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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

ORATION
OF THE
HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS,

ON THE
INAUGURATION OF THE JACKSON STATUE.

AT THE
CITY OF WASHINGTON,

JANUARY 8, 1853.

WASHINGTON:
PRINTED BY EMUEL TOWERS.
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THE INAUGURATION
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MILLS'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE
OF
ANDREW JACKSON,
AT WASHINGTON, JANUARY 8, 1853.

From the "Union" of January 9, 1853.

At an early hour yesterday it was perceptible that the citizens of Washington were intent on something beyond the ordinary routine of business. The sky was clear, the air soft and bland, like that of the Indian summer, and not like that of mid-winter. The occasional boom of a gun, and the pavements thronged with persons moving toward Lafayette Square, would have indicated to an utter stranger that some interesting ceremony engaged the public attention. That ceremony was the inauguration of a statue of Andrew Jackson, which the gratitude of the people, whom he had served with more than Roman devotion in the field and in the cabinet, had erected to commemorate his heroism, his genius, and his virtues. The day chosen was fit and appropriate, being the anniversary of the closing struggle of the second war of Independence—the anniversary of the day when our citizen soldiery, animated by the example of Andrew Jackson, and directed by his skill, overthrew the most formidable army which ever invaded our shores.

The procession was formed in front of the City Hall, under the direction of George W. Hughes, Esq., of Maryland, late a colonel in the United States Army, distinguished for his eminent services in the Mexican war, who was appointed by the Managing Committee of the Monument Association chief marshal of the day. By the direction of Colonel Hughes and his aids and assistant marshals, the procession moved in imposing numbers and admirable order to Pennsylvania avenue, and thence toward Lafayette Square. Every available position along the route was filled with ladies and gentlemen—the balconies, and in many instances the house-tops, being filled with spectators. Ringgold's celebrated battery of flying artillery, under the command of Major Taylor, led the column, and attracted marked attention by its precise movements, and by the glorious reminiscences which it awakened. Then came a company of United States marines, commanded by Lieutenant Henderson; the Washington Light Infantry, Captain Tate; the National Greys, Captain Bacon; the Continental Guards, Captain Wilson; the Walker Sharpshooters, Captain Bradford; the German Yagers, Captain Swartzman; and the Boone Riflemen, Captain Bright—all under the direction of Colonel William Hickey, Lieutenant Colonel Riley, Major Keyworth, and Adjutant Tait. The civil procession, consisting of the city officers, members of Congress, the Democratic Asso-

ciations of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, with delegations from Baltimore, followed. Conspicuous positions were allotted to the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and his staff, to the artist whose untutored genius had produced the statue, and to the Committee of Management charged with its erection. Proceeding up Pennsylvania avenue, the procession entered the grounds of the Executive Mansion, passing around the semi-circle in front, and saluting the President, who was attended by the members of his cabinet and distinguished officers of the army and navy. The military, led by Ringgold's battery, then moved around Lafayette Square, entering it from the northern gate—the civic procession moving down the avenue, and entering through the southern gate.

Rev. Clement C. Butler, Chaplain to the Senate, opened the ceremonies by an eloquent and appropriate prayer. Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, Senator from Illinois, the orator of the occasion, was then introduced to the multitude, and riveted its attention while he delivered, in the happiest manner, the able, graphic, stirring address we publish to-day, which cannot fail to command the attention and applause of every reader by the happy spirit in which it was conceived, by its admirable sketch of the civil and military services of Andrew Jackson, by its freedom from party illusions, by the patriotic sentiments it contains, and by the stirring language in which it was announced.

