

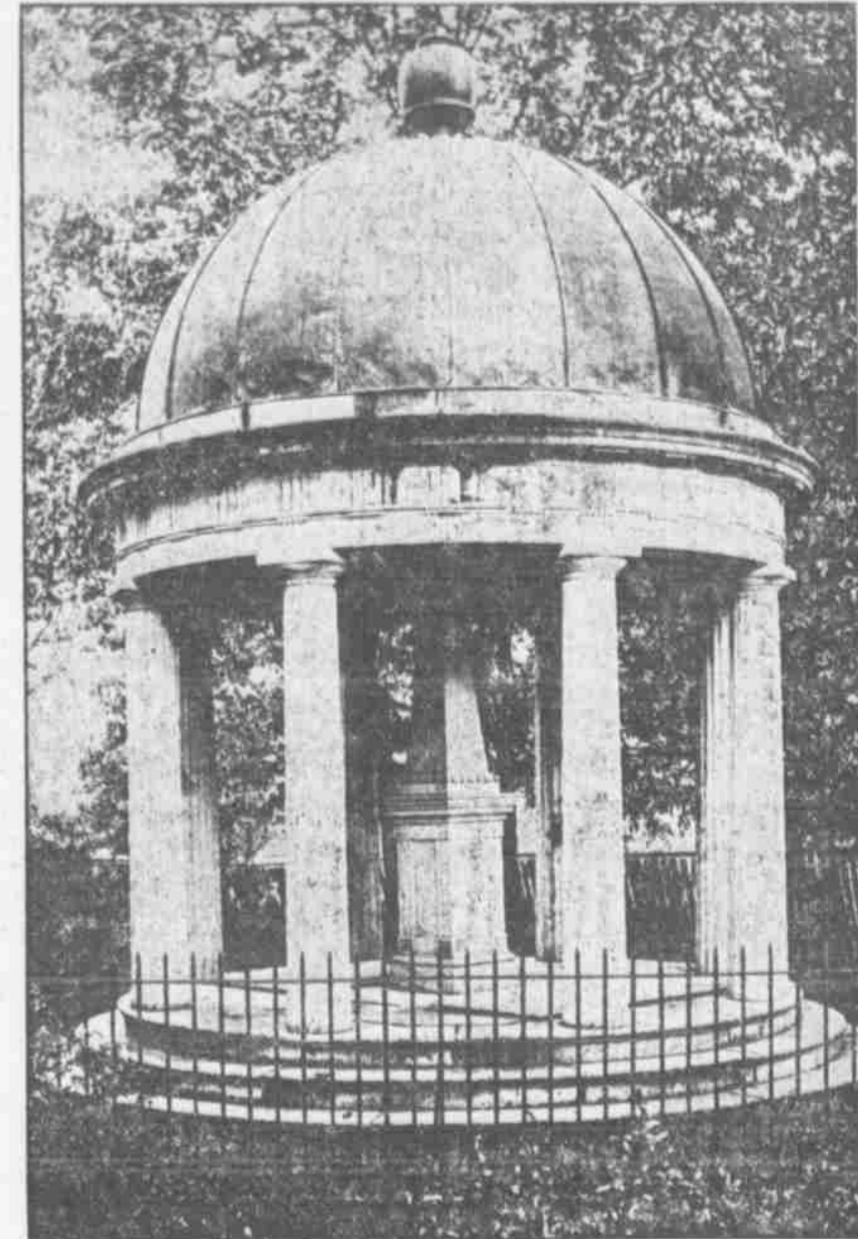
# "The Hermitage" as It Was in Jackson's Day and as It Stands Now



"THE HERMITAGE" IN 1906.



THE GREAT CENTRAL HALL AT "THE HERMITAGE"



IN THIS TEMPLE LIE OLD HICKORY AND HIS WIFE

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**N**ASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 15.—(Special Correspondence to The Bee.)—I have just returned from a visit to the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson. It lies within twelve 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 pine 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 be but make the journey today which 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 spirited horses would have been frightened at the trolley or the automobiles, which frequently go whizzing by.

