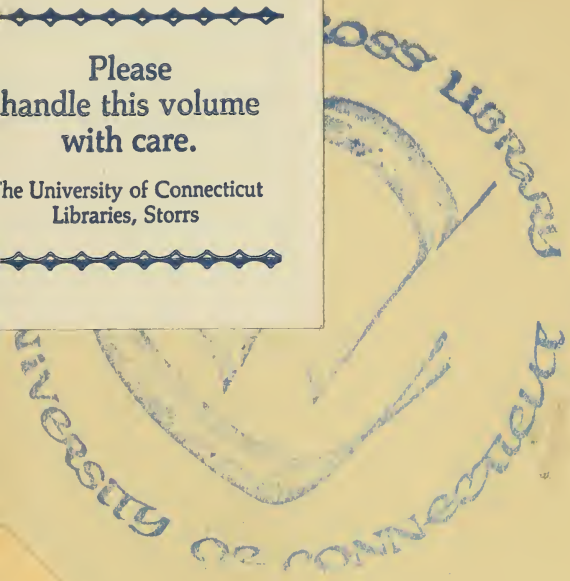


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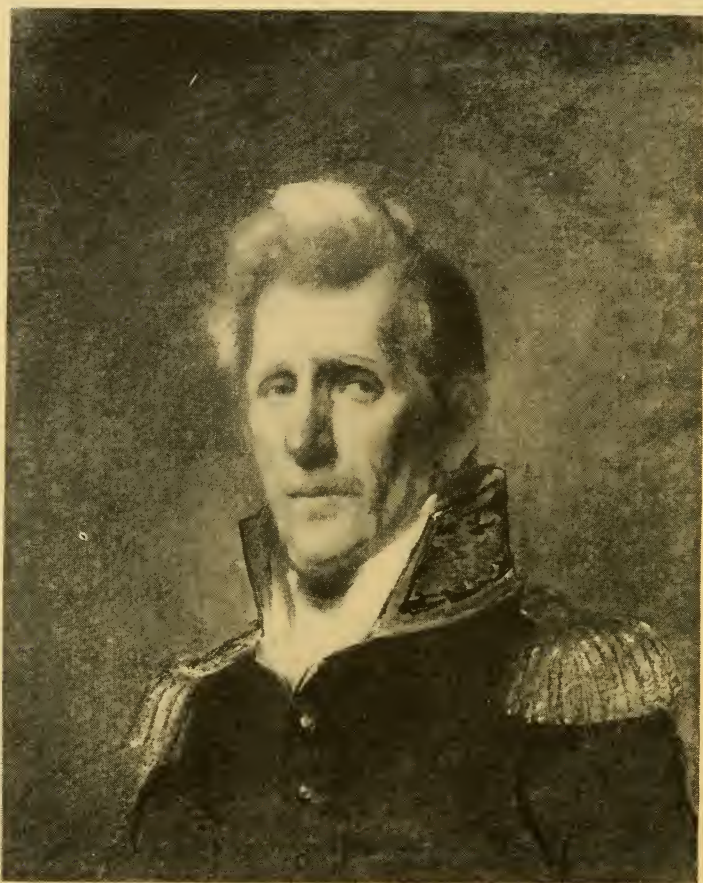
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ANDREW JACKSON
THE GENTLE SAVAGE



*Painting From Life by Samuel Waldo
Courtesy, Metropolitan Museum of Art*

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON
About 1816

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Andrew Jackson

THE GENTLE SAVAGE

David Karsner



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*To the Memory of
my Mother and Father
I dedicate this book*

*How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?*

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)



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ANDREW JACKSON
THE GENTLE SAVAGE



Chapter I

TIME FOR A LIFE BEGINS

I

LIFE, unmeasured and unhurried, takes all the time it seems to need for the development of its animate and inanimate tokens of triumph and travail.

Life is a prodigal sower of the seed that laughs at the harvest, and busies itself with hanging out the stars each night and dusting off the sun for the day.

The life of man is a penny balloon which the wind has blown into the center of things to help celebrate the perpetual snake dance that has neither beginning nor ending.

Andrew Jackson was being piloted toward this earth star hundreds, even thousands, of years before he arrived. Being born, he became, as a poet said, "the omnibus of his ancestors." He was the latest visible emissary to the earth of all that had transpired within his own antecedent line, and much else besides.

Fear, courage, joy and sorrow that he was called upon to confront had never been faced before in the same way that these elements were presented to the baby, the boy, the youth, the man, and the aged one, surfeited with honors, who crept toward the grave in the sweet pastures of his beloved Hermitage and rejoiced that the journey was ended.

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His multiple problems, age-old and repetitive as they were, were new to the child and to the man that was once a child. That life, and the joys, sorrows, triumphs and defeats that were the embroidery of it, belonged peculiarly and singly to him.

He could not share them with a single soul. His experience would be of no avail to those who might follow his seed, or trek in his trail. For none could be like him, as none is like another. A man's life is an active current that casts both light and shadow between two slumbering poles. Thousands of years have combined to create it. It is electric and dynamic. It is positive and negative. Opposition may cause it to be aggressive, or submissive, or indifferent.

The chemical, cultural, and environmental forces that were compounding in the antecedent line of a man's life before the man arrived very largely determine the sort of creature he will be at the beginning; but as the child grows, the facets of his life, the things he sees, and says, and does, and what others tell him they have seen, and what others do to him, form his own prism. He weaves his web, spider-like, and is the center of his own universe—until Life, relentless and mocking, brushes his little universe out of the crevice of the earth, and spins new gossamer for another tenant.

It is difficult to trace back the direct line of Andrew Jackson in the North of Ireland, but we know that certain forces were at work nearly two hundred years before his birth that would have definite effect upon his life. Though the begetting of human life seems to be haphazard, it also appears that certain races, and certain types of men of

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those races, have arrived at the time when they were most needed for a specific task affecting the human family. The theory of personal predestination is scarcely tenable, but it is observed, nonetheless, that whenever the advancing races require a task to be done there are men capable of doing it, for weal or for woe, and it does not matter much, except to the distributors of medals and parchments, whether we call them Cæsars, Napoleons, Washingtons or Jacksons.

2

It is the fourth year of the seventeenth century, and King James I is enjoying his reign over England. He adheres to the belief that the monarch owns his country, and he is beginning to find it extremely inconvenient to think that a great number of landlords and merchants, and intelligent persons generally are about to set a very definite limit upon the prerogatives of the monarch and his ministers.

The frequent wars had become expensive pastimes, for the armies now consisted of paid troops and the soldiers insisted upon their pay. Elaborate fortifications had been built to conduct long sieges, and when the bills for these trappings began to pile up in all the chancelleries of Europe there was much unpleasantness among the kings, princes and ministers over what to do. There were heard ominous rumblings of protest against taxation that was necessary if they were to continue diplomatic aggressions and alliances. Actually, the princes discovered they were not the masters of their subjects' lives and property, and they were greatly dismayed. Finance, always a trouble-

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some matter in high places, had become a spectre in every council chamber. It was like vinegar poured over the dinner of the kings.

James did not have to stand upon the back stairs to hear the gossip of protest against the expenses of state. His ministers might bring the worrisome tidings with them through the royal gates. But a king should be kingly while on his throne, and so James, who enjoyed his job, in his most royal manner said: "As it is atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do, so it is presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do, or say that a king cannot do this or that."

If Andrew Jackson had been a studious man, which he was not, and had taken time to discover the one person more responsible than any other for the high destiny that he was to attain, he might have found that King James was not only the author of kingly precepts, but was the founder in a very real sense of that portion of North Ireland from whence the ancestors of Andrew came. He might have discovered, also, that King James laid the foundation for the American nation, for in 1606 the King gave a group of prosperous Englishmen permission to plant colonies on the American coast between Cape Fear River and Halifax, and in the following year this group was to send over to America about one hundred colonists who settled on an island near the mouth of a river which flows into the Chesapeake Bay and founded a colony which they called Jamestown in honor of their King. Perhaps Andrew knew that this settlement was the beginning of the State of Virginia and the genesis of the American nation.

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Hence, Andrew, had he taken the time to reflect, might have recognized in King James the founder of America where Andrew was to win renown as a great warrior and rule for eight years as the seventh President of the United States in such fashion as to cause even the kings, contemporary with his rule, to tremble with envy at the idolatry and fear that Jackson's reign was to inspire in the hearts of a free people.

Also, he might have discovered that King James, in 1604, sponsored the writing of a new text of the Bible and gave it his imprimatur in 1611—the Bible that was the constant companion and solace in the life of Andrew's beloved Rachel, and the one book that he was to read more than any other after her death as he sat alone in a draughty room, by an open fire, a shawl draping his shoulders, smoking his pipe, and frequently punctuating his reading of her own copy with the thought of how it happened that he had ever managed to reach the White House.

But, strictly speaking, Jackson was never a meditative man and he spent no time in dreaming. Least of all would he ever have dreamt that he owed one thing or thought to Great Britain. As a boy he had fought the country of his fathers in the War for American Independence, and as a man in 1812 he had led another war against England and driven her troops into the sea at New Orleans. Andrew hated what he thought were great evils. He could bestow his affection upon the most trivial pleasures if they did not take too much time from thought and action against the things and persons that so often provoked him to outbursts of eloquent hatreds. He was an

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extrovert rather than an introvert. He was more interested in deeds than dreams, more in accomplishment than in the joy of fashioning it. The extroverts are the doers, builders, organizers and pioneers. Day-dreaming, which the introvert indulges and perhaps weaves into a poem or a picture, was not Andrew's sin.

3

About the same time that King James granted permission for the first English colonists to settle in America, he turned his eyes toward the North of Ireland and found the country lying in waste and unpeopled after the long wars. James, who doubtless wished to be remembered in history as an efficient monarch, and who also was a sagacious opportunist, careful to impress upon his flock that he was their thoughtful shepherd, instead of bestowing the lands upon courtiers and soldiers in large tracts, divided them into small portions, which he granted to settlers, with this admonition: "No one shall obtain grants of land which he is unable to plant with men."

Hearing this, large numbers of Protestant Scotchmen crossed a narrow firth and availed themselves of the King's bounty. They settled in Ulster, intermarried with the natives, and founded that sturdy, tenacious race whose diverse qualities are so curiously blended—the Scotch-Irish. They have always been tough, vehement, good-hearted people—honest, prudent and persevering—competent to grapple with stubborn affairs, and often displaying an impetuosity which is Irish, and a persistence which is Scotch. Their genius, as a rule, has shone in pursuits other than the arts, and it is their trait to con-

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tend for what they think is just with peculiar earnestness. It is difficult for this race of men to allow an honest difference of opinion. They are apt to regard the terms *opponent* and *enemy* as synonymous, and once their "dander is up," as the old saying goes, they are likely to pursue their quarry with a ferocity of spirit such as was manifested in the old wars of the clans.

Many have observed that the racial characteristics of these people are blended in different proportions in each individual. In some the Scotch is uppermost, in others the Irish. Some must sow their Irish wild oats before coming to their Scotch traits, and others are shrewd and cautious Scots in repose and ebullient Irish in contention. Another trait of these people is to imbibe a prejudice or belief with Irish readiness and cling to it with Scotch tenacity.

America has been plentifully peopled with this race of men. We should not have subdued the wilderness, tunneled the mountains and spanned the rivers without them. They came here to build and they have builded, these Scotch-Irish, and their songs were repressed mostly by labor and sweat, and the music they heard was the whack of the axe and the pick. On the whole, their love of liberty and regard for what they thought was right and just have done honor to themselves and to America. The abounding energy of these men made them fit pioneers, and enabled them to do the ordinary things in a most extraordinary and memorable manner.

America knows the Scotch-Irish. They have left their impress in many halls. America is familiar with the names of Sam Houston, Robert Fulton, David Crockett, Horace

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Greeley, James K. Polk, A. T. Stewart, John C. Calhoun,
and Andrew Jackson.

4

Carrickfergus, on the northern coast of Ireland, was one of the antiquities of Europe when Belfast, nine miles away, was an unknown hamlet. With the beginning of the trading era, when the plow, the shuttle and the spinning wheel succeeded the battle-axe in importance, Belfast became an important trading center, in fact the most significant and busiest city in Ulster. About 1750, Carrickfergus was a third rate seaport town. The name of the place is derived from that of an ancient monarch who was cast away and drowned. Legend says his body was tossed up by the waves upon the crag. Its inhabitants numbered about one thousand, who were supported by fishing and the manufacture of linen. For many generations the forefathers of Andrew Jackson lived in this town. They were fishermen, linen drapers and tenant farmers. They were all poor and hard working, remarkable for nothing but their uniform probity, their diligence and the incessant earnestness with which they carried on.

Hugh Jackson, Andrew's grandfather, appears to be the first of the line of whom there is any record, and that is meagre enough. He was a linen draper, and in the year 1760 he is supposed to have "suffered" in a "siege" of Carrickfergus. The incident is ridiculous. It appears that one morning a French fleet of three armed vessels sailed into the bay and anchored near the town. The sailors were weary and looked forward, as most sailors do, to a brief spell on land where they might rid

themselves of thoughts that harass them at sea. For many centuries there had stood on the crag an old castle that was falling into ruins, and this was garrisoned by one hundred and fifty men. The troops on the French vessels, eager to land, were amazed that the mayor of the town should deny them entry. He believed they came for evil purpose. The French marched in and stormed the castle. Fifty of their number fell dead before the gates and another half hundred were wounded.

The Scotch-Irish defenders of the castle and of Carrickfergus did not learn until later that the French had put in only for provisions. If Hugh Jackson suffered in this "siege" it could not have been either severe or prolonged. He was the father of four sons, the youngest of whom was Andrew, the father of this study. The sons, like their parent, were poor and eked out an existence as tenant farmers.

Andrew Jackson père married Elizabeth Hutchinson, daughter of a poverty stricken Presbyterian, which was the faith of the Jacksons. Two sons were born of this union in Ireland, Hugh and Robert.

Mrs. Jackson had several sisters, and all the Hutchinson girls, both before and after marriage, were weavers of linen—Irish linen so much sought by meticulous women of yesterday and of to-day. To produce this durable fabric and to secure a living wage from it, the Hutchinson girls, among whom was Andrew Jackson's mother, were obliged to toil from sunrise until sunset, and not infrequently the better part of the night.

Many a night Elizabeth Jackson tucked little Hugh and Robert into their beds, bade Andrew, her husband,

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an early good-night and returned to her loom to work through, maybe until dawn. The father, tired from his day's labor on a farm not his own, had little time to pass—and less inclination—in quiet and peaceful evening hours with his wife and boys after the day's work was done. They were proletarians in a very real sense, these hardy parents of a future President of the United States.

When Andrew Jackson père toiled on his few rented acres in the North of Ireland, more than one hundred and sixty years ago, the community still believed in brownies, witches, fairies, spooks, evil eyes and charms. The ducking-stool for scolding wives was still in use. An historian of Carrickfergus has observed that they nailed horse-shoes to the bottoms of their churns; were joyous with the birth of a seventh son; fearful when a dog howled at night, or a mirror was broken; would negotiate no enterprise on Friday, nor change their residence on Saturday.

What is known as an Irish Wake originated there. Those meetings were conducted with great decorum. Portions of the Scriptures were read, and frequently a prayer was pronounced. Pipes and tobacco were always laid out on the table, and liquors or other refreshments were distributed during the night. If a dog or a cat passed over the corpse it was immediately killed, as it was believed the first person the animal would pass over afterwards would be summarily dispatched. A plate with salt was placed on the breast of the departed one to keep the body from swelling.

On Shrove Tuesday all ate pancakes, and threw sticks at chickens. The owner of the chicken received one penny

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for each throw until the fowl was killed. That custom ceased about 1794. Easter Monday was a day of general rejoicing and festivity, including cock-fights. On the eve of May first boys and girls went to the fields and gathered May flowers, and sprigs of rowan trees were stuck at the tops of outside doors to keep out the witches.

There were all manner of superstitions and "signs" about the weather, and many of these rustic customs and beliefs were brought over by the emigrants and have survived in the United States to this day. Andrew Jackson, himself, was reluctant to begin any new task on Friday, and would not do so if it could be avoided.

5

The loom and the land were exacting their price from the lives of Andrew and Elizabeth. The father saw that little Hugh and Robert were growing up. He thought it was not just that they, like himself, should be forever harnessed to the stubborn sod of the North of Ireland. There was a new land across the ocean! Reports about it had been filtering back into England, Scotland and Ireland for a hundred years. True, the folks who had gone over there had had a hard time, the same as it was in the old land. But then it was new, and that was much.

At least one of Elizabeth's numerous sisters was already in America and four others were preparing to go soon. These adventures to America got to be the talk of the town. Men in the fields would stop suddenly and lean on the handles of their plows and gaze in the direction of the New World. Thoughts would come unbidden, and those thoughts would often change the direction of their

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lives. Like as not such thoughts in the head of a North of Irelander has more than once altered and re-directed the character of a city, a state, the American nation itself—these thoughts dreamed by Scotch-Irishmen in the green fields of Erin.

Andrew and Elizabeth Jackson allowed they were thrifty and honest. They knew, too, that each worked as hard as human endurance would permit. Little it was they got for their pains. What say, Andrew! It could not be worse in the New Land, and it might be better. What say, Elizabeth! They asked each other the question with their eyes turned westward toward the green waters upon whose bosom many boats had glided safely to American shores. They were not old people yet and the land was new. The King and his courtiers would be far away. There would be an end for them to those harassing political problems that had beset Ireland for so long and made of her the football of British politics.

Hugh and Robert could grow up in a fresh country among people who had dreams instead of only memories. What say, Andrew! What say, Elizabeth!

6

The year is 1765. King George III has been reigning for five years. The American colonies have been resisting the Stamp Act, and in the following year it will receive another blow when Benjamin Franklin bears his testimony against it in the House of Commons. In Germany they were just beginning to call Frederick II "the Great," and in France Louis XV, the frolicsome one, was mourning the death of Pompadour. In the colonies there

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was much talk about a man named Washington who lived in Virginia. It was said that he had distinguished himself as a Colonel of the militia of that province when the Provincial Governor had sent him to halt the invasion of the French and Indians at Laurel Ridge. But that was ten years earlier.

He was being talked about quite generally now, for already there were rumblings of discontent in the colonies. Maybe it would all blow over. In any case what was being talked about in the provinces was of no immediate interest to Andrew and Elizabeth Jackson, who were busy packing their few articles of clothing preparatory to the great adventure in the Western World.

They come aboard the ship, accompanied by three of their neighbors, James, Robert and Joseph Crawford. James was married to one of Elizabeth's numerous sisters. Samuel Jackson, a brother of Andrew père, thought he would not go over just yet. There were things to do around the place. After all, everybody could not desert Ireland for America. Maybe he would follow in a little while if Andrew's letters back home seemed to bear glad tidings. No matter what Andrew wrote back home, if indeed he wrote anything, Samuel packed his bag and came over, establishing himself in Philadelphia, where he enjoyed a long residence under rather comfortable conditions.

Samuel's predominant trait appears to have been Scotch. He seems to have divined that misfortune might trail his brother Andrew, and, being canny, possibly decided it would be wiser, should he come to America, not to involve himself too much with Andrew's affairs. He never did.


Chapter II

THE EMIGRANTS ARRIVE

I

THE boat puts in at the shore of Charleston, South Carolina, and Andrew Jackson, with heavy sacks thrown across each shoulder, tries to help Elizabeth, who also is laden with bundles, down the gangplank to a firm footing on land, while he watches out of the tail of his eye Hugh and Robert, who are tugging after. He jerks his big shoulders and tosses off the sacks. Elizabeth puts her bundles down and gazes about her wonderingly. Her sister, wife of one of the Crawfords, talks a great deal, but Elizabeth does not hear much that she is saying. All are glad the long voyage is over. It was not a particularly pleasant trip for those who did not know exactly where they were going, and had but little funds to fall back upon if all did not go well. Andrew has least of all.

They ask directions to the Waxhaw Settlement where many of their kindred and countrymen had already established themselves. It was a case of sheep following sheep. They are told that the settlement lies one hundred and sixty miles to the northwest of Charleston, and they must make the trip by stage coach in relays.

The settlement, named Waxhaw by Indians, had been the tribal seat of the Red-skins. The region was watered

THE EMIGRANTS ARRIVE

by the Catawba River, a branch of which was called Waxhaw Creek. Waxhaw straddled the provinces of North Carolina and South Carolina. It appears that most of the inhabitants of that particular region did not know which province they lived in, and did not bother to find out.

The lands along the boundary that once composed the ancient settlement are still called the Waxhaws.

The Crawfords, who came over with the Jacksons from County Antrim, Ireland, bought a piece of land near the center of the settlement, on Waxhaw Creek. Less work would have to be done with it to effect a clearing than with some other lands round about. It looked like a pretty good place to settle down. There was wilderness farther along the creek—great, heavy timbers—but Jim Crawford saw no reason why he should give himself unnecessary work.

Andrew Jackson, however, because he had come to a new country, persists in building his cabin on virgin earth. When he left Ireland he was determined to make a new start. There would be nothing pending from any previous experience save his power to wield another axe. He might have done the easier thing, like Jim Crawford, and pitched his shack upon the ground of the settlement itself. Instead he travels seven miles more, halting on new land which had never known the incision of spade or plow. He decided he would work out his future here, on the banks of Twelve Mile Creek, another branch of the Catawba River. Seventy-five years ago, and nearly a century after its occupancy by the elder Jackson, this spot was called "Pleasant Grove Camp Ground." If Andrew the elder

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could have known that, it would have been some consolation for the agony of labor that was his portion in being the first to assault that "howling wilderness."

As cheap as ground was in the pre-Revolutionary days, when the colonies had little else but land and timber, Andrew Jackson père was too poor to afford the purchase of the tract on which he had settled.

Research done by many hands into the archives of the Carolinas for the last three quarters of a century has failed to yield any evidence that General Jackson's father owned a foot of ground in this country. He was a tenant farmer in Ireland; he was a backwoodsman here, without title to the ground that he was preparing for unnumbered harvests that others would reap.

2

Andrew Jackson, the elder, fought against the wilderness on Twelve Mile Creek, and conquered it in two years. He had made a clearing with the scanty tools that he possessed; he had marked out a patch for a farm and had raised one crop; he had built a home.

And now Andrew Jackson was dead. If ever there lived a man whose soul and sinew was consecrated to the devouring god, Toil, he was the father of General Jackson. For two short years, which probably were two eternities for Andrew and Elizabeth, these pioneers toiled in the Carolina woods. Together they had built a log-house and called it home. Together they rolled heavy stones back off the virgin earth that it might yield them food. Andrew with his axe felled heavy timbers that came crashing through the cathedral of trees, and together they

THE EMIGRANTS ARRIVE

tugged at them, moving them an inch at a time, until they had made a space so that the sun might warm their sturdy cabin.

And now the pioneer was dead. But the grim frontiersman from the North of Ireland had left seed for another cycle. Betty Jackson would see to that!

It was a cold, bleak, sleety March day in 1767 when they lifted the broken body of Andrew Jackson into a springless farm cart borrowed from a neighbor. The plain box coffin is pushed to one side of the cart, so that the widow and the boys and one or two of the Crawfords might sit on an improvised bench opposite the corpse and accompany it to Waxhaw Cemetery. This ancient burial ground is in Lancaster County, South Carolina, a few miles from the North Carolina border. More than half a century ago it was described as "a strange and lonely place." It has been used as a burying ground for nearly two centuries, and among its tenants are the bones of General William Richardson Davie, a noted Revolutionary soldier and Governor of North Carolina.

The spot where Andrew Jackson lies is known by the stones that mark the graves of his relatives in the Settlement. There is no stone to mark his grave. In a sense, the early history of that section is bluntly written upon those slabs which long since have crumbled. In the middle of the nineteenth century these lines were still decipherable upon one of them, written in the Jacksonian manner:

"Here lies the body of Mr. William Blair, who departed this life in the 64th year of his age, on the 2d day

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of July, A. D., 1821, at 9 P. M. He was born in the county of Antrim, Ireland, on the 24th day of March, 1759. When about thirteen years old, he came with his father to this country, where he resided till his death.

“Immediately on his left are deposited the earthly remains of his only wife, Sarah, whose death preceded his but a few years.

“He was a revolutionary patriot, and in the humble station of private soldier and wagon-master, he contributed more to the establishment of American independence than many whose names are proudly emblazoned on the page of history.”

Betty Jackson lacks the heart to return to the log cabin on Twelve Mile Creek. If there is anything there she wants then some day she may send Hugh and Robert up the trail to fetch it. There is nothing she wishes now save quiet words and the light of friendly faces. The ring of Andrew's axe is still in her ears, and Andrew is in the earth. She turns to Charlie Findly, who had supplied and driven the cart that hauled her man to his final peace, and asks him to take her to George McKemey's house.

McKemey is the husband of Margaret, another sister of Mrs. Jackson, and Betty knows she will be welcomed in the McKemey cabin, although she has decided to proceed to the home of another brother-in-law, James Crawford, a little later. Just now she must stay with the McKemeys. Their place, in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, is the nearest stop from the Waxhaw Cemetery, while the Crawford homestead lies a few miles away, in

the province of South Carolina, and it might take all day to get there.

Elizabeth Jackson, called Betty by her relatives, has great need of immediate rest. The McKemeys had heard that Betty was "in a family way."

Two nights pass. On the third night Betty is seized with labor pains, and messengers are sent hurriedly to the homes of neighboring women to come quickly to George McKemey's house. Mrs. Sarah Leslie, known in the settlement as a midwife, comes posthaste across the fields, bringing her small daughter, Sarah, with her, because she is afraid to leave Sarah alone in the cabin. Indians are still prowling about, and the white women take none too kindly to the Carolina nights.

3

It is the night of March 15, 1767. Andrew Jackson is born in the home of George McKemey, in the Waxhaw Settlement, Mecklenburg County, the province of North Carolina. For a century and a half local leaders of patriotic societies, statesmen at Washington, historians and biographers of Andrew Jackson will quarrel and debate the question of whether he was born in North or South Carolina. They will be led astray by President Jackson's proclamation to the nullifiers of South Carolina whom he addressed as "Fellow citizens of my *native* State."

But there is abundant evidence adduced by James Parton, a most pains-taking historian, and many others since Parton wrote three quarters of a century ago, to support the claim of North Carolina. General Jackson once said that he was born in the McKemey cabin, which he be-

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lieved was in the province of South Carolina. He might easily have thought as much, for the McKemey cabin was less than a quarter of a mile from the boundary line then separating the two provinces.

Many years ago the county was divided, and the section in which Jackson was born was named Union to commemorate Jackson's silencing of the nullifiers of South Carolina. In this manner did North Carolina rebuke her sister state. It had first been proposed to call the county Jackson, but the name Union was deemed a worthier compliment, since the little county juts into South Carolina.

4

Betty Jackson remained at the McKemey home only three weeks. She decided to leave Hugh, her eldest son, behind to help McKemey on the farm, and proceeded with Robert and the infant Andrew to the home of the Crawfords with whom the Jacksons just two years ago came over from Ireland. Mrs. Crawford is an invalid and Jim Crawford is glad to give shelter to Betty and her brats in exchange for her talents as housekeeper. Thus Betty has a home, even though her status in it is that of a "poor relation." Surely not the most amiable of auspices, but much better than trying to go it alone in the shack that Andrew built up there on the Twelve Mile Creek.

Little Andy Jackson passed the first ten or twelve years of his life in the home of his uncle, James Crawford. The Crawford family was quite large and the master of it was a man of considerable substance for one in a new country.

No one has much time to give to Andy except to scold

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him, for he seems always to be getting into mischief. Neighbors come and complain to Mr. Crawford that Andy has "beat up" first this boy and then the other, and Mr. Crawford goes straight to Betty Jackson and tells her she must keep Andy from being a nuisance and trouble maker among the other children, and Betty says she will try her best to curb him. Betty, who has grown stout, always seems to be knitting or spinning, and she has not much time to keep a watchful eye upon Andy, what with her constant duties as housekeeper in the large Crawford family.

Wild turkeys and deer abound in the woods and little Andrew Jackson, aged six years, already has asked his mother for a gun. He sees tall men walking along the stiff red clay roads, each with a bag of game on his back and a gun slung across his shoulder. Andy stiffens his little back and struts down the road, far behind them, making himself believe he is a soldier, bringing up the rear. Soldier talk is getting to be quite frequent round about, and, though Andrew does not know what it means, he likes to hear the talk. When none is looking he does a solo parade in the house, just like the time he strutted down the red road behind the hunters.

In the moonlight he sees the Waxhaw farmers and their men gathered round a blazing fire of pine knots in the forests, and some unnameable emotion that overwhelms children—something akin to heroism and a great longing to be grown up—surges through him, and he wants to be like that, sitting beside a blazing fire in the moonlight. In the daytime he watches the huge covered wagons rumbling along the rough roads, and now and

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then a farmer will pull up his horses and let little Andy climb up on the seat. Once a farmer hoisted him upon a horse, and that was heaven for Andy Jackson.

5

The time has arrived for Andy to be sent to a "field school." Now a "field school" in the old days was not in a field at all, but was in a forest. After many crops of cotton had exhausted the soil the fences were taken away and the land became waste. In short order vigorous young pines shoot up and soon the land is covered with a thick growth of wood. About this time an itinerant school teacher, ever on the lookout for just such a site as this, arrives in the community, and he canvasses the farm houses to find how many pupils he can corral if he should build a shanty in the forest for a school. If the number is satisfactory, the school teacher sets to work with the lumber that the farmers have contributed, and builds a school.

In the Fall when there is bite in the air the school-master will plug the cracks between the boards with red clay to keep out the wind and the cold, and a wood stove at the far end of the room will do the rest, or at least try. These were among the first school houses in America, and, although reading, writing and arithmetic were all the branches taught in that early day, the schools seem to have done fairly well, judging by many examples of their hardy product.

So here is Andy among a crowd of boys seated on a slab bench. He is tall, slender, bright blue eyed, freckled face and thick sandy hair that is cheating the scissors. His

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feet are bare and his scant home-spun garments are coarser than those of other boys. Mrs. Jackson tries to impress upon Andy that he must be "a learner." In her mind she has mapped out his career. She wants him to be a Presbyterian clergyman. Andy winces but says nothing. That's a fine note! If he is to be a clergyman he must get a running start by being good now, which means that he must not fight; and Andy, while he does not especially look for trouble, sees a lot of it lying about.

He soon outgrows the "field school," and is sent to another given the grand title of Academy, in the Waxhaw Settlement. This school is a large log cabin, and is presided over by a kindly dominie, Doctor Humphries, who in his crude way attempts to teach the languages and prepare his pupils for college and the ministry. "Sandy Andy," as some of the boys came to call him, never got a headache from studying his lessons. There is nothing to show that he shirked them, but he fastened his attention more upon the pine knot fires blazing in the forests at night, and listened, fascinated and held in thrall, to the tall talk among men about Indian battles and the shooting of deer and wild turkeys in the wilderness.

There is a tradition that young Jackson later attended Queen's College in Charlotte, and this is supported by the story that many years later a delegation of Charlotte business men and farmers went to Washington to plead with Congress to establish a mint in their region. They said gold had been found in the hills. The delegation appeared before President Jackson, and one of their number told the President that gold had been found in the very hill on which Queen's College had stood. "Then

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it must have grown since I went to school there, for there was no gold there then," replied the President. It was this remark that laid the foundation for the belief that Jackson attended school in Charlotte. It is supported by no other evidence.

Andy Jackson was a wild, frolicsome, wilful, daring and mischievous boy; generous to a friend and a holy terror to an enemy. He simply would not believe there lived a boy stronger than he, nor one who could defeat him in quick thinking, or with fists or feet. There were plenty of boys who could throw Andy in a wrestling match and did so, but Andy was on his feet again in a flash, his arms and legs wrapped around the body of his foe.

"I could throw him three times out of four," one of his schoolmates used to say, "but he would never *stay throwed*. He was dead game and never *would* give up." There would be plenty of men in later years who could give similar testimony of battles that they had had to fight out with Andrew Jackson. Men, like the boys, found he would never "*stay throwed*."

At Doctor Humphries's Academy, Andy Jackson would leave no particular mark by which to remember his presence there. The son of one of his schoolmates would testify many, many years later that he had heard his father speak of Jackson's "commendable progress in his studies, of his ardent and rather quick temperament, and was remarkably athletic."

Others would testify about you, Andy Jackson, that to younger boys your mastery was never questioned, that you were a generous protector, and that equals and su-

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periors alike would say that you were over-bearing, self-willed, would listen to no reason that did not square with your own. They would say you were "difficult to get along with," that you were extremely sensitive and easily offended, and that you were the only bully they ever saw who was not also a coward.

Most of them took into account that Andy Jackson had a rather special cause for much of his irritation. He was afflicted with a childhood disease that manifested itself in "slobbering." Woe to the boy who made a jest of that. He would not escape with his hide intact. In later years none save would-be suicides would mention the word "adultery" in the presence of Andrew Jackson. There was special reason for that irritation, which we shall examine later.

One day after school a group of boys gather around Andy and hand him a gun which they have secretly loaded to the muzzle. They want to have the pleasure of seeing him fire it and at the same time have it kick him over by the power of the discharge. Well, the pleasure is all theirs for the nonce. Andy tumbles heels over head, but he is on his feet in a flash—a tempest of passion—and his eyes are blazing orbits of hate.

"By God! If one of you laughs I'll kill him!" he roars. None laughs, and they every one slink away. He was a swearing boy and a swearing man. There is none who could hold a candle to his matchless art in combining oaths in chain-shot fluency and force. His combinations were among the most picturesque ever known on the frontier, or, for that matter, in the White House.

One afternoon the rain comes down in torrents, and Andy does not go out to play. Instead he has a debate with one of his numerous uncles on the subject of "What makes a Gentleman?" Andrew says "Education." The uncle says "Good Principles." Neither would yield his ground, so the question was never settled.

What does Andrew Jackson learn at this school? In truth, very little. He learned to read, and to write, and to do simple arithmetic. He had a smattering of Latin. He never wrote correct English unless he was so angry that the proper words poured from him in a torrent and he was innocent of their correct usage. At such times he could deliver a veritable flood of vehement eloquence upon paper, and so rapidly that his manuscript would be wet two or three pages behind.

Andy Jackson was an atrocious speller. Not one single public paper or document, or speech that bears his name reached the public exactly as he wrote it. He was unable to compose his papers grammatically, but he had the good sense to surround himself with competent aids and secretaries who could do so. Some of the most striking paragraphs in his state papers and speeches that have lived for nearly a century, and which are considered peculiarly Jacksonian, Jackson never wrote. He would write the first draft, and his aids would do the rest. They became *Jacksonian*; they expressed *his* mind on the subject dealt with, and if they did not do so, they were re-written until they did express it perfectly.

It is not strange that Jackson was a bad speller and

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composer. Noah Webster, the greatest of American lexicographers, did not publish his dictionary until 1828. Even his "New and Accurate Standard of Pronunciation" was not available until 1784 (long after Andrew had "completed" his school years), and Webster's popular "Spelling Book" did not appear until 1785. The provincial schools, if they used a dictionary as the basis for grammar, very probably used Doctor Johnson's dictionary, which appeared in 1755 and was in common usage until 1782.

In the year 1776 an astonishing document was drafted and signed in Philadelphia. It was called the Declaration of Independence. Andrew Jackson was nine years old. In a little while he would know to whom that solemn paper was addressed and what it meant. The talk in the colonies was not quite so tall now. War was upon them.



Chapter III

ANDY JACKSON GOES TO WAR

I

TAKE the average boy, aged thirteen, and let him participate in a revolutionary war against a foreign enemy in his own home town, where his mother, many of his relatives, his neighbors, and boy friends and foes, may see him fighting, suffering and dying (the latter in his mind), and you will equip him with a high-powered imagination of his own resources and importance, and implant in him a view of life that things worth while may be attained only with the pistol and the sword, and that all his adversaries of whatever nature are to be summarily dispatched. This false view may very readily twist and color his attitude toward people and events for the rest of his life. At least we may surmise it was so in the case of Andrew Jackson.

In the early Spring of 1780 nearly all the American troops in South Carolina were concentrated in the city of Charleston, and, when the place was taken with its defenders on May 12, the people were at the mercy of the British. Wherever the defenders attempted to make a stand, bands of Red-coats and Tories were upon them. The British were not more savage than engaged soldiers have ever been anywhere, but when the relentless Tarleton,

leading his Dragoons along the red roads of the Waxhaws, descended upon the peaceful settlement, butchering the little American militia and ravaging the homes of the settlers, the Americans may well have thought that the British were devils incarnate.

Andrew's elder brother Hugh had not waited for the war to knock angrily upon his gate. A tall, slender, sensitive fellow, like all the Jackson men, he had mounted his horse the year before and joined the famous regiment of Colonel Davie. Hugh fought in the ranks at the Battle of Stono, and gave his life for freedom.

It is May 29, 1780. Tarleton, the British commander in the Carolinas, decides to pursue to the death all American defenders in his sector. No doubt he directs his attention to the Waxhaw Settlement because he knows there dwells in this region a number of people recently arrived from British dominions. The punishment to be meted out to them will be more severe than in the case of native Americans.

Three hundred British horsemen swoop down upon the little community like a pack of hungry hyenas, killing one hundred and thirteen militiamen and wounding one hundred and fifty. Delighted with his masterpiece, Tarleton and his Dragoons gallop away into the hills, leaving the wounded to the care of the settlers. Betty Jackson, the loss of her eldest boy still fresh in her mind, joins a group of Waxhaw women in ministering to the needs of the wounded in the Waxhaw church.

Andrew Jackson and his brother Robert assist their mother in waiting upon the sick troopers. Under the roof of the church, by his mother's side, Andy first sees what

war is like. He does not recoil from what he sees, but instead he burns with livid hatred of England, and in rage he yearns to shoulder a musket and go forth to battle to avenge the wounds of his neighbors and his brother's death.

No sooner has Tarleton and his horsemen thundered down the red roads, leaving a fretful peace to settle over the community like a lull in a summer storm, than there are rumors that Lord Rawdon, heading a large body of Royal troops, is approaching. He demands of every one a promise not to take part in the war hereafter. Betty Jackson, her boys, and the Crawfords are among those who refuse to subscribe to any such pledge, especially as it entails loyalty to King George. There are many Americans who will subscribe to this pledge, but they are mostly those who have large amounts of property.

Some are fearful the Americans will lose the war and they, as a consequence, will lose their property. Others, though Americans, are more or less frankly Anglophiles. Washington, himself a man of means and the owner of a capacious estate, knows that the propertyless class make up the bulk of his armies. They have ever so much less to lose, and possibly ever so much more to gain should independence of America be achieved.

2

As a result of Lord Rawdon's threat, the Jacksons, in company with others, abandon their home and flee to the hills. Several times they attempt to re-establish themselves in Waxhaw only to be put to flight again by the

approaching enemy. Tarleton's massacre has kindled the flames of war in all the Carolinas.

At last Andy Jackson and his brother Robert, who is a few years his senior, have their chance. They mount horses and are present at Sumpter's attack upon the British post at Hanging Rock, where the defenders lost their chance to score a brilliant victory by beginning too soon to drink the rum they had captured from their foe. Andy carefully observes the movements of the troops. His eyes scarcely leave the figure of Colonel Davie, a brave and audacious soldier, who, more than any other, was to become Andrew Jackson's model in the art of war. Davie was bold in planning enterprises and cautious in the execution of them. He was ever vigilant and untiringly active. Andy, many years later, will put into practise what he now learns from watching Colonel Davie perform in the War for Independence.

It is the middle of August and General Gates has been defeated by Cornwallis. It is the great disaster of the war in the South. Cornwallis now moves his army toward the Waxhaws, and once more Betty Jackson and the boys take flight to the North.

Betty Jackson directs Andrew to the home of the Wilsons, who live a little above Charlotte. She finds refuge for herself and Robert elsewhere. It is understood that Andy will "pay" for his board by doing chores about the farm and the house. He is supposed to bring in wood, pull fodder, pick beans, drive cattle and go to the blacksmith shop when the farming utensils require mending. There is a boy in the Wilson home who is about the age of Andrew and often they play and walk together.

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Andy's playmate some day will be a preacher in the community, and already he is shocked by the torrent of strong language that Andy frequently uses to express what he thinks and feels about the Red-coats.

Andy enjoys hopping upon his grass pony for a ride up to the mill. Rarely does he return from the shops without bringing some new weapon with which to kill. He has accumulated quite a collection of spears, terrible looking knives, clubs and tomahawks. But the one he likes the best is the blade of a scythe fastened to a pole. One day he assaults the weeds around the house with extreme fury, making long vigorous strokes with his scythe. Young Wilson hears him say:

"Oh, if I were a man, how I would sweep down the British with my grass blade!"

Andrew is to remain at the Wilson home over the winter and until early Spring. In February, 1781, peace again rules in the Waxhaws because the settlement has been subdued. The Jacksons creep back to their home with the Crawfords, and for a time it seems that Andrew may be able to resume his lessons. But this is not to be. The great battles of the Revolution are over, but in many of the states, particularly in the South, neighborhood warfare flames up at the slightest provocation. Brother against brother. Father against son. The country is by no means united behind General Washington, although complete victory for the Independence Cause is only a few months off.

Nor is it to be supposed that the man-power of the states has rushed to the standards of the Revolution. In

one or two of the southern states men had to be bribed to go to war with offers of land grants. There are other instances recorded of some men being promised the ownership of one Negro slave, or sixty dollars, his equivalent, if they would take up arms in behalf of freedom. The "glittering generalities" of the Declaration of Independence, as some historians have described that remarkable document, were often far more impressive among the merchant and land-owning classes, who would not have to do the fighting, than among the back-country folk who were supposed to do it. Thus, we have many pictures and stories of small boys shouldering men's guns in the Revolutionary War.

Andrew and Robert, although they have not attached themselves to any particular regiment, have frequently accompanied small bands of soldiers that march forth in enterprises of retaliation. In this manner they have "participated" in the Revolution, but now they are to play a more active part in that bloody tableau.

3

The continued activity of the Whigs in the Waxhaws has reached the ears of Lord Rawdon, and, as he has been left in command of that sector by Cornwallis, he is determined to clear the community if possible of the last vestige of rebellion against the Crown, this despite the fact that the Crown, so far as it relates to America, is a relic ready for the museums and the history books. Lord Rawdon dispatches a body of Dragoons to aid the Tories in the region of the Waxhaws, and the settlers,

hearing of this, are determined to make a stand against the British troops, clad in scarlet tunics, their carbines flashing in the sunlight.

The Waxhaw Meeting House has been chosen as the rendezvous, and forty men are armed, awaiting the coming of the storm. Andrew Jackson and his brother Robert are in this gallant group. Andy can scarcely keep his forefinger off the trigger. He runs his nimble fingers down the barrel of the gun, and impatiently awaits his prey. In the grove surrounding the old church the forty Americans watch for sight of the Red-coats, and while they wait for the enemy they scour the landscape for some sign of another company of Whigs from a nearby settlement that is supposed to join them.

Rawdon hears of the rendezvous at the church. He has been apprised by a Tory. He has heard also of a second company of reinforcements, so he dresses a group of his men in the garb of the community and sends them ahead of his company. The Waxhaw defenders see a company of armed men approaching, but they conclude that these are their friends and they lay aside their guns. It is too late to discover their error. The Red-coats are upon them and there is slaughter in the old churchyard. Those lucky enough to escape the flashing carbines flee in all directions and are hotly pursued by the Dragoons.

Andrew spurs his horse and is gone into the thicket. He rides for dear life, every minute turning his head to see how closely the dragoon pursues him. He comes to a wide slough of water and mire and plunges his horse into it, flounders across and reaches dry land. In the course of the day he is re-united with his brother and

that night they lie down in the forest to sleep, their muskets beside them, like two veterans—these boys. In the morning they are awake early, still weary, their bones aching, and very hungry. The nearest house is that of Lieutenant Crawford, Andrew's cousin, and they make toward it at double quick time. A Tory informer discovers their hiding place and apprises the Dragoons, who come galloping toward the house, surround it and capture Andrew and Robert.

4

The British troopers proceed to stage a scene which would leave its impress upon the mind of Andrew Jackson for the remainder of his life. Perhaps much of his tempestuous disposition, his frequent vengeful spirit, his deep and abiding hatred of Great Britain, and his manifestations of bitterness and relentlessness that characterized his own generalship in several warfares that he was destined to command later on—perhaps much of all this was traceable to the needless brutality of the King's soldiers when they raided and ransacked the home of a woman, whose husband had been wounded, in order to arrest two young boys of the Revolution.

The Red-coats tore the family clothing to shreds; they broke the crockery, upset beds, dashed the furniture to pieces, including a baby's crib. Adding insult to injury, a British officer bawls at Andrew to clean his boots. Andy Jackson stiffens his back and refuses point blank.

"Sir, I am a prisoner of war, and claim to be treated as such," he says.

The officer raises his sword and is about to bring it

down upon Andrew's head when the boy parries the blow with his left hand and receives a deep gash that he will carry to his grave. The officer next turns to Robert and orders him to clean his boots, and Robert also refuses. Again the sword is raised and this time it falls full force upon Robert's head. Britain will make more blunders than this in the years to come, but not always will they be made in the presence of a boy who one day will avenge England's cruelty with interest.

The Britons decide that while they are in the neighborhood they will hunt down another troublesome Whig, named Thompson. They discover that Andy knows where Thompson lives, so they command him to mount his horse and direct them to Thompson's home, threatening him with death if he fails to guide them aright. Andy leads the party in the right direction, but suddenly he remembers there is another road by which the house can be reached. Should the occupants of the Thompson house be looking toward that road they could see if anyone were approaching half a mile away. He knew if Thompson were at home, someone would be on the lookout as a sentinel, and also Thompson's horse would be standing nearby, ready for flight.

As the party approaches, Andy sees Thompson's horse tied to a porch pillar, so he knows the hunted Whig is within. The Dragoons are gaining speed and are about to rush upon their man when suddenly Thompson springs from the house, mounts his horse and fords a swollen stream, shouting defiance at his pursuers as he touches land on the other side and gallops away into the woods. So little Andy Jackson, by using his wits, is actually the

liberator of the Carolina patriot instead of the instrument for his capture.

The time has arrived for the British troops to dispose of their troublesome captives, and what better way than to throw them all into prison? Andrew and Robert and Lieutenant Thomas Crawford, each of them wounded, are placed among twenty others captured in the Waxhaw battle, and all are made to march forty miles to Camden, South Carolina, where the King's troops have long had a great depot. None is permitted a morsel of food nor a drop of water during the entire journey. The wounded ones who stumble are often struck by officers. We may be sure Andrew Jackson is taking mental note of this excursion into misery. He will have occasion later on to refer to it. How could those British troopers, serving a stupid King three thousand miles away, know what is being etched in the mind of a boy who soon will be thrown into prison?

The Waxhaw captives find two hundred and fifty prisoners concentrated in an enclosure drawn around the jail. There are no beds, no medical attendants to care for the wounded, not even medicine. The men are gaunt, yellow, already the victims of scurvy, and disease is rampant in the colony of captives. Their only food is a scant supply of miserable bread. Part of the clothing of each has been taken away, the purpose of this probably being to further humiliate each victim in the eyes of the rest.

Andrew and Robert and Crawford, their cousin, are separated once their kinship is known. Robbed of his jacket and his shoes, knowing nothing of the fate that has befallen his brother, who suffers a terrible gash upon

his head that already has become infected, Andy sits alone most of the time, unspeakable hatred for his captors, their country and its cause welling up within him with the passing of each moment. He would, if he could, tear the Red-coats limb from limb.

Small-pox has broken out among the prisoners. This dread disease, unchecked by medical supervision of any kind, spreads rapidly. Andy has thus far managed to escape the contagion, but he does not know the fate of his brother.

5

There is a report in the prison camp that General Greene is leading a little army to Hobkirk's Hill. He is coming to deliver the American prisoners from their misery. Even the sick and the dying take heart. For six days Greene's army is bivouacked upon the Hill. Andy sees the whole layout from a knot-hole. Lord Rawdon has decided that despite the inferiority of his numbers he will attack the American forces before they have time to bring up artillery. Word flies into the prison that next morning Rawdon will attack! The result of this battle will decide the fate of the prisoners as well as that of either of the contending forces.

During the night Andy hacks a larger hole in the fence that he may have a better view of the battle which will take place less than a mile away, upon the eminence of Hobkirk's Hill. Dawn finds Andy at his post behind the high board fence. His eye sweeps the countryside and he sees the ragged American troops—there are only twelve hundred of them—scattered over the field. Some appear

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to be washing their clothes; others are jumping about as though they are at play. This is a mighty funny way, thinks Andrew Jackson, aged fourteen years, for men to behave on the eve of battle! Rawdon leads his nine hundred men out to attack. This is the least that Greene had expected, for he supposed the British now were trembling for their safety.

Rawdon closes in upon the Americans, who are taken by complete surprise. Andy sees them rush for their arms. He reports the battle to the files of ragged prisoners pressing around him. American horses are dashing riderless over the field. The Americans are in retreat! They are rushing madly over the top of the hill, the Red-coats, their tunics marking them less than a mile away in the April sun, are in hot pursuit. Tiers of smoke rise above the field and float serenely away. General Greene's army is defeated, and Andy Jackson knows why. That is his second lesson in the art of war. He will profit by it, too, some day.

6

Andy begins to develop the first symptoms of small-pox. He is sick and burns with fever. Robert's condition is even more pitiable. The deep wound in his head has never been dressed, and he, too, is desperately ill from the first signs that announce the dread disease.

Betty Jackson has not rested for one minute from her efforts to effect the release of her boys at Camden. Finally she succeeds in arranging for an exchange of prisoners. She gasps with horror as she gazes upon the wasted bodies of her boys. Robert is the worse off. He cannot

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stand, nor can he sit in the saddle without support. Betty Jackson has two horses. She lifts Robert upon one horse and mounts the other herself. The horses are reined closely and the mother holds Robert in his seat, while Andy, himself burning with fever, emaciated, worn, weary and ragged, trudges behind. They have forty miles to cover before they are back again in their home at Waxhaw.

Suddenly a storm comes up when they are within two miles of the journey's end, and all are drenched. Their small-pox now reaches the stage of development. The boys arrive home at last and at once go to bed. How good it feels to stretch out once more between clean sheets. Betty Jackson bends over first one bed and then the other.

In two days she ceases to bend over Robert. He is dead! And Andrew has gone stark mad! The disease raging in his body and about to break out in horrible sores, plus his suffering in the Camden stockade, and his bitter mental reaction to it, have thrown his mind into chaos. His condition is perilous, as Betty well knows. She buries one of her boys in the Waxhaw churchyard beside the body of his father, and turns her attention to saving the life of one surviving son. The War for Independence is costly for Betty Jackson.

Andrew recovers very slowly. For many months he will be an invalid. Forever during his lifetime he will suffer unconsciously from the horror of those eternities of days and nights in that loathsome prison. He will be the author of terrible cruelties, and vengeful punishments himself in after years, but he will be unaware of

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much of this, like a tiger oblivious of its fangs and claws, deaf to its own roar, and the power of its blow.

It is now summer in the year 1781. The summer smiles upon the Carolina fields and woods, and flowers, whose roots are warm and firm with the rich blood of men to nourish them, shoot out in a spray of multi-colored beauty. Up from the prison ships at Charleston comes a cry of anguish. Many of the prisoners are the kindred of Betty Jackson and her relatives. Others are neighbors' sons, brothers and fathers. Andrew seems to be on the road to recovery now, and Betty can leave him and join a band of Waxhaw women bound on an errand of mercy, to effect, if possible, the release of these Americans.

The women pack their saddle bags with whatever they think will mitigate the suffering of the captives. They start out upon the journey—it is one hundred and sixty miles—and at night they must find shelter somehow, for the trip cannot be covered in a day.

Andy, at home in the Waxhaw Settlement, waits anxiously for news from his mother. He wonders if she has arrived at Charleston safely, and he wonders especially if she has effected the release of the prisoners. In a little while—a matter of a few weeks—a man on horseback gallops up to the house where Andy is staying. He hands Andy a bundle which the boy tears open. It is his mother's clothing, the extra garments she had taken along.

7

Betty Jackson is dead, a victim of the ship fever which she had caught shortly after she began her ministrations

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to the sick and wounded men aboard the British prison ship. They bury her body in an open field nearby, and none will ever know in the years to come, not even her son, where she is buried. Many years later, when he has become President of the United States, he will set afoot a special inquiry in South Carolina in an effort to locate the spot where his mother is buried, that he might remove her bones to the old Waxhaw Cemetery, and there place above the graves of his parents a suitable marker. But he shall never have this privilege.

Andy Jackson's feelings at this moment are divided between his grief over the death of his mother and two brothers and his own pitiable condition, which he is competent to realize is desperate enough. He is borne down by the fact that he is an orphan, and made so by the Revolution. The conditions are desperate in the extreme now, but in later years these same circumstances will operate in his favor, for they will be used with telling effect in three Presidential campaigns, and in two of them he shall be triumphant.

Andy Jackson loved his mother deeply. He had had occasion to study her virtues and to become acquainted with her sublime courage, both in home-making in the wilderness and while within range of British guns. Often in the days of his future greatness, he would clinch a point by saying, "That I learned from my good old mother."

On another occasion, he would say this:

"One of the last injunctions given me by her, was never to institute a suit for assault and battery, or for defamation; never to wound the feelings of others, nor suffer my own to be outraged; these were her words of ad-

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monition to me. I remember them well, and have never failed to respect them. My settled course through life has been to bear them in mind, and never to insult or wantonly to assail the feelings of anyone. Yet, many conceive me to be a most ferocious animal, insensible to moral duty, and regardless of the laws both of God and man."

Well, Andrew Jackson in the tides ahead would give many individuals, and nations, too, for that matter, plenty of cause to think of him as "a most ferocious animal."

When Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown on October 19, 1781, Andy had not passed his fifteenth birthday. One or two southern towns will remain awhile in the enemy's hands, but the War for Independence in effect is over, North and South.

The Cause has been won. Andy Jackson faces the world alone.

Chapter IV

LAW BOOKS AND FIGHTING COCKS

I

THERE are whisperings among the numerous relatives of Betty Jackson in the Waxhaws. Each of them hopes that Andrew, the orphan, will not knock at their gate to seek permanent shelter. None seems to want the responsibility for training this sandy-haired lad, who is shooting up so rapidly that even now he is as tall as his mother was.

Well, the aunts and uncles of Andrew do not have to worry, for he will not bother them; but just the same, they will shake their heads and they will predict many a time in the years to come that Andrew is headed for no good end. Perhaps they are right, for he is headed toward the Presidency.

Some historians a century later will say that Andrew returned to his studies after the war and "revised the languages," but down in the Waxhaws everyone knows that he indulges in all modes of sportive feats—gambling, drinking a little, horse racing and cock fighting. Precious little studying Andrew does these days. Being alone in the world makes him feel a trifle like a martyr, and he trades somewhat on this by affecting a little swagger in

his stride, a slight abruptness or irritability in his speech, like one having a chip on his shoulder. He was behaving thus while living for a short time in the house of Major Thomas Crawford, where Captain Galbraith, former commissary in the Revolutionary War, also lived. Andrew's swagger was too much for the Captain, and one day he undertakes to chastise Andrew. A torrent of hot words in self-defence streams from Andrew, and the Captain raises his arm to strike.

Andrew warns the officer that before striking he had better prepare for eternity; the astonished Captain, staring into the blazing eyes of the aroused young panther before him, thinks better of his cause, and drops his arm. Andrew gathers his few articles of clothing and departs from the house, triumphant. He has conquered his first real opponent by standing up to him with sheer courage—and a former Captain in the Revolutionary Army at that.

For six months he works in a saddler's shop and seems to be in a fair way of learning a trade, but the presence of many young blades in the Waxhaws—sons of wealthy and socially prominent persons of Charleston, who are awaiting the evacuation of their city—diverts Andrew's attention and he participates in the sportive feats. He has made up his mind that if he cannot compete with youths on the basis of wealth and social position, he can at least do so by going further than they in matters requiring grit and daring. He knew well enough that whatever he was to win would come to him only by the force of his own willing. So that in December, 1782, Charleston having been evacuated, causing his companions to accompany

their families back home, Andrew, finding life very dull and lonely in the saddler's shop, decides to follow them to the city. He mounts his horse, and is gone.

Every boy and man in this region has a horse. He may have nothing else—neither home nor presentable clothing, nor money in the pocket—but a steed he must possess. Without it, he might just as well be legless, for it is impossible to cover these often trackless distances without a horse. Although Andrew's many relatives have come to regard him as the family "black sheep," they have at least provided him with the necessary means of relieving them of his further presence in the community, if he so wills. They give him a horse.

2

One evening in Charleston, Andrew strolls into a tavern, looking for his cronies. He sees a game of dice in progress and glides toward the table. He is challenged to a game. He stands to win two hundred dollars or lose the fine horse tethered to the rack outside. Andrew rolls the dice and wins, and for the first time in his life he has more money than his father had ever possessed in cash at one time. Wise Andrew settles his debts in Charleston and departs in the morning for the scenes of his childhood.

Many years later someone will recall this incident to the President, and he will say: "My calculation was that, if a loser in the game, I would give the landlord my saddle and bridle, as far as they would go toward the payment of his bill, ask a credit for the balance, and walk away from the city. But being successful, I had new

spirits infused into me, left the table, and from that moment to the present I have never thrown dice for a wager."

For two years Andrew teaches school—a field school—in the Waxhaws; but virtually anybody can be a tutor in this settlement if he has the hardihood to build his own school and then canvass the community for pupils. None will ever know how little he knows, and the pupils, knowing nothing, may learn a little of something.

It is April, 1783, and peace with England is formally proclaimed. The peace comes as a boon to the legal profession, as the Tory lawyers are to be excluded, and many new causes at bar are to be created for the Whig lawyers, who foresee a lucrative practice for many future years. Also, public careers will inevitably follow the curve of bar and bench. Foresighted young men of the victorious party see their chance and seize upon it. Old line Whig lawyers are to be swamped with students, and among these appears Andrew Jackson.

In the Winter of 1784, Andrew draws up his mount at the gate of Colonel Waightsill Avery, one of the most noted attorneys in the Carolinas at this time, and the owner of one of the best law libraries in this part of the country. Andrew has come one hundred and thirty-five miles from the Waxhaws to Morganton, North Carolina, where Colonel Avery lives in a log cabin, to seek a master in the law. Colonel Avery finds it inconvenient to take the young man into his home as a boarder, and into his office as a student; so Andrew adjusts his saddle bags, mounts his horse and gallops back to Salisbury. He enters the office of Spruce McCay, a lawyer of local eminence, and finds two other students—one Crawford and Mc-

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Nairy—already installed in the business of copying letters and briefs, running errands and reading law. Andrew is permitted to join them, and thus is he ensconced as a student at law in Salisbury where he is to acquire local fame as a rowdy and a rake that will not down even after he has reached the White House. In fact, some of his actions at Washington will tend to confirm the tales now being whispered about him in Salisbury.

