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THE TRANCE OF LOVE.

Love in a drowsy mood one day
Reclined with all his nymphs around him,
His feathered darts neglected lay,
And faded were the flowers, that crowned him.
Young Hope, with eye of light in vain
Led smiling Beauty to implore him,
While genius poured his sweetest strain,
And pleasure shook his roses o'er him.

At length a stranger sought the grove,
And fiery vengeance seemed to guide him,
He rudely tore the wreaths of Love,
And broke the darts that lay beside him.
The little god now wakeful grew,
And angry at the bold endeavor,
He rose and wove his wreaths anew,
And strung his bow more firm than ever.

When lo! the invader cried "Farewell!
My skill, bright nymphs, this lesson teaches,
While Love is sprightly, bind him well
With smiles, and songs, and honeyed speeches.
But should dull languor seize the god,
Recall me on my friendly mission;
For know when Love begins to nod,
His surest spur is opposition."

GEN. JACKSON AT HOME.

The following interesting picture of domestic life at the Hermitage is from Parton's Life of Jackson:

Seven miles from Nashville we rumble across the old covered bridge of Stone's river, and come in sight of the block-house where Jackson and Coffee kept their store, and contracted for the building of Burr's boats—a pile without inhabitants now, to rain running, a spectre of a house in a large field. Near by is Clover Bottom, where John Donelson encamped and planted corn, and lost his crop by an overflow of the Cumberland; where, too, General Jackson ran his horses, and strode tremendous to the rescue of Patton Anderson, wading knee-deep in dinner.

Soon we reached the Hermitage farm, a thousand acres in extent; four hundred cleared and cultivated; the rest forest—thick, lofty, luxuriant; only less so than the forest of New York or Ohio. No mansion yet in sight, however. What is this minute edifice of brick, too small for a school-house, too desolate for a lodge? That is the Presbyterian Church which General Jackson built for the solace of his wife soon after she joined the Church; and a solace, indeed, it was to the good lady, and to her religious friends in the neighborhood. It stands quite alone in a lane, out of sight of the Hermitage.

Now we leave the turnpike and turn into a private road, straight, narrow, a quarter 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 begins to wind about 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 stone steps of the piazza, and the Hermitage is before us.

It is not a 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 piazza wooden and painted white, supported by thick grooved pillars of the same material and color. The floors of the lower piazza are of stone, and each end terminates in a wing of the house. Just behind the edifice is a large garden, with pebbled paths, and beds bordered with bricks. The parlors are lofty, rather small, and plainly furnished. The parlors are hung with portraits of the General and his friends, Coffee, Bronaugh, Gadsden, Eaton, 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 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 commodious; but they are neither. One building of unhewn logs, 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 vigilant and successful farmer. His tastes and habits were simple and farmer-like, as are those of Southerners generally. The visitor is constantly remined, in the Southern States, that he is in a region where the ruling interest is agriculture, where the elite 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 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, you are enjoying the usages, you are contemplating the cast of character, you are eating the viands, you are sitting in the fire-places, you are snuffing the candles of the year 1790. Often, too, you will have the heart-felt satisfaction of observing, particularly in North Carolina 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 possessed. Everything is done slowly at the South, and people have time to live, to grow fat, and to grow old. Even Gen. Jackson, a marvellously 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-pines.

Can we recall the group that used to gather round that fireside and listen to Aunt Rachel's stories after dinner? There sits the General in his rocking-chair, tranquilly smoking, tranquilly listening, occasionally laughing at his wife's quaint narratives, and sometimes, when the tale threatens to be too long, taking it out of her mouth and giving it a summary graceful finish. The "two Andrews" have out-grown the possibility of sharing the General's chair. Andrew, the adopted, is a stout boy of eleven, as much indulged as ever. Andrew Jackson Donelson has graduated with honor at West Point, and is now a fine young officer of the engineer corps. "Lieut. Donelson," says the General in one of his letters of 1821, "is young, but I trust you will find him modest and unassuming; possessing as good an education as any of his age in America; of good moral habits, and entirely clear of all the dissipations too common to the youth of the modern day."

* * * * * *

Beside the young gentlemen, there was always a young niece or two of Mrs. Jackson living at the Hermitage. They could easily please the General with their music. Two songs especially always delighted him—"Auld Lang Syne" and "Scots wha ha' hi' Wallace bled." When ladies asked him to write something in their albums, he was likely to write 'When I can read my title clear' as anything else.