Each gave plenty of room for the horse within, having the best of accommodations for ventilation and feeding.

### Where Old Hickory First Kept Horses.

President Jackson bought his 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 sunk 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 from it. I stooped over and scooped up some water in my hand and drank it. Just as I venture Old Hickory's did many a time when the last century was young. It was delicious. The water is as clear 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 still stands, and services were held in it this Sunday morning. I arrived at the church some time before the preacher came, and walked through it with Mr. Harlan, one of the members. It is a little red brick structure, about thirty

feet wide and forty feet long, situated in a beautiful grove, a mile from the Hermitage buildings. The pulpit is at one end, with box pews facing it. Each pew has its own door, and that in which Old Hickory sat is situated in the very center of the church, with a window beside it. The door still bears his name plate, a strip of silver, upon which the letters Andrew Jackson are rudely scratched.

While I was in the church the worshipers began to come, and among them Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence, 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 girlhood 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 pew I asked her as to her grandfather's Christianity. She replied:

"There is no doubt but that General Jackson was a Christian, and a devout one. He always attended church, and he was a reader of the Bible. He was the soul of kindness and truth. In our own family we might doubt the sincerity and purity of others, but no one thought of doubting them in Andrew Jackson. He believed in everything good, and he was good."

"Can you remember him well?" I asked.

"Yes. My father was his adopted son, and I was named after his wife. I was quite a girl when he died, and I can see him today as he looked then."

"Do his portraits accurately represent him?"

"I don't think we have many good portraits of General Jackson," replied his grand daughter. "The best are by Earl,

who married one of Mrs. Rachel Jackson's nieces, and who was for a number of years a member of General Jackson's household. He is now buried at the Hermitage, and his grave is near General Jackson's. Earl was called "the portrait painter to the king," for his fondness for painting President Jackson. He came from a family of artists, and his father was a pupil of Sir Benjamin West.

"One of the worst portraits of Jackson," continued Mrs. Lawrence, "was painted about eight days before his death by an artist named Healy, who had been commissioned by Louis Philippe of France to procure the portraits of General Jackson and other distinguished Americans. He came to the Hermitage and insisted on the general sitting for a portrait. General Jackson was then afflicted with dropsy. His face and limbs were swollen, and he did not want to give the sitting. Besides, he was in bed and ill. Word was sent out to the artist that he could not see him, but the artist went into his bed room and showed his letter from Louis Philippe, whereupon, to oblige him, the general allowed him to make the picture. It should never have been painted. As I remember President Jackson in his prime he was a magnificent looking man, more than six feet two in height and perfectly straight. He had a fair complexion, and during my lifetime his hair was as white as snow."

"Was he a man of culture?" I asked.

"Yes. You can see that by going through the Hermitage. His furniture and all his surroundings were those of a person of taste. He was a well bred man, and he spoke so well that after an address which he made at Harvard college he was given the degree of doctor of laws."

"I suppose the Hermitage was full of visitors during those latter years?"

"Yes, we always kept open house. Every one who came was entertained, and it seemed to me at times as though overruns came. We were far from town and visitors sometimes stayed 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 General 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 General 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 none of 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."

### The Hermitage in 1906.

Driving away from the church I soon reached the Hermitage proper, the house which Andrew Jackson built in 1823, 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 clothes which she 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 General Jackson immediately rebuilt it as it now stands, laying out the grounds as they are today.

The Hermitage is a great old-fashioned red brick of colonial style, with wide verandas on the front and rear. The house is, I judge, about 100 feet front with six tall columns in front of the porches. The win-

dows are large and each has panes of 18x12 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 sides. At the right against the wall stands a beautiful old mahogany sofa, and at the left a mahogany hat tree, the hooks of which are great spikes of brass. The hall is decorated with a wall paper which was ordered by General Jackson from Paris when he was president, and which was shipped here by way of New Orleans up 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 gauche 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 General Jackson's bed room and library, while at the left are the parlors which communicate with each other. The dining room, which is by far the largest room of the house, is beyond these, reached by a door from the veranda.