Reading the accounts of these escapades one might be led to suppose that the student followed a dissolute path and neglected his studies for horse racing, cock fighting, parties of a dubious character and too frequent drinking bouts. It appears that nearly all these episodes have been exaggerated in the interest of making them serve as a colorful, roystering background of a backwoods scapegrace, so that the portrait of the Indian head-hunter, the General at New Orleans, and the spitfire President might be the better embellished and embroidered with these student affairs. It was all a new and wild country in which Andrew grew up, but the boys that watched and had a part in the business of pushing civilization westward through the wilderness were not less nor more fun-making and mischievous than are the youngsters today.

Salisbury, the capital of Rowan County, was an old American town when the Revolution began. When Jackson lived there and studied law there were one or two taverns, notably Rowan's House, where Jackson boarded with his fellow students—Crawford and McNairy,—a couple of churches, perhaps twenty village houses, half a dozen mansions, and another score of shanties occupied

by Negroes who worked in the fields, and white farm hands. Public wells were in the middle of the streets, shaded by sheds that also exhibited wheels and buckets necessary to draw water. Trees formed an archway for these red dirt streets, over which heavy covered wagons, coming to and from the markets, rumbled along.

Lawyer McCay's office, where Andrew is at work, is a small box-like affair. It appears to be a cross between a hen-house and a Negro cabin, and the floor is littered with documents, books and pamphlets. Behind this office stands the McCay mansion, and when the three students hear the porch door slam shut, followed by the thumping of a cane to the accompaniment of heavy steps on the dirt path, they know Old Man McCay is coming, and they bury their noses in the books. Down the street is the Rowan House, a rambling affair composed of many buildings, with huge fireplaces, high mantels, low ceilings that reveal great hand-hewn timbers.

3

Andrew will leave traces of himself in this old tavern that will survive for many a day after he has pushed over the mountains, into the heart of the Indian country, and carved for himself a place in history. But just now the people are saying, "Andrew Jackson is the most roaring, rollicking, game-cocking, horse-racing, card-playing mischievous fellow that ever lived in Salisbury." Another adds, "he does not trouble the law books much." Still another says, "he is more in the stables than in the office"; and, finally, forty years later, in 1824, when he is making his first race for the Presidency, a woman back

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in Salisbury will remember the tall, slender, roystering fellow, and she will say: "What! Jackson up for President? *Andrew* Jackson? Why, when he was here he was such a rake that my husband would not bring him into the house. He might have taken him out to the stable to weigh horses for a race, and he *might* have taken a glass of whisky with him. Well, if Andrew Jackson can be President, anybody can!"

There will be plenty of reason for this exclamation. Andrew's landlord at the tavern might be able to add a few anecdotes merely by referring to his account book, for the record shows that Andrew has been living at the tavern on "velvet." He has won handsomely from his landlord at card-playing and betting on the races.

But this is not all. Respectable ladies of Salisbury will no longer speak to Andrew, for they blush, or at least so pretend, in recalling how he outraged Respectability, Decorum and Decency, by bringing to a Christmas ball his *mistress*, when he himself was invited only because he happened to be a law student and the chum of one or two young men whose social position entitled them to an invitation.

In truth, the very Respectability and Pretentiousness of the Christmas ball amuses Andrew, and he decides to play a practical joke on the ladies. As he has gotten himself on the committee of managers for the ball, he sends an invitation to two of the most dissolute women in Rowan County—Molly and Rachel Wood, mother and daughter.

The bedizened ladies of sportive nocturnes appear in due course, and Andrew, drawing himself into a secluded

corner, gleefully watches the other ladies of proper position withdraw to one side, seeming to shield their embarrassment behind gasps and giggles, and being greatly relieved when someone undertakes the mission of official bouncer and sternly escorts Molly and Rachel to the door, leaving them to sulk amid the quiet orders of the night.

Despite all this tomfoolery, and much more besides, the fact remains that Andrew is applying himself to his books, no matter what Salisbury may say or think. Of course he will never become in any proper sense a lawyer; he will never have the profound legal knowledge of Henry Clay or Daniel Webster, but he will give those gifted gentlemen enough to worry about in the days ahead that may cause them to ardently wish he knew much less than the ever so little that he already knows about the law and its reaches. For the truth of the matter is this: Andrew is diligently picking up all the knowledge of the law that is available to him, and if there were more he would possess himself of it. He shall know all there is to be known about anything—at least *all that he thinks is worth knowing*; dismissing all the rest as “immaterial and irrelevant.”

He will acknowledge but two colors in life, and they shall be white and black. All who think as he thinks, and who uphold and indorse his every act, he will count as white; and all who oppose him in thought or action, may the Lord have mercy upon them, for Andrew Jackson shall call them black.

Andrew completes his preparation for admission to the bar in the office of Colonel John Stokes, a soldier in

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the Revolution, from whom Stokes County, North Carolina, takes its name.

4

In the Spring of 1787, Andrew is twenty years old, and he has won his license to practice in the courts of North Carolina. This he has accomplished in two years. He stands six feet one inch in his stockings, and is unusually slender for his great height. Also, he is remarkably erect and carries himself with an easy grace. He was to the saddle born, and the young men of his circle and sphere count him as their chief and model. Andrew already has become conscious of his power over groups of people.

There is about him an irresistible quality of forthrightness, physical courage of the first order, and a sense of justice that is almost ferocious where injustice is done. He is the walking delegate of the Declaration of Independence and the spirit incarnate of the Fourth of July.

On the side of philosophy, and the quiet, dreamy undertones of life that a man comes to as the result of meditation and observance of life-forces—attempting to comprehend the meaning of at least a little of this—on this side Andrew Jackson is blank.

He only knows action, and at twenty, with a lawyer's license in his pocket and a pistol in his room at Rowan's House, he is prepared for it. He has what some people call a presence, and without thinking he will take the lead as a matter of course. Despite the reputation that he has among men—hard-boiled, so to speak—he is positively winning with the ladies, for in their presence

he is uniformly chivalrous, courteous and civil, with no trace of affectation or obnoxious patronage because of sex. Women, perhaps more than men, discern in his deep blue eyes, which are capable of blazing with great expression, the reflection of supreme mastery. And yet, it would be men, not women, who would be governed almost exclusively by that certified power. He will lash them with a piercing glance and a boiling torrent of invective, but they will follow him, in their hatred or in their love, because men will know and feel this man as their leader. Women recognize in him this invincible quality, and, although they love him for it, they are content not to reckon with it in any tangible way for the simple reason that they themselves singly divine their incompetence to match it, much less master it.

Andrew at maturity has lived an unsullied life. It has been easy for him so to do. He has had no urgent temptations. The Carolina ladies have, one and all, given him a wide berth. But they have not neglected him in their thoughts. Only wisdom has buttressed their discretion.

For a year Andrew is virtually lost to view, for he has departed from Salisbury after passing two of the happiest years of his life among its taverns, its quaint law offices, and its race track. One fine day he mounts his horse and is gone. For a while he lives in Martinsville, North Carolina, waiting for clients, acting as constable and helping in the general store of his two friends, Henderson and Searcy. On November 12, 1787, he was at court in the neighboring county of Surry, as the official record shows.

There is still another record to prove his activities of

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this period. The courthouse of Surry was at a little village called Richmond and Jackson's frequent visits to the tavern, often as a boarder, are attested by the proprietor's register, which was extant long after Andrew had passed on. It appears that Jackson owed what was held to be a considerable sum in that period. This account, whatever the figure, was perennially brought forward on the ledger, but tradition says it was never actually settled. Twenty-seven years after the debt was supposed to have been contracted, news of a certain great military achievement reached the North Carolina village. On that day, during a lull in the serving of drinks, a quiet little man unlocks his strongbox and brings forth a ledger. He turns the yellowing pages until he finds the name of "A. Jackson, Esqr." He takes his quill pen and, with a flourish writes over the face of the entry: "Settled in full, January 8, 1815, by the Battle of New Orleans." The drinks are on the house.

Andrew is to receive several dunning letters from at least one resident of Richmond, the county seat, as late as 1795, seven years after he had quit that part of the country. William Cupples will write to him in regard to a note given by Jackson to settle the balance of a gambling debt at Richmond.

Meanwhile, Andrew turns the nose of his horse westward toward the wilderness.



Chapter V

SOLICITOR AND
TENNESSEE BAD MAN

I

WHEN Andrew Jackson was a boy, that oblong block on the map, extending from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, was known as Washington County, North Carolina. Later it was divided into two counties and then three. After the Revolution, North Carolina, somewhat troubled by the Indian wars on her western wing, offered to cede those counties in the wilderness, which now compose the State of Tennessee, to the federal government, as Carolina's share of the expenses of the Revolution, provided Congress accept the grant West of the Alleghanies within two years. There were several thousands of white settlers in those counties and they were nettled at the proposal, fearing that in the interim of two years they would have no government, and consequently no protection, but would be at the mercy of the unmerciful Indians.

They straightway declared their independence from North Carolina and set up a state government of their own, naming it Franklin, and elected John Sevier, Governor. North Carolina hotly resented the recalcitrancy of her western progeny, and, after some protracted turbu-

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lence, the State of Franklin melted away. It was at this time—1788—that John McNairy, a friend of Jackson's, was appointed Judge of the Superior Court for the western district. The office of solicitor, or public prosecutor, was offered to Jackson. Andrew believes that a citizen should never seek and never decline a public office. The district covered a perilous wilderness of five hundred miles from the outposts of civilization. The two principal courts of the district were held at Jonesboro and Nashville, one hundred and eighty-three miles apart, and united only by a trail which ran through a gap in the Cumberland Mountains and then plunged into forests infested with hostile Indians, more dangerous than in any portion of the western country, because they had often come to grips with the whites who were bent upon pushing them from their natural habitat.

Litigants in those days were far more accustomed to the settlement of their disputes with fists, clubs and pistols than in the persuasive precincts of the court. Changes of venue were frequent. It was only a question of transferring the case at bar from the judicial tribunal to the public square outside, the litigants using pistols or fists to achieve the final verdict. A public prosecutor in this region was viewed as an official meddler who, if not dispatched sooner or later by Indians hiding in ambush, might be disposed of summarily with a bullet by plaintiff or defendant.

Jackson knew the country, its trails, and its habits. He was not eager for the job that had been wished upon him, but he accepted it, and prosecuted his task with the full vigor of his amazing manhood.

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So the judicial party—Judge McNairy, Solicitor Jackson, and a few lawyers eager to seek their fortune in the vaunted country of the west—rendezvous at Morganton. They are mounted and equipped for the long, hazardous trek over the mountains to Jonesboro, in eastern Tennessee, the first halting place of pioneers bound to the lands on the Cumberland River. When Jackson first saw Jonesboro it had grown to be a place of about sixty log houses and was even boasting about its new courthouse.

The original plans for this frontier seat of justice were as follows: "The court recommend that there be a court house built in the following manner, namely: twenty-four feet square, diamond corners, and hewn down after it is built up; nine feet high between the two floors; body of the house four feet above the upper floor; floors neatly laid with plank; shingles of roof to be hung with pegs; a justice's bench; a lawyers' and clerk's bar; also a sheriff's box to sit in."

Jackson and his party remain several weeks at Jonesboro, awaiting the assembling of emigrants who will proceed with them to the "bad lands" in the hope of effecting a settlement and rearing homesteads. What is more important, they await the arrival of a substantial guard from Nashville who will escort them through the dangerous country.

2

The party rides and proceeds afoot by turn, the women and children astride the horses, and the men plowing through mud and loam, their hands quick to the trig-

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ger at the first rustling of leaves in the dense forests that yield only a reluctant path. The party has marched thirty-six hours and they are very tired. They come to a clearing in the early evening, and soon the tents are pitched, and the women and children tumble into them to sleep. The men wrap themselves in blankets and lie down upon the ground, their feet toward the fire in the circle.

Silence falls upon the camp. All sleep save the sentinels, who will keep guard half the night, and one other, Andrew Jackson. He sits on the ground with his back against a tree, smoking his pipe. He hears strange hooting sounds around the camp, and he thinks they are owls. But the hoots become sharper, and Jackson grasps his rifle and rouses the men. He orders the camp quietly broken up and the march resumed at once. There are Indians round about and they mean to attack before dawn, he says. The party, including the judge, obeys without a murmur.

A band of hunters, who reached the camping ground an hour after it had been abandoned at Jackson's command, were annihilated before the sun rose on the next day.

There is great joy in Nashville among the settlers when the emigrants, among whom is Andrew Jackson, arrive. The newcomers are taken into the log cabins, and fed and given places to sleep. Soon they will find plenty of work to do while their neighbors help them build their own cabins in the wilderness.

Almost simultaneously news reaches Nashville that a majority of the states have accepted the new Constitution, and all is well with the government at Philadelphia. The legislatures are about to choose Presidential electors, and

it is a foregone conclusion that General Washington will be elected the first President of the Republic. Stirring news! Jackson brushes the bristling locks of sandy hair out of his eyes and contemplates his own job as public prosecutor.

3

Eight years before Jackson arrived at Nashville, a group of settlers had come that way, headed by Colonel John Donelson, a Virginia surveyor. He conceived the amazing idea of encompassing the trip by water, that he might avoid the peril of the route through the wilderness, which at that time was unbroken. The flotilla of flat boats is mastered by the "flagship" *Adventure*, and in mid-winter the voyage is begun: down the river Holston to the Tennessee, down the Tennessee to the Ohio, up the Ohio to the Cumberland, up the Cumberland to Nashville—and home. The distance was more than two thousand miles, and no man, white or red, had ever before attempted the voyage, which required four months.

Aboard the *Adventure* was the daughter of Colonel Donelson, Rachel, black-eyed, black-haired, gay, bold and handsome. She was the first woman that ever was upon those treacherous waters, and frequently she took the helm while her father took a shot at the Indians. By Spring other craft joined the procession, down the rivers full of shoals, rapids and whirlpools. Twice the party was attacked by Indians; often men would pull their boats to the shore to hunt game in the wilderness and would never return; one man was frozen to death during the long voyage; two children were born; small-pox

broke out on one boat containing twenty-eight persons, and it was agreed this boat should sail a certain distance behind the rest, but within hearing of the flagship's horn.

Colonel Donelson lands at Nashville, and the émigrés establish a settlement. He is a thrifty person, is the Colonel, and soon is the possessor of much land, cattle, Negroes, and a substantial home. When Rachel goes out to pick wild blackberries she is accompanied by guards; indeed, white men do not even stop at a well for drink unless there is a sentinel posted. Many white men have yielded their lives in this region—sacrifices to the desire for civilization which, in one hundred and fifty years will have established air mail routes beneath the infinite blue ceiling of this last outpost. One day Colonel Donelson is away in the woods surveying. He does not return. They find his body near a creek, pierced with bullets. This hardy pioneer had lived to see his daughter, Rachel, grow to young womanhood, a vivacious and daring back-woods peasant girl.

It is to the home of Widow Donelson that Jackson goes to board when he reaches Nashville. In Kentucky, Rachel had met Lewis Robards, and they were married. Robards owned some land in Kentucky, in a region still thickly infested with hostile Indians, and he and Rachel were now living with Rachel's mother until the Red men should have been either subdued or pacified, rendering it safe for the Robards to live in their own cabin.

The young Solicitor, the only licensed lawyer in Western Tennessee, proceeds earnestly about his business. A large part of this will involve debtor cases. Before he is settled a month in Nashville he has issued

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seventy writs to delinquent debtors, and, if they are not to be found in the vicinity, he mounts his horse and rides through the wilderness to serve his summonses and hale them into court. Merchants come to him with their cases by the score and find in him a prosecutor who means to prosecute. Jackson becomes extremely unpopular with the debtor class, for they see in him a "bad man" who will not hesitate to use physical force or the threat of his pistol in the interest of frontier justice.

Meanwhile, he is gaining an immense reputation among the substantial element of the community and is laying the foundation for his fortune and his fame. Let us look at the record of the Quarter Sessions court of Davidson County, of which Nashville is the capital.

At the April term, 1790, there are one hundred and ninety-two cases on the dockets, and Jackson is employed as counsel in forty-two of them. At the January term, 1793, there are thirteen suits entered, mostly for debt, and in every one of them Jackson is employed. At the April term of the same year, he is counsel in seventy-two out of one hundred and fifty-five cases. At the July term he is employed in sixty cases out of one hundred and thirty-five; and in October, in sixty-one cases out of one hundred and thirty-two.

During the four terms of 1794, there are three hundred and ninety-seven cases docketed, and in two hundred and twenty-eight of them Jackson appears either as prosecutor or counsel for the defense. During these and later years, he practices not only at Nashville, but also at Jonesboro, which necessitates many days and nights to penetrate the wilderness. He is often required to sleep

out of doors, in the snow and the rain, his rifle ready at his side to repel any sudden attack from his enemies, white or red.

That these dangers are real and not imaginary may be gleaned from the facts. From the year 1780 to 1794, the Indians killed one person in about every ten days within five miles of Nashville. In 1787, the year before Jackson's arrival, thirty-three white men were slain by the Redskins. The histories of the period, especially Tennessee history, are bloody with the accounts of these killings during the period of Jackson's presence in that region—many of them provoked by white men, most of them caused by the fear of the Indians for their inevitable conquerors.

4

Disputed land claims form the majority of the cases at bar which Jackson is called upon either to prosecute or defend. Next in importance are assault and battery cases, which are numerous. These include the crime of mayhem—the biting of the ears and nose of one's opponent. The settlement of these affairs requires no profound knowledge of the science of law, a knowledge that Jackson does not possess. But what they do require is the quality of infinite courage, which Jackson has in abundance.

The country at this time is virtually destitute of money, due to the expenses of the recent War for Independence, and in the outposts of civilization, such as Tennessee, the commodities mostly in demand are used as specie. These are land, corn, coon skins, whisky, axes,

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firearms and cowbells. Buffalo hides supply the demand for foreign exchange. In western Tennessee corn is selling for more than one hundred dollars a bushel; whisky is everywhere essential for internal warmth and the adjustment of the nervous system, which is frequently "jumpy," due to the perils and hardships that men must encounter and conquer here. Cows cannot be located in the dense cane-brakes and morasses unless they are belled, hence cowbells are at a premium. The price paid for a cowbell in this wilderness will, in about a hundred and fifty years, be the equivalent of the amount handed over in New York by the purchaser of a Rolls-Royce automobile. A square mile of land near Nashville has been sold for three axes and two cowbells, and another tract of similar size is exchanged for "a faithful rifle and a clear-tuned cowbell."

It is customary for a client to pay his lawyer's fee with land, and Jackson is fast acquiring a substantial acreage in Nashville and vicinity. He is actually "land poor" already, for he cannot sell this land, as nearly everyone has much more of this "commodity" than their needs require. But just the same, he is laying the foundation of his fortune by the writing of a veritable shower of briefs, and issuing reams of writs and summonses.

Let us scan the court records of this period and see what kind of cases engage the hawk eye of Solicitor Jackson. Here are a few:

"State vs. Bazil Fry. For stealing a pair of leather leggins. Proof taken: judgement passed that he be reprimanded, and acquitted on paying costs."

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“The grand jurors present Joshua Baldwin for altering his name to Joshua Campbell, and Ephriam Peyton, for taking away, by force, a mare from Joshua.”

“I, John Irwin, of my free will and accord, do hereby acknowledge and certify the Raskelly and Scandoullous Report that I have Raised and Reported Concearned Miss Polly McFaddin, is Faulse and Groundless, and that I have no Right, Reason or cause to Believe the Same. Given under my hand this 26. March, 1793.”

“The court passed a resolution that Caesar be permitted to build a house in one corner or side of the Publik Lott for the purpose of selling Cakes and Beer, etc., so long as he conducts himself in an orderly manner and has permission from his Master.”

“At the July Session of the county court of Davidson County, 1791, John Rains is fined five shillings, paper money, for profane swearing.”

Two years will pass in this manner. Jackson will be busy every day, riding to court over trackless wastes, through deep forests, eluding the vigilance of Indians, fording streams in which even his horse hesitates to plunge, running down debtors—gathering the reputation of a “bad man” because he will brook no interference with the process of law from the rich or poor. Also, he finds time to enjoy a few evenings at the home of Widow Donelson, who esteems him highly, and whose winsome daughter, Rachel, though the wife of suspicious and sulky Robards, seeks solitary and secluded moments to greet him, and now and then to trust him with her precious confidences.



Chapter VI

POLISHES HIS PISTOLS AND WEDS

I

SOLICITOR JACKSON'S courtship and marriage to Rachel Donelson Robards furnished a comic strip that was read from many angles by his enemies throughout his history until he was laid at rest by his wife's side in the shade of the Hermitage. The subject provided his foes with pamphlets, books and speeches throughout three Presidential campaigns, and along the groove of the years several otherwise smart men dropped in their tracks as the price of their flippancy in taunting him about his marriage. One of these was killed.

A President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, whom Jackson will succeed in the tides ahead, will pay heavily in wounded pride because of Jackson's erroneous belief that the President had lent his Puritan's ear to the gossip of the scandal mongers and political perverts. They, his enemies, shall declare him guilty of adultery. And, technically, the charge cannot be gainsaid. Historians for one hundred and fifty years and more will delve into dusty archives for the records of this strange amalgamation, and, finding a luscious morsel, they will add such embellishment and embroidery as may be necessary to bedeck the two backwoods principals in the fripperies of a frontier tableau.

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As fast as his horse can carry him, he speeds to Rachel's side and for a short time all goes well. Meanwhile, Spring has come, and Andrew Jackson is established in Nashville as Prosecuting Attorney. Jackson meets Overton, who will later on become a Judge and a most important personage in the history of Tennessee, which shall even name a county in his honor. But what is more important to Jackson, the foundation of a friendship is laid, and it shall endure throughout the long lives of both men.

It is John Overton who introduces Jackson into the home of Widow Donelson and the Robards. Jackson and Overton live in a little cabin which is separated from the Donelson home by a few steps. They sleep in the same bed, and as both are young lawyers—one a prosecutor—and often share the dangers of the frontier together—they have much to talk about in the flickering light of tallow candles and in the perilous dark. Both men place their pistols on the floor within hand's reach before blowing out the candle.

Due to the unfortunate organization of Robards's mind, it is not long before he conjures up a rival in Jackson. The slender giant with bristling sandy hair, which is just beginning to turn grey at the temples, is no more than conventionally polite in the presence of Rachel, despite his frequent notice that Robards's attitude toward his wife is the opposite of civility, especially in the presence of Jackson. The tall man wonders if it may not be necessary at some future time to give Robards a good lacing on his own account. With respect to the attitude of Robards toward Rachel, Jackson naturally feels this is none of his concern—and yet it does concern him. He

will always have an attitude of deference toward women, this partly because of his high regard for the memory of his mother and her suffering. There are other reasons that account for this view, by far the most of them predicated upon his ignorance of the psychological mechanism of women—an ignorance shared by nearly all men of his day, which was to blossom into a standardized form of masculine conduct that would bear the name of Chivalry, but which would omit any recognition of woman as an equal. A glamorous name was chosen for sexual worship.

Thirty-six years later, when Jackson is a candidate for the Presidency, his friends, Judge Overton and Major William B. Lewis, will recall his conduct now and they will note that "he was a man of polite, refined and courtly manners." Judge Overton will testify: "The whole affair gave Jackson great uneasiness, and this will not appear strange to one as well acquainted with his character as I was. Continually together during our attendance on wilderness courts, whilst other young men were indulging in familiarities with females of relaxed morals, no suspicion of this kind of the world's censure ever fell to Jackson's share." Major Lewis, in 1827, will write: "The jaundiced eye of that monster called Jealousy saw a thousand things that never existed."

3

Robards continues to upbraid his wife about what he misconstrues as her attentions to the Solicitor. Not only this, but he goes around Nashville talking loosely of Jackson's "relations" with his wife. Jackson is not the kind

of man who can be talked about loosely, and he has made too many friends among the merchants and lawyers of the frontier not to be promptly informed of what Robards is saying.

One day they meet in the orchard, and, while Robards becomes violent and abusive in his talk, Jackson fixes upon him a pair of fiery eyes in which the silly and sulky husband might well read his own death sentence. Robards challenges Jackson to a fist fight, but the Prosecutor is too shrewd to descend to the level of a street brawl with a town ruffian and vulgarian. Instead, he offers Robards "satisfaction in a gentlemanly fashion"—the fashion that all men know and follow in this period—and gives Robards the choice of his two pistols in the holsters on his horse tethered to a tree nearby.

Robards grows pale and immediately leaves the scene. In order to quicken the retreat of his would-be adversary, Jackson fires a bullet into the air and the Captain runs for cover, believing he is being pursued, while Jackson mounts his horse and gallops away to find new lodgings.

After a few months more of cat and dog existence at Widow Donelson's cabin, Robards for the second time abandons Rachel, and trots back to Kentucky with one or two of his cronies. He tells them he will never return to his wife again, and he never does. Rachel, glad to be rid of this grouch, seeks other scenery that her tattered nerves might be healed. She is welcomed into the home of Colonel Robert Hays, a brother-in-law, who frequently drops a word in the household about Solicitor Jackson. At every mention of the Solicitor's name Rachel's heart

flutters. Once or twice she has confided to her sister that "Mr. Jackson is a brave and fine man."

In the Autumn of 1790 a report is circulated in Nashville that Robards intends to come back and force Rachel to accompany him to Kentucky. There is much uneasiness in Hays's home, and of course Jackson learns the reason. He half regrets that he did not give Robards the leaden pellet that day in the orchard. It would have taught him a good lesson here or hereafter, Jackson soliloquizes. Rachel is distraught. She is determined not ever to live with her husband again. He may go to the devil. This time she will not yield. Twice he has voluntarily abandoned her, the first time two years before Jackson knew of their existence.

Andrew is beside himself with anxiety, and he confides to his friend Overton that he is the "most unhappy of men." He feels in some way that he, innocently and unintentionally, has been the cause of the last rupture of peace between Rachel and her husband.

Rachel has family connections in Natchez, Mississippi, which is a Spanish province, and she decides that will be a safe place to go to be rid of Robards. Jackson knows this country and its hazards. He fears that Rachel will be massacred by the Indians, who are in a state of war against the whites in that region. He decides to accompany her on the boat down the river to Natchez. Rachel also will be accompanied by Colonel Stark, a venerable and highly esteemed man, and a friend of Mrs. Robards, senior. In the late Winter of 1791, Rachel, Jackson and Colonel Stark embark on a flat boat for the perilous sail

down the river. Jackson has good reason to take his two pistols with him. He has committed his law business to the care of Overton, saying he will return and resume his practice when Rachel has landed safely in Natchez. True to his word, the early Spring of 1791 finds him back in Nashville, attending to his business as Prosecuting Attorney.

4

Robards had not been idle. His hate for his wife, whom he had been unable to master, and his intense dislike for Jackson, who he realized was in every essential his superior, keep his thoughts at white heat. And being an habitually unpleasant person, he decides to compromise the good names of both by linking them in the charge of adultery.

In the late Winter of 1791, about the same time that Rachel and Jackson are sailing down the river to Natchez, Robards is in Virginia, applying to the state legislature for a divorce. It appears that Captain Robards has one or two friends who are members of this body and they contrive successfully to exert their influence upon the General Assembly, which passes an act entitled: "An Act Concerning the Marriage of Lewis Robards." In effect, the Virginia legislature decides "that it shall and may be lawful for Lewis Robards to sue out of the office of the Supreme Court of the District of Kentucky, a writ against Rachel Robards. . . . A jury shall be summoned, who shall be sworn well and truly to inquire into the allegations contained in the declaration, or to try the issue joined, as the case may be, and shall find a verdict



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according to the usual mode; and if the jury, in case of issue joined, shall find for the plaintiff, or in case of inquiry into the truth of the allegations contained in the declaration, shall find in substance, that the defendant hath deserted the plaintiff, and that she hath lived in adultery with another man since such desertion, the said verdict shall be recorded, and, Thereupon, the marriage between the said Lewis Robards and Rachel shall be totally dissolved."

With this action accomplished, Robards departs for Kentucky and proceeds to boast that he has actually obtained a divorce. Overton, himself a lawyer, is again a boarder at the log cabin of old Mrs. Robards in Kentucky when Lewis swaggers back into their circle. Overton, in common with other people, believes the action of the Virginia legislature is final.

Overton is prompt to communicate the news to his friend Jackson in Nashville. Jackson likewise concludes that Robards has obtained a divorce. He packs his bag, not neglecting his pistols, and proceeds by boat to Natchez to be the first to inform lonely Rachel that she is at last free of the pestiferous Robards—and, by the same token, is free to accept him as her husband.

Andrew Jackson and Rachel Donelson Robards are married by a Roman Catholic priest in Natchez, Mississippi, which since 1781 has been a Spanish province. Spain does not relinquish her hold until 1798. The established religion, therefore, is Catholic. If there is a Protestant clergyman in the vicinity Jackson has failed to find him.

In an old log house, on the banks of the Mississippi River, at Bayou Pierre, Andrew and Rachel pass their

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honeymoon. Jackson is twenty-four years old, and Rachel a few years his junior. She now enjoys the first happiness she has known since she was fifteen years old, when her extreme youth and the promptings of older, if equally as foolish, heads, combined to intrigue her into the unhappy union with Robards.

In a little while the couple return to Nashville, and Jackson resumes the practice of law. A few years pass in marital bliss on the farthest rim of American civilization. The social standing of Jackson grows apace. He has become what one might call "a leading citizen." Bad Indians, reckless debtors, and two-gun rowdies slink from his presence and hide themselves in the canebrakes until they hear the gallop of his horse become a whisper in the wind. Merchants and traders join honest citizens in seeking his counsel and company, for Andrew Jackson is a sociable fellow if he thinks you think as he thinks, or if you can guard your thoughts should you think him wrong.

In October, 1791, a few months following his marriage, he is elected one of the trustees of Davidson Academy, a body composed of leading citizens and clergymen of the place. That is what this group thinks of Robards's pointing to Jackson as an adulterer. He will continue to serve on this board, attend the meetings with uncommon regularity, and take a leading part in the affairs of the institution until 1805. And Davidson Academy will become known as Nashville University—guided, in part, to its high destiny by a man who never had an education in the real sense, but who learned much from life in the

glint of moonlights suspended over the wilderness, and from the frank or furtive eyes of men.

5

Two years pass and all is well with everyone except Robards, who is still being consumed by hatred, self-love and jealousy. Word comes that Robards has been granted a real divorce in the courts of Kentucky. The transcript of the record shows what has happened:

“At a court of Quarter Sessions, held for Mercer County, at the court house in Harrodsburgh, on the 27th day of September, 1793, this day came the plaintiff by his attorney, and thereupon came also a jury, to wit: James Bradsbury, Thomas Smith, Gabriel Slaughter, John Lightfoot, Samuel Work, Harrison Davis, John Ray, Obediah Wright, John Miles, John Means, Joseph Thomas, and Benjamin Sanless, who being elected, tried, and sworn, well and truly to inquire into the allegation in the plaintiff’s declaration, specified upon oath, do say, that the defendant, Rachel Robards, hath deserted the plaintiff, Lewis Robards, and hath, and doth, still live in adultery with another man. It is therefore considered by the court that the marriage between the plaintiff and the defendant be dissolved.”

It is evident that this backwoods court and jury did not waste too much of its precious time investigating the circumstances of this case. It was true that Rachel ran away from her husband, but it was also true that he had

twice abandoned her, and finally imposed a condition for their living together that was tantamount to a threat. It was true that she had been living for two years with Andrew Jackson before having been divorced from her husband; but she thought, and so did Jackson and Overton (both lawyers) think that the action of the Virginia Assembly in 1791 was final. The wily Robards had set an ugly trap.

It is especially upon Rachel Jackson, than whom a more chaste woman never lived in Tennessee, that the court of Kentucky placed the brand of Adultery. It is she—sweet, pious Rachel—who must bear this stigma and have the wound in her heart constantly exposed for the thirty-four years that she is to be the wife of Andrew Jackson. At last it will break her heart and she will die on the very eve of his greatest triumph. It will not fall to her lot to be the First Lady of the Land, but while she lives she shall know the love and protection of stout-hearted Jackson, and that shall be sufficient for this simple woman, branded with the Scarlet Letter.

Although Robards had obtained his divorce in September, Overton did not hear of it until December, 1793, after he and Jackson had started out to thread their way through the wilderness to Jonesboro, where they are to attend court. Jackson is amazed at this turn of events, and for a long while he gallops by the side of Overton, keeping an ominous silence, only his blazing eyes telling of the tempest raging within him.

Overton suggests the propriety of Jackson obtaining a second license to wed after they return to Nashville from Jonesboro, but Jackson, at first, is adamant. He

replies brusquely that he has been married for several years, in the belief that a divorce had in fact been granted by the Virginia legislature, and adds that everyone else in the community at all familiar with the circumstances believed the same thing.

However, Andrew Jackson is not a stubborn man in all matters. He may be easily persuaded to change his mind if approached in the proper manner. In this instance the good name of Rachel is at stake. If he had this account to square only with himself, he would know how to meet it.

The legal matters that detain Jackson and Overton in Jonesboro being concluded, they turn their horses westward over the trail. It is a cold and bleak Winter, and at night they dare not light a fire for fear of attracting a band of warring Indians. Jackson has persuaded himself that since he has given hostage to fortune he must be less reckless with his pistols, and reduce, if possible, the number of chances against his life.

6

In January, 1794, he returns to Nashville, obtains a license, and for the second time he is married to Rachel—on this occasion a Presbyterian clergyman officiating. Thus he thinks he has silenced his critics now and forever. He does not foresee that this matter will be made an issue again and again. One of the reasons that he does not foresee it is because he foresees scarcely anything of a subtle nature, acting only when the time for action arises—and then his aim is deadly, his purpose relentless. There are a number of gentlemen who will find this out later on.


It is not surprising that Jackson did not hear of the Kentucky divorce until three months after it was granted. West Tennessee is still an insulated region, surrounded on every side by the wilderness, wherein dwell savage Indians. There is no mail route established in this section now, and there will be none until 1797.

Jackson's marriage, for all the clouds under which it was contracted, is to be one of the happiest that was ever made on this earth. These mates understand each other sufficiently to have grace enough to let the other alone—Jackson with his pistols and his dreams of civilizing the immediate country and pushing the white man's triumph further westward—Rachel with her Bible and her long stem pipe, wanting nothing more than the company of her tall man in the evenings by the fire light.

Their love shall increase as the years grow longer, and shall become warmer as age lays its cool hand upon their passion. He shall be to her always "Mr. Jackson," never "General," much less "Andrew." He does not call her "Rachel," but addresses her as "Mrs. Jackson," or "wife."

Whatever reputation Jackson shall have in the world of men—and it shall be black enough among his enemies, and a grey even among some of his friends—in his home with Rachel he will be known only as a loving, patient, gentle, and considerate husband.

There will be only a few who will have an opportunity to know that side of this turbulent man—this gun-toting, head-hunting, gentle savage, who is about to become a man of many affairs.


Chapter VII

MAN OF MANY AFFAIRS

I

LET us go back a few years to see what has been transpiring that has given Jackson such a prominent position among his neighbors. His marital affairs have occupied a large part of his attention, but he has not let this master all of his thought, nor his time.

On May 26, 1790, Congress organized the country between Kentucky and the present states of Alabama and Mississippi as "the Territory of the United States Southwest of the Ohio River"; the name, being a mouthful, the inhabitants edited it into "Southwest Territory." In September, 1790, William Blount, of North Carolina, was appointed Regional Governor. In the following year the northern half of the territory became the State of Kentucky, so that Blount's jurisdiction was confined to the southern half, or what is now the State of Tennessee.

Governor Blount had a ticklish job, one that might easily bring him into marked disfavor, for the region had grown accustomed to being governed as part of North Carolina. Blount made his task easier by continuing in office as many of the high officials as possible. John McNairy, Jackson's old friend of Salisbury days, continues in office as Territorial Judge. James Robertson, one of the

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first white men to arrive in Tennessee—a pioneer with Rachel Jackson's father, John Donelson—is made Commander of the militia; Jackson, who has been Prosecutor under the North Carolina government in these western counties, is appointed Attorney General for the Mero District, which is the western extremity of the Southwest Territory. Thus, Jackson is a United States Attorney, and occupied that post when he married Rachel Robards.

For safety's sake, in view of the nervous condition of the territory, what with the Indians almost constantly on the war-path with the whites, and provinces ruled by foreign kings on the west and southeast of Tennessee, Governor Blount organized a cavalry regiment in each district. Jackson's brother-in-law, Colonel Robert Hays, is named to command the Mero regiment. A little later, September 10, 1792, Jackson received his first military office when Blount appointed him "Judge Advocate for the Davidson Regiment." The place was of no importance, but it provided Jackson with a wedge with which he might pry military incompetents out of their jobs and work his way into supreme command of the West Tennessee militia.

In 1793, the Territory having the required five thousand male adult population, the first step was taken toward statehood by establishing a territorial legislature. The Territory knows it will be admitted into the Union as a state when its population shall have grown to sixty thousand. And that will not be long, for the gazettes in the region are beginning to publish laudatory accounts of the "advantages of living in a new country just opening up." Evidently the merchants have formed a Chamber of

Commerce to boom local industries. The gazettes are even announcing that the trails are "safer" for the covered wagon caravans than formerly, when they were way-laid by the Indians.

2

But Jackson plays no part in this frontier boosters' campaign. It appears he is not as much interested in the territorial legislature as he is in first making the wilderness safe for democracy. That it is not yet safe may be judged from Jackson's letter to Colonel John McKee, who has been sent by Governor Blount on a mission to pacify the Cherokees and restrain them from threatened violence against the Territory.

The letter also shows the pain of Jackson's effort to express himself on paper. His pistols bark far more eloquently. The letter:

Cumberland, Jan. 30, 1793

DEAR SIR: I Received your letter by Mr. Russle and observe that My papers were not forwarded pr first Express; by advise of Governor Blount. Any Transaction of yours or Governor Blount with respect to My Business will be perfectly pleasing to me as I know by experience that My Interest will be attended to by each. You are the Best Judge what time will be most advantageous to forward them; also what authentication will be most proper to forward with them; all, which, I let Rest with you.

The Late Express that proclaimed peace to our Western Country; attended with the late Depredations and Murders Committed by Indians on our frontier has oc-

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casioned a Great Clamour amongsht the people of this District and it is Two Much to be dreaded that they Indians has Made use of this Finesse to Lull the people to sleep that they might save their Towns and open a more Easy Road to Commit Murder with impunity; this is proved by their late conduct, for since that Express, not Less than Twelve Men have been Killed and wounded in this District: one question I would Beg leave to ask why do we now attempt to hold a Treaty with them; have they attended to the Last Treaty; I answer in the Negative then why do we attempt to Treat with Saveage Tribe that will neither adhere to Treaties, nor the law of Nations, upon these particulars I would thank you for your sentiments in your next. I have the honour to be with the highest esteem, Your Mo, ob, Serv.

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For all its lack of literary quality, coupled with its bad spelling, Jackson manages to portray his character in this letter most strikingly. It should be remembered that it is not within his official capacity to inquire into matters respecting treaties, and Colonel McKee is under no obligation to reply to Jackson. But matters such as jurisdiction and proper authority will never stand in Jackson's way. The spirit of Jackson's letter, if not the style, anticipates, by one hundred and twenty-four years, a series of haughty epistles that will be written in correct and austere English to a great empire at war with the world by a President of the United States, who will most resemble Andrew Jackson in the dual qualities of mind and body—Woodrow Wilson. Both imperious Democrats.

In the following year, 1794, the Southwest Territory is up in arms against the Indians who have provoked the whites beyond endurance by the frequency and audacity of their excursions into white settlements. The traders are especially incensed, for they cannot hope to induce emigrants to settle in this section under these perilous auspices.

It is the *merchant class* of the Mero District which prevails upon Governor Blount to "take action." The Indians must be cleared out of the region. Their continued presence is no economic benefit whatsoever to the white traders, and the white housewives are afraid to leave their spinning wheels and venture across the fields to make necessary purchases for fear of being attacked and carried away by the Red men. It is easy for Jackson to sympathize with the merchants. For one thing, he is a man of large land-holdings himself, and, although he cannot eat the land, he can sell it in parcels to the emigrants and home seekers who will come that way once they are convinced the Indians are subdued. Hence, there is profit to be gained by Jackson as well as others in the suppression of the Cherokees.

But we shall attribute to Jackson no mean or mercenary motives. His is a warrior's spirit—not a happy warrior either—over and above everything else. He loves battles, especially if they are to be fought in behalf of what he calls justice. The Spirit of '76 is in his blood.

3

More than a year later, May 16, 1794, Jackson again inquires of Colonel McKee as to the Indian situation, and

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takes occasion to rebuke President Washington and Congress "for their pacific disposition." Jackson at this time is only twenty-seven years old, but his youth does not dissuade him from telling the world what he thinks of General Washington—and what he thinks is not complimentary, as Washington will discover for himself later on if he reads the minutes of Congress.

On the above date Jackson takes his pen, instead of a pistol, in hand, and writes to Colonel McKee:

DEAR SIR: I Recd your letter of the 17th April 94 which give me Sanguine hopes of a General peace With the Southern Indians, but I had Scarcely finished Reading it before these hopes all Vanished, at the information of the Murder of James Mc—since which time they have been constantly infesting Our frontier. I fear that their Peace Talks are only Delusions and in order to put us of our Guard; why Treat with them does not Experience teach us that Treaties answer No other Purpose than opening an Easy door for the Indians to Pass through to Butcher our Citizens; what Motives congress are governed by with respect to their pacific Disposition towards Indians I know not; some say Humanity dictates it; but Certainly she ought to Extend an Equal of humanity towards her own Citizens; in doing this Congress would act Justly and Punish the Barbarians for Murdering her innocent Citizens, has not our Citizen for Marching to their Town and killing some of them. then why not when they Committ Murders on our Citizens agreeable to the Treaty demand the (murderers) if they are not given up is an infringement of the Treaty and a

Cause of War and the whole Nation ought to be Scurred for the infringement of the Treaty for as the Nation will not give murderers up when demanded it is a acknowledgment of their Consent to the Commission of the Crime therefore all consenting are equally guilty, I dread the consequences of the Esuing Summer, the Indians appear Verry Troublesome the frontier Discouraged and breaking and numbers leaving the Territory and moving to Kentucky; this Country is Declining fast, and unless congress lends us a more ample protection this Country will have at length to break or seek a Protection from some other Source than the present. I will thank you for the News of the Place. My Next shall be more full.

I am Dr. Sir yr. Hbl. st
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That Jackson does not exaggerate the distress in the territory of Tennessee is indicated by the fact that in September, 1794, Governor Blount sanctioned the sending by General Robertson of an expeditionary force into the Cherokee country. This expedition, known as the Nickajack, dealt the Red men a severe blow and induced the tribe to leave the Cumberland settlements in peace ever after. Jackson was not a member of this expedition, but he was heartily in favor of it, although it was his duty to seek to suppress it, since the federal government at Philadelphia expressed Washington's view that the Indians were more sinned against than sinning, and therefore would not authorize retaliatory measures against them.

But General Robertson's Nickajackers broke the back of the Cherokee designs on the settlement, and the prosperity of the territory dates from that expedition. Emigrants begin to pour into the Cumberland region in ceaseless numbers. The merchants are happy and they add considerably to the stock and size of their stores. Jackson, as the principal attorney in the territory, likewise prospers. Many of his fees for conducting suits of no great importance are a square mile of land for each case. He bought six hundred and fifty acres of the tract which afterwards formed the Hermitage farm, for eight hundred dollars. In a few more years he will become even a more extensive land-holder, and will sell six thousand dollars' worth of land to a gentleman in Philadelphia. Much of this vast acreage had previously changed hands by the sale of one horse, two cow-bells, a couple of axes, or a barrel of whisky. The tide of emigration westward bound would relieve him of much of it and put dollars into his pockets—lots of dollars, for his pockets are deep.

But Andrew gives no more time or attention to the acquisition of land and dollars than the matter properly deserves. He finds plenty of time to race horses, attend the arena where cocks are fought and to bet on them, loiter over the bars of the taverns, drinking temperately, and pen indignant letters to statesmen east and west, and military officials about Indian depredations. He finds time, too, to pass many an evening at home in his log cabin with Rachel—both of them sitting near the open fire if it is Winter, or out of doors in the moonlight if it is Sum-

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mer, smoking their pipes, their ears attuned to the slightest hostile sound in the brush nearby. Jackson never goes anywhere without his pistols. He picks them up as naturally as he does his hat, and jams them into the holsters of his belt. Rachel, also, is proficient in the handling of firearms. She is quite easy about life in this tall men's territory, for her man is as tall as any, and feared and respected as none other.

Many are the rough and tumble fights in which he is often forced to take part where there is no time to draw the pistol, or when so to do would be needless shedding of blood. A blow with his fist or with a stick will often clinch a point that a legal brief or a wordy summons would be sure to miss.

5

Some years later Jackson will recall these scenes to a visitor in the White House, who feared that when he ventured forth he would be assailed because of his ardent support of Jackson's administration.

"Now, Mr. B., if any one attacks you, I know how you'll fight with that big stick of yours," said the President. "You'll aim right for his head. Well, sir, ten chances to one he'll ward it off; and if you *do* hit him you won't bring him down. No sir," Jackson continued, taking the stick in his own hands to demonstrate how it should be done, "you hold the stick *so*, and punch him in the stomach, and you'll drop him. I'll tell you how I found that out."

"When I was a young man practicing law in Tennessee, there was a big bullying fellow that wanted to pick a

quarrel with me, and so trod on my toes. Supposing it accidental, I said nothing. Soon after, he did it again, and I began to suspect his object. In a few minutes he came by a third time, pushing against me violently and evidently meaning *fight*. He was a man of immense size, one of the very biggest men I ever saw. As quick as a flash, I snatched a small rail from the top of the fence, and gave him the *pint* of it full in his stomach. Sir, it doubled him up. He fell at my feet, and I stamped on him. Soon he got up savage, and was about to fly at me like a tiger. The bystanders made as though they would interfere.

“Says I, ‘Gentlemen, stand back, give me room, that’s all I ask, and I’ll *manage* him.’ With that I stood ready with the rail *pinted*. He gave me *one* look, and turned away, a whipped man, sir, and feeling like one. So, sir, I say to you, if any villain assaults you, give him the *pint* in his belly.”

Jackson’s first duel occurs during these law-making days on the frontier. His antagonist is none other than old Colonel Waightstill Avery, at whose home in Morganton, North Carolina, Jackson had first applied for instruction in the law. Often Jackson and Colonel Avery were opponents in law suits in the Jonesboro court. One morning Jackson is espousing the cause of his client warmly and seems to make the issue his own—an habitual failing and one that will involve him in many violent disputes.

Colonel Avery ridicules a legal position taken by Jackson, using language more sarcastic than is called for. Jackson is stung to the quick. He snatches a pen and

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scrawls on the fly leaf of a law book a challenge to a duel. Colonel Avery is no duelist; in fact, he is opposed to that method of settling arguments, but not to accept the challenge would be to lose caste on the frontier.

The case at bar is submitted to the jury, and after sun-down the adversaries appear in the street, both looking for seconds. It is dusk before the arrangements are completed and the parties march to a hollow North of Jonesboro. The ground is measured and the principals are placed. The command, "Ready," is given, and they fire. Neither is hit, and Jackson acknowledges himself satisfied. They shake hands, for Jackson is somewhat ashamed of this hasty display of temper toward his old friend, and they are to remain on good terms ever after.

It is also at Jonesboro that a fire occurs one night in a stable near the court-house and the tavern. People run into the street, and Jackson happens to be leaning on the bar in the tavern when he hears the commotion outside. Lawyers, judges, women in their nightdresses, and loiterers fill the street. At once Jackson assumes command. Leadership is conceded to him by unspoken consent. He forms the men into two lines and shouts for buckets. He orders the roofs of the tavern and the courthouse covered with wet blankets. At this moment a frontier giant, who is confined in jail charged with cropping the ears of his wife's illegitimate child, born during the husband's absence of a year in the wilderness, tears out the bars of his cell and joins the bucket brigade. This man, Russell Bean, the first white man born in Tennessee, will share with Jackson the honor of having saved Jonesboro from destruction. But these honors will not be distributed until

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Jackson has knocked down a drunken rowdy with a bucket because the man persists in jabbering instead of becoming a fireman.

6

It is July, 1795. Jackson has passed six years on the frontier among people like himself—hardy pioneers—generous, yet frugal; kind, yet ruthless; quick to resent a wrong, quick to exact an accounting for it, and quick to forget it once the payment in blood or treasure is made. Jackson is a singular exception in this respect: he not only invokes heavy reprisals for wrongs, real or imaginary, imposed upon his kith or kin, but he never forgets them even after reparations are made. An injustice done to a friend might just as well be done to him, for he will fight as quickly to vindicate the honor and the rights of his friends as he will for his own. This quality wins him hosts of friends and an equal number of enemies, for the enemies of his friends are his foes, too.

Jackson will pay dearly for this quality, but in the long run it will compensate him with perhaps the largest personal following a President has ever known. Some of his most ardent and, albeit, thoughtless admirers will even speak of upsetting the republican form of government and proclaiming Jackson as King Andrew I. These followers, largely from the backwoods where public schools still are unknown (Tennessee, for example, will not inaugurate a system of public schools until 1830), will accomplish nothing other than to furnish Jackson's enemies, who are legion and among the most formidable a

President has ever known, with ammunition to attack him as a tyrant and usurper.

But just now the territorial legislature has ordered a census to be taken for the purpose of ascertaining whether there is the requisite number of sixty thousand inhabitants for the admission of the Territory into the Union as a sovereign state. The census is taken, and, in November, Governor Blount announces that the Territory contains seventy-seven thousand two hundred and sixty-two inhabitants.

The Governor therefore calls upon the people of the respective counties to elect five persons for each county to represent them in the constitutional convention, which will assemble January 11, 1796, at Knoxville, the seat of the Territorial government, "for the purpose of forming a Constitution or permanent form of government."

President Washington and members of Congress at Philadelphia hear of this move and are plainly chagrined. How dare the people of this howling wilderness presume to usher themselves into the Union as a state without federal permission! Only last year they made bold to send an armed expeditionary force against the Cherokees without the government's sanction; in fact, in flagrant opposition to the government's policy.

Well, President Washington may fume and fret if he likes, because Philadelphia is a long, long trail from Tennessee, and before any word can possibly reach the wilderness of his pointed displeasure the movement toward statehood will have advanced too far to retreat.

Davidson County elects its five delegates, among whom

are Judge McNairy, General Robertson and Andrew Jackson. General Robertson's wife is still teaching him how to read. This is the first position to which Jackson has been elected by the people. Plainly he is pleased. What young man of twenty-nine could resist being proud of assisting in the writing of a Constitution and a Bill of Rights for a new state?

One evening Jackson pulls out of his pocket a ponderous document. Supper over, he brings his chair, and one for Rachel, over to the bright fire. They fill their pipes. Rachel is knitting a shawl for one of her innumerable nieces. For a long while there is silence between them. Only the night wind outside puts commas and exclamation points into the unbroken quietude within. Jackson leans forward, the document dangling between his long legs, so that the light from the logs will make the reading easier.

"What are you reading, Mr. Jackson?" Rachel asks.

"Constitution, wife," he replies.

"Aint you well, Mr. Jackson?" she asks, anxiously.

The tall man folds the copy of North Carolina's charter and lays it on the table beside his pistols. He smiles at Rachel and pats her hand.

"There's *pint* to *that* Constitution," he says. Rachel bursts into laughter that sounds like running water. She has learned another use for the word Constitution.

Jackson has need to brush up on the subject. He is going to help write the Charter for Tennessee. Andrew has become a statesman.



Chapter VIII

THE BACKWOODS STATESMAN

I

FIFTY-FIVE frontiersmen, five from each of the eleven counties, appear in the little town of Knoxville on a cold morning in January, 1796. They are going to write a State Constitution. From all directions, they have galloped into the village, many of them having been in the saddle several days and nights, with brief intermissions for food and rest at taverns along the trails. Andrew Jackson is among those who have come the farthest distance. With Judge McNairy and his other colleagues, he slept only a few hours last night at a tavern, and has been riding his horse through the mountains toward Knoxville since long before dawn.

The men stand in groups near a small building, which afterward will serve as a school-house, surrounded by tall trees of the primeval wilderness. Many of them have never met each other before, and some may never meet again. Others shall fight side by side in future battles that have yet to punctuate America's history in this early period. There are not more than two or three dozen log cabins, a couple of stores, a church and the Governor's house scattered over the town of Knoxville, but the inhabitants are astir early, having been awakened by the

beat of horses' hoofs on the hard roads entering the town.

The building has been fitted up for the reception of the Constitution-makers at the cost of twelve dollars and sixty-two cents—ten dollars for seats, and the rest for oil cloth to cover the tables. Although the legislature has fixed the compensation of the delegates at two dollars and a half a day, it has neglected to provide funds for a secretary, a printer and a door-keeper. The first business of the convention, therefore, is to resolve that "inasmuch as economy is an amiable trait in any government, and, in fixing the salaries of the officers thereof, the situation and resources of the country should be attended to, therefore one dollar and a half per diem is enough for us, and no more will any man of us take, and the rest shall go to the payment of the secretary, the printer, doorkeeper and other officers."

Although many of these Constitution-makers shouldered muskets in the War for Independence and have good reason to dislike England and her ways, they straightway adopt rules for the convention similar to those obtaining in the British House of Commons. It will be noted many times throughout the history of this republic that American law-makers fall back upon British law and custom for precedent and pattern. The convention organized, it proceeds to appoint two members from each county to draft a Charter, and Judge McNairy and Jackson are selected to represent Davidson County. In twenty-seven days the task will be accomplished and the delegates will depart for their homes, with something of the spirit of bad boys who have turned the trick while their elders were not watching them. And yet, the federal government at Phila-

Philadelphia is watching Tennessee, but is helpless to do anything about it.

Philadelphia has misgivings about this backwoods Territory. It knows the whites to be fearless men of action who are determined to rid their settlements of the Indian menace at all cost. Now the federal government is not only disposed to be friendly toward the Red men, but, being heavily in debt because of the recent Revolution, it has no money with which to prosecute a war against the Indian nations, even if it were of a mind so to do. Moreover—and this is equally important—the Federalist Party recognizes in the Southwest Territory a militant spirit which is somewhat in disharmony with the desire in the East to maintain the *status quo*, at least for the present. The East is secure, and already a certain aspect of complacency has appeared in high places. Having proclaimed its independence in a Declaration of “glittering generalities” twenty years ago, it evinces a tendency to go no further, and this the West, which is republican, cannot comprehend. There is growing up on the western frontiers a dissatisfaction with the government at Philadelphia, because the government fails to appreciate the tremendous travail through which the West is passing to found a white’s man’s civilization. The policy at Philadelphia seems to be to let sleeping dogs lie.

2

In their constitutional convention, the people of the Southwest Territory are acting on the basis of a supposed right to statehood, which they feel is implied in the act by which Congress received North Carolina’s cession of

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the whole region. There is no precedent for the creation of states out of territories, hence the people of Tennessee have no alternative but to make the gesture and see what becomes of it. But none can doubt that there is a spirit of defiance of federal authority among these pioneers who take the gorgeous rhetoric in the Declaration literally, while they carve out of the wilderness signs and symbols of civilization.

The democratic principles of Jackson at this convention are somewhat dubious when contrasted with his precepts of a latter day that make him the loud spokesman of Militant Democracy and the protector of the rights of men who are without property or social position.

He now opposes the principle of universal suffrage and equal rights. He is one of the framers of the clause that allows a rich man a vote in every county in which he may own a certain quantity of land, and confines the poor man to a single vote in the county in which he resides. He advocates the clause recommending the exclusion from the legislature of every man who does not possess two hundred acres of land in his own right. A governor must possess a freehold estate of five hundred acres. Jackson seconds a motion forbidding clergymen from holding seats in the legislature. He supports the motion that there shall be two houses of the legislature, the House and the Senate. Judge McNairy is in favor of one House.

Jackson supports the clause that provides that no one shall be received as a witness who denies the existence of God, or disbelieves in "a state of future rewards and punishments." In this clause, Tennessee is laying the

cornerstone of the temple of Fundamentalism that will serve as a refuge for theological dogma, and a challenge to science and common sense in a serio-comic tableau in which William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow will be the principal opposing actors in a theme of whether or not it is decent and Christian to teach the theory of evolution in Tennessee's schools and colleges after 1925. That episode will be known as the "Dayton Trial."

The claim of the Spaniards to the exclusive navigation rights on the Mississippi River has been aggravating the Tennesseans for some years. What time and place more fitting to repulse this claim of a foreign power than at the constitutional convention of Tennessee? Jackson, therefore, vehemently supports the clause in the Bill of Rights which declares that "an equal participation of the free navigation of the Mississippi is one of the inherent rights of the citizens of this State; it can not, therefore, be conceded to any prince, potentate, power, person or persons whatever." Jackson, in particular, will remember this clause, as it shall be his part henceforth for twenty years to execrate the Spaniards.

The convention having completed its labors, Jackson recrosses the Cumberland and the wilderness lying beyond it. The convention has left to the Assembly, which it created, the task of putting the new state government into operation, and has fixed March 28, 1796, as the time when the territorial government shall expire. It has declared, moreover, that if Congress fails to accept Tennessee into the sisterhood of states, the commonwealth will continue to exist as an independent state. Congress, in considering the matter, will note this defiance.

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At all events, Thomas Jefferson studies the Charter of the new state, and praises it as the most republican one of all the state constitutions. The Federalists, on the other hand, look askance at Tennessee.

The new state legislature meets and promptly elects "Citizen John Sevier" as its first Governor. The French revolutionary influence is evident in the prefix of the word "Citizen," yet this is after Robespierre had been guillotined, and Bonaparte had put down the insurrection of Paris. But Tennessee has not heard of this. Revolutions in even as remote places as France hearten these backwoodsmen, who are accustomed to killings in the name of liberty. Possibly because there is no political machinery, the Constitution is not submitted to the people for approval. Perhaps the majority could not read it if they saw it, hence they invest implicit trust in its framers not to betray them, and the framers are true to that trust.