When the orator had concluded, amidst the shouts of the thousands who surrounded him, Clark Mills, Esq., was introduced. He had no words to express his feelings, and in lieu of words he pointed to the veiled statue; the veil was instantly withdrawn, and Jackson on his steed, as if in full action, full of life and energy, was revealed. That was his speech, and none could have been more appropriate. Without instruction, without instruments or appliances, with but little encouragement, and against the remonstrances and hinderances of men of art and men of science, he had labored for years, and by a simple gesture he pointed to the result of his labors. The scene was most picturesque. The speaker's stand was filled with eminent men—the President and his cabinet, Gen. Scott and his staff, distinguished Senators and Representatives—while at least twenty thousand of the people occupied the square and the neighboring house tops. The bands played a salute, and Taylor's battery answered with the guns which had done such good service against the enemies of the country. The Rev. Mr. Gallagher, Chaplain of the House of Representatives, closed the ceremonies in a most appropriate manner. Then the various military companies fired off amidst the cheers and the music of their bands, many citizens lingering in admiration of the matchless work which the hands of a man of the people had fashioned.

Thanks to Colonel Hughes and to his aids and assistants, everything was so well ordered that no untoward accident happened. The streets and the square were crowded, yet every movement was so organized and arranged that no collision occurred, and the imposing ceremonies connected with the inauguration of the statue were concluded as befitted the occasion.

ORATION
OF THE
HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS,
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INAUGURATION OF THE JACKSON STATUE.
JANUARY 8, 1853.

All nations have marked the period of their highest civilization and greatest development by monuments to their illustrious men. The hero, the statesman, the benefactor of the age, thus passes on to succeeding generations, and carries with him the glories of his time and the memory of the people associated with his achievements. Trajan, on his historic column, illustrated to successive generations the brilliant achievements in the field and wise acts in council, which imparted lustre and immortality to his reign. Constantine, from his storied arch, for centuries has proclaimed religious toleration to the humble Christian, and proudly recounted the glorious deeds of his life and times. The sculptured marble, above the urns that hold their sacred ashes, delineates the animated scenes in which that fame was won, and command the admiration, if not the homage, of the world. The best of emperors, Marcus Aurelius, looks from his fiery steed on the realm he exalted—a group in monumental bronze the noblest in all antiquity. It yet survives the ruin of his country, in sublime majesty perpetuating the glories of the man and the gratitude of the Roman people, amidst a degradation to which it now imparts a hope of regeneration. The statue before you is the work of a man exalted by his enthusiasm for the glorious deeds and wise acts of a hero and statesman. It is the work of a young, untaught American. I cannot call him an artist. He never studied nor copied. He never saw an Equestrian Statue, not even a model. It is the work of inborn genius, aroused to energy by the triumphant spirit of liberty which throbs in the

great heart of our continent—which creates the power of great conceptions, the aspiration and the will, the mental faculty and the manual skill, to eternize the actors who ennoble the country, by giving their forms and expressions to imperishable materials.

Proudly may we compare to the Equestrian Statues of Europe that noble Roman figure, which preserves the form and features of our hero, and that colossal war-horse in bronze which will bear him in glory through future ages! I have seen delineations of the Equestrian Statues of Peter the Great, of Frederick the Great, and of the Duke of Wellington, which are esteemed, I believe, the best specimens of that description of sculpture that modern Europe has been able to contribute to her collection of works of art. The horse of the great Czar is supported in its rampant position by the aid of an unsightly contrivance. Between its legs a serpent, by a bend in the body, connects with the tail of the steed, and is fastened to the pedestal. That of the great Prussian monarch, which is designed to appear in motion, has one fore foot and another behind fixed to the pedestal; a third is maintained in an elevated position by means of a prop, which is introduced to give stability to the statue by sustaining the weight, while but one is left free to give the semblance of life and movement. The rearing steed of the Duke of Wellington, like that of Peter the Great, maintains its rampant position by the hind legs and tail being riveted to the massive pedestal. What a wonderful triumph has our untaught countryman achieved over those renowned trophies of European art in the hot and fiery charger before you, leaping “so proudly as if he disdained the ground,” self-poised and self-sustained on the single point whence he derives his motion! No props, no serpents, no unnatural contrivances, are here. Nature, which has taught the impetuous steed to poise his weight and gather his strength to spring into the air, has given the genius which fashioned this group the power to impart grace and energy to the finely-balanced attitude, which makes the weight, that others prop and hold up by rivets, furnish to the work its strength and stability.