The furniture throughout is of 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 the portraits of President Jackson, his wife and his friends, and the bed rooms 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 bed room in which this, one of the very greatest of our presidents, passed away. It is in the same condition today as 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 ruffled shirt within it which Jackson used during his last days, and beyond that is his bureau with the mirror above it. Just opposite the bed is a fireplace with a brass fender, and antique andirons so beautiful that almost any woman who reads this would sell her 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.

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## College Foot Ball Under the Revised Rules Wins

**O**MAHA has had one big intercollegiate game of foot ball, and one more is scheduled for Thanksgiving day, when Doane meets Creighton. The game which was played in Omaha, as well as others which have been played around the country, show the rules as modified are a good thing, and only last week President Elliot of Harvard put the seal of his approval upon the new game, after witnessing the contest between Harvard and the Indians. This was a hotly contested game, ending in favor of Harvard by the score of 5 to 0, and yet, this college president, who has gained the reputation of being the most sceptical of all, said it looked all right to him as now played.

### New Rules Stand Test.

Early in the season, when the rules were little understood and while the general public was groping around in the dark, as well as most of the foot ball talent, for some key which would solve the mystery of the new situation, many were heard to say the new rules would not do,

and there was plenty of adverse criticism. Some said there would be nothing to the new game except a monstrous interchange of punts after a team had used two downs in a futile attempt to gain ten yards, which was thought to be impossible. The wirecars set back to growl and grumble, and to watch the gradual deterioration of the great college game in accordance with their predictions. With the season over half gone and many of the big games of the schedules played, the seers who did the knocking are being gradually forced to admit they were wrong, for it is apparent they missed their guess and were way off in their predictions. Instead of the old game, except for the few punts, as they predicted, the new game is open and has been developed as its framers said it would, along open, active and ground-gaining lines by trick plays, which are more apparent to the public than the old style, which consisted chiefly of grueling plunges through the center, when the spectators could not see who was carrying the ball, and thus the interest was to a large extent lost, and the principal complaint after a big game which one could hear on the cars returning from the grounds was that you could see nothing but a mass of legs and could not tell who was doing anything.

The game as it is played by the colleges which have been making the best showing is along the reform lines and the old game has been retained more as a menace to the opposing eleven than as the real ground gainers of the team. It was often too hard under the old rules to gain five yards when the teams were evenly matched, and under the same conditions a

gain of ten yards would be practically out of the question. Still, the old game is not to be lost. A team without a good series of line plays and players which were good under the old rules is handicapped. It is not possible for a team to try to make a long end run on every play, for the opposition would be waiting for that play, and so the old game has had to be re-tack along the lines mentioned, the defensive team must keep on its guard against those plays with a good secondary defense, and this makes the long end runs easier and gives a chance for more spectacular plays in the game which are, of course, more interesting to the spectators.

### Coaches Take an Interest.

Under the old game the attack was far more wearing on the offense than on the defense, and for this reason the coaches have been willing to try to develop the open game rather than the close game. When the twenty-one men were piled into a heap after a line smash it is evident all the offense had the worst of the deal. The man with the ball was pretty apt to be at the bottom with his arms around the ball and several of his teammates were close to him with their arms around him and were also at the bottom of the heap, trying to drag him along. Once or twice may not have made much difference, but when that performance was repeated scores of times it began to tell on the offense, and many a good team has lost a game after having its men worn out by these grueling attacks, so it could not successfully defend its goal after the other team, which had not been on the defensive and resting

up, had begun operations.

The open game presents a new condition, for the captain can take the ball under the very shadow of his own goal posts and by trying the quarterback run and the forward pass and the criss-cross, work the ball up the field with the chance always in sight of getting a man loose for a sensational run up the field for a touchdown. This without the hard game on his players to which they were subjected under the old rules, which was apt to make them useless for the rest of the game. The system might be called speculative, for the captain is always trying for the main chance, and the returns are more apt to be great than under the old rules and also at a smaller outlay of reserve force than the old rules entailed.