Governor Sevier led the hardy mountaineers against the Royalist troops and the Tories in South Carolina in the War for Independence. He was "a leading citizen" in eastern Tennessee when Jackson was a boy, and the people naturally turned to him and made him Governor of the "state" of Franklin, which actually comprised the rebellious western counties of North Carolina when the latter state was endeavoring to cede them to the federal government.

Sevier has a large following in eastern Tennessee, while Jackson's strength is in the West. It is inevitable that they should become rivals for supreme mastery over the infant state, and rivalry on the frontier is not a matter of political palaver. It is conducive to intense, bitter,

personal enmity that sooner or later must strike a balance in a duel. But this broth will simmer a while longer before boiling over.

3

Meanwhile, there are several choice offices to be filled. William Blount, former Governor of the Southwest Territory, and William Cocke, who will become a military leader later on, are elected the first United States Senators from the new state. George Conway is elected Major General of the Tennessee Militia, but in a few years he will yield this post to Andrew Jackson.

Tennessee is entitled to but one representative in the lower house of Congress, and early in the Fall of 1796, Jackson is elected to this post. President Washington is serving the last year of his second term and already he is yearning for private life at Mount Vernon. Tennessee chooses three Presidential electors who will cast the vote of their state for Thomas Jefferson for President, and Aaron Burr for Vice President. The infant state admires Jefferson because he is an opponent of the Federalist Party. It does not in the least perceive the deep passionate quality of his humanitarian philosophy, nor the import of complete democracy which the Virginian espouses. Tennessee throws its second choice to Burr because the brilliant New Yorker was the leading advocate in Congress for the admission of the new state into the Union, which is accomplished on June 1, 1796, just as Congress is about to adjourn.

Late in October, Jackson bids good-bye to Rachel, straps his pistols around his waist, mounts his horse, and

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is off for Philadelphia—a distance of eight hundred miles. He must reach the city of the Quakers and the seat of government by December 5, when Congress will convene. One may easily imagine the perils of his ride through mountains infested with Indians, days and nights with little sleep, often obliged to make his bed on the ground in the depths of the wilderness! It will be many years before Congressman Jackson's successors ride to Washington from Nashville in Pullman cars on government mileage, smoking cigars while gazing out of the windows upon populous cities and prosperous farmlands that were unblazed trails when Jackson led the way in 1796.

But even in that early day, Jackson was not entirely alone on the road to Philadelphia. Constantly he was meeting covered wagon trains carrying settlers to the western country. Many of them were bound for the Cumberland region and would settle in Tennessee, now that it had become a state. Churches and schools will soon be built, and many of the comforts and some of the luxuries will begin to appear, for these people are coming out of the East, and they will implant in the West a phase of their own civilization, which is a little less strenuous than that to which the frontier has been accustomed.

The Honorable Andrew Jackson of Tennessee purchases a suit of broadcloth for thirty dollars. He hopes to cut quite a figure in Philadelphia, a city of sixty-five thousand inhabitants, and the center of all that the young republic can boast of the intelligent and the refined. Albert Gallatin, a leading member of Congress at this time, will recall Jackson many years later and describe him: "A tall, lank, uncouth looking personage, with long locks

of hair hanging over his face, and a queue down his back tied in an eel skin; his dress singular, his manners and deportment those of a rough backwoodsman." The elegant Gallatin—European to the core—for all his partiality toward his adopted country, is not a seer, for he fails to foresee that the rough backwoodsmen, despite their lack of Philadelphia manners and Congressional deportment, are building a democracy on a new continent, not debating it in the security of social position and political preferment.

Even Martha Washington, one day during the second term of her husband's Administration, rebukes her niece, Nellie Custis, for having entertained "one of those filthy Democrats" in the Executive Mansion.

4

And who was a "filthy Democrat" when Jackson reached Philadelphia to take his seat in Congress? He was one who sympathized ardently with the French Revolution and believed the United States was doubly bound—by gratitude and by union of principles—to aid the French Republic against the "leagued despotisms." He believed it was due humanity that England be humbled; he opposed the compromising measures of General Washington's Administration; he detested Alexander Hamilton's financial system, the National Bank, and its issues of paper money; more, he hated Hamilton, who believed in the rule of an aristocracy of money; he hated kings, princes and privileged orders, and espoused warmly the principles of democracy as set forth in the Declaration and specified in the enabling act—Federal Constitu-

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tion. He was, in sum, a follower of Jefferson, who unfurled the banner of equal rights, and laid it down as an axiom of freedom that "that government is best which governs least." This, in fine, was Andrew Jackson's political complexion in 1796.

Two days after Jackson takes his seat in Congress, President Washington appears before that body to deliver his last annual address. The tone of the oration is partisan. The republicans are incensed.

The committee of the House, among whose members we find James Madison, prepares an answer to the retiring President in similar spirit. The republican bloc, or insurgents, in the House object to being made to declare they approve of the measures of Washington's Administration. They try, but fail, to obtain an amendment that will soften the reply and neutralize it from their standpoint.

When the House's reply of indorsement of General Washington is put to a vote, twelve out of fifty-six members oppose it; among the twelve are Andrew Jackson and Edward Livingston, of New York, the latter a republican in theory, but an aristocrat by temperament, training and culture. Livingston's vote against Washington is sufficient to endear him to Jackson, and a friendship is formed in the House between them that shall endure all of their lives. Livingston will be raised to high place.

The chief issue that impels the insurgents to oppose indorsement of Washington's regime is John Jay's treaty with England. By the terms of this treaty England promises redress to but few of the wrongs of which the United States has complained. It leaves England free to impress

American sailors; it leaves her free to prohibit American trade with the French colonies; it permits England to confiscate French goods on American vessels. It provides for the early evacuation of western forts, which the British are still holding despite the stipulations of 1783. It is impossible for republicans to accept this treaty.

In New York, Alexander Hamilton has attempted to make a speech in defense of the treaty and he is driven from the platform with a volley of stones. In Boston the streets are chalked with inscriptions that read: "Damn every one that won't sit up all night damning John Jay." Republicans are wondering: Why the separation from England in 1776 if the American nation approves a treaty like this one twenty years later?

For the rest, Jackson's service in the House does not distinguish him as a statesman, but he obtains the passage of two measures which greatly increase his popularity in Tennessee. One is a bill to place a regiment on the southern border of the state for protection against Indians, and the other is a bill to pay those who participated as Territorial troops in the unauthorized Nicka-jack Expedition of 1793. This bill was debated at length, with Jackson several times on his feet, before its final passage, which was accomplished with the leadership of Madison, who rose frequently in Jackson's behalf.

5

Jackson's days in Philadelphia are full of tedium. In no sense does he become a part of the city's social life, and into its circles of culture he has no passport. In his letters to his friends back home, which are in the na-

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ture of reports to his constituency, there is a note of yearning to be among them, loitering over the bars, racing horses and fighting cocks. He writes to Colonel Hays, his brother-in-law, on January 8, 1797:

“The Directory of France has given orders to their armed vessels to capture all american vessels bound to or from a British port which is bottomed on the Decree, to Treat all Nutral flags in the same manner Nutral flags suffer themselves to be treated by the english, the english still continuing their Captures of our vessels when bound to a french port. In what this may end I cannot Conjecture . . . The Legislature of the Union progresses slowly in business the greater part of the time as yet has been taken up in committess prepareing business for the house. . . . take care of my little rachael untill I return . . . Adams will be president and Jeferson vice. Adams has 71 votes Jeferson 68.”

To Governor Sevier he writes a few weeks later:

“I am sorry to see our Country by the Conduct of our Government involved in such a situation with the republick of France, who are now struggling to obtain for themselves the same Blessings that we fought and bled for, we ought to wish them success if we could not aid them. How the present difference with France May terminate is for wiser Politicians than Me to Determine.”

On the third of March, Congress having adjourned, Jackson bids farewell to the few friends he has made

while in Philadelphia—among them Aaron Burr and Edward Livingston. His heart is considerably lighter as he rides back over the trail toward the Cumberland. The business of being a statesman has been a bit wearisome to this tall man from Tennessee, who is accustomed to action and finding plenty of it.

An enthusiastic throng greets Jackson as he gallops into Nashville. Reports of his activities at the nation's capital have in every way been satisfactory to the natives, especially since, due to his exertions, every man in Tennessee who had seen service or lost property as a consequence of the Indian wars might expect compensation from the government.

6

Accordingly, there having occurred a vacancy in the state's senatorial representation, Jackson is overwhelmingly elected a United States Senator. He knows the election is a compliment to his services in the House, but he is reluctant to accept the higher post. He feels keenly his inability to cope with the shrewd minds in the United States Senate. He has no stomach for the business.

Still, in November, 1797, Jackson is back in Philadelphia. President Adams, Congress and the country are waiting to see what will be the result of the negotiations with France. Will it be peace, or war? The President will have a hard time getting the country, particularly the West, in the mood to fight France, for there is a pronounced sentiment in America for Bonaparte. Jackson remains a Bonapartist to the end of Napoleon's career at Saint Helena.

Meanwhile, he is busy with the arrangement of the dispute between Tennessee and the government on the question of the Cherokee boundary. He writes to General Robertson :

“Congressional business progresses slowly; all important questions postponed until we are informed of the result of our negotiation with France. The Tennessee Memorial (boundary dispute) has attracted the attention of the two Houses for some time . . . France has finally concluded a treaty with the Emperor and the King of Sardinia, and is now turning her force toward Great Britain. Bonaparte, with one hundred and fifty thousand troops (used to conquer) is ordered to the coast, and called the army of England. Do not then be surprised if my next letter should announce a revolution in England . . . Should Bonaparte make a landing on the English shore, tyranny will be humbled, a throne crushed, and a republic will spring from the wreck, and millions of distressed people restored to the rights of man by the conquering arm of Bonaparte.”

Senator Jackson votes against the Alien and Sedition bill, which President Adams has sponsored for the purpose of suppressing opposition in the country to his foreign policy. Writing to Senator Mason, of Virginia, an extreme republican (Democrat) like himself, Jackson expresses his view of this measure quite forcefully:

“. . . I really fear it will pass the other House, so ready do our Countrymen seem to ‘court the Yoke and

bow the neck to Caesar.' A committee of the Senate are appointed to bring in an Alien Bill, by which I understand it is intended to give the Prest an absolute power according to his discretion, his caprice or his resentment, any Foreigner he pleases. A Sedition Bill is also intended to authorize the same omnipotent person to muzzle or silence such presses as he pleases, probably to controul and regulate meetings of the people, and perhaps to banish such political Infidels as you and myself, for such is the intollrance of J A (John Adams) and his party."

There is nothing new under the sun! In 1917, when the United States government entered the World War on the side of the Allied Powers against Germany and the Central Powers, President Wilson, an idealist and a Democrat, sponsored an Alien Bill and a Sedition Bill, called the Espionage Act. Under its terms many honest persons were imprisoned for their opinions, and millions of others, imbued with the spirit of Democracy, gasped, for they could not believe a free government would dare stifle sincere minority opinion. It could happen even when the republic was being managed by men who fought and bled in the War for Independence! Small wonder Jackson was amazed. But why the astonishment in 1917 when 1776 had already faded into a legend, and liberty had become a statue?

7

Jackson is plainly displeased with his task. In April, 1798, he takes leave of the Senate, goes home to Nashville and resigns his seat. He feels himself out of place in

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Philadelphia, and he is disgusted with the Adams Administration and its projects. His contact with Vice President Jefferson has been slight, but he still carries away with him an immense admiration for the philosopher of Monticello whose philosophy Jackson does not grasp and never will.

Chapter IX

A JUDGE ON THE RAMPAGE

I

JACKSON has scarcely divested himself of senatorial dust and made up his mind to devote the rest of his life—he is only thirty-one—to keeping a general store and managing his farm and slaves, when the legislature elects him a judge of the State Supreme Court. He is plainly dismayed, for he distrusts his ability to administer the law even in a backwoods court where exact knowledge of jurisprudence is neither expected nor required. These natives would much rather have an ounce of justice than a pound of law, and Jackson, knowing this, prepares to give them their due. It is doubtful if a more unlearned judge ever sat on a bench, and it would be equally difficult to find one more determined to dispense justice according to his lights.

There is not one decision of Judge Jackson's on record, for they were not kept in his day. Recorded decisions began with his successor, Judge Overton. Jackson holds this post for six years, and while his decisions will be brief, untechnical and ungrammatical, tradition will say they were generally right. He will maintain the dignity and the authority of the bench at all hazards, and they will indeed be many.

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He will hold court in due succession at Nashville, Jonesboro, and Knoxville—three distant corners of the state—and the perils of the frontier and the wilderness, that he encountered so often while riding this circuit as Prosecuting Attorney, will be repeated in his six years as Judge.

Jackson begins his stormy career as a Judge by hurling a challenge for a duel to William Cocke, one of the first United States Senators from Tennessee. As he grows toward maturity and the years begin to whiten his long sandy hair his temper grows correspondingly shorter.

It is almost as if he had the sense of being a little boy again and he imagines his playmates are constantly picking on him because he is poor, or because he slobbers, or because his legs are too long, and his hair is too red. As a man he is sensitive of his shortcomings, sensitive of the blunder attending his marriage, fearful lest anyone will not think he is as important as he knows he is. A century hence—1928—such subconscious feelings as his will have been reduced into the science of psychology, and the trouble bothering Andrew Jackson will be given the high-sounding label, "Complex." Senator Cocke means him no ill, but Jackson does not take the trouble to inquire or reason whether he does or not. Off goes his letter :

Sir : Your making publick my private and confidential letter and making use of it to impress on the publick mind that I wrote that letter in order to deceive you, and further publishing to the world that I had acted the

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double part with you in your election for Senator, are such injuries as require *Satisfaction*, the information which you have attempted to justify those charges and ground the publicity of my letter upon having upon investigating proved to be false, Justice calls aloud for Redress. the Gentleman who will hand you this is authorized to transact the Business on My part.

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The spirit and import of this letter is repeated by Jackson in three other letters within as many days, but the matter blows over, for Senator Cocke is more tractable than Jackson and not nearly as good a shot. But this is only a rehearsal for what is to come. Indeed, Jackson seems to merit Jefferson's description of him as reported by Daniel Webster many years later when Webster's feeling against Jackson ran high. Webster quotes Jefferson: "When I was President of the Senate he was a Senator, and he could never speak on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly, and as often choke with rage."

But Jackson's temper does not prevent him from indulging his playful moods, for often when he leaves the bench in any one of the three towns where he holds court he will go straight to the race track, or to the arena where cocks are fought, and bet his week's salary and even more on a chicken or a horse. The emoluments of his high office are six hundred dollars a year; this is the second highest pay for a public office, as the Governor receives only seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. There is

nothing top-lofty about him; he endears himself to these backwoodsmen and becomes their idol; they know if they get into trouble through no fault of their own, Jackson will get them out, with or without benefit of law.

Let a man be contemptuous of the law, however, and Judge Jackson will humble him. Russell Bean, the giant, the first white man born in Tennessee and the terror of the frontier, finds this out. This is the same Bean who helped Jackson put out a tavern fire.

2

One day Judge Jackson is holding court in a village shanty. A great hulking fellow, Bean, no less, armed with a pistol and a bowie knife, parades before the courthouse, and curses the Judge and jury and all assembled therein in words of one syllable. It is not the language that shocks the Court, for Judge Jackson is unbeatable in forming classic combinations of profanity, but his eyes are ablaze with fury at this assault upon the Majesty of the Law.

"Sheriff!" thunders the Judge, "arrest that man for contempt of court and confine him!" The Sheriff goes out and returns as quickly, reporting that he cannot take the offender.

"Summon a posse, then," Jackson roars, "and bring him before me."

Again the Sheriff goes forth and rounds up a squad of strong-arm men to help him make the arrest. Bean sees the posse approaching and bellows that he will "shoot the first skunk that comes within ten feet."

The Sheriff returns to court and reports no progress.

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Jackson's patience is exhausted. No man shall defy his authority, privately or publicly. "Mr. Sheriff, since you cannot obey my orders, summon me; yes sir, summon me." The Sheriff accordingly orders Judge Jackson to make the arrest himself, and the Judge adjourns court for ten minutes. He picks up his pistols reposing beside the law books on the bench and strides forth. Bean is standing in the center of a crowd, waving his weapons and vowing death to all who attempt to molest him. The crowd is now certain they will witness a killing.

Judge Jackson, hatless, with pistols in hand, walks into the center of the group. He looks Bean straight in the eye.

"Surrender, you infernal villain, this very instant, or by God Almighty I'll blow you through as wide as a gate!" For a second both men glare at one another. Bean drops his weapons and caves in. Asked by the Sheriff later why he knuckled under to one man, Bean said: "When he came up, I looked him in the eye, and I saw shoot, and there wasn't shoot in nary other eye in the crowd."

Judge Jackson's feud with Governor John Sevier now opens. There are several reasons for this, but the chief one is that Governor Sevier told Jackson to his face that the only public service he ever heard of Jackson performing was to run off with another man's wife. "Great God!" Jackson exclaimed. "Do *you* mention her sacred name?" A challenge to a duel follows. But there were some matters that led up to this. The year is 1801, and Jackson has gained an advantage over Sevier which is calculated to wound and disgust the impetuous old soldier, victor in

many, many battles, and now being forced to compete with Jackson as the bravest, and therefore the most popular, man in the state.

Sevier in 1801 is out of office. The major generalship of the militia of Tennessee is vacant, and the two warriors are candidates for the post. The office of major general is in the gift of field officers, who are empowered by the State Constitution to elect their chief. Jackson is away holding court when the day comes for the vote. It is a tie between Sevier and the Judge, and Governor Roane, being commander-in-chief of the militia, gives his vote to Jackson. This is actually the beginning of Jackson's military career, although he will not have an opportunity to put his leadership to the test for some years. Still, his prestige is immense. A military office of this kind on the frontier is not a matter of showy galloping and pomp. A man is chosen General because of his ability to *lead* his men when danger impends, and the Indian menace in Tennessee is a real affair. Jackson has been elected Major General because he is esteemed by the militiamen as the best and bravest man in the whole state for that task. His political record has not figured in the equation. Sevier is humbled.

Judge Jackson also has exposed the fact that public lands in Tennessee have been fraudulently bought and sold, and that some of these lands were obtained by no less a person than Sevier, then Governor of the State. It was quite a scandal on the frontier. Although Sevier was innocent of moral wrong-doing, he was technically guilty because he shared in the loot. This was another cause of the feud. A year or two later Sevier is again

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running for Governor, and the old animosities break out anew.

In 1803, Jackson is traveling from Nashville to Jonesboro where he will hold court. He meets a friend along the trail who informs him that when he reaches Jonesboro he will be mobbed by Sevier's henchmen. Jackson spurs his horse on to Jonesboro. When he reaches the town he is ill with fever. He has been scarcely able to sit on his mount during the long arduous ride. No sooner does he go to the tavern and to bed than a friend calls and says Colonel Harrison "and a regiment of men" are in front of the tavern ready to tar and feather him. His friend advises Jackson to bolt and bar his door, as Harrison "means business."

Judge Jackson rises and throws his door wide open.

"Give my compliments to Colonel Harrison, and tell him my door is open to receive him and his regiment whenever they choose to wait upon me, and that I hope the Colonel's chivalry will induce him to *lead* his men, not follow them." Jackson sits on the side of the bed, for he is too ill to stand, facing the door, a pistol in each hand.

The "regiment" think better of their purpose and disperse. A few days later Jackson writes to his friend, John Hutchings, in Nashville:

"I have been much threatened at Jonesborough by the Sevierites whilst sick, but as soon as I got upon my legs, from the fierceness of lyons, they softened down to the Gentleness of lambs, there is no spirit amongst them. If a man was alone without arms, a mob of fifty might make

an attack, but they knew I was prepared, and they sneaked to their Den."

3

From Jonesboro Judge Jackson proceeds to Knoxville, the capital of the state. The legislature is in session at the residence of Governor Sevier, who has succeeded Roane. With the convening of the Supreme Court, the streets of the town are filled with people, loitering about the public buildings and talking loudly and wildly about the issues of the day, which chiefly concern the feud between the Governor and Judge of the Supreme Court and Major General of the militia. Judge Jackson enters the court-house and all is well. He holds his court without molestation, but as he re-appears he sees Governor Sevier haranguing a crowd in the public square. The Judge stalks in upon the scene. A wild altercation ensues, and only the friends of the Governor and the Judge prevent them from flying at each other's throats. It is at this point that Sevier forgets himself and makes the slurring reference to Mrs. Jackson.

Judge Jackson rushes to the tavern and indites a stinging letter to the Governor :

"The ungentlemanly expressions, and gasgonading conduct of yours," he writes, "relative to me was in true character of yourself, and unmasks you to the world, and plainly shews that they were the ebullitions of a base mind goaded with stubborn proof of fraud (refers to the land case), and flowing from a source devoid of every delicate and refined sensation. But sir, the voice of the people

has made you Governor, this alone makes you worthy of my notice."

Jackson demands an interview with the Governor, concluding, "my friend and myself will be armed with pistols—you cannot mistake me or my meaning."

Sevier replies that he will give Jackson "satisfaction," but not in the State of Tennessee. This draws another hot retort from the Judge, for the next day he writes: "Did you take the name of a lady (Mrs. Jackson) into your polluted lips in Knoxville? Did you challenge me to draw, when you were armed with a cutlass and I with a cane, and now sir, in the neighborhood of Knoxville you shall atone for it or I will publish you as a coward and a paltroon." Jackson says he refuses to travel to Kentucky, Georgia, or North Carolina to blow the head off the Governor of Tennessee. A paper war follows, and finally it is agreed the belligerents shall meet for a duel just beyond the state line. Judge Jackson is on the spot at the appointed time, but he waits there two days, for the Governor has not appeared.

The Judge gallops off toward Knoxville, determined Sevier shall not evade him. On the road toward the town he sees the Governor approaching, accompanied by a cavalcade. Jackson sends one of his henchmen ahead with a letter to Sevier recounting their differences. The Governor refuses to receive the letter, and this rebuff angers Jackson beyond all patience. He charges forth, like the knights of old, leveling his cane as if it were a javelin. The Governor is amazed at this gesture and topples off his horse. Jackson dismounts and draws his pistols, when

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friends of both men intervene, and the trouble is patched up, or seemingly so; but the men will never be friends. This nonsense impairs Judge Jackson's popularity in the state.

While this racket has been in progress, the business of the Supreme Court of Tennessee suspends, the legislature has recessed, and the sporting men of the community have placed bets on the results of the duel. Meanwhile, Judge Jackson has found time to write home to Rachel, telling her nothing whatsoever of his encounter with Governor Sevier. Instead, he says he is sending her a package of garden seed. Also, he expresses the wish that his slave "Aston has been brought to a perfect state of obedience." He hopes that "happiness will surround" his Rachel "until I have the pleasure of seeing you."

A little later Judge Jackson quarrels with his old friend Judge McNairy because the Judge has found it necessary to remove General Robertson from the Chickasaw Agency, which lost their mutual friend, Searcy, his post as clerk in the agency. Neither man quite loses his temper over this matter, but their friendship cools.

4


Thomas Jefferson had come in as President of the United States, succeeding John Adams, who was greatly surprised and chagrined over his failure to obtain reelection. In fact, Adams was so hurt that he refused to attend Jefferson's inauguration, and rode away from Philadelphia in a coach, to sulk in Massachusetts. Jefferson was the first President to be inaugurated in Washington. His election, also, marked the beginning of the

end of the Federalist Party, and the launching of the Democratic Party, of which he was the founder.

Jefferson was an expansionist. In 1803 the purchase of Louisiana was effected, and Jackson hoped he might receive from President Jefferson the appointment as Governor of that Territory. In fact, this post, which was perhaps the only one that Jackson really coveted and sought, was particularly desired by him at this time because he had grown weary of the bench, riding the circuit, and all the fol-de-rol that a judgeship entailed even in those backwoods days. But the appointment went to W. C. C. Claiborne, and Judge Jackson's estimate of Thomas Jefferson declined in proportion to his disappointment.

The truth of the matter is, Jefferson feared to appoint Jackson to the post. He had known him in the Senate, and although the President admired the tall man from Tennessee for certain striking qualities that are concomitant with clean and robust manhood, he felt he could not trust him with a mission that required tact and infinite patience, neither of which Jackson possessed.

However, on July 24, 1804, Judge Jackson presents his resignation to the legislature and it is accepted. At least one signal honor has been done his name. In the Cumberland region a new county had been named Jackson. There will be innumerable cities, towns, counties and streets named for Jackson when the white men really get their stride.



Chapter X

THE FRONTIER STOREKEEPER

I

GENERAL JACKSON believes he is through with official and public life, barring such future encounters as may be necessary to keep the Indians from encroaching upon the Tennessee side of the Cherokee boundary. As he will continue to be Major General of the State Militia, any need for troops to preserve order in the state, or for purposes of intervention in Indian territory, naturally will issue from his command. Four months before he presented his resignation as Judge, he hinted to Rachel his desire to retire from the bench:

Knoxville, April 6, 1804.

MY LOVE: I have this moment recd. your letter of the 24th of March, and what sincere regret it gives me on the one hand to view your distress of mind, and what real pleasure it would afford me on the other to return to your arms dispel those clouds that hover around you and retire to some peaceful grove to spend our days in solitude and domestic quiet . . . I have wrote you every post since I left you and will continue to do so until I leave Philadelphia, should I go that far. I am compelled to quit writing. I am sent for to court. I shall write you

fully before I leave this place, and may all the ruling power give you health and Peace of Mind untill I am restored to your arms is the sincere supplication of your unalterable

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General Jackson has discovered that his four excursions into public pursuits thus far—Federal Attorney General for the Southwestern Territory, Representative in Congress from Tennessee, United States Senator, and Judge of the State Supreme Court—all have tended to convince him that his forte lies not in the realm of legislative or civil administrative activities. He is primarily a military man who possesses sufficient political convictions to give direction and purpose to his soldierly attributes. But since there are no wars to be fought, and as the Indians are quiescent for the present, General Jackson turns his attention to commerce. And he has much need of doing so, for during the six years that he has been a Judge his private affairs have been going from bad to worse. In fact, the condition of his estate was perhaps the biggest factor in his retirement from the bench.

In 1798, while still holding his seat as Senator, Jackson apparently looked forward to a business career in Nashville. In that year he sold to David Allison, a rich Philadelphian, who desired to invest in the golden promise of the West, thousands of his own acres for six thousand six hundred and seventy-six dollars. Allison, it may be supposed, purchased the land purely for speculation. He expected to sell it again in small parcels to the settlers at a profit, of course. Allison paid for the land in three

promissory notes. So high a standing did Allison have, that Jackson was able to buy with these "gilt-edged" notes in Philadelphia a supply of goods suitable for the settlements on the Cumberland. He shipped his stock in wagons to Pittsburgh, by flat-boat down the Ohio River to Louisville, and again by wagons to Nashville. Then he resigned his seat, expecting to return home and become a trader. But instead, he was elected to the Supreme Court.

Jackson thereupon formed a partnership with John Hutchings and John Coffee, both of whom were, or about to be, related to him by marriage. He expected his partners to run the business, and he would give it occasional attention in the recesses between the terms of court.

Jackson was scarcely back in Nashville in 1798 when news reached him that Allison had been caught in the panic which then was sweeping over the country. Jackson's creditors, from whom he had purchased his goods for a general store, held the notes, indorsed by Jackson, against him. He lived then upon a plantation called Hunter's Hill, thirteen miles from Nashville, and two miles from the Hermitage that would be built later. He had built a store on Hunter's Hill, and it had prospered after a fashion, prior to the crash. There was one narrow window in the store from which he sold goods to the Indians, who were excluded from the interior because of what the traders called their thieving propensities.

The sums that Jackson owned to Philadelphia creditors on Allison's notes had to be paid in real money. To do this, he sold thirty-three thousand more acres of land at

twenty-five cents an acre, and managed to pay off every cent of his indebtedness as the notes came due. His experience, bitter as it was, which would greatly reduce his financial strength, would be used by him later on—although he did not know it then—in smashing the Second Bank of the United States. This was the genesis of Jackson's war against the Bank—a war in which he would emerge the victor, and which would revolutionize the currency system of the United States. But of this—more later.

2

Jackson's fine estate on Hunter's Hill was absorbed in the crash, but he was not a man to haggle over his losses. He closed out the store, sold many of his slaves for debts, and moved to a smaller plantation eight miles from Nashville. This ground was unimproved, but Jackson, though impoverished and in debt, succeeded in putting the farm in excellent condition. Upon Hunter's Hill he had built a fine frame house. It was one of the first dwellings in the region not built of logs. In the crash, he had to sacrifice this, and go back to a log cabin in which he and Rachel had begun their lives together on the frontier.

During the six years he was on the bench Rachel attended to the farm and managed the slaves. She was immensely competent in such matters; but her lord, for all his fondness for the race track and the cock-pit, also was a capable manager, especially in larger affairs. The place where he was living in 1804, when he retired from the

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bench, was the Hermitage. It would be his home for the rest of his life and was destined to become one of the famous shrines in America.

So, as Jefferson is about to begin his second term as President, Jackson, having laid aside his judicial robes, is about to open his second general store on the frontier of Tennessee. He is determined that this one shall be successful. Coffee and Hutchings are again his partners—General Jackson is notorious for finding jobs for his wife's numerous relatives—and they open a fair-sized store at Clover Bottom, four miles from the Hermitage and seven from Nashville. Every day, General Jackson mounts his horse and goes to business, leaving Rachel to superintend the farm and the slaves. And Andrew Jackson is a progressive farmer. He owns one of the first cotton gins brought into Davidson County. It was an innovation, for Eli Whitney, of Connecticut, had invented it only as recently as 1793.

Under his watchful eye the store at Clover Bottom does fairly well, and in a short while he opens a branch store at Gallatin, in Sumner County, twenty-six miles from Nashville. It seems to have been Jackson's idea to open a third store, with each of his partners as the manager of one of them. Thus, the scheme of chain stores, monopolizing the trade in standardized products, is considered a possibility a century before Woolworth.

The firm of Jackson, Coffee & Hutchings deal in dry goods, salt, grindstones, hardware, gunpowder, whisky and miscellaneous products. The payment they receive for these commodities is not money—for real money is extremely scarce in the West—but cotton, ginned and un-

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ginned, wheat, corn, tobacco, pork and skins. This produce is sent in flatboats down to Natchez where it is sold for the market in New Orleans. The Jackson firm, which is established on a branch of the Cumberland River, also builds boats for other traders. In addition to this, General Jackson makes horse flesh a source of profit, as well as human flesh, for he deals in slaves frequently.

3

There is his record, dated January 17, 1801, showing certain expenditures:

To one Negro Wench named Faney . . .	\$280.00
To two Negroe weaman Betty & Hanah . .	550.00
To Merchandize from John Anderson . .	15.18 $\frac{3}{4}$
To Cash Pd Taylor for making Coat . . .	3.00
	<hr/>
	\$848.18 $\frac{3}{4}$

General Jackson has never considered the question of whether slavery is right or wrong. He accepts the institution as he found it. There does not occur a word in his voluminous letters to suggest that he ever gave a thought to the moral side of the system. There is plenty of evidence that Jackson is a thoughtful, patient, even indulgent, master. His slaves are fond of him, and there arises a great howl among them when rumor comes that some are to be sold. They would rather stay right here with Massah Jackson. Even his overseers complain occasionally that there is laxity of discipline on the estate due to the master's indulgence. But he pays no heed to

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these complaints. He knows, and so do the slaves know, that when he wants something done they will do it willingly and as well as they can. They love him, and when the time comes for him to die, one hundred and fifty black people, his bond servants, will set up a chorus of weeping and wailing.

General Jackson is a kind, courteous and tender man to those who do his bidding, knuckle under, and believe wholly and sincerely that he is unfailingly right. To those who believe thus and manifest their belief, he is all gentleness. Toward those who oppose him he is relentless and ruthless.

Jackson's credit is high in the community. His name signed to paper is as good as money anywhere in Tennessee, and beyond. All know he is scrupulously honest, that he would not take advantage of any man for any reason. He sells his goods at prices current, no more and no less.

"I will give or take so much," he says. "If you will trade, say so and have done with it; if not, let it alone." He abominates paper money because he regards it in the light of a promise to pay. He will promise nothing, law or no law, that he thinks is unjust, or which he cannot meet.

Still, the store does not appear to be profitable. The firm has made a number of bad debts. In addition, as there is no mail between Nashville and the lower Mississippi country to guide them, the Jackson firm has frequently shipped products to New Orleans and found the market glutted. Another factor is the high cost of bring-

ing goods from New York and Philadelphia to the Cumberland. The shipping charges narrow the margin of profit so greatly that there is small use of handling certain kinds of goods even if they can be obtained. Prices on the Cumberland are about three times those in Philadelphia. Combine all this with the fact that the Cumberland people are mostly "land poor," that real money is virtually unknown in Tennessee in 1805, and there exists plenty of reason why General Jackson should grow tired of being a tradesman.

After a few years more of this, he will sell out his interest in the business to his partners. He will take notes from his partner, John Coffee, payable at long intervals, for his share. Then Coffee will marry a niece of Rachel Jackson, and on their wedding day General Jackson will go to his strong box, take out Coffee's notes, tear them in halves and present them to the bride, with a gracious bow—and General Jackson can bow magnificently to the ladies.

Throughout these store-keeping days, Jackson by no means neglects the race track, the cock-pit, or the taverns. Cards are played wherever two men find themselves together with nothing to do. To cheat at these games, or in the betting, is tantamount to the offender committing suicide. Most any Saturday afternoon General Jackson can be found at the cock-pit. He is a little hilarious, but never drunk. His courtliness and an innate sense of refinement never desert him. In the East they will call him a brawler, but on the frontier General Jackson is a gentleman—and the frontier, with its taverns, its race track

and its cock-pit, knows a gentleman when it sees him. No matter what else the backwoods may deal in, it breeds *real men*. None others can survive its ordeals and its guns.

4

The American nation was born with the highest of hopes. Its founders had written a political Lord's prayer and then proceeded to batter down whatever stood as an obstacle to their ideology. It was not only Cornwallis that had surrendered at Yorktown, but the political demons of the world had capitulated before the strong arm and stout heart of High Purpose, which was thought to be given exclusively to Americans, who translated it into the Declaration of Independence. Our victory started us off with just a little swagger. The War for Independence introduced among the people of early America—people of simple rustic minds and customs—the practice of resorting to arms for the settlement of disputes. Virtually every boy and man who participated in that conflict affected the tone and title of a soldier thenceforth. They were excessively sensitive in the matter of personal rights, and invoked what they called the Code of Honor at every little whip-stitch.

Each hugged to himself the delusion that he was the personal custodian of the Declaration and the Constitution. Also, that he must uphold and assert his personal Code of Honor by demanding "Satisfaction" from whosoever impinges that Code. Hence a strong sense of individualism was created. It seems to be less apparent in the second quarter of the Twentieth Century. But on the frontier it was different. Everything seemed to be against

civilization—Idleness, Indians, and Isolation; Whisky and Wilderness.

Men took to dueling as a matter of course. It affirmed their soldierly concepts; it exalted them as brave men willing to die for the Code of Honor; it furnished a tremendous amount of excitement in the days when the people had no daily newspapers nor motion pictures with which to stimulate their emotions; it also offered a marvelous display of sportsmanship for the participants. It was the thing to do. It was the age of the gentle savage.

From 1790 to 1810 the people of the South and West were given to dueling as nowhere else in the American nation. As late as 1834, fifteen duels were fought in New Orleans on a Sabbath morning. One hundred and two were fought between January 1 and the end of April in the same city. General William Henry Harrison reported that there were more duels in the northwestern army between 1791 and 1795, than ever took place in the same length of time and amongst so small a body of men as composed the commissioned officers of the army, either in America or any other country.

General Jackson was one of the leading duelists of the frontier. His personal encounters are said to have numbered well over a hundred. Now he is about to march forth to a killing.



Chapter XI

THE KILLING ON RED RIVER

I

IT is the Autumn of 1805, and the time has arrived for one of the greatest horse races in Tennessee. The turf, on Stone's River, at Clover Bottom, near Jackson's store, is a beautiful circular field, boasting a mile course, and with the requisite margin for spectators and their vehicles. General Jackson well knows this course, as he has patronized the races here for a number of years—Spring and Fall—and has trained his own racing colts on this turf. He is the owner of the most renowned horse in the West, Truxton, which he brought home from Virginia.

Truxton is to be matched with another famous racer, Plow Boy, owned by Captain Joseph Ervin. The stakes are two thousand dollars, payable in notes on the day of the race. The forfeit is eight hundred dollars. Six persons are interested in this race particularly, three on Jackson's side, and one on Captain Ervin's—his son-in-law, Charles Dickinson. For miles around the backwoods-men have prepared to come to Clover Bottom for the turf event. Then suddenly, for reasons best known to himself, Captain Ervin decides to pay the forfeit and call

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off the race. The matter is settled amicably, so everyone believes, and the affair is supposed to be at an end.

But Dickinson appears to have some special grudge against Jackson. The reasons are not far to seek. Dickinson is younger than the General by four years; he is a lawyer, who also speculates in horses, produce and slaves. He has watched Jackson's career for a number of years, and is jealous of the tall man's popularity in the state, while he, Dickinson, is acknowledged as the best shot in Tennessee. Still, he has won no honors at the hands of the public who, aside from a coterie of gay blades like Dickinson himself, scarcely know his name. Even Jackson is but slightly acquainted with him. Those who know Dickinson are aware that he is a wild, dissipated young man, prone to trade somewhat upon his good looks and the fact that he has a certain amount of culture in a community which has none. When drunk, he is given to talking loosely about those whom he does not like. This is his undoing.

After the matter of the called-off race is adjusted, word reaches General Jackson's ears that Dickinson has been around the taverns maligning Jackson as an "adulterer." At the same time he casts serious aspersions upon the character of Mrs. Jackson, sneers, takes another drink and laughs boisterously. But those within earshot of Dickinson do not laugh. They only wonder if he is still the crack marksman of Tennessee, for they opine he may have need of being quick on the trigger when General Jackson hears of this, as he most assuredly will.

The General loses no time in checking up this report. He goes straight to Dickinson and accuses him. Dickinson

is apologetic, and declares that if he said such things he must have been drunk, and Jackson, knowing the young lawyer's character by this time, perceives that a man might be loose-tongued at a tavern bar and say dangerous words carelessly. The General stares grimly in the eyes of Dickinson, who deep down within himself winces. But the apologies and denials are accepted and the men part. There is bad blood between them. Dickinson has committed the unpardonable sin. He has spoken the word "Adultery" and applied it to Andrew Jackson and his wife. Still, maybe he was only drunk. None can say that Dickinson is malicious, or is given wantonly to injure the feelings of others. Indeed, his reputation is quite the contrary. He is a brave young man, civil and courteous, with excellent family connections—far more cultured than Jackson's—and in polite society would carry off the palm as a gentleman.

All goes well, or seemingly so. Late in December a tattler again brings word to Jackson that in a tavern at Nashville, Dickinson, deep in his cups, repeated the word beginning with the "scarlet letter," referring it to Jackson and his wife. Now this is too much! It must be admitted that the General is exhibiting great restraint. Earlier in his life, and not so long ago either, he would have had Dickinson on the firing line at the first breath of insult. But the years are beginning to drape the General's shoulders—he is nearly forty—and Rachel's pious influence no doubt is having some effect upon him, however slight.

General Jackson this time proceeds to the home of Captain Ervin, and advises him to exert his influence over

his son-in-law so that there shall be an end to Dickinson's loose talk.

"I wish no quarrel with him," declares Jackson. "He is being used by my enemies in Nashville to pick a quarrel with me. *Advise him to stop in time.*" Ervin knows the General's character better than Dickinson, and he carries Jackson's warning to the wild young man, who laughs it off.

2

General Jackson is thoroughly aroused. He has come to regard Dickinson as a mortal enemy—a man, apparently, to whom it is impossible to teach good manners by persuasion and example. He is determined to keep this ugly affair from the ears of Rachel. To inform her of it would only wound her and bring back painful memories of her few early years with the dour Robards. In the evenings when they are together he listens to her reading snatches from the Bible—sometimes it is a whole chapter of Revelations—and he tries to convince himself that he is all rapt attention; but his thoughts stride quickly from the Scriptures during her pauses to his pistols, and the sneering countenance of Dickinson somehow is framed by the flames that lick the great logs in the open grate before them.

In connection with this, General Jackson cannot erase from his mind the report that Dickinson is the best shot in Tennessee. Should he ever have to face him, he will meet more than his equal as a marksman. General Jackson himself is quite a good shot. Pistols are as familiar to him as canes. Well, any day may bring this matter to

a climax, and the General feels he shall need a clear head and steady arm. He begins to prepare for whatever may be in store by taking a pledge to abstain from drinking hard liquor :

“January 24, 1806

“General Andrew Jackson and Major John Verrell covenant each with the other, that the first of them that is known to drink ardent spirits except administered by a physician, is to pay, the other a full and compleat suit of clothes, Taylor’s bill inclusive, this 24th day of January, 1806.

Test John Coffee.”

A short time after Jackson takes the pledge (which will not for long bind him too strictly to the drinking only of water) he encounters Thomas Swann, recently arrived in Tennessee from Virginia. He is a very young man, already of the legal profession, who immediately falls into the companionship of Dickinson. Being a Virginian, Swann quite naturally looks upon all westerners in much the same way as Robinson Crusoe might have regarded his man Friday. They were a herd of baboons, to be soothed or suppressed as the occasion might demand. So thought Mr. Swann, the upstart from Virginia. It appears that Dickinson, by dropping a word here and there, has communicated to Swann his dislike of Jackson, and this is sufficient to convince Swann that the General need not be taken too seriously. A controversy, in which Swann is made to take a leading part—probably at the bidding of Dickinson—immediately arises in

connection with the character of the notes of forfeiture that Captain Ervin has turned over to General Jackson.

A report is out that the notes tendered were not those specified in the original agreement. Swann takes it upon himself to ask Jackson if the report about the notes is true. He returns to Dickinson and quotes Jackson as replying in the affirmative. Thereupon, Dickinson goes to Jackson and asks him if the report that Swann has brought is true, and the General replies that the author of it is "a damned liar." Swann, in a letter to Jackson, complains that the "harshness of this expression has deeply wounded" his feelings, and he challenges Jackson to a duel. But Jackson meets young Mr. Swann in a tavern at Nashville and canes him instead. He will not waste his shooting arm on one who is merely a pawn of Dickinson's. Swann's behavior toward General Jackson is like that of a poodle snapping at a wolf. The wolf, looking for bigger game, merely slaps the poodle and brushes it aside.

But Jackson supplements his caning of Swann with a letter to the Virginian in which he pays his compliments to Dickinson. He writes:

"Let me, sir, observe one thing: that I never wantonly sport with the feelings of innocence, nor am I ever awed into measures. If incautiously I inflict a wound, I always hasten to remove it; if offence is taken where none is offered or intended, it gives me no pain . . . When the conversation dropt between mr. Dickinson and myself, I thought it was at an end. As he wishes to blow the coal, I am ready to light it to a blaze, that it may be

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consumed at once, and finally extinguished. I request you to show him this. I set out this morning for Southwest Point. Be assured I hold myself answerable for any of my conduct, and should any thing herein contained give mr. Dickinson the spleen, I will furnish him with an anodine as soon as I return."

In this same letter, Jackson refers to Dickinson as "a base poltroon and a cowardly tale-bearer."

Swann exhibits Jackson's letter to Dickinson, and a few days later Dickinson replies to Jackson in a manner that makes a duel between them inevitable.

"As to the word, *coward*," Dickinson writes, "I think it is as applicable to yourself as any one I know, and I shall be very glad when an opportunity serves to know in what manner you give your anodines, and hope you will take in payment one of my most moderate cathartics."

Having said so much, Dickinson departs on a flat-boat for a voyage to New Orleans. When Jackson received this challenge Dickinson was many miles beyond hope of receiving the General's reply. And all the time Dickinson was away he embraced every idle moment in target practice.

3

With Dickinson out of the way, Swann proceeds to air his grievance against Jackson in the columns of the "Impartial Review and Cumberland Repository," the editor of which, Thomas Eastin, is related to Jackson by marriage. This paper-war continues for several months

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and the natives are duly amused by the constant rehashing of the charges and counter-charges involved in the matter which, in sum, is ridiculous, barring Dickinson's repeated charge of adultery against Jackson and his wife. This is really the root of the matter and keeps the pot boiling. Meanwhile, two excited young men, each a violent partisan of the major participants in the controversy—Jackson and Dickinson—are drawn into a duel. It is merely one of the preliminaries of the principal bout.

Dickinson, greatly refreshed by his stay in New Orleans and the leisurely voyage up the Mississippi, returns to Nashville on May 20, 1806. He is still satisfied that he is the best shot in Tennessee, so two days later he writes a long and vitriolic attack on General Jackson and hands it to Editor Eastin who, since he publishes an "*Impartial Review*," is bound to print the communication.

In his letter to the editor, Dickinson writes: "Should Andrew Jackson have intended these epithets for me, I declare him, notwithstanding he is a Major General of the militia of the Mero District, to be a worthless scoundrel, 'a poltroon and a coward'—a man, who by frivolous and evasive pretexts, avoided giving the satisfaction which was due to a gentleman whom he had injured . . . I am well convinced he is too great a coward to administer any of those anodines he promised me in his letter to Mr. Swann."

Jackson, informed in advance that this letter was to appear, mounts his horse and dashes off to the editor's office to read it for himself. One glance at the letter convinces him that the die is cast. It shall be a duel to the death!

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The same day Jackson's sends a challenge to Dickinson, and the same day it is accepted. The seconds—General Thomas Overton for Jackson and Dr. Hanson Catlet for Dickinson—draw up an agreement in writing:

“On Friday, the 30th instant, we agree to meet at Harrison's Mills on Red River, in Logan County, State of Kentucky, for the purpose of settling an affair of honor between General Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Esq. It is understood that the meeting will be at the hour of seven in the morning.”

When Jackson hears the duel is postponed for a week, he is beside himself with rage. Why the delay? he demands of Overton. Promptly a note is dispatched to Dickinson urging the duel at once. Word is returned by Dr. Catlet that the delay is essential because Dickinson must obtain the proper pistol. Off goes a second appeal from Jackson's quarters. He offers Dickinson the choice of his own pistols and swears he will use the one discarded by his adversary. General Andrew Jackson is impatient for the killing—whosoever the victim is to be.

The seconds meet again a few days before the duel and agree upon the following conditions of the combat: “It is agreed that the distance shall be twenty-four feet; the parties to stand facing each other, with their pistols down perpendicularly. When they are ready, the single word, Fire, to be given; at which they are to fire as soon as they please. Should either fire before the word is given, we pledge ourselves to shoot him down instantly. The person to give the word to be determined by lot, as also the choice

of position. We mutually agree that the above regulations shall be observed in the affair of honor depending between General Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Esq."

Every one on the Cumberland knows the duel is to take place, but only those directly concerned know where and when. Every day men dismount in front of the editor's office and inquire about the duel. Throughout the state, betting is laid upon the results, and the odds are against Jackson. Dickinson bets five hundred dollars he will topple his adversary at the first shot. Jackson puts up not a cent. An ancient doom could not be more grim than is the General. He does not flourish his confidence, but he has plenty of it.

4

The dawn of the day before the duel finds each man up and creeping stealthily about his house. He is going to a killing. Jackson tells Rachel he has business in Kentucky and will return in two days. Rachel does not question Jackson about his business, now or at any other time. Nor does he ever question her too closely. They take each other for granted. It is enough. Dickinson steals from the side of his beautiful wife, kisses her with impressive tenderness and says he has business across the Red River. The Red River!

A cavalcade of gay Tennessee dogs follows the dashing Dickinson. They make of it an interlude of frolic between lengthy periods of backwoods monotony. It is a long day's ride to the rendezvous, and when they stop for refreshment at taverns en route Dickinson entertains his admirers with specimens of his marksmanship. Four times

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he puts a bullet in a target the size of a half dollar at a distance of twenty-four feet. He can not miss. Along the road Dickinson sees an object suspended by a string tied to a limb of a tree. He is thirty feet from it; he reins in his horse, levels his pistol and fires. The string snaps. He laughs gayly. "When General Jackson passes this way *show him that,*" he calls to an overseer going into the fields.

There is none of this hilarity in the Jackson party. The tall man is discussing earnestly with General Overton the affair at hand. They decide that Dickinson shall have the chance of firing first since, like all crack marksmen, he does not require time to take correct aim. Jackson has made up his mind he will be hit, but he does not want the effect of his bullet destroyed by having to fire too quickly. "I shall hit him even if he shoots me through the brain," the General says slowly and solemnly to Overton.

After a day's riding both parties, who have chosen different routes as far as possible, come to the taverns where they stop for the night. Dickinson and his party make merry. There is much drinking and card playing, with Dickinson as a spectator of all this. He revels in the thought that it is all in his honor. The young blades are sure that before another day has passed they shall accompany back to Nashville the conqueror of Andrew Jackson. In the woods, and around the stores and public buildings in Nashville and elsewhere on the Cumberland, Jackson's friends, who are many, are both praying and betting for the General to win. They, too, think he cannot miss. Rachel knows nothing of all this.

Jackson's grimness has trailed off into pleasantries. He

THE KILLING ON RED RIVER

eats heartily at supper and converses gayly with his friends. In the evening he smokes his pipe as usual, and retires early.

It is a warm May morning. The sun has sprinkled jewels over the fields of Kentucky which the slaves grind into the yielding earth. They hear the rhythmic beat of horses' hoofs on the road that runs toward the river, and they unbend their backs to see if this can be their master coming to lash them into greater effort. They see a tall man with a great crop of tousled hair turning gray conversing with another man galloping by his side. The tall man's cape flutters in the breeze of the May morning. The slaves bend to their tasks as the overseer strides among them.

The horsemen ride a mile along the river, then turn sharply toward it. There is no ferryman to take them across. Andrew Jackson plunges his horse into the river, Overton following him. Dickinson and his party have preceded them on the ferry. It seems as if things are going Dickinson's way, Overton thinks. Jackson gallops on toward the appointed place and dismounts. All the courtesies of gentlemen on a field of honor are duly observed. This is no common bar-room brawl so familiar to General Jackson and his adversary. French duelists might learn some points of civility from these gentle savages of Tennessee come for a killing.

5

Some one nudges Jackson and inquires how he feels *now*. "All right," the General replies. "I shall wing him, never fear." Overton wins the lot of giving the word, "Fire," and Dickinson's second wins the choice of posi-

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tion. The paces are measured and the duelists are placed. Both men are utterly collected and composed. They are hatless. The wind sifts through the tall man's hair. His face is stern, his jaws set, but there is no pent up fury in his deep blue eyes. He is cautious and serene, qualities that have marked him and shall mark him in every great crisis.

A long frock coat with cape attached covers his slender and erect figure. It is folded loosely about him, for the purpose of deceiving Dickinson who will aim straight at Jackson's heart. The moment is tense as both men face each other under the poplars.

"Are you ready?" Overton's strident voice echoes through the forest.

"I am ready," replies Dickinson.

"I am ready," replies Jackson.

The words are still warm on their lips when Overton shouts, "Fire!"

A curl of dust flies from Jackson's coat. He raises his left arm and clutches tightly at his breast.

The smile of triumph flits over Dickinson's face and as quickly freezes as he sees Jackson, who has not wavered nor budged an inch, slowly raise his pistol.

"Great God! Have I missed him!" moans Dickinson, astonished that the tall man does not topple.

"Back to the mark!" shouts Overton, grasping his own pistol. Dickinson steps to the peg and turns his head from the deadly gaze of Jackson. Dickinson swoons in his soul, but his body is erect, firm and commanding.

Andrew Jackson takes deliberate aim. He snaps the trigger. The pistol does not explode. It is at half cock. He pulls back the trigger and takes a second aim. Dickin-

son topples. The blood gushes from his wounds for the ball has passed through his body. His seconds and friends carry him away.

One of Jackson's shoes is full of blood. "My God! Are you hit?" asks Overton. "Oh, I believe he has pinked me a little," says Jackson.

Dickinson's bullet had gone straight to where he supposed was Jackson's heart, but the General's loose coat had deceived him. The bullet broke two of Jackson's ribs and raked his breastbone. It was a painful, ragged wound; but Jackson mounts his horse and gallops off to the tavern where he had passed the previous night.

His surgeon dresses his wound, and when this is done, Jackson sends a note to Dickinson's friends, who have arrived with the wounded man at a tavern near-by, stating that the surgeon attending himself will be glad to minister to the needs of Dickinson. Word is returned that Dickinson is past the need for surgery. During the day Jackson dispatches a bottle of wine to Dr. Catlet for his patient.

Dickinson bleeds to death. His last words are a curse that he had failed to kill Andrew Jackson.

6

In Nashville the results of the duel create a profound sensation. Large amounts of money bet on the outcome change hands over the tavern bars.

Dickinson was popular in Nashville and on the Cumberland. His friends draft a memorial and take it to Mr. Eastin, requesting him to publish it in the "Impartial Review." They also prevail upon the editor to drape his paper in mourning by reversing the column rules for one

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issue. Jackson hears of this, as he hears of everything. He rises from his couch at the Hermitage, and Rachel brings him ink and paper. He sends a letter to the editor demanding that the names of those who subscribe to the memorial be published along with the eulogy.

Eastin publishes Jackson's letter in the next issue, and twenty-six citizens file into his office and erase their names from the memorial to Dickinson. They consider it risky business to affront the conqueror of the crack shot of Tennessee.

General Jackson will never boast of this affair. He will never speak of it to his friends. A section of the population of Tennessee believe him to be a cold-blooded murderer. But these are the friends of Dickinson. A larger number believe he was eminently justified in dispatching the man who talked too loosely about adultery.

Chapter XII

JACKSON, BURR AND TREASON

I

NAPOLEON'S conquests produce a profound sensation in America, especially in the West, where great admiration was felt for the little Corsican. In no country outside of the continent of Europe were the people so deeply stirred as the Americans. Westerners believed Napoleon would conquer the world, and America might just as well be in at the Wake on his side. They envisioned him as the liberator of mankind, but particularly as the enemy of kings. These simple, rustic western Americans did not see that Napoleon enthroned a puppet king of his own choice for every monarch he toppled. In one month—at the latest, two—England would be humbled; and how these southwesterners despised England, which still regarded the young republic as an impudent, noisy brat in the family of nations.

Bonaparte's influence in America is seen clearly in the number of persons who are adventuring in many directions. Meriwether Lewis, Jefferson's private secretary, and William Clark, a young frontiersman, have explored the continent from the Mississippi to the Far West and the Pacific. Americans now have more than a shadowy

idea of how far they may yet push the white man's triumph. The Lewis and Clark Expedition marks a turning point on this continent.

In a little while (1807), Robert Fulton, a Scotch-Irishman, will invent an odd looking boat propelled by steam. That year he will launch his craft, the *Clermont*, off the Battery, and it will glide serenely up the Hudson to Albany, one hundred and fifty miles, making the trip in thirty-two hours. People will line the water-front, many of them betting the trick cannot be done, and the owners of sail boats hoping as much. By 1811 a steamboat will appear on the Ohio, and in the next year steamboats will be making regular runs between Pittsburgh and New Orleans. America is getting its stride.

There are, however, some instances where American adventurers are merely buccaneers and swashbucklers. These have imitated Napoleon's predilection for high romance found in the conquest of uncharted lands and alien peoples. They are in love with the notion of stalking over the earth—even American earth—rattling their swords and scarifying the natives.

Aaron Burr, a colonel in the War for Independence, member of Congress from New York, Vice President of the United States in Jefferson's first term, and in 1804 the killer of Alexander Hamilton in a duel on Weehawken Heights, is a comic imitation of Napoleon at his worst. But the West, particularly Tennessee, takes Burr seriously; and Andrew Jackson, himself an ardent Bonapartist, embraces the New Yorker and invites him to his hearth at the Hermitage.



Jackson, while a member of Congress, had met Burr in Philadelphia and was impressed with the courtly and suave New Yorker. Also, it was Burr who championed Tennessee's fight for admission into the Union, and the Cumberland would not soon forget that signal service. Burr, an exile from New York because of his duel with Hamilton, was the more welcome in the West, due to his having murdered with a pistol the founder of the Bank of the United States, which the West abominated. Moreover, the fact that Burr was a duelist and a killer lent prestige, and a certain social position, to the head-hunters of the West, among whom Jackson ranks as one of the leaders.

In the Spring of 1805, Burr turned westward, and on May 29 he visited the town of Nashville, which had become one of the most prosperous of the western communities. Nashville received the great Burr with joy and éclat. People came from remote sections, isolated farms and settlements, and not a few crossed a river or two to pay their respects to the conqueror of Hamilton, and the friend of Tennessee.

A great dinner is arranged for the noted visitor at the best tavern. Nothing is wanting in pomp and ceremony. General Jackson mounts his finest horse and gallops from the Hermitage to Nashville to attend and pay honor to Colonel Burr who, after the festivities, is the General's guest for five days. At this meeting Jackson learns virtually nothing of Burr's plans or his purpose in the West.

On June 3, Burr departs. He is keeping a diary for

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the amusement of his beautiful daughter, Theodosia, who would really like to be a princess some day. Theodosia is by no means alone among American women in that wish. In his diary, Burr writes that General Jackson has provided him with a boat, and he is about to navigate down the Cumberland River on which "we expect to find our boat, with which we intend to make a rapid voyage down the Mississippi to Natchez and Orleans." On the Ohio River, Burr meets General James Wilkinson, of the United States Army, who is on his way to St. Louis. Wilkinson supplies Burr with an elegant barge, sails, colors, ten oars, a sergeant and "ten able, faithful hands."

It appears that Burr had made a deliberate detour that he might visit Nashville, renew his acquaintance with Jackson and see the lay of the land in Tennessee and along the upper Mississippi for his project. General Wilkinson had risen from a Kentucky storekeeper to the army. He was already suspected of having received bribes of gold from the Spanish government of Florida. On August 6, 1805, Burr returned to Nashville and was again a guest at the Hermitage. The Colonel, again writing to Theodosia, expresses his admiration of General Jackson, whom he describes as "now a planter, a man of intelligence, and one of those prompt, frank, ardent souls whom I love to meet." He tells Theodosia he is having a new map of the United States sent to her so that she might trace his route through the wilderness.

