

# OLD HICKORY'S HOME.

## PATRIOTIC MOVEMENT BY THE LADIES OF TENNESSEE.

### Interesting Reminiscences of the Hermitage and Its Master—The Beautiful Rachel Jackson, Who Became Mrs. Andrew Jackson—The Young Jacksons.

HO was it said, "The Union must and shall be preserved!" Old Hickory, of course. Every schoolboy will tell you that.

And now a number of patriotic southern women are saying in substance, "The Hermitage, the home of Old Hickory must and shall be preserved."

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 be preserved and to last in memory of the hero of New Orleans.

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

Colonel Jackson, son of Old Hickory's adopted son, still lives there, and will do so until the association either buys the farm and the house or gives up its option of \$17,500 on them.

This option has two years more to run, and the gentlemen who are interested in the preservation of this historic spot are working heart and hand to save the grand old place and preserve it, not alone for the state of Tennessee, but, like Mount Vernon, for a Mecca for patriotic Americans.

It was the suggestion of Governor Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, that the privileges of the association should be extended to every citizen of America. "Andrew Jackson's illustrious name," said the governor, "is not to one state, but to the entire nation, and all the people should have equal privilege in becoming participants in this noble work, and while Tennessee, I believe, stands alone among the states in having purchased and preserved for public use the home of a distinguished son, she recognizes the property right of the nation in his memory, and gladly surrenders to the keeping and care of the whole people the sacred duty and privilege of caring for and perpetuating it."

The indifference of the American public to the demolition of historic houses is proverbial. One by one these landmarks are swept away by the vandal progress. It is really amazing that there is not a round house or a grand old mansion at Mount Vernon and a row of apartment houses on the Alexander Hamilton estate.

The "brave old house" near Nashville, with its appurtenances and relics, should be of inestimable value to the country. It is the ambition of the association to make it a national museum, which shall invite pilgrims from north and south.

The mansion is a superb specimen of Colonial architecture, with its great pillars, broad porticoes and hospitable rooms. Grand old trees shade it, and their boughs droop across the balconies where once the lovely Rachel Jackson walked, lonely, the tender melancholy of this fair woman's life seems indissolubly blended with every nook and corner of the Hermitage, the home to which she was devoted, and from which destiny decreed she should wander far.

The story of Rachel Jackson's life is a romance. She was a wonderfully beautiful woman, with a lovely disposition and deep personal piety. In her youth she contracted an unfortunate marriage with a man her inferior in every respect, and from whom she was divorced. The love of General Jackson for her was almost idolatry, and during his long absence in the army she never escaped from the influence of her personality. He wore her miniature on his heart till his death, and no matter what his cares or pleasures, he always commuted with her portrait and her Bible at the close of each busy day.

Mrs. Jackson cared very little for the honors of this world and longed for nothing so much as the time when her husband would finish with politics, for he assured her that when that time came and only then could she become a Christian. Here is a story illustrative of the great moral influence Mrs. Jackson held over her husband.

Old Hickory was an adept in profanity. When occasion required he could paralyze his listeners by the breadth and variety of his swearing. It was during an exciting political campaign and just after Mrs. Jackson had told a guest that she thought the general was disposed to be religious, and that but for the coming presidential election she believed would join the church, when he entered the room, with an opposition newspaper in his hand, like Saul breathing out threatenings and slaughter, interspersed with delightfully picturesque oaths. He swore until he was nearly out of breath, when his gentle wife approached him and looking him squarely in the face said simply, "Mr. Jackson." The great general who had conquered everything that had come his way was subdued at once and ceased his profanity.

When Jackson was elected president his wife said to those about her, "For Mr. Jackson's sake I am glad, for my own I never wished it. I would rather be a door-lunger in the house of my God than to dwell in that palace in Washington."

There is a popular story that it was while making preparations for her departure from the Hermitage that this gentle soul received the rude shock which caused her death. She was like a mother to every servant on the estate, and wishing to leave her comfortable or the winter, made a trip into Nashville to purchase supplies and clothing for those who were dependent on her. When she returned from her shopping, she found the door of a hotel to rest while she waited for the family coach to carry her back to the Hermitage.