But the real power of the noblest monument consists in the moral grandeur of the recollections it recalls. The exquisite beauty of the statue of Nero, by its contrast with the monster it brings to mind, makes the heart recoil as from the shining folds of a polished serpent. How different the beholder in the pre-

sence of the august form before us! The image of the resistless hero, who drove the the last invader from our shores, turns back our thoughts to the eager boy who shed his stripling blood in the Revolution, and to the resolute sage who withstood the corruption and phrenzy of his times, and to the patriot statesman whose life and deeds mark a most eventful era in our national history.

Let me glance at some of the events in his glorious career, and close with a view of him in his retirement at the Hermitage.

In the year 1765 a small vessel arrived in the harbor of Charleston with a number of Irish emigrants on board, who had fled from tyranny and persecution in the old world to find peace and freedom in the new. Among them was a family by the name of Jackson, consisting of Andrew and his wife, and their two sons, Hugh and Robert. They immediately proceeded to the upper country, and selected for their new home a lonely spot in the valley of the Waxhaw. Two years after, Andrew Jackson, whose illustrious deeds have filled the world with his renown, was born. The father died a few months after the birth of the son, who was to inherit his name and render it immortal. Nobly did the widowed mother perform her duty to those fatherless children. The earlier years of our hero's boyhood were spent in the peaceful abode of Waxhaw Academy. He was there when the Revolution burst upon the world. The war-cry, from the bloody fields of Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill, aroused the people of all the colonies to a just sense of their wrongs, and inspired them with the firm resolve to assert and vindicate their rights. The disastrous campaign which succeeded the first brilliant achievements—the heroic movements of Washington at Trenton—the sufferings of the army at Valley Forge—the glorious victory at Saratoga—excited, in alternation, the fears and hopes of the people, and roused their patriotism to the highest point. When the tide of desolation rolled over the scattered settlements of the Carolinas, the whole population, old and young, proved themselves worthy of freedom by the spirit in which they met the ruthless oppressor. Hugh, the elder brother of Andrew Jackson, fell in his first battle at Stono. Robert became a martyr to liberty, and lost his life from wounds received while in captivity. The mother descended to the grave, a victim to grief and suffering, in ceaseless efforts to rescue and save her sons. Andrew was thus left alone in the world at a tender age, without father

or mother, brother or sister, friend or fortune, to assist him. All was gone save the high qualities with which God had endowed him, and the noble precepts which a pious and sainted mother had infused into his young heart. He had already, at the age of fourteen, become a soldier of the Revolution—had borne the fatigues and privations of the march with his musket on his shoulder—had displayed the coolness, intrepidity, and fortitude of the veteran in his first engagements with the enemy—had endured the sufferings of a cruel captivity; and, for his manly refusal to perform menial services while a prisoner, he had received a wound from the sword of a British officer, the scar of which he carried with him to his grave.

The enemy repulsed, the young hero returned to his studies to prepare himself for the practice of the law, which he had selected as a profession.

In the meantime the noble work of political regeneration was pressed forward—the union of the colonies confirmed by the Articles of Confederation—the independence of the American States acknowledged by the powers of Europe—the laws and institutions of the several States revised and moulded in conformity with the inalienable rights of man—the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty established in the State Constitutions—and, growing out of, and resting upon these, was the organization of the Federal Government under that wonderful instrument, the Constitution of the United States. America then stood forth a power on earth, with the immortal Washington at its head. At peace with the nations of the Old World—with a wise foreign policy, admirably adapted to our condition and relative position—with a wide-spread and rapidly increasing commerce—what more natural than that the energies of the people should be directed to the settlement and development of that vast and fertile wilderness in the valley of the Mississippi, and that the Father of his Country should exert all rightful authority for their protection in so laudable an enterprise? The several States claiming title to those expansive regions, animated by a patriotic and self-sacrificing spirit, had voluntarily executed deeds of cession and relinquishment, in order to create a common fund in the hands of the Federal Government, with which to discharge the debts of the Revolution. The ordinance of 1787, establishing Territorial Governments, and providing for the erection of not

