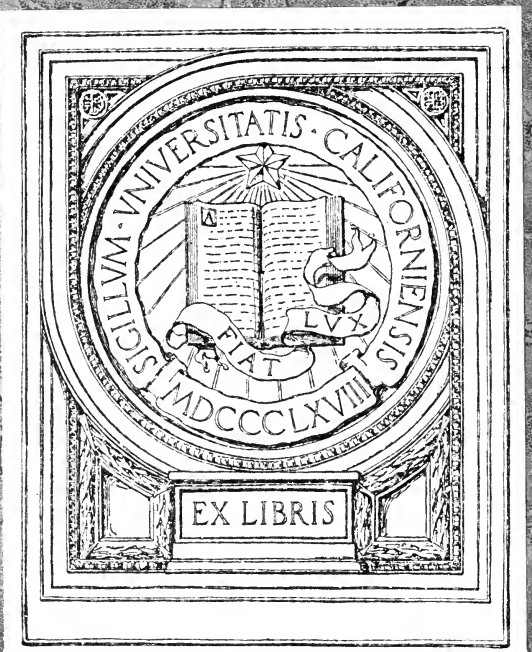

EULOGY

ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF

ANDREW JACKSON,

BY

GEORGE BARSTOW, ESQ.,

AT MANCHESTER, N. H., ON THE 12TH OF JULY 1845.

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GEORGE BARSTOW, ESQ.,

AT MANCHESTER, N. H. ON THE 12TH OF JULY, 1845.

Manchester, July 15, 1845.

Sir:

By vote of the Committee of Arrangements for paying a tribute of respect to the memory of Gen. ANDREW JACKSON, I am directed to extend to you the thanks of the Committee for your excellent Eulogy, delivered on the 12th inst., upon the life and character of that eminent patriot, and to ask of you a copy of the same for the press.

Yours, respectfully,

C. E. POTTER,

for the Committee.

To GEORGE BARSTOW, ESQ.

Manchester, N. H., July 18th, 1845.

Sir:

I am induced, by your flattering request, to place the Eulogy at your disposal and am very truly yours.

GEORGE BARSTOW.

To C. E. POTTER, ESQ.

AMERICANS:—We are assembled in this place to pay a last, mournful tribute to the most remarkable man of the age. Andrew Jackson, victorious in so many fields, has triumphed over the last enemy of man. The orisons of millions have arisen for his entrance to the celestial mansions, and we are met to indulge in sweet and pleasant remembrance of the man whom we deplore. With funeral dirge and solemn requiem we have come to celebrate the obsequies of departed valor.

How shall I shadow forth the grand outlines and great proportions of such a character? In what language can the story of such a life be told? To present him truly, he must appear brave, as he was seen in battle; determined, as he was found in council; serene, as he adorned society. Yet why do I fear lest the eulogy of departed worth should be feebly spoken? He needs *no* eulogy whose panegyric is a nation's tears. No storied obelisk, or sculptured monument, or proud eternal pyramid is necessary to perpetuate his fame. His noblest monuments are the minds where his own principles are instilled and his own example implanted.

It is written that he was the youngest child of Irish emigrants of Scottish origin. It is the same blood that peopled our own county of Hillsborough. Not more pure is it found by Flodden-field or Bannockburn than in the vales between our hills. It is the martyr blood of Scotland, mingled with the warm current of the Irish heart. In his character are exhibited the iron resolution of Scotland and the generous ardor of the Emerald Isle.

In the woods of Carolina, on the wild banks of the Catawba, in the Waxaw setttlement, he was born, and there he was nursed to freedom. The wilderness of the frontier folds in its bosom an infant destined to be the leader of armies and the representative of an age! But it is of little consequence to inquire what particular spot may have been the birth place of such a man as Jackson. No matter *where* he was born, whose fame encircles the world, nor how humble were the first days of one whose after life fills the brightest page of a nation's annals. America was his birth place, and his renown belongs to the whole land.

How strange are the mutations of earthly things! When Jackson was a child in Carolina, the Indians of Georgia and all the roving tribes of the South, possessed their hunting grounds from the Atlantic to the banks of the Mississippi. The red men knew not that there was a child near them, idly sporting with the flowers and tracking with tiny feet the paths of their early hunters, before whose prowess their arrows would all be broken and during whose life their council-fires would go out and their war-cry become a forgotten sound over the whole land eastward of the great Father of Waters!