The threat of war with Spain is in the air, especially in the West. For twenty years there has existed ill-feeling between the West and the Spanish governors over the question of the right of the states to free access to the

Mississippi River. Jackson is in favor of war with Spain to settle this question once and for all. President Jefferson is trying to stave off the conflict through diplomacy and at the same time pacify the West. This subject, it may be supposed, was uppermost in the conversations between Jackson and Burr. Finally, Colonel Burr quit the Hermitage and returned to the East. Meanwhile, General Jackson was being harassed by the Dickinson episode, and fortunately Burr did not appear upon the scene to complicate matters until after the fatal duel.

3

It is September, 1806. For three months the General has been closely confined to his house, waiting for his wound to heal. There are many times during this convalescence when he and Rachel speak openly of their wish that they might be permitted to pass the rest of their days in peace and quiet. But the words are no sooner spoken by Jackson than he thinks of the Spaniards, of their impudence and insolence toward the western states during all these years, and he becomes restive, eager for war that he might help to drive them from the American continent. He will, but not yet. Not under the gentle Jefferson.

Burr has arrived. He brings with him his lovely daughter and leaves her on Blennerhassett Island. He never expects to return to the East again. If his plans mature, an empire! Emperor Aaron! Princess Theodosia! Perhaps the fond father would rather gratify his daughter's wish to be a real Princess than that he should become an Emperor. Perhaps it is she who drives him into this shadowy business.

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General Jackson loses no time in informing his closest friends, who, with him, constitute the leading citizens of Nashville, that Colonel Burr is back in town and at the Hermitage. The important gentlemen trot over to pay their respects, but there is something cool in their greeting. Reports have reached the Cumberland that Colonel Burr's designs are not in the interest of the United States. In the East he is openly suspected of plotting a conspiracy to conquer Mexico from Spain, seize the southwestern territories of the United States and establish an empire, à la Napoleon.

The East, unfriendly to Burr, believes most of these reports, but the West takes them with many reservations. Jackson has heard the rumors, and, to prove that he disbelieves them, the General arranges a great ball in the Colonel's honor. When all is ready and the guests are assembled, many of them standing rigidly against the wall, like mechanical dummies pasted onto the paper, the Colonel and the General enter by a door at the end of the great hall, and they bow most graciously to the right and to the left as they parade the length of the room, arm in arm. Jackson is in the resplendent uniform of a Major General, while Burr is attired in black silk and white lace ruffles. None could believe that evil motives lurked in the folds of that gorgeous lace, in the pockets of that wondrous silk suit, or in the head of this cultured man. For the first time in its history, Nashville, indeed the whole state of Tennessee, really looked upon themselves as being civilized. Did not the presence of Burr attest as much?

The success of the famous ball serves to humble all

who are skeptical. People who had suspected him are utterly ashamed. They whisper their apologies to each other.

Burr departs and a month passes. November comes. Early in the month, Jackson, still interested in the store at Clover Bottom, but not active in its management, receives an order from Burr for five large boats, such as are used for descending the western rivers, and a quantity of supplies. Three thousand five hundred dollars in Kentucky bank notes accompany the order. The firm sets about to fill the contract, and a friend of Jackson's, Patten Anderson, is busy raising a company of men to go with Burr down the river. Anderson enlists seventy-five men. Anderson's expenses are paid out of the sum that Burr has sent to Jackson. Does General Jackson suspect anything? Not a thing. He thinks Burr is merely trying to assemble boats and supplies to found a colony somewhere along the Mississippi, and be on hand should a war come with Spain.

Jackson is ignorant of the fact that Burr has been communicating with General Wilkinson in cipher. Jackson does not know that Burr has been sending his special emissary, Samuel Swartwout, to Wilkinson's headquarters. On November 10, Jackson receives a visit from a friend. What he learns from this man thoroughly arouses him.

Burr means to divide the Union. He will seize New Orleans and the bank. Then he will close the port. He will conquer Mexico and unite the western part of the Union to the conquered country. He will do this with the aid of United States troops, headed by General Wilkinson, his willing dupe. New Orleans shall be the capital of this em-

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pire and Aaron Burr its Emperor. Theodosia becomes a Princess (in the dream) and her boy a Duke. It is lovely.

General Jackson loses not a minute in warning all and sundry of what he has heard. If Burr is actually a traitor, Jackson has aided and abetted his crime; he has furnished him with boats and supplies, and taken Burr's money in payment for these trappings, and sent Anderson with seventy-five men—all Cumberland boys—on the expedition.

General Andrew Jackson, walking delegate for the Declaration of Independence, is himself skating on the thin ice of treason—if Burr is a traitor. Off goes Jackson's letter to his friend, Governor Claiborne, of the Orleans Territory, warning him against Burr, and advising him to put his town in a state of defence. "Keep a watchful eye upon Wilkinson," writes Jackson. "I fear there is 'something rotten in the state of Denmark.'"

4

Almost at the same time Jackson, eager to clear himself of any connection with Burr's project, writes to President Jefferson offering the services of his division of the state militia "in the event of insult or aggression made on our government and country *from any quarter.*" Actually, Jackson does not yet know what Burr is up to, nor does anyone else know. Burr himself probably could not say.

On December 14, Burr, having been arrested and acquitted in Kentucky on suspicion of conspiring against the United States, returns to Nashville and the Hermitage, but Rachel Jackson, in the absence of the Gen-

eral, receives him coldly. Rachel is a thorough-going patriot. The Colonel proceeds to Clover Bottom, stays at a tavern, and there General Jackson confronts Burr frankly with what he has heard and demands the truth from Burr. The New Yorker denies any unfriendly intentions toward the government. Jackson is more inclined to believe Burr than to view him as a traitor. Moreover, he refuses to condemn any man on rumor. He demands proof. But he is also cautious, and he instructs his partners to accept no more orders from Burr, but to fulfill the contract already agreed upon.

On December 22, Burr and his followers depart from Clover Bottom in two unarmed boats, built by the Jackson firm. Three more are specified in the contract, but these are never called for. The party is bound, it seems, for Blennerhassett Island where they will meet Burr's flotilla. Then down the Mississippi to Natchez, where General Wilkinson, of the United States Army, is supposed to be waiting the arrival of the Emperor-to-be; thence on to Texas, and the establishment of the throne.

Colonel Burr has scarcely climbed into his boats at Clover Bottom and pushed down the river when a proclamation from President Jefferson reaches Nashville, and throws that region into a delirium of excitement. The gracious Colonel is burnt in effigy in the public square.

On January 1, 1807, General Jackson receives word from the President and the Secretary of War, General Henry Dearborn—a Revolutionary patriot—ordering him to hold his command in readiness to march in pursuit of the traitors. General Jackson is prompt to obey this command. In all directions his orders fly to his subordinate

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officers. The Revolutionary Veterans of Tennessee, all over fifty years of age, tender their services to Jackson, and in a perfervid patriotic outburst he accepts their proffer.

Privately, however, Jackson still does not suspect Burr of treason. The wish that Burr is innocent may be father to Jackson's thought, for has not Jackson provided the adventurer with boats and supplies? Jackson suspects that Burr is merely a victim of persecution because of his killing of Hamilton. The western General has small use for the effete East, anyway, and less use now for Jefferson's Administration because it has refused to declare war against Spain.

To his friend, Patten Anderson, Jackson writes that he has received a letter from Secretary of War Dearborn. "It is the merest old-woman letter from the Secretary that you ever saw. . . . Wilkinson has denounced Burr as a traitor after he found that he was implicated. I have it from the President that all volunteers will be gratefully accepted. . . . The Secretary of War is not fit for a granny."

But at Washington, Jackson is suspected as a confederate of Burr, who, while in the East, dropped a word here and there that he had the support of Tennessee and General Andrew Jackson. In a long letter to his friend, George W. Campbell, Congressman from Tennessee, Jackson explains fully his relations with Burr, and concludes by saying that he will "pay his respects" to the Secretary of War. He also writes again to Anderson, declaring that "by the next mail I will instruct him (the Secretary of War) in his duty and convince him that I know mine."

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And Jackson loses no time in doing this, for, on January 8, the Major General of Militia delivers himself of this broadside to the Secretary of War, a letter not calculated to elevate Jackson in a military way, which he so much desires at this time. An extract from his letter :

“Col. B. received, sir, all that hospitality that a banished patriot from his home was entitled to. I then thought him a patriot in exile for a cause that every man of honor must regret, the violence with which he was pursued, all his language to me covered with a love of country, and obedience to the laws and your orders. Under these declarations and after his acquittal by a respectable grand jury of Kentucky, my suspicions of him vanished, and I did furnish him with two boats, and had he wanted two more on the same terms and under the same impressions I then had he should have had them. But sir, when proof shews him to be a traitor, I would cut his throat with as much pleasure as I would cut yours on equal testimony.”

5

Jackson's hatred was for General Wilkinson, not for Burr. He despised Wilkinson for his duplicity with Burr, and was angered with President Jefferson for not pursuing Wilkinson with the same energy that he tracked Colonel Burr. It is also likely that Jackson covets Wilkinson's rank in the army. He would stop at little to undo him.

But Burr finally surrenders and is taken to Richmond for trial on the charge of treason. John Marshall, ele-

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vated to the Supreme Court of the United States by President Adams as one of the last tributes Adams could pay to the Federalist Party, is the presiding justice, while the astute Henry Clay, of Kentucky, is counsel for Burr. Wilkinson is state's witness against Burr. General Jackson is summoned to appear at Richmond as a witness, and he mounts his steed and gallops eastward. It will take him nearly two weeks to get there. Richmond stares at him.

Jackson is talking so loudly in defense of Burr that it is decided not to put him on the witness stand. Nothing daunted, General Jackson mounts the courthouse steps and harangues a crowd for more than an hour. His discourse is divided between a defense of Burr and a denunciation of President Jefferson and his Cabinet, particularly the Secretary of War. Jackson's conduct at Richmond angers James Madison, Secretary of State, who is striving to keep the country at peace.

It is not likely Jackson knew that his friend, Colonel Burr, had asked the British Minister, Anthony Merry, for the loan of half a million dollars, and a supporting squadron of British ships at the mouth of the Mississippi. However, being unable to prove the "overt act," the charge of treason against Burr is finally reduced to a misdemeanor, and he is acquitted. The whole affair has been made the football of politics, but it will at least furnish the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale with a theme for his fiction, "The Man Without a Country," many years later.

One incident immensely pleases Jackson, who now realizes he has been imposed upon. Certain streets of Rich-

mond are very narrow, and two fat men walking in opposite directions would have difficulty in passing each other. Samuel Swartwout, aide-de-camp and general factotum to Colonel Burr, sights the portly General Wilkinson waddling down the street toward him. They collide, and Swartwout gives the General a vigorous push with his shoulder, sending the star witness against Burr sprawling into the gutter. Jackson hears of this and doubles with laughter.

Twenty years later this same Swartwout, who wormed his way into Jackson's esteem by pushing Wilkinson into the street, will be rewarded by President Jackson with the place of Collector of Customs at the port of New York; and Swartwout will evince his appreciation by looting the government's coffers of a million and a quarter, which he will spend at his leisure in Europe. The thievery will produce a first class scandal and give the Jackson regime a black eye, but it will be only a rehearsal of Tammany's talents in that direction.

The clouds are gathering for a war with England. Jefferson is determined to stave off the conflict during his rule. Madison, slated to be the next President, will inherit this tremendous burden. But in 1808, General Jackson will throw his support to James Monroe.

Meanwhile, Andrew Jackson is home again, listening to Rachel reading her Bible, and at the same time hoping that a war with England will not be long deferred. "I must tell you," he writes to a friend at this time, "that Bonaparte has destroyed the Prussian army. We ought to have a little of the emperor's energy."



Chapter XIII

WAR CLOUDS GATHER FOR 1812

I

FOR three years prior to 1812 the country felt that a second war with England was inevitable. Dating from the Jay Treaty, affairs between the United States and Great Britain had been drifting toward a collision which the militant republicans of the South and West declared openly could be settled only upon the battlefield. President Jefferson had been able to maintain a policy of neutrality in the affairs of war-torn Europe, but almost at the expense of wrecking his own Administration. James Madison, Jefferson's Secretary of State, a man of culture and disposed to embrace much of the Jeffersonian political idealism and philosophic humanism, had fought bravely to maintain America's integrity through diplomacy the while Napoleon flew across Europe like a bloody meteor, erasing ancient boundaries, crushing the thrones of impotent kingdoms and setting up vassal dynasties obedient to his whims.

But the task harassed both Jefferson and Madison, and in 1809 the sage of Monticello was happy to pass the burden on to Madison, also a Virginian, and thus perpetuate for a time the Virginia dynasty in American poli-

tics. Madison, however, was not a commanding figure and the drift toward war became steadily apparent as the months of his Administration passed. A long train of abuses by England—ever impudent and insolent toward the young republic in those early years—had all but caused the country to become bankrupt by 1812.

In Jefferson's Administration Congress had passed an Embargo Act, forbidding American vessels to leave these ports with goods for European shores. This was an attempt to protect American merchantmen from seizures, and American seamen from impressment by British naval commanders. It was nearly a disastrous policy, for American products rotted in warehouses and on the docks; merchants were driven into bankruptcy; everywhere there was unemployment; prices doubled and tripled; farmers and planters of the South and the West had no market for their cotton, rice, tobacco, corn and pork. To obey the law was to face starvation; to violate it by attempting to smuggle goods into Spanish Florida and Canada, thence to Europe, was to run the risk of encountering United States agents. The law pleased none.

In the Summer of 1807, the American frigate, Chesapeake, was fired upon by the British warship, Leopard, and three American seamen were killed and eighteen were wounded. The Chesapeake had refused to surrender sailors who the British claimed were deserters from King George's navy. British and French ships patrolled the American coast within the three mile limit, and the ships of each nation harassed and searched American merchantmen at will, the English commanders frequently seizing both vessels and cargo. In 1811 it was admitted in the

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House of Commons that 1,600 American seamen had been dragged from our ships and impressed into the service of Great Britain.

In the Spring of 1811, a British frigate stopped an American ship near New York harbor and took from on board an apprentice serving master of the brig. This man, John Diggio, was a native of Maine. The incident created deep resentment in the country, particularly in the South and West, where it was known that the several Indian nations, notably the Creeks, were being stirred up against the United States by British agents, and likewise Spanish ones. Since Spain was an ally of Great Britain against Napoleon, Spanish provinces in America became hotbeds of intrigue against the United States. This was the condition that the West and South had to face.

The expansionist movement, which began in the Jefferson Administration with the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon, had created the fever for still more territory as the population increased and its needs for land and materials grew. The Indians stood in the way of this. The Spanish provinces were in the way. England was in the way, for England desired that the United States should confine themselves East of the Mississippi. The West looked upon England as the chief foe.

2

All along the frontier, pioneers were prepared for the onward march into the West. Their cry was for land, for the settlement of the continent by white men East of the Mississippi, from its mouth to the gulf. The Indians

might remain in restricted reservations if they behaved themselves; if not, they were to be shunted further westward into uncharted lands. The Indians heard this cry and understood its meaning. They turned to Great Britain for help—and received it.

There were many leaders in the country who believed that if a war with England should come it would be just as well for the United States to annex Canada. Henry Clay, of Kentucky, was one of these. "Is it nothing for us to extinguish the torch that lights up savage warfare?" he asked. "Is it nothing to acquire the entire fur trade connected with that country and to destroy the temptation and opportunity of violating your revenue and other laws?"

Several years before 1812, the great Tecumseh, and his brother, the Prophet, both aided by the British, set about to unite all the Indian tribes of the northwest and the southwest into one great confederacy for a war against the United States. In 1811, Tecumseh appeared at a council of the Creek Indian nation, in the old town of Tuckaubatchee, on the upper Tallapoosa, in Alabama, and made an effective plea for a union of all the Red men against the extension of the white settlements. The eloquence of this remarkable chief fired the heart of the young braves of the Creek nation, and they were resolved from that moment to resist the advance of the white man. But the Creek war was not to begin just yet.

In the northwest,—Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky—there was much alarm felt among the whites because of the Indian depredations. The Reds were becoming bolder.

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General William Henry Harrison, territorial governor of Indiana, moved suddenly against the tribes and dealt them a severe blow at the battle of Tippecanoe.

General Jackson was watching these events. In November, 1811, seven months before the United States declared war against England, Jackson wrote to General Harrison offering to assist him in putting down the Indians. In fact, Jackson had already issued orders to his men to be prepared to march northward if Harrison's men were endangered. Militia commanders of western states in those days were obliged to rely upon their own judgment. Washington was a long, long trail from the frontier. Before orders could reach the West from the East, whole towns might be decimated. General Andrew Jackson never waited for orders from his superiors telling him when to act. He moved when he pleased, and acted in accordance with the situation of that particular moment. He ignored all orders, official or otherwise, that did not synchronize with what he thought should be done. That quality was both his strength and his weakness.

Said Jackson to Harrison: "Should the aid of part of my Division be necessary to enable you to revenge the blood of our brave heroes who fell by the deceitful hands of those unrelenting barbarians, I will with pleasure march five hundred or one thousand brave Tennesseans. The blood of our murdered heroes must be revenged that Banditti ought to be swept from the face of the earth. I do hope that Government will see that it is necessary to act efficiently, and that this Hostile band, *which must be excited to war by the secrete agents of Great Britain must be destroyed.*"

The War of 1812 has commonly been regarded by many historians as a "traders war." It appears to have been desired much more by the agrarian expansionists than by the eastern merchants and ship owners, who were most directly hit by the incessant encroachments upon and violations of American property rights. The War Party hoped not only to rid the South and the West of the Indian barriers against the advance of the agrarian frontier, but to gather in the rich fur trade enjoyed by the British, and the fertile farm lands of Canada. It was an ambitious program, and it quite overwhelmed President Madison.

3

These were the conditions rapidly developing in the country in the few years prior to the second war with England. Andrew Jackson, home at the Hermitage, near Nashville, is following each event as it unfolds. His passionate interest in the affairs of the day is extraordinary for one whose only official position is that of Major General of the western division of the State Militia. What is Jackson angling for? Legislative and judicial honors have been his, and he has turned his back upon them. Does he, can he, expect a higher office at the hands of the people? If so, what? If he has political ambitions he has not confided them to a single soul. The Presidency is as far from Jackson's mind as anything possibly could be, and yet he is in his early forties—the time of life when a man has call to give eye to the future. But Jackson seems not to make any plans for the future. It is a matter of come day, go day with him. He is a military man on the frontier of the white man's civilization. Home with

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Rachel tonight, maybe entertaining a guest or two at the Hermitage; in the thicket tomorrow contesting the strength of the white man over the Red. Now at the race track, or the cock-pit—arguing, betting, cheering; now at the auction block buying human flesh and blood to work his plantations, or else demanding his own price for his excess slaves.

As the clouds gather for the next war, General Jackson is living the quiet life of a southern planter, highly respected in the community, loved by those who know him best, feared by numbers of men who have felt the blast of his violent oaths, or have seen the fury in his blazing eyes that burn like balls of fire in a tiger's head. But General Jackson is never quite as angry as he appears to be. Not once has he ever permitted his temper to carry him beyond "reason." If General Jackson says, "By the eternal Almighty God, I will burn him alive," he means to do exactly that, and sets in motion the machinery to accomplish the deed.

If General Jackson writes a man a stinging rebuke and concludes with a challenge to a duel, then he has furnished his pistols in advance and awaits only the arrangements for the combat. He is not a bluffer, though he is something of a bully—a bully who is not a coward.

General Jackson is in close, intimate touch with nearly all public men aligned in the political faith to which he adheres, and many others besides. His opinions are sought on diverse public questions, especially by Tennessee's representatives in Congress, for they know that Jackson is the spirit incarnate of the frontier; they know that what he says is in the interest of the people without regard

to their social position, or their property, great or small; Jackson is a man of the people, and the people know it. His letters fly in all directions to public men—from the President down to the humblest Indian agent. He is no respecter of what is called high place, neither does he look upon those in lowly positions as mean. In a very real sense Andrew Jackson is a passionate lover of liberty, both personal and national; he regards all rights as subordinate to the rights of man. To express this love and to attain these rights for himself and for others he not infrequently tramples upon both. Does not all history point to the Temple of Liberty as the citadel of the tyrant?

Freedom! Rights! Man! These are but fragile stems of some remote truth whose meaning is as vague as the purpose of the bloody battles fought in its name. Jackson's character thus far bears many of the hall-marks of a dictator whose sharp thrusts are blunted by the ascendant democracy of which he wills to be a spokesman. There is confusion. The warp of personal will ever entangled with the woof of the impersonal ideal. The Rights of Man!

4

Although the Hermitage is frequently the gathering place of Mrs. Jackson's numerous nieces, nephews, sisters and brothers, and the friends of each of these, she feels something is lacking. It is not want of love, for her tall man adores her. There is dignity, stateliness in their mutual love and respect, one for the other. Both are fond of children, but their marriage has been childless. Did the great fever, that accompanied the smallpox, and which

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for a time unbalanced Jackson's mind in his boyhood following his harrowing experiences in the War for Independence, render him sterile? If so, might that not account for his irascibility, his almost constant self-torture in brooding over real and imaginary wrongs? On the other hand, what of Rachel's previous marriage, likewise childless? The answers to these questions might explain much, but they are answerless.

Twins are born to one of Mrs. Jackson's brothers, Savern Donelson. The mother of them is not a healthy woman, and Rachel, partly to relieve her sister, but more to satisfy her own longing and to provide a son and heir for General Jackson, takes one of the infants when it is but a few days old, home to the Hermitage. The General is pleased beyond measure. He gives the child his name, Andrew Jackson, junior, adopts him, raises him as his son, and will leave him his estate when he dies.

In a few years, still another nephew of Mrs. Jackson will be named Andrew Jackson Donelson, and this boy, too, the General will fondle on his lap in the evenings by the open fire, or sitting out of doors on the porch while he and Rachel both smoke their long reed stem pipes. As the two boys grow and become mischievous, it is a common sight to see General Jackson sitting in a great arm chair, one little Andrew wedged on each side of him, the tall man's arms trying to pinion them so they might not smack the newspaper from his hands and laugh uproariously when they succeed in making him scramble across the floor to rescue it.

Visitors at the Hermitage are astonished when they

see the uncommon patience of General Jackson in his home. They have heard of him as a fire-eater, a man-killer, one used to uttering great oaths, one who will not tolerate another to cross him in anything—yet here he is at home, never so much as cross with the children, his wife or the servants. He not only endures any amount of mischief from these boys, but he is downcast when they seem dispirited. Frequently he conducts important military conferences or political pow-wows in the parlor of the Hermitage while a little Andy sits upon each knee, raised high off the floor, and playfully fighting each other until the General spreads his legs far apart to produce an armistice and end the racket.

People go away from the Hermitage and weigh the dreadful tales they have heard about this turbulent man. What they have seen and what they have heard do not tally. But those outside the home circle on a certain Tennessee plantation called the Hermitage know what they are talking about.

Many of them were standing in the public square in Nashville near the courthouse, where the slayer of one of General Jackson's friends was being tried for murder, and saw him, after he had testified to the good character of the victim, mount the courthouse steps to denounce the jury, in advance of the verdict, if the killer should be acquitted.

"Oh pshaw," someone in the crowd interjects contemptuously. Jackson stops his speech instantly.

"Who dares to say 'pshaw' at me?" he roars. There is silence. He glares over the crowd, trying to seek out the

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offender. "By all that's eternal, I'll knock the head off any man who dares say 'pshaw' at me." He continues to harangue the crowd.

5

The year is 1811. Everywhere there is a feeling of impending war. General Jackson, one year in advance of the actual declaration of war by Congress, is busily sending out orders to his commanders to be prepared to march at a moment's notice. One might suppose that this is Jackson's personal war, so energetic is he to get it started. The General is one of the leaders of the War Party—the south and western agrarians—and they will have the final say.

His dispute at this time with Silas Dinsmore, agent to the Choctaw Indians, serves to bridge the tedium between peace and war. Dinsmore is a United States officer and represents in the Indian country the power and authority of the United States. It is the duty of Indian agents to protect the Indians from the encroachments of white settlers, and the settlers from unwelcome visits of Indian offenders. The good will or ill temper of the tribes toward the United States may often depend upon the attitude of the federal Indian agent toward them. He is, in sum, the arbitrator on the scene between the white man and the Red.

To the other duties of Indian agents has been added that of preventing Negro fugitives from taking refuge in Indian settlements. Slave owners have complained bitterly of this to the federal government, and Dinsmore is one of the first to act toward the prevention of this practice.

He erects a sign in front of the agency buildings, over which floats the American flag, notifying travelers that he will arrest and detain every Negro found traveling in the Choctaw country whose master has not a passport, and also evidence of property in the Negro. Certain slave owners are beginning to protest to the Secretary of War, William Eustis, that Dinsmore is too zealous, and is causing great inconvenience in the Nashville district. Dinsmore points to the fact that the legislature of the Mississippi Territory has approved the law of Congress under which he has acted, requiring that all persons going through the Indian country should be provided with a passport.

While Dinsmore and the Secretary of War are waging a paper dispute on the subject (the government being anxious to uphold the law and at the same time not annoy the slave owners by its enforcement), General Jackson appears on the scene at Natchez with a drove of slaves, whom he had sent to the lower country for sale.

He is thoroughly incensed over the passport requirement and is determined to make an issue of the matter. As he approaches the Choctaw agency house, Jackson arms two of his Negroes with rifles, and himself dismounts, pistols in hand, in front of Dinsmore's cabin. He decides to settle the question in a practical way. The agent is not present and Jackson is aggrieved. He sends his Negroes down to the edge of a creek to partake of their breakfast, while he waits at the agency house for the return of Dinsmore. Finally, he can wait no longer, so he corrals his Negroes, two of whom are still armed, and leaves a message for the federal agent that he, General

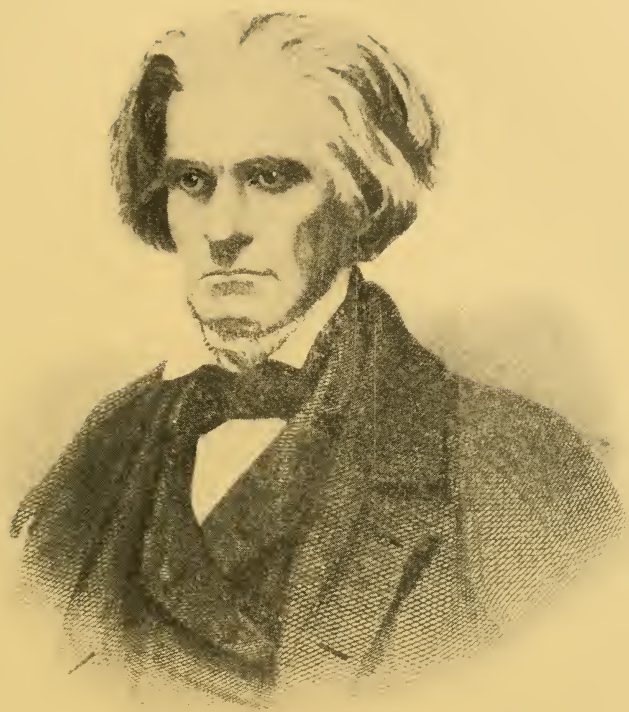
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Andrew Jackson, has been there, would have been pleased to meet Mr. Dinsmore, but could not wait, and was proceeding to Nashville *with his Negroes* and *without a passport*. Let Mr. Dinsmore make the most of it.

6

In Nashville, Jackson tells several friends that he was ready to burn the agency house with the agent in it had he been held up for the lack of a passport. "My pistols are my passports," he declares angrily. Not satisfied to let the matter rest here, Jackson takes notice that Dinsmore has detained a woman slave owner traveling through his bailiwick with a train of ten Negroes. Not only this, Dinsmore places a notice in the newspaper that he has done so, and will continue so to do in upholding the laws of the United States government. Jackson now goes to work in earnest to try to effect the removal of Dinsmore, who is merely doing his duty, if rather zealously. Off goes Jackson's passionate outburst to George W. Campbell, Tennessee's representative in Congress:

"The want of a passport! And my God, is it come to this? Are we freemen, or are we slaves? For what are we involved in a war with Great Britain? Is it not for support of our rights as an independent people, and a nation, secured to us by nature's God, as well as solemn treaties, and the law of nations? And can the Secretary of War, for one moment, retain the idea that we will permit this petty tyrant to sport with our rights, secured by treaty, and which by the law of nature we do possess, and sport with our feelings by publishing his lawless tyr-



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anny exercised over a helpless and unprotected female? If he does, he thinks too meanly of our patriotism and gallantry."

The lawlessness in this instance, of course, rests with Jackson; and the Secretary of War and President Madison, both of whom have heard of the rumpus between the General and the Indian agent, know who is in error. But Jackson is not to be put off. He makes it a "point of honor" to pursue every man with whom he has a grievance until "satisfaction" is rendered. The Administration cannot afford to affront the turbulent General in Tennessee. The government is about to have a war on its hands, and the General's support will be needed badly. It is easier to lop the political head off the zealous Dinsmore, who has been too ardent in upholding the laws of the United States and annoying General Jackson.

Two years later Dinsmore is dismissed from office on the flimsy pretext that his expense account was too large and that he was absent from his agency upon a certain occasion when he was urgently needed. Dinsmore disappears and is reduced to poverty in a region where formerly he held regal sway. Eight years later, Dinsmore will meet Jackson again, and will try to effect a reconciliation, but the General will merely glare at him and pass on.


7

It is the year 1812. Congress is enacting legislation designed to put the country on a war footing. President Madison is in favor of these measures which he hopes to

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employ merely as a threat to England. He still hopes for peace, but the "War Hawks"—Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, and a host of other southerners and westerners, —Andrew Jackson—are driving the President and the country into war.

It is June, and Congress declares war against Great Britain. Andrew Jackson's chance has arrived, but he does not yet know it. Still, he does remember the vengeful deeds of Tarleton and his Dragoons in the Waxhaws during the War for Independence.


Chapter XIV

OFF TO WAR, HOME TO A DUEL

I

ALTHOUGH war was declared on June 12, 1812, Tennessee did not hear of it until ten days later, and on the 25th, General Jackson, through Governor Blount, offered his services to President Madison and those of twenty-five hundred men in his command. The offer was promptly accepted. Few nations have launched upon a war with a great power less prepared than was the United States in 1812. Its standing army consisted of about seven thousand men; Congress had provided that this force was to be augmented by volunteer enlistments and appeal to the state militias. The American navy consisted of a dozen fighting ships, while England possessed nearly a thousand. Had it not been necessary for Great Britain to concentrate her major attention upon Napoleon, with whom she was then at war, the story of 1812 might have been vastly different.

War with the United States might well have been viewed as a nuisance in England, even as the conflict was so considered in Washington and New England. The latter was decidedly hostile to the war, and in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut the sentiment against

it was so strong that those states refused to send their quotas of soldiers to the front. Daniel Webster led a strong anti-war contingent which skated mighty close to the brink of sedition, and in 1814 he threw his eloquence against the Conscription Bill in Congress, priding himself ever afterward that the measure was defeated. In 1814, a convention, representing five New England states, was held at Hartford and expressed its opposition to the war. Also in 1814, the government's war loan was a failure, the bonds of that issue being sold at twenty per cent discount. The financiers who did support the loan demanded as the price of their aid, that the war should end. In all of this the Madison Administration was well nigh at the end of its wits. Madison could never keep up with the war.

In the West, however, the war fever ran high. The conquest of Canada was to be the first objective. At the outbreak of hostilities England had about five thousand regulars in Canada, and early in July General William Hull, who had fought in the Revolution, crossed from Detroit into Canada with two thousand men. In a few weeks he retreated and surrendered. Michigan Territory passed into the hands of the British. However, while General Hull was surrendering at Detroit, the American frigate *Constitution* was capturing off the Gulf of St. Lawrence the British frigate *Guerrière* after two hours of fierce fighting. This marked the first time that a British frigate had ever been humiliated at sea. The incident heartened the War Party, which had been sorely depressed by the defeat in Canada.

Fears were entertained that, with the release of the

British forces in Canada, England would next attack the gulf ports, particularly New Orleans, where General James Wilkinson, of Burr fame, was still in command. Consequently the government dispatched a request to Tennessee to send fifteen hundred troops to reinforce Wilkinson at New Orleans.

On November 14, General Jackson, in a rhetorical flourish of ardent patriotism, written by his young aide-de-camp, Colonel Thomas H. Benton, summoned his troops to the colors to "secure the rights and liberties of a great and rising young republic." December 10 was the day set for the troops to rendezvous at Nashville and prepare to embark down the Mississippi. The soldiers were expected to furnish their own arms, ammunition, camp equipment and blankets, "for which a compensation may confidently be expected to be made by government, to be allowed and settled for in the usual mode and at the usual rates." "Dark blue or brown uniforms," said the General, had been prescribed for service, "of home-spun or not, at the election of the wearer." On parade they might wear white pantaloons and vests. Apparently pictures of Bonaparte had already reached Tennessee and provided an inspiration for uniforms.

2

Two thousand boys, youths and men present themselves to General Jackson on the appointed day. The alacrity with which Cumberland's manhood responds to the call to arms pleases the General. The day is bitter cold, and there may be many nights of out-door sleeping before the company is ready to march. Major William B. Lewis,

quarter-master and the husband of one of Mrs. Jackson's nieces, has ordered a thousand cords of wood for camp-fires at night. Major Lewis is a careful, thoughtful, and exceptionally brilliant man. He will go a long way with General Jackson in the years ahead, and will be one of the main props of Jackson's eight years in the Presidency.

Every stick of wood is burnt on the first freezing night. General Jackson and Major Lewis do not sleep. They pass among the troops in the fire-light, seeing that all are comfortable and that no sentinels are dozing. In the morning, General Jackson repairs to a tavern for a few winks. A soldier approaches him and complains that it is a shame the soldiers were made to sleep on the freezing ground while the officers provided themselves with warm beds in the taverns.

"You damned infernal scoundrel," roars the General. "Sowing seeds of disaffection among my troops! Why, the quarter-master and I have been up all night, making the men comfortable. Let me hear no more such talk, or by God I'm damned if I don't ram that red-hot andiron down your throat."

The company is organized. Colonel John Coffee, Jackson's old partner of store-keeping days, and likewise related to him by marriage, is to command one regiment of cavalry numbering six hundred and seventy; two regiments of infantry, fourteen hundred men in all, one commanded by Colonel William Hall, the other by Colonel Thomas H. Benton who before the war, had implored the General to give him a good position should one occur. Benton, also, will achieve a foot-note fame by

his association with Jackson, and will become one of his staunchest supporters at Washington.

William Carroll, a young Pennsylvanian, whose soldierly bearing has attracted the General's eye, is made Brigade Inspector. The General's aide and secretary is John Reid, friend and companion, who, with Major John H. Eaton, wrote Jackson's first biography.

The tall man is in high spirits. The country is at war with England! He is in the field leading an army on to New Orleans. But there is a fly in the ointment. General Wilkinson, whom he hates, is in command at New Orleans, and when Jackson arrives he will be subordinate to the man he despises. Jackson anticipates trouble with Wilkinson, so, to make sure that everything will come out all right, he takes along his pair of dueling pistols and a supply of powder used on the "field of honor."

On January 7, 1813, two months after President Madison had requested Tennessee to move an army to the gulf, Jackson's infantry embarks for the sail down the river. Colonel Coffee, at the head of his cavalry, gallops across the country to join Jackson at Natchez. As they start, Jackson sends a note to the Secretary of War :

"I have the pleasure to inform you that I am now at the head of 2,070 volunteers, the choicest of our citizens who go at the call of their country to execute the will of the government, who have no conscientious scruples; and if the government orders, will rejoice at the opportunity of placing the American eagle on the ramparts of Mobile, Pensacola and Fort St. Augustine, effectually banishing from the southern coasts all British influence." Jackson's

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zeal is far in excess of the exigencies of the war. He seems to forget that war has been declared against England, not against Spain, which holds Florida.

On February 15, the small boats bearing the troops arrive at Natchez, where Colonel Coffee's cavalry has preceded them. The men have left nearly a thousand miles of freezing and tempestuous rivers behind them on their thirty-nine days' trip. But General Jackson has arrived ahead of the war, for all is quiet on the Mississippi.

3

Wilkinson sends a courier to inform Jackson to halt at Natchez, as neither quarters nor provisions are ready for them at New Orleans. Wilkinson adds that he has no thought of yielding his superior command to Jackson, to which the Tennessee commander replies: "I have marched with the true spirit of a soldier to serve my country at any and every point where service can be rendered." February passes, and the impetuous General informs the War Department that if there is nothing for his soldiers to do in the South, they should be employed in the North. Another month and no word from Washington. General Jackson and his army are engaged in nothing more important than the daily drill. Their provisions are scant, and have been so for a long while. The country is at war, but the soldiers have no one to fight.

Then a letter, dated February 6, addressed to Jackson, arrives at Natchez toward the end of March. It is signed by J. Armstrong, who has succeeded Eustis as Secretary of War. Jackson is instructed to dismiss his troops as "the cause of embodying and marching to New Orleans

the corps under your command has ceased to exist." He is further instructed to deliver to Wilkinson all articles of public property in his possession. Jackson does not believe his eyes. His soldiers are five hundred miles from home, many of them are sick, none has received a penny of pay—and now they are to be dismissed without means of transport back to their homes.

He ignores the order from the War Department, and is resolved to personally conduct his men back to their homes whence they came. Washington, hearing of this, issues new orders, directing Jackson's men to be paid off and allowed pay and rations for the homeward journey. But they are still to be dismissed in Natchez, and Jackson disobeys the second command. He purchases supplies in Natchez for the homeward march, giving the merchants drafts for the amount, telling them the government will honor the paper, and if not he will make it good out of his own pocket.

There are one hundred and fifty sick men in Jackson's army as the long, cold march begins over the five hundred mile trail through the wilderness to the borders of Tennessee. There are only eleven wagons for the conveyance of these. Many of the sick are mounted on horses, and General Jackson himself gives up his three mounts to sick men and trudges afoot with his lean and ragged army who have worn out their clothing in camp life with nothing to do. The army on the homeward march averages eighteen miles a day and covers the journey in less than a month.

General Jackson's conduct toward his men in this ordeal wins him their lasting affection and tribute, and it

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is on this occasion that they bestow upon him the nickname, "Old Hickory." He is forty-six years old, but he can endure without complaint the hardships and forced marches of frontier warfare and camp life, which tax the capacity of younger men in his command. The soldiers soon observe that their General is as tough as hickory, hence the affectionate sobriquet.

On May 22, the army of Tennessee is drawn up in the public square of Nashville and dismissed. Thus ends a useless and costly expedition, one which shows the incapacity of the government to conduct the war, and the cross purposes of its orders in the attempt. But General Jackson, though he has not yet fought on the battle front, has endeared himself more than ever to Tennessee, and is again regarded as her "first citizen."

But Congress was not willing to so regard him. It protested General Jackson's budget for his army's transportation and other expenses, and the War Department was of a mind to make Jackson foot the bill himself, which it was impossible for him to do. Colonel Benton went to Washington to intercede for Jackson and present his claims on behalf of the army of Tennessee. Finally, after much haggling, ways and means were found to meet the bill, and Jackson was thus saved from financial ruin.

4

The soldiers, while encamped at Natchez, had little to do but to grumble now and then and conjure up jealousies against those given commands by General Jackson. One such target for the enmity of the troops was William

Carroll, much admired by Jackson and named brigade inspector by him. During the homeward march, one of the soldiers thought it time to enliven the journey by picking a fight with Carroll, but the matter rested until they reached Nashville, when the soldier, who imagined himself insulted by Carroll, sent the latter a challenge to a duel. Carroll refused to fight on the ground that his challenger was not a gentleman, so his enemies succeeded in embroiling in the petty matter Jesse Benton, brother of Colonel Benton, who was absent in Washington. Benton's social status was such that his challenge to Carroll could not be ignored.

Carroll appealed to General Jackson to become his second, stating that there was a conspiracy to run him out of the country. Jackson was thoroughly aroused and declared Carroll should not be run out of the country. "Make up your mind," said Jackson, "they shall not run you out of the country as long as Andrew Jackson lives in it."

Jackson approaches Jesse Benton and reprimands him for picking a fight with Carroll. But Benton persists in settling the affair with pistols, so Jackson resolves to go to the "field of honor" with his young friend. Benton fires first and hits Carroll on the thumb, then Benton crouches to receive the bullet of his antagonist; the ball enters the part most exposed in a crouching position, and Benton clutches his hind quarters like a boy after a spanking. He will not be able to sit with comfort for many weeks.

Colonel Benton, having returned from Washington, hears of the affair, and is infuriated with General Jackson that he should have seconded his brother's adversary. Colonel Benton bellows in the taverns against Jackson,

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saying many uncomplimentary things about his commander; and all of them are duly reported to the General, who decides that a good horse-whipping will silence the Colonel and teach him respect.

Colonel Benton is informed of what is in store for him. He carries his pistols for the emergency. One day Jackson, in company with Colonel Coffee, is returning from the post-office, and in the doorway of a nearby tavern he espies Colonel Benton and his brother Jesse, now able to limp about the streets. Jackson, whip in hand, approaches the Colonel. "Now, you damned infernal rascal, I am going to punish you. Defend yourself," says Jackson.

Benton fumbles in his coat for his pistol, and Jackson instantly draws his own pistol from his coat tails. He has the "drop" on Benton, and pokes the muzzle of the weapon into Benton's ribs, forcing him back through the areaway of the tavern. At this moment, Jesse, seeing his brother in danger, fires point blank at Jackson. One bullet is imbedded in the thick part of his left arm and lodges against the bone; another shatters his left shoulder and leaves a long ugly wound. General Jackson falls prostrate at Benton's feet and is bleeding profusely.

At this moment, Colonel Coffee rushes upon the scene and lunges at Colonel Benton, believing it is he who has shot Jackson. In a quick turn, Colonel Benton steps backward and topples down a flight of stairs.

News of the fracas spreads like wildfire through the town, and in a moment Stokely Hays, a nephew of Mrs. Jackson, and devoted to the General, is on the scene with a dirk, striving might and main to plunge it into the heart of Jesse Benton.

General Jackson is carried to the Nashville Inn. Two mattresses are soaked with his blood. The town's medical corps are soon in attendance and it is decided that the arm must be amputated. But Jackson keeps his arm, bullet and all. The ball will not be extracted for more than twenty years, when he will slip quietly from a White House conference to a room upstairs, bare his arm to a White House surgeon who will pluck out the offending bullet while the patient smokes his pipe, and have his arm sewed up and dressed so that he may return to the executive office and resume the interrupted conference.

5

Meanwhile, Commodore Oliver H. Perry, only twenty-eight years old, has won a notable victory over the British fleet on Lake Erie. He captures two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop. The British hoist the white flag. Thus Ohio is saved, and this enables the Americans to regain Detroit and the control of the Michigan country. But in the South what is happening?

The Creek Indians in Alabama have risen en masse against the white man's dominion. Remembering the words of the great Tecumseh, killed on the battlefield of the Thames in Canada, that the white man is ever the enemy of the Red, the Indians, aided and armed by Britons, have committed an orgy of slaughter at Fort Mims, on Lake Tensaw, Alabama, a part of Mississippi Territory. Thirty-one days will pass before news of the massacre will reach New York. On September 18, Tennessee hears of it. The Governor of the State, and officers of the militia, repair to the Hermitage to consult General Jack-

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son, who is bed-ridden. His wounds, received in the puerile affair with the Bentons as a result of backwoods gossip, are slow in healing.

Rachel props the General up in bed for the council of war. The Creeks are to be subdued at least, exterminated if possible. Jackson, his arm in a sling and suffering intense pain from the long, ragged wound in his shoulder, again sets in motion the war machinery of the state.

Chapter XV

WAR WITH THE CREEKS

I

FORT MIMS is actually a stockade covering an acre of ground enclosed with upright logs pierced with five hundred port holes. Within the enclosure stands the mansion of Samuel Mims, a wealthy planter, and a string of shanties for his slaves. Thus he has protected himself from the hostile Indians, and provided a place of refuge for his neighbors. Along the Alabama River white settlers have seen the Creeks painting their clubs red, and this, they know, means war. Governor Claiborne, at New Orleans, has dispatched nearly two hundred soldiers to defend Fort Mims where five hundred and fifty-three persons, among whom are more than a hundred women and children, have taken refuge against the rising Indians. Each day the fort is thrown into convulsions of fear by reports of refugees having seen Indians, bedecked in war paint and feathers, creeping in the underbrush nearby. Slaves who bring back these unconfirmed reports are flogged for alarming the whites.

It is August 30, 1813. The gates of the fort are open, women are preparing dinner for the encampment, children are playing around the open doors of the inner houses, and civilians and soldiers are smoking and spinning yarns.



The beat of a drum is heard within the stockade—the usual signal for dinner. That is the signal for which one thousand Creek warriors have been waiting in a ravine four hundred yards from the gate since long before dawn. Led by Weathersford, a half-breed Indian, lieutenant of Tecumseh, the Creeks have come from Pensacola, Spanish territory, where they were supplied with arms and ammunition by the British. Among them are five Prophets, with medicine bags and magic rods, ready to perform their weird incantations and whip the Braves into war fury.

A scene of carnage ensues. Women and children, soldiers and civilians are slaughtered with tomahawks and scalped. The Red men use their arrows as dirks and British guns as clubs. They lift children by their heels and dash their heads against the fences. White men spring to their guns and attempt a defence. The commander, Major Beasley, is killed trying to close the gates against more advancing Creeks, who yell and gurgle ecstatically as they dash onward to the beat of tom-toms in the death-dance. White men leap to the port holes, sending volley after volley into the ranks of the Reds. The five Prophets lie dead. Their bodies are heaped in the welter of the carnage.

Three hours pass and the slaughter goes on. The fort is still in control of the garrison. The Indians retreat, and are met by Weathersford, mounted on a black horse. He upbraids them for giving up and leads them to a fresh charge to complete the work of destruction. The Red men resort to fire and soon the enclosure is a mass of flames, all except one little building into which the

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wounded whites have crawled. To this building surviving women have fled with their children. The Indians, seeing them, proceed anew to the killing. Babies are brained, women are slashed to ribbons, the wounded are put out of their misery. The orgy is complete. Four hundred white men, women and children are dead when the southern sun sets on Mobile Bay. Weathersford tried to lessen the needless slaughter, but he could not control the blood-lust of the delirious tribe, whose number also was reduced by about four hundred. That night the Indians slept on the field of battle among their dead. Following this massacre the Indians roved at will in the late Summer and Autumn, plundering and killing. It seemed as if not a white man could survive in Alabama.

It remained for white men to write of this bloody incident, the causes that produced it, and the battles to follow. One may be sure the Indians took a different view of the matter. They were bent upon a race war, of which the carnage at Fort Mims was meant only to serve notice upon the white man that his dominion was to be challenged at last. It was a rehearsal for great triumphs of feathered men who believed in the potency of tomahawks and the Great Spirit to save them from being pushed off the earth.

2

This is the news that Governor Blount and General Cocke, of East Tennessee, bring to General Jackson, bed-ridden at the Hermitage. Blount calls thirty-five hundred volunteers to the field, in addition to fifteen hundred already enrolled in the service of the United States. The

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State Legislature appropriates three hundred thousand dollars to defray immediate expenses, should the federal government refuse to withstand the expenses of the expedition. General Jackson, on September 25, calls his division to the field and sets October 4, at Fayetteville, near the Alabama border, as the time and place to assemble. The next day he orders Colonel Coffee, with five hundred mounted men, mostly volunteers, to proceed to Huntsville, in northern Alabama. Tennessee is wild with the war fever. Her men would as readily fight Indians as British troops. In fact, they are the same, in the opinion of the southwest.

On October 4, Coffee reaches Huntsville. He has collected a force of nearly thirteen hundred men, many of whom left their plows standing in the furrows, in their zeal to join Jackson's cavalry going to the killing of Indians.

The General creeps out of his bed, aided by Rachel. She helps him into his field uniform, for he can scarcely stand unaided. His left arm is in a sling; he cannot endure even the pressure of the epaulette upon his left shoulder. He is gaunt, yellow and sick from the loss of blood, and two of his slaves assist him in mounting his horse tethered to a porch post. The General's pistols are in the holsters on the saddle. He bends painfully to kiss Rachel farewell. She fears she may never see the tall man again. But what of that? He is a brave man, and if he falls it will be in the service of his country. Rachel knows how to smile bravely with the General—and she knows how to wait. Jackson spurs his horse and gallops down the road, turning to wave a last good-bye to Rachel

standing at the gate, watching him disappear over the hill in a cloud of dust.

At Fayetteville, Major Reid, Jackson's aide-de-camp, reads the General's address to his troops, in which the need for discipline is the keynote. Jackson is a firm believer in the potency of words. He never fails to address his troops both before and after battles. He does this personally, if possible. His men can never mistake who is leading them. "We must, and will be victorious," says Jackson's address. "But we must conquer as men who owe nothing to chance, and who, in the midst of victory, can still be mindful of what is due to humanity. How glorious it will be to remove the blots which have tarnished the fair character bequeathed to us by the fathers of the Revolution."

Only once in the address is there an appeal direct to the passions of the soldiers: "The blood of our women and children, recently spilt at Fort Mims, calls for our vengeance; it must not call in vain. Our borders must no longer be disturbed by the war-whoop of these savages, and the cries of their suffering victims."

A week passes at Fayetteville, waiting for all the troops to arrive, drilling those present, organizing regiments, purchasing supplies and issuing orders. The General's wounds appear to heal more quickly in war than in peace. His exertions seem to exhilarate him, and the light of victory, which he is sure shall be his, dances in his eyes.

It is October 11. A courier from Colonel Coffee dashes up to Jackson. The message says the Creeks are approaching Huntsville. Jackson scratches a few lines and hands

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the paper to the messenger who mounts and is gone. In two hours General Jackson has assembled his force and is marching to Huntsville, thirty-two miles away. At twilight his army is there, having marched six miles an hour for five hours. None but western pioneers eager to kill Indians could do it. But the Red men are nowhere to be seen. The next day the troops march to the Tennessee River, cross it, and join Coffee's command on the South bank.

3

There is merriment in the camp among the soldiers, and not the least of the causes of it is David Crockett, notorious bear-hunter, western wag without a peer for concocting marvelous narratives of embroidered adventure. Crockett will become a member of Congress some day, and also a national wit. Also, he will stump the country against Jackson, but just now he is spilling anecdotes, moistened with alcohol to give them freshness and point. He is the life of the camp. General Jackson, however, is all sternness and severity. He reserves his humor and hilarity for his own fireside, for the tavern bars and the race tracks. While in the military saddle, or sitting at his table at headquarters smiles rarely break the rigidity of his long lean jaws. To him war is a serious business, and laughter and ease may only come with assured victory. Not only is he concerned with the enemy, but with the welfare of his men. He has taken many young boys from their homes. He knows their fathers and mothers. He is an exacting father to them now, or so he wills to be.

The greatest enemy of all armies—Hunger—stalks into

his ranks. The General sends letters back to Nashville, to the Governor, to East Tennessee, to whomsoever might assist him in feeding his army—nearly three thousand men and thirteen hundred horses—about to plunge into the wilderness and the secret retreats of the Indians, with supplies insufficient to last a week. "Give me provisions and I will end this war in a month," he writes. Major Lewis, the quartermaster, is sent back to Nashville in the hope of expediting the shipment of foodstuffs down the rivers.

On October 19, General Jackson, hearing that hostile Creeks are about to swoop down upon a fort occupied by friendly Indians, near Ten Islands, of the Coosa River, marches his army over the mountains to Thompson's Creek, a branch of the Tennessee River, and twenty-two miles from the previous encampment. During most of the march the army has had to fell timber and make its own roads. While at Thompson's Creek, the army throws up a fort, which the General names Deposit in anticipation of supplies which he supposes are en route. Colonel Coffee's cavalry, who have scoured the banks of the Black Warrior, a branch of the Tombigbee, has rejoined Jackson's forces after burning two Indians towns and collecting four hundred bushels of corn.

Fresh alarms come from Ten Islands on the Coosa, and Jackson is determined to march his army into the heart of the enemy's country, food or no food. He will trust to chance. On the twenty-fifth, the General addresses his soldiers, and the march begins. For a solid week Tennessee soldiers march and halt, according to the state of their supplies. Jackson sends foraging parties in

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several directions with instructions to burn Indian villages and raid the posts that his own soldiers might eat.

As he marches, the General keeps up letter writing, imploring the settlements for succor. At last they reach the bank of the Coosa, near Ten Islands. At a nearby town named Tallushatchee, it is known that a large body of Creeks lie hidden in ravines and ambush awaiting their pursuers. General Jackson orders Coffee to march with a thousand men and destroy the place. On November 3, Colonel Coffee takes Tallushatchee by surprise. White men rush up to the wigwams, firing point blank at the Indians in war paint and feathers. The Red-skins flee in all directions, hotly pursued by Coffee's men, mounted and on foot. Several Indians take refuge among the squaws and children, believing white men will not kill women and children, but a few of these also are numbered among the dead.

The Indians fight as they retreat. Even those who are mortally wounded strive to use their bow and arrow as their bodies slowly become immersed in deep red pools. "The enemy fought with savage fury," Coffee writes in his official report to Jackson, "and met death with all its horrors, without shrinking or complaining; not one asked to be spared, but fought as long as they could stand or sit." One hundred and eighty-six dead Indians are counted, but at least twenty more have crept into the woods to die. Five of Coffee's men are killed and forty-one are wounded, most of the latter being struck by arrows.

During the battle of Tallushatchee, a minor Prophet addresses the Braves from the roof of a house, assuring them that American bullets cannot harm those who be-

lieve in the Great Spirit. His cries are loud, his gestures are vehement. A simple Tennessee soldier takes aim and fires. The Prophet topples from the roof in the midst of the dancing demons who, like children, look about for another Prophet of greater faith. One after another they fall, screaming their curses at the pale faces before them, and pumping their guns as long as life sustains their trigger fingers. General Jackson is elated. That night he sends word of the victory to the Governor and to Nashville. The tidings will reach the white man's country in a week or two, and toasts will be drunk at the taverns to the health of Andrew Jackson.

4

Eighty-four women and children are taken prisoners at Tallushatchee. There is not one male Indian left in the town. All are dead. On the field of battle is found a papoose embraced in the stiff arms of its dead mother. One of the soldiers lifts the child upon his horse, and rides with it into General Jackson's camp, where all the prisoners are rounded up. Jackson asks first one squaw and then another to care for the infant, but each refuses on the ground that an evil spirit will abide with the one who assumes the burden. "Kill him, too," say the squaws.

The Tiger Man, for as such is General Jackson known among the hostile Indians, takes the child upon his lap and gazes long upon it. He makes a mattress of his big army coat on the floor beside his cot. He mixes a little brown sugar with water and feeds the papoose himself in his tent, the while he sends orders hither and yon to his subordinates in the field to go hence and slay more

Indians in the name of the white man's civilization. The General names the papoose Lincoyer, and sends him up to Huntsville, where the infant is cared for until the end of the Indian wars, when Jackson takes his souvenir home to the Hermitage. Rachel welcomes the new arrival, who soon becomes the playmate of little Andy. But Lincoyer will remain an Indian. The General will educate him and apprentice him to a saddler in Nashville. But the Red-skin develops consumption at the age of seventeen years, and dies in "Aunty" Rachel's arms. His body finds repose in the garden of the Hermitage.

5

General Jackson turns his attention to releasing friendly Indians trapped in a fort at Ten Islands on the Coosa. They are surrounded by a thousand hostile Creeks, who have decided to first starve these traitorous Reds before killing them. Jackson has thrown up a fort, which he calls Fort Strother. Here his sick and wounded men are placed. General Hugh L. White, who has resigned as Judge in Nashville, and who is attached to the staff of General Cocke, of the Eastern Tennessee Division, is left in charge of the fort, while Jackson marches his army to the aid of the friendly Indians.

The soldiers are only a few days from starvation. Supplies have not come. Early in the morning Jackson's army stands on the banks of the Coosa. The cavalry carries the men across the river. The operation consumes almost an entire day but the hungry army marches on, and by sunset on a chilly November day it is within six miles of the town of Talladega. The General gives his

army repose, for on the morrow he will attack. All night long he goes among his troops, cheering them and making them as comfortable as possible.

At midnight a courier gallops into camp and informs Jackson that General White will not be able to protect Fort Strother, for he has orders to rejoin General Cocke at once. Jackson is in a rage. Fort Strother is at the mercy of the marauders. His sick and wounded men, weakened almost to extremes by lack of food and proper medical care, may be murdered before he can return to protect them. But Jackson decides to trust to luck. He will make short shrift of the enemy in front of him, and then go back to Fort Strother, where he hopes sufficient supplies will be on hand.

At sunrise on November 8, Jackson's army moves in battle order. The militia is on the left, the volunteers on the right, with the cavalry forming the extreme left and right wings. They assemble in a curve and an advance guard goes forth to draw the Indians into battle. The Braves fight like veterans, but they are unable to withstand the murderous fire of Jackson's men. They retreat to the mountains, pursued into ravines and ambush for three miles. Two hundred and ninety Creeks lie dead on the battlefield. Jackson's casualties are seventeen killed and eighty-three wounded. Thus the beleaguered Creeks in the friendly fort at Ten Islands are delivered, and they rush forth to show their gratitude to the Tiger Man who has effected their release.

Jackson turns back to Fort Strother. Not a pound of flesh or a peck of meal has arrived. There are ominous rumblings of discontent among the soldiers. The General

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scours the land for food and finds a few lean cattle. One day a starving soldier approaches General Jackson. He demands food.

“It has always been a rule with me,” Jackson replies, “never to turn away a hungry man when it was in my power to relieve him, and I will most cheerfully divide with you what I have.” Jackson puts his hand in his pocket and gives the soldier three acorns. “This is the best and only fare I have,” he says. “Drink a pitcher of water with them; that is what I do.”


Chapter XVI

MUTINY AND VICTORY

I

THE white victory at Talladega and Tallushatchee has had a sobering effect upon the Creeks. The Hillabee tribe dispatches a messenger to Fort Strother to sue for peace. Jackson replies that the massacre at Fort Mims shall be avenged and with interest, but he declares he does not wish to make war upon Indians who are disposed to become friendly. They must, however, afford evidences of their sincerity by returning prisoners and property, and surrendering the instigators of the war and the murderers of white men and women at Fort Mims. The Indian negotiator returns to his tribe and reports that General Jackson is willing to treat with them.

Meanwhile, General White, who knows nothing of these peace overtures, has descended upon the Hillabee towns, burning and killing. The Hillabees are amazed. First Jackson outlines conditions for peace and then sends his army to destroy even the village from whence the peace messenger had come. The Indians do not know that Jackson is in a rage when he hears what General White has done. The Red warriors, however, blame Jackson, and from that moment they fight with greater fury; no more will they ask for peace from the white man.