less than three nor more than five States, had opened to immigration and settlement the country northwest of the river Ohio; while the extension of the main provisions of that act to the country south of that river had created a civil government for the people of the Southwest Territory. The tide of immigration had commenced rolling westward, and was rushing across the Alleghanies through every pass and gorge in the mountains. The bold adventurer, rejoicing in danger and novelty—the unfortunate, who hoped to regain his lost position—the poor emigrant, with his wife and children, all that he could claim as his own on earth—could be seen wending their way, by the Buffalo paths and Indian trails, to what seemed to them a promised land. The Carolinians had descended the French Broad, had stretched along the Holston, and penetrated the valley of the Cumberland. These early pioneers were a peculiar people—hardy, daring, impatient of restraint, and simple in their habits of life. Imbued with an exalted sentiment of personal liberty and a keen perception of individual rights, they were ever ready with their lives to repel aggressions or redress wrongs. Beneath these qualities were clearly discernible all the elements of political organization, of social development, and of a pure, unadulterated religious reverence. Foremost among the people, giving tone to their counsels, and taking the lead in all important movements, was Andrew Jackson. If Indian ravages upon the scattered settlements were to be arrested—if the savage perpetrators were to be punished—if daring outlaws were to be brought to justice—if the lonely immigrant in the wilderness was to be rescued from the tomahawk or starvation—Jackson always led the gallant band. Attorney General of the Territory, by the appointment of Washington—member of the Convention which laid the foundations of the State Government—major-general of the militia intrusted with the defence of the inhabitants against the tomahawk and scalping knife—a member of the House of Representatives, and a Senator in the Congress of the United States—Judge of the Supreme Court of his State—the genius of Jackson was everywhere indelibly impressed on the character of the people and the laws and institutions of his own beloved Tennessee.

Amicable relations being established with the Indian tribes, and symmetry and consistency imparted to their political and social organizations, the people of Tennessee naturally turned their at-

tention to the development and enjoyment of all those advantages with which soil, climate, and Nature, in its luxuriance and magnificence, had surrounded them. Now, Jackson felt himself at liberty to gratify an inclination he had long cherished, of withdrawing from the cares and toils of official positions, and retiring to his farm, rejoicing in the society of his devoted and beloved wife, and surrounded by all the comforts and enjoyments his tastes could suggest or his heart desire. He carried into retirement, and displayed in the management of his farm, and his intercourse with his fellow-citizens, the same high qualities which had stamped invincibility upon his character and success upon his movements. His hospitable mansion was a home to the stranger and the pioneer—his name was upon every tongue, and his praises were heard wherever his influence was felt. Becoming a silent partner in a mercantile establishment, he soon discovered the misfortune of his associate, by which the firm was reduced to bankruptcy. Instantly recognizing the moral obligation to discharge the last farthing of indebtedness, he disposed of his lands, his stock, his home—all the proceeds of his toils—and became the humble tenant of a rude log-cabin, in preference to the humiliation of pecuniary vassalage.

Such a man can always rise above misfortune. By the force of his character, and the judicious application of his vast mental resources, he soon recovered from his pecuniary embarrassments, and became a flourishing and even wealthy farmer. From his retirement he viewed with indignation the long series of British aggressions on the commerce and flag of his native country. He was an ardent supporter of the principles of Jefferson and Madison, and especially of all those measures calculated to maintain the rights of his country and redress the wrongs of his countrymen on the high seas. Had he succeeded in his aspirations to the command which was unfortunately assigned to Winchester, who can doubt, at this day, that the series of disasters on the northern frontier, which filled the country with humiliation, and clothed so many families in mourning, would have been averted? The terrible massacre at the river Raisin, succeeding the disgraceful surrender of Detroit by Hull, encouraged Tecumseh and the Prophet to almost superhuman efforts for the accomplishment of their grand design of an alliance between the British and all the savage tribes, from the Gulf of Mexico to the northern lakes, for the