The spare rooms of the Hermitage were not unoccupied. General Coffee came occasionally to visit his old commander. Major Eaton, of the Senate, was frequently there—a portly man, devoted to General Jackson, whose life he had just written. Major Eaton and Maj Lewis were brothers-in-law, both having married wards of General Jackson. The General, therefore, looked upon them both almost as sons-in-law, as well as tried friends and comrades. Dr. Bronaugh, the General's military surgeon, a high-spirited Virginian, a stickler for the code of honor, heartily believing in the pistol as the great social regulator, and always prompt to act in accordance with that faith, was a frequent visitor. Colonel Robert Butler, a somewhat haughty soldier of the old school, Captain Call, also a devotee of the pistol, Captain Gadsden, Colonel Hayne, (brother of the senator replied to by Webster,) Judge Overton, General Carroll, General Sam Houston, Captain John Donelson and his sons, were always welcome. The clerical friends of Mrs Jackson were entertained at the hermitage with a peculiar warmth of hospitality. Indeed, clergymen of all denominations were welcomed there at all times, and treated with the most marked distinction. Mr. Earl, an artist, often commissioned to paint General Jackson's portrait, became at length a member of his family; and having employed the last twelve years of his life in continually painting the General's portrait, died at the Hermitage, and was buried in the garden beside the General's own tomb. "In memory of R. E. W. Earl, Artist, Friend, and Companion of General Jackson, who died at the Hermitage, 16th September, 1837," is the inscription on his tombstone.

* * * * * *

After the war of 1812 Gen. Jackson was never seen at the cock-pit, and seldom on the race-ground, tho' his love of horses was a love that never grew cold.

He was no great reader of books. His library at the Hermitage consists chiefly of presentation copies and the biblical commentaries so eagerly read by the General at a later day. He was always a devourer of newspapers, however, and was particularly fond of hearing an eloquent speech read aloud in the family circle. In earlier years he had been a warm admirer of the eloquence of Henry Clay. He once declared, with peculiar emphasis, that it was the persual of Mr. Clay's speech against the re-charter of the United States Bank, in 1811, that convinced him of the unconstitutionality and impolicy of a National Bank. The later speeches of Mr. Clay in favor of the Bank, we are well aware, could not shake the convictions of 1811. Mr. Calhoun's war speeches were keenly relished by the General, as 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 Gen. Jackson, when at home among his familiar friends, related chiefly to the warlike exploits of himself and his companions. Revolutionary anecdotes, of which his old friend, Gen. Overton, had a large stock, were particularly pleasing to him, and he was fond of telling over the story of his own 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 weak against the strong.

A little scene 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 Gen. Jackson's behavior. After his wife had joined the church, the General, in deference to her wishes, was accustomed to ask a blessing before meals. The company had sat down at the table one day, when the General was telling a warlike story with great animation, interlarding his discourse, as was then his custom, with a profusion of expletives most heterodox and profane. In the full tide of his narration the lady of the house interrupted her lord, "Mr. Jackson, will you ask a blessing?" Mr. Jackson stopped in the midst of one of his most soldier-like sentences, performed the duty required of him, and then instantly resumed his narrative in the same tone and language as before. If it were admissible to give here the exact words of the interrupted sentence, with the grace in the midst thereof, this would be a capital story. The reader can imagine it, however.

Courtship in Egypt.

Last autumn a young lady left Dundee for Alexandria to visit relations resident in the city. As the passengers were landing at Alexandria, a richly attired Turk advanced to look at the arrivals, and seemed instantly to be struck with the charms of the damsel from Dundee. He approached her, and suddenly flung a string of figs about her neck. The captain of the ship came forward and informed his bewildered passenger that the Turk's gift was a token of admiration and affection. The matter speedily become serious.—Through the medium of an interpreter, the Turk entered into conversation with the captain, and inquired the sum for which he would be willing to sell the lady; he had nine wives already, he said, but could he possess this new beauty, she should be the queen and Light of his Harem. The captain, for the sake of a joke, replied that her price was 60,000 piastres (about £500.) The Turk grumbled at the enormous demand; it was just double, he said, what he paid for the most handsome Circassian, Georgian, or Mingrelian, ever brought to the Alexandrine market. The captain, however, stuck to his price; and so the parties separated. But on the following morning, when the captain was escorting the lady to the residence of her relatives, the Turk again made his appearance, and throwing another fig necklace around the lady's neck, intimated that he was prepared to give the requisite sum! Here was a dilemna. But the captain soon cleared himself. "Foh!" said he, "you're too late; I sold her yesterday for a thousand piastres more; so you've lost her." The same young lady was married, recently, in Dundee.

The more a dentist's practice increases, the oftener he "looks down in the mouth."

[Translated from the German of Hauff.]

The Giant of Reissenstein.

