

THE HERMITAGE IN 1906

VISIT TO THE HOME OF ANDREW JACKSON.
NEAR NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

(Special Correspondence of the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.)
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NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 17.—I have just returned from a visit to the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson. It lies within 12 miles of Nashville, and the road to it is the same over which Old Hickory passed in his coach or on horseback on his way to and from town. The country is gently rolling and the road goes up and down hill. A pike now covers the whole distance, and an electric trolley line follows it for several miles. As I rode along I thought of Old Hickory and the changes he would notice could he but make the journey today when he so often made in the past. His old stage coach, the remains of which I saw at the Hermitage, would be strangely out of place now, and its spoked wheels would have been frightened at the trolley or the automobiles which frequently go whizzing by.

President Jackson would not know the Nashville of today, with its factories and foundries and its great roads reaching out to all the world. He would wonder at the telephone poles at the roadside and the wires thereon, and his gray hair would be stiffer than ever in astonishment when told that they carried the voice of man. The woven-wire fences would interest him as a farmer whose stock split rails, and he would stop and again examine the steam threshers and other agricultural machinery lying near the barns by the roadside.

ANDREW JACKSON'S BIG FARM.
The country, however, would be the same. It is a rich, rolling plain, spotted with great oaks rising out of grassy meadows, the fields bordered with wild flowers. It is a land of fat sheep, short-horned cattle and well-bred trotting horses. There are several fine estates between Nashville and the Hermitage, and one of the best was known to Gen. Jackson as his clover bottom farm, and it was a part of his estate. It was there that the general kept his fancy stock and the race track upon which he speeded his horses. The farm lies on the Stone river, and the racing field is now planned to come. It is as flat as a floor, with the exception of the center, where a great mound rises, forming a natural grand stand. There is room for a mile track about the mound, and the general and his friends, seated upon it, could watch the jockeys as they galloped round.

Passing the race track I drove over a bridge across Stone river, and then went on for several miles before I reached the house. The lands on both sides of the road once formed a part of the estate, although they have now been cut up into farms. Andrew Jackson's holdings comprised about 2,000 acres and his land was some of the finest in Tennessee. He was evidently a good farmer, for I saw records of his accounts among the papers of the Hermitage, and I also went through the great log cabin he built while he was yet president of the United States. It is situated on a knoll

some distance back from the house. It is built of logs and boards, and although it has lasted for three-quarters of a century, it is in a fairly good condition today. The building consists of an immense loft, filled with hay, with stables below it. The stables are made of logs, even to the partitions. There are 12 box stalls for horses, each walled with logs laid up crosswise like those of a cabin. Each gave plenty of room for the horse within, having the best of accommodations for ventilation and feeding.

WHERE OLD HICKORY FIRST KEPT HOUSE.

President Jackson bought this property along about the time that Thomas Jefferson first took his seat as president of the United States. It was at the beginning of the century, and the house which he first built upon it, away back in 1804, is still standing. It is a one-story and attic log cabin, with a red brick chimney at the end, and a roof of rough shingles. It was there that Jackson lived when Aaron Burr visited him in 1805; there was his home when he fought the battle of New Orleans in 1815, and there he and his wife spent some of the happiest years of their lives. I walked from the barn to the old homestead over a field carpeted with white clover, so thick that my feet sank into it to the ankles, and as I did so I took in the great spring by the way. This spring is not far from the cabin, surrounded by shelving rocks. It lies in a little hollow, shaded by trees. The pool is so big that an elephant could bathe in it without touching the sides, and a stream flows up some water in my hand and drank it. Just as I venture Old Hickory did many a time when the last century was young. It was delicious. The water is as cold as ice, as clear as crystal and as sweet as the streams of the Swiss mountains.

ANDREW JACKSON'S CHRISTIANITY.