purpose of exterminating with the sword and the tomakawk the white race in the Mississippi valley, and of restoring all that vast and fertile region—the heart of the American continent—to its aboriginal proprietors, and of consecrating it to perpetual barbarism under the protection of the British Government. The arrangements were already perfected so far as the northwestern country was concerned. Immediately after the massacre, Tecumseh, who possessed genius equal to any conception, and a force of character commensurate with the magnitude of his plans, started south, in fulfilment of his mission, going from tribe to tribe, electrifying them by the power of his eloquence, and driving them to madness by horrible pictures of monstrous wrongs perpetrated by the American people. The Creeks, the Chickasaws, the Choctaws, and the Seminoles, were the principal tribes yet to be added to this savage alliance. The British, through the Spaniards in the Floridas, with whom they were also in alliance, had prepared the minds of the southern tribes for the favorable reception of Tecumseh. The mission proving successful, savage war, with all its horrors and tortures, burst upon the defenceless settlements like a thunderbolt. What tongue can describe or pencil paint the revolting scene at Fort Mimms, or wherever else the infuriated savage could find the objects of his vengeance? Neither age nor sex was spared. All were doomed to instant destruction, or reserved for a slower process, by being subjected to brutalities and barbarities worse than sudden death. Amid the universal alarm and consternation all eyes were turned to Jackson—every voice proclaimed him the chosen leader to arrest the sweeping torrent of desolation.

Who can describe the wild and frightful scenes of that unparalleled Indian campaign—the heroism of the leader—the celerity of his movements—the fatigues of the march—the privations of the men—the impetuosity of the charge—every skirmish a victory; every battle a triumph—the barbarian alliance dissolved—the savage tribes dispersed and pursued in every direction, and, finally, reduced to submission in the brief period of six months?

The importance of these decisive and overwhelming achievements can hardly be realized. The British allies of the confederated savages, in pursuance of the plan of campaign as agreed upon with Tecumseh and the Prophet, were hovering around the Gulf coast; arming and drilling the Indians in the Floridas, medi-

tating a descent upon Fort Bowyer and Mobile, preparatory to the concentration of the confederated forces upon New Orleans and Louisiana. Concurrent events in Europe were favorable to the success of the mighty scheme. The abdication of Napoleon and his flight to Elba had restored the hereditary monarchs to the thrones of their ancestors, and enabled Great Britain to withdraw her veteran troops from the continent, and hurl them upon the defenceless shores of the Gulf of Mexico, in concert with their savage allies. The destruction of the barbarian league by Jackson, and the submission of the scattered tribes, had broken the force of the impending blow, and opened the way for a trial of strength, single handed, between the soldiers of freedom and veterans in the cause of oppression. At the critical moment, and as if by the hand of an overruling Providence, Jackson was appointed major general in the army, and assigned to the command of the Southern division. Time will not allow me to more than glance at the most striking events in the campaign. The British were occupying the Spanish forts at Pensacola, stimulating the Indians to a renewal of hostilities, and preparing for a descent upon Fort Bowyer and Mobile, and ultimately upon New Orleans, as the chief point of attack. Jackson's remonstrances with the Spanish Governor against harboring the enemy in what was professedly neutral territory being disregarded—his application to his own Government for permission to vindicate the violated laws of neutrality remaining unanswered—the absence of instructions on points of vital importance at a time when inaction was ruin—who does not remember with what resistless energy he threw his protecting arm around Mobile, provided for Lawrence's heroic defence of Fort Bowyer, planted his little army in front of Pensacola, and when his messenger was fired upon by the orders of the Governor, stormed the batteries, entered the town, hauled down the British flag, drove the enemy into the sea, and had the Spanish Governor at his feet, imploring mercy and forgiveness for the past, and faithfully promising a religious observance of the laws of neutrality in the future? Who can describe the rapidity of his movements for the defence of New Orleans—the magic effect of his presence in suppressing treasonable purposes—infusing confidence into the hearts of the desponding—his sleepless vigilance in watching the movements of the enemy within and without his camp—and his capacity for creating elements of

