or courteous, I never knew.

The old-fielder gradually quietly disappeared. Of what became of the most of them few persons ever knew. How they managed to live through what time was left for them was known probably only or mainly to themselves. A few years back, having occasion to visit for two or three days a village in one of the old counties remote from the railroad, on my arrival I dismissed the conveyance which had borne me there, thinking to have no difficulty in finding another to bear me away. I was disappointed, and for a while it seemed as if I would have to travel afoot. After making several vain inquiries among the villagers, white and black, a small, white-haired, elderly gentleman, in a very low voice said that he would take me to the station for a charge which he humbly named. It was reasonable enough, and I eagerly accepted his offer. He led me to a mare, like himself, small, white, aged, hitched with aged gear to an aged buggy, and in company with these I set out. After some questionings with more or less interest about his present and earlier condition, I found, by odds and ends of answerings, that he owned a small piece of ground not a great distance from the village, whereon, unencumbered by children or servants, he and his wife got a living from their crop of corn, potatoes, and scuppernong grapes. Not very long before reaching our destination, in a timid sort of confidence, he acknowledged to me that many, oh! so many years ago, he had been a schoolmaster. Pleased with the interest which politeness required of me to express, he related to me several of his achievements in catching or (as he named it) treein' boys in the midst of their badness. On one of these, I remember, he dwelt with much delight, solemn as it was. The occasion was an entering of some of his pupils, for the purpose of swimming, into a water which had been forbidden. While they were indulging in the sport he crept to the place where lay their clothes, and, having gotten them into a bundle, crept away. The many details of this exploit, the temporary embarrassment of the trespassers when again upon dry land, leading to unmistakable identification, were the more entertaining to me because of the deathlike solemnity with which, in lowest tones, they were narrated. As for text books, he seemed to have outlived whatever interest he might have had in them in former times, and I noticed that he was even indisposed to recall the names of their authors. He frankly admitted that he had had some acquaintance with vulgar fractions, to which I alluded in some sort of hope to draw him out upon other things besides the corporal discipline in his schools, but the familiarity had not been intimate enough to be recalled now with satisfaction. His tone and manner were such as to let one infer that, so far from having any hostility to fractions of any sort, he hoped that they had done well since he and they were met. Only the "treefing" of culprits and such like had been left clearly on his memory, and I doubted if he could have mentioned them if he had supposed that he would ever see me again. I was pleased to note the fondness which he had for his mare, which, he said, had been rather wild in her youth, and who even yet had to be watched, otherwise she might conceive the notion to run away and break things generally, an apprehension which, as she slowly and with much evident reluctance drew us along the sandy road, I suspected to be without reasonable foundation. He was so quaint in looks, manners, and speech that I could not but recall the verses in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

> "For well a day! their date was fled,
> His tuneful brethren all were dead;
> And he, neglected and oppressed,
> Longed to resume his native rest."

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

BIG SUMS FOR LITERARY LABOR.

An Offer of $100,000 a Year to Dr. Depew and One of $25,000 to ex-Senator Ingalls.

From the Boston Journal.

This is undoubtedly the day of big things in literary ventures. A man who wants a success nowadays, in the periodical field more especially, must be prepared to send a small fortune after it. The small, commonplace things no longer have their effect. In the editorial field the freshness of literary material, novelties, old authors brought into new pastures, tell, and these things cost.

Only last week I was in the company of an editor of one of the largest periodicals in this country, who had offered Chauncey M. Depew a yearly salary of $100,000 for five years if the railroad magnate would write his editorial page for him over his own name. Think of investing a round half million dollars in one man, and then think of that man declining the offer! Another editor of my acquaintance recently paid $10,000 for a single feature for his magazine, and the feature had to be worked out, involving a very large additional expense. Senator Ingalls has had two offers to take the editorial helm: one of $10,000 a year, the other of $25,000, to which latter offer was attached the proviso that he would write only three editorials each month. A single business literary idea—nothing startling, only unique—brought its creator a check for $1,000, and it will take fully $25,000 properly to advertise the idea. One periodical recently paid $2,500 for a single short story by a famous pen, which had never yet turned to fiction. Another magazine pays one of its editors several thousand dollars per year, and all travelling expenses, just to travel around, keep his ears open, and his memorandum book full.