When he was a boy, his talents were perceived, and were quickened by the genial warmth of a mother's love. They promise to repay the pains of culture and he is placed at school. During the intervals of study, she pours into his delighted ear the traditions of their father-land—tells him the wrongs of his father and his country, and fires his soul with the love of liberty and glory. Ah, how many of us are forced to acknowledge that if we have a lofty purpose, a gener-

ous impulse, or a high aspiration, we owe it to the watchful pride and holy ambition of a parent.

The war of the revolution invades the peaceful shades of the academy. The boy of the future hermitage, even then a man in spirit, feels his bosom throb with the heart of a soldier. From a mother's lip he has learned to love liberty. Can he fail to be found on the *side* of liberty? No. Freedom calls out to her champion and in a moment his choice is fixed. His books are thrown aside, and with his musket on his shoulder and his brother by his side, he hastens to the American standard. By the fortune of war, ever fickle and fearful, they are both prisoners in the enemy's camp. A British officer, who had trod the battle fields of Europe without feeling humanity or regarding the laws of nations, attempts to compel his young prisoners to acts of menial service. They assert the rights of war and appeal to the honor of England. For this, Robert, the elder, is struck down mortally wounded and Andrew receives a sword cut on his arm. Little did the British officer imagine, that the boy whom he had so cruelly wounded, was destined to scatter an army whose iron tramp had shaken a continent. No one could tell that an intellect slumbered in the boy of the Waxaw settlement which would cause the name of Andrew Jackson to be inscribed on glory's imperishable tablet.

His mother strives with ceaseless effort to relieve the prisoners. Worn down by fatigue and heart broken by the death of her elder son, she soon falls a victim to her sorrows and toils; but not till she had written upon the heart of her surviving warrior a lesson which will make the volume of his own life a legacy to his country and the world. The war closed. And now he is in the world without a near relative—on the wide, wide sea of life. Gallant young sailor!—on life's ocean—launching thy bark alone. Well mayest thou dare the elements, for shouldst thou sink, there is not a kindred eye to see thy struggle, or a fond heart to be broken by thy fall!

Pleasure, which to an old man is an empty sound, has attractions for the young, and to the syren voice of that charmer he listened till he had wasted his scanty patrimony. And now he is left destitute, and the chart and the compass of life seem to be thrown away. But is there then no guide? Is there no beacon light visible to the mind's eye? Thanks to Memory, the teachings of a mother are never lost. Amidst the clamors of folly, in the mazes of pleasure, a still small voice comes up from a mother's grave, and with more than earthly eloquence bids us remember that such an one as she has lived and died. It seems to be a living murmur from that fountain of affection which in life is not made bitter even by ingratitude and is never exhausted by forgiveness. To the melody of that voice the future statesman listens. He pauses and reflects—he resolves and his studies are resumed.

In 1786 he was admitted to the bar. At that time the country was recovering from the shock of the revolution. Commerce, industry and the arts had revived. Standing solitary and alone, innumerable difficulties rising around him, every endearing recollection of his native state blotted out by the death of all his near relatives, the intrepid orphan turns his eyes to the young West. There he beholds a theatre worthy of his hopes and his conscious power. With characteristic sagacity he selects the rising Territory of Tennessee as the scene of his future abode; and from that time his name is identified with the West.

A bright professional career opens before him. The illustrious Washington, ever alive to the promotion of talent, is made acquainted with the man in all the West most like himself, and he commissions Andrew Jackson as an Attorney of the United States.

And now the star of empire takes its way westward. The waves of emigration are over-leaping the Alleghanies—pouring down their sides—encircling the lakes—ascending the streams—over-spreading the prairies. The reckless and roving, the tumultuous and daring are crowding by tens of thousands to the rivers of the West. Who can mould these wild elements into the edifice of Freedom? Who can make them subserve a nation's interests? Who but Jackson, the greatest of the emigrants—the chief of the pioneers? He can construct the fabric of society out of materials like these. He will direct the wild spirit of adventure and make it subservient to a nation's progress and power. In the centre of the West he will stand like the master builder of a temple, and the colossal structure will rise around him with the majestic proportions of his own character—with the massive strength and solid grandeur of his own glory.

When the Indians attack the settlements he is once more a soldier. How quickly the forts are garrisoned and the enemy repulsed. Meanwhile his talents have secured him a distinguished standing with all classes, and when the territory is ready to become a State he is chosen a member of the convention to frame a constitution. On that instrument, so distinguished by sound views and liberal provisions, the broad seal of his character is stamped.