Before all the Indian world, Andrew Jackson stands as the betrayer of his written word. General White's zeal has probably extended the war a year longer than is necessary. For this General Cocke, commander of the East Tennessee militia, will be blamed. He will also be censured by Jackson, and in history, for failing to send supplies to Fort Strother, as he had promised. But General Cocke did the best he could. He, nor none other, could be expected to please General Jackson short of complete compliance with the tall man's orders.

2

For ten weeks, Jackson's army is inactive at Fort Strother. Their first passion to punish the Indians has been satiated. Many of them are weary of army life and long to return to their homes. They cannot be expected to march and fight on empty stomachs. Many are in rags.

Aid and comfort for their mutinous intentions come even from certain officers. First the militia, then the volunteers, appoint a day when they will march back to their homes, with or without the consent of their General. But on each occasion, Jackson is up before dawn. One morning he orders the volunteers to shoot down the first militiamen who dare to desert. The next morning it is the militiamen who stand behind their cannon and rifles ready to rake the ranks of the volunteers should they break for liberty. For the moment the soldiers are awed by Jackson's wrath and the argument of his cannons. But not for long.

They virtually force Jackson to lead them back to

Fort Deposit where he has told them supplies have arrived and are on the way to Fort Strother. The men do not believe it, so Jackson, leaving a sufficient number of loyal troops behind to defend Strother, marches ahead of his men through the wilderness to Fort Deposit. On the road they see a drove of cattle headed for Strother. The starving soldiers build camp fires, slay the beasts and eat. But plenty of meat only increases their resolve not to return to Fort Strother. They have gone this far toward home, why not continue? The order to return is given in Jackson's absence, but one company moves off on the homeward road. The General, hearing of this, gallops in pursuit and overtakes them. He plants his horse in the middle of the road and stands his rifle against the flank of his mount. His left arm is still in a sling.

His eyes are blazing with pent-up fury and he boils over in a torrent of oaths. His manner and language is terrifying.

"By the Immaculate God," he shouts in stentorian tones, "I will blow the first damned villain to eternity who advances one step!" With his one good arm he has aimed his rifle at the ranks of sullen patriots. There is mumbling along the file as each man looks upon Jackson's face and blanches. They decide to march back to Fort Strother.

As December 10 approaches General Jackson is brought face to face with actual mutiny. The volunteers of his army enlisted for one year on December 10, 1812. They consider the months they spent in idleness at Natchez as being included in the year of active service, but Gen-

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eral Jackson concludes otherwise. He insists the men must actually serve three hundred and sixty-five days, and that the months they were not in active service do not count, even though they were at the call of the government. The issue is clear-cut. But Jackson wastes no time. While attempting to restrain the men from marching back home, he sends out an appeal to Governor Blount for new levies. The volunteers are equally determined. All are weary of the war.

On the evening of December 9 an officer enters Jackson's tent and informs him that the whole brigade is in mutiny. The tiger in the man is aroused. He can shoot down white men, even his own soldiers, with as little compunction as he can slay Indians. He orders officers and soldiers to put down the mutiny. The malcontents are drawn up in a file. They face the cannon and rifles of the militiamen once more. They also face Jackson, who stands beside his horse between the ranks of would-be deserters and the militiamen ready to mow them down. He tells the men reinforcements are already hastening to his assistance, and that he is awaiting word from Washington as to whether the men are entitled to be discharged or not.

"I am done," he declares solemnly, "with entreaty. You must now determine whether you will go or peaceably remain. If you still persist in your determination to move forcibly off, the point between us shall soon be decided." He demands an explicit answer on the spot. Artillerymen have their fingers on the triggers, ready to obey Jackson's command to fire. Hasty conferences are held among the disgruntled volunteers, and they de-

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cide to remain until the reinforcements arrive. General Jackson is once more triumphant.

3

The General keeps his beloved Rachel informed of what is going on.

“Pressed with mutiny and sedition of the volunteer infantry,” he writes, “to suppress it, having been compelled to arrange my artillery, against them, whom I once loved like a father loves his children, was a scene that created feelings better to be Judged of than expressed. A once conquered foe in front rallying to give us battle, and a whole Brigade, whose Patriotism was once the boast of their Genl and their country, abandoning the service and declaring they never would advance across the Cosa again . . . the officers attempted to lay the blame on the soldiary, and result proved that the officers, and not the soldiers were at the root of the discontent . . . My heart is with you, my duty compels me to remain in the field, whether we will have enough men to progress with the campaign I cannot say, for I fear the boasted Patriotism of the State was a mere bubble.”

General Cocke’s army having strengthened Jackson’s position, the General permits his disgruntled soldiers to return to their homes, but not without first having read to them an address which virtually brands them as deserters. Cocke brings two thousand men, but the service of more than half of them is about to expire, and the others are ill-clothed for a winter campaign.

Many of the horsemen under Coffee, who has been made a General, have likewise deserted. In this fashion

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America's second war is being prosecuted against Great Britain and her ally, the American Indians. The militia-men insist they have enlisted for three months only, and their terms will expire, they say, on January 4. Thus Jackson's army is disintegrating. Meanwhile, the British, using Spanish Pensacola as a base, are menacing Mobile and New Orleans. Governor Blount orders a new levy of twenty-five hundred men to proceed to Fayetteville, and await Jackson's orders. The Governor also orders General Cocke to raise a new division of East Tennesseans. The enlistments are to be for three months. Under no condition will the men serve longer.

For twelve days in early January, 1814, General Jackson marches his raw recruits into the Indian territory and accomplishes results disastrous to the Braves. Everywhere Indian villages are burned, their stores are raided and hand-to-hand battles are fought. Bravery and courage is equally distributed between the whites and the Red men. In one of these battles General Coffee is wounded, and Colonel A. Donelson, Mrs. Jackson's nephew, is killed. In the several engagements, Jackson's losses are twenty killed and seventy-five wounded. One hundred and eighty-nine Creeks lie dead on the various battlefields.

The return to Fort Strother is made in safety, and Jackson dismisses those whose terms have expired. He bids them farewell in a stirring, fervent address. Early in February, two thousand East Tennesseans are on the way to join him; almost as many more from the western part of the state are awaiting his orders at Fayetteville,

and on the sixth the thirty-ninth regiment of the United States infantry, six hundred strong, marches into Fort Strother.

In the latter regiment is a youngster named Sam Houston. He is a brave lad and Jackson takes a liking to him instantly. Sam will go very far. Some day he will be Governor of Tennessee. Then something mysterious will happen and his wife will desert him. Houston will go back to live among the Indians and make his way toward Texas. Indeed, he will become the *President* of Texas, and later a United States Senator. They will name a city, a fort, and what not, in his honor. But much that Sam will know of soldiery in the years ahead he will learn from Andrew Jackson in the wilderness as an Indian fighter.

4

Among the raw recruits mustered into the service at Fayetteville in December, 1813, was John Woods, eighteen years old. He was attached to the twenty-eighth regiment of West Tennessee, light infantry. Soon the company is marched into Fort Strother. One early morning in February, Private Woods is on guard. It is long past breakfast time and Woods has not eaten. He obtains permission to go to his tent for his blanket and finds his breakfast there which his comrades have left for him. Woods begins to eat it, when the officer of the day approaches and orders him to quit and clean up the camp. The Private refuses until he has had his breakfast. He declares he has been given permission to leave his

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post and will return to it when he has had his breakfast. The officer upbraids the young soldier and orders his arrest.

Word of this reaches General Jackson, who has had all the mutiny on his hands he means to endure. Jackson rushes from his tent.

"Where is the damned rascal? Shoot him! Shoot him! Blow ten balls through the infernal villain's body." Jackson believes the time has arrived for making an example of mutinous soldiers. He erroneously believes that Woods belongs to the same company that had previously mutinied, and the General is too busy and too angry to find differently.

Woods is duly courtmartialed and ordered to be shot.

The courtmartial meets in a forest between two tents, and the prisoner is seated on a log waiting his fate. General Jackson rides by. "Be cautious and mind what you are about," he tells the presiding judge, "for by the Eternal, the next man that is condemned I won't pardon; and this is a hearty, hale young fellow."

Friends of Woods prevail upon Jackson to show mercy, but the General is adamant. Remembering the great worry he has had with malcontents, and now commanding a large army in the southwest, in the ranks of which are men none too eager to fight, Jackson roars and storms. "No. By the Immaculate God, this villain shall die!"

On March 14, Jackson draws up the whole army to witness the execution. He thinks the spectacle will react as a good tonic for the patriotism of those who may be thinking of flight or disobedience.

In the general order which is read to the condemned

man, he is accused of previous flight, but this is an error which first gained currency at his trial. Woods is made to stand beside his coffin when the firing squad ends his career.

Not one man in Jackson's army believed the General would dare to order the execution of a soldier for such a slight infraction of the military discipline, which was the most that Private Woods was guilty of. Jackson is only a commander of the militia. Even a General of the regular army would not take a man's life without first referring the question to the War Department and for review by the President of the United States. But to General Jackson this formula is a waste of time.

5

At the end of March, General Jackson delivers the finishing blow to the Creek nation. He destroys a body of the Creeks at Tohopeka, or Horse-Shoe Bend, in the northeast corner of Tallapoosa County, Alabama. He pushes on to the last refuge of the Braves—Hickory Ground, at the confluence of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, and the Holy Ground, a few miles distant, where the Indians had been taught to believe that no white man could tread the Holy Ground and live. Fort Jackson is raised on Hickory Ground. In this battle young Sam Houston is wounded. An arrow is buried in his thigh, and he requests two of his comrades to extract it. They tug at it, and finally withdraw the lance, bringing with it strings of his flesh. The intrepid Houston rejoins his comrades and fights hand-to-hand with the Braves, not one of whom asks for quarter. The battle of Tohopeka

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resolves itself into a slow, laborious, methodical slaughter of Indians. General Jackson is constantly at the head of his army, cheering and directing.

At last, the carnage sickens even Jackson. He sends a friendly Indian to tell the Chiefs the lives of the Red men will be spared if they surrender. A volley of bullets from the Creek warriors is the answer to Jackson. The battle continues until night. Days pass, and the Red men are in council. As a result of the pow-wow, the surrender of Weathersford, brave leader of the Creeks, follows speedily. On the way to Jackson's tent, Weathersford shoots a deer which he presents to the General. Jackson is cordial to the Chief. They drink brandy. "If you wish to continue the war," says Jackson, "you are at liberty to depart unharmed."

"There was a time," Weathersford replies, "when I had a choice, and could have answered you. I have none now—even hope has ended. Once I could animate my warriors to battle, but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice; their bones are at Talladega, Tallushatchee, Emuckfau, and Tohopeka." In the battle of Tohopeka, the Indian losses are eight hundred killed; three hundred captured; Jackson's losses are forty-five killed, one hundred and forty-five wounded.

Jackson compels the Creeks to remove to the North, thus cutting them off from intercourse with Florida. He also throws thousands of Indians upon the bounty of the government for succor, and during the Summer of 1814 they feed at the public stores.

In his customary manner, General Jackson puts an end to the zeal of friendly Indians who are bent upon

exterminating their Red brothers for the massacre at Fort Mims. He orders that all who molest a Creek Indian after he has surrendered shall be treated as an enemy of the United States.

Peace reigns throughout the Mississippi Territory. The defeat of the Creeks, achieved in seven months, paves the way for the defence of Mobile and of New Orleans.

On May 31, 1814, Jackson is appointed Major General in the army of the United States, succeeding William Henry Harrison. Thus, the government pays its tribute to the conquerer of the Creeks. Mississippi Territory presents Jackson with a sword, the first of many public gifts to be showered upon him. What has he fought in these seven months? Indians, starvation, mutiny and chronic diarrhoea. The notion that Andrew Jackson has an iron body perishes before the fact of his almost constant illness since his duel with Dickinson in 1806. His will alone is iron.

6

The British troops have not been idle. In the Summer of 1814, an army is led against Washington, the seat of the national government, now a town of only a few thousand inhabitants. The heads of the government are driven into the woods, while the English burn the Capitol and the Executive Mansion. They move on to Baltimore, but are stopped by the guns of Fort McHenry. Day and night the British bombard the fort, but are unable to capture it.

Francis Scott Key has been watching the bombardment throughout the night, and it inspires him to write "The

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Star Spangled Banner." The United States at least gets a song out of the War of 1812. From another of its wars, in 1917, it will get Prohibition.

What of the Indians? They will pass. In a few generations they will be immortalized in wooden statues decorating the fronts of American tobacco stores. And then, even these will pass. A few will be gathered in the museums, not to perpetuate the memory of America's early authentic settlers, but as specimens of the wood carver's art.

Meanwhile, General Jackson is ordered to negotiate a treaty with the Creeks, and to command the southern division of the army. The terms of the treaty, signed August 10, 1814, are severe. The Creeks virtually give up the ghost. They lose their land and their rights upon it. The white man is pushing ahead. England and the United States are weary of the war. A month before the treaty with the Indians is signed at Fort Jackson, American delegates are on their way to Ghent to meet with British representatives to negotiate a peace.

What's that! Peace talk? Why, General Andrew Jackson has not begun to fight. These Indian affairs are only a rehearsal. On to Mobile! On to New Orleans!

Chapter XVII

JACKSON TALKS WITH CANNONS

I

GENERAL JACKSON arrives at Mobile to fight the soldiers of England. Excepting his brief experience as a boy in the War for Independence, it is the first time in his life he is called upon to face a civilized foe. But British troops are his ancient enemy and, as he does not consider them civilized, he is determined to crush them as he has exterminated the Creeks, excepting those remnants of Red-sticks who fled into Florida and found asylum under the protection of the Spanish government. The Spanish government is "neutral" in the War of 1812. It manifests this attitude first, by providing a haven for the Creeks before they went forth to battle against Jackson's army; second, by receiving back into its fold the defeated Braves; third, by providing a base for the British fleet in the Gulf of Mexico from which English ships might sail forth to shell a thousand miles of the American gulf coast and capture, if they can, Mobile and New Orleans.

But the British plan is even more ambitious. Having captured New Orleans, the fleet will sail up the Mississippi and unite with the British forces in Canada. America may then beg for peace from the conquerors of Napoleon.

Jackson suspects this program when he turns his face from the council of peace with the Indians and proceeds to the offices of war at Mobile and New Orleans. He is determined he shall have either "a clean victory or a clean defeat." Either side will have something to crow about when the war is over.

The government at Washington might just as well be in the moon, so far as it is of any service to Jackson. All that it sends him are letters of advice, which are nearly a month in transit, from officials utterly incompetent to advise him correctly.

He is left absolutely to his own devices to decide those nice questions of diplomacy with the Spanish government of Florida. He must virtually raise his own army for the battles to come, as he had to do in the wars with the Indians.

Pessimism reigns at Washington and throughout the eastern section of the country. The famous Hartford Convention, dominated by some of the most formidable politicians of the nation, among whom is Daniel Webster, calls upon President Madison to stop the war; Jackson, hearing of this, says if he were commanding the army of the East he "would hang every rascal at that convention." The West and the South, however, still burn with patriotic ardor; and in certain other quarters there is a desire that the war continue, although the element of patriotism in these sections may be supposed to contain a slight ingredient of more material matters.

For example, take the duPont de Nemours family in the War of 1812. Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours, statesman, economist and powder manufacturer, de-

fended Louis XVI at the storming of the Tuileries. He was imprisoned by the Jacobins but escaped with his two sons and came to America. The elder du Pont was friendly to Jefferson and would have settled in Virginia but for his detestation of slavery which dominated the industry and economics of that state. He settled on the banks of the Brandywine, in the State of Delaware, and there his son, Eluthere Irénée, in the first years of the nineteenth century, established the Eleutherian Mills for the manufacture of gun-powder. It was these mills that furnished all the gun-powder used by the army and navy in the War of 1812, and thus was laid the foundation of the fortune of the du Pont family, whose members now and then have become statesmen, bankers, newspaper owners, patrons of art and music—but all and sundry loyal to the first and present love, the manufacture of powder.

2

Pensacola, in 1814, has the best harbor on the gulf. It is half a day's sail, or two days' march to Mobile. Spain, whose king has just been restored to his throne by England, can ill afford to deny Britain the use of the harbor and the forts as a base from which to proceed against the United States. Still, Spain has reason to feel that her hold upon Florida may not last as long as she might desire. The Americans are reaching out for more and more territory, and are acquiring it, either by conquest or purchase. Americans want to occupy the whole continent. The Spanish Governor, Gonzalez Manrique, is adept in all the art of a grandee, but his garrison consists of only a few companies of shabby troops, and he has

only enough powder in his magazines to fire an occasional royal salute. The population that composes his principality are Spaniards, fishermen, West India traders, Negroes, Indians, soldiers, free-booters and pirates.

But there is great activity in Pensacola now. Nine armed British ships are at anchor in the harbor. The fleet is under the command of Captain W. H. Percy, of the ship *Hermes*. Colonel Edward Nichols, commanding the land forces, is busy issuing proclamations to the natives of Louisiana and Kentucky, extolling His Majesty's cause, while Captain Woodbine, one of his officers, is dressing Creek Indians in the scarlet tunics of British soldiers and trying to drill them.

The news of all this reaches the ears of General Jackson. His strategy is to attack the enemy where he finds him, and he will certainly find him in Florida should he take it into his head to go there. Accordingly, General Jackson writes to Secretary of War Armstrong, pointing out that England is using Florida as a base, and that British officers are training American Indians in Pensacola for war against the United States. What shall he do? Jackson asks. Shall he proceed to an invasion of Florida, or shall he wait until the British emerge from their haven? Washington is nearly thrown into a spasm of fright when it receives this letter from General Jackson. Madison and his advisers know the General's temperament only too well. They are afraid that he may do something to disturb the peaceful relations between the United States and Spain, and cause the latter country to take up arms on the side of England. The fears at Washington are well grounded.

Almost before General Jackson's letter reaches its destination, he marches his army into the city of Pensacola and storms the town. The Spanish Governor is greatly perturbed, to put it mildly. Who is this western barbarian, this Indian fighter, that dares to invade a neutral country and take it by storm?

In one or two sharp letters, Jackson informs the Governor that if he desires to continue to rule he had better behave as a neutral in the future. The pride of the grandee is deeply wounded by the high-handed tone of Jackson's warning.

It is extremely painful for him to stomach this: "In future, I beg you to withhold your insulting charges against my government, for one more inclined to listen to slander than I am; nor consider me any more as a diplomatic character, unless so proclaimed to you from the mouths of my cannon."

If President Madison had seen that letter from Jackson he surely would have died. Meanwhile, Secretary Armstrong is composing a nice letter to Jackson, urging him to be most cautious in his dealings with the Spanish officials in Florida, and please not to offend them without the most justifiable warrant. This letter reaches General Jackson after the war is over, and when Florida has already been invaded, taught a lesson in neutrality, and the Spanish grandee made to feel that Andrew Jackson is a man of his word and not such a bad fellow as generals go.

Meanwhile, the British, disgusted with the action of Governor Manrique in virtually capitulating to the Americans, have blown up Fort Barrancas, six miles from Pen-

sacola, at the entrance of the harbor, and departed. They will be heard from again.

3

General Jackson reaches Mobile. He finds it a village of not more than a hundred and fifty houses, not one of which is able to withstand artillery. But the city will be won or lost at Mobile Point, thirty miles down the bay. General Jackson has sent a hurried call to Tennessee and Kentucky for additional troops. His call is responded to with more alacrity than formerly, for Tennesseans are eager to fight the British. Many youths and men offer to pay as much as thirty dollars to go as substitutes for those who are called to the colors. General Coffee will soon be in the field beside his old commander, with horses and men.

At Mobile Point, General Jackson finds what are practically the ruins of a fort—Fort Bowyer. Still, it is plain to Jackson that Fort Bowyer is Mobile's chance of safety. It has not been tenanted for more than a year and contains nothing for its defence except cannons and cannon balls. In this fort, General Jackson places a garrison of one hundred and sixty men, commanded by Major Lawrence, of the second regiment of United States infantry.

On September 12, 1814, a body of British marines and Indians are landed on the peninsula a few miles from the fort. The Indians are the remnants of the Creeks, whom Captain Woodbine has "trained" at Pensacola. Toward evening of this day four British men-o'-war glide into view and drop anchor six miles off Mobile Point. These ships are the *Hermes*, the *Sophia*, the *Carron* and the *Childers*; the whole under command of Captain Percy.

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For a few days there is great suspense within the fort. The Americans know they will be attacked by a mighty squadron of the British navy—the Mistress of the Seas. Some of the enemy ships have been released from participation in the Napoleonic wars, but, with the Corsican Emperor banished to Elba, Britain may now afford to spread her ships across the seas.

On September 15, the Americans peer out through the portholes of the fort and over the ramparts. There is martial activity on the peninsula among Woodbine's Redsticks, and off the coast Captain Percy has brought up his ships in battle array, the flagship Hermes leading. General Jackson gives orders to Major Lawrence that under no circumstances shall the garrison surrender. If the British are to capture Mobile they must first reduce Fort Bowyer to ashes. Nothing less will do for General Jackson. The slogan, "Don't give up the fort," is adopted as the watchword of the day. Late in the afternoon, the British flotilla opens fire. One by one, the ships give the fort practice in long-range shooting, with little damage being done on either side.

Then the gallant Captain Percy runs the Hermes into the narrow channel that leads into Mobile Bay. He is within musket shot of the fort, and turns his broadside to its guns. The other ships follow suit behind him. Woodbine opens fire with a howitzer from behind a bluff on shore, but a battery on the fort's South side scatters the Creeks and persuades the British captain to keep his distance. A furious cannonading follows. For one hour and a half the fort and the British ships exchange balls of fire. It would seem as though the old fort could not

withstand many more balls from the cannons. But what has happened?

Captain Percy's flagship, the *Hermes*, is raked from stem to stern. Everything is swept from her decks—men and materials—and she wallows in the sea. She is caught in the current and drifts half a mile down stream. Captain Percy transfers his wounded to the *Sophia*, and sets fire to his ship. The little garrison have time to reload their guns for the next attack. They have humbled one of the ships of the mighty British fleet—and now it is the *Sophia's* turn.

The *Sophia* tries to take the lead, but she is soon severely crippled and wriggles out of range. The two remaining ships hoist sail and depart for their old anchorage off the coast. Late at night the *Hermes* blows up with an explosion that is heard by General Jackson thirty miles away at Mobile. Woodbine, his marines and Indians have vanished from the peninsula before dawn of the next day. Through the morning mist the Americans in the garrison see the outline of the enemy ships far off shore. British losses are thirty-two killed and forty wounded. The American losses are four dead and ten wounded within the fort. Mobile has been saved!

On September 21, General Jackson puts aside his sword for the moment and grasps his pen. He is a writing General as well as a fighting General. His papers never fail to produce terror among the enemy and confidence among his troops.

"Louisianians," he writes, "the base, the perfidious Britons have attempted to invade your country. They had the temerity to attack Fort Bowyer with their incon-

grous horde of Indian and Negro assassins. They seemed to have forgotten that this fort was defended by freemen. They were not long indulged in this error. The gallant Lawrence, with his little Spartan band, has given them a lecture that will last for the ages; he has taught them what men can do when fighting for their liberties, when contending against slaves. He has convinced Sir W. H. Percy that his companions in arms are not to be conquered by proclamations; that the strongest British bark is not invulnerable to the force of American artillery, directed by the steady nervous arm of a freeman . . . I well know that every man whose soul beats high at the proud title of freeman; that every Louisianian, either by birth or adoption, will promptly obey the voice of his country; will rally round the eagle of Columbia, secure it from the pending danger, or nobly die in the last ditch in its defense."

4

General Jackson is forced to pass six weeks in idleness at Mobile, waiting for fresh Tennessee troops. There are days when it seems as though he is ill almost to extremes. Those who see him at his headquarters comment upon his gaunt, yellow, haggard appearance. In after years artists and sculptors will portray him at this period of his life as being a perfect specimen of vigorous manhood—your ideal soldier. As a fact, almost every letter of his to Rachel contains reference to the persistency of his "bowel complaint." At Mobile, October 21, he writes:

"My Dear: Genl Coffees near approach, gives not only

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confidence to me, but to the country, and I trust shortly that I will be able to drive the lyon from his den, and give thereby permanent security to this section of the lower country. The approach of the British to and burning of the capitol, may be considered a disgrace to the nation, but it will give impulse and energy to our cause, the change, too in the Secrataries of War (James Monroe has succeeded Armstrong), will aid much to the energies of measures, and in the safety of our cause. from our late successes, we have a right to hope that the great ruler of the universe, who holds the destiny of nations in his hand is on our side and as you Justly say, if that is the case we will be successful, we will conquer.

“You ask me where is the bone that came out of my arm (this is his left arm, shattered in the affray with the Bentons). I enclosed it, in the letter that announced that I had sent it, when you opened the letter it has fell out, but do not grieve at its loss, it gave me pain, therefore the loss of it from my arm gives me pleasure.

“Say to my son I expect to see him shortly, that he must learn to ride, be a good boy and never cry, that he must do every thing his sweet mamma tells him, and he must learn to be a soldier. as to you I can only say your good understanding, and reflection will reconcile you to our separation, the situation of our country require it for who could brook a British tyranny, who would not prefer dying free, struggling for our liberty and religion, than live a British slave.”

General Jackson is cute. He well knows that his reference to religious matters, about which he is both ignorant

and indifferent, will please his wife who, as she advances in years and forgets the recklessness, imprudence, indiscretions and general gayety of her youth, becomes more and more painfully pious, in an intolerant, narrow sense. Adoring his wife, Jackson adopts as his own whatever notions she may hold with respect to matters pertaining to the soul. He knows it will do him no harm, and will produce peace and harmony at the hearthstone of the Hermitage.

And this warrior has need of at least one place in the wide world where peace dwells. He is eternally at war with the world of men. He is ever at peace in the world of women. And yet, men love him and follow him. Women admire him as they might a lion; but they fear him and shrink from him, knowing how loudly he can roar. But Rachel has never heard Andrew Jackson roar. The commonest soldier in his ranks knows the intrinsic character of her tall man better than she knows it. The Jackson who goes home from the wars is not the General of the battlefield, not even the same man who once frequented the race track, the cock-pit and sang ribald, frontier songs over tavern bars.

5

News of troops comes at last. But the character of the news! At Fort Jackson, two hundred men, of those who had been called out three months before to garrison the fort, have mutinied and marched home. It is the old dispute over whether they enlisted for three months or six months. General Jackson again storms, swears, threatens. His sickness falls from his shoulders like an old cape

and he straightens up, as erect as stone, and swears "by the Eternal" he will teach "the damned rascals" a lesson. Off go his letters to his subordinates at Fort Jackson, demanding the immediate arrest and trial of the offenders. Let not one man escape, he says. He cares not what they thought about the term of the enlistment, whether it is three months or three years. There is a war to be fought. The enemy is at the gates of Mobile, and New Orleans is undefended, an easy prey of the British fleet if it had gumption enough to sail up the gulf and take it.

For the present Jackson will leave the capture and courtmartial of the offenders at Fort Jackson to the officers in charge. He has no time for such details now. But later on he will have something to say about the mutiny. But he will never hear the last of the step that he has already made up his mind he will take.

At length real troops arrive. On November 25, General Coffee comes with twenty-eight hundred men. There are volunteers from Mississippi, and a body of friendly Creeks. In a short while, when he gets to New Orleans, he will cause the jails to be emptied and he will enlist the convicts in his army; there will be Negroes, too; and pirates—Jean LaFitte's crew—whom the British failed to inveigle into their own ranks; and there will be Frenchmen of Louisiana. General Jackson is in command of an army of four thousand men, of whom one thousand are troops of the regular United States army.

Having freed Pensacola as a base for the British fleet, having saved Mobile by prompt action at Fort Bowyer, where he still leaves Major Lawrence in charge of the garrison, General Jackson turns the nose of his horse

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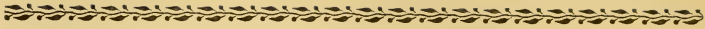
toward New Orleans. Sick and worn, he rides seventeen miles a day, covering the one hundred and seventy miles by December 1.

Here is the city wherein this Bad Man of the once Cumberland Settlement will achieve immortality.

Does Andrew Jackson remember the day long ago when, as a boy, he yearned to run off to war, to participate actively in the War for Independence, and, being shunted off to a boarding house by his mother, he picked up a scythe and began assaulting the weeds around the house with extreme fury, saying to himself, "Oh, if I were a man, how I would sweep down the British with my grass blade?"

Does General Jackson remember longing for that chance?

He smiles now as he enters New Orleans. The day has come.



Chapter XVIII

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

I

NEW ORLEANS, situated below sea level, in 1814 is a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. Sugar culture and the cotton trade are in their infancy. Still, there is stored in the city one hundred and fifty thousand bales of cotton, the product of two years, worth in England more than a half million sterling. Also, there are ten thousand hogsheads of sugar, which have a total value of a million and a quarter dollars. There are a number of fairly good sea-going vessels lying in the harbors. Altogether, New Orleans is considered a rich prize by the British, who will spend a million sterling in their expedition to conquer the city and plunder it. French creoles form the majority of the population of the city; among them are many Spaniards, half castes, sailors from all the ports of the world, pirates, soldiers of fortune, and a residue of Americans, among whom is Edward Livingston, an exceptionally able man of wide culture and learning.

Livingston, born in New York State, of an aristocratic family, threw his lot in with Jeffersonian democracy, and began what promised to be a brilliant career in Congress.

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He, with Burr, supported Tennessee's claim for admission into the Union, and this was sufficient to endear him to Jackson when the latter went to Philadelphia as Tennessee's first member of Congress. In 1801, President Jefferson appointed Livingston attorney for the United States for New York State. Later he was appointed by the Governor of New York to serve as Mayor of New York City, and in 1803 he laid the foundation stone for the present City Hall. During the celebration of that event he gave workmen who were present one hundred dollars to buy themselves drinks so that they might celebrate more fittingly and lustily. In 1803 an epidemic of yellow fever ravaged New York City, and in due course Mayor Livingston fell a victim to the disease. During his illness, the treasury of the city was looted by his subordinates, and when he recovered he found that he owed the government fifty thousand dollars because of the thievery of his underlings. Livingston resigned his offices, sacrificed his property to square the debt, and went to New Orleans to begin life anew as a lawyer.

It was Edward Livingston, gentle, brave, philosophical and forthright, who began to prepare the public mind of New Orleans for the defence of the city before General Jackson had arrived there. It is Livingston who stands side by side with Jackson throughout the immediate ordeal, and who will continue to serve the Commander and his country in more important pursuits in the years ahead. Jackson could not have found a better ally and a nobler friend than Livingston. History will lose sight of this man, who effaced himself for those whom he regarded as his friends.

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General Jackson leads his party of five or six men into the city. The General's countenance is "full of stern decision and fearless energy," says one who saw him at this time. "His complexion is sallow and unhealthy; his hair is iron grey, and his body thin and emaciated, like one who had just recovered from a lingering and painful sickness. But the fierce glare of his bright and hawk-like eye betrayed a soul and spirit which triumphed over all infirmities of the body. His dress is simple and nearly threadbare. A small leather cap protects his head, and a short Spanish blue cloak his body, while his feet and legs are encased in high dragoon boots, long ignorant of polish or blackening, which reach to his knees."

2

The General and his aides are escorted to an old Spanish villa on the outskirts of the city, where incomparable French cooks, hearing that the famous American General, Andrew Jackson, is coming, have prepared dainty viands to tempt him. The table groans under the weight of rich and savory food and the young aides do justice to it, while General Jackson pushes it all aside and requests a bowl of hominy.

The breakfast over, the General consults his watch and tells his aides to follow him to the city, where Governor Claiborne is waiting to welcome the defender. The flood-gates of oratory are loosened, and many timid souls find courage for one moment in their lives to deliver themselves of their portion of bombast and patriotic appeal. General Jackson listens to all this in silence. He has not come to hear speeches but to whip the conquerors of

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Napoleon. He is plainly bored, but he must reply at least to the speech of Governor Claiborne.

General Jackson is not an orator. His voice is pleasant, but unsuited for the platform. On this occasion the words come from him in husky staccato barks, which are somewhat softened by the suggestion of a southern and Tennessee drawl. He declares he has come to protect the city *and to drive the enemy into the sea*, or perish in the effort. He calls on all citizens of all nationalities to bury their differences and rally to the defence of the government. He indicates very plainly that his word is law and shall be respected and obeyed. Livingston translates his speech into the French and the people applaud, but they are awed. The man before them is passionately earnest. He appears to be so ill. They had expected to see Napoleon himself—or a huge robust General with golden epaulettes, a shining sword, white pantaloons, glistening boots, diamonds sparkling on his breast, his hand pushed into his coat as he speaks. They behold a slender, gaunt, unshorn six-footer, his clothing wrinkled and frayed, weary from the Indian wars.

General Jackson and his staff repair to one of the few brick buildings existing in New Orleans—106 Royal Street, where a flag is unfurled from the third story window to indicate to the populace that this is the headquarters of the defender. For ten minutes the General reposes on a couch. Then he is up, and, accompanied by Livingston, now the new aide-de-camp, he mounts his horse and reviews all the troops within the city. He surveys the ground and the topography of the country, the lakes roundabout and the shores of the Mississippi. He

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wants to know what kind of a city he means to defend.

In the course of the gallop, Livingston invites the General to his home for dinner, and the General accepts. Word flies on the wing that General Jackson is in town, and Mrs. Livingston, the gracious and gorgeous lady, has invited a bevy of creole beauties to help her entertain the famous warrior.

At the appointed hour the General arrives with Livingston, and they are escorted into the great dining room. The New Orleans beauties are shocked at the appearance of Andrew Jackson. They had heard so much about him. One young lady nudges another and giggles: "Where did the Livingstons ever come across this backwoodsman?"

General Jackson in such a company is the embodiment of grace and courtliness, much of which he learned from the slick, suave Burr. Still, good manners and a certain austere dignity are natural to him. He discusses neither the war, nor himself, but engages the young women in charming chatter about their city and themselves. When he leaves the table with Livingston all eyes follow his tall and erect figure. They love him. They do not believe the horrific tales they have heard about his cruelties and relentlessness as a warrior. General Jackson kill a man? Impossible! How little the ladies know what a man may do when he is riding a purpose in a man's world.

In the days that follow, General Jackson supervises alterations at Fort Philip, several miles up the river, which he believes can be rendered an impassable barrier to the enemy's ships. He inspects the borders of Lake Pontchartrain and Lake Borgne, broad shallow bays which

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afford to the commerce of New Orleans a convenient back-gate. Jackson depends upon his gunboats in Lake Pontchartrain to prevent the enemy from reaching the city by that means. A narrow strait connects Lake Pontchartrain with Lake Borgne in which there is a fortification. It is highly important that the gunboats in Pontchartrain keep out the enemy. Two American war vessels lie at anchor in the river, the Carolina and the Louisiana. These are commanded by Commodore Patterson, who awaits the hour to strike.

In Negril Bay is the British fleet of fifty armed vessels, among them the huge Tonnant, of eighty guns, one of Nelson's prizes at the battle of the Nile. The Tonnant now flies the pennant of Sir Admiral Cochrane, in command of the formidable fleet. The decks of the ships in Negril Bay are crowded with British Red-coats. There are regiments who participated in the burning of Washington, and in the futile assault upon Baltimore. There are regiments from the West Indies. In all, the British have assembled in American waters an imposing army, many of the troops having been led by the Duke of Wellington against the army of Napoleon. Their fifty ships carry a thousand guns. Their objective is the swampy city of New Orleans, their enemy is a straggling, ragged army, tired after the Indian wars, and in some sections definitely mutinous.

3

Bad news for General Jackson. By December 15, the British have advanced into the lakes and are about to make a landing of their troops. Panic seizes New Orleans. The

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gun-boats have been captured. Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne are at the mercy of the foe.

General Jackson hurries to the city and a proclamation is prepared by Livingston, at the dictation of Jackson, to the people of New Orleans. He warns all against any act of treason or sedition in the emergency and bids the populace to be calm. The next day General Jackson declares the city to be under martial law. Under the terms of this act, all able-bodied men are inducted into the military service, the aged and infirm are made to perform police duty in the city, the judges close their courts and the jails are emptied of prisoners into whose hands muskets are thrust.

On December 23, news reaches Jackson that the British have landed a force nine miles below the city and intend to camp there for the night. The General draws himself up to his full height. His eyes blaze with a new light of fire, and his clenched fist bangs the table.

“By God Almighty,” he declares, “they shall not sleep on our soil.”

He sips a glass of wine and addresses his aides: “Gentlemen, the British are below, we must fight them tonight.” Jackson sets his war machinery into motion without a moment’s delay. His orders are dispatched to his commanders. Commodore Patterson is ordered to prepare the Carolina for weighing anchor and dropping down the river. It is mid-afternoon. Jackson sits down to his dinner of half a cup of coffee and a small bowl of rice. Then he retires to his room and stretches himself out on his couch. He sleeps for an hour and a quarter. It

is the last sleep the General will enjoy for five days and five nights. He mounts his horse and departs for the lower end of the city where stands Fort St. Charles. The General takes his stand before the gates of the fort and watches his regiments as they sweep past him. To each commander he salutes, and now and then he addresses cheering words to the men in the ranks—the backwoods-men,—who are going to fight trained soldiers of His Majesty's government. "Give it to the Red-coats," says Jackson. "Give it to them good!"

Two thousand one hundred and thirty-one American troops, more than half of whom have never been in action, swing past their General to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." The women in the city are alarmed. Many of them carry daggers in their bosoms and beneath the folds of their hoop skirts. It has been rumored that a British commander has promised his soldiers "Beauty and Booty" when they invest and sack the city. "Tell the ladies," says Jackson to a civilian, "not to be uneasy. Not one British soldier shall enter the city as an enemy unless over my dead body."

"I will smash the Red-coats," he tells Livingston, who is mounted by his side, "so help me God."

General Jackson now gallops with furious pace to the *head* of his army. There is scarcely a moment when he is not in the line of fire. He asks no soldier to risk his life without also risking his own. He plays the old backwoods strategy of cornering his enemy and then whipping him unmercifully while he is in the trap. The Carolina is to pull in close to the shore near the enemy's camp, give

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the signal for the attack and then pour broadsides of grape and round shot into their midst, while the infantry and cavalry get into action.

It is dusk. The Carolina booms the signal for the attack. Jackson waits ten minutes that seem like ten years before giving the command to advance. He wants to focus the attention of the enemy upon the Carolina. Then the battle is on and continues for one hour and a half. The Americans give good account of themselves, particularly General Coffee's sharpshooters, who are accustomed to night warfare with the Indians. The British losses are forty-six killed, one hundred and sixty-seven wounded, and sixty-four prisoners and deserters. Jackson's losses are twenty-four killed, one hundred and fifteen wounded, and seventy-four prisoners.

The Americans take refuge for the night behind the old Roderiguez Canal, which is partly filled up and grown over with grass. Shovels, and picks and wheelbarrows are hastily sent for. The soldiers are going to dig trenches right here at the delta of the Mississippi. "We will plant our stakes here," declares Jackson, "and not abandon them until we drive the damned rascals into the river or the swamp."

But the soldiers have not dug more than three feet before they strike water. Jackson is advised to construct a ridge of cotton bales. No sooner said than done. Cotton rolls out of the warehouses at New Orleans and soon a fortification is raised. One of the owners of the bales rushes up to General Jackson, protesting it is his property which has been confiscated. General Jackson seizes a musket and places it in the soft palms of the merchant. "Since

this is your property, sir, it is your business to defend it. Get into the ranks."

4

What is happening at Ghent, where British and American plenipotentiaries have been discussing terms of peace? They have signed a treaty. Earl Bathurst, of the Foreign Office, writes to the Lord Mayor of London, on December 26: "My Lord: I have the honor to acquaint your Lordship that Mr. A. S. Baker (attaché of the British legation at Washington and secretary of the British commissioners at Ghent) has arrived at this office this morning from Ghent, with the Intelligence that a Treaty of Peace was signed between His Majesty and the United States of America by the respective Plenipotentiaries at that place on the 24th inst. It is the same time my duty to acquaint your Lordship that it is understood by the Treaty that hostilities will cease as soon as it shall have been ratified by the President of the United States as well as by the Prince Regent in the name and in behalf of His Majesty."

News of the peace travels apace in Great Britain and in Paris. In the latter city the theaters resound with the cries, "God save the Americans." In Washington, President Madison knows nothing of what has been done across the sea. His wife, the delightful Dolly, entertains at a large Christmas party. There is no Atlantic cable and it will be some time before official Washington knows that the war has ended. It will be even longer before General Jackson hears of it at New Orleans.

There is much hilarity in the American camp. General

Jackson's Christmas dinner is a bowl of porridge and a cup of black coffee. In the British camp, where gloom has prevailed since their reverses, there is joy now with the arrival of Major General Sir Edward Pakenham, and Major General Samuel Gibbs, his second in command. General Pakenham is a brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington. He has won high and rapid distinction for his valor and discretion on the field of battle against the armies of Napoleon. The Duke thinks highly of him. He is a North of Irelander, like the General whom he has come to face.

General Pakenham is given great quantities of misinformation concerning the strength of Jackson's army. He is led to believe that there is nothing whatsoever to prevent him from walking into New Orleans and helping himself—then up the Mississippi and victory, victory everywhere. He refuses to take into account the reverses which the British have thus far suffered. Pakenham's great optimism is his undoing. Jackson's faith sobers him. The American General appears to take great chances, but the fact is, he takes none until he is certain, or as certain as it is humanly possible to be, of victory, and that is not exactly taking a gambler's chance.

Pakenham resolves first to blow the Carolina out of the water.

No sooner said than done. One of Jackson's mainstays, the intrepid Carolina, is blown to splinters. Huge guns, placed by the British on the levee during the night, do their work with the dawn of December 27. The British next assault the American positions, and the result is fifty Red-coats killed and wounded. The American losses

are nine killed and eight wounded. Still, the legislature and many citizens of New Orleans are panic stricken. Their first thought is to save the city, while the first thought of General Jackson is to defeat the British, even at the sacrifice of the city. He has made up his mind that if he must retreat before the British troops, he will himself burn the city, leaving not one brick on top of another, so that if the British should arrive they will have a hot reception, and an empty victory.

General Jackson has been informed that the legislature are of the opinion that the city cannot be saved and are about to give up the country to the enemy. Governor Claiborne, who has never been on friendly terms with the legislature, is ordered by Jackson to make a strict inquiry into the matter, and, if he finds it is true, to "Blow them up."

Claiborne, receiving this message, proceeds to close the doors of the Capitol to the law-makers. They are enraged, and one and all they look upon Jackson as a desperado and regret his coming. He has placed the city under martial law, and now he dares to prevent the legislature from meeting.

5

From January 1 to the night of January 7, the opposing armies engage in intermittent battles and sorties. British losses invariably are higher than those of the Americans, but this is partly due to the fact that British commanders are certain of ultimate victory, and, as their army is far larger than the American force, they expose their troops recklessly to the unerring fire of the Amer-

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icans. General Jackson is constantly passing among his men, urging them to take no unnecessary risk with their lives, and to conserve their ammunition until they are virtually certain of bringing down a Red-coat.

On January 4, two thousand two hundred and fifty Kentuckians arrive. They will be commanded by General John Adair. But observe their condition; they are so ragged that as they march they have to hold their garments to cover their nakedness. Only one man in three is equipped with arms. They had expected to receive clothing, supplies and muskets when they reached New Orleans, but Jackson has none to give them. The legislature, however, which had been excluded from its chambers only for several days, appropriates funds to provide the men with clothing, mattresses and blankets.

Jackson finds two hundred muskets in the city, and these he gives to as many Kentuckians and dispatches them to the West bank of the river. For his own lines, he has three thousand two hundred men against a trained and disciplined army which he supposes numbers twelve thousand troops. Actually, General Pakenham commands seven thousand three hundred men—more than two to one.

6

It is January 8, 1815. It is one o'clock in the morning. General Jackson lies on the couch on the top floor of his headquarters. Several of his aides sleep upon the floor. The Commander does not know how tired he really is. A few minutes after one, Jackson looks at his watch. "Gentlemen," he calls to his sleeping aides, "rise. We

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have slept enough. The enemy will be upon us in a few minutes." General Jackson buckles on his sword and tucks his pistols into his coat-tails. He tosses a cape around his shoulders, dons his leather hat and strides forth. Before four o'clock the British are up and busy.

It is six o'clock. The fog partly lifts. The Americans strain their eyes for a sight of the enemy. They are coming in two columns, led by General Gibbs. They march within range of General Carroll's Tennesseans with small arms, the rifles; behind these are the Kentuckians, four lines of sharpshooters. The rifles rake the British. The gaps are so great in the English columns that the rear troops run pell-mell to fill them.

The Red-coats under Gibbs falter in face of the hellish fire. General Pakenham, on his mount, dashes headlong into the furnace, crying "For shame" at his troops who seem to be in retreat. A bullet crashes through his arm, and it dangles at his right side. His horse is shot from under him. The column reforms and again marches into the American fire. Musket balls, cannons, rifles and grape-shot level their ranks even with the plain. Red-coats pitch headlong into the ditch before the American breastworks. A volley of grape-shot crashes into the midst of Red-coats among whom Pakenham is the central figure, and the gallant British Commander falls dead. A few moments later General Gibbs, second in command, is killed, and next General Keane is wounded in the neck and thigh. Still, the British troops come on and five hundred and forty-four of their number are slaughtered within a hundred yards of the American lines.

The Red-coats are demoralized. They appear to be fas-

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minated by the deadly aim of the Americans, by the awful slaughter, and walk straight into it, like a crazed horse dashing into roaring flames. The actual battle has lasted only twenty-five minutes, but the roar of guns from each side is heard for a much longer time. During the entire battle General Jackson has stood near the center of the scene, on a slight elevation. As the advancing columns of the foe approached he walked among the troops saying now and then: "Give it to them, boys. Let us finish the business this day."

After the slaughter, and as the British retreat across the plains, several subordinate officers beg the General to permit them to pursue the foe, but he refuses. "No," he says, "the lives of my men are of value to their country, and much too dear to their families to be hazarded where necessity does not require it." The British losses for this day are seven hundred killed, fourteen hundred wounded, and five hundred prisoners. Jackson's losses are eight killed, thirteen wounded and no prisoners.

On the West bank of the river, however, the Americans suffered a serious reverse. The British Colonel, Thornton, gained an advantage over General Morgan's Kentuckians, whom Jackson accused of fleeing in disorder before the enemy. The British losses had been so great, however, that General Lambert, now in supreme command of the British forces, decided it might be too costly to hold the West bank if Jackson should decide to defend it with reinforcements from the East bank, and he abandoned the position. Casualties among the British command were especially high. Three major generals, eight colonels and

lieutenant colonels, six majors, eighteen captains and fifty-four subalterns were among the killed.

7

On February 4 the news of General Jackson's victory reaches Washington. The Capital, from the President down to the humblest citizen, is wild with joy. None had expected a victory, least of all at New Orleans. While Washington is still celebrating Jackson's decisive triumph, official word comes on February 14 of the peace that had been signed at Ghent on December 24. All knew then that Jackson had fought a vain battle two weeks after peace had actually been declared, and that even if the British had captured New Orleans they would have been obliged to restore the city to the Americans and depart. But this does not prevent the nation from paying him its tribute. The states shower him with their resolutions and gifts. Congress orders a gold medal to be struck in his honor, and citizens of all ranks acclaim him.

There is but one hero in the United States. He is Andrew Jackson. His name is on every tongue, whether wagging in the parlors or in the taverns. They all know, or think they know, the quality of their hero.

President Madison at once dispatches a courier to New Orleans with a message to Jackson informing him of the peace. In nineteen days the messenger will arrive with the tidings.

Chapter XIX

THE GENERAL TESTS HIS POWER

I

GENERAL JACKSON now prepares to march his army back to the city of New Orleans. He has occupied the camp of the enemy, who seem to have departed. Although a total of only fifty-six men in Jackson's armies have been killed in battle, the thirty days following January eighth witnessed the death of about five hundred American soldiers, who fell victims to influenza, swamp fevers and dysentery. The first act of Jackson after the great victory is to address a letter to the Abbé Dubourg, head of the Roman Catholic clergy in Louisiana, urging the Abbé to appoint a day of public thanksgiving "to be performed in the cathedral, in token of the great assistance we have received from the *Ruler of all events*, and of our humble sense of it."

The Abbé promptly names January 23 for the performance of the *Te Deum* in the cathedral. Church bells throughout the city on that day proclaim the tidings of the triumph, and a gorgeous pageant is staged in honor of the defender. A triumphal arch is built, and, as General Jackson passes under it, the women of New Orleans and many from other states, strew his path with flowers. A

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crown of laurel is presented to the General, who accepts it with a pretty speech which he addresses to the Abbé.

“I receive with gratitude and pleasure the symbolical crown which piety has prepared,” says Jackson, with a grand and courtly bow. “I receive it in the name of the brave men who have so effectually seconded my exertion for the preservation of their country—they well deserve the laurels which their country will bestow.”

On the occasion of these services at the cathedral, General Jackson still did not know that peace had been declared.

On the day before he repaired to the church to receive the crown of laurel “which piety had prepared,” he signed the death warrants of six Tennessee militiamen who were found guilty by a military court of mutiny at Fort Jackson on September 19-20, 1814. These men had been called out by Governor Blount to reinforce Jackson at New Orleans, and when they reached Fort Jackson they were told by their officers that they could not legally be made to serve longer than three months. Hence, when that period ended they, with nearly two hundred others, proceeded to raid the stores in the vicinity for food to last them on their homeward journey. Records of the trial all tend to show that the men honestly believed they were entitled to depart at the expiration of three months’ service. Those who escaped the death penalty were punished in various ways, and in several cases swords were broken over the heads of the officers who were found guilty of aiding and abetting the mutiny.

Jackson left the matter of the trial to the military tribunal which, for the most part, comprised officers sta-

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tioned at Fort Jackson where the mutiny occurred. In December the men had been found guilty, but Jackson was too busy with the defence of New Orleans to give consideration to the offenders. Despite the fact that on January 19 he declared his belief that Louisiana was no longer in peril, three days later he could sign the death warrant of six American soldiers who appear to have been mistaken in their conception of their term of service.

2

It is February 21. The place is Mobile. Although only a little more than a week ago the British made a second attack upon Fort Bowyer, now there are rumors of peace. Everyone believes the war is over. Everyone except General Jackson, who is determined that nothing shall be taken for granted, least of all the question of peace.

So on this day, February 21, he has six coffins placed in a row and each of the six victims, among whom is a Baptist preacher and the father of nine children, is made to kneel on his box blind-folded. General Jackson has ordered his troops drawn up in a circle so they might witness the spectacle. Citizens are not discouraged from participating as witnesses. A firing squad ends the miseries of these men, all of whom wrote letters to their families protesting their innocence.

The public outside of Mobile pays no attention whatsoever to these executions. Even the newspapers of Washington contain no reference to them. Washington and the East, as well as the South and West, is too joyful in celebrating Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans and the conqueror of the British army, to note General Jack-

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son, the executioner of six misguided American soldiers. It is certain that if General Jackson held in his hands on that bloody day the document certifying that peace had been declared he would not have spared the lives of those hapless men from his own state. He himself had suffered too much from mutinous troops to be merciful now. He does not even bother to inform himself as to how the condemned men arrived at the idea that they had enlisted only for three months, instead of for six months. If he had conducted such an investigation he might possibly have discovered that the misunderstanding was between Governor Blount, who called out the levy, and the government at Washington, who first sanctioned it.

This matter will not be referred to again until the Presidential campaign of 1828, and then Jackson's enemies will use the ghosts of these men to plague him as "a murderer." But General Jackson in that day will defend his conduct with letters and statements that seem to misstate the case. Congress will order an inquiry, and Congress will whitewash the hero of New Orleans. It is one of the blackest blots that thus far has stained his escutcheon.

3

After the executions at Mobile, General Jackson gallops off to New Orleans, where he meets Livingston, who has recently returned, February 19, from a visit to the British fleet with the news of the peace. Admiral Cochrane, it appears, has received this intelligence in advance of the Americans on land. The report spreads rapidly and there naturally is great joy and celebration in the city. Jackson

tries his utmost to dampen this gladness. His position is, there is no peace, and shall be none, until he has been officially informed by the government.

"The Louisiana Gazette," however, prints a paragraph to the effect that "a flag has just arrived from Admiral Cochrane to General Jackson, officially announcing the conclusion of peace at Ghent between the United States and Great Britain, and virtually requesting a suspension of arms." When Jackson's eye scans this paragraph he immediately flies into a tantrum. Of course Cochrane has sent him no flag, but the Red-coats already are reliably informed of the peace. In fact, Livingstone has notified Jackson that the British have officially received the news.

But this did not deter the Commanding General from dispatching a severe rebuke to the editor of the offending newspaper, denying that peace exists and concluding with the warning: "Henceforward, it is expected that no publication of the nature of that herein alluded to and censured will appear in any paper of the city, unless the editor shall have previously ascertained its correctness, and gained permission for its insertion from the proper source."

All of which means, of course, that Jackson has taken it upon himself to censor the press and has suspended the constitutional guarantees on the plea of an emergency which he has officially stated he does not believe now exists. There is not a man in the country who has protested louder than Jackson against any encroachment upon the people's liberty. Likewise, there is not another man in the new republic who would dare affront individual and collective freedom as Andrew Jackson has done. And here

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is a devout Democrat; a hater of tyrants; a lover of liberty! Philosophy, consistency are not in this man.

The editor growls loudly under his muzzle, and the French section of the community is quite disturbed by Jackson's high-handedness. They hit upon the scheme of appealing to the French consul, M. Toussard, for French citizenship papers in order that they might have protection from the General's wrath should they care to speak their minds freely. The Consul issues the papers and hoists the French flag over his Consulate.

General Jackson meets this situation immediately by ordering the Consul and all Frenchmen who are not citizens of the United States to leave the city within three days, and not return within one hundred and twenty miles of the city until the ratification of the treaty of peace has been officially published. Moreover, the General scans the voting register of the last election to ascertain who are citizens and who are not.

This is too much for Frenchmen in Louisiana, who have been loyal to the United States and who fought in Jackson's army, to stomach. One of their number writes an indignant letter to the editor, protesting the banishment of Frenchmen from New Orleans, and concluding with the remark: "It is high time the laws should resume their empire; that the citizens of the state should return to the full enjoyment of their rights; that, in acknowledging that we are indebted to General Jackson for the preservation of our city and the defeat of the British, we do not feel much inclined, through gratitude, to sacrifice any of our privileges, and, less than any other, that of expressing our opinion of the acts of his administration."

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Here was an open challenge. The letter is duly published in the "Gazette" and is signed by "A Citizen of Louisiana of French Origin."

Here was a choice morsel for General Jackson to chew. He promptly sends for the editor and demands the name of the contributor. That individual proves to be Louis Louaillier, a citizen of the United States, member of the legislature, and a man of considerable fortune, who had assisted Livingston in preparing the public mind for the defence of New Orleans and helped to raise funds to feed and clothe Jackson's hungry and ragged troops. All of this has no weight with Jackson. On Sunday, March 5, he orders the arrest of Louaillier, who is thrown into prison. The next day the courier from President Madison arrives at Jackson's headquarters with official word of the peace, but he has neglected to bring the proper document. Jackson now knows that the war is over, but he proceeds with the court-martial of Louaillier on the same day that he receives word the war is ended.

On the day that Louaillier was arrested, his attorney, who witnessed the incident, rushed to the home of Federal Judge Dominick A. Hall. The Judge issued a writ of *habeas corpus* for the temporary release of the legislator. Jackson seized the original writ and gave the court officer who served it upon him a certified copy of the document. He then proceeds to send his soldiers to arrest Judge Hall, of the District Court of the United States, accusing him of "aiding and abetting and exciting mutiny within my camp."

The General's order is promptly obeyed and Sunday

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night the Federal Judge is locked up in the barracks with Louaillier. A few days later, assured that the war is over, General Jackson disbands the militia. Meanwhile the courtmartial acquits Louaillier of all charges except one, illegal and improper conduct, and for want of jurisdiction frees him of that. But Jackson disapproves of the verdict and keeps the legislator in prison until March 13, when he receives the official notification that the United States has ratified the Ghent Treaty.

4

Meanwhile, General Jackson, after keeping the Judge a prisoner for a week, decides to banish him from the city, and Judge Hall is escorted by soldiers four miles outside the city limits and is forbidden to return until the official peace has been published at the pleasure of Andrew Jackson.

On March 22, Judge Hall, having crept back to his court, first making sure that he does not encounter the General or his soldiers on the way, orders Jackson to show cause why an attachment should not issue against him for contempt of court in disobeying the writ of *habeas corpus* and imprisoning the Judge who issued it. On March 31, Andrew Jackson, in mufti, enters Judge Hall's court, followed by a disorderly crowd of his admirers. His followers set up a fearful racket, jeering the Judge and cheering for Jackson. The Judge is plainly frightened. He believes he is about to be mobbed for daring to hale before him the defender of New Orleans.

General Jackson mounts a chair and addresses his root-

ers. He admonishes them to conduct themselves with decency and decorum, and to "show due respect to the constitutional authorities." As if he respects them!


"There is no danger here," he says, addressing the court. "There shall be none; the same arm that protected from outrage this city against the invaders of the country will shield and protect this court, or perish in the effort." The Judge breathes easier now, for there is fire in the General's eyes and he means what he is saying.

So the court feels safe in fining General Jackson one thousand dollars for contempt of court. His followers believe he has won another signal victory and they carry him from the shrine of justice on their shoulders and bear him through the streets. Presently a fine span of horses, drawing a pretty carriage in which sits a lady at ease, on her way to market, perhaps, come dashing down the street toward the crowd. The rabble stop the team, unhitch the horses and shoo them off, and bid the fair lady to emerge and proceed to her destination afoot. General Jackson, though he protests, is placed inside the carriage and his adherents draw him through the city streets in triumph. Huzzahs for Jackson resound through the city and soon a great throng is following the absurd spectacle, while the dignified and courtly General is striving to disengage himself from it.

The General sends Judge Hall a check for the fine under protest. In 1844 Congress will pass a bill remitting this fine with interest, and a check for two thousand seven hundred dollars will be sent to the Hermit at the Hermitage with due apologies and greetings.

