

AT JACKSON'S HOME.

THE HISTORIC MANSION OF THE HERO OF NEW ORLEANS.

What the Ladies of Tennessee Are Doing to Preserve the Hermitage and Also the Cabin in Which the Warrior and Statesman Spent His Boyhood.

Englishmen are proud of their soldiers. "Boards of oak" they call them. The oak is a majestic tree, unmoved by storms and defying hurricanes. But the tough, sinewy, gnarled and knotted hickory is our synonym for the audacious, per-



"Old Hickory" Superb sobriquet! Though years have drifted over his grave the principles of the statesman live and the memory of the soldier is green. And every patriot loves him for what he said at Washington and for what he did at New Orleans.

Though a Democrat of the old school Andrew Jackson belonged neither to party nor section. The nation claims him as one of its great men and famous warriors. There is now a golden opportunity for the nation to show in what reverence his memory is held and to raise its hand against the vandalism of greed which would sweep away a most precious landmark of history—The Hermitage—Jackson's old home near Nashville.

The general assembly of the state of Tennessee has assigned to the care of the Ladies' Hermitage association, of Nashville, the house and tomb of General Jackson and twenty-five surrounding acres to improve and preserve in lasting memory of the hero of New Orleans.

This property was purchased years ago by the state from the adopted son of General Jackson, with the proviso that his wife remain there during her life. Mrs. Jackson died three years ago, when the state handed over the historic mansion to the Hermitage association.

When the energetic and patriotic southern gentlemen who formed this association took possession of the noble mansion they found ruin and decay everywhere prevalent upon the estate. The little log cabin where "Old Hickory" lived for fifteen years was a complete wreck. "His chimney was falling down and its roof was caving in." "Up at the brave old mansion affairs were not much better. The roof leaked, the plaster had fallen in all the rooms, and the wall paper was discolored and peeling. Out-buildings were tottering, fences tumbling down, and the melancholy of ruin was fast settling over the entire place.

The mansion has been repaired, plastering and paper have been repaired, fences, drives and out-buildings put in shape and the log cabin fully restored, even to the kitchen fireplace, before which "Uncle Alf" the ancient negro, "loyal servant of the general, still sits and gazes in its ruddy flames lives over the eventful past.

The Hermitage is a magnificent specimen of colonial architecture. The approach through a long avenue bordered by grand old trees is indescribably picturesque. Across its antique porticoes and massive pillars brush low, drooping boughs, and the warm sunshine touches the old house with loving fingers. The great carved door, with its resounding knocker, stands open. Enter the old-fashioned hall, long and broad enough for a modern ballroom. It is carpeted with highly colored scenes and incidents in the life of Telemachus.

This paper was bought by General Jackson in France in 1807 and is in an excellent state of preservation. The pictures hang on the walls just as Jackson left them. There are two very fine portraits of Mrs. Jackson, by Earle, and any number of portraits of the general, the most interesting perhaps being that taken by order of the French government five days before his death. Quaint claw footed mahogany sofas and chairs are scattered about. A superb winding staircase leads to the rooms above, while on either side stretch apartments whose hospitable dimensions speak volumes of dead and gone cheer.

In the drawing room the antique piano, with its yellow keys, the bronze and gilt candelabra, the ornate tables, the velvet hangings, the rare bric-a-brac, which would send a connoisseur wild with delight, possess the fascination of the past. In the general's bed chamber stands the four post bed on which he died.

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inclining the family tea service. There is a silver dish which belonged to Decatur, a letter from Jefferson, an exquisite porcelain miniature of Mrs. De Witt Clinton, presented by herself and accompanied by a letter couched in stately peribolage of that day; an armchair presented by the wife of Chief Justice Taney, George Washington's office chair, a small oil painting from the floor of Napoleon's room at Longwood, St. Helena, a piece of candle found in Cornwallis' tent, but at the surrender of Yorktown and sent to Jackson with the request that he light it on every recurring 8th of January, and a penholder made from a portion of the tree under which Washington first unsheathed his sword in defense of American liberty.