He had now become more widely appreciated and it was resolved to raise him to the highest station. Accordingly he was elected the single representative of the State in Congress and the next year a Senator of the United States. But he is already tired of office and its burdens. He leaves the Senate and is appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. Still longing for retirement, he resigns his seat on the bench and bids adieu to public life. Thus at the age of forty-five, we find him relinquishing those distinctions which youth often covets and to which manhood is seldom indifferent.

That he might be where the cares of public life could not intrude, he removes a few miles from Nashville and devotes himself to the life of Agriculture. There, on the beautiful banks of the Cumberland, where the blue ridges of the Alleghanies are seen skirting the distant horizon, amidst the perpetual verdure and luxuriant bloom of a southern summer, stands the home of the Hermitage. Thrice hallowed retreat! There, in the bosom of love, amidst the sweets of nature, he is to live, until a country in danger calls him to combat. There he is to return crowned with laurels. There he will retire from the highest station in the world. There his ashes will repose, and there will the child be led, in after years, by the father's hand, that he may catch the inspiration of patriotism while bending over the the grave of the Hermitage.

When we contemplate the retirement of Jackson, an exceeding beauty gathers around the subject. Af-

fection and Friendship—Nature with her bloom and beauty—Honor with its dignity—Experience with its wisdom—all attend upon the scene of his repose. Yet it is a hero whom we contemplate, and one who can hear the call of his country in the deepest solitudes of nature.

The field officers of his division have elected him a general, and the war with Great Britain rouses him from retirement. The President, Madison, to meet the exigencies of the occasion, issued his call for fifty thousand volunteers. General Jackson addressed the citizens of his division, and twenty-five hundred men flew to his standard. Putting himself at their head they descend the Mississippi,like its own deluge of waters—as sudden, as overwhelming and as sure. This expedition was rendered fruitless by orders from the department of war; but the government has become aware of the importance of his services. So he is commissioned a Major General in the army of the Union, and appointed to the defence of the South. Ever victorious, he seems to be led by the hand of Destiny. Whenever he appears waving his troops forward with his avenging sword, he seems like one commissioned to execute the will of Heaven. When mutiny arrays his own soldiers against him, he confronts them alone and with a single musket conquers his own troops, that with them he might conquer the enemy.

At length the eighth of January dawns. Before him are the pride of England and the conquerors of Europe. You know how they were formed in solid column and advanced—how the mists of the valley rose and discovered them near—what cheers rent the air—what vollies succeeded—vivid as lightning—instantaneous as thunder—what carnage ensued—and how the pride of valor and the flower of chivalry recoiled before the man of the iron will—the injured boy of the Waxaw settlement. With that day the towering hopes of the enemy fell and the last wave of invasion rolled back from our shores.

I shall not dwell upon New Orleans. It is a brilliant theme—it is a household word. I shall hardly mention the campaigns against the Creeks and Seminoles, although it was in these, more than any where else, that Jackson displayed the qualities of a general. I love rather to trace him again to retirement—where he lives, blessed in domestic life and social intercourse—surrounded by friends—rich in a nation's gratitude—venerated by all. What a theme for meditation will his own deeds afford him! By his prowess a city has been saved—Sedition has been awed—Beauty has been rescued, and Beauty, with expressive sentiment, has strown the hero's path with flowers. Woman, ever grateful to her brave deliverers, and in her judgment of men seldom wrong—woman, to her praise be it spoken—has generally rendered justice to the saviour of New Orleans. Not entangled in the conflict of parties, she has been able in her quiet sphere, to look away from the prejudices of the hour, and from her heart of hearts to pay a spontaneous tribute of praise. She was the first to feel a new security in his appearance before New Orleans, when he came, amidst depression and gloom, as the defender of the South—a rainbow of promise, arching the van of a storm.

Before the battle, when his troops were defiling through the city, a crowd of the daughters of France had collected on the quay, and were giving vent to their distress in cries and tears. He called upon his aid-de-camp, Mr. Livingston, and told him to address them in the French language. "Say to them," said he, "not to be alarmed. The enemy shall never reach the city."* These prophetic words coursed the streets like electric fire. Sorrow was ended—despair was converted into confidence and hope. All men felt—all but the envious acknowledged, that a remarkable military genius had been displayed in the campaign which had just closed.