The war is over. The United States did not get Canada, but it did get the "Star Spangled Banner." The British got neither Beauty nor Booty anywhere. Incidentally, they discovered that a half-starved, ragged army of backwoodsmen are pretty good fighters when led by a man like Andrew Jackson, who never knew the sweet sensation of taking a good licking. In due course, Mrs. Jackson arrives at New Orleans to see the city that her husband has so gloriously defended. She is fat and dumpy now, and Mrs. Livingston tries her best to fit the Tennessee lady in clothes of the prevailing fashion, but, as it is impossible to discover just where is Mrs. Jackson's waist line, the task is abandoned.

In May, the tall man and his wife depart for home. They are given a reception, the like of which no city or state ever gave a citizen of the republic up to that time.



Chapter XX

MORE HOT WATER AND FLORIDA

I

GENERAL JACKSON enjoys the change from the battlefield to the peace of Hermitage, the companionship of Rachel and her good cooking; the mischief of his adopted son, Andrew, and the renewing of friendly ties in Nashville.

But it seems that the old freedom in which he loved to go about the town and visit its taverns is gone. Everywhere he is regarded with awful respect, for he is the conqueror of a mighty foe, and his acquaintances no longer feel free to hail him with the old frontier familiarity.

The General does the best he can to dispel the spirit of awe in which he is held by his neighbors, but he fails, and gradually he comes to realize that henceforth he is a public man and must sacrifice many private privileges.

There is no swagger about Andrew Jackson. He wears the same size hat. The plaudits of the people are not needed to give him a high opinion of himself. They merely confirm what he has known all along with respect to his power over men and his ability to bend them to his will, whether in war or in peace. In the old days his playmates said they could throw him, but "he would never stay throwed." There are many who have discovered the truth of those

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boy statements made when Jackson was a gangling youth called "Sandy Andy."

Jackson is not clever, nor shrewd, nor subtle. He is unlearned in all the artifices which most men trade in to gain their point and position in the world. He would be most surprised, and perhaps would reach for his pistols, if one were to suggest that his private or public conduct had not been moral, according to the usual standards.

In the cool Autumn Jackson mounts his horse and proceeds by easy stages to Washington. Everywhere along the route he is fêted by officials and applauded by the people. At Lynchburg, Virginia, he is tendered a banquet at which the venerable Thomas Jefferson, now seventy-two years old, appears and offers a toast to the hero. The General replies by raising his cup and offering a toast to James Monroe, recently Secretary of War, now Secretary of State, a Virginian, friend of Jefferson's and a candidate for the Presidency. For these reasons the General's compliment to Monroe is significant.

At Washington, General Jackson is the guest of President Madison at the White House, at the homes of Cabinet Ministers and many private establishments. Dolly Madison does herself proud in preparing a gorgeous feast at the Executive Mansion for the hero, and she invites the most eminent and exclusive society of the Capital to attend. Jackson is the darling of the nation. His giant popularity is in the first flush of its youth. At Washington he consults with the President on the matter of placing the army on a peace footing of ten thousand troops. Jackson will continue to hold his post as Major General of the Southern Division of the army.

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Early in 1816 he is back in Tennessee. He now devotes himself principally to his personal affairs, managing his estate, looking after the crops and the cattle, and the welfare of his slaves. He builds a church for Rachel in the garden of the Hermitage. This little edifice, which will seat only about fifty persons (Mrs. Jackson has almost that many relatives in the community), is duly incorporated into the Presbytery, through the General's influence, and a minister is supplied. Rachel pleads with Jackson to join the church and "give his heart to the Lord," but the General decides to hold off. Rachel is very sad, but her sorrow is neutralized by the possession of her own church, which is a wonderful toy and solace to her.

2

The election of 1816 arrives. There are only two candidates, James Monroe, of Virginia, and William H. Crawford, of Georgia. Monroe is chosen over Crawford who, actually, is not Monroe's competitor in this election, but is merely taking his place in line for the succession. General Jackson, who had supported Monroe's cause in 1808 over Madison, takes no prominent part in the election of 1816. Instead, he contents himself with writing numerous letters to the President-elect, lecturing and advising him on the complexion of his Cabinet.

It is Monroe's notion to name Jackson Secretary of War, and when this bid reaches the Tennessean he promptly declines it. His candidate is Colonel William Drayton, of South Carolina, a Federalist, whom Jackson does not know and has never seen. The General's letter to Monroe, urging the appointment of Drayton, is written

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by Major Lewis, Jackson's old quarter-master, who is beginning to place firm stakes for Jackson as a future Presidential candidate. Monroe is thus urged to name Drayton as a gesture of reconciliation between Federalists and Republicans. Later on Jackson's letter will be made to serve his cause by showing that as early as 1816 he held out the olive branch to the Federalists. It will be used as a bid for their support in 1828.

Really, from this time onward, the political fortunes of Andrew Jackson are in the hands of one of the most astute, cautious and intelligent Presidential-makers that the country will ever know. No man need fear his destiny when placed in the hands of Major William B. Lewis. Even Jackson is not yet fully aware that he is being molded for the Presidency. He has already said the idea is ridiculous, that, even were it possible, he would still prefer the private life with Rachel and his cronies. The General is sincere in this. He loves power but he is not willing to have political balls bounced on his nose, like a trained seal, to attain it. Moreover, Jackson honestly does not think he is competent to be President. He has a very exalted idea of that high office, and if he has fought with some of its occupants he still has reverence for the place.

The General turns his thoughts for the present to quiet and moral speculation. His nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson, is a cadet at West Point, having won his appointment through the influence of his uncle. The General thinks a little advice on intimate matters to the youth might not be amiss. He dates his letter February 24, 1817.

“My Dear Andrew : You are now entered on the theatre

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of the world amongst Strangers, where it behoves you to be guarded at all points. In your intercourse with the world you ought to be courteous to all, but make confidants of few, a young mind is too apt, to form opinions on specious shows, and polite attention by others and to bestow confidence, before it has had proofs of it being well founded, when often, very often, they will be deceived, and when too late find to their Sorrow and regret that those specious shows of profered friendship, are merely to obtain confidence of better to deceive, you therefore must be careful on forming new acquaintances, how and where you repose confidence. . . .

“I do not mean that you should shut yourself up from the world, or deprive yourself from proper relaxation or innocent amusement but only, that you should alone intermix, with the better class of society, whose charectors are well established for their virtue, and upright conduct. Amongst, the virtuous females, you ought to cultivate an acquaintance, and shun the intercourse of the others as you would the society of the viper or base charector—it is an intercourse with the latter discription, that engenders corruption, and contaminates the morals, and fits the young mind for any act of unguarded baseness, when on the other hand, the society of the virtuous female, enobles the mind, cultivates your manners, and prepares the mind for the achievement of every thing great, virtuous and honourable, and shrinks from everything base or ignoble.”

Jackson's ideas of personal purity and morality are not an acquisition of advancing years. His sex life has been

singularly chaste, and he simply will not tolerate the presence of anyone loose in his relations with women.

3

But this meditative excursion into homespun philosophy does not long serve to hold the General's attention; he will direct his thought to more imperative matters and dispatch them in his wonted fashion. In his various military enterprises, Jackson has found plenty of reason to be annoyed by orders flying over his head to his subordinates in the field. Sometimes the War Department itself has provoked him by indulging in this practice, but the General was always too busy and too far from Washington to trace the offenders and rebuke them. As there are now no wars to be fought, he loses no time in straightening out this matter.

On April 22, 1817, he sends an order from Nashville to his department in the South admonishing his subordinates to ignore any orders from the War Department in the future unless countersigned by himself. Thus Jackson elevates his authority above that of the War Department, and even of the President of the United States, who is the Commander-in-Chief. This order astounds Washington. It excites the private criticism of Brigadier General Winfield Scott, who views Jackson's attitude as encouraging mutiny and insubordination. As usual, there is a busybody who communicates Scott's remarks to Jackson. All the tiger blood of Old Hickory is aroused once more.

He nurses this grievance against Scott for some months, and when he can no longer endure his anger he gives vent

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to it by dispatching an insulting letter to Scott, denounces him for his "tinsel rhetoric," excoriates "the intermeddling pimps and spies of the War Department who are in the garb of gentlemen," and concludes by challenging General Scott to a duel. Scott, in his letter which is at once witty and caustic, declines Jackson's invitation to a duel on religious and patriotic grounds. The incident blows over, and John C. Calhoun, who has become Secretary of War, upholds Jackson because he can not do otherwise; but Calhoun tells Jackson in a letter that, should a national emergency arise, the War Department might possibly have to be so bold as to issue orders to its commanding generals. Thus Jackson has scored another personal triumph. The matter does not set well with Secretary Calhoun, who has a considerable opinion of his own importance. Later on Calhoun will even up the matter of being humbled by General Jackson, but the Secretary of War will pay for it with his political hide.

4

Spain's possession of Florida for many years has been a sore point with the United States, particularly to the expansionists, among whom is Jackson. But Jackson despises the Spaniards on general principles. They are not Americans, yet they reside on the American continent. That is enough for Jackson. Moreover, when Spain possessed Mississippi the people of Tennessee were constantly at swords' points with the Spanish authorities over the question of shipping rights on the Mississippi River, a privilege that Spain was inclined to deny to the people of Tennessee.

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Following Jackson's wars with the Creek Indians in Alabama, many of the Red-sticks fled to Florida for protection of a foreign power; and during the War of 1812 they became the pawns of British commanders, who recruited many of them into their own ranks. Jackson never forgot this fact, and he would forgive neither the British nor the Indians. These Indians, who now took the name of Seminole, harbored the belief that with the signing of the peace treaty between the United States and England their lands, taken from them by Jackson in 1814, would be restored to them. As a result, there was constant friction between the Whites and the Reds on the Florida border throughout 1816-17-18. The Spanish authorities were not disposed to move in suppressing these disorders, and it was generally believed that there still were British agents in Florida inciting the Seminoles to war against the United States.

Another factor that was irritating to the southern whites was that Florida became a haven and a refuge for runaway slaves, particularly from the neighboring state, Georgia. These slave owners were unable to pursue and bring back their chattels from Spanish territory. Besides, quite a number of Americans, among them Major John H. Eaton, General Jackson's neighbor, relative and biographer, had invested in Florida lands against the day when the territory would pass from Spain into the Union. These were a few of the economic circumstances that led to the crushing of the Seminoles, the ruthless treatment of a foreign power, however impotent was its rule on the American continent, and the ultimate forced cession, which cannot be called conquest, because Florida was purchased.

In 1817, Florida was filled with adventurers, free-booters and pirates, especially on the East coast.

General E. P. Gaines had been left in command of Jackson's district nearest the Seminoles, and he was instructed by the War Department to preserve peace on the Florida-Georgia boundary, but that he should not pursue the Indians into Spanish Florida unless in extreme circumstances. There had been killings on each side—first a few Indians then a few whites. Near Fort Scott in Georgia there was an Indian village called Fowlton. The Chief of this village of forty-five Seminole warriors was embittered against the United States. He had made threats. On November 21, 1817, General Gaines dispatched two hundred and fifty men to Fowlton to bring the Chief and his warriors to Gaines, who desired to know the extent of the ill feeling.

Before the soldiers had entered Fowlton they were fired upon by the Seminoles, but without effect. The fire was returned and two Indians and one squaw were killed. This infuriated the Indians, who believed the Americans had come to dispossess them. That error was to cost them their very existence as a nation in Florida.

Nine days later, an open boat containing forty United States troops, seven women, wives of the soldiers, and four children, all under command of Lieutenant Scott, of the Seventh Infantry, was slowly coming up the Apalachicola River, within a mile of reaching the junction of the Chattahoochee and the Flint Rivers, and not far from Fort Scott. The boat was keeping close to shore. There was not a sign of Indians, when all of a sudden a volley of musketry was fired into the boat. All were

killed and scalped save four men who jumped overboard and one woman, whom the Indians carried off.

News of this assault reaches Washington, and President Monroe, who is not at all anxious to have another war on his hands, can do nothing less than command General Jackson, who is resting at the Hermitage and watching the situation in Florida, to proceed to the scene of war and conduct it. Monroe is hopeful that General Jackson will do nothing to embarrass the negotiations now underway with Spain for the purchase of Florida. But Jackson has other thoughts. He is a conqueror, not a purchaser. General Jackson loses no time in stating his thoughts to the President.

"Let it be signified to me," he writes on January 6, 1818, "through any channel that the possession of the Floridas would be desirable to the United States, and in sixty days it will be accomplished." Jackson is merely fishing for sanction from the President to do that which he has already decided he will do anyway. When this letter reaches the President he is sick in bed, and Calhoun, who takes it to the sick chamber, does not bother the President with the reading of it. By the time Monroe gets around to reading Jackson's letter he will have on his hands a lovely situation in the negotiations with Florida.

5

Calhoun informs Jackson that there are now in the field eight hundred regular troops and a thousand Georgia militiamen. The General is given permission to call on the governors of the states for additional troops should he find this number insufficient. Jackson, upon his own responsi-

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bility, and without reference to the governors of the states, raises his own army—an act which the President himself could do not without first obtaining the consent of Congress. But this is all red tape to Andrew Jackson.

Two weeks later, Jackson has organized two regiments of a thousand mounted troops, one hundred of whom are Nashville men who have fought by his side in each of his campaigns. They will follow him no matter where he leads. Once more Jackson bids good-bye to Rachel. She is accustomed to seeing him go off to the wars. When he is no longer in view, she repairs to her own little church in the garden, and kneels alone before the altar that she loves, and prays for the safety and speedy return of her man.

This is the kind of a war that Jackson likes. It is not only an Indian war, but it is directed, at least in his mind, against a foreign power—Spain, and incidentally England; for he has not forgotten that Spain violated her own neutrality and permitted British troops to use Florida as a base in the War of 1812. The General feels good as he faces the cool winds of the southern winter. He rides fast, like a hungry man going to a barbecue. The distance from Nashville to Fort Scott, Georgia, is four hundred and fifty miles. The General covers it in forty-six days, but when he arrives he learns that a part of the Georgia militia thinks ill of the war and has gone home.

In a short time, General Jackson with his army reaches St. Marks, a Spanish post. He burns Indian villages on the way, and leaves it to the friendly Indians of his army to pursue those who have escaped. St. Marks boasts a feeble Spanish garrison. Jackson has already invaded foreign territory. This alone is enough to anger the Span-

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ish government, but when he reaches the fort he demands that the Spanish troops evacuate it and give place to the Americans. They hesitate and argue, so Jackson captures the place, takes possession of it, and ships the garrison off to Pensacola.

While the American troops are at St. Marks an American vessel arrives from New Orleans with supplies. The commander hoists British colors as a decoy, and Hillishago, otherwise known as Prophet Francis, a Seminole Chief, and another lesser Chief, go aboard after rowing ten miles. They are promptly bound in irons, shipped back to the fort and hanged without trial on General Jackson's orders. He acts on the assumption that these Chiefs had instigated the attack upon Lieutenant Scott and his party in the open boat.

It developed later that, after the attack on Fowlton, an American citizen was captured by a Seminole and carried off to an Indian village. He was about to be killed and scalped. It was Hillishago who spared the white man's life. But that would have made no difference to Jackson even had he known it. White men's lives were supposed to be spared by Indians!

Jackson next turns his attention to two men whom he supposes are British spies and inciting the Seminoles to war. These men are Alexander Arbuthnot, a Scotch trader, seventy years old, and Robert C. Ambrister, former British lieutenant of marines. Arbuthnot had long been friendly with the Seminoles. He was their accredited agent and received power of attorney from their Chiefs to transact their business. There is no evidence that either man, despite his friendly attitude toward the Indians

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(Arbuthnot's friendliness had an economic basis, for he was a trader), incited the Seminoles to take up arms against the United States.

A courtmartial is summoned at St. Marks, a Spanish post, over which the American flag now floats. Arbuthnot is sentenced to be hanged as a spy and inciting the Seminoles to war. Ambrister is found guilty of similar charges, but the court recommends that he receive fifty lashes and serve a year in prison. General Jackson reviews the findings. He overrules the verdict of his own military court in the case of Ambrister and orders that he be executed with Arbuthnot. The sentences are duly carried out. Ambrister is shot, and Arbuthnot swings from the limb of a tree. The killings take place on the evening of April 29, 1818. This affair, also, will plague him.

General Jackson believes the war is over. The Seminoles are crushed. On his way homeward, having dismissed some of his troops, he turns aside because he has heard that some Indians have taken refuge in Pensacola. To that place the General proceeds as fast as his horse can carry him. It is May 24. Jackson deposes the Spanish government, pulls down their flag and hoists the Stars and Stripes over the royal "palace." The Spanish Governor and his staff flee without bag or baggage to Barancas, on the coast, for protection; but Jackson pursues them, bombards the place and ships the Governor and his aides off to Havana. One may search history to find a parallel of these despotic deeds.

General Jackson's force in Florida consisted of eighteen hundred whites, and fifteen hundred friendly Indians. The hostile Seminoles were never put at a higher number

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than two thousand. The friendly Indians did most of the fighting. They lost twenty men in the campaign. Not one white soldier was killed. The Seminole casualties are placed at sixty.

6

Jackson's actions have aroused President Monroe, his Cabinet and Congress. There is talk in Washington of bringing the General before a courtmartial. A committee of the House reports a vote of censure, but the House refuses to pass the resolution. Calhoun, still smarting under Jackson's rebuke to himself and to the War Department, expresses the opinion in a Cabinet meeting that Jackson should be censured. Monroe is ready to disavow Jackson's conduct in Florida, but John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, upholds the General and undertakes to assuage Spain's injured feelings through the channels of diplomacy.

Finally, the Cabinet agrees that Pensacola and St. Marks be restored to Spain, but that General Jackson's course should be approved and defended on the ground that he pursued the enemy to his refuge, and that Spain could not do the duty which devolved upon her.

Every member of the Cabinet agrees to this policy, and the secret of their first opinion is guarded for ten years, when it explodes, the concussion toppling John C. Calhoun's life-long ambition—to be President of the United States. He might easily have made the White House but for his secret rebuke to Jackson, behind the General's back, at that Cabinet session, which will finally be exposed by William H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury, after

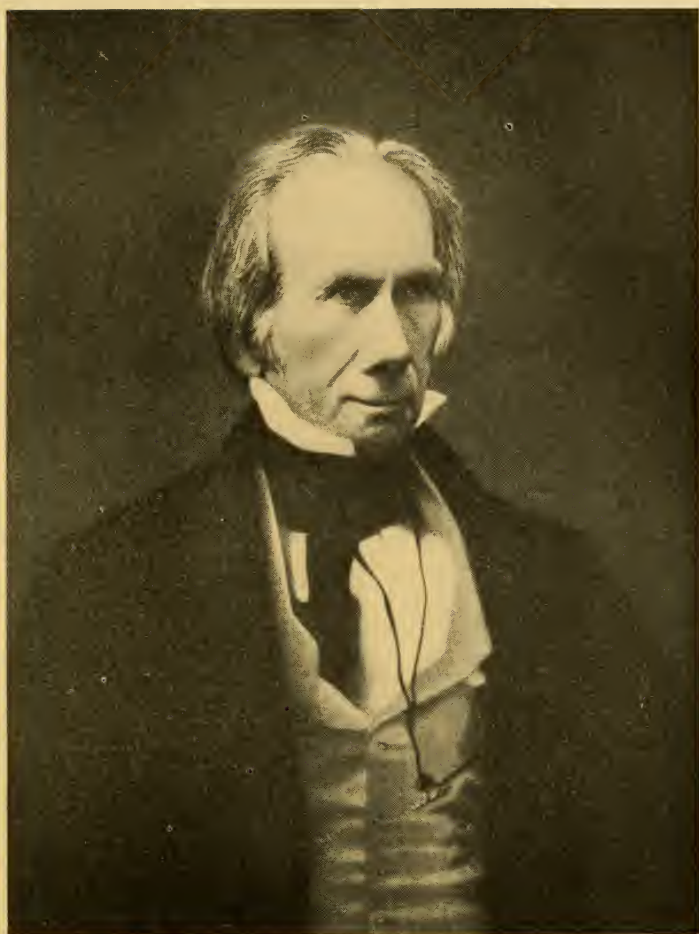
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his own hopes to attain the Presidency had gone glimmering.

At the session of Congress, 1818-19, the Florida matter again comes up for debate. Henry Clay opens the batteries of the opposition to Jackson's conduct, and thus begins the feud between Jackson and Clay, which endures to the dying day of the General, and, incidentally, probably kept Clay from the Presidency. It was impossible for Clay to suppress his disappointments. He had hoped Monroe would name him Secretary of State, and thus put him in line for the succession. As the Administration has defended Jackson's conduct, that is sufficient reason for Clay to assail him. In addition to this, Clay sees in Jackson another obstacle to his Presidential aspirations.

The General, being kept informed of the progress of the debate in the House on the Florida matter, decides to go to Washington and, if need be, defend himself. His intimate friends try to dissuade him. They fear the General will regard Washington as only another battlefield. However, the General gallops down Pennsylvania Avenue on January 27. He closets himself in a hotel, and receives reports from his henchmen. On February 8, the House acquits him of wrong doing, although a similar investigation is pending in the Senate.

The General embraces the interim to go visiting. In Philadelphia the festivities in his honor last four days. In New York the people go wild about him. The freedom of the city is presented to him in a gold box, and Tammany gives him a dinner in its best style. At Baltimore, the City Council requests that he sit for his portrait. It is evident from all this that Jackson is not merely a backwoods



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hero. His popularity is national, and apparently nothing can dim his star, which is in the ascendant.

In a few days he is back in Washington, where the Senate has begun to debate the Florida issue. Things are said that Jackson does not like, and he is determined to go to the Capitol and actually cut off the ears of any Senator who speaks ill of him. He is prevented from carrying out this threat by Commodore Stephen Decatur, who meets the General storming up Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Senate's report is not brought in until the day Congress adjourns, and it too late to debate it. Thus Jackson is given a chance to cool off and Senatorial ears are spared.

In 1819, the purchase of Florida is effected, and the treaty is ratified on February 22, 1821. In April, President Monroe, still friendly to Jackson and desiring to make reparations to him for the heavy bombardment that he has been under, appoints Jackson Governor of Florida. A little later, Jackson takes leave of the army. His military career is over. He prepares a farewell address, after the manner of General Washington—and turns his attention to civil duties.

Nashville, Rachel, and the old boys who loiter about the taverns talking horse talk—all are mighty proud of their leading citizen. They say he cannot lose in anything.



Chapter XXI

GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA

I

OLD HICKORY, whose hair has whitened with his fifty-four years, has no heart for this Florida business. On March 31, when he knew he was to be appointed and had accepted, he wrote to his nephew, Andrew J. Donelson :

“I sincerely regret that I did not adhere to my first determination not to accept the Government of Floridas, your aunt appears very reluctant to go to that climate, and really I am wearied with Public life. But it is too late to look back, and I will organise the Government and retire to private life. I know even in this I make a great sacrifice; but my word is out and I must comply at any sacrifice. What may be my compensation I know not but whatever it may be I am determined to spend it, and to live within.”

With Rachel, and the two Andrews—his adopted son and nephew—the General leaves Nashville on April 18. The party sails down the Mississippi, and at every wharf the natives pays homage to the hero. It is one of the

few times that Rachel has ventured from Tennessee, and her impressions of the voyage and visit to New Orleans are so vivid that she relies upon the Bible to express them to Mrs. Eliza Kingsley, a neighbor :

“We arrived in this port within eight days from Nashville. My health has somewhat improved in this warm climate. We had not a very pleasant passage thither, owing to so many passengers, nearly two hundred, more than half negroes; but how thankful should we be to our Heavenly Father. In so many instances have I had cause to praise his holy name. There is not an hour of our lives but we are exposed to danger on this river.

“I will give you a faint description of this place. It reminds me of those words in Revelations: ‘Great Babylon is come up before me.’ Oh, the wickedness, the idolatry of this place! unspeakable the riches and splendor. We were met at the Natches and conducted to this place. The house and furniture is so splendid I can’t pretend a description. The attention and honors paid to the General far excel a recital by my pen. They conducted him to the Grand Theater; his box was decorated with elegant hangings. At his appearance the theater rang with loud acclamations, Vive Jackson. Songs of praise were sung by ladies, and in the midst they crowned him with a crown of laurel. The Lord has promised his humble followers a crown that fadeth not; the present one is already withered, the leaves are falling off. St. Paul says, ‘All things shall work together for good to them who are in Jesus Christ.’ I know I never was so tried before, tempted, proved in all things. I know that my Redeemer

liveth, and that I am his by covenant promise. I want you to read the one hundred and thirty-seventh psalm. There is not a day or night that I do not repeat it. Oh, for Zion! I wept when I saw this idolatry. Think not, my dear friend, that I am in the least unfaithful. It has a contrary effect . . . Say to my father in the gospel—Parson Blackburn—I shall always love him as such. Often have I blessed the Lord that I was permitted to be called under his ministry. Oh, farewell. Pray for your sister in a heathen land, far from my people and church.”

Rachel has romanced about the situation a trifle. Far from being a Babylon, New Orleans at this time is a little town—swampy and infested with malaria. The people try to wear bright faces and make the best of it. Instead of moaning and praying for relief to the moon and the stars, they tackle the task themselves and whistle as they work. It strikes Rachel as peculiar. She thinks God should fill in the swamps and the people repair to their churches and pray. On religion she is a little “off.”

By July, the General and his wife reach Pensacola, where the exchange of flags of the two nations formally takes place and Florida passes from Spanish rule.

Jackson’s powers as Governor of Florida are both extraordinary and limited. His commission reads: “Know ye that, reposing special trust and confidence in the integrity, patriotism, and abilities of Major General Andrew Jackson, I do appoint him to exercise all the powers and authorities heretofore exercised by the Governor and Captain General and Intendant of Cuba, and by the Governors of East and West Florida; provided, however,

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that the said Andrew Jackson, or any other person acting under him, or in the said territories, shall have no power or authority to lay or collect any new or additional taxes, or to grant or confirm to any person or persons, whomsoever, any title or claims to land within the same."

Governor Jackson, however, proceeds to appoint mayors and aldermen of the various towns and cities, and empowers them, despite the specific wording of his commission, "to levy such taxes as may be necessary for the support of the town government." St. Augustine is most ambitious in enforcing the new levies, and in later years the Governor's enemies will charge that he violated his commission by taking the matter of taxation into his own hands before he had been in Florida a month.

2

What Rachel calls "profaning the Sabbath" is especially painful to her. She had written to a neighbor in Nashville that on the Sabbath she had heard "a great deal of noise and swearing on the street. They were so boistrous that I sent Major Stanton to say to them that the approaching Sunday would be differently kept. Yesterday I had the happiness of witnessing the truth of what I had said. Great order was observed; the doors kept shut; the gambling houses demolished; fiddling and dancing not heard any more on the Lord's day; cursing could not be heard."

The blue Sunday to which Rachel refers was her personal victory. She had complained to the Governor, and that was all he required to ordain that henceforth the

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theaters and gaming houses and shops were to be closed on Sundays. Peculiar action for a man who had raced horses, fought cocks and played cards on Sunday, or any other day, that he could get a sportsman to take his bet! Peculiar also for Rachel, who had been a daring and adventuresome young woman of the frontier with young blades who, it might be supposed, were not too circum-spect in keeping holy the Sabbath Day.

The Governor starts to organize his government. Most of the Spaniards have quit the territory. Former Governor Don José Callava and a few of his officers and servants remain. Americans begin to pour into Florida. Speculators are as thick as flies in the territory. For some reason, Florida will always be a gilded boon for realtors.

But the Governor is no sooner launched upon his duties, than he suffers a rude awakening. Rachel lets the cat out of the bag in another of her letters.

“There never was a man more disappointed than the General has been. In the first place he has not the power to appoint one of his friends, which, I thought, was in part the reason of his coming.” A month later, Rachel writes: “The General, I think, is the most anxious man to get home I ever saw. He calls it a wild-goose chase, his coming here. Oh Lord, forgive, if thy will, all those my enemies that had an agency in the matter. Many wander about like lost sheep; all have been disappointed in offices. Crage has a constable’s place of no value. The President made all the appointments, and sent them from the city of Washington.”

Governor Jackson was beseiged by a horde of hungry

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job seekers. They followed him into Florida, and he had fully expected to repay his friends with federal patronage.

In September, 1821, Jackson resolves to quit his post the following month. "I am determined to resign my office the moment Congress meets and live near you the balance of my life," he writes to Captain John Donelson, his brother-in-law, at Nashville.

The Governor who, influenced by his wife's piety, forbids Sabbath amusement, permits two young army officers to fight a fatal duel in the streets of Pensacola. Jackson still believes in pistols. Rachel has not yet convinced him that it is wrong to take human life. She has only persuaded him that it is evil to speak loudly on the Lord's day. The man who was killed had used a hair trigger pistol which had stopped at half cock. When this is brought to the Governor's attention he waxes wroth.

"Damn that pistol," he fumes. "By God, to think that a brave man should risk his life on a hair trigger!" The Governor advises the slayer to depart from Pensacola; nothing more is done about the matter.

3

The last of the Spanish governors, Colonel Callava, who remains in Pensacola to wind up his affairs, soon incurs the Governor's dislike, although the Don apparently is innocent. Certain persons represent to the Governor that papers necessary for the protection of their interests are being packed up by the former Spanish ruler to be taken away. There have been other complaints

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against the Spaniards for granting land between the making and the ratification of the treaty, and Governor Jackson believes these charges. Those who come to him for aid are poor. The Governor rises to the occasion with a full measure of chivalry and impetuosity.

“By the Eternal, these Dons shall not rob a poor widow,” he declares and bangs the table a mighty whack with his fist. He dispatches a letter to Callava, demanding the return of the papers in question. The Don asks, “What papers?” and refuses to surrender any documents unless they are identified, and described. The papers are actually supposed to be in the possession of Domingo Sousa, Callava’s aid. In any case, Jackson orders the arrest of the former Spanish Governor and his aid, Sousa, and throws them both into prison.

But Callava’s friends are not idle. They apply to Eligius Fromentin, United States Judge for the western district of Florida, for a writ of *habeas corpus* for the release of Callava and his aid. The Judge grants it, whereupon Jackson summons the United States Judge to his office to show cause why he had dared to interfere with his authority as Governor of Florida, with the powers of the Captain General of Cuba, Supreme Judge and Chancellor. General Jackson omits none of his titles that suggest his power. Fromentin pleads illness, but a few days later he encounters the Governor and a violent interview ensues, which results in both the Governor and the Judge bombarding President Monroe with statements of their side of the case.

Meanwhile, a few of Callava’s friends come to his de-

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fence and have published in a Pensacola newspaper a statement upholding the Don. Jackson ascertains the names of the subscribers to the statement and expels them from Florida at four days' notice, threatening them with arrest for contempt if they are in the Territory after that time.

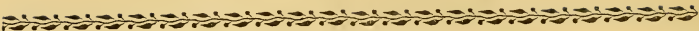
It is October. Governor Jackson and Rachel pack up their baggage and depart. Old Hickory is thoroughly disgusted with his job. It is the sixth time that he has resigned a civil office. He definitely does not like them. President Monroe and Secretary Adams both secretly are pleased that Jackson has seen fit to retire. Secretary Adams tells to a close friend that he had dreaded opening the mail from Florida, not knowing what Jackson would do next.

Earlier in his Administration, President Monroe had it in mind to offer Jackson the portfolio as Minister to Russia. He consulted Jefferson. "My God," Jefferson exclaimed, "you will have a war on your hands inside of a month."

In the first week of November, the General and his wife are home again. He swears he will not leave Nashville, and will never again hold a public office. For the next two years he is successful in carrying out his wish for private life.

But the General's career is not of his own choice from now on. He is in the hands of ambitious President-makers. Jackson does not covet that office. His friends covet it for him. They are determined that they shall tame the tiger and train him for his high destiny.

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The General and Rachel sip their mint julep and puff their reed pipes in the cool of the evenings, neither quite knowing what is in store for them both. Jackson is a tired man. Rachel tries to prepare him for God. Others are preparing him for the White House.

Chapter XXII

THE STATESMAN EMERGES

I

WHILE General Jackson is quietly resting at the Hermitage, Major Lewis and Major Eaton, the latter now United States Senator from Tennessee, are putting forth "feelers" in Jackson's behalf for the Presidency at the next election—1824. They do not confine their "soundings" to the leaders, many of whom are definitely opposed to the General as a candidate (some of them because they are candidates themselves), but circulate, unobtrusively, their promptings among the rank and file, the common people—artisans, farmers and laborers, whose imagination and admiration Jackson has captured. He must win the support of this element, his trainers agree, or fail to achieve the Presidency.

Lewis is in Nashville, keeping a close watch upon the General and his correspondence. From now on he must not be permitted to engage in dueling, either with words or pistols. Major Lewis has assigned himself the task of seeing that Jackson conducts himself as a statesman. His speeches and letters on public questions from now on, or nearly so, will be edited by Major Lewis or Major Henry Lee, half brother of Robert E. Lee, sons of Gen-

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eral Henry Lee, of the Revolution. Major Lee is a facile writer. He knows Jackson's fiery thoughts and is eminently competent to compose them for either speeches or letters. One of Jackson's addresses delivered at New Orleans in 1815 is credited to Lee's pen.

There was, however, a special reason for Lee's attachment to Old Hickory. In the prime of his life Lee and his wife's sister promoted an amour. The neighbors hearing of the affair turned bitterly upon the Major, who decided he might have more peace in a distant community.

Lee went straight to Jackson and confessed his indiscretion. The General forgave him, both out of respect for the memory of General Lee, and because he himself had been pestered by gossip due to the irregularity of his own marital affairs. Moreover, Jackson was generous enough to see that Lee could not possibly have been the sole offender against the code. The lady must have been willing, thought the General. So Lee was duly installed as one of Jackson's copyists and composers. Jackson's first Inaugural Address also is credited to Lee.

At Washington, Senator Eaton is watching the political winds. He keeps Lewis, at Nashville, duly informed of all that transpires which might have an effect, for good or ill, upon the forthcoming candidacy of Andrew Jackson. The stalwart oppositionists to Jackson at the Capital do not yet know what the whisperings foretell.

The General's candidacy is actually launched in 1822, in Nashville. Colonel Wilson, editor of the "Nashville Gazette," has sounded the tocsin. Pennsylvania is the second state to take up the cause for "Jackson for Presi-

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dent." Major Lewis has paid a visit to North Carolina and virtually obtained the pledges of leading Democrats in that state, including his father-in-law, Senator Montfort Stokes, that they will support Jackson's candidacy provided Calhoun can be induced to withdraw from the race.

The other candidates are Henry Clay, of Kentucky, Speaker of the House of Representatives; John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, Secretary of State; and William H. Crawford, of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury. It is an unheard of thing for a man outside the Washington and Congressional cliques to put forth his candidacy for the White House. What chance has he, anyway? The day of party conventions has not yet arrived, and up to this time Congress holds a caucus and selects the candidates, who then go before the people. But for a long time King Caucus, as the system is popularly called, has been in disrepute. There is a well founded belief among the people that Congress has usurped their rights; that it agrees far in advance who the candidates shall be; that a candidate must first pledge he will make certain Cabinet appointments, and that one of these appointees, or possibly two, will be in line for the succession to the Presidency.

General Jackson, of course, has friends in Congress, but the Tennessean himself cannot be considered a candidate because none have placed him in line "for the succession." Therefore, if he is to win, he must dethrone King Caucus, and obtain popular support. Neither of these is an easy task. The country is still without rail-

roads. Mails are provokingly irregular and letters reach their destination weeks, sometimes months, after they are posted.

It is true, a vigorous press has grown up in many states and communities. The editors of many of these newspapers, having an eye to building up a healthy circulation in communities that are far from prosperous, are not slow to realize that the people are weary of being dictated to by Congress in the matter of Presidential candidates. Moreover, in states removed from New England and Virginia, there is a deep feeling that it might be good for the country to select a man uncontrolled either by Congress or the financial interests of the East. Such a man, all agree (except the moneyed interests and Congress) is Andrew Jackson, called a Westerner in 1823.

2

Jackson's friends realize that his own state must take the initiative in putting the General forward as an avowed candidate. Accordingly, on July 20, 1822, the legislature adopts resolutions indorsing their leading citizen for that high office. Rachel is chagrined. It means nothing to her, except that the General will be away from home again, and possibly in more hot water. Jackson has mixed emotions. When he quit the governorship of Florida he believed that he was coming home to die. His health had been wretched for six years, and no doubt accounted for a certain amount of the persistency with which he pursued his enemies, and his irascibility generally. But certainly not all, perhaps not even a half, of Jackson's violent tempers may be ascribed to his various illnesses,

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which have greatly depleted his strength and all but wrecked his constitution. He is naturally a fighting Irishman, with a leaven of Scotch tenacity that enables him to see his battles through to the always bitter end.

General Jackson has definite views with respect to the honor that has been paid him by Tennessee. Writing to his nephew, Andrew, a few weeks later, he says:

“I did not visit murfreesborough (the capital of Tennessee from 1819-1825) as was anticipated, nor do I intend; casually, it being hinted to me, that it was intended by some of my friends to bring my name before the nation, as a fit person to fill the Presidential chair, by a resolution of the Legislature, I declined going to the Legislature at all, well knowing if I did, that it would be said by my enemies, that such a resolution was produced with my procurement. never having been a applicant for any office I have filled, and having long since determined that I never would, I intend in the present instance to pursue the same independent, republican course. They people have the right to elect whom they think proper, and every individual composing the republic, when they people require his services, is bound to render it, regardless of his own opinion, of his unfitness for the office he is called to fill.

“I have recd many letters from every quarter of the united states on this subject; I have answered none, nor do I intend to answer any, I shall leave the people free to adopt such a course as they may think proper . . . without any influence of mine exercised by me; I have only one wish on this subject, that they people of the

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united states may in their selection of an individual to fill the Presidential chair, do it with an eye solely to the prosperity of the union, the perpetuation of their own happiness, and the durability of their republican form of government. Believe me my Dr Andrew that I never had a wish to be elevated to that station if I could, my sole ambition is to pass to my grave in retirement . . .”

This letter, written with great feeling and sincerity, escaped the censorial pencils of Majors Lewis and Lee.

3

It soon becomes apparent to the trainers that Tennessee must be held in line at all costs. On the whole, Jackson's popularity throughout the state is tremendous. There are even sections where a man would speak against him at the risk of his hide; but in East Tennessee there is much opposition.

It is 1823. Colonel John Williams, of Knoxville, who has been United States Senator since 1815, is up for re-election. Williams is Jackson's enemy. In 1819 he supported the resolution in the Senate to censure Jackson for invading Florida in the Seminole War; he has ridiculed the action of the Tennessee legislature in nominating Jackson, declaring it would not be seriously supported by the people of the state. Major Lewis and Senator Eaton decide that Williams must be defeated. He intends to make his campaign partly on an anti-Jackson platform and unless he is stopped, they fear the people will not seriously consider Jackson's candidacy, as they will believe

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the General lacks the support even of his own state.

Lewis and Eaton look about for a strong Jackson man to defeat Colonel Williams. They canvass the list, and finally conclude that no Jackson man can possibly defeat Williams except Jackson himself. They tell the General that he must stand as a candidate for the United States Senate. He is to be thrust out of his peaceful lair once more. The tiger growls ominously, but consents to perform.

The General's managers are fairly certain in advance of the meeting of the legislature in October, 1823, that they can muster enough votes to defeat Colonel Williams. When the ballots are counted there are only twenty-five against Jackson, who is declared elected. Only three of the twenty-five who opposed him are re-elected to the next legislature.

In November, the Senator-elect packs his bags, and with Rachel proceeds to Washington, where he will take his seat in December. No more for yet awhile the quiet evenings at the Hermitage, chatting with old cronies, or else puffing his pipe with Rachel and listening to her nieces play the harp and sing "Auld Lang Syne." Another of Jackson's favorite songs is "Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled." His eyes become bright with battle fire as he listens to the martial words:

*"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, whom Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or on to victory!"*

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*Now's the day, and now's the hour!
See the front of battle low'r,
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery!*

*"Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
Let him follow me!"*

There is scarcely an evening when the halls of the Hermitage have not resounded with song and music, with romping and rollicking children, and the deep laughter of old warriors regaling each other with battle talk. The General is the center of this good humor. One sees him sprint through the deep rooms in pursuit of a frisky child; now he is leaning over the shoulder of a pretty young woman, trying to follow the music and hum the tune as she sings it. After these impromptu affairs the women invariably gather around him and thrust into his hand their autograph albums. Often he writes into them: "When I can read my title clear," and signs it, "Andrew Jackson."

But not many know this side of the General. His fame has spread to virtually every town and hamlet in the country. Even children know that he is the hero of the Battle of New Orleans. His home circle knows him as

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being gentle. The world regards him as savage. Many mothers have told their children some awful tales about Jackson. In the homes of people who regard his deeds lightly, and believe the worst tales about him, they use his name as a bugaboo and a threat to mischievous children. In the old line, "Goblins will get you if you don't watch out," the name "Jackson" has been often substituted for "goblins."

In New York, a Sunday-School teacher asked the pupils if they could tell who killed Abel. Quick as light, a youngster replied, "General Jackson."

4

The General takes his seat in the Senate. He is the embodiment of dignity and decorum. He has a double rôle to play—Senator and Presidential candidate. He knows, as do many others, that his Senatorship is only for the purpose of throwing into relief his aspirations for the higher office. The General now is in the hands of Senator Eaton, who pilots him about Washington, sees that he is comfortable, and keeps a weather eye on his colleague's conduct. But this is scarcely necessary at this period.

Another task of Eaton is to find suitable and prominent persons to "question" Jackson about his views on national topics—especially the tariff, which is one of the major issues. For publicity purposes, Eaton prepares Jackson's opinions in advance on these questions, which are duly sent to friendly newspapers about the same time that his "questioner" receives Jackson's answer. Jackson's campaign managers are probably the first in the

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country to adopt these publicity methods. The boiler-plate interviews are not suspected even by such astute politicians as Clay, Calhoun and Adams.

Senator Jackson has a fairly comprehensive idea of what is going on among the Presidential aspirants and their backers. He instinctively recoils from the artifices of politicians. He is the sole candidate for the Presidency who, at this moment, will be much relieved if another secures the election. He definitely does not want the office, while all the others are hungering for it. Still, he plays the game.

Lewis at Nashville, and Livingston at New Orleans, fail in their efforts to have the Louisiana legislature indorse Jackson's candidacy. Louisiana remembers only Jackson's establishing martial law, and forgets the Battle of New Orleans. In Pennsylvania, however, where Calhoun's strength is impressive, Jackson is nominated both by the Federalist and the Democratic parties. Jackson's letter to Monroe in 1816, urging him to appoint Drayton, a Federalist, as Secretary of War, has been made public and is bearing fruit among the Federalists. The General's letter, actually written by Lewis, was put forth for precisely this purpose. The far-sighted Lewis!

Chief among the candidates, it might be presumed, is John Quincy Adams, fifty-seven years old, son of the second President. Adams is actively disliked by all the politicians. He is called a "Tory" by many. He is a New England aristocrat who distrusts the people. He has the smallest and least active corps of workers. Most people agree he has made a good Secretary of State. His manners are frigid and he has few friends. But he is probably

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more cultured than all the other candidates combined.

Calhoun, of South Carolina, is forty-two years old. He is called the "young man's candidate." In 1817, he took the War Department and brought order out of chaos. He has a following in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, the Carolinas and other sections scattered throughout the South. Calhoun has the Presidential itch. He dreams day and night of sleeping in the White House. He fears Jackson, although for several years he has written honeyed letters to him. Jackson would like to regard Calhoun as his friend, but he distrusts him.

Unconsciously, both men are carrying meat axes which they will wield against each other at the proper time. Webster prefers Calhoun to all the other candidates. Daniel is opposed to Jackson, regards his candidacy as ridiculous and the possibility of his election as a national calamity. Webster is one of the men whom Jackson would have hanged for participating in the Hartford Convention which denounced the War of 1812.

William H. Crawford, of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury, has been seeking the nomination for eight years. He is fifty-two years old, and began his political career as a Federalist. He has been accused of corruptly using treasury funds to aid his political stock. The House exonerated him. Crawford was regarded as the "regular" candidate until September, 1823, when he suffered a severe stroke of paralysis. From then on it was believed he was out of the race, but he refused to withdraw his name. Jackson has called Crawford "a scoundaral." Crawford regards Jackson as "a bad noise."

Henry Clay, of Kentucky, twice Speaker of the House,

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is the most astute politician of them all. He, too, has been stung quadrennially by the Presidential bee. He was strongly opposed to the re-charter of the first Bank of the United States. He has repeatedly urged recognition of the small South American republics. He was one of the American commissioners who drafted the Treaty of Ghent. He lost considerable sums in gambling and for three years retired from public life to rehabilitate his fortune. Jackson once admired Clay and read his speeches in the House religiously. Jackson was especially impressed by Clay's opposition to the Bank. Now Jackson hates Clay. The animosity dates from Clay's speech in Congress denouncing Jackson's conduct in Florida. Clay declares that no military hero, no man on horse back should become President. He regards Jackson as a despot.

Webster observes Jackson in the Senate. The General's courtly bearing wins the admiration of all who see him. The ladies of Washington daily flock to the galleries merely to peer down upon the conqueror about whom they have heard terrible stories. They have come expecting to see a gorilla chained to the floor of the Senate. The sight of him completely upsets their previous notions of him, and he wins their approval. They wonder what his wife is like! Webster writes: "General Jackson's manners are more Presidential than those of any of the candidates. He is grave, mild and reserved. My wife is for him decidedly." Quite so. Jackson's personality has a click which all the others lack.

The House holds its caucus on February 14, 1824. The candidates are duly put forward. There is much attempt at political jobbery. The queerest combinations are sug-

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gested; one of these is to let Adams have the Presidency and bury Jackson in the Vice Presidency.

Jackson's friends laugh it off the boards. They will have the Presidency for the General or nothing.

The result of the electoral vote in the Fall is a surprise to the politicians as well as to the country. Jackson receives ninety-nine votes; Adams, eighty-four; Crawford, forty-one; Clay, thirty-seven. Calhoun receives one hundred and eighty-two votes for the Vice Presidency. He decides it is wise to have something assured, so he retires from the Presidential race. The popular vote for President is as follows: Jackson, 155,800; Adams, 105,300; Clay, 46,500; Crawford, 44,200.

5

Jackson has failed to obtain a majority of the electoral votes, and the contest is thrown into the House of Representatives, where intrigue now commences. Clay withdraws from the race. For months there is scarcely a prominent man in Washington but who is not supposed to be connected with the wholesale bargaining. Clay has several interviews with Adams. It is known that Clay will never support Jackson. Crawford is out of the race on account of his illness. The vote in the House takes place February 9, 1825. Clay throws his support to Adams. On the first ballot, Adams receives the votes of thirteen states, Jackson of seven, Crawford of four. Adams is declared elected President of the United States.

Jackson bears his defeat with good grace until it is announced that Clay is to be Secretary of State. Coupled with this announcement is the report brought to Jackson

that Clay had bargained with Adams for the portfolio of Secretary of State in exchange for Clay's support in the House. Clay's appointment appears logical, despite "a bargain." Among those connected with the "bargain" story is James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania. Jackson asks for no proof. He believes the worst, and is thoroughly aroused. What he has seen at the Capitol has filled him with horror. "I would rather remain a plain cultivator of the soil, as I am," he exclaims to a friend, "than to occupy that which is truly the first office in the world, if the voice of the nation was against it." This was meant for Adams.

Previously, Jackson believed Adams to be "an honest, virtuous man." He does not believe so now. His hatred for Clay is at white heat. It is not wholly because Clay threw his support to Adams, but because, in doing so, Jackson believes Clay deliberately bargained for an office which he hoped would lift him toward the White House. In Jackson's eyes such an act is utterly immoral. Quite aside from his own personal and political fortunes, Jackson thinks that, since he received the top vote in the popular balloting, and also in the electoral college, the House should have respected the wishes of the people and voted for the candidate who obviously was their choice.

The General is disgusted with politics. He remains in Washington until the middle of March, 1825, when he takes leave of the Senate and goes home, resigning as United States Senator.


Jackson is now more determined than ever that corruption shall be brought to an end at Washington. He declares the Presidency shall not be bargained for in the

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future, and that the will of the people must be respected, even by Congress. The cry goes up over the land: "Turn the rascals out!"

The campaign of 1828 has started even before Adams has taken the oath of office. Jackson's friends are jubilant. The General stands squarely before the country as the winning candidate who was "jobbed" out of the Presidency. He is the avowed defender of the people's will.

"Jackson For President!" "Hurrah For Jackson!" These slogans ring in the ears of the statesmen at Washington attending the inauguration of John Quincy Adams.



Chapter XXIII

THE PRESIDENT

I

THE strength which Andrew Jackson developed in 1824 as the people's candidate has convinced his political enemies in 1828 that he cannot be defeated on political issues alone. It is not a question of the choice of political parties. It is Jackson the man versus everybody and everything that is opposed to his election. President Adams is a party man; as a personality, the country knows little about him. His Administration has been conducted on a high plane of American statesmanship. None but Jackson and his party believes for a moment that Adams was capable of entering into a corrupt bargain with Clay, or any one else. But Adams is unpopular. He is frigid. He is a New England, blue-blooded aristocrat who thoroughly believes in rule by "the educated class." Theoretically, he indorses democracy; but plebeian voices pain his ears and he instinctively recoils from them.

Jackson stands for much that Adams distrusts. The imperialist of the battlefield is now the defender of democracy. This is no pose with Jackson. Sprung from the loins of tenant farmers and linen drapers in Ireland, he is in the truest sense a man of the people. Strip Jackson

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of his imperious will, and he becomes at once an unlettered peasant. His father wielded pick and shovel in trying to subdue the wilderness. His mother assisted him and later became a seamstress and chambermaid in the home of her relatives. Jackson had keener wits. He selected different weapons to tame the wilderness so that whites might live in peace, plenty and security. With such talents as he possesses he succeeded, and then reached out to defend with all his power the new civilization on the American continent. His guns helped to secure it.

His enemies comb his record, public and private, for every morsel of scandal and wrongdoing that attaches to his name. They discover numerous public acts which are open to serious question, and some that cannot be explained away by his shrewdest advisers. His enemies chortle in informing the country through the conservative press, handbills, and even hostile "biographies" of Jackson, that wherever he has held civil or military office his conduct invariably has been tyrannical. They list him among the world's despots.

One of the handbills, printed in Philadelphia, exploits Jackson's military excesses; this tract is embroidered with the pictures of six coffins to symbolize the execution of six militiamen at Mobile in 1815, after the war was over. He is called a murderer for his fatal duel with Dickinson in 1806. They name him a hangman because of the Arbuthnot and Ambrister killings in Florida.

Still, not content, his foes hurl their charges at the Hermitage, calling Mrs. Jackson an adulteress and her husband an adulterer. For months the country is regaled with the episodes attending the General's marriage, and

it is all that Major Lewis, Major Lee and Senator Eaton can do to restrain Jackson from going on the war-path with his pistols. Any number of times he has wanted to throw discretion, and the certainty of his election, to the winds and hunt down his detractors—more to avenge the pain and tears that these charges cause Rachel than to bring satisfaction to himself. But the old warrior is made to hold his peace until he is firmly seated in the White House. Then, if he wishes, he may square these accounts—but not with pistols.

In the two years between his retirement from the Senate and 1827, he has been surfeited with such honors as have come to no other man in the history of the young republic. He is treated not only as a conqueror because of his military valor, but also as the next President.

In the Summer of 1825, when the General returned from Washington with Rachel, he was again nominated for the Presidency by the Tennessee legislature. In the following year his candidacy was indorsed by a huge mass meeting in Philadelphia. Martin Van Buren, United States Senator from New York, who supported Crawford in 1824, is prepared to swing New York into the Jackson column. In January, 1828, Jackson accepts the invitation of the Louisiana legislature to attend the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans.

Jackson now actively solicits the support of the voters. He is determined not only to "turn the rascals out," but to drag them in the dust after they are out. Louisiana gives him her vote in 1828. He has friendly editors at strategic points. In Kentucky, Amos Kendall and Francis P. Blair, both formerly friendly to the fortunes of

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Clay, have dedicated their newspaper to Jackson's cause. In New England, Isaac Hill is trumpeting the virtues of the General in the "New Hampshire Patriot." In New York, the "Courier and Journal" is a pro-Jackson newspaper. At Washington, Duff Green is doing yeoman service for Jackson as editor of the "United States Telegraph." Kendall, Hill and Blair, with Major Lewis, are destined to become the invisible power in helping to shape the policies of the Jackson reign.

2

Social and industrial questions are becoming acute in the country, and thousands of workingmen look to Jackson for "a square deal" should he become President. In many sections workers are cheated out of their wages by absconding contractors, or paid in worthless scrip. The hours of labor begin at sunrise and end at sunset. Thousands are in debtors' prisons. Free schools are few and far between, and those that do exist carry with them the stigma of pauperism for the children of the workers. The old English laws are invoked to punish labor organizations as conspiracies. In many sections property qualifications exclude the workers from voting. The issues from the standpoint of the laboring, artisan and farming classes are public education, abolition of imprisonment for debt, equal taxation, cheaper legal procedure, abolition of conspiracy laws against labor unions, abolition of child labor, and opposition to the chartered Bank and monopolies.

One of the main issues is free public schools. Agitation for them has encountered firm opposition from the

wealthy and educated classes. In many sections of the country newspapers owned by wealthy persons persistently attack free education as class legislation and incompatible with the well being of society. There are debtor prisons in all the larger cities. Thirty-two prisons in 1830 report 2,841 debtors imprisoned for sums under twenty dollars. Seventy-five thousand free Americans are hauled away to jails annually for debt. Of course, they are working men. In their absence their wives and children are recruited for the mills and factories, at less pay than the men received.

The common people, then, look to Andrew Jackson to abolish these conditions, or at least ameliorate them. By 1825 industry had developed to a considerable extent, and trades are brought into being that were unknown to the Colonial period. Social and economic laws of the United States have not changed to meet this new labor problem, and the sufferers are the working classes. Wages vary from twenty-five cents to seventy-five cents a day for twelve hours' work. Brothels spring up beside the factories to an alarming extent. In 1829, the Workingmen's Party is organized in New York, and the "class struggle" is recognized in America twenty years before Karl Marx and Frederick Engels write their "Communist Manifesto." Not until 1840, will the ten-hour day be established for public works, and it will remain for President Van Buren to so proclaim it. Not until 1842 will imprisonment for debt be abolished in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Indiana and Tennessee.

Unemployment, poverty, long hours of labor, small wages, ghastly living conditions for the workers in the

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cities are sending thousands from the East into the western states for relief. It is these people, long weary and agitated by the gross indifference on the part of the privileged class and the administrations to their lot, who now turn to Jackson and the Democratic Party for relief. It is the laboring class and the farmers in the United States who are throwing their hats into the air and shouting, "Hurrah for Jackson!"

But Jackson, however deep his sympathies may lie with the weak and the poor, is surely no student of social, economic and industrial conditions in the republic.

President Adams, Secretary Clay and their followers believe the Administration ticket will win at the polls. King Caucus is dead. Congress no longer has the power to foist its candidate upon the people and force his election. General Jackson dethroned King Caucus in 1824. In 1828 there are but two candidates: Adams and Jackson.

There are two hundred and sixty-one electoral votes. One hundred and thirty-one constitutes a majority. One hundred and seventy-eight are cast for General Jackson, eighty-three for Adams. Calhoun receives one hundred and seventy-one votes for Vice President. Throughout the United States bonfires are lighted, impromptu parades are formed and mobs march through the streets singing the praises of Old Hickory. Hundreds of wealthy people remain in their homes behind barred doors. The rising of the masses makes them fearful and sick.

In Nashville there is special rejoicing everywhere—except at the Hermitage. General Jackson sits by the fire smoking his pipe. Mrs. Jackson remarks to Major

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Lewis: "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake, I am glad; for my own, I never wished it."

3

There has not been a day during the campaign that Rachel Jackson has not felt the sting of the General's enemies. Both her witless friends and his foes have made doubly sure that she would see the dreadful slanders in the opposition press. In the Summer of 1828, she writes to a friend and refers to the campaign. (This letter has escaped the editorial pens which hitherto have dressed up Rachel's writing.) The letter:

"My dear friend: It is a Long time since you wrote me a Line But having so favourable an oppertunity by Major Smith I could not Deny my self that pleasure: for rest asured my Dear friend you are as Dear to me as a Sister. I am denyd maney pleasures and comforts in this Life and that is one and Sister Hays and her famoly your Famaly with Hers would have been my joy in this world but alas you ar all far from me, well the apostle says I can do all things in Christ who strengtheneth me. I can say my soule can bear testimony to the truth of that Gospel for who has been so cruelly tryd as I have my mind by trials hav been severe. the enemys of the Genls have dipt their arrows in wormwood and gall and sped them at me Almighty God was there ever anything to equal it. My old acquaintances wer as much hurt as if it was themselves or Daughters. to think that thirty years had passed in happy social friendship with society, know-

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ing or thinking no ill to no one—as my judg will know—how maney prayers have I ofered up for their repentance—but wo unto them of offences Come they have Disquieted one that they had no rite to do they have offended God and man—in as much as you offend one of the Least of my little ones you offend me Now I leave them to them selves I feare them not I fear Him that can kill the Body and cast the soule into Hellfire. o Eternity awful is the name. . . .” etc.

Rachel's health has been precarious for four or five years. She has frequently complained of pain in the region of the heart. Very often during the campaign friends have found her in tears, pacing the floor and rubbing her side. The General may only guess how deeply the thrusts of his enemies have wrenched the heart of his beloved Rachel, whose name has been dragged before the public, held up to contempt and ridicule, and branded as that of an adulteress.

The women of Nashville, who have known her as a pious and kindly neighbor for more than thirty years, try to console her. They decide to assemble in a sewing circle every afternoon and prepare for her a handsome wardrobe suitable for the First Lady of the Land.

It is December 17. Old Hannah is in the kitchen preparing dinner. The President-elect is in the fields, looking over his crops, his colts, and talking with his slaves, who are oblivious of their servitude in the presence of their master. Old Hannah calls Mrs. Jackson into the kitchen to receive her opinion on some article of food that is

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being prepared. Rachel returns to the sitting room, utters a terrible cry and sinks into a chair, clutching at her heart. For sixty hours she struggles for life.

The General is beside himself with anxiety. He does not leave her bedside for as much as ten minutes. In a few days her agony subsides. She feels better, and insists that the General attend the elaborate banquet on the twenty-third that the citizens of Nashville are planning in his honor. It will be the most festive tribute that Tennessee has ever paid to Andrew Jackson, who has held virtually every honor within the gift of the state; whose march toward the Presidency started among these simple people of the Cumberland when the Republic was an infant.