The general's state coach is preserved as well as his carriage, made of a portion of the old ship Constitution.

In cupboards and closets are stored away many rare old bits of faded finery and costly. There is the full set of pearls and topaz worn by Mrs. Jackson. There is a beautiful pink brocade worn by Jackson's niece at the court of Berlin, and the wedding gown of the wife of Jackson's adopted son, a Miss York, a Philadelphia girl, who was married at a wedding given by brides of three successive generations.

Every corner of the house is filled with objects of interest and beauty, and before I am aware my hostess is about my neck, and he pulls my hand over my shoulder with a kiss and a "Bless you, you are awful dear!" "Pshaw, what is there in words?" "A few words—nothing else! I am not so certain about that, I only know that I would not take a mint of money for that small bouquet of my boy's words. No, not for the world would I have to guess at his affection and get hungry for a solid certainty. There is not enough such eloquence, as I have looked about the world. And yet it should not flow too easily. Tongue-love is quite another thing from open-heartedness. In my opinion we should bring up our young folk to easily and frankly express their feelings, only not to express any more than they feel. The art and trick of speech is to be more eloquent than true, and so to turn love into a lie.

Somewhere I have lately read a good story of a married couple that from some speech vowed not to speak to each other. Well, if they had not really loved they could have got on without talk, but in this case they could not. So by happy inspiration they used the household cat as a go between. "Go," said Betty, "and tell John that dinner is ready."

"Go," answered John, "and tell Betty I am on hand." "Here, pray," says John, "tell Betty this pudding is remarkably good, and I will take another plate of it if she pleases."

"Go tell John," answers Betty, "that I am glad he likes this peace shortcake, and he shall have three pieces if he will."

So for years they kept their vows, but told their love and got on famously. It is a general fact that friendship grows stronger by a short separation and correspondence by post. A man or woman will say sweet or true things in a letter that they would not say first by mouth. I do not quite understand this, but I know it is true. Friends treasure letters, and friendship never is quite itself until a few letters have passed. I encourage young folk to write letters to learn the art of talking well. One would suppose it would be the other way—that good talkers should write well.

How came it about that the tongue and adjacent organs got control of his organs? Possibly, Bible can explain this. His lips and hands about me in ever-whispering joy. Her mouth in my face, and her eyes on my chest. At last, utterly unable to express all her emotion, she throws back her head and explodes in a bark. It is nothing but an explosion, but it is a great relief to her. That is the beginning of speech in all creatures—only a noise made by the rush of emotion through the mouth. By and by this noise is modified to express different emotions and resentments, and yet most of these are told by the tail and the body in general.

The next step is, or was, to modify these sounds into musical notes. The bird does not enunciate first, but sings. The lower races sing well and talk badly. The highest art is to sing well and talk equally well. So language slowly gets stolen by a certain set of organs that at first had little to do with it. The legs and hands come less into play to tell emotions; the tail, which has done so much animal talking, is absorbed. I think it is absorbed mainly because its functions are mostly passed over to the tongue. I have not heard whether the tailed tribe of Africans was those appendages in friendly greeting like dogs or not. I would not own a tailless cat or have a horse's tail ever clipped; it is to abbreviate speech; it is to lop off the organ of expression.

You will see that my theory about the development of language accounts for many abnormal forms of speech. Profanity is a mere explosion of sound, closely allied to the dog's bark and the cat's squall. It is not so wicked as it is beastly. It is the natural language of a vulgar fellow who has no art of high language. Half the world talks by explosion and explosion. The more profane a man's habits the more profane he becomes by necessity. It is his natural language. What a stretch it is from such a man to Coleridge or Emerson or Lowell!

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Rats have taken possession of a large millinery tree along Frankfort creek. They eat the ripe, luscious berries and drive off all birds, but when disturbed by the approach of a human being they drop headlong from the branches of the tree to the ground and run off until the coast is clear for their return after more berries. Seven sleek rodents were seen to drop from the tree in succession yesterday.—Boston Record.