But the war is over, and he returns to his own fields, bringing back, with the olive branch, a sword which was drawn only for defence and sheathed only in victory. There, in the midst of a noble and flourishing state—pre-eminent among the valiant, he stands like a tower. At the first whisper of danger the eyes of the country will turn to him and wait in silent confidence of his genius, until the moment of action shall again arrive. The expected time is not long delayed. One savage tribe, the Seminoles, less injured but more cruel than the rest, are kindled up by foreign emissaries, and the crisis requires a genius rapid and creative—self-confident, and at least as sagacious as the foe. All minds are turned upon Jackson. The man of the Hermitage comes forth again, like a heaven-guided agent and performs the mission for the country. But it is the last of his campaigns. Just before it closes, he is prostrated by a climate where disease falls with the dews, and it is thought by his friends that the hand of death is upon him. So he was placed on a litter and hurried back towards the groves of the Hermitage. Long before his arrival, Affection meets him in the way. A wife—a ministering angel has come to dispute a victory with the king of terrors. It is the energy of love robbing death of a triumph.

With the conquest of the relentless Seminoles, the military career of Jackson closed. He now looks around upon a country flourishing beyond example—at peace with the whole world. Ambition, for he had an honorable ambition, has been satisfied—fame is secure; and in the shades of retirement he will pass the evening of life. He will not be tempted forth to those fields of adventure where man always sees the blossom of joy but never reaps the fruit. Withdrawn from office and its cares, pleased with seclusion and bound to it by a thousand endearments, nothing seems wanting to complete that happiness which is often sought but seldom found on the mountain tops of exalted station and in the perplexing maze of public cares. But what voice is that which calls him forth to mingle yet again in the stir of life? It is the voice of Tennessee, calling her favorite son to the public councils; for a crisis is approaching when all the wise and true will be needed to grapple with the giant interests which are beginning to array themselves against Freedom. It is soon found that a leader is required—one who will personate in himself the masses of the country; and from the floor of the Senate he is selected to lead a contest which closed with his election to the Presidency, and closed the life of his wife. During the long strife of parties, she had been keenly excited by the constant reproaches which were so freely bestowed, and had exhibited throughout the canvass an unnatural strength and vivacity. But when victo-

* Cobbett's Life of Jackson, page 95.

ry declared for the side which she thought was right, the golden bowl was found to be broken. The revulsion of success snapped the cords of life. So the vine falls from around the oak, for the storm which the oak withstood has withered the vine.

She was buried at the Hermitage. And long after that, when the hero himself drew near his end and a friend offered to give him kingly burial, away from her side, you know his beautiful reply. "I cannot permit my remains to be the first in these United States to be deposited in a sarcophagus made for an Emperor or friend. I have prepared a humble depository for my mortal body, beside that wherein lies my beloved wife; where without any pomp or parade, I have requested, when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers, to be laid; for both of us there to remain, until the last trumpet sounds to call the dead to judgment when we, I hope shall rise together, clothed with that heavenly body promised to all who believe in our glorious Redeemer who died for us that we might live and by whose atonement I hope for a blessed immortality." In no way could personal respect be more courteously shown than in the offer which had been made of a monarch's tomb to the Ex-President of a Republic. But ah, there was a spot, clad only in summer verdure and guarded only by angels, over which none but the moon and stars keep nightly vigils, yet far dearer to him than the tomb of a monarch and all the magnificence of a monarch's burial. It was there that the hero had laid down what he most loved and there he wished to be laid, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, with the object of youthful attachment; where no storied urn, or sculptured pile, or ever burning taper might perpetuate the empty pageantry of regal power. It is not the statesman or the ambitious ruler that speaks in his reply. It is the man,—wishing with the simplicity of a forest-child, that they who in life were united, in death might not be divided; but that hearts which had participated in the same affections and virtues, the same joys and sorrows, might share the same repose and awaken together to the same immortality.

When we turn to the civil career of Jackson, a broad field is opened before us. It was an administration full of violent collisions and heated controversies. All felt that a strong hand had taken hold of the management of affairs. An antagonist system was arrayed in opposition from the begining; and though its interests were powerfully represented, yet when they rushed against *him*, they were met by an iron will that could no more be shaken than the pillars of the capitol. As well might the breakers roar against a castle that frowns from a rock over a tempestuous sea. Unbending integrity watched over the nation's interests. Yet his was an administration calculated to enlist the enthusiastic support of friends and the undying hostility of foes. It made no compromises. It turned not aside from the fixed line of duty. When that was clear, Jackson seemed alike indifferent to censure and praise. To all foreign nations alike he presented that simple rule of his own "ask nothing that is not clearly right and submit to nothing wrong." By the steady presentment of this grand maxim to the world, long arrears of claims withheld were adjusted, and in every instance peace was preserved.