On the evening of the twenty-second, Rachel says she feels better. The General bids her good night and retires to his room for a little sleep. Five minutes later he hears a terrible shriek, loud and long. He rushes into her room. Rachel is in the arms of Old Hannah. She does not speak again.

Jackson does not believe Rachel is dead. He sits on the side of the bed, holding her hands until they grow cold. Still he is not convinced. The doctor and the house servants place the body on a table. "Spread four blankets upon it," commands the husband. "If she does come to, she will lie so hard upon the table."

All through the night, Jackson sits in the room by the side of the form he loved so dearly. His face rests heavily in the palms of his hands which now and then sweep wearily through his snow white hair. Dawn tiptoes through the windows of the Hermitage. Black forms

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press their faces against the panes and withdraw. The General has not stirred from the side of his beloved dead.

"The mistus was more a mother to us than a mistus," wails Old Hannah. "And the same we say of the mastah. He is more a father to us than a mastah, for he helps us out of our troubles."

They carry Rachel's body to a grave in the garden of the Hermitage, and as the fresh earth encloses her form all that is gentle in the spirit of Andrew Jackson is buried with her. Her husband has achieved the Presidency, but his enemies would not permit him that high fortune without exacting their price. He is made to forfeit all that is near and dear to him on this earth—Rachel, with whom he lived for thirty-seven years. On the tablet that covers her grave is inscribed: "A being so gentle and so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

4

Great events are calling for Andrew Jackson to stifle his grief and grasp the reins of government. His Inaugural Address is prepared at Nashville. It is the joint production of the General, Major Lewis and Major Lee, the latter doing the actual writing. The General is resolved to do right in his high office. He consecrates himself to the memory of Rachel. But there is another feeling that struggles for supremacy within him. It is to even the score with those whom he profoundly believes have killed his wife. And he is convinced, most likely erroneously,

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that the initiator of the slanders against Rachel is Henry Clay. He believes also that President Adams countenanced that form of a campaign against him. He is wrong.

The middle of January, the President-elect begins the journey to Washington. He is accompanied by his nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson, who will become his private secretary, and the latter's wife, Mrs. Donelson, who will be mistress of the White House, assisted by one of Mrs. Jackson's nieces. Major Lewis and Major Lee also are in the Presidential party. Later on will come R. E. W. Earle, a portrait painter, the General's friend, who will live at the Executive Mansion, and occupy his entire time in painting portraits of Jackson. It will be understood that those who seek the President's favor will be wise in first giving this artist a commission. He will be called "The King's Painter."

The party travels by boat most of the way. Washington goes wild with excitement as General Jackson enters the city. The White House is virtually deserted. President Adams, nursing a grouch over his defeat, is packing up his papers for an early departure. He cannot quite make it all out. It seems as though the population of the whole country has suddenly descended upon the little city of Washington, whose streets are still cow-paths, through which stage coaches rumble and often upset in the deep mud gullies.

Webster observes: "I never saw such a crowd here before. Persons have come five hundred miles to see General Jackson, and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some dreadful danger."



Chapter XXIV

“MILLENNIUM OF THE MIN-
NOWS”

I

A GREATER concourse of people never attended an inauguration of a President than is present around the Capitol as Andrew Jackson takes the oath as seventh President of the United States. King Mob whips his hordes into a frenzy as he catches a glimpse of the tall and imposing figure of the Tennessean. As Chief Justice Marshall appears to administer the oath a sudden calm pervades the scene and ten thousand upturned and exultant faces witness Old Hickory swearing on the Bible of his departed Rachel to uphold the Constitution of the republic. The President begins to read his address, but his voice fails to carry into the throng. What does it matter? They have come not to hear the speech, but to see the man.

The address is brief. Jackson is committed to a protective tariff and a policy for internal improvements. Of the tariff he says: “With regard to a proper selection of the subjects of impost, with a view to revenue, it would seem to me that the spirit of equity, caution

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and compromise, in which the Constitution was formed, requires that the great interests of agriculture, commerce and manufactures, should be equally favored; and that, perhaps, the only exception to this rule should consist in the peculiar encouragement of any products of either of them that may be found essential to our national independence."

The President dismisses the question of internal improvements in a sentence: "Internal improvement, and the diffusion of knowledge, so far as they can be promoted by the Constitutional acts of the federal government, are of high importance."

It is his attitude toward national defence that causes surprise in Washington. It had been charged during the campaign that, if Jackson became President, the Man on Horseback would reduce the republic to a nation of goose-steppers, and that military parades rather than executive duties would occupy the attention of the Chief Magistrate.

The President, who owes his position to his deeds on the battlefield, says: "Considering standing armies as dangerous to free governments, in time of peace, I shall not seek to enlarge our present establishment, nor disregard that salutary lesson of political experience which teaches that the military should be held subordinate to the civil power." As a commander in the field, Jackson took exactly the reverse attitude. "The bulwark of our defence," he declares, "is the national militia."

"It will be my sincere and constant desire, to observe towards the Indian tribes within our limits, a just and liberal policy; and to give that humane and considerate

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attention to their rights and their wants,” says the former Indian fighter whose treaties with the Red men have called forth many rebukes in Congress because of their severity.

He further declares “the recent demonstration of public sentiment inscribes, on the list of executive duties, in characters too legible to be overlooked, the task of reform, which will require, particularly the correction of those abuses that have brought the patronage of the federal government into conflict with the freedom of elections.” None know save the members of the Kitchen Cabinet to what the President refers in the matter of “reform”; but all are soon to find out, and there will be much weeping and wailing.

2

For the first time in history the common people feel they have a special right to visit the White House and participate in the festivities attending the inauguration. Women in gingham and shawls, men in high unpolished boots and mackinaws crowd into the rooms of the White House—all laughing and shouting, running upstairs and downstairs, peeping into all the rooms to see how a President lives, indeed, to see how Andrew Jackson, from the backwoods, will live in his new apartments. It is too much for Judge Joseph Story, of the Supreme Court, a loyal Adams man. He writes to a friend: “The President was visited by immense crowds of people, from the highest and most polished, down to the most vulgar and gross in the nation.”

The latter were, of course, working people whose votes

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had put Jackson into office. They had frankly come for a good time and they had it. Hitherto, such receptions were reserved almost exclusively for the élite of Washington. But a new era begins with President Jackson, in more ways than one, as Washington's ladies and gentlemen will soon observe.

Of course, President Jackson sees that refreshments are served to his guests. Orange punch by barrels full is made, but, as the waiters open the doors to bring it out, a stampede ensues for the beverage; glasses and crockery are broken and pails of liquor are upset on the rich carpets of the Executive Mansion. So eager are the men to get their share of punch that waiters find it difficult to bring the women wine and ices. So tubs of punch are finally taken out into the garden to lure the crowd from the rooms. Jackson shakes hands with the assemblage, and those who cannot crowd up front stand on the beautiful damask chairs to see the President. Two tall men seat two pretty girls on each end of the mantelpiece, from which point of vantage they sparkle like living candelabums.

An air of expectancy pervades Washington. Ex-President Adams has departed with injured feelings because Jackson deliberately ignored him and refused to pay the out-going President a call of courtesy. Henry Clay mopes in his home and does not leave the house on the bright sunny day of the inauguration. John C. Calhoun, as Vice President, is joyful. He sees himself as Jackson's successor. Office-holders quake in their shoes. Thirty-eight of President Adams's nominations had been postponed by

the Senate in order to give that patronage to Jackson. It seems as if one half of the population of Washington are hungry office seekers. Every member of the Kitchen Cabinet and high personages, expected to be favored by the Administration, are button-holed for jobs. Old soldiers under Jackson in his several wars make it a field day for job-hunting. Politicians of acknowledged evil bearing are bold and brazen in asserting their wants. There are as many rascals begging to be turned into the fold to feed for four years at the public trough as Jackson has made up his mind to turn out into barren pastures.

3

Edward Livingston, now a Senator from Louisiana, is told by Jackson that Martin Van Buren is to be Secretary of State. He offers Livingston, his old aide at the Battle of New Orleans, the choice of the other posts. Livingston prefers his Senatorship to a Cabinet portfolio, except that one designated for Van Buren. “The Red Fox,” as Van Buren is called, resigns the Governorship of New York, which he has held for two months, and departs for Washington.

Samuel D. Ingham, of Pennsylvania, a shrewd merchant, owner of a paper mill, and author of a pamphlet attacking Adams and Clay on the basis of the “bargain story,” is named Secretary of the Treasury.

John H. Eaton, Senator from Tennessee, native of North Carolina, a graduate from Chapel Hill, original Jackson man, his first biographer, and the husband of one of Mrs. Jackson’s nieces, becomes Secretary of War.

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The President could not have made a more unfortunate choice here, had he deliberately set about to give himself endless trouble.

John Branch, of North Carolina, named Secretary of the Navy, endeared himself to Jackson by voting in the Senate against the confirmation of Clay as Secretary of State in 1825. He, like Ingham, was originally a Calhoun man.

John McPherson Berrien, of Georgia, who has attained some eminence as a lawyer, judge and legislator, is appointed Attorney General. He, too, voted against confirming Clay in 1825.

William T. Barry, of Kentucky, appointed Postmaster General, was formerly friendly to Clay, but he swallowed the "bargain story" and aided mightily in swinging Kentucky into Jackson's column for the Presidency. Barry had to be rewarded. He is the first Postmaster General to receive Cabinet rank. Almost immediately, John Randolph, of Virginia, who fought a duel with Clay in 1825, is given the mission to Russia. President Jackson has begun at once to even the score with Henry Clay, at whose door he lays the blame for the death of Rachel.

The Kitchen Cabinet, through which the President is able to reward a few of his most intimate supporters without saddling them with burdensome tasks, makes its début with the Jackson Administration. Duff Green, editor of the "United States Telegraph," is rewarded for his fierce support with a large share of the public printing, and his paper becomes the recognized organ of the Administration, which also is something of an innovation in politics.

Major Lewis, who furnished the backbone and brains of Jackson's candidacy from its inception to its triumph, seeks no official favors. He has informed Jackson that he desires to return to Tennessee and tend his farm. "Why, Major," exclaims the General, "you are not going to leave me here alone after doing more than any other man to bring me here?" Lewis agrees to remain. He is given an Auditorship in the Treasury, makes his home at the White House, and remains for eight years the constant companion and adviser of President Jackson. Lewis was a brother-in-law of Secretary Eaton, both having married nieces of Mrs. Jackson.

Ike Hill, the New Hampshire editor, who is urgent for the removal of all those who opposed the election of Jackson, is given a second Comptrollership of the Treasury at three thousand dollars a year, and ten clerkships in his gift. Jackson regards Hill as one of his strongest supporters.

Amos Kendall, native of Massachusetts, more recently editor of a pro-Jackson paper in Kentucky, ranking with Lewis in intelligence and ability, is kept in Washington as Fourth Auditor of the Treasury. Francis P. Blair has not yet been given an official berth, but before long this sagacious journalist will become one of the chief props of Jackson's throne. Blair's artillery will be ink and paper. He will fit into the Jacksonian mind as snugly as a chip in a jig-saw puzzle. Opposition politicians will have cause to wish, before eight years have run, that Blair had never been born. His son will become Postmaster General in Lincoln's Cabinet.

Thus, the gentlemen are seated. In Washington, an op-

position wit has pronounced the Cabinet selections "the millennium of the minnows."

4

Terror strikes at the heart of Washington. The office-holders are going to lose their jobs and a new brood will be installed. President Washington removed none from office except for good cause. John Adams disposed of nine men during his term; Jefferson in eight years removed thirty-nine; Madison in two terms unseated five; Monroe in two terms dispatched nine; John Quincy Adams found only two who were unworthy.

Governor William Marcy, of New York, coined the phrase, "To the victors belong the spoils." President Jackson applies it. In the first month of his rule he ousts more office-holders than had occurred in all the previous administrations combined. In the first year two thousand civil employees lose their jobs which are promptly filled by Jackson's partisans. Among these are four hundred and ninety-one postmasterships out of a total of eight thousand. Only the four hundred and ninety-one are worth having.

General William Henry Harrison was appointed Minister to the new republic of Colombia in the last days of the Adams regime. Four days after Jackson took office, Harrison was recalled. He had been at his post only four weeks. Harrison's offence was his criticism of General Jackson's policy in the Seminole War. Also, he had defended Clay against the charge of "bargain" and corruption. By way of giving point to his purpose, Jackson appoints to Harrison's post a man from Clay's own state—

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Kentucky—and one who had been especially hostile to Jackson's arch enemy.

Samuel Swartwout—he who had won Jackson's favor by pushing General Wilkinson into the gutter at Richmond during the Burr episode—is given the plum of Collector of Customs at the Port of New York, and is started on his career of looting the treasury. Prior to his appointment he had written to a friend, who also was seeking office: “Whether or not I shall get anything in the general scramble for plunder, remains to be proven; but I rather guess I shall. What it will be is not yet so certain; perhaps keeper of the Bergen lighthouse.”

Major Henry Lee, he who wrote Jackson's speeches, is left out in the cold. Jackson fears to give him a prominent place because of Lee's amour with his wife's sister. The Major is appointed Consul to Algiers. The Senate refuses to confirm the nomination, so the Major, heartbroken, goes to Paris where he begins to write the life of Napoleon. He dies before the task is completed.

“The reign of terror,” as the older residents of the Capital call the new condition of things, continues apace. Those who have managed to retain their places know not when they will be displaced. Bureau heads have been extremely vague in stating reasons to their subordinates for their removal. Merchants suffer from lack of cash and pile up credits against unemployed civil servants. Builders are forced to cease construction work on new homes.

Van Buren and Calhoun at once are rivals for the control of patronage and for the succession to the throne before the Administration is more than a few months old.

Three elements ever predominant in Jackson's character

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—passion, resentment and gratitude—are everywhere apparent as he sets in motion the machinery of government that creaks and groans under the inexperienced hands of the new helmsmen.

As the warm Spring days arrive, the President is often seen in the cool of the evening strolling about the grounds of the White House, smoking his pipe. He is frequently alone. In these solitary walks his thoughts are not always concerned with his high duties, but travel back to the garden of the Hermitage. He wonders sometimes how Rachel would have liked this lofty station.

He does not know that at this very moment two ministers of the gospel have diverted their attention from their Christian texts, and are busily exchanging letters that pile up accusations of immorality against the wife of his Secretary of War. These charges, predicated upon loose gossip, will rend the social life of Washington, and ultimately wreck the Cabinet.

President Andrew Jackson will soon pull down his visor, grasp his lance and go forth to battle in defence of the virtue and honor of Peggy Eaton, the tavern keeper's daughter.

Chapter XXV

JACKSON DEFENDS PEGGY
EATON

I

PEGGY O'NEAL, beautiful and dashing, grew up in her father's tavern at Washington, which was the rendezvous as well as the boarding house of numerous members of Congress. Peggy was witty and saucy. Often she tended bar and served at the tables. Many legislators, who had left their wives at home in distant places, patronized O'Neal's tavern because of pretty Peggy, whose coquetry and merry chatter was a happy interlude between dismal days passed at law-making. There was that air about Peggy which made it not immodest for her to sit on the knee of a Senator or Representative. Peggy was utterly natural, and her mind was free from prudishness; she was not conscious that her sprightliness among the tavern's guests already was causing gossip in Washington's younger set.

In 1818, Major Eaton came to Washington as Senator from Tennessee. He boarded at O'Neal's tavern and became acquainted with Peg. Every Winter for ten years, Senator Eaton made his headquarters there. Doubtless propinquity was an ally that fastened the affections of the lonely Senator, whose wife was in Tennessee, to the winsome bar-maid. O'Neal's tavern was an eminently respect-

able place. General and Mrs. Jackson had stopped there in 1823, when Jackson was a Senator. They both knew Peggy and liked her. The General was friendly to her father and mother.

In the course of time, Peggy became the wife of one Timberlake, purser in the navy. Her husband's calling took him far from home for long periods. She continued to live at the tavern, as did Senator Eaton. In 1828, Timberlake, long addicted to whisky, cut his throat while on duty in the Mediterranean. When Eaton, then a widower, heard this news he felt a deep inclination to marry Mrs. Timberlake. His regard for her had always been exceedingly tender, but was kept, it is presumed, within rein.

Eaton, feeling certain that President Jackson would include him in his Cabinet, and being aware that Mrs. Timberlake, despite her two children, bore a lavender reputation in Washington society, approached Jackson on the subject of the propriety of the marriage.

"Why, yes, Major," said Jackson, "if you love the woman, and she will have you, marry her by all means." Eaton confided to Jackson what the President already knew—that Eaton was accused of having lived with Peggy at the tavern both before her marriage and afterwards. "Well," Jackson replied, "your marrying her will disprove these charges, and restore Peg's good name." Thus, with the Presidential imprimatur upon his nuptial certificate, Senator Eaton and Peggy Timberlake went to the altar on New Year's Day, 1829.

Washington society began to buzz with scandalous stories about Eaton and Peggy the moment it was known that the Senator had been appointed Secretary of War.

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His Cabinet position meant that the élite circles would have to admit the former bar-maid, whose morals were in serious question. A revolt was speedily organized among the women—wives of high officials—and even extended into the diplomatic corps. What could President Jackson mean by including in his Cabinet a man guilty of adultery with Peggy Timberlake! The Eaton matter was the only topic discussed when two or more Washington society belles met. The partisans of Adams and Clay are gleeful over this early discomfiture of the Administration and they make of the private nonsense a political issue.

2

There was a way of handling this question. The Rev. J. N. Campbell, pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, which Jackson and Rachel had attended in former years, and where the President was expected to worship in the future (out of respect for the memory of his wife), was appealed to on the grounds of private morality and public decency. He should "advise" the President, his communicant, and urge that Secretary Eaton be dropped from the Cabinet, and thereby save the Administration and the government of the United States from this dreadful humiliation.

The Rev. Mr. Campbell already knew of the gossip that was going the rounds and he was thoroughly convinced of its credibility. But he was a cautious man. He would take no chances in confronting Andrew Jackson with the charges that were piled up against Eaton and his wife. Living in the same city with Jackson was entirely too close proximity to fool with fire. So the amiable Doctor Camp-

bell writes to the Rev. Dr. Ezra Stiles Ely, in Philadelphia, reciting the charges and requesting that Doctor Ely draft a letter of protest to the President. Ely, knowing little of the situation, but believing the accusations must be true, consents to be the medium. A bad day for Ely.

Ely's letter to the President reads like an indictment of Peggy and the Secretary of War. Parton assembles and condenses the charges admirably: Peggy has borne an evil reputation from her girlhood; the *ladies* of Washington will not speak to her; a man at a table at Gadsby's Hotel had declared openly that he knew her to be a dissolute woman; Mrs. Eaton had told her servants to call her children Eaton, for Timberlake was not their father; a clergyman of Washington had told Dr. Ely that a dead physician had told him that Peggy had had a miscarriage when her husband had been absent for a year; friends of Eaton had urged him to seek other quarters in order to rid himself of Mrs. Timberlake; Eaton and Mrs. Timberlake had traveled together and had registered in New York hotels as man and wife. These were the charges.

3

Jackson buckles on his armor at once. Two days after he receives Ely's letter he replies to it to the extent of a three thousand word rebuttal. He makes the case his own and is prepared to fight it out though the government may fall and the heavens collapse. "No, by the Eternal," Jackson says, he will not be intimidated by clergymen and the society belles of Washington. Neither will he offer up his Secretary of War as a sacrifice to the serpentine tongues of his enemies. Jackson, ever suspicious and armed

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against the worst traits of people, scents a political basis for this image of scandal that has come crashing through the portals of the White House. In his letter to Doctor Ely, Jackson suggests that the charges have emanated from Clay and his partisans. He does not yet suspect that Vice President Calhoun might have had a hand in it.

"If you feel yourself at liberty," writes Jackson, "to give the names of those secret traducers of female reputation, I entertain no doubt but they will be exposed and consigned to public odium, which should ever be the lot of those whose morbid appetite delights in defamation and slander."

"Would you, my worthy friend, desire me to add the weight and influence of my name, whatever it may be, to assist in crushing Mrs. Eaton who, I do believe, and have a right to believe, is a much injured woman, and more virtuous than some of her enemies?" asks the President. He declares that Eaton's character, also, is without a blemish. "Even Mrs. Madison was assailed by these fiends in human shape," he reminds the pastor. Again, Jackson tells the divine that in 1823 he himself was a lodger at O'Neal's tavern, and so remained for several years.

"From the situation and the proximity of the rooms we occupied, there could not have been any illicit intercourse between Mr. Eaton and Mrs. Timberlake without my having some knowledge of it." He admits he had heard such reports several years ago "and found it originated with a female, against whom there was as much said as is now said against Mrs. Eaton."

The President denies that Eaton and Mrs. Timberlake

registered at hotels as man and wife, and he expresses pity for the clergyman who said a dead doctor told him that Mrs. Timberlake had been pregnant during the prolonged absence of her husband. "I pray you write this clergyman, and remind him of the precepts contained in the good old Book." Concluding, he says: "Whilst on the one hand we should shun base women as a pestilence of the worst and most dangerous kind to society, we ought, on the other, to guard virtuous female character with vestal vigilance. Truth shuns not the light; but falsehood deals in sly and dark insinuations, and prefers darkness, because its deeds are evil. The Psalmist says 'The liar's tongue we ever hate, and banish from our sight.' "

4

The Philadelphia clergyman, at a safe distance, in his reply declines to drop the charges, and Jackson indites to him another long letter demanding proof. The President virtually suspends the regular business of the government during the Summer and Fall of 1829 while he defends Peggy Eaton and his Secretary. But his energy does not cease with mere letter writing on the subject which, if collected, might fill nearly a hundred printed pages. He sends an emissary to New York to scan hotel registers. He collects fifteen certificates attesting to Mrs. Eaton's good character, all written at his personal request. He demands that Doctor Ely disclose the name of the clergyman of Washington who supplied some of the charges. Hence, Doctor Campbell, the informer, goes to the White House and gives his testimony. Jackson himself writes a lengthy memorandum of this interview. The President scores a

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point over the clergyman, who has declared that Mrs. Eaton's miscarriage occurred in the year 1821.

Jackson had previously gone to the Eaton menage and interviewed Peggy on this delicate subject. He discovered that Timberlake was in business in Washington throughout the year 1821, and did not leave the city until February, 1822. When confronted with the evidence in writing the non-plussed Doctor Campbell advances the date. The interview with Campbell takes place in September. Immediately following it, Jackson summons a Cabinet meeting and calls in Dr. Ely and Dr. Campbell. The two clergymen have an extremely embarrassing time of it. President Jackson interrogates them both with marked asperity and at the conclusion he feels that Mrs. Eaton and his War Secretary have been vindicated.

But the ladies of Washington, including the wives of Cabinet Ministers, are not so easily convinced. Mrs. Calhoun is especially hostile. Even Mrs. Donelson, she who presides as mistress of the White House, shuns Mrs. Eaton. Her husband, Jackson's nephew and private secretary, follows his wife's opinion. Jackson banishes them both to Tennessee until they learn better manners and realize who is boss in the Executive Mansion. Their exile does not end until near the close of Jackson's first term, and then only because the Cabinet has been reorganized, minus Eaton.

Secretary Van Buren, a widower, diplomatic in society as well as in politics, is decidedly pro-Eaton. He goes out of his way to be publicly gracious to Peggy; and at state dinners he beams upon her, while the wives of other secretaries ignore her as though she has smallpox. The Cab-

inet ministers, threatened with dire reprisals at home, can do nothing less than raise their brows in disapproval of the marked attention which President Jackson, Secretary Van Buren, and Sir Charles Vaughn, British Minister and unmarried, pay to Mrs. Eaton at public gatherings.

Late in the Autumn of 1829, Baron Krudener, Russian Minister and also a bachelor, gives a ball to the Cabinet. Mrs. Ingham, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, declines to attend, so the Baron escorts Peggy, who is next in rank. It falls to the lot of Secretary Eaton to take the arm of Madame Huygens, wife of the Dutch Minister. The honorable lady from Holland refuses to sit beside Mrs. Eaton at the table. She bounces out of the dining-room with a great flourish of resentment. Her noisy peevishness all but wrecks the ball.

Jackson hears a report that Madame Huygens has declared she will give a ball at which the upstart and hussy shall not be invited. Mrs. Branch, wife of the Secretary of the Navy; Mrs. Berrien, wife of the Attorney General, and Mrs. Ingham announce they will do the same. The President declares to Van Buren that, if the report of Madame Huygens's threat is true, he will demand the recall of the Dutch Minister. An international incident is avoided by Van Buren obtaining a denial of the report from Minister Huygens.

5

Jackson's next step is to call his recalcitrant Ministers to account and threaten them with dismissal unless they can arrange their social affairs to include Secretary and Mrs. Eaton. Postmaster General Barry appears to be

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neutral. It is probable that Jackson wished Ingham, Branch and Berrien to resign following the rebuke, and thus save the Administration the embarrassment of a Cabinet crisis. But the Ministers elect to remain. Later on, Jackson allows the blame of starting "the Eaton malaria," as Van Buren calls it in his "Autobiography," to rest between Vice President Calhoun and Clay. Jackson is now convinced that Calhoun is "the great intriguer."

It is true that Calhoun yearns to be President. He would step into the White House by fair means if possible, by foul if he must. Jackson's advisers, particularly Major Lewis, have aroused the President's suspicions against Calhoun. They have already decided that Van Buren shall succeed Jackson, but not until Old Hickory has served a second term.

Van Buren—the "Red Fox of Kinderhook"—takes full advantage of his unique position. He frequently breakfasts with the President and goes riding with him before they start the day's business. Van Buren is sly. By neither sign nor signal does he lead Jackson to think that he, Martin Van Buren, is angling for the succession. He is aware that the President desires none in his Cabinet who have Presidential aspirations. So Van Buren, as far as Jackson is concerned, has none. And Martin's astonishing modesty in this connection convinces Jackson that none other than Van Buren shall succeed him.

In all of this, Calhoun is plainly left out in the cold. The South Carolinian has about made up his mind that it is time to crash the gates. But the President's Kitchen Cabinet is aware of what is going on in Calhoun's mind. They have already mounted their artillery and are prepared, at

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the proper time, to blow Calhoun's Presidential dreams into a nightmare.

President Jackson's definite break with Calhoun comes in 1830. It had been brewing for many years. There was a time,—when Calhoun was Secretary of War in the latter part of Monroe's term, and Jackson was conducting the Seminole War in Florida,—that Old Hickory believed Calhoun was his friend. It will be recalled, however, that at a secret Cabinet meeting in 1818, Calhoun recommended to Monroe that Jackson be censured for his abuse of power in Florida. It will be remembered that Adams took Jackson's part, and there the matter rested. Letters have since come to light, and are duly placed in Jackson's hand, showing that Calhoun was not the General's friend in 1818. Jackson calls it the deepest duplicity. The weightiest evidence possible to obtain, short of a statement from former President Monroe, is garnered by the foes of Calhoun. It comes from William H. Crawford, Monroe's Secretary of the Treasury. Crawford, having missed out on the Presidency himself, does not now care who attains it. He tells what he knows of that secret Cabinet session. It is too much for Jackson to endure with equanimity.

Moreover, Calhoun's conduct toward Mrs. Eaton, coupled with the bitter hostility of Mrs. Calhoun, serves to convince Jackson that the Vice President all along has been at the bottom of that affair in order that he might embarrass the Administration by forcing a scandal upon it and elevate his own Presidential stock. It is not likely that Calhoun is guilty of this double-dyed duplicity as Jackson views it. He possesses many statesmanlike qualities which, however, are often blurred by his consuming ambition

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that causes him to do petty and frequently questionable acts.

Only the Constitution prevents Jackson from banishing Calhoun. As he regrets his inability to remove the Vice President, he also resolves to make that gentleman's existence exceedingly burdensome. For two years Jackson and Calhoun carry on their warfare within the official circle. Calhoun's friends charge Van Buren with causing the break. The Secretary of State stoutly denies it. Martin probably has nothing to do with it. But he profits handsomely by it. The Kitchen Cabinet, not the official one, is the real power behind the Jackson throne.

In the next year, 1831, the President dismisses his Cabinet. The Ministers and their wives are still untractable with regard to Mrs. Eaton. The General, weary of the affair and not accustomed to being defied, turns them all out. Those who are reluctant to resign he "fires" with little ceremony. Van Buren is to become Minister to the Court of St. James's. Eaton is named Governor of Florida. He will be appointed Minister to Spain in 1836. But in 1840 he will turn against Van Buren and support the enemies of Andrew Jackson, who then will say of his one-time friend: "He is the most degraded of all the apostates fed, clothed and cherished by the Administration." Eaton dies in 1856. Peggy, of many memories, dies in Washington in 1878.

6

Early in his Administration, Andrew Jackson, a perplexed, sick and lonely old man, writes to his brother-in-law, Captain John Donelson, back in Tennessee :

“What satisfaction to me to be informed that you had visited the Hermitage and tomb of my dear departed wife. How distressing it has been to me to have been drawn by public duty from that interesting spot where my thoughts delight to dwell, so soon after this heavy bereavement to mingle with all the bustle, labor and care of public life, when my age, my enfeebled health and constitution forewarned me that my time cannot be long upon earth. . . .

“Could I but withdraw from the scenes that surround me to the private walks of the Hermitage, how soon would I be found in the solitary shades of my garden, at the tomb of my dear wife, there to spend my days in silent sorrow, and in peace from the toils and strife of this life, with which I have been long since satisfied. But this is denied me. I cannot retire with propriety. When my friends *dragged* me before the public, contrary to my wishes, and that of my dear wife, I foresaw all this evil, *but I was obliged to bend to the wishes of my friends.* . . . My political creed compelled me to yield to the call, and I consoled myself with the idea of having the counsel and society of my dear wife; and one term would soon run round, when we would retire to the Hermitage, and spend our days in the service of our God. . . .”

The President will drop into this mood many, many times in the stormy years that still await him as Chief Executive. He has still to humble several of the mightiest influences and institutions in the land. Frail in body, with a deep ominous cough, too ill many a day even to go to his office, he keeps in constant touch with the affairs of gov-

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ernment and the speeches in Congress, which his Kitchen Cabinet report to him in extenso.

The President is taking a good look at his enemies as they stand in the white light of political preferment. He is making up his mind whom he shall topple next.

Chapter XXVI

THE JEREMIAH OF DEMOCRACY

I

JACKSON'S advisers have resolved they will not permit the "Eaton malaria" to occupy the whole attention either of the President or of the country. Two years must pass between the outbreak of that scandal and the dissolution of the Cabinet, which will not occur until Jackson and Calhoun fight their battle of words. This will result in Jackson's invariable triumph, throwing Calhoun into the opposition and bringing John perilously near to the hangman's halter on a charge of treason. We are now concerned with happenings prior to the Cabinet crisis.

Congress has assembled—the first of Jackson's Administration. The House, elected with Jackson, is obedient to his will. Many of the major issues destined to be identified with Jacksonian Democracy first appear at this session. The President does not wait long before showing his hand. The issues are the tariff, internal improvements, the public debt, state's rights, the first warning of the South of secession because of its bitter opposition to the tariff (this hostility taking the form of Nullification), and Jackson's initial threat to crush the Second Bank of the United States and substitute a federal bank as an adjunct of the United States Treasury.

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The Second Bank had obtained its charter in 1816 over the opposition of President Madison. This charter was for a period of twenty years and therefore would expire in 1836. It appears that the initial aversion to the Bank appeared during and after the Revolution when torrents of paper money were issued, and which sunk in value to nothing. In many sections of the country, particularly in the West, people had so little confidence in Alexander Hamilton's finance scheme that they preferred to use land, whisky, guns and cow-bells as specie rather than handle paper money. As the Bank became influential and boasted a huge capital, the prejudice of the masses against it did not abate.

Serious charges were leveled at the Bank. It was believed to have used its great influence in manipulating politics by supporting office-seekers committed to its perpetuity. It was accused of withholding credit to small merchants and agriculturists if such credit could not be converted into political assets that would place the Bank in a position of strength at least equal to any Administration that happened to be in power. The Bank, in most particulars, was a rich man's institution, chiefly concerned with perpetuating the interests of that class at the expense of tenant farmers and wage earners.

When Jackson was elected in 1828, the Bank was powerful. Its capital was thirty-five millions; the government's money in its vaults totalled about seven millions; its private deposits were about six millions more; it had about twelve millions in circulation; its discounts were about forty millions a year, and its profits about three millions annually. The parent Bank was in Philadelphia where it oc-

cupied a great marble palace. It required the services of a hundred clerks in Philadelphia, and more than five hundred throughout the country to serve its twenty-five branches in cities and towns. Each branch had its own president, cashier and board of directors. Its credit was unquestioned. A fifth of its stock was owned by foreigners; women, orphans and trustees of charity funds held large blocks.

The general board of directors embraced twenty-five men of high financial standing, five of whom were appointed by the President. The Bank and its branches received and disbursed the entire revenue of the nation. The guiding spirit of this great establishment is Nicholas Biddle, once a Philadelphia lawyer and later editor of a literary magazine. Monroe had appointed him Government Director of the Bank in 1819, and in 1823 he was elected president by unanimous vote.

Biddle already had won the title of "Emperor Nicholas" when Jackson entered the White House. The title, as well as the institution, was obnoxious to that great horde of plebeians—seekers of liberty and democracy—who threw their hats into the air and shouted "Hurrah for Jackson." The masses, being poor, were soon able to conjure up an eloquent hatred of the Bank, which was rich. The animosity was predicated upon the belief that it had come to its wealth through the exploitation of the poor.

2

The Bank was not a prominent issue in the campaign of 1828. It is not likely that Jackson gave it much thought until two months after he was seated, and the manner in

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which this came about was accidental. Ike Hill, of New Hampshire, one of Jackson's favorites and a member of the Kitchen Cabinet, is second Comptroller of the Treasury. He came to Washington firmly convinced that all who were not friends of Jackson should be turned out of office. Hill is utterly loyal to his chief. He had been a starving printer, turned editor. He was lame and unprepossessing. But a more zealous fighter for principles never held an official post. He loved his country and his friends.

The first tilt with the Bank occurred in the first few months of Jackson's rule. Hill objected to the appointment of Jeremiah Mason, friend of Adams and Webster, as president of the branch bank at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He thought the place should go to a friend of the Administration. For more than two months, Hill carried on a war against Mason, whom he accused of refusing small and safe loans to business men in New Hampshire, while loaning large sums outside the state at greater risk. Hill is able to get fifty-six members of the New Hampshire legislature to sign a petition, calling for Mason's removal.

Secretary of the Treasury Ingham directs the attention of Emperor Nicholas to the dispute. United States Senator Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, joins Hill in the campaign against Mason. Hill also weakens Mason's props by demanding the removal of the Pension Agency from the branch at Portsmouth to Concord. Secretary of War Eaton falls in with the scheme and directs Mason to deliver up all books and records to the new pension agent who will reside at Concord. Mason advises Emperor

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Nicholas that he will disregard the order of the Secretary of War, and will await further orders from Philadelphia.

Emperor Nicholas departs for Portsmouth where he investigates the charges against Mason. He reports to Secretary Ingham that Hill's charges are groundless. Mason is re-elected president of the branch bank at Portsmouth. Thus the Administration has been defied by the Bank. Jackson takes note of this. The Bank is doomed. The die is cast. Emperor Nicholas might have saved his Bank had he been as astute in politics as he was able in finance. He has been handling money for so long that he imagines it is both sweet music and artillery. But he has gone too far. He has crossed the Rubicon and challenged not Ike Hill, nor Eaton, nor Ingham, but Andrew Jackson. There is vinegar in the nectar that the Emperor drinks from the cup of victory when he returns to the marble palace in Philadelphia.

3

Congress is in session. Friends of the Bank in both the Senate and the House are chortling over the triumph of Emperor Nicholas. They listen to the President's message. The President advocates a single term of four or six years. He upholds the wholesale removal of Adams men, declaring the office-holder has no more right to his office than the office-seeker. He adds that a long tenure is almost necessarily corrupting. He says the 1828 tariff has not benefited manufactures, neither has it injured agriculture and commerce. Modifications are recommended,

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which should be considered not as party or sectional questions. This is directed at the South, in revolt against the tariff, which is viewed in that quarter as stifling and virtually throwing the burden of the support of the government upon southern agriculturists.

The finances of the republic, says the President, are in a satisfactory condition. The Treasury holds nearly six millions; he estimates receipts for 1830 at twenty-four millions six hundred thousand, and expenditures at a little more than twenty-six millions. More than twelve millions of the public debt have been paid, leaving forty-eight and a half millions still to be paid. When this debt shall have been wiped out, says the message, then the issue will arise whether the surplus revenue should not be apportioned among the states for works of public utility, and thus end the question of internal improvements. The President is unalterably opposed to appropriating money for the building of roads and canals, of which the country is badly in need, as long as the public debt remains unsettled. Also, he rejects every suggestion of the government advancing money to private stock companies or contractors for internal improvements. This, also, he regards as inviting corruption.

At the close of the message appears the big jolt. He calls for the consideration by Congress of the question of granting a new charter to the Bank in 1836. "Both the constitutionality and the expediency of the law creating this Bank are well questioned by a large portion of our fellow citizens; and it must be admitted by all, that it has failed in the great end of establishing a uniform and

sound currency." Jackson suggests "a national one, founded upon the credit of the government and its revenues."

Emperor Nicholas begins to see the handwriting on the wall. His satellites in Congress are panicky. Jackson men in both houses are jubilant, and Ike Hill has succeeded in writing his hostility to the Bank in a Presidential Message. Major Lewis and Amos Kendall, without a doubt, wrote, edited and revised that document before it was given to Congress. But every word of it expressed the personal views of Jackson and said what he would have written had he been able to compose a state paper.

4

Andrew Jackson fills his pipe and settles down in a big rocking chair drawn up before a blazing grate in one of the smaller rooms of the Executive Mansion. A shawl drapes his shoulders, for the Mansion is chilly. Either Major Lewis, or Donelson attend every session of Congress and report back to Jackson what is going on, who is talking and what was said. Jackson, like all Presidents, is annoyed by the sputterings in Congress.

The Senate turns its attention to the President's nominations, and the most conspicuous rejection is that of Ike Hill. The Bank has decided Hill must go. Jackson regards the slight to Hill as a personal affront, because Hill is his friend and one of his advisers. Therefore, Jackson decides that the Senate shall be taught a lesson.

The skill of Kendall is now called upon. Kendall is one of the most versatile country editors that ever held an important post at Washington. The confirmation of

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Kendall's nomination as Fourth Auditor of the Treasury is accomplished only by the deciding vote of the Vice President. Kendall prepares an article at Washington on Hill's rejection by the Senate. It is written from the point of view of being a personal affront to Jackson, and is for publication in the "New Hampshire Patriot," Hill's old newspaper. A copy of the article is given to Duff Green for his "Telegraph" in Washington, and other copies are sent to pro-Jackson papers throughout the country. The article is supposed to have originated in New Hampshire. Kendall, more than once, will supply Jackson papers with "Washington news." Hence, Kendall, a federal official, actually is the Administration's press agent. The Jacksonians are the first to recognize the power of the press and utilize it for their own ends. Political cartoons likewise come into flower under the Jackson regime, but Andrew suffers from this innovation quite as much as his enemies. Not all artists are Democrats.

Kendall's article to the "New Hampshire Patriot" has its effect. The Jackson men in that state are aroused. The term of Senator Woodbury—Jackson man—is about to expire, and he is informed that it will be to his advantage not to seek re-election, but to yield in favor of Ike Hill. The trick works perfectly. At the election in the Spring, Hill wins the Senatorship. In due time he returns to Washington as a member of the body that rejected him as a clerk in the Treasury Department. The victory is entirely Jackson's. It is more than this. It is a warning to the Bank of the United States that its days are numbered.

Jackson is proving himself to be an adroit politician as well as a skillful military commander. Surrounded as he is

with able advisers (outside of his Cabinet Ministers, whom he rarely consults, excepting Van Buren), in no sense does he make his will subservient to theirs.

Woodbury's sacrifice is recognized by Jackson. He is kept in reserve, and will be rewarded later on with a Cabinet position. Resolutions for and against the Bank are introduced at this session, but Emperor Nicholas believes he has the upper hand. Congress also takes up the question—advocated by Jackson—of the removal of the Indians from the southern states to districts West of the Mississippi. The President, who knows the Indian temperament as no other man in the country could know it better, proceeds cautiously, but relentlessly, to drive the Red men from their familiar hunting grounds into the western wilderness. Considerable opposition is heard in Congress to this measure which, like every matter urged by Jackson, is made the subject of violent debate. "Friends of Indians" spring up everywhere among Jackson's enemies. The Red men should feel flattered if they are able to read the speeches uttered in their behalf.

5

The fire of the Nullification movement, which threatens to become a conflagration involving the very existence of the republic, is precipitated, like many great events in history, by the gathering of accidental kindling and the placing of it in the immediate area of inflammable material. Senator Samuel A. Foote, of Connecticut, introduces a harmless resolution calling for the suspension for a time of the sale of public lands. Senator Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, one of the younger members

whose idol is Calhoun, rises to speak on the Foote resolution. Hayne thinks and dreams in oratorical patterns.

The Tariff Bill, for which Jackson had voted in 1824, was obnoxious to the South, and the Tariff Bill of 1828 was even more so. It had caused a depression in the market for southern produce and had created extreme discontent. South Carolina was not alone in protesting against the tariff. Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama registered their protests against it both through their representatives at Washington and in petitions directed to the government.

In South Carolina, however, extreme language had been used; one prominent citizen went so far as to say that it was time for the South to "calculate the value of the Union." In the course of his address, Hayne declared: "I am one of those who believe that the very life of our system is the independence of the states, and that there is no evil more to be deprecated than the consolidation of this government." Jackson himself is an ardent state's rights man, but he is equally fervent in upholding the federal government and the Constitution in which it is mortised. Jackson had won his office by the aid of the State's Rights Party men, and it is possible that they believe they will receive support from the Executive. They think wrongly. Webster appears on the Senate floor while Hayne is speaking, and the Senator from Massachusetts, who in no wise is a Jackson adherent, replies to Hayne in what will be regarded as one of the most brilliant speeches of his career. A little later in the session Edward Livingston, Senator from Louisiana, sets forth boldly and bravely in an equally brilliant speech the attitude of the Administration with

respect to the Nullifiers. It will fall to Livingston's lot still later, as Secretary of State, to frame Jackson's supreme challenge to Nullification.

Jefferson's birthday had been celebrated in Washington for twenty years, and the occasion in April, 1830, has been decided upon by the Nullifiers as most propitious to challenge the government and to "smoke out" Andrew Jackson. There are many, however, who look upon Jackson as the exemplifier of Jefferson's principles which, by a twist of their own imagination, they somehow connect with Nullification.

General Jackson, Major Lewis, Van Buren and others among his close advisers, are convinced that the Jefferson birthday banquet has been selected not to do honor to the memory of the sage of Monticello, but to exploit the Nullification movement in the presence of Jackson, the Vice President, the Cabinet and the guests, and thus embarrass the Administration. Jackson is not caught napping. He calls in Van Buren, Major Lewis and Donelson and submits to them several samples of toasts that he has written for the occasion. He asks their advice in the selection of one. It is decided that the Nullifiers are to be challenged in their own tent. Consistent with Jackson, the aggressive course is decided upon.

6

The hour for the banquet arrives. Virtually every toast of the twenty-four proposed hits squarely upon the subject of Nullification, for the banquet is packed with Nullifiers. Colonel Thomas H. Benton, Senator from Missouri who, long since, has made his peace with Jackson, attends the

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affair. Benton observes that many leave the hall, disgusted with the spirit of disloyalty to the Union and the deliberate affront to the President.

After most of the speakers have become hoarse from long talking, and the regular toasts have been proposed, there comes the round of volunteer toasts; there are more than eighty of these.

Andrew Jackson is called upon. Voices in the ante-rooms cease to buzz. Stern silence falls upon the banquet hall. The President is on his feet. He draws himself up to his full stature. All faces are turned toward him, and all meet his gaze—all except Calhoun, who plays with his napkin. The pause is ominous. Jackson finally fastens his hawk-like eyes upon the figure of the Vice President. He raises his glass, and in a stern even voice he declares:

"Our Federal Union: It Must Be Preserved."

The reaction is electric. Not a man in the building, not one sitting at the banquet table mistakes his meaning. The toast immediately assumes the character of a proclamation announcing a plot to destroy the Union and summoning the people to its defence.

Calhoun is next called upon. He says:

"The Union: Next to our liberty the most dear. May we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the states, and distributing equally the benefit and burden of the Union." The significance of the Vice President's toast likewise leaves no doubt in the minds of the guests of his leadership of the Nullifiers. Jackson has suspected it for some time.

Shortly after the banquet a South Carolina Congressman calls upon Jackson, saying he is leaving for home and

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inquires if the General has any message for his South Carolina friends. "No, I believe not," Jackson replies. The Congressman starts to depart when he is called back.

"Yes, I have," says Jackson. "Please give my compliments to my friends in your state, and say to them that if a single drop of blood shall be shed there in opposition to the laws of United States, I will hang the first man I can lay my hand on engaged in such treasonable conduct, upon the first tree I can reach."

The President vetoes the Maysville and Lexington Road Bill. In a lengthy Veto Message, he declares there shall be no more internal improvements until the national debt has been paid, and the Constitution revised, authorizing appropriations for the construction of public works. He promises that in four years the debt will have been extinguished—"and how gratifying the effect of presenting to the world the sublime spectacle of a republic, of more than twelve millions of happy people, in the fifty-fourth year of her existence—after having passed through two protracted wars, the one for the acquisition and the other for the maintenance of liberty—free from debt, and with all her immense resources unfettered!"

Three other internal improvement bills are passed toward the end of the session. Two of these Jackson retains until after Congress adjourns, which is the equivalent of veto, and the third he returns to the Senate with his disapproval.

It is in this year—1830—that Major Lewis drives in stakes for the re-election of President Jackson. Pennsylvania is selected by Lewis as the state where the movement for Jackson should first occur. Pennsylvania is

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chosen because Calhoun has considerable strength there, and Pennsylvania's action in indorsing Jackson for another term will have the effect of virtually sealing Calhoun's political coffin, as far as the Presidency is concerned. So the astute Lewis drafts a letter, or rather a petition, addressed to Jackson, which is to be circulated among members of the Pennsylvania legislature and signed by them and forwarded to Jackson. Thus they are spared the bother of drawing up their own letter. The scheme clicks wonderfully. Sixty-eight legislators sign on the dotted line, begging Jackson, in a letter that Lewis wrote in the White House at Jackson's elbow, to please run again. Small political details of this nature President Jackson is willing to leave to the major-domo of the Kitchen Cabinet.

There follows in rapid succession Jackson's break with Calhoun, of which the public is not apprised for some time later. The Eaton affair also has usurped public attention throughout all of this period. The question is raised both at home and abroad whether the experiment in democracy is not a failure in the United States, and whether a monarchical form of government might not be best, after all. Whisperings of these speculations reach the backwoods people, and the cry goes up among them that if a king is to rule in America he shall be none other than Emperor Andrew I.

Calhoun's break with Jackson leads Duff Green, editor of the "United States Telegraph," to sponsor the cause of the Vice President. It therefore becomes necessary for the Administration to establish its own mouthpiece to counteract Calhoun's paper. Kendall is ushered into the

White House for a conference on this point, the upshot of which is: Francis P. Blair, formerly associated with Kendall on the "Kentucky Argus," is drafted for Washington service, and the "Globe" is established. It has neither money nor presses, but it possesses Blair, and that is enough.


Blair fits into the Jackson mold perfectly. Every member of the Kitchen Cabinet exerts himself to drum up subscribers for the "Globe," which makes its bow on December 7, 1830. Office-holders in Washington and elsewhere are given to understand that they are expected to subscribe, and to support the paper loyally. It is announced far and wide that the "Globe" is the *official* organ of Jacksonian Democracy, and the "Telegraph" is not. Major Lewis and Amos Kendall adjust matters so that a large part of the government printing is thrown to the "Globe," and taken away from the "Telegraph." A supporter of the Bank sends a donation of two hundred dollars. Blair learns where the money comes from and returns it.

In a short time the "Globe" is self-supporting. Its influence in keeping Jackson's name and his deeds before the public is tremendous. Jacksonian editors reprint its opinions as their own. Blair is worth more to the party than if he were Secretary of State, and his influence is greater.

In December Congress is again in session. Jackson's message touches lightly upon the tariff question, but implores the people not to regard it as a sectional matter. The South is not impressed. The Nullifiers are more active than ever. They are merely biding their time. The spirit of secession has seized South Carolina.

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Jackson announces that eleven millions, three hundred and fifty-four thousand, six hundred and thirty dollars has been paid on the public debt, and that there is a balance in the Treasury of four millions, eight hundred and nineteen thousand, seven hundred and eighty-one dollars. He repeats his warning against the Bank, and cites some of its abuses. It is at this session that Colonel Benton fires the Administration's first gun at the Bank. It is at this period that Jackson decides to oust all members of his Cabinet who have been unfair, untractable, and insolent in the Eaton affair. Ingham, Branch and Berrien—all Calhoun men—are thrown out. Hence, Calhoun has no more power within the Administration. He has nothing but his Vice Presidency—and he will not have that much longer.



Chapter XXVII

THE WAR ON THE BANK

I

IN the Spring of 1831, the President is surrounded by his new Cabinet. In the first place, Louis McLane is recalled as Minister to England, and Van Buren succeeds him. McLane had distinguished himself for his successful negotiations with the British Ministry for regaining the privilege of trading with the British West Indies in American bottoms. Jackson properly considers this as one of the high lights of his policy in the handling of foreign affairs. Edward Livingston, able and cultured, becomes Secretary of State; McLane becomes Secretary of the Treasury; Lewis Cass, Governor of the Territory of Michigan, is Secretary of War; Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, is Secretary of the Navy; Roger B. Taney, Attorney General of Maryland, and one of the Federalists who supported Jackson in 1828, is named Attorney General; Barry remains as Postmaster General.

The new Cabinet is a vast improvement upon the former one. The opposition, however, imagines it sees Jackson's confession of weakness. "Who could have imagined," writes Clay in retirement at his home in Ashland, Kentucky, "such a cleansing of the Augean stable at Washington?" A little later Clay, who is still blowing Presi-

dential bubbles, has dreams of his ultimate victory. "I think we are authorized, from all that is now before us, to anticipate confidently General Jackson's defeat. The question of who will be the successor may be more doubtful." Clay at this moment has no doubt. He is merely fishing for support for his delusion that he will be chosen.

During the Summer and Autumn the country has been whipped into a frenzy over the determined attitude of the Nullifiers, and none knows when the explosion will occur in South Carolina. But Jackson is watching that state and its leader, Calhoun, with the eye of a lynx.

Meanwhile, the Bank of the United States engages his attention. Emperor Nicholas is not idle, either. He knows whom he can depend upon in Congress on the question of re-charter. Clay, having recouped his fortune, lost in gambling, has returned to the Senate. The Emperor breathes easier in his marble palace in Philadelphia. He feels safe with Clay in Washington.

Congress meets. "We are to have an interesting and an arduous session," wrote Webster to Clay in the previous October. "An array is preparing, much more formidable than has ever yet assaulted what we think the leading and important public interests." Daniel means the Bank. He is almost a seer. The names of many political notables are called at this session. Among them are: Webster, Clay, William Marcy, Theodore Frelinghuysen, John M. Clayton, John Tyler, Robert Y. Hayne, John Forsyth, Felix Grundy, Hugh L. White, Benton, Hill. These are in the Senate. Tyler will become President of the United States. In the House are John Quincy Adams, former President; Rufus Choate, Edward Everett, John Bell, James K. Polk.

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James Buchanan has just resigned to become Minister to Russia. Jackson's influence will linger with the electorate long enough to make both Polk and Buchanan Presidents.

Congress sits in rapt attention while Jackson's message is being read. They expect him to say something about Nullification and the Bank. These most explosive subjects are omitted. The Iron Man in the White House, now sixty-four years old, enfeebled and ill most of the time, is employing military strategy. He has built his breastworks. His batteries are loaded and competently manned. He is drawing the enemy out into the open and toward his doom by maintaining a pregnant silence.

Foreign affairs are dwelt upon; the condition of the nation's finances—the revenue during the year had reached the unprecedented sum of twenty-seven millions, expenditures exclusive of the public debt would not exceed fourteen million seven hundred thousand, while sixteen and a half millions had been paid on the public debt during the year; the recommendation that a local government be set up for the District of Columbia, which he urged should be represented by a delegate in Congress; railroads, which had come into being only a few years previously with a line between Baltimore and Washington, causing statesmen to believe that the country's transportation problem had been solved—matters of this nature fill the President's message.

2

The Senate confirms the nominations of Jackson's Cabinet Ministers, but rejects that of Van Buren as Minister to Great Britain. The three conspirators—Clay, Calhoun

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and Webster—decided upon this course months in advance. The transparent political charges brought against Van Buren in his management of the Department of State have no relation to the real cause of his rejection except to screen it. The Three Wise Men are looking to the future. They believe they have destroyed Van Buren's chances of succeeding Jackson. They have only made that eventuality the more certain. Benton, nudging a Senator who votes to reject Van Buren, declares: "You have broken a Minister and elected a Vice President."

News of his rejection reaches Van Buren while he is a guest at a party given by Prince Talleyrand, now Minister at the Court of St. James's for Louis Philippe, the new King of France. Is Martin downcast? Not in the least. The "Red Fox of Kinderhook" clicks his heels and is merry at Talleyrand's party. He knows well enough that he has been thrown into the arms of Fortune—four years as Vice President and then—President. He cannot miss. Everyone sees this except the Three Wise Men, whose hatred of Jackson seems to have blurred their political perspicacity.

While Congress is about to plunge into the Bank affair, Sam Houston arrives in Washington and adds a lighter, if painful, touch to the solemnity. Houston, who as a boy fought in Jackson's army at the Battle of Tallapoosa, has been Governor of Tennessee. He is Jackson's friend. Sam has had domestic troubles aplenty. He is broke, and, hearing that the Indians are to be removed into the West, he seeks a contract from the government to supply rations to the Red men about to be removed. Houston's price per Indian is eighteen cents a day. The Superintendent of In-

dian Affairs, however, calls the bid absurd, saying the rations may be supplied, at a profit, for less than seven cents. Jackson, eager to help Houston, would give him the contract and risk the charge of aiding a grafter. The matter is aired in Congress, and Houston fails to get what he came for. But the thing must be evened up somehow, so Sam waits on a dark street for Congressman William Stanberry, of Ohio, who had been most bitter in opposing the contract, and assaults him unmercifully. In due course, Houston is reprimanded by the House. Also, he is tried in court for assault and battery and is fined five hundred dollars. Not even the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," who is his attorney, can save him.

President Jackson refuses to see his old friend punished. He orders the fine remitted, "in consideration of the premises." To a friend, Jackson declares: "After a few more examples of the same kind, members of Congress will learn to keep civil tongues in their heads." Sam, who now bears the title of "The Big Drunk," is on his uppers. He is stung to the quick by the charge that he had attempted to be a grafter. He turns to the southwest, where the winds are unpolluted by politics. He is in Texas in 1832. Santa Anna leads his Mexicans against the Alamo and the massacre follows. Sam, who had learned the art of war under Jackson, is Commanding General in the war that ensues. Texas declares her independence from Mexico, which had refused Jackson's offer of five million dollars to purchase, and Houston carves out an empire over which he rules as President. Sam, "The Big Drunk," always devoted to the Union of the states, ever supported by the mighty power of Andrew Jackson, leads

the delivery of Texas into the Union in 1845, and becomes her first United States Senator. His caning of a Congressman, and the remission of his fine as a rowdy by Jackson, made him a national figure and provided him with a stage upon which he played the principal rôle in the drama of Texas, and then delivered the whole vast setting to the nation.

3

Congress turns its attention from the fortunes of Sam Houston to the fortunes of Biddle's Bank. The Bank's friends are in a quandary.

One group favors pushing the issue of re-charter in the present session. They foresee that a majority can be mustered in both houses for the Bank, and it is a matter of now or never. Another group prophesies that, no matter if re-charter wins in Congress, Jackson will veto the bill, which its friends cannot carry by a two thirds vote. Emperor Nicholas looks to Clay for guidance and gets it. The first battle is to be fought at this session.

Meanwhile, the National Republicans (who will soon become known as Whigs) have assembled in convention at Baltimore and nominated Clay for President, and John Sergeant, of Pennsylvania, for Vice President. Both are acknowledged candidates of the Bank, and therefore represent the financial interests of the country. They look for support from no other quarter, but they are confident in what they have.

On January 9, Senator George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, presents a lengthy and solemn memorial to the Senate on behalf of the Bank, asking a renewal of its

charter. Shrewd minds had combined in the writing of that paper, which Clay probably edited. If Congress, in its wisdom, it said, should decree the extinction of the Bank, the directors would do all in their power to aid in devising new financial facilities. Could Courtesy and Humility bow more gracefully than this? Emperor Nicholas is all grace. He is more than that. He is a genius, for he has assembled the oratorical meteors of the nation and placed them in the halls of Congress where for six months they sing and chant the praises of the Bank. Ferocity, arrogance and downright mean speech also play their part with the defenders and the opponents of the Bank.

In the White House, sits an old and lonely man, smoking his pipe. He reads the same Bible that Rachel had read many an evening by the firelight while he was away at war; or maybe at home, polishing his pistols for the next fray—public or private. He looks long and tenderly at the miniature of his beloved dead. There is a knock at the door. The General says, "Step in, sir."

It is Major Lewis, or Donelson, just returned from the Capitol. Benton is making the speech of his career, demolishing the Bank and the Emperor who rules over it. Ike Hill, too, has made a great speech. The General's face lights up with friendliness and admiration when these names are mentioned. Clay—Calhoun—Webster—! his face grows dark and his deep blue eyes fill with fire and wrath. "Major, we will crush them and their damned Bank—by the Eternal!" He whacks his desk with his fist. Then he seems to catch himself growing angry, and in a twinkling he is softer. He remembers that Rachel never liked to hear him swear, and she rarely saw him when he

was hopping mad. And now he thinks that she, away, far away somewhere, sees and hears him—and he becomes softer.