Before I describe the Hermitage proper, by which I mean the great house which Jackson built while he was president, and in which he died, I want to tell you about the little brick church that Mrs. Jackson put up while she was living in the old log cabin. It is still there, and I wish you could know her. She is a beautiful woman, with hair of silken gray, a sweet voice and a gentle manner. She talks most interestingly, and the few words I had with her will always form a striking feature in my memories of the Hermitage. As we stood in the church beside Jackson's grave, she said to me: "Yes, we always kept open house. Every one who came was entertained, and it seemed to me at times as though every one came. We were far from town, and visitors sometimes staid for days. Many of our guests were distinguished people, and many were not, but all were made welcome. Many came to ask assistance, and some had requests of the most extravagant nature. I remember one family, for instance, who brought with them a son who had displayed some mechanical ingenuity, and to whom the general was asked to give an education. Indeed, we had all sorts of visitors at the Hermitage both before and after Gen. Jackson's death. Why, I myself once entertained the notorious Jesse James. I did not know who he was then, and it was long afterward that I heard of his terrible career."

"How about the lives of Gen. Jackson?" Are they true?

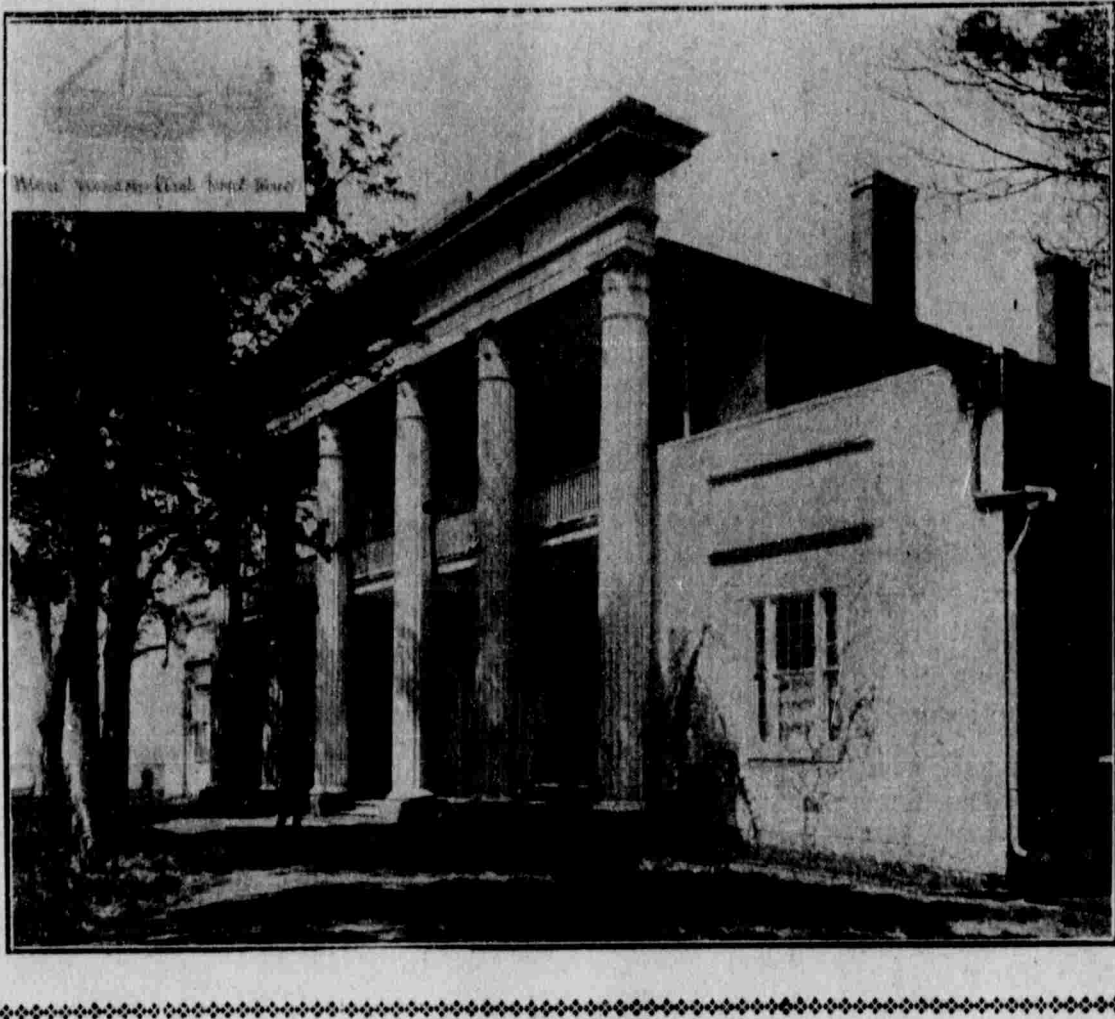
"Many of them are full of misstatements. 'Is that so of Parton's Life?'"