In his internal administration of the government the same fixed principles are apparent. When his native state, South Carolina, goaded by wrongs that made the central government cease to be a blessing, arrayed herself against the union, it became his duty to compel submission. But the chivalrous Carolina, herself the injured party, must be treated with the high consideration due to genius and patriotism. She is no worthless foe to be trampled on with indifference or crushed by blind force. Although the President can wield against a dissenting state the whole force of the Union, he resorts to no menace until Carolina has had a full hearing before the country and the world. And after the country has pronounced against her, still he entreats and remonstrates.

"There is yet time," said he to the Carolinians, "there is yet time to show that the descendents of the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Rutledges, and the thousand other names which adorn your revolutionary history will not abandon that Union, to support which so many of them fought, and bled, and died. I adjure you", said he, "as you honor their memory, as you love the cause of freedom, to which they dedicated their lives, as you prize the peace of your country, the lives of its best citizens, and your own fair fame, to retrace your steps. Snatch from the archives of your State the disorganizing edict of its convention. Bid its members to reassemble and promulgate the decided expressions of your will to remain in the path which can alone conduct you to safety, prosperity and honor. Tell them that, compared to disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all. Declare that you will never take the field unless the star spangled banner of your country shall float over you—that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack upon the constitution of your country."

Thus the President entreats. Thus he clings to the hope of reconciliation to the last. But when remonstrance has failed and argument is closed, he rises in the majesty of his determined purpose, and while his eye flashes unwonted fire, from his lips drop those golden words "The Federal Union—it must be preserved." The national pulse thrills to the words; and the loud chorus of a nation's approbation, swelling from the whole circumference of the union, pronounces with final judgment,—"the Union must be preserved."

I cannot forbear to mention one other occasion which is familiar to all; when, menaced on every hand by opposition, deserted by the timid and wavering, every act of his public life misrepresented and his motives assailed, he stood collected in himself, amidst turbulence and disorder and threats of ruin, like a motionless rock in mid ocean, that rears its majestic head above the waters and stands unmoved by the fury of the storm. Time has wrought out the problem which was then unsolved and the opinions for which he was assailed, are now invested with the dignity of truth.

Throughout his public course, he appears to have been guided solely by the dictates of a superior reason. Shaking off the fetters of antiquated precedent and the damning tyranny of custom, he came to the chair of the presidency with the bounding step and buoyant independence of freedom's son. It was a post of vast responsibility and had been filled by the ablest minds. Yet this man, bred in camps more than in courts, full of original ideas and holding ancient usages almost in contempt, was to mark out a policy

which would make him known in the oldest courts of Europe as the first of American statesmen. This man, who had made his home in western wilds, where the rank atmosphere of a city was never breathed and the din of commerce was never heard, was to point Industry to new fields, Trade to new enterprises, Commerce to a career which would freight her ships with the wealth of lands yet unexplored, and would cause the American tar to repose under the stripes and stars of his country, in every sea, with a security hitherto unfelt and unknown. This man's name was to become a fortress to the friends of liberty throughout the world.

The science of legislation is not always taught in schools. In sudden emergencies, when strong minds were apalled by obstacles which Experience had never seen and could not weigh, his native judgment brought forth a doctrine of universal application.—Amidst embarrassments where theory was confounded and learning could furnish no rule of action, his comprehensive mind developed a principle always in advance of received opinions, but founded in reason and always leading to practical and satisfactory results. When a complication of financial difficulties enveloped his friends in a labyrinth from which there seemed to be no escape, and all were groping in darkness, he was the first to discover a thread which led back again to the light of day.

It was not when sailing on summer seas that his true character appeared. But when winds were loud and waves rolled high, his mastering spirit rose superior to the elements, curbed their wild play and produced a calm. Never did his eagle eye discover the path of duty so clearly as when clouds were gathering and the hearts of men were failing them for fear. So it is ever with true greatness. In a whirlwind where weakness is swept away, the fires of genius are only kindled to a blaze.

It is known that in Indian warfare the great obstacle to success and that which baffles the ablest commanders is the difficulty of bringing the enemy to a general battle. His sagacity readily overcame this difficulty. By a series of skilful manœuvres he induced the Indians to collect their forces and hazard a general engagement; and the result of every battle in which he was engaged with them shewed not merely the superiority of h: white manand the ability of the commander, but illustrated the power of Civilization to cope successfully with Barbarism and brought the Indians to trace in every setting sun a type and a symbol of their doom.