defence where none had been provided? Who can forget his glorious victories on the 23d of December and the 8th of January? Who has not admired the self-sacrificing courage of the hero, who, to save the city and prevent the dismemberment of the Republic, assumed the awful responsibility of superseding, the civil authorities in the hour of extreme danger, in order, immediately, afterwards to lend his patriot arm to the maintenance of the supremacy of the law? Who can paint the moral grandeur of the scene where the victorious soldier—the benefactor of the nation and the saviour of the city—fresh from the theatre of his glory, with his triumphant army around him, stands calmly before the judge, whose dignity he had recently offended, in the performance of an imperative duty, and meekly submits to an ignominious sentence and a heavy pecuniary penalty? Behold him quieting the murmurs of the indignant multitude, and extending his protection to the trembling judge, and bidding him proceed with his sentence. Follow him as he leaves the court, receiving the homage, the thanks, the prayers of a grateful people, mingled with resentments and imprecations upon the judge! Hear him, in tones of eloquence and power, enjoining upon them strict obedience to the civil as the paramount authority, since the necessity which caused its suspension had ceased to exist, and his conduct requires no other vindication.

With the battle of the 8th of January the war is closed; New Orleans is saved; Louisiana remains a part of the American confederacy; the idea of a barbarian empire is exploded; the Mississippi valley is reserved for the abode of civilization and Christianity; the proposition of the British commissioners at Ghent, that an unalterable boundary should be established for the Indians, from Cleveland, through the mouth of the Kentucky river, to the Gulf of Mexico, is rendered impossible; the British scheme of erecting an impassible barrier to the growth and extension of our great Republic is abandoned. These are some of the results of Jackson's wonderful Indian and Southern campaigns, which terminated with his glorious achievements at New Orleans. Had the Indian war resulted adversely, the torch would have blazed from the lake to the gulf—New Orleans must have inevitably fallen without a struggle, and the greater portion of the Mississippi valley passed under the possession of the British barbarian league. Twelve States and four organized Territories have since been

erected out of the country which was thus to have been dedicated to barbarism under British protection! The tide of emigration, carrying with it all the elements of political progress, social development, and industrial enterprise, continues to roll westward until it mingles with the waves of the Pacific. With the return of peace the business of the country revives, credit is restored, energy and enterprise pervade every department of industry, and the country leaps forth upon the swelling tide of prosperity in its career of greatness.

Jackson was not permitted long to enjoy the social endearments and quiet repose of the Hermitage. At the instigation of Spanish officials and British emissaries, the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the Seminoles were again spreading desolation and carnage over our southern borders. Jackson was ordered to repair to the scene of slaughter, with instructions to drive back and chastise the savage invaders, and with authority, if necessary for that purpose, to pursue them into the Floridas. You have not forgotten with what terrible energy he hurled his forces upon the enemy's headquarters at St. Marks—demolished their works—seized and executed the British incendiaries who instigated the massacres—pursued the fugitive savages—disregarded the protests and threats of the Spanish Governor—descended on Pensacola—pursued the terrified Governor, with the murderers under his protection, to Fort Carlos, and planted the stars and stripes upon its battlements. By the swiftness of his movements, the power of his example, and the terror of his name, he reduced the savage tribes, humbled the Spanish authorities, and expelled the British emissaries.