Apparently the wheat crop of 1891 will be the heaviest ever harvested in this country. Not only is the condition of the crop better than in many years past at this time, but the acreage is the largest ever known. Exports estimate the probable crop at between 525,000,000 and 540,000,000 bushels. The greatest yield hitherto was in 1884, when 513,000,000 bushels were gathered.

LANGUAGE IS SWEET.

EXPRESSION BY THE TONGUE IS NECESSARY TO HAPPINESS.

Life Would Be Mightily Drear Without Sweet Words—Much More Beautiful Could We Make This Existence If We Took More Pains in Talking.

How would you enjoy life with sweet words left out? My little one runs to me and with both arms and whippers pulls me down to kiss me. "Papa, I love you as if it were a new secret." "Papa, I love you. Oh, how I just do love you!" What a post it is to be pulled about so when one is busy! How it dislocates one's collar and one's thoughts! But what would you take for such prattle? How would you like it checked, and instead of such spontaneity be compelled to imagine you are loved? Dear boy, do not know, but why so fussy? Do not get your nose up. Does not your mother speak louder than words and does not your wife cook your meals, and does not your girl put your room in order? Must you also be unsexed over and gabbled to in such a manner?

Ever yours, "My Gones, ever yours" followed stout and wholesome and brainy, and before I am aware his hand is about my neck, and he pulls my hand over my shoulder with a kiss and a "Bless you, you are awful dear!" "Pshaw, what is there in words?" "A few words—nothing else! I am not so certain about that, I only know that I would not take a mint of money for that small bouquet of my boy's words. No, not for the world would I have to guess at his affection and get hungry for a solid certainty. There is not enough such eloquence, as I have looked about the world. And yet it should not flow too easily. Tongue-love is quite another thing from open-heartedness. In my opinion we should bring up our young folk to easily and frankly express their feelings, only not to express any more than they feel. The art and trick of speech is to be more eloquent than true, and so to turn love into a lie.

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VASSAR'S AID SOCIETY.

A Pleasant Feature of the Commencement at Poughkeepsite.

"The Vassar girl" is a phrase which is used in the most complimentary sense by the public. It is the composite Vassar girl. Do not confuse her with the ideal Vassar girl, who originated in the brain of Mrs. Willard, of Troy, and was developed by Ezra Cornell and Matthew Vassar, and is held up as a model by the baccalaureate addresses. She is equally remote from the typical Vassar girl of the humorists—long, lank, preternaturally ovalish, taking no interest in anything but ologies and ions. The intellectual Boston girl, the New York millionairess, the breezy Chicagoan, the Baltimore beauty, the Philadelphia girl who has a grandfather—all that sort of thing for the portrait of the composite Vassar girl.

"And the composite Vassar girl differs from the composite Wellesley girl in the absence of the wrinkle over the left eyebrow of the latter, caused by too close application to biological dishes and pans; and from the composite Smith girl in the lack of that indescribable air of close contact with the world in general and Amherst in particular."

This and more in response to a toast at the luncheon of the Vassar Students Aid Society, which was one of the pleasantest features of Commencement week at Poughkeepsite. Though only a year and a half old, the association now numbers 477 members, cannot count on numbers for struggling students and is hard at work on a fellowship fund. Its president is Mrs. Kendrick, of Poughkeepsite, who presided with gracious dignity over the social gathering in Statuary hall on Class Day morning, when the Young Augustus gazed with the air of a connoisseur at the salads, and the Dying Gladiator sternly frowned at the loaves and breaded fishes.

Over in a trice sat Katharine Weed Barnes, of Albany, who had just been giving talks on photography to New York and Brooklyn, and another well known writer for photographic papers, Miss Adelaide Skeel. One of the circle at the toastmaster's table was Professor Marcella O'Grady, a short, fair woman, with steady blue eyes, looking far too girlish in her simple white gown to be taken for the learned woman who has worked up, in a year or two, Vassar's first scientific department.

The dignified woman in blue at the next table was Professor Leach, of the Greek department. She is known as "the opening wedge of the Harvard annex," being the first woman admitted.