In the more peaceful fields of legislation a similar success attended him. His mind was tuned in perfect harmony with American intelligence and American sentiment: He understood the wants of the country, knew the feelings of the people, and foresaw what would be their ultimate views of a measure, which in its present operation, appeared to be in conflict with their interests. Thus with a calm reliance on the people, he was always busy with some great experiment, always

"From present evil still deducing good."

He was the friend of industry, the friend of the emigrant and the settler, the unwavering protector of the interests of Labor. Long will the face of honest Toil be lighted up with a kindly glow at the mention of his name and his deeds will be rehearsed with delight in the lowly cabin of every pioneer.

Legislators! who have seen his wisdom! Veterans! who have fought by his side! peaceful citizens! who have been guarded by his vigilance! You can all attest that I have paid no undeserved tribute to his memory. And thou, wide-spreading Commerce! Arts! that flourish in the shadow of peace! Agriculture! with flocks upon a thousand hills! If you could speak you would all say that in the man whom we now deplore, you have lost a benefactor and a friend.

But what, after all, was the chief cause of his unprecedented influence over the public mind? It was this. The people believed him honest. That was the secret of his sway over public opinion. Thus popularity, the most fickle of all the possessions of great men, was to him as steady as his integriry,—as uniform as the purity of his life. But I will not consider his public measures further lest I should trespass upon the proprieties of this occasion. Those who differ from him in opinion will bear me witness that his motives were uniformly right. The truly great and magnanimous among his opponents admit the integrity of his opinions and the freedom and sincerity with which they were always expressed. But it is in his own language that his vindication is most appropriately made. He had been accused of unhallowed ambition and thus made answer to the charge.

"No! the ambition which leads me on, is an anxious desire and a fixed determination to restore to the people unimpaired, the sacred trust confided to my charge —to persuade my countrymen so far as I may, that it is not in a splendid government supported by powerful monopolies and aristocratical establishments that they will find happiness, or their liberties protection; but in a plain system, void of pomp—protecting all and granting favors to none—dispensing its blessings, like the dews of heaven, unseen and unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty they contribute to produce. It is such a government that the genius of our people requires—such an one only, under which our States may remain for ages to come, united, prosperous and free. If the Almighty Being, who has hitherto sustained and protected me, will but vouchsafe to make my feeble powers instrumental to such a result, I shall anticipate, with pleasure, the place to be assigned me in the history of my country, and die contented with the belief, that I have contributed, in some small degree to increase the value and prolong the duration of American Liberty."

Before he had thus vindicated himself he was elected to preside over the Republic for a second term. For eight years he guided the ship of State—sounding all the depths and shoals of political life and encountering its storms. At last the venerable pilot is obliged to seek the haven of rest. He comes from the deep, the aged mariner, with broken health and decaying frame like the wreck of a once gallant ship, which floats to the shore with riven beams and shattered sails, to drop down piecemeal and perish on the strand. On the occasion of his departure from Washington, two skillful mechanics, representatives of the industry of the land, desiring to testify their admiration, constructed a carriage from the timbers of the ship Constitution, the "Iron-sides," of the war, and brought it to the Ex-

President as a gift; requesting that in this he might be conveyed to the hermitage. What more fitting conveyance could be offered to bear the wreck of an old soldier to his last rest.

Just before waving adieu at the Capital he published his farewell address to the country. You remember the closing passage—

"My own race is nearly run. Advanced age and failing health warn me that before long, I must pass beyond the reach of human events and cease to feel the vicissitudes of human affairs. I thank God that my life has been spent in a land of liberty, and that he has given me a heart to love my country with the affection of a son. Filled with gratitude for your constant and unwavering kindness I bid you a last and affectionate farewell."

Thus the chieftian departed. His work is finished, his errand is done. He returns once more to the sanctuary of the hermitage—

"To husband out life's taper to the close,
And keep the flame from wasting as it goes."

Finding that his own great arm grows weak, he leans upon an almighty arm; and we soon learn that his last days are to be dignified, and his last hours consoled and illumined by a Christian hope. No one can deny that true piety is the highest ornament of human nature. Behold then a chief with silver hairs—one who has seen the blaze of battle and who bears the scars of battles upon his person, kneeling at the throne of the Most High. Sublime spectacle! The leader of armies bows to the God of armies! The captain of thousands acknowledges the captain of our salvation. Ye, who deride the virtue of the masses! ye, who say that the people are given to the worship of idols! confess that they have presented one leader who was both a patriot and a christian. If our country had produced but one such man, she would have contributed her full share to those national treasures of which history may be proud.

