The Hermitage and the Social Life of Gen. Jackson.

In the second volume of Parton's Life of Jackson, he discusses the Hermitage and the social life of its revered owner:

"Soon we reach the Hermitage farm, a magnificent curve in extent, but hardly a single field visible; for the road lies through lofty primeval forest. Nearly half an hour's ride from the Forests of western New York or Ohio. No wonder yet in sight, however. What is this admirable edifice of brick, too small for a school-house, too massive for a lodge? That is the Presbyterian church where General Jackson built the pew for his family, and, after she joined the Church, for Rachel. Soon after she joined the Church, Jackson asked "if there is the good lady, and to her relations and friends in the neighborhood, to stand quite alone in a line, out of sight of the Hermitage."

"Now we leave the turnpike, and turn into a perfect lane, straight, narrow, a corridor of a mile long, the land on both sides a dead level. We come to a low iron gate in a white wooden frame, which admits us to an avenue of young cedars, ending in a grove, through which a guitar-shaped lawn is visible. But still no house. Not till the carriage is driven twice around the lawn, within a very few yards of the front door, does the mansion disclose itself to view—so level is the land, so dense the surrounding evergreen foliage. We alight, at length, on the moss-edge of the piazza, and the Hermitage is before us.

"It is not very spacious building, and very far indeed from being an elegant one. A two-story brick house, with a double piazza, both in front and in the rear; the plains wooden and painted white, supported by thick grooved pillars of the same material and color. The floors of the lower piazza are stone; and the roof is terminated in a wing of the house. Just behind the edifice is a large garden, with pebbled paths and beds bordered with bricks. The rooms are lofty, rather small, and plainly furnished. The parlors are hung with portraits of the General and his friends, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Grundy, Hayne, Barton, and others. There is a portrait of Mrs. Jackson in white satin, topaz jewelry, low neck and short sleeves; fat, forty, but not fair. In the hall are the busts of Edward Livingston, Mr. Cass, and Levi Woodbury.

"One would have expected to find the stables of such a lover of horses extensive and conspicuous; but they are neither. One building of unknown age, with stalls for nine or ten horses, and another still smaller for the shelter of the huge family coach, are all the out-buildings that now remain. The negro cabins, some of logs and a few of brick, are scattered about the farm, instead of forming a compact little street, as is often the case on large plantations.

"General Jackson, as we have mentioned before, was a frugal and careful farmer. His tastes and habits were simple and farmer-like, as are those of Southerners generally. The visitor is constantly reminded in the Southern States, that he is in a region where the ruling interest is agriculture, where the wits of the people are farmers. Cotton, the staple product, is also the staple topic, and all life has the farm-house flavor and tone. A certain primitive simplicity pervades everything. To go southward is to make a journey into the past. Travel twenty-four hours into the Southern States, and then get ten miles away from the railroad, and you have arrived at sixty years-ago. You are handling the implements of husbandry of Washington. You are contemplating the caste of character, you are eating the viands, you are sitting in the first places, you are smelling the candles of the year 1760. Often, too, you will have the best of antiquities, particularly in Northern Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee, that along with the primitive manners and customs of another age have been preserved the primitive health, feelings, and virtues—a certain hearty, honest, homely dignity of character, which we have heard our great-grandfathers talked of. Everything is moving slowly at the South, and people have time to live, to grow fat, and to grow old. Even General Jackson, a marvelously active man for the South, was never an early riser when at home. He sat down to breakfast between eight and nine; and, after dinner, he and his wife took a leisurely and dignified pull at their reed-pipes.

"Can we recall the group that used to gather round that fireside and listen to Aunt Rachael's stories after dinner? There sits the General in his rocking-chair, tranquilly smoking, tranquilly listening, occasionally laughing at his own recollections of Henry Clay. He once declared, with peculiar emphasis, that it was the perusal of Mr. Clay's speech against the recharter of the United States Bank, in 1811, that convinced him of the unconstitutionality and impolicy of the National Bank. The latter part of the speech of Mr. Clay, in favor of the bank, well written, could not shake the convictions of 1811. Mr. Calhoun's war speeches were keenly relished by the General; so were the diplomatic despatches of Mr. John Quincy Adams. Monroe, Calhoun, Adams, and De Witt Clinton were the public men who stood highest in his regard at this period.

"The conversation of General Jackson, when at home among his familiar friends, related chiefly to the warlike exploits of himself and his companions. Revolutionary reminiscences, of which he of friend, and Generals Coffee and Carroll, were not the least plentiful in him, and he was fond of telling over the story of his boyish adventures during that contest. In speaking of the defence of New Orleans, he usually attributed his success to the direct interposition of Providence in support of the weaker side against the stronger.

"A little before that, occurred at the Hermitage table, as described to me by a lady who witnessed it, may serve to illustrate the curious blending of the Presbyterian with the soldier and man of the world, sometimes exhibited in General Jackson's character. Mr. Parton, his wife, and Colonel Hamilton, the latter, in defiance of her orders, had ventured to ask a blessing before meals. The company had sat down at the table, one day, when the General, not telling a warlike story with great enthusiasm, interesting his companions, as was then his custom, with a profusion of expletives and oaths, the lady of the house interrupted her lord. Mr. Jackson, will you ask a blessing?" Mr. Jackson stopped short in the midst of one of his most stalwart oaths, bent his head, performed the duty requested of him, and then, literally resumed his narrative in the same sentence and the same oath. If it were admissible to give here the exact words of the interrupted sentence, with the grace in the middle thereof, this would be a capital story. The reader can imagine it, however."

THE BOMBARDMENT PRINCE HENRY FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—In consequence of the activity displayed by the police authorities on the occasion of the visit of the late prize fights, and their contemplated interference, the battle between Prince Henry and Thomas on the 16th proximo, the backers of the men, it is understood, have arranged to demand the articles of agreement, so far as relates to the appointed day of fighting, with the intention of bringing off the "event" at an earlier and unexpected date; the place and time of meeting to be confided to a limited number of "amateurs" of pugilism the evening previous to the day fixed for the contest.—*London Globe.*

The chief constable of the Isle of Ely (one of the fenland towns) by prior right had obtained warrants for the impressment of Bayes and Heenan, with a view to their being bound over to keep the peace for twelve months.

A report has arrived that the fight between Sayers and Heenan, which might probably take place between two or three days, was not at all the thoughtful point intersectional. It was believed, however, in sporting circles, that the original date would not be changed.

The special details in the Illustrated *Gazette* of April 7 says that the usual ceremonies of the installation of the Marquess Tom been in progress at Aston, Many of the high patents and collars were present, including young Joe Smith, who was indulging into the Sir Charles of Grandison, and who, by the way, has taken young "Tommy" under his wing. They are indeed young "Tommy" is not with expectants the necessity of a contribution to Sayers Benefit Young, as the Presidency of young Smith is acknowledged, even in Utah. Brigham Young, it is said, has signed Brigham Young and his party in Utah. Throughout the proceedings, and in the course of private conversation, Young and his associates were denounced as having prostituted themselves from the church, and the expressed themselves from the church, and the expressed themselves from the church, and the expressed