

age, in the full possession of all his faculties, and strong to the last in the ruling passion of his soul—love of country. Public history will do justice to his public life; but a further notice is wanted of him—a notice of the domestic man—of the man at home, with his wife, his friends, his neighbors, his slaves; and this I feel some qualification for giving, from my long and varied acquaintance with him. First, his intimate and early friend—then a rude rupture—afterwards friendship and intimacy for twenty years, and until his death: in all forty years of personal observation, in the double relation of friend and foe, and in all the walks of life, public and private, civil and military.

The first time that I saw General Jackson was at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1799—he on the bench, a judge of the then Superior Court, and I a youth of seventeen, back in the crowd. He was then a remarkable man, and had his ascendant over all who approached him, not the effect of his high judicial station, nor of the senatorial rank which he had held and resigned; nor of military exploits, for he had not then been to war; but the effect of personal qualities; cordial and graceful manners, hospitable temper, elevation of mind, undaunted spirit, generosity, and perfect integrity. In charging the jury in the impending case, he committed a slight solecism in language which grated on my ear, and lodged on my memory, without derogating in the least from the respect which he inspired; and without awakening the slightest suspicion that I was ever to be engaged in smoothing his diction. The first time I spoke with him was some years after, at a (then) frontier town in Tennessee, when he was returning from a Southern visit, which brought him through the towns and camps of some of the Indian tribes. In pulling off his overcoat, I perceived on the white lining of the turning down sleeve, a dark speck, which had life and motion. I brushed it off, and put the heel of my shoe upon it—little thinking that I was ever to brush away from him game of a very different kind. He smiled; and we began a conversation in which he very quickly revealed a leading trait of his character,—that of encouraging young men in their laudable pursuits. Getting my name and parentage, and learning my intended profession, he manifested a regard for me, said he had received hospitality at my father's house in North Caro-

lina, gave me kind invitations to visit him; and expressed a belief that I would do well at the bar—generous words which had the effect of promoting what they undertook to foretell. Soon after, he had further opportunity to show his generous feelings. I was employed in a criminal case of great magnitude, where the oldest and ablest counsel appeared—Haywood, Grundy, Whiteside,—and the trial of which General Jackson attended through concern for the fate of a friend. As junior counsel I had to precede my elders, and did my best; and, it being on the side of his feelings, he found my effort to be better than it was. He complimented me greatly, and from that time our intimacy began.

I soon after became his aid, he being a Major General in the Tennessee militia—made so by a majority of one vote. How much often depends upon one vote!—New Orleans, the Creek campaign, and all their consequences, date from that one vote!—and after that, I was habitually at his house; and, as an inmate, had opportunities to know his domestic life, and at the period when it was least understood and most misrepresented. He had resigned his place on the bench of the Superior Court, as he had previously resigned his place in the Senate of the United States, and lived on a superb estate of some thousand acres, twelve miles from Nashville, then hardly known by its subsequent famous name of the Hermitage—name chosen for its perfect accord with his feelings; for he had then actually withdrawn from the stage of public life, and from a state of feeling well known to belong to great talent when finding no theatre for its congenial employment. He was a careful farmer, overlooking every thing himself, seeing that the fields and fences were in good order, the stock well attended, and the slaves comfortably provided for. His house was the seat of hospitality, the resort of friends and acquaintances, and of all strangers visiting the State—and the more agreeable to all from the perfect conformity of Mrs. Jackson's character to his own. But he needed some excitement beyond that which a farming life can afford, and found it, for some years, in the animating sports of the turf. He loved fine horses—racers of speed and bottom—owned several, and contested the four mile heats with the best that could be bred, or brought to the State, and for large sums. That is the nearest to gaming that I

ever knew him to pit have been impossibly. I never. Duels were usual share of them, wintants; but they pmosities, and he l pressing the advan he had but lately tility.

His temper was and his reconciliati Of that, my own After a deadly feu adviser; was offer favor, and received sage of friendship, parting, and when breath. There was in him, unaffectedly ence for divine wors of the gospel, their house, and constant pious tendencies of they both afterwar church, it was the n their early and cheri tle in his house, and tions; and of this, I c in contrast with hi worth more than a what that character his house one wet cl and came upon him i before the fire, a lam knees. He started a remove the two innoc explained to me how cried because the lam begged him to bring to please the child, h two years old. The fe that! and though Jack his violence, they were those who stood up ag women and children, o for all whom his feeling tion and support. Hi as well as cordial, em every walk of life, and objects to receive it, Of this, I learned a ch