Upon a certain mountain in Wurtemberg there stands a castle called Reissenstein, which belongs now to the Helfensteiners. It lies upon steep cliffs, far up in the air, and has no neighborhood but the clouds, and at night the moon. Just opposite to this castle, upon another mountain, on which the Heimenstein castle stands, is a grotto, and there, years ago, lived a giant. And Mrs. had a great deal of money, and might have lived contented and happy if there had been other giants and giantesses. It occurred to him one day that he would build himself a castle, such as the knights had, and the cliffs opposite seemed just the place for it. But he himself was a bad workman; he dug out with his nails rocks as high as houses, and placed them one upon another; but they always fell down again and never became a castle. So he seated himself on a rock, and called down into the valley below for workmen, carpenters, masons, stone cutters, locksmiths, must all come and help him, and he would pay them well. His cry was heard through all Swabia, from the Kocher to Lake Constance, and from the Neckar to the Donau, and from every direction master workmen and journeymen came, to build a castle for the giant. It was droll to see how he set in the sunshine before his grotto, and watched the work going on upon the high cliffs. The masters and journeymen were very industrious, and followed the directions which he called to them over the valley. They had all kinds of jests and sport with one another about the giant, who knew nothing about the building. At last the castle was done, and the giant went in and looked out of the highest window down into the valley upon the workmen, who had collected there. But, on looking up, he became very angry, for the men had sworn everything was done, and there, on the very window by which he stood, one nail was wanting. The builders apologized, saying that no one would trust himself to sit out of the window in the air to drive it in. The giant would not listen to them, but insisted that they should not have one cent of pay until the nail was driven in.

So they all entered the castle, but when they came to the upper window, and looked out into the air, and down into the valley which lay so far below, and nothing but rocks about them, they shook their heads and walked away. The master offered tenfold reward to whoever would venture, yet no one could be found. Now there was among them a brave locksmith, who loved the daughter of his master, and she loved him too, but the father was a hard man, and would not give her to him as his wife, because he was poor.—The lad took courage, and thought he might earn his treasure or die—for his life was sad to him without her. He stepped up to the master, her father, and said: "Will you give me your daughter, if I drive in the nail?" The father said "Yes," thinking that the boy would surely fall upon the rocks and kill himself, and in this way he would be forever rid of him.

The courageous youth took the nail and hammer, uttered a short prayer, and started for the window. The workmen raised a cry of joy, which awoke the giant, who asked what was the matter. When he heard that some one had been found to drive in the nail, he looked at the young locksmith and said: "You are a brave lad, and have more heart than that rabble there; come I will help you. Then he took him by the neck, so that he shuddered through marrow and bone, raised him to the window and said: "Now hammer away—I won't let you fall." The boy drove the nail into the stone, and made it firm, while the giant stroked and kissed him till he almost killed him, and then leading him to the foreman, he spake thus: "Give him your daughter." Then going to his grotto, he brought forth a bag of money, and paid each one in farthings and pence. Finally, he came to the brave locksmith, to whom he said: "Now go home, thou noble fellow; get thy master's daughter and bring her to this castle, for it is thine.—*The Century.*

"Pap," observed a young urchin of tender years, to his fond parent, "does the Lord know everything?"

"Yes, my son," replied the hopeful sire, "but why do you ask that question?"

"Because our preacher, when he prays, is so long in telling him everything, I tho't he was not posted."

The "parient" reflected.

The Bar-Room vs. the Family Fireside.

From some strange perversity or rather *depravity* of taste, which it would puzzle a metaphysician to account for, thousands of young men would rather spend their evenings in tavern bar-rooms than in the society of cultivated young women of their own age. We can more readily conceive of a Russian preferring train oil and tallow candles to turtle soup and spring chickens, than that a young American gentleman should forego the society of his sisters and their female friends in order to drink unwholesome liquor in a crowded room, and contribute his quantum of ill-flavored vapor to the smoke-cloud which befogs such haunts of dissipation. But so it is. Any citizen who has nerve enough to risk suffocation by making a visit to a dozen fashionable "saloons" on any given night, will see, if the fumes be not too thick for his vision to penetrate, numbers of young men within his own circle of acquaintance—each of whom has a cheerful home to go to, and to whom many other pleasant homes are open—doing their best to stupify their brains with alcohol and cigars. Such bright youths perchance may think it *manly* to congregate in bar-rooms to puff and swill, in preference to partaking of the refined, moral and intellectual pleasure which results from social contact with well-educated, pure-minded young women, but we tell them in all kindness, that to compare them to "beasts without discourse of reason," would be doing them too much honor.

General Jackson and the Bully.