"Yes, Mr. Parton came to the Hermitage when the family was present. He had many talks with the negro servants, and they told him just what they thought he would be most pleased to hear."

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Driving away from the church I soon reached the Hermitage proper, the house which Andrew Jackson built in 1825 when he was still president of the United States. The site where it stands was selected in 1819 and a home was built there of brick made on the place. It was in that house that Lafayette was entertained, and there Mrs. Rachel Jackson, the wife of the general, lived until she died, just after her husband was elected president. The house was expected to wear at the White House receptions had been made, but she passed away on the eve of his departure for his inauguration. That house was burned in 1835 and Gen. Jackson immediately rebuilt it as it now stands, laying out the grounds as they are today.

The Hermitage is a great old-fashioned

A Look at the Log Cabin Where Old Hickory First Kept House and at His Race Track and Stables—His Mansion and Its Historic Mementos—Andrew Jackson's Church and Something About His Christianity—A Talk With Rachel Jackson Lawrence, His Granddaughter by Adoption, Who Was With Him in the White House and in His Last Days at the Hermitage—A Picture of the Bed Room in Which Old Hickory Died—His Romance and a Look at His Tomb.



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the daughter of Andrew Jackson, Jr., who was, you know, the adopted son of the president. Rachel Jackson was, I think, born in the White House when Jackson was president, and I have heard how he trundled her in a baby carriage up and down the east room. Much of her childhood was spent in the White House, and she lived with her parents at the Hermitage during President Jackson's last years and after his death. I wish you could know her. She is a beautiful woman, with hair of silken gray, a sweet voice and a gentle manner. She talks most interestingly, and the few words I had with her will always form a striking feature in my memories of the Hermitage. As we stood in the church beside Jackson's grave, she said to me: "Yes, we always kept open house. Every one who came was entertained, and it seemed to me at times as though every one came. We were far from town, and visitors sometimes staid for days. Many of our guests were distinguished people, and many were not, but all were made welcome. Many came to ask assistance, and some had requests of the most extravagant nature. I remember one family, for instance, who brought with them a son who had displayed some mechanical ingenuity, and to whom the general was asked to give an education. Indeed, we had all sorts of visitors at the Hermitage both before and after Gen. Jackson's death. Why, I myself once entertained the notorious Jesse James. I did not know who he was then, and it was long afterward that I heard of his terrible career."

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red brick of colonial style with wide verandas on the front and rear. The house is, I judge, about 150 feet front with six tall columns in front of the porch. The windows are large and each has panes of 10x12 glass. The entrance is in the center of the building and a wide hallway runs through the middle of the house, on both floors.

Before we enter I must show you the lawn. It is of the exact shape of a great guitar with the body of the guitar ending at the front door. The stem of the guitar is the driveway which is bordered by magnificent cedars set close together. Where the body of the guitar begins there are flowers and trees of many kinds rising out of a lawn of the greenest green. All the trees and plants were set out by Old Hickory.

INSIDE JACKSON'S HOME.
Entering the Hermitage, one is in a hall so large that a wagon load of hay could be driven through it without touching the walls. At the right, against the wall stands a beautiful mahogany sofa, and at the left a mahogany bed, the hooks of which are close together. The hall is decorated with a wall paper which was ordered by Gen. Jackson from Paris when he was president, and which was sent here by way of New Orleans to the Mississippi and Cumberland rivers. It represents the "Travels of Telemachus in Search of Ulysses," and especially of his landing at the island of Calypso. The paper is of a light blue color and with its great pictures would be considered gaudy today. Its colors are as bright as when

they were first pasted on the wall. At the back of the hall a mahogany staircase winds its way to the second floor. At the right as you enter is another hall upon which are Gen. Jackson's bedroom and library, while at the left are the parlors which communicate with each other. Then the largest room of the house, beyond these, reached by a door from the veranda.

