

presented a more quiet, cheerful and admirable management of her household. She had not education, but she had a heart, and a good one; and that was always leading her to do kind things in the kindest manner. She had the General's own warm heart, frank manners and hospitable temper; and no two persons could have been better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made a house more attractive to visitors. She had the faculty—a rare one—of retaining names and titles in a throng of visitors, addressing each one appropriately, and dispensing hospitality to all with a cordiality which enhanced its value. No bashful youth, or plain old man, whose modesty sat them down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention, any more than the titled gentlemen on her right and left. Young persons were her delight, and she always had her house filled with them—clever young women and clever young men—all calling her affectionately, "Aunt Rachel." I was young then, and was one of that number. I owe it to early

recollections, and to cherished convictions—in this last notice of the Hermitage—to bear this faithful testimony to the memory of its long mistress—the loved and honored wife of a great man. Her greatest eulogy is in the affection which he bore her living, and in the sorrow with which he mourned her dead. She died at the moment of the General's first election to the Presidency; and every one that had a just petition to present, or charitable request to make, lost in her death, the surest channel to the ear and to the heart of the President. His regard for her survived, and lived in the persons of her nearest relatives. A nephew of hers was his adopted son and heir, taking his own name, and now the respectable master of the Hermitage. Another nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson, Esq., was his private secretary when President. The Presidential mansion was presided over during his term by her niece, the most amiable Mrs. Donelson; and all his conduct bespoke affectionate and lasting remembrance of one he had held so dear.

END OF VOLUME I.