Suddenly she heard her name spoken in an adjoining room, and her character as revealed in terms of base and cruel calumny. For some time she sat there motionless, listening to the accusations against herself, which had been circulated during the campaign, and which her chivalric husband had recently swept from her knowledge. The popular tradition says that she was soon after seized with apoplectic disease, and died. Of this account to historians only say that it is not certainly proved, and plan to publish her long before the fatal seizure on Dec. 17, 1828. The inscription upon the tomb reads:

Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged sixty-one years. Her face

was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated the most liberal and unprejudiced measures to do good. A being so virtuous and so devoted to the poor she was a comfort to the rich and an example to the wretched. Her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous slanders might wound, but could not dishonor, even death, when he looks her in the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God.

And if at midnight you could walk through the old mansion I doubt not you would see another lovely ghost flitting through the great rooms—beautiful Emily Donelson, the niece of Rachel Jackson and mistress of the White House during her husband's administration. Emily Donelson strongly resembled Mary Queen of Scots and the White Rose of Scotland. The gown she wore at the first inauguration ball is one of the precious relics. It is of amber satin, brocaded with violets and trimmed with pearls and lace. It was a present from the general, and even at that day was described at great length in every newspaper in the country.

And it is this old mansion, so filled with historic and gentle associations, that the Nashville ladies are working vigorously to save from the hand of the spoiler. They are now making preparations on a grand scale for a Colonial ball or reception at the Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine, in March, at which many unique and interesting features will be introduced. General and Mrs. Jackson's cabinet and foreign ministers of his administration and their wives will be personated by prominent society people of Nashville. The lady who is to personate Mrs. Jackson will wear articles of dress which belonged to the general's wife and also the jewels presented to her by the people of New Orleans.

The ball will be opened with a minuet and closed with an old-fashioned Virginia reel. Many of the most valuable relics to be taken from the Hermitage to exhibit at this ball, and one of the attractions will be the general's old body servant, an aged negro who never wears talking of the glory of his master. Jackson's sword, presented by the citizens of New Orleans, will be carried by the gentleman who personates him.

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# WONDERFUL MIRAGES.

## OPTICAL ILLUSIONS THAT HAVE STARTLED MANKIND.

### Cities in the Sky and Vessels Sailing Blithely Upside Down—Interesting Stories of Natural Phenomena Not Easily Explained.

This wonderful phenomenon takes several forms, according to the state of the atmosphere, but those most generally seen are the looming mirage and the Fata Morgana.

In looming mirages distant objects show an extravagant increase in vertical height without alteration in breadth. Distant summits of ice are thus magnified into immense towers and pinnacles, and a ship is sometimes abnormally drawn out until it appears twelve or thirteen times as high as it is long. Rocks are seen drawn up to ten or twelve times their proper height. Houses, as well as human beings and animals, appear in like exaggerated shape.

Another form of mirage is when a ship, or some other object near the water, seems greatly elongated, by its inverted image meeting it from above. Sometimes the proper image of the object is elevated far above the lake or sea, while the second image strangely appears inverted beneath it; the whole surrounded by a sheet of sky, which is mirrored and repeated within it.

In 1822, in the Arctic region, Capt. Scoresby recognized, by its inverted position in the air, the ship *Fama*, which afterward proved to be seventeen miles beyond the visible horizon of his observation.

Dr. Vince, on Aug. 6, 1836, at 7 p. m., saw from Ramsate, at which place only the tops of Dover castle towers are usually visible, the whole of the castle. It appeared as though lifted up and bodily placed on the near side of the intervening hill. So perfect was this illusion that the hill itself actually could not be seen through the figure.

ALONG THE CANADA SHORE.

Some forms of mirage are lateral as well as vertical, arising from unequal density of two contiguous vertical bodies of air. Thus, on Lake Ontario, a vessel has been seen double, the two images some distance apart. Persons have been duplicated in the same way. Any one on a hot day, by placing his eye near to a heated wall, may see lateral mirages of objects at a distance, and nearly on a line with the wall.