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Dr. Greene, the well-known specialist in the cure of chronic diseases, 35 West 14th st., New York, can be consulted free, personally or by letter. SEND FOR SYMPTOM BLANK.

WOOING A DELSARTEAN MAID.

Kept Apart by Fate After Love Had Triumphed over Crudities.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Did I not drop down on my knees properly, Miss Black?" he asked, with wild, yearning anxiety in his voice.

The young woman took a lace-bordered handkerchief from her pocket with a graceful sweep of the hand, drew it in a correct geometrical curve across her lips, and returned it to her pocket with the same careful accuracy of curvilinear motion.

"While not strictly correct from a Delsartean point of view, Mr. Savage," she replied, "and not wholly pleasing to an eye and intellect trained in what is known as the philosophy of expression, yet the evident sincerity of your feelings might lead me to overlook the crudity, if I may so express myself, of their outward manifestation."

"And I may dare to hope?"

"I have not said so much as that, Mr. Savage; yet—"

"Miss Black—Etta—hear me!" he pleaded. "I do not claim to be posted in this Delsartean business. If I had practised on a graceful—um—flop for a week I don't believe I could have got down on my knees in any better style than I did. I haven't had any instruction. You can't expect a green hand to take hold of a new wrinkle in exercise the same as a regular journeyman scientist. Is there anything in the text books that tells how to do this thing?"

"There are certain clearly established principles, Mr. Savage," said the young woman, "regarding the outward expression of the inner nature, and the correct bearing of the student of—"

"Certainly, certainly, Miss Etta," cordially assented the young man, "but may I ask if you have any objection to me personally, aside from my—hum!—crudity?"

A faint Delsartean blush passed with a graceful, wave-like motion across her face.

"Why, Mr. Savage," she answered, "possibly I might waive certain high artistic considerations if—if I could silence a voice that seems to rise from the depths of my inner consciousness and bid me beware of taking any irrevocable step in this matter."

"If it is anything about my bank account, Miss Etta, let me assure you——"

"Mr. Savage, I beg of you to believe that no sordid considerations influence me in hesitating to consider the flattering proposal you have made me. Do you not seem to hear a warning? Is there no impalpable shadow that seems to rise between us? Oh, Mr. Savage!" she exclaimed, "do you not see it?"

"See any impalpable shadow? Well, I should rather—"

"Oh, Mr. Savage," and the young woman shuddered in slow, geometrically correct shudders, as the full realization of the awful truth was borne in upon her mind, "it is fate! It is fate! Do you not see it?"

"See what?"

"The utter impossibility of my ever becoming your wife?"

"No! How? Why? What do you mean?"

"Mr. Savage," said the young woman, rising up, pale but strictly correct, and speaking in calm, inexorable accents that smote on his ears like hammer strokes of destiny, "it is impossible! If I should marry you," and again a Delsartean shudder decorously agitated her frame, "if I should marry you I would be——"

"What? Don't keep me in suspense, for heaven's sake! You would be what?"

"I would be Etta Black Savage!"

It would never do. The young man saw it. Under cover of the thick shadow that fate had thrown across the pathway of these two young persons Mr. Savage hastily brushed the dust off his knees, picked up his hat, cane, and gloves, and made his escape.

A One-legged Man's Bicycle.

From the Utica Observer.

While at Oneida a few days ago I saw a curious bicycle. It was built for a one-legged man. He steered it with one hand and propelled it with one foot and the other hand. It was constructed purposely for him.

THE LITTLE ONES

Ought to be considered. In the mysterious processes of nature, which are generalized in the term "growth," there is sometimes a demand on one part of the system at the expense of another. Some of the complications are beyond the reach of diagnostic observation. It is here that

The Potency of S. S. S.

makes itself felt. Rev. L. R. Paine of Macon, Ga., writes: "We have been using S. S. S. at the Orphans' Home as a remedy for blood complaints and as a general tonic, and have had remarkable results from its use with the children. It is such an excellent tonic and keeps the blood so pure that the system is less liable to disease. It has cured some of our children of scrofula."

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