### Weather Cuts a Figure.

Weather conditions affect the players in the game more under the new rules than under the old. There a team could plunge along a yard or two at a time in mud and kick deep and still keep gaining the required five yards. With ten yards to gain it is a harder proposition under the new rules. The game must then, because of the inability of a player to make a sensational end run, devolve down to a kicking game, which is also hard in the mud and rain. In the Chicago-Minnesota game a week ago kicking played an important part and developed into a contest between Marshall of Minnesota and Eckersall of Chicago, and because Marshall was able to get his place kick between the goal posts with the ball all mud, he won the game for his team. Stugs made the claim that with a hard ground to play on the result would

have been different, for, he said, he had his men skilled for the new game and was not prepared to play on a muddy field, which required more of the old style of play.

### Old Style Still Effective.

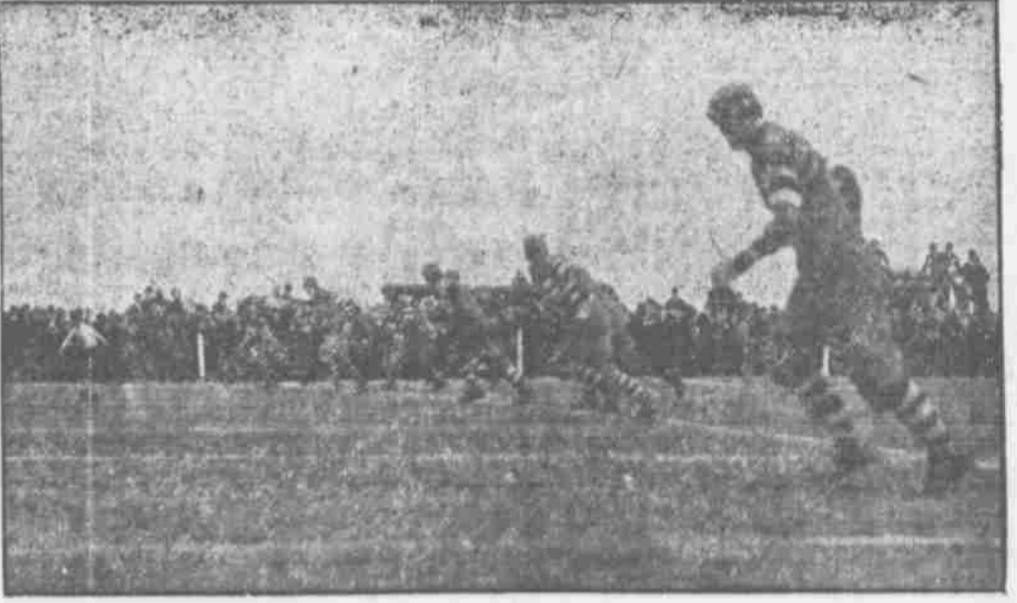
Even with teams which have been taught the new game almost entirely, it is a noticeable fact that when the ball is in possession, near the goal line, the old game of hard plunging through the center or a plunge on the tackles is almost always resorted to. Much was expected of the forward pass, and still but little has been seen of it as yet. Of course, the teams all may have this up their sleeves and only waiting for their final games. The forward pass requires great accuracy in handling the ball and the only time it has been tried in Omaha was a fizzle for different reasons. On one occasion a Bellevue man threw the ball right into the hands of a Creighton player, mistaking him for one of his own men, and a touchdown resulted for Creighton, showing the care which is necessary for this new style of play.



AFTER A SCRIMMAGE



NEBRASKA TEAM FOR 1904



NEBRASKA KICKING OFF.



"GREEN RIBBON GANG" ON THE SIDE LINE



NEBRASKA TRIES AROUND CREIGHTON'S RIGHT END.