On the shores of Lake Ontario many beautiful and wonderful mirages are witnessed. The lake is so wide, the opposite side is not at all visible. And yet during some peculiar states of the atmosphere it is clearly outlined. Even the Canada shore in the vicinity of Long Point and Prince Edward's bay is at times plainly in sight.

A vessel has been seen sailing along the horizon with the hull uppermost, visible at Lake Ontario, in a most interesting manner. The vessel was a large one, and was seen to be a large growth after having so bitterly commented on the practice in previous chapters.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Professor Rucker's Magnetic Needle.

Geologists are always ready to use work done by laborers in other branches of science, and in a most interesting manner has been going on which shows the bearing of a new branch of knowledge may have on another. Professors Rucker and Thorpe have been carefully noting the behavior of the magnetic needle in various parts of England, and have found that it is deflected in a most inexplicable manner. The deflection was at first attributed to great masses of basaltic, or like rocks, the mineral of which contains a large amount of iron.

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# ATMOSPHERIC DUST.

Extremely fine particles of mineral dust may exist in the atmosphere, and do exist there more frequently than is generally thought, which they escape detection by our senses. The author, while making experiments on the Peak of Teneriffe, in 1878, found the knife edges of his balance so clogged with this invisible dust that the balance refused to act. When wiped off, the dust collected again in a few minutes, and it was only by continual wiping that it was that he was able to go on with his investigation. Professorazzi Smith, while on the Peak of Teneriffe, witnessed strata of dust rising to a height of nearly a mile, reaching out to the horizon in every direction, and so dense as to hide frequently the neighboring hills. Professor S. P. Langley, looking down from the height of 15,000 feet on Mount Whitney, California, into a region that had appeared clear from the valley below, saw "a kind of level dust ocean, invisible from below, but whose depth was six or seven thousand feet, as the upper portion only of the opposite mountain range rose clearly out of it."

Dust storms are classified by Dr. Henry Cook, according to their intensity, as atomic dust, dust columns and dust storms. Dr. Cook has observed in India that there are some days on which, however hard and violently the wind may blow, no dust accompanies it, while on others very little puff of air or current of wind forms or carries with it clouds of dust.—Dr. William Marcet in the Popular Science Monthly.

Laughter in the Bible.

The Bible contains no cheerful exhortation to laughter. For the most part, indeed, it is referred to in the metaphorical sense of "scorning," as when it is written of Leviathan that "the laughter at the shaking of a spear." But there are passages also where the ordinary meaning is evidently intended, and in almost every one of these it is eyed askance. Solomon is the great authority on the subject; let him speak for himself: "I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?" "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and in the end of mirth is heaviness." Again, "A fool lifted up his voice with laughter, but a wise man doth scarce smile a little." "Not very encouraging, truly, to those of bilious proclivities. It may be legitimate enough to compare the giggle of a fool to "the crackling of thorns under a pot," but it seems hard that there should be no word of approval for the merriment of the few who may be supposed not to belong to fooldom. Yes, by the way, there is one, and only one: "A time to laugh, but we may search the Scriptures from Genesis to the Apocalypse without detecting any intimation as to when that time occurs. Probably Solomon meant the brief period of childhood, when ignorance is bliss, and we are exempt from knowing or caring to know why. He could not consistently recommend any such frivolity to those of a larger growth after having so bitterly commented on the practice in previous chapters.—Gentleman's Magazine.

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# CANNIBALS IN CANADA.

Horrible Feasts of the Aborigines of the Northern British Columbia Coast.

Gen. Lyman Banks and John Hutchinson, two citizens of Seattle, have returned from a two months' cruise of the northern coast of British Columbia, and they tell some thrilling stories of sights they have seen and dangerous adventures they experienced during their cruise.