While he yet lingers in the sequestered shades of the hermitage, a foreign king, learning that the evening shadows of his life have begun to fall, commissions one of our favorite artists* to procure his portrait. It is the king of France, the oldest the richest, and most powerful of European monarchs. Just before death closed the scene, the painting was complete. It will be carried to the old world, perhaps to hang side by side with the "man of destiny," and with Ney the "bravest of the brave"—a proud specimenof the arts of our country and a faithful likeness of him who raised that country to the highest pinnacle of earthly glory. On the lineaments of that noble face kings and potentates will gaze in long succession, perhaps for ages to come. The story of his life will grow familiar to them, and with it our history; and if they can find nothing in our free institutions and principles of civil liberty to venerate and admire, they will reverence America because it is the land of Jackson. It will be no small praise to American art, if this painting is thought worthy to adorn the same gallery where the heaven-guided pencil of David has drawn the face of Napoleon in colors that almost make the canvass breathe and the walls to seem instinct with life. If the silent face of our hero could speak there, would it not say, Princes and rulers! Why look ye upon the face of an old man—a mortal? Turn your eyes to the enchanting picture of Liberty, and kindle into rapture while you gaze. Then turn to your subjects and break the yoke of oppression. Compare your unequal and complex systems with the simple and fair government of the Republic. Dare to be just. Take off the shackles of ancient bondage; for I would rather be in a shepherd's cot where Liberty and God reside, than adorn a palace with marble courts where the mind is in chains.

The incident which I have just mentioned brings me to the death bed of General Jackson. A few days before his last, his symptoms grew more alarming and it was apparent that his dissolution was near at hand. The lamp of life began to glimmer in its socket. Yet his intellect remained unclouded. He knew that death was near and could see distinctly the falling sands of his last hour. Finally, on the eighth of June, at the close of a summer's sabbath day, fit emblem of his life's calm close, about the hour of six, when the sun was nearing the gates of the west, the hero passed away—like that sun, which arose over the glittering dews of morning, passed its meridian with majestic and gradual progress, and sunk gently behind the hills, bathing the skies in a flood of rosy light, as he departed, and flinging a mellow radiance over all the fields.

Such was the last hour of Jackson. From the commencement of his second presidential term, every thing which he did and said seemed to be in the near prospect of another world. And when at last the hour came in which he was to close his eyes on a country which his valor had defended and his wisdom preserved, in the dread moment of final dissolution, not a word escaped him which would be unbecoming a wise man to utter, not a sentiment was expressed which will not be of solid advantage to christianity.

Rest, gallant soldier! no less adorned by civic virtues than by victory's laurels. Rest, matchless man! There was no other one like thee. Full of years and full of honors, thou art gathered, ripe—in thy season. Rest, christian warrior! In thy faith we believe that thou hast gone to rest, like the setting sun, with the sure promise of a glorious rising and a heavenly day, and not like a light, which, kindled by less than an almighty mind, is lost in a night that knows no dawning,—in a grave on whose gloomy portal the light of hope never shines.

It was the faith of Jackson that the soul of man is immortal, that the body may perish but the intellect survives—that the soul lives in eternal youth and endless progress. To his capacious mind the harmony of the spheres, the stars in their courses and the order of the seasons were so many evidences of a creative hand. A Divinity seemed to stir within him the ennobling sentiment of the soul's immortality. He believed it, not because Cicero had spoken it, not because Plato and Socrates taught it, but because a greater than Socrates, the Eternal had written it.

He regarded Christianity as the greatest boon of Heaven to the pilgrims of a day. When his eye grew dim, he traveled by its light. When his strength failed he labored in its hope. And when his work was finished, when he had done all that he could for his country and mankind, in full confidence of a better life the illustrious soldier departed. Consoled by his exalting faith, we will believe that the ruling orb

*Healey.

which has set in our sky only hastens to another morning and rises in the horizon of a higher sphere.