On his return from legislating, Jackson was elected a judge of the Supreme Court of the State, and his conduct in that capacity gave rise to various myths, one of which, known apparently in the States as "the Russell Bean anecdote," (under the name our hero,) has assumed, after many variations, the following shape, which is amusing enough to deserve to be authentic: Once during court, a great hulking fellow, armed with pistol and bowie-knife, took it upon himself to participate before the shanty court-house, and cursed the judge, jury, and all there assembled, in set terms. "Sheriff," sang out the judge, "arrest that man for contempt of court, and confine him." The sheriff found it impossible. "Sammon a posse," said the judge. The posse did not like the job, as the fellow threatened "to shoot the first skunk that came within ten feet of him." "Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "sammon me." "Very well, judge," said the sheriff, "I suppose I must." Jackson walked up with his pistols, and said, "Now surrender, you infernal villian, this very instant, or I'll blow you thro'." The man put up his pistols, with the word, "There judge, it's no use; I give in." A few days afterwards, being asked his reason, he said, "Why, when he came up I looked him in the eye, and I saw shot, and there wasn't shot in nary other eye in the crowd; and so I says to myself, says I, hoss, it's about time to sing small, and so I did."—*Parton's Life of Jackson.*

A Close Calculator.

A sharp, shrewd, economical chap, who contracted for the erection of frame buildings in the Western country, was constantly boasting to his friends of the powers of calculation. Said he one day, while in the centre of his admiring listeners:

"Why, boys, I never had any waste in building a house. You know the big school house over in N——? I calculated so close in building it, that I had only two square feet of lumber when it was completed."

An old gentleman who had frequently heard the speaker boast of his great calculating abilities, thus replied:

"Well, that was doing pretty well; but there is a contractor down in R—— who erected a whole block of frame buildings; but the owner refused to pay for the same, because there was an ugly hole in the house, caused by the contractor running short of lumber just two feet. What do you think he did?" asked the old gentleman.

"Why, bought more lumber to finish it," said the first boaster, chuckling at the want of calculation on the part of the contractor.

"No," said the old gent; he just gathered up the sawdust, slapped it into the hole, completed the block, and got his money."

After the relation of this anecdote, Contractor No. 1 was completely cured of boasting of his peculiar powers.

Madder colors are red. This is the reason why the madder you get the redder you grow.

Interpretation of Dreams.

To dream of a large stone around your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. To see apples in a dream, betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may expect to find pears. To dream that you are lame, is a token that you will get into a hobble. When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue the use of tight stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. To dream of a fire, is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy and water. To dream of walking barefooted, denotes a journey that you will make bootless. To dream of eggs, is a sign that you will discover a mare's nest. When a fashionable lady dreams of a filbert, it is a sign that her thoughts are running upon the Colonel. If you dream of clothes, it is a warning not to go to law, for, by the rule of contraries you will be sure of a non-suit. To dream that you are eating is certain to come true at breakfast. To dream of a barber, denotes losses—hairs may be expected to be cut off. To dream of having a great number of servants is madness. It is very lucky to dream you pay for a thing twice over, since afterwards you will probably take care to have all your bills receipted.

"John," said one boy to another, one day, as they were strolling by a duck pond, "do you know why a duck goes under water?"

"No," answered his companion; "let me ask you why?"

"For diver's (divers) reasons," said John.

"Well, well," said the other, "can you tell me why he comes up again?"

"No," replied John, somewhat curiously.

"Then, John," said his companion, "you caught this time. Of course the duck comes up for sundry (sundry) purposes."

Two Sambos were one day lying on a wood pile sunning themselves, when one of them suddenly broke forth in the following manner:

"I say, Ike, does yer tink dis world turns round on a axletree?"

"Well, Sam, I doesn't know; what does you tink?"

"Why, de world can't turn round on de axletree, 'cause it would come in contact wid de 'chinary ob de globe, bust de engine, run de cars off de track, and squash all de passengers!"

"Sam, you is a larned nigger."

Some years ago there was a man in New Orleans who on week days was a cotton broker—on Sundays he was a preacher. There had been a week of unusual excitement in the cotton market, and on the following Sunday our friend commenced the services with a hymn, which he announced as follows:

"We will sing to praise the Lord the 47th hymn—*long staple!*"

Dean Swift, in preaching an assize sermon, was severe on the lawyers. After dinner a young attorney said some hard things against the clergy, adding that, "were the devil to die, a clergyman might be found to preach his funeral sermon." "Yes," said Swift, "I would; and I would give the devil his due, as I gave his brethren this morning."

At an election a candidate solicited a vote.

"I would rather vote for the devil than you," was the reply.

"But in case your friend is not a candidate," said the solicitor, "might I then count on your assistance?"

"My son hold up your head, and tell me who was the strongest man?" "Jonah." "Why so?" "Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down."

"Friend, is your horse balky?"—"No, he is only afraid somebody will say 'whoa,' and he shan't hear it."

"What was the use of the eclipse?" asked a young lady. "Oh, it gave the sun time for reflection," replied a wag.

Why are young ladies at breaking up of a party, like *arrows*? Because they can't go off without a *beau*, and are in a *quiver* till they get one.

Finest quality of pens—the rays of light with which the stars write to each other.

It is a current belief that a wolf is never more dangerous than when he feels *sharpish*.

The remedy for 2thache which will allay 3awl pain 4thwith, is Xtraction.

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