"Maria Mitchell's Memory" was a toast most lovingly given. Other responses were made by Mrs. Rosette Johnson and Mrs. Melville Dewey, wife of the state librarian. There was an undercurrent of congratulation all through this composite luncheon, for the year has been a very fortunate one for the girls' college with the Fayetteville bequest and the donation of a new library to be built by Mr. Frederick F. Thompson, and a number of legacies for scholarships and other purposes. New departments have been added to the college, and at all of these there was rejoicing, but no one thing promises more brightly for its prosperity than its former students' interest and devotion.—New York Recorder.

Philanthropic Visitor (to jailbird)—My friend, how I wish you brought me here? Jailbird—The same thing that brought you here—the desire to make my nose into other people's business. Only I used generally to go in by way of the basement window.—Exchanges.

Sumatra Duffiness to Water. The buffaloes in Sumatra, according to an English traveler, in fear of the tiger take refuge at night in the rivers where they rest in peace and comfort, with only their horns and noses sticking above the water.

Near Parkersburg, W. Va., recently a young woman jumped into the river and brought to shore two men who were drowning.

A Double Fiasco. When a resident of Baltimore, Or., picked up a pleasant he had shot in the mountains near his home, he was surprised to find that the bird was constructed on the plan of the Siamese twins. Both birds, he ascertained, were perfectly developed, and the connecting link was half an inch long and a quarter of an inch thick and joined them to the rest of the wings.

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A Double Fiasco. When a resident of Baltimore, Or., picked up a pleasant he had shot in the mountains near his home, he was surprised to find that the bird was constructed on the plan of the Siamese twins. Both birds, he ascertained, were perfectly developed, and the connecting link was half an inch long and a quarter of an inch thick and joined them to the rest of the wings.

Two Kinds of Curiosity. Philanthropic Visitor (to jailbird)—My friend, how I wish you brought me here? Jailbird—The same thing that brought you here—the desire to make my nose into other people's business. Only I used generally to go in by way of the basement window.—Exchanges.

The Sense of Smell in Dogs.

Dogs are able to track their masters through crowded streets, whose recognition by sight is quite impossible, and can find a hidden insect even when its scent is still further disguised by its own dog. In some experiments Mr. Romanes lately made with a dog he found that it could easily track him when he was far out of sight, though no fewer than eleven people had followed him, stepping exactly in his footsteps in order to confuse the scent.

The dog seemed to track him chiefly by the smell of his boots, for when with them out or with new boots on it failed to follow, though slowly and hesitatingly, when his master was without either boots or stockings. Dogs and cats certainly get more information by means of this sense than a man can. They often get greatly excited over certain smells and remember them for very long periods.—Chambers' Journal.

The Woodpecker's Home. The woodpecker's home is very like the kingfisher's, but it is dug in rotten wood instead of being bored in a bank of earth. From the great ivory billed species down to the little downy follow of our orchards, the woodpecker builds their nest, or rather excavates them, on the same general plan. The hole at first goes straight into the wood, then turns downward, widening as it descends, until it gives room for the home. If you will go into any bit of unshorn wood, land during early spring and will keep your eyes open, you will see a bright red head thrust out of a round window in some decaying trunk or bough, and the woodpecker will sing out, "Peep! peep!" which always seems to mean that his or her home is a most comfortable and enjoyable hole.—Maurice Thompson in Golden Rule.

As Good as He Gains. A reproach which was just and not discouraging was once addressed to a young cleric who had been reared under the highest of church doctrines, and who held that clergymen of all other denominations are without authority and not entitled to be called ministers of the Gospel. One evening at a social gathering he was introduced to a Baptist clergyman. He greeted the elder man with much manner and confidence.

"Sir," he said, "I am glad to shake hands with you as a gentleman, though I cannot admit that you are a clergyman." There was a moment's pause, and then the other said, with a quiet significance that made the words left unsaid emphatic, "Sir, I am glad to shake hands with you—as a clergyman."

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