A reporter happened to meet Gen. Banks on the street, and at his request the general related the story of his most exciting and interesting cruise. He began his narrative as follows: "We started out full of great expectations and pleasant anticipations, and we did not realize for a moment what trials we would have to go through, and I tell you at times it required a great deal of western grit and push to get ahead. Those who are acquainted with the difficulties of traversing in summer a coast forest, with its thousands of uprooted trees and still worse upheaved foundations, can perhaps readily imagine how much greater a hardship it was for us to travel over three feet of snow on a level, and occasionally strike drifts much deeper and a great deal too much tangle of sal-lai bushes for snowshoes. But to add to all our difficulties, our half breed guide and two Indian packers refused to go with us as soon as we had penetrated a short distance inland. We had just sighted some hills which they said we could never pass over, and they alleged that no human being had ever succeeded in the attempt.

"They strongly urged and prayed us not to proceed any further, but we had started out with a determination to accomplish a work and were not to be baffled so easily in the beginning of our journey. So we packed up a couple of weeks' rations and an ax in our blankets, and shouldering our Winchester we pushed on alone. Oh, what a journey it was! I shall never forget it as long as I live.

"Where the snow was too soft and deep we managed to make progress by crawling on our hands and knees, and at times we were obliged to lay down and roll to get out of the snow. It was hard struggling by day, but the snow made a soft bed at night. We camped over three hundred miles of our journey, and some of it was in very rough ways. But the most startling experience we had and the one that would interest you most happened one day just as we were running into a cave to avoid a storm. We got into the cave all right enough, but before we had time to discuss when we found ourselves in the midst of the Nahlwitti Indian tribe in their cannibal orgies. Cannibalism is prohibited by the dominion government, but only a monthly visit from vessels and the nearest port being miles away, they carry on the horrible practice with impunity.

"We watched the heathens during the day at long range, but under the assurance of safety we ventured after a while into their circle at night and watched them with their clubs in their hands and a companion to their wild songs and dances, and the whole sight made a weird scene that is not soon to be forgotten. The feast consisted of the bodies of some of the Nahlwitti Indian tribes in their cannibal orgies. Cannibalism is prohibited by the dominion government, but only a monthly visit from vessels and the nearest port being miles away, they carry on the horrible practice with impunity.

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# NO USE FOR HONEST MEN.

The National Weighing Machine Company has it said, just bought the right to use a certain lock on the money pouches of their machines, for which they will pay the inventor the sum of \$50,000. This is a safety lock, and its purpose is to prevent robbery of the machine by the employees who are entrusted with collecting the earnings of the silent money makers daily. There are 20,000 of these machines now in use in the United States, and the company is getting ready to put 10,000 more on the market. When a penny is dropped in the slot it will roll into a little iron box and there remain until the collector calls during the day.

The collector will be furnished with a seamless bag, the metal mouth of which he will insert into an office in the cash box. There is a registering lock in the mouth of this bag, the registered number of which is recorded in the company's office before the collector receives it. Inserting the bag properly, he turns the key which he has just one quarter turn. This releases a concealed key in the bag, which is guided into a keyhole in the cash box. A second quarter turn unlocks the cash box, and the money rolls into the collector's pouch without his being able to touch it. A third quarter turn withdraws the concealed key, and the last turn releases the pouch, with the contents of the cash box intact.—Boston Transcript.

Almost Side by Side.

Two sailing vessels recently lay in the Mersey that had left Liverpool on the same day last year, and after voyages of nearly 30,000 miles for each returned to port at Liverpool almost side by side. They left Oct. 5 for Astoria, Ore., and arrived there March 1 or 2, having been in company with each other for a large portion of the voyage. They were in sight for forty days. Both captains had their wives on board, and during the forty days of proximity one of the captains and his wife enjoyed a Sunday dinner on the other vessel, the compliment being returned the following Sunday by the other captain.

Both vessels left Astoria April 8, but this time one vessel sailed for Dunkirk and the other for Havre. They left these ports at nearly the same time, and entered the Mersey within hailing distance after a voyage of 342 days.—London Letter.

A Snake Swallows Five Turkeys.