The furniture throughout is the finest of old mahogany. There are sofas, tables and chairs of this beautiful wood, mellowed and darkened by age. There are great brass andirons, cut glass chandeliers and a clock which was in the Hermitage before the death of Mrs. Jackson, the hands of which are set at the hour that Jackson died. There are a number of fine portraits of President Jackson, his wife and his friends, and the bedrooms are fitted up with old four posters which were used in the Hermitage when Jackson was alive and upon one of which he died.

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Just opposite the bed is a fireplace with a brass fender, and antique andirons so beautiful that almost any man who reads this would sell his soul to possess them. There are logs on the andirons ready to light and over the mantel above the fireplace is a long low mirror in a gold frame. Just above the mirror and facing the bed is a painting which forms the life of the room, the article in which Andrew Jackson loved most. It is an oil portrait of his wife. It is so placed that he saw it first on entering and so that it met his eyes the last thing at night and greeted them when he first opened them in the morning.

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The love of Andrew Jackson! It surpassed that of ordinary men. It shines out everywhere about the Hermitage. There are paintings of Mrs. Jackson in almost every room and he had medallions and other remembrances of her. We have all read the story of his marriage of how he protected her from her drunken first husband, a brute named Robards, and how he married her after Robards was said to have obtained a divorce. There was a great scandal connected with the affair. But Jackson again married her when the divorce was actually gotten, and he lived forty happy years with her before she died. During his life he was so devoted to her and her memory that he was said to have a pistol always ready for any who dared speak slightingly of her, and those who did so were only forgiven by him when he came to die.

Her spirit seems to have been especially close to him in his later years, and long before he died he gave directions that he be buried by her side.

ANDREW JACKSON'S TOMB.
But let us go together and look upon the spot where these two loved ones lie. We pass out through the old-fashioned garden of the Hermitage which, with its flower beds surrounded by the little brick wall, is kept today just as it was when Jackson lived, and at the back of it, shaded by great magnolia trees, we find the tomb. It is a little temple ending in a dome, below which stands a pyramidal monument. On one side of this monument under a slab lie the remains of Andrew Jackson and on the other, under a similar slab, those of his wife. The grave of the great

they were first pasted on the wall. At the back of the hall a mahogany staircase winds its way to the second floor. At the right as you enter is another hall upon which are Gen. Jackson's bedroom and library, while at the left are the parlors which communicate with each other. Then the largest room of the house, beyond these, reached by a door from the veranda.

The furniture throughout is the finest of old mahogany. There are sofas, tables and chairs of this beautiful wood, mellowed and darkened by age. There are great brass andirons, cut glass chandeliers and a clock which was in the Hermitage before the death of Mrs. Jackson, the hands of which are set at the hour that Jackson died. There are a number of fine portraits of President Jackson, his wife and his friends, and the bedrooms are fitted up with old four posters which were used in the Hermitage when Jackson was alive and upon one of which he died.

WHERE ANDREW JACKSON DIED.
I spent some time looking at the bedroom in which this one of the very greatest of our presidents passed away. It is in the same condition today that it was then. The same pictures are on the walls, the same hangings on the bed, and indeed the very same bedding even to the white counterpane which covered him when he breathed his last. Imagine a room twenty feet square with a great mahogany four-poster bed at one end of it. The bed has silk hangings about it, but they are so festooned that they do not shut out the air. At the left of the bed are three little steps, and the mattresses with the great feather tick on top are so high that one must climb the steps to get into it. Those very steps were used by Old Hickory, and up them he climbed when he entered that bed for the last time. Lying on a chair at the right next the window is the silk dressing gown with the cuffs and shirt wings which Jackson used during his last days, and beyond that is his bureau with the mirror above it.

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