4

Finally, Speaker Stephenson, anti-Bank, names a committee to investigate the Bank. Four of the members are opposed to re-charter, three are Biddle men. The gentlemen pass a month at the marble palace in Philadelphia, and at the end of two months are unable to agree. They submit three reports. The majority opposes re-charter. Two reports exonerate the Bank from all charge of misconduct. John Quincy Adams submits one of the reports single handed. Adams declares the Bank "has been conducted with as near an approach of perfect wisdom as the imperfection of human nature permits." For these cool and cultured words, Adams earns the lasting contempt of General Jackson. It develops in the course of the inquiry that the Bank has subsidized several newspapers and otherwise distributed its largess quite freely into political corners—dark as well as bright. But the Administration cannot make capital out of these accusations, since it has done both.

The bill to re-charter the Bank of the United States passes the Senate on June 11, by a vote of twenty-eight to twenty. The House takes similar action on July 3, by a vote of one hundred and nine to seventy-six. The next day the bill is laid before the President. He vetoes it and returns it to Congress within a week.

The Veto Message is one of the longest that Jackson ever sent to Congress. In a word, his message might be

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summed up: Monopoly. He emphasizes that eight millions of the Bank's stock is held by foreigners; that a renewal of the charter raises the market value of that stock twenty or thirty per cent. Hence America will make a present to foreign stockholders of millions of dollars.

If the United States is to bestow this monopoly then it should receive a fair price for it. Also, the act excludes competition. Others have offered to take a charter on more favorable terms.

The bill, says Jackson, concedes to banks dealing with the Bank of the United States what it denies to individuals. "The Bank and its branches have erected an interest separate from that of the people," he declares.

He asserts that the stock owned by foreigners can not be taxed, which gives such stock a value of ten or fifteen per cent greater than that held by American citizens. Although nearly a third of the Bank's stock is held by foreigners, foreigners have neither voice nor vote in the election of its officials. The moneyed men of the nation are throttling the country by holding within their hands the republic's financial resources.

Then follows a typical Jacksonian observation: Should the stock ever pass principally into the hands of the subjects of a foreign country, and we should become involved in a war with that country, the interests and feelings of the Bank's directors will be opposed to those of their countrymen.

"Experience should teach us wisdom," says the President. "Most of the difficulties our government now encounters, and most of the dangers which impend over our Union, have sprung from an abandonment of the legiti-

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mate objects of government by our national legislation, and the adoption of such principles as are embodied in this act.

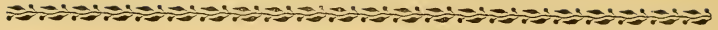
“Many of our rich men have not been content with equal protection and equal benefits, but have besought us to make them richer by act of Congress. By attempting to gratify their desires, we have, in the results of our legislation, arrayed section against section, interest against interest, and man against man, in a fearful commotion which threatens to shake the foundations of our Union.

“It is time to pause in our career, to review our principles, and, if possible, revive that devoted patriotism and spirit of compromise which distinguished the sages of the Revolution, and the fathers of our Union. If we can not at once, in justice to the interests vested under improvident legislation, make our own government what it ought to be, we can, at least, take a stand against all new grants of monopolies and exclusive privileges, against any prostitution of our government to the advancement of the few at the expense of the many, and in favor of compromise and gradual reform in our code of laws and system of political economy.”

5

In furnishing the basic ideas for this message, which Secretary Livingston and Amos Kendall probably wrote, Jackson approaches as closely as he ever approached to Jeffersonian principles. His is a far more militant democracy. He lives in the present, and is a man of terrible realities. He ventures here the suggestion of political philosophy. It made the Bank men laugh. They have the

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message printed and circulated as a campaign document in behalf of Henry Clay. They say the message proves the Old Man is losing his mind. They do not yet perceive they are losing their bank.

Chapter XXVIII

RE-ELECTION AND THE NULLIFIERS

I

IN August, the President, accompanied by Blair and Earle, the latter "the King's painter," leave Washington for Nashville. Jackson pays his traveling expenses with gold. "No more paper money, you see, fellow citizens, if I can only put down this Nicholas Biddle and his monster Bank," he remarks to friends. The President and his party remain at the Hermitage until October. While he communes with the spirit of Rachel, the bitterest campaign that has ever been waged takes the country by storm. Tons of pamphlets of all sizes and dealing with all manner of issues flood the country. The Bank disburses eighty thousand dollars—a stupendous sum in 1832—in behalf of Clay's candidacy. The Democrats appear to have against them the best talent of the country. The business and financial titans are against Jackson. Leading citizens representing these groups fear financial paralysis and economic stagnation will ensue if Jackson is re-elected and pursues his warfare against the Bank, which they are certain he will do.

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The Democratic convention meets at Baltimore. Jackson is duly nominated, with Van Buren as his running mate. The battle is on. Every conceivable charge is brought forth against Jackson. There is but one feature missing that distinguishes this campaign from 1828. Nothing is said about adultery. The Democratic press and campaigners are equally vehement and venomous. One or two Democratic papers, evidently bought off by the Bank, go over to the enemy. Jackson's friends believe he will win in a close race, while Clay and the Bank are certain that the country realizes the peril of the President's course and will repudiate him.

The result astonishes Jackson and his party as much as it does the country. The General receives two hundred and nineteen electoral votes. Clay receives forty-nine. The popular vote is 707,217 for Jackson; 328,561 for Clay. Jackson carries sixteen states to Clay's six.

With the approval of his policies thus secured, the President proceeds without delay to complete them. He is resolved to dispatch these major issues: the Bank must be crushed, root and branch, and a new system installed for the handling of the federal currency; Nullification must be destroyed as a doctrine, and the rebel states taught that secession is an offence against the whole Union; France must be forced to begin payment of an indemnity for losses to American vessels during the Napoleonic wars; the national debt shall be wiped out.

The President has scarcely received his second mandate from the people when South Carolina, which had withheld her vote from him and thrown it away on a hopeless candidate, is aflame with the Nullification doctrine. For some

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time past this issue, as if by consent, had given precedence to the Bank dispute. Now it is Biddle's turn to give way to the Nullifiers, who hate the tariff, despise Andrew Jackson and dislike the Federal Union.

2

Nullification is not a new doctrine in the United States. When the Alien and Sedition laws were passed in 1798, at the instigation of President John Adams, the legislatures of Virginia and Kentucky adopted resolutions, of which Jefferson and Madison were the chief authors, declaring that when the federal government assumed powers not delegated by the states, "a nullification of the act was the rightful remedy." The resolutions declared further, however, that the act nullified must be "palpably against the Constitution." Jackson, as a United States Senator in 1798, voted against the Alien and Sedition Bill and denounced Adams as a tyrant.

South Carolina in 1832, however, puts its own construction upon the resolutions of 1798. It holds that any state may nullify any act of Congress which it deems unconstitutional. Calhoun, the idol of his state, proposes nullification of the Tariff Law, through the operation of which the nation must secure its revenue, merely because the Tariff Law is objectionable to South Carolina. That state, therefore, has arrogated to itself the right to dictate to the Union the kind of laws it shall have so that South Carolina might be pleased, other states notwithstanding. Calhoun and the Nullifiers go even further. They assert the Supreme Court may not pass upon the matter because the Supreme Court is the creature of the majority, the

same as Congress; and the object of Nullification is to resist the encroachments of the majority on the question of the Revenue Law.

South Carolina is not alone in upholding the Nullification doctrine. North Carolina, Virginia and Georgia favor it, but only to the extent of petitioning Congress for a redress of their grievances. Not one of these states supports South Carolina in its extreme attitude.

President Jackson's comment to a friend is this: "If this thing goes on our country will be like a bag of meal with both ends open. Pick it up in the middle or endwise, it will run out."

The depressed South looks with envious eyes upon the prosperous North. Everywhere in the North cities and towns are springing up, and the wilderness of western New York, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois is vanishing with the steady stride of plowmen and surveyors. Factories seem to grow like mushrooms and a new condition of labor is brought into being.

The factory worker has appeared, and with him the clerk. And these workmen are not bond servants, as in the South. In the South, cotton and tobacco, their chief products, are down. Corn, wheat and pork likewise are depressed in market value. The South contends that the prices of the products which it has to sell rise too slowly to make up for the increased price of the commodities which it has to buy. It virtually gives up in despair. There is not even enough energy to find original names for their new towns. The maps of the Old World are consulted, and new American communities are named Utica, Rome, Naples, Berlin, Palermo, Madrid, Paris, Elba and Egypt.

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In Alabama many of the counties are named after the scenes of Napoleon's battles.

There is yet another reason for the apparent desolation and disquiet in the South. Slavery! In the North, every one may go to his labor without loss of pride. In the South, white men may not offer their hands to manual toil, for that is the lot of the Negro. The South in 1832 is beset with pride. The North in 1832 whistles as it works and is rewarded with progress. The South steadfastly refuses to believe that slavery is a liability instead of an asset. It refuses to see that an inherent economic weakness, partly produced by compulsory labor, is an affliction neither engendered nor aggravated by the Tariff Law.

John Tyler, whom the accident of death will make a President, declares the protective tariff is the cause of the South's calamity and decay. "We buy dear and sell cheap." The tariff, he asserts, diminishes the demands for the South's products abroad, and raises the price of all it must buy to live. This is the cry of the South and the cause of the Nullification doctrine which Andrew Jackson is now called upon to face on the eve of his second term.

3

It is quite possible that Jackson and his closest advisers are too willing to view Nullification as a personal issue between Calhoun and the President. They accuse Calhoun of seeking to rise upon the ruins of his country and reigning in South Carolina rather than serving the republic. They say he began it and continues it. To his dying day, Jackson will express his regret that he did not have Calhoun hanged for treason. "My country would have sustained

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me in the act," Jackson will say on the brink of the grave, "and his fate would have been a warning to traitors in all time to come." Is Calhoun such a terrible fellow? In Washington he has a reputation of being amicable, gracious and fascinating. His rivals hate him because they fear him. There are legions who love him and would follow him anywhere.

It is early Autumn. The South Carolina legislature calls a convention of citizens to consider the Tariff Law and to suggest a course to be pursued by the state. The convention meets November 19, at Columbia. One hundred and forty-five delegates are present. Respectability is everywhere in evidence. In the course of its labors, the convention adopts an Ordinance, the substance of which is that the Tariff Law so far as it affects South Carolina is null and void, and that no duties enjoined by that law shall be paid by the state after February 1, 1833. Also, it will not permit any appeal to be made to the Supreme Court on the question of the validity of the expected Nullifying Act of the legislature. If the government attempts to enforce the Tariff Law in South Carolina by means of military or naval force, then the state no longer will consider herself a member of the Federal Union, but will organize a separate government and proceed to the business of self-defence.

In December, Robert Y. Hayne is elected Governor, and his seat in the Senate is promptly snapped up by Calhoun, who resigns the Vice Presidency three months before his term expires. Governor Hayne's first message to the legislature is what might be expected, since he was chosen by Nullifiers. His remarks are belligerent and ex-

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treme, containing considerable reference to "the sacred soil of Carolina" and what she will do if "the sacred soil should be polluted by the footsteps of an invader, or be stained with the blood of her citizens."

The legislature passes acts for carrying the Ordinance into effect, and the Governor is authorized to accept the services of volunteers. The state is preparing for war. Even the women are showing their colors. Calhoun is spoken of as the "First President of the Southern Confederacy." Thus the South has anticipated the advent of old Jeff Davis by some thirty years and seems to be bent on robbing him of his rôle.

The Nullifiers, now embarked upon their warlike course, seem to have reckoned without regard for one of the most persistent and purposeful of men who ever have occupied the Presidency. Hayne should know better, for his brother, Arthur, was Inspector-General under Jackson in the War of 1812. Despite the utter lack of anything approaching adequate transportation and communication facilities, Jackson is kept fully informed by couriers on horseback of all that is transpiring in the rebellious state; and two weeks in advance of the convention at Columbia, the President sent secret orders to the Collector of the Port at Charleston, instructing that official to "resort to all means provided by the law," aided by a fleet of revenue cutters, "to counteract the measures which may be adopted."

In addition to this, Jackson sends General Winfield Scott on a secret mission to Charleston to superintend the safety of the ports, and to ascertain what troops and naval forces may be required to put down a possible rebellion.

Congress meets on December 3. In the President's message virtually no mention is made of South Carolina. The nation's income for the year would reach twenty-eight millions, and the expenditures sixteen and a half millions; payments on the public debt, eighteen millions. Jackson tells Congress that on January 1, 1833, less than seven millions will remain of the public debt, and this will be extinguished in the course of that year. He requests Congress to revise the tariff so as to reduce the revenue to the necessities of government; but the manufacturing interests must not be injured. However, Jackson declares "manufacturing establishments can not expect that the people will continue permanently to pay high taxes for their benefit, when the money is not required for any legitimate purpose in the administration of the government. Is it not enough that the high duties have been paid as long as the money arising from them could be applied to the common benefit in the extinguishment of the public debt?" Obviously this pronouncement is intended to meet the Nullifiers half way.

Jackson again reverts to the question of the Bank of the United States. He asks that an inquiry be instituted to ascertain if the public deposits in Emperor Nicholas's marble palace are entirely safe. He recommends that the federal government relinquish the ownership of public lands to the states within whose borders they may be, urging that public lands should no longer be made a source of revenue, but should be sold to actual settlers, in small parcels, at a price sufficient to pay the cost of surveying

and selling. Thus Jackson aids in settling the western domain and "planting it with men," which was the policy of King James I toward the North of Ireland, and resulted in Jackson's Scotch ancestors founding a homestead in Carrickfergus.

Once more he recommends that the President and Vice President be elected by direct vote of the people and their tenure limited to a single term. While Congress listens to this placid message it does not know that Jackson with his own hand has written an immortal document, a challenge to South Carolina, whose proceedings published in a pamphlet have reached him and aroused all the fire of his tempestuous nature. It is the famous Proclamation. Secretary Livingston takes the President's large sheets and revamps the text into a state paper. It bears the date of December 10. It is at once an argument, an entreaty, a warning and a challenge.

The President, in his Proclamation, concedes that the Tariff Law complained of does not operate equally. "The wisdom of man never yet contrived a system of taxation that would operate with perfect equality," he asserts. "If the unequal operation of law makes it unconstitutional, and if all laws of that description may be abrogated by any state for that cause, then indeed is the Federal Constitution unworthy of the slightest effort for its preservation."

Jackson forcefully denies the right of a state to secede.

"I consider," he declares, "the power to annul a law of the United States, assumed by one state, incompatible with the existence of the Union, contradicted expressly by the letter of the Constitution, unauthorized by its spirit, inconsistent with every principle on which it was founded, and

destructive of the great object for which it was formed."

"The Constitution of the United States," he affirms, "forms a government, not a league; and whether it be formed by compact between the states, or in any other manner, its character is the same. It is a government in which all the people are represented, which operates directly on the people individually, not upon the states; they retain all the power they did not grant. But each state having expressly parted with so many powers as to constitute, jointly with the other states, a single nation, can not from that period possess any right to secede, because such secession does not break a league, but destroys the unity of a nation; and any injury to that unity is not only a breach which would result from the contravention of a compact, but it is an offence against the whole Union."

"Fellow citizens of my *native* state! (Perhaps the President does not know he was born in North Carolina.) Let me not only admonish you, as the first magistrate of our common country, not to incur the penalty of its laws, but use the influence that a father would over his children whom he saw rushing to certain ruin. In that paternal language, with that paternal feeling, let me tell you, my countrymen, that you are deluded by men who are either deceived themselves, or wish to deceive you. . . .

"The laws of the United States must be executed. I have no discretionary power on the subject—my duty is emphatically pronounced in the Constitution. Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their execution, deceived you—they could not have deceived themselves. They know that a forcible opposition could alone prevent

the execution of the laws, and they know that such opposition must be repelled. Their object is disunion, but be not deceived by names; disunion, by armed force is TREASON. Are you really ready to incur its guilt? If you are, on the heads of the instigators of the act be the dreadful consequences—on their heads be the dishonor, but on yours may fall the punishment. . . .”

The Proclamation rolls on—each word a peal of thunder, each paragraph a warning of bolts of lightning which are gathering behind the clouds of war that Andrew Jackson is prepared to loosen at the first overt act against the government of the United States. He is exhibiting himself in his best form as a patriot.

5

What does the country think of this? Mass meetings are held throughout the North, indorsing Jackson's firmness. The boldness of the Proclamation has electrified the nation. Sickness, almost unto death, can not tame the fiery heart of this one hundred per cent American.

The South Carolina legislature answers this challenge by calling upon the citizens of the state to ignore the “attempt of the President to seduce them from their allegiance,” and to “disregard his vain menaces.” Governor Hayne issues a proclamation in the same key. The state is placed on a war footing, or nearly so. A red flag with a black star in the center is adopted as the ensign of the volunteer regiments. The flag of the United States is flown upside down.

As the proclamation of Governor Hayne reaches Washington, Jackson immediately sends a special message to

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Congress asking for an increase of his powers to meet the possible collision, scheduled to commence February 1, less than six weeks off. A bill is prepared promptly and presented. It is known as the Force Bill. Meanwhile, Calhoun arrives in Washington to take his seat as Senator. While leading the secession movement, he can still take the oath to uphold the Constitution, which he is striving to puncture with rebellion. Many of his former friends turn from him in disgust and contempt. After the message is read, Calhoun rises to speak. He declares he is still devoted to the Union, and that if the government were restored to the principles of 1798, the year of the muzzle law, he would not question its authority.

The Force Bill is passed by both houses late in February. No hostilities have occurred. Jackson watches South Carolina like a panther about to spring upon its quarry. At the first treasonable act he has decided to seize Calhoun on the charge of high treason, and hang him. South Carolina's nullifying Congressmen may be similarly dealt with. Federal troops are in that state ready to strike. Jackson has expressed the wish that, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, he might be permitted to take the field and personally lead them. The Old Warrior! How he loves the smell of powder, and delights in the spectacle of the crushed and bleeding forms of his foes.

But civil war is another matter. Accordingly, Jackson, without retreating a jot from his determination to put down rebellion should it occur, is willing to compromise in the matter of the Tariff Law. Accordingly, an Administration bill is prepared and introduced by Gulian C. Verplanck, of New York, providing for the reduction of

duties to the revenue standard. The Verplanck Bill is calculated to reduce the revenue thirteen millions of dollars, and to afford manufacturers about as much protection as they had obtained under the Tariff Law of 1816. The bill thus destroys most of what Clay and the protectionists had obtained over a period of sixteen years. The business interests are panic-stricken. They foresee their profits gone glimmering. Unemployment and stagnation, they say, will result from this bill.

The Verplanck Bill seems to meet the objections of South Carolina and the other southern states. Webster, standing firmly by Jackson on the Nullification issue, but opposed to him on the Bank, declares the Constitution is on trial, and that no Tariff Law should be passed as long as South Carolina challenges the sovereignty of the federal government. At heart, this is Jackson's attitude; but the President does not wish to risk a civil war if it can be averted with a little yielding.

The business interests turn to Clay, and the Kentuckian drafts a Compromise Bill for the regulation of the tariff. The Clay Bill differs from the Administration measure chiefly in the fact that it proposes a gradual reduction of duties, and leaves the writing of a new tariff measure for a calmer day.

Obviously, Verplanck's bill should please Calhoun, for it directly conciliates the Nullifiers. But Calhoun also wants to please Big Business, for he still hopes to be President some day. Moreover, he does not wish to break from Clay for that would isolate him completely. Also, he seeks a way out from his perilous position. So the zealous Nullifier turns thumbs down on his own state and votes for the

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Clay Compromise. The bill is passed, and Jackson, who is expected to veto it, signs it. Thus Andrew Jackson has postponed the Civil War for twenty-three years.

6

It is Summer, 1833. Jackson is again regarded as the savior of his country. This time he has not won a war, but has averted one. He decides to travel and meet the people. Everywhere he is acclaimed. It is during this Summer that he receives word of the death of his old friend, General John Coffee. The President's own health is precarious. Major Lewis and Donelson sometimes despair of the President finishing his term. He is afflicted with bleeding of the lungs—tuberculosis.

Before he starts out on his tour he makes two important shifts in his Cabinet. Livingston is sent to France as Minister to force a settlement of the government's spoliation claims arising from the Napoleonic wars. Jackson is determined that France shall begin to pay this debt before he leaves office. Four previous Administrations have failed even to get France to recognize the debt. But Jackson negotiates a treaty in which France stipulates to pay the United States five millions in six annual installments.

The United States agrees to the reduction of duties on French wines. America fulfills her part of the treaty. France does nothing. Jackson is impatient. He will be required to threaten France with war before she is willing to begin payment. Livingston goes on this errand. It is Jackson's firmness that brings France to terms and crushes the opposition at home in two years.

Louis McLane, Secretary of the Treasury, and a Bank

sympathizer, is moved to the State Department. William J. Duane, Philadelphia lawyer, becomes Secretary of the Treasury.

In June, the President and his party travel northward. In Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newark, Elizabeth, New York, Boston and on through New England, the President receives the adulations of the people.

Harvard College confers upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, and one of the seniors addresses the President in Latin. The students applaud vociferously. The President does not know what it is all about and cares less. To him such a degree is an empty honor. A student seeks to make sport of Jackson and asks him to reply—in Latin. The President is slightly taken off his guard. He rises to his feet and says:

“E pluribus unum, my friends, sine qua non!”

The embittered Adams writes in his Diary of the Harvard incident. Ever afterward he refers to the President as *Doctor* Jackson. In his Diary, Adams spitefully writes: “Four fifths of his sickness is trickery, and the other fifth mere fatigue. He is so ravenous of notoriety that he craves the sympathy for sickness as a portion of his glory.”

But then, Adams was not present in the hotel in Boston where Jackson lay almost at death's door, bleeding in the lungs, and wondering if he would live until he reached Washington so that he might deliver the final and crushing blow to Mr. Biddle's Bank.

Chapter XXIX

THE END OF THE REIGN

I

BIDDLE refuses to believe the Bank is about to die. He has the attitude of a condemned man on the last night. Something *must*, something *will*, intervene to stay the hand of the executioner. But nothing does. The Bank has resented the charge of Benton and other Jackson leaders that it has spent its money freely among members of Congress to influence their votes for re-charter. Still, the sinister aspect of the relationship is common knowledge. Clay, an eminent lawyer, is the Bank's adviser both in the Senate and privately. Clay's eloquence and skill are costly. Jackson men can not be blamed for asserting that the Bank is Clay's most prosperous client.

There is Webster—the great Daniel—writing to Emperor Nicholas that he has rejected professional employment against the Bank and adding: "I believe my retainer has not been renewed or refreshed as usual. If it be wished that my relation to the Bank should be continued, it may be well to send me the usual retainers."

Two of the most powerful men who ever sat in the Senate chamber are at the same time, attorneys for the Bank which Jackson is trying to crush as a matter of public

policy. Jackson's tactics may be wrong, but the principle is correct. When the President charges that the Bank is a corrupt institution and that it should not be permitted to handle the government's deposits with which to employ members of Congress to defend it, he has reference to precisely what Webster's letter attests.

Jackson is determined to deal the Bank a crippling blow before Congress meets, as he fears that Biddle will be able to command a two-thirds majority at the next session. Word goes forth from the White House to Blair's "Globe" and through that source to the Jackson press throughout the country that the Bank is insolvent. The market price of the Bank's stock drops six per cent as the result of the report. As a fact, the Bank is far from insolvent. Jackson could easily satisfy himself on that point, but he does not take the trouble so to do. The first idea is fixed in his mind, and Biddle's statisticians are the last persons who will be able to remove it.

President Jackson proposes to remove the government deposits from the marble palace and its twenty-five branches, and deposit the money in a similar number of state banks. Of course he does not intend actually to seize bags of currency—totalling nearly ten millions—from these banks and re-depositing the money. The government will simply cease depositing money with Biddle and draw out the balance in his vaults as the public service requires. Major Lewis is opposed to this plan. It is one of the few times that Lewis has disagreed firmly with his chief, and holds his ground. The men who are behind Jackson's plan are Blair, Kendall, Taney and Benton. The whole Cabinet, with the exception of Taney, opposes the drastic meas-

ure. But Jackson's view of all his official advisers has been that they are mere bureau heads except when they agree with him. Then they are his Ministers. On many important measures he does not even consult them.

Lewis tries to dissuade Jackson from the course he is about to take. Lewis foresees a panic if the financial system is radically disturbed, and he knows the blame will fall upon the President's head. Also, he fears that a panic might result disastrously to Van Buren's chances of succession. Lewis is a far-sighted man; he has many more qualities of statesmanship than some of the statesmen who curl their lips and call him a wire-puller. Lewis asks Jackson what he would do if Congress ordered him to leave the deposits in Biddle's Bank and move an impeachment should he touch them.

"Under such circumstances," Jackson says with defiance, "then sir, I would resign the Presidency and return to the Hermitage."

2

As Jackson returns from his Summer vacation tour in 1833, he is determined upon his course with respect to the Bank. In due time, Secretary of the Treasury Duane receives a request from Jackson to appoint "a discreet agent" to proceed to various cities and consult with the heads of state banks upon the practicability of receiving the federal deposits. Jackson follows this with a long statement, more or less detailed, of how the plan is to be worked out if the state banks agree to take the government's money. The President already has decided that the

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“discreet agent” who will make this investigation will be Amos Kendall.

Duane, a conservative Philadelphia lawyer, sizes up this scheme as the wildest financial chatter he has ever heard. He writes the President that it cannot be done, at least he is opposed to having a hand in it. The President replies that Duane does not have to take the responsibility, that Jackson takes it himself, but that the job must be done through the Secretary of the Treasury. A series of letters pass between Jackson and Duane, with the result that Duane is relieved of his post. Meanwhile, Kendall has made his tour and presented his report.

Jackson calls a meeting of the Cabinet in September. He assures his Ministers that the state banks are ready to receive the federal deposits. “Why, then, should we hesitate?” he asks. “Why not proceed as the country expects us to?” Kendall’s report is given to the Cabinet to study. A week later, the President calls the Cabinet and solicits their view. None approves the removal of the deposits except Taney. The President asks the Cabinet to assemble on the morrow. At that session he reads to them the famous “Cabinet Paper,” which reviews the history of his war against the Bank, and announces that he intends to take complete responsibility for the removal of the deposits.

On the same day that Duane retires, the President shifts Taney, the Attorney General, to the Treasury Department as Secretary. Three days after he takes office, Taney signs the order directing the government collectors and employees to deposit the government’s money in the

state banks designated. Benjamin F. Butler, of New York, Van Buren's friend, is named Attorney General.

Shortly after the exit of Duane from the Cabinet, Blair writes in the "Globe": "Mr. Duane was dismissed for faithlessness to his solemn pledges, and for the exhibition of bad feeling, which made him totally unfit for the station to which he had been elevated. He was not dismissed merely for refusing to remove the deposits."

If there is honor among thieves, can the same be said of politicians? Blair brazenly misrepresents this incident and does Duane great injustice in order to serve Jackson and the party. Duane had the moral courage to stand up to Jackson and permit himself to be sacrificed rather than do an act as Secretary of the Treasury which, had he obeyed his master, might have won him the robes of a Supreme Court Justice. For Jackson never permitted personal service to him to go unrewarded.

The Bank is incensed over Jackson's "Cabinet Paper," which is published in the Administration organs, but is not communicated to Congress. The Bank admits it has spent fourteen thousand dollars a year in "self-defence." Jacksonian editors seize upon this as substantiating their contention that the Bank is corrupt. Still, there is Kendall, an Auditor in the Treasury, and at the same time a paid writer for the "Globe" at eight hundred dollars a year, paid to him to defend the Administration. Jackson is shrewd. He surrounds himself with a group of gatling-gun press agents and provides them with government jobs, both to insure their loyalty and control their pens. He is the first President to utilize these newspaper "spokesmen."

To meet the removal of government deposits, Emperor Nicholas adopts the policy of curtailment. He decides to decrease the loans of the Bank to the extent of the average amount of public money held by it. The process is gradual, but is sufficient to cause similar curtailment on the part of those state banks which are not depositaries of the public money. This curtailment of loans all along the line brings a sharp and sudden reaction. There are many failures, much distress and general protest. Jackson holds to his course.

3

The twenty-third Congress assembles on December 2, and from that day until June 30, 1834, virtually no subject is debated except the Bank. In his message, Jackson points to the prosperity of the country. The government's receipts are thirty-two millions, and the expenditures will not exceed twenty-five millions. The national debt has been reduced to a figure that will be discharged within the year. For the fifth time, Jackson urges the election of the President and Vice President by direct vote of the people, and for a single term.

At this session, also, Jackson vetoes Clay's Land Bill, and again brings down upon his head the combined violence of the opposition. Clay's bill provides for the distribution among the states of the proceeds from the sales of public lands. Jackson was opposed to it from the day of its introduction. He contends, and rightly, that the bill would promote in every state a sinister interest in keeping up the price of land, so that each commonwealth might swell its own coffers at the expense of the actual settlers

coming to purchase. Jackson declares that the *labor* of the *settler* alone gives value to land, and that the speculator contributes nothing but hardship for the settler.

The laboring masses, and those about to drive new stakes into the virgin soil and rear homesteads where once the wilderness maintained its primeval sway, again have cause to shout, "Hurrah for Jackson." At many turns, the backwoodsman in the White House portrays evidence of familiarity with social and economic causes and their effect. He is building for himself a monument, though he does not know it, that will endure perhaps for centuries, and be known as Jacksonian Democracy. Future politicians, seeking to emerge as statesmen, will lean upon this shaft.

It is rather difficult for spectators in the crowded galleries of the Senate to decide which of the two wars—Clay versus Jackson, or the government versus the Bank—has precedence in the perfervid oratory. Clay at once opens fire. He introduces a resolution demanding that the President be requested to transmit to the Senate the "Cabinet Paper." In his reference to the Bank of the United States, Clay insists upon calling it the *federal treasury*, which is intended as a sneer at Jackson. The resolution is adopted, twenty-three to eighteen. Jackson storms when he hears of it.

"I have yet to learn," he informs the Senate, "under what constitutional authority that branch of the legislature has a right to require of me an account of any communication, either verbally or in writing, made to the heads of departments acting as a Cabinet council."

This blunt defiance of the Senate's equally blunt re-

quest is followed by another resolution introduced by Clay, calling upon Congress to censure the President for dismissing Duane and removing the deposits. The Senate spends three months violently debating the proposal to censure, which consists of thirty-four words. It is finally adopted as follows :

“Resolved, that the President, in the late executive proceedings, in relation to the public revenue, has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and laws, but in derogation of both.”

Clay, speaking for his resolution, declares Jackson is guilty of “open, palpable and daring usurpation.” He asserts that time and again Jackson has *seized* the powers of government—executive, legislative and judicial, and now grabs the public purse as “Cæsar had seized the treasury of Rome.” He makes bitter reference to Jackson’s conduct in the Seminole War, and treads violently upon other episodes of Jackson’s career.

Jackson is so enraged as he reads Clay’s speech that he bites the end off his pipe. “Oh, if I live to get these robes of office off me, I will bring the rascal to a dear account,” he exclaims. Calhoun’s attack is even more violent, but this gentleman seems to have sunk far beneath Jackson’s contempt and hatred, with which qualities he is generously endowed. Webster, of course, supports Clay’s resolution. His speech is ponderous and forceful, but it lacks the offensive features. Three weeks later, the President sends to the Senate a lengthy protest against the resolution, and that body consumes another month in angry debate as to

whether or not it will accept the protest. It votes to ignore it. Benton spends the next two years of his Senatorial labors trying to have the Censure Resolution expunged. Finally, Benton succeeds, and Jackson regards this victory as second only to the Battle of New Orleans, because he believes he has whipped Clay, Calhoun and Webster without firing a shot.

4

Where is the Bank in all this flood of invective? The Bank is gasping for breath under Jackson's death-clutch. He has announced the appointment of fifteen state banks as pension agents for the government, and served notice upon Emperor Nicholas that this entire business be turned over to the banks designated. The President demands the immediate surrender of all books and papers relating to the pensions, and half a million dollars in the bank's vaults which will meet the next payments. Biddle flatly refuses to surrender either books or money. Jackson flings a special message to Congress, declaring the Bank is attempting to defeat the measures of the Administration. The Senate replies by passing another set of resolutions, asserting that Congress, and not the President, has the power to remove the agency for the payment of pensions.

Apparently blocked at every turn, General Jackson adheres to his single purpose to destroy the Bank, and he wins.

In the manufacturing and business sections of the country, however, the distress seems to be acute. How much of this is merely Bank propaganda is a question for conjecture. Jackson is of the belief that no honest men are

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failing in business ; that those who are hard pressed are the stock brokers and other speculators, and for this class he has no sympathy whatsoever. Albeit, petitions by the thousand roll in upon the President and members of Congress. They are for and against the removal of deposits. Some of these petitions appear to be genuine. These are from groups of workmen and their families, who say they have lost their jobs as the result of retrenchment.

The White House becomes the stamping ground for delegations from all sections of the country. Poverty and riches plead with the President to change his course. To all he says : "Why do you come here? Go to Biddle, he has the money. We have none. The distress of which you complain is due solely to Biddle and his monster Bank."

Jackson, usually patient with masses of people and willing to hear and heed their complaints, is aroused as the petitions and the delegations show no abatement. To one group he shouts : "In the name of God, what do the people think to gain by sending their memorials here? If they send ten thousand of them, signed by all the men, women and children in the land, and bearing the names of all on the grave-stones, I will not relax a particle from my position."

To one bewildered deputation, he declares : "Am I to violate my constitutional oath? Is it to be expected that I am to be turned from my purpose? Is Andrew Jackson to bow the knee to the golden calf, as did the Israelites of old? I tell you, if you want relief, go to Nicholas Biddle!"

In the midst of all this, Clay rises in the Senate. He addresses himself to Van Buren, not as Vice President, but as the friend of Andrew Jackson. Clay's speech is wet

with tears wrung from his passionate heart as he recites the miseries that will surely result from Jackson's course. He says much about "helpless widows" and "unclad and unfed orphans who have been driven by his policy out of the busy pursuits in which but yesterday they were gaining an honest livelihood."

"Entreat him to pause," wails the Kentuckian, "and to reflect that there is a point beyond which human endurance can not go; and let him not drive this brave, generous and patriotic people to madness and despair." He expects Van Buren to repeat this to Jackson!

As Clay resumes his seat, Van Buren calls a Senator to the dais. The Vice President steps down and trips gayly along the aisle in the direction of Clay, who glares at him. "May I have a pinch of your fine snuff?" Martin inquires of Clay. The Senator turns scarlet, for he knows the "Red Fox of Kinderhook" has by this trick destroyed the dramatic effect of his speech. Clay dives into his waistcoat pocket, produces the little box and slaps it on his desk. Van Buren picks it up gracefully, takes a sniff, bows low before the Senator from Kentucky and resumes his seat on the dais.

5

In April, 1834, the House votes to uphold Jackson. Also it orders that a new investigation be made of the conduct of the Bank. A committee of seven is appointed and begins its labors. The Bank, accordingly, appoints a committee of seven to "co-operate" with the House committee. After spending some time in the marble palace, the Congressional committee decides its task is hopeless. On every

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hand it is blocked by the Bank which, by one subterfuge or another, declines to produce its books. It appears that it is not a question of the Bank having anything to hide, as much as it is Biddle's resentment of the investigation, coupled with the House's vote upholding Jackson.

Whereupon, the committee returns to Washington, files its report of no progress, and recommends that Emperor Nicholas and several of his directors be arrested "and brought to the bar of this House, to answer for the contempt of its lawful authority."

Congress boils on and on, until all the oratorical pots run dry and crack in the wheeze of adjournment. The campaign for the elections of 1834 is on. Riots, arson and pitched battles mark this struggle of democracy. In Philadelphia, the Democrats exchange shots with the Whigs and burn and sack their headquarters. Biddle and his family leave the city in haste, and guns and bayonets defend his Bank. But the Whigs are defeated sufficiently throughout the country to cause Webster to accept the verdict as final as regards the Bank. Thurlow Weed, able Whig journalist, of the "Albany Journal," says of the result: "There is one cause for congratulations, connected with the recent election, in which even we participate. It has terminated the United States Bank war." Gradually, this opinion is adopted by all the political retainers of Biddle, and the Bank is left to its fate. In both the Senate and House, the Administration is strengthened by the election.

Actually, Jackson knows nothing about banking, and in the course of the battle he has advanced many wild theories. But then he has fought to crush the Bank, not

to reform it. Biddle's fight was lost when he refused to remove the branch bank president at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and appoint in his place a Jackson man, at the request of Ike Hill. That stubbornness of Biddle's led Jackson to the killing, and resulted in changing the currency system of the United States. Moreover, Biddle's advisers—Clay, Calhoun and Webster—knew so little of the psychology of the masses that they deluded themselves into believing they could rally the people to the support of Biddle and his Bank, while their idol—Andrew Jackson—stood firmly against these twain.

The Bank limps along for a while, under the laws of Pennsylvania, and then crashes. Biddle, also, passes. Jackson lives to see the Emperor dead and buried. William Cullen Bryant, editor of the "New York Evening Post," remarks: "He died at his country seat where he passed the last of his days in elegant retirement, which, if justice had taken place, would have been spent in the penitentiary." Poetic justice? A trifle severe.

6

The closing years of General Jackson's reign—for reign it has been—are marked with political hydrophobia, disclosures of wholesale looting and grafting in the Post-Office Department and further triumphs of the President. The imbroglio between the United States and France, to which reference already has been made, consumed the time of Congress from 1834 to 1836. This diplomatic battle, which several times threatened to become actual war, Jackson won, virtually single-handed; the part that Congress played was to do all in its power to create a con-

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stant backfire at home and attempt to convince France that the President's course did not have the sanction of the people. But the King of France knew better, and payments began on the American spoliation claims before Jackson left office. During the French crisis, his Secretary of State was John Forsyth, of Georgia.

As Congress assembles after the 1834 elections, the Whigs, embittered by their defeat, are determined to deliver at least one blow to the Administration. They do not have to look far to find the target. The Post Office Department is corrupt to the core. Major Barry, who has survived all the Cabinet disruptions, is a pliant, hail-fellow-well-met official, personally honest, but utterly incompetent to manage the rapidly increasing business of the post-office. Individuals and firms who have obtained contracts for hauling the mail have robbed the government right and left, and pulled the wool over Barry's eyes. An investigation by Congress results in a report that the government has been robbed of eight hundred thousand dollars by the contractors. Postmasters themselves, in many instances, work hand-in-glove with the contractors and share the loot. Those who are caught are dismissed, and those who think they will be caught, resign.

No charge of personal dishonesty attaches to Barry, who is given the mission to Spain and dies en route. Amos Kendall becomes Postmaster General. Kendall goes to the root of the corruption and brings order, honesty and efficiency into the department before he retires.

It is under Kendall, however, that a strange ruling is made with respect to the right of northern publishers to circulate Abolition literature in the southern states. Cal-

houn is as responsible as any for bringing this issue to the front, for he devotes much of his time and eloquence in producing sectional feeling over slavery. It appears that the postmaster at Charleston, South Carolina, has been threatened if he continues to deliver Abolition literature, which worms its way into the hands of the slaves, the majority of whom can neither read nor write. But they can understand the pictures that invariably accompany the text.

The Charleston postmaster asks Kendall for instructions. He says that already he has destroyed hundreds of bundles of Abolition newspapers and magazines addressed to southern subscribers.

It is unlikely that Kendall would fail to consult Jackson on this important matter. Kendall writes to the postmaster at Charleston, saying: "I can not sanction, and will not condemn the step you have taken." No public or private issue that Jackson ever faced was straddled in this shameless manner. Every postmaster south of Washington is thus set up as the censor of what is good for southerners to read.

It is quite possible that General Jackson, himself a southerner and the owner of many slaves, foresees the approach of this dreaded issue and, already weary to exhaustion, desires to pass the matter on to his successors.

In 1835, there is a vacancy on the Supreme Court bench. It has been the life ambition of Roger B. Taney to achieve that office. Jackson sends Taney's name to the Senate, but that body does not even deign to notice it. It was Taney's skill as Secretary of the Treasury, backed up all the way

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by Jackson's imperious and implacable will, that broke the Bank. But Jackson bides his time. Before the next Congress meets, Chief Justice Marshall dies. The President nominates Taney, and the Senate, wherein the Administration now commands a majority, confirms the nomination.

Chief Justice Taney will preside over the Supreme Court until 1864. Attached to his name and to his pen will be the Dred Scott decision, which the Civil War will erase in a sea of blood.

In his message to Congress in 1835, the President says: "Every branch of labor we see crowned with the most abundant rewards; in every element of national resources and wealth, and individual comfort, we witness the most rapid and solid improvement." He announces that the public debt is paid, and that there is a surplus in the Treasury of eleven million dollars.

It was at the beginning of this year—January 30, 1835—that an attempt to assassinate Jackson was made in the Capitol, where he went to attend the funeral of a Congressman. After the services, the President, surrounded by friends, was passing through the rotunda when the lunatic, Lawrence, sprang forth and planted himself in front of the President. He aims his pistol, point blank at the President, but the weapon does not explode. Jackson lifts his cane to strike the assassin who has been knocked down even before the blow falls. Of course, political capital is made of the incident by the Jacksonians. The President himself insists that Lawrence was the tool of the Bank and the opposition in Congress. He continues to believe

this, despite the report of the physicians who examine the demented Lawrence, who tells them that Jackson has deprived him of the British crown.

7

The time is drawing near for the President to put aside his "robes of office." After the manner of Washington, he prepares a Farewell Address, which excites the derision of his enemies and endears him to his friends.

"My own race," he says, "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. And filled with gratitude for your constant and unwavering kindness, I bid you a last and affectionate farewell."

The reception accorded this valedictory by the opposition is not unlike that which greeted Washington's Farewell Address when Jackson, then of the opposition, was a member of Congress.

It remains for the "New York American" to express the opposition's opinion of Andrew Jackson's last utterance as President:

"Happily it is the last humbug which the mischievous popularity of this illiterate, violent, vain, and iron-willed soldier can impose upon a confiding and credulous people."

8

It is March 4, 1837. General Jackson, so weak that he can scarcely totter out of bed, is astir early. He is going



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As President, about 1835

to participate in another event which he properly regards as his personal triumph. He rides in his coach to the Capitol. Sun drenches the streets with its warmth. Along Pennsylvania Avenue, one of the few thoroughfares that is paved, throngs of people cheer Andrew Jackson. The aged and enfeebled man bows to the right and to the left.

The man whom Jackson made Chief Justice of the United States administers the oath to Martin Van Buren, who Jackson has made President of the United States.

In a few days, General Jackson departs from Washington. He takes with him Rachel's picture, her Bible, ninety dollars—all that he has saved out of his eight years' salary—and Earle, Rachel's protégé and for the last eight years painter at the "Court of King Andrew I."

His last day in Washington is spent at the home of Blair, who has been a main prop of the Jackson reign. Jackson expresses two regrets: that he never had an opportunity to shoot Clay, or to hang Calhoun.



Chapter XXX


TIME FOR A LIFE IS CLOSED

I

HOME is the Hermitage!
Nashville provides an impressive welcome for the Old Warrior, as her citizens had done for thirty years, on every occasion of his return from the wars and civil strife. On this occasion, he is met in the cedars near Lebanon. The old men, among whom he has fought and gambled at the race track and at the cock-pit, are ranged in front, and the boys and youths in the rear. There are speeches of welcome by the leading citizens; then a young man steps forward and addresses the General. He tells him that the children of his old soldiers and friends welcome him home, and are ready to serve under his banner.

General Jackson bows his head on his cane and the tears stream down his cheeks. "I could have stood all but this, it is too much, too much," he says, and totters away.

The General is seventy years old. When he went to Washington to begin his term as President, he had in his pocket five thousand dollars. His salary was twenty-five thousand dollars a year. His plantation was in a prosperous condition and he thought it would yield him a steady income in addition to his salary. The reports from his



overseer from time to time convinced him that the farm needed his personal attention to be profitable. General Jackson always has been a generous host. He entertained lavishly at the White House, despite his continuous wars with Congress. He would never permit his friends to put up at taverns when they came to Washington. They were his personal guests at the Executive Mansion. His liquor bills alone ran into many thousands of dollars—and General Jackson was never more than a moderate drinker. During his second term, the Hermitage was destroyed by fire and many of his relics were consumed in the flames. He ordered the Hermitage rebuilt on the old plans.

His adopted son, who leaned to gambling, cost Jackson more than he ever kept record of; but the General's affection for Andrew never cooled, and he paid his son's debts without a murmur. There were relatives of Rachel's to whom he dispensed his personal funds with princely hands; no record was kept of these contributions—and Jackson was always meticulous in keeping accounts of his receipts and expenditures. His friends had only to ask him for money to get it.

He is much poorer now, after eight years as President, than when he took the office. Writing to a friend, he declares it has been necessary for him to sell a tract of his land, confining his estate to his own homestead, in order that he might make the necessary repairs about the plantation, and purchase corn for a new crop. By the sale of this tract he is able to pay off his debts. All his life he has held the view that debt places a mortgage upon the debtor's honor, and deprives him of his moral freedom.

The General has scarcely seated himself in his favorite

arm chair when he learns that more trouble is in the air.

“George Jackson,” one of his favorite slaves, is accused of killing another slave in the course of a battle among the Blacks. George is in jail at Nashville, facing a charge of murder. The General goes to interview George in the jail. After protracted examinations, he satisfies himself of George’s innocence. He employs the ablest counsel in Nashville to defend his humble friend. Besides employing these lawyers, Jackson, scarcely able to walk, drives to Nashville every day for nearly six weeks to help the attorneys prepare the case. He is determined to spend his last cent to save this black man’s life, which is not considered important in a white man’s court in Tennessee in 1839. “George Jackson” is acquitted. Could the verdict have been otherwise, with Andrew Jackson sponsoring his cause? The case costs him fifteen hundred dollars—a lot of money in 1839.

2

Many are the days that General Jackson becomes reminiscent. If friends are near, he will talk interminably and, albeit, *strongly*, and interestingly, of the old days. Should he find himself alone when memories surge up in his mind, he will commit them to paper as letters to his friends. Such an one is his letter to President Van Buren:

“The approbation I have received from the people everywhere on my return home on the close of my official life, has been a source of much gratification to me. I have been met at every point by numerous democratic-republican friends, and many repenting whigs, with a hearty welcome and expressions of ‘well done thou faithful servant.’ This

is truly the patriot's reward, the summit of my gratification, and will be my solace to my grave. When I review the arduous administration through which I have passed, the formidable opposition, to its very close, of the combined talents, wealth and power of the whole aristocracy of the United States, aided as it is, by the monied monopolies of the whole country, with their corrupting influence, with which we had to contend, I am truly thankful to my God for this happy result. It displays the virtue and power of the sovereign people, and that all must bow to their will. But it was the voice of this sovereign will that so nobly sustained us against this formidable power and enabled me to pass through my administration so as to meet its approbation."

Upon another occasion, he has a long talk at the Hermitage with a friend from Jacksonport, Jackson County, Arkansas. The question of the removal of the Indians from southern states into the far West is discussed; Jackson defends his policy for the removal on the ground of economic and social necessity in the interest of the whites, as well as humanity to the Red men.

And then the old Indian fighter makes this admission: "Every war we had with the Indians was brought on by frontier ruffians, who stole their horses, oppressed, defrauded or persecuted the Indians. This caused them to unbury the hatchet, and their massacres plunged innocent people in all the horrors and cruelties of war." It would have been impossible for Jackson to have had this point of view while he was burning Indian villages and slaughtering the inhabitants following the attack upon Fort Mims.



The General had promised Rachel that he would join the church. Up to now he has been too busy to give attention to the matter; but he has kept in touch with affairs of the spirit through the almost daily reading of her Bible. Religion with him is purely an emotional affair, and he is now carried all the way under its influence as a result of attending revival meetings in Nashville.

There are plenty of references in Jackson's state papers and letters to "the intervention of Providence," etc., etc. He believes there is a God who presides over a heaven, and he is quite sure that Rachel is among the favored angels. He wants to be wherever her benign spirit reposes; also, he wants to avoid as far as possible, after this life, the chance of meeting the roaming spirits of Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Adams, and a long line of other foes who pestered him while on earth. He is certain that these gentlemen and those of their ilk will fry in hell for ever. Therefore, to escape the odors arising from the cooking of his enemies, Andrew Jackson chooses to go to heaven.

He calls in the parson, and for many hours they talk about the matter in the deepening shadows of the little church in the garden of the Hermitage. The General says: "I would long since have made this solemn public dedication to Almighty God, but knowing the wretchedness of this world, and how prone many are to evil, that the scoffer of religion would have cried out—'hypocrisy! He has joined the church for political effect,' I thought it best to postpone this public act until my retirement to the

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shades of private life, when no false imputation could be made that might be *injurious to religion.*"

The General answers satisfactorily the usual questions with respect to doctrine and experience. Then, the Presbyterian clergyman pops a question that takes the candidate for churchly honors off his guard and all but floors him.

"General," says the pastor, "there is one more question which it is my duty to ask you. Can you forgive all your enemies?" Jackson sits bolt upright. He fixes a stern eye upon the countenance of the minister. There is a pause. Then Jackson replies that he is willing to forgive his political enemies, but not those who abused him "when I was serving my country in the field." The minister shakes his head sadly and says it will not do. The General must come clean. He must harbor no personal enmity toward a single living being. There is another pause. Jackson reflects that he has gotten himself into an awful fix. Finally, he announces that he is willing to forgive all his enemies *collectively*, but not *individually*. He is duly accepted as a member of the Presbyterian church, the faith of his fathers.

4

In a little while, his friend Earle passes away. The General is shocked and mourns the death of his friend as if he were his own son. Gradually, the garden of the Hermitage is becoming a little cemetery. He writes to his friend Blair: "I am taught to submit to what Providence chooses, with humble submission. He giveth, and He

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taketh away, and blessed be His name, for He doeth all things well." Like Rachel, the Old Warrior is beginning to quote Scripture. In the old days his pistols and his blazing wrath were his rod and his staff. Now he gazes upon the graves in his garden as the sun slopes beyond the rim, and looks to God.

There are times, however, when the old fire returns. President Van Buren, facing the end of his term and desiring another, expresses the wish to make a tour of the country and pay a visit to his political mentor. The General perks up and writes to "Matty" to come along. Polk, however, thinks it would not look right. He tells Van Buren the country will say Jackson is dictating to the Administration. The question is referred to Jackson for a decision. He replies bluntly: "My course has always been to put my enemies at defiance, and pursue my own course." But the "Red Fox" is of a different stripe. He does not come.

Van Buren, although the embodiment of Jacksonian policies, is a wily politician who somehow missed the higher dignity of becoming a statesman. He is honest and tries to do what is right, but he has not the confidence of the people, and he lacks both charm and boldness, which Jackson possessed in abundance. The Whigs in 1840 nominate General William Henry Harrison, of Indiana, for President, and John Tyler, of Virginia, for Vice President. Tyler rightly is a Jackson man, but he broke with the party on the Nullification issue, and also on the withdrawal of deposits from the Bank. Later on, Tyler will try to stage a come-back into the Democratic Party as its leader and its candidate for President in 1844; but

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Jackson will block this. Tyler, he will say, must first pay penance. Result: Tyler is not elected in 1844.

Concerning General Harrison, Jackson is angry. It is clear that his membership in the church does not stand in the way when an enemy is to be affronted and humbled.

The General spends days on end writing letters to political leaders telling them when and how they must stop the Presidential pretensions of General Harrison. He carries on a campaign in behalf of Van Buren's reelection, but it is a lost cause. Before the result is known, Jackson writes an ugly letter about Harrison's military ability, and exclaims: "May the Lord have mercy upon us if we have a war during his Presidency." Neither has he forgotten his tilt with General Scott. He calls him "a pompous nullity."

In April, 1841, President Harrison dies, Tyler ascends, and Jackson rejoices that "a kind Providence has intervened." He writes to Blair, saying that Harrison and his Cabinet were preparing to destroy the Union "under the direction of the profligate demagogue Henry Clay."

5

There are visitors aplenty at the Hermitage. His son and family long have been installed in the spacious mansion. Donelson and his family frequently are under the roof. The General, prostrate most of the time and in great pain, delights in the merry laughter of the children romping in the great halls and sliding down the banisters. Guests come and go. The General bids them stay as long as they choose. In the General's room there is a huge arm chair, and in this he sits when he is too ill even to go

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down stairs. On the mantelpiece repose his two pistols, relics of brighter and bloodier days. A guest picks up one of them and examines it. "That," says the General, casually, "is the pistol with which I killed Mr. Dickinson." He resumes the reading of his newspaper.

In 1842, a bill is introduced in the Senate to remit the fine of one thousand dollars laid on Jackson for contempt of Judge Hall in New Orleans in 1815. The General is elated. His letters go forth to his party men to support this bill with energy. He insists upon its passage as a matter of his vindication. For two years the bill is debated in Congress, and in the interim the Senator who introduced it dies. The bill is finally passed on February 16, 1844, and a check for two thousand seven hundred and thirty-two dollars, representing the principal and interest, is sent to the Hermitage. Calhoun votes to remit the fine. But Jackson waves no olive branch in the direction of his enemy.

As the campaign of 1844 approaches, the enfeebled Warrior is again active; this time in behalf of James K. Polk. Once more the General's letters booming Polk fill the columns of Blair's "Globe" and are reprinted in the Democratic press with all the dignity of the Word handed down from Sinai. Polk is elected. But it was Jackson, not Polk, who defeated Henry Clay. Sweet victory! At once Jackson is urged by many old friends and an equal number of new ones to use his influence with Polk to get jobs for them. Among these is his old friend, Amos Kendall. Amos is broke, and he seeks the mission to Spain, which appears to be quite popular with the Democrats.

Jackson, while not wishing to be placed in the position

of dictating to the President, still finds it in his heart to ask this favor for his friend. Now, the Minister to Spain is Washington Irving. Jackson knows this, and writes to Polk: "There can be no delicacy in recalling Irving. He is only fit to write a book and scarcely that, and he has become a good Whig."

In March, 1845, Commodore Elliot makes a speech at Washington. He says he has brought home from Palestine, in the Constitution, an Oriental sarcophagus believed to contain the body of the Roman Emperor, Alexander Severus. The Commodore is moved to write to Jackson about this. "I pray you," he says, "to live on in the fear of the Lord; dying the death of a Roman soldier; an Emperor's coffin awaits you."

The General replies promptly, with solemn dignity. "I must decline accepting the honor intended to be bestowed. I can not consent that my mortal body shall be laid in a repository prepared for an emperor or a king. My republican feelings and principles forbid it; the simplicity of our system of government forbids it. True virtue can not exist where pomp and parade are the governing passions; it can only dwell with the people—the great laboring and producing classes that form the bone and sinew of our confederacy. I have prepared an humble depository for my mortal body beside that wherein lies my beloved wife."

6

In his last year—1845—General Jackson suffers such torture as few men are called upon to bear. The combination—tuberculosis and dropsy—keeps him suspended

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between exquisite misery and the grave. He does not complain. He takes it all in good part, fully realizing that recovery is impossible and that death will bring peace at last. Virtually his last act is to sign an appeal for a pension for an old soldier who fought beside him in the War of 1812. One of his last letters is to his old friend, Frank Blair, of which this is an extract: "This may be the last letter I may be able to write you. But live or die I am your friend (and never deserted one for *policy*)—and I leave my papers and reputation in your keeping. As far as justice is due to my fame, I know you will shield it. I ask no more. I rest upon truth, and require nothing but what truth will mete to me. All my household join me in kind wishes for your health & prosperity, and that of your family & that you may triumph over all enemies—May God's choicest blessings be bestowed upon you and yrs thro life, is the prayer of yr sincere friend."

He rallies and requests that when the hour strikes, his friend Major Lewis shall be sent for. He speaks of Texas, and praises Sam Houston, declaring that to him the country owes "the recovery of Texas."

7

It is June 8, 1845. Sunday. The sun is brilliant. The day is hot. A Negro boy stands beside the General, fanning him. The members of his household gather about his bed. To each and every one the dying man bids farewell. His slaves tip-toe across the porch. They tread quietly into the house and are admitted into the presence of the Old Warrior whom they love not as a master but as a friend.

They weep. Others press their faces against the window

This may be the last letter I may be able to
write you. But live or die I am your friend
(and never deserted one for policy) and leave
my papers & reputation in your keeping
as far as justice is due to my name, I know
you will shield it. I ask no more. Destruction
I think I require nothing but what truth will
mete to me. All my thanks to you. I am very kind
wishes for you. Altho' a prophet to a prophet
may triumph over all enemies. May good
chicists blessings be bestowed upon the good
thro' life, is the prayer of your sincere friend
Andrew Jackson

F. P. Blair Esq -

FAC-SIMILE OF THE CONCLUDING PARAGRAPH OF A
LETTER FROM GENERAL JACKSON TO F. P. BLAIR

Dated "Hermitage, April 9th, 1845"

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panes, expecting the General to creep down stairs once more. The General hears the Negroes sobbing.

“What is the matter with my dear children? Have I alarmed you? Do not cry, dear children, and we all will meet in heaven—all—white and black.”

Major Lewis, companion in arms, friend in the long years of civil tumult, comes and slips into the room. He sits beside his old Commander.

“I am glad to see you, Major,” says Jackson. “You had like to have been too late.” There is a long pause.

“Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there,” he whispers so softly that the words are scarcely audible.

The Old Warrior falls into the long sleep.



ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The bibliography of Andrew Jackson is one of the most extensive that attaches to any American. His first biography was begun by Major Reid, who died before the task was completed. It was continued by John H. Eaton, friend and neighbor of the subject, and later a member of his Cabinet. The Eaton biography, originally published in 1818, was reprinted in 1824 to assist Jackson in his first campaign for the Presidency.

The Eaton book, noted for the omission of material unfavorable and embarrassing to Jackson, was for many years the basis of all popular biographies of the Tennessean. There were at least a dozen Jackson books available between 1818 and 1845. Some of them were little more than political tracts, written either by his friends or his enemies. These were supplemented by hundreds of pamphlets that dealt with the current issues that arose during his Presidency.

The printing press in the Jackson period was busier than it had been during any previous Presidency. His reign probably produced more political writers and caricaturists than had appeared in all the previous Administrations combined.

The material about Jackson and his period is mountainous. It is sufficient to give pause to the biographer who attempts to sift it in seeking for the residue that represents and speaks for the man. In reconstructing the character of Andrew Jackson and setting forth his story within that framework, vast quantities of this source of material have been available and much of it has been useful to the present writer.

Several authors have used Jackson as the hero for his-

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torical romance. Of course, such treatment is of no assistance either to the historian or the biographer.

The present writer has concerned himself with the single task of telling Andrew Jackson's story; or, perhaps, what is more accurate, letting Jackson's story tell itself. In this endeavor he has availed himself of historical documents, original manuscripts and letters, and the following volumes:

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