He was thus enabled to terminate the war, provide security and repose to our frontier settlements, and return the same year to the shades of the Hermitage. This campaign laid the foundation for the acquisition of the Floridas, and the dispersion of the innumerable hordes of bandits and pirates who infested the coast, committing depredations upon our settlements and commerce, and finding shelter in the bayous and everglades. Upon the ratification of the Florida treaty, Jackson was appointed by the President commissioner to receive the ceded provinces, and Governor of the new territory, endowed with all the civil and judicial as well as military authority which the Spanish Governors had wielded. Clothed with almost unlimited power, he exercised with a firm

hand and unyielding nerve whatever authority was necessary for the protection of society and the suppression of violence. Exhausted by duty and exposure, his physical system sunk under the effects of the climate, and he was borne upon a litter through the wilderness to his beloved home on the banks of the Cumberland.

He declined the mission to Mexico, tendered by President Monroe, and would gladly have remained in retirement, had not the affection of Tennessee placed him in the Senate of the United States, and the grateful voice of the people called him to preside over the destinies of the Republic. Jackson came into the Presidency with his political principles well matured and immutably fixed. The exalted sentiment of personal freedom and sacred regard for individual rights which he had conceived in the turbulent times of the Revolution, and which had been so clearly discernible in all the vicissitudes of his eventful career, it was now his mission to carry into the practical administration of the Government, and impress upon the public policy of the country. Time will not permit, even were the occasion appropriate, a detailed exposition of the leading measures and great acts of his brilliant administration. Nor, indeed, can it be necessary. The great and striking events of that animated period remain fresh in the memory, and vivid before the mental vision. He met each question as it arose with a directness and frankness in harmony with his previous life. He seemed to solve the most intricate problem of statesmanship by intuition. He perceived truth in its totality, without the tedious process of analysis, and was able to see the remotest consequences of an act while the wisest around him could only perceive its immediate results.

The high qualities which, on a different theatre, had sustained him in every emergency—enabled him to rise superior to all resistance—never failed him in his civil administration. Calm, patient, and even deferential in counsel, when his opinion was matured and his resolution formed, he threw all the fiery energy of his nature into its execution. The history of his civil career, like that of his military campaigns, consists of a rapid succession of terrific conflicts and brilliant achievements, in which he never lost a battle or failed in a skirmish. His state papers will stand forth, so long as the history of this Republic shall be read, as imperishable monuments to his statesmanship. While the present

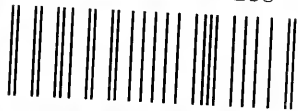
generation offers up the homage of grateful hearts for patriotic services to the noble spirits who were engaged in those fiery conflicts, time must determine and history record the relative merits of the respective systems of political policy.

At the expiration of General Jackson's second Presidential term he retired forever from public life, and repaired to the shades of the Hermitage. He continued to feel an abiding interest in public affairs without the least desire to re-enter the political arena. He had the satisfaction of seeing the line of policy, in support of which his mighty energies had been so long exerted, receive the sanction of the nation. He had the consolation of knowing that his official conduct had been approved by the constituted authorities of his country, in obedience to the voice of the people, on every point in which it had been seriously called in question. He felt that his work was done—his mission fulfilled. The remainder of his days were spent in the society of his family, in improving his farm, and dispensing a generous, unbounded hospitality. In the social circle, and around the domestic hearth, he was as simple as a child, remarkable for his amiability and his capacity for making all happy around him. Much of his time was occupied in conversations and meditations upon religious subjects. He who never feared the face of man was not ashamed to confess his fear of God and his faith in the Redeemer. In the fullness of hope he serenely approached the end of his earthly career, and died in the triumphant consciousness of immortality beyond the grave. His death produced a profound impression upon the hearts and minds of men. The voice of partisan strife was hushed, while a continent was clad in mourning and bathed in tears. All felt that a great man had fallen. Yet there was consolation in the consciousness that the lustre of his name, the fame of his great deeds, and the results of his patriotic services, would be preserved through all time—a rich inheritance to the devotees of freedom. He still lives in the bright pages of history, in the marks of his genius upon the institutions of his country, and by the impress of his character upon that of his countrymen. He lives in his own great example and by his heroic achievements. He lives in the spirit of the age—the genius of progress which is to ennoble and exalt humanity, and preserve and perpetuate liberty.

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