Americans, our shield in war, our guide in peace is no more. Jackson is gone, but his memory lives. It lives—embalmed in our hearts. It lives—in the long train of blessings which he has left to our country. It can never die—never until man forgets his benefactors and ceases to bestow applause upon virtue. Time, in removing him farther from our view, will only increase the lustre of his fame, as the sun shines with a growing effulgence at his setting and shews his broadest circumference when his fires begin to tinge the mountain top that is to hide him from our view.

Shall I open the volume of history and compare Jackson with the heroes of past ages? Shall I say that he resembled Epaminondas, in unsullied patriotism—Hannibal, in vigor—Cæsar, in rapidity of thought and power of combination? Shall I say that he was like the good Aurelius in private virtue, and Cincinnatus in the love of retirement? No, I will not compare him with the heroes of the past. But there *is* a name—one immortal name—one hallowed name, that furnishes a parallel. I would blend the renown of Jackson with the mild glory of Washington. Of each it may be said, he lives but once in an age. Each had

> "A combination and a form, indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man."

Washington, with Spartan virtue, resigned a victorious sword and retired from a triumph. Jackson, with Roman firmness, met the assaults of corruption, struck dismay to the heart of Treason and periled fame and interest in the cause of national reform. Washington invested Freedom with every attribute that could win the affection of the citizen, or command the respect of the world. Jackson founded our national policy in immutable principles of justice, established an indissoluble union between the virtue and happiness of a people, and taught the rulers of the earth that national good faith was the only condition on which the peace of the world could remain unbroken. The steady policy of Washington was never shaken by the turbulence of Faction. The firm administration of Jackson was never moved by the hoarse clamors of Avarice.—Both were lovers of fame, but made it subordinate to the general interests of humanity. Both were endowed with the tumultuous passions that always accompany greatness and sometimes mar its lustre. Both were free from those petty vices that often disfigure the finest characters in history. Washington, like the sun, rose amidst a chaos of jarring states and discordant interests, and all moved around him in harmonious concert. Jackson, like the magnet, drew all elements to himself, and made the remotest sections of the republic vibrate to a central attraction, which drew together and united in one bond of union the interests and wishes, the patriotism and enthusiasm of a great nation. Both were influenced by a permanent and operative principle of religion. Jackson always acknowledged an over-ruling Power—Washington never forgot to pay homage to the Most High. Washington moved through life with the high consciousness of future accountability—Jackson was sustained in death by the lively hope of a glorious immortality. Humility was the constant ornament of Washington, and there is no appearance of ostentation in the whole career of Jackson. It was the fortune of Washington to lay the foundations of our Temple of Liberty. It was the fortune of Jackson to stand like the angel at the gate of Paradise and guard the entrance with his flaming sword. Washington was the father—Jackson the saviour of his country. Both lived like patriots and died like men. Washington, in his day, was *first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen*—Jackson *filled the measure of his country's glory.* And hereafter the true American will find it difficult to determine whether his patriotic emotions are more strongly awakened at the tomb of Mount Vernon, or the grave of the Hermitage.

Let me take a last view of him whose death is a nation's bereavement. Once arraigned before an earthly tribunal, he has gone to the higher tribunal of the world. There nothing will be extenuated, or aught set down in malice; and whether he was condemned for an act of duty and others were wrong, God will judge.

He sleeps in the cold, silent grave. Those faculties which have been so long and so successfully exerted for our benefit, are quenched in death. The strong arm that defended us lies mouldering in the dust. The tongue is mute—the lips are sealed. The eye which has so often watched, even in retirement, for a nation's safety, is closed forever.

Do you ask now, if this man of so chequered a life, was without a fault? That I will not answer. The voice of censure must not be heard at the grave.—There errors are forgotten—Revenge is satisfied—Resentment dies. If he had a fault, and who has not, Charity, with her mantle, shall cover it. If there was a stain upon that bright escutcheon, tears such as angels weep shall blot it out. In dews that distil from the Heaven where Mercy holds her seat, the stain shall be washed away.

Come then, Americans, gather around the grave of your hero. Listen to its sublime teachings. Treasure them up for yourselves. And would you leave something to your children more precious than riches, teach them the example of Jackson. Low in the grave, beside the loved and lost, his mortal remains decay. But in his life and in his death there is a grandeur that defies decay—there is a beauty which will only grow more beautiful in the lapse of ages. Long after the monumental marble shall crumble and the cypress that shadows his rest shall fall, History will carry the bright record of his deeds to posterity, painting and sculpture will blazen them forth; bards will sing them to other times, and the name of Jackson will be revered, even in those distant barbarous lands, where nothing is now known of America save the name of Washington.