The two Shaffer brothers, who live on the east side of the Oswego river and some distance below Castle Rock, had an adventure with a blacksnake the other day. A dog had chased a rabbit in a hollow log, and one of the brothers roached in the hole a little way, when he was instantly bitten on the hand. Fearing that a snake had inflicted the wound, the other brother hastened to house and returned with a bucket of fresh milk and an ax, the former to be used to counteract the poison and the latter as a means of investigating the interior of the log. After some work the log was split open and a huge blacksnake measuring over nine feet emerged. The serpent was soon killed, and afterward cut open. His stomach contained five young turkeys and seven turkey eggs. The brother who was bitten experienced no serious results from the wound.—Jefferson City Tribune.

Infringing on an Ancient Idea.

There is no new thing under the sun. Messrs. Roberson, of Long Acre, in the course of their business of supplying artists with pigments, become possessed from time to time of remains of the great Egyptians, to be in due course ground up by them and sold in tubes as "mummy" paint. The firm recently lent a piece of the beautifully woven and preserved linen bandages in which a high priest and keeper of the baths had been preserved to be shown at some conversation or lecture in the Midlands.

The texture and quality excited great admiration among the audience, which culminated in something like astonishment upon the declaration of a manufacturer that this fabric, woven perhaps by a contemporary of Moses, contained the same disposition of threads which he had independently invented and patented only a year ago.—Pall Mall Gazette.

An Awful Load.

An enterprising merchant placed a number of brass plates out in the form of human tracks in the stone sidewalk leading toward his door. He moved away shortly afterward, and desiring to use the brass plates at his new establishment gouged them out, of course leaving the foot forms imbedded in the stone.

One day an old fellow from the country, accompanied by his son, came along, and seeing the tracks in the stone stopped, and after a loud exclamation of astonishment said:

"Bill, for mussy sakes, jest look must! Gracious, what a load that feller must 'a' had when he come along here. Sunk right down in this here solid rock. I'll bet he was either a totin' a drug of steers or had filled up on that yoke stock licker."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Ready to Take His Word for It.

Wildcat Bill (the cowboy)—I say, pard, kin you advance me something on this revolver?

Pawnbroker—H'm! Vas it in good order?

"Jus' lemme take a couple of shots at you and see?"

"Oh, dat vas all right. Nathan, give this shentleman ten dollars."—Texas Siftings.

A Novellee.

The hands of the clock were tolling around to the place that marks the hour of midnight. Harry had come early that evening, but he took no chances on Maud's becoming lonely.

"Sometimes," he said, "you look at me in a way that I do not understand. It seems more than anything else as if you experienced a dread of me."

"I don't know," she mused, "perhaps I do."

"In what way?"

"I think it might be best described as a lingering dread."—Washington Post.

# THE BABY.

The little, tettering baby fell. With filtering steps and slow, With pattering soles soft and sweet, Into my heart they go; They also go, in priny plays, In muddy pools and dusty ways, Then through the house in trackful mass They wander to and fro.

The baby hands that clasp my neck With touches dear to me Are the same hands that snash and wreck The instilled fond to see. They count the minutes with a care, They read the manuscript in twain, With wondrous dexterity obtain In wondrous jubilee.

The dreary, murmuring voice That coos its little tune, That makes my listening heart rejoice, Can wake in midnight, dark and still, And all the air with howling fill, That splits the ear with echoes shrill. Like corsets out of time.—R. J. Burdette.

A Humane Doctor.

Many years ago there lived in a Maine village Mr. C., who was the horse doctor of the village and country around. He believed that many of the old horses impoverished the owner and that it was humane that they should be put to death in the absence of any society for the prevention of cruelty, he sometimes acted as such. Mr. B., who lived a little out of the village, had an old, feeble horse that had become sick and he called on Mr. C. and asked him what to give the beast. Said Mr. C.: "I had one sick and I gave him a pint of kerosene oil." Mr. B. returned home and promptly administered the oil. The result was that next morning the horse was dead. Mr. B. started at once to find Mr. C. "I thought you gave your horse a pint of kerosene oil," said he. "I did," said Mr. C. "But," said Mr. B. "I gave mine a pint of kerosene oil and it killed him." "So it did mine," the doctor replied.—Lewiston Journal.

About Wedding Rings.

There is less change in wedding rings than in anything else in the jewelry line. The wedding ring