

EULOGY

UPON THE

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LIFE, CHARACTER AND DEATH

OF

GEN. ANDREW JACKSON,

DELIVERED ON THE 19TH OF JULY, 1845,

BY LINCOLN CLARK:

BEFORE THE

SOCIETIES AND CITIZENS OF TUSCALOOSA;

AND

PUBLISHED AT THEIR REQUEST.

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EULOGY.

MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :—We come in our contemplations and services this day, to stand beside the grave. And wherefore? Mortality is inherent in the very constitution of man; and time in its never ceasing motion, is carrying our fellow-beings by night and by day to this narrow and gloomy house.

Death is ever doing its work, and yet the great masses do not pause to consider, or to mingle their sympathies with the little circle, in the midst of which, and in each of whose hearts there is a vacant place.

But this is an event which is felt beyond the private circle, and makes a nation mourn. I do not, however, regard it as an occasion in which the gushing fountains of the heart are to be broken up in grief. True, it is one to whose associations the finer feelings vibrate; but with those sacred and subdued emotions which are under the dominion of deep and absorbing contemplation.

Is it a matter of sorrow that a strong man has run his race, and that too, so as to have won? That a great man should have achieved all that was allotted him by an over-ruling Providence? That a good man should have filled up the measure of his usefulness, and performed his works of philanthropy and religion?

When the sun which rose behind a cloud has, by his own un-borrowed power, put to flight the darkness that obscured his face, and gone up to his meridian with increasing brightness, and down towards his western goal, though with diminished efficacy, yet with deeper hues, and a broader circumference, until at last he is hid from our sight, we do not pause to deplore his departure; but we gaze with admiration upon the glories he has left behind him; we scan, with eagerness and delight, the sublime and heavenly forms which seem to have gathered there to bid him their holy farewell, and their God-speed, as he goes upon his way to enlighten other lands and other eyes.

It is true, my friends, the occasion which has called us together, is not one of festivity, but of deep and pervading solemnity, in which each for himself, and for all, feels an absorbing interest. None has come in hither, to-day, an idle spectator, to gratify an idle curiosity: but all are conscious that *the illustrious dead* was their friend and benefactor; not in the hollow-heartedness of selfish ambition, seeking first his own promotion, and then whatever of good might chance to flow as a secondary consequence to his countrymen. No, no! The man whose death has brought together this vast assemblage, was devoted to us and our immediate neighbors, to such a degree and in such a sense, as to command the everlasting admiration and gratitude of ourselves and our children after us. For the people of Alabama he offered himself a willing sacrifice; and though the Most High, in our behalf, accepted his services, and blessed the devotion of his great mind and generous heart, to the safety, and peace, and temporal salvation of our people, He suffered him not to become a sacrifice, but preserved him for broader spheres of usefulness, and higher degrees of glory. If the people of any one State owe a larger debt of gratitude than those of another, it may surely be justly charged to us. But it is not in this limited sense in which I would commemorate the virtues

and the character of the great man whose image is in every mind, whose name is upon every tongue. In other days, the Great Spirit above commanded the ruthless hand and the savage heart, saying, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm:" And when here the tomahawk and the arrow were not permitted to do their office, who shall say that the guiding mind of an all-pervading Divinity was not there, to decree that the developments of future energies and yet hidden wisdom should constitute a nation's bulwark, and future achievements a nation's renown, and future character a nation's legacy.

When I remember the magnitude of this occasion and the corresponding duties which it casts upon me; when I remember that here are those high in station, the public functionaries of the land, and those who sit at the fountains of knowledge and of wisdom, depending upon me for interest, if not instruction, I feel that the service which I have undertaken is to be tremblingly performed; and were I at liberty, I should suffer myself to be tempted to leave you to the silent contemplations which the theme itself awakens, and to that almost embodied spirit of inspiration which carries the mind back to the imperishable record, and forward to the sacredness of the inner temple, the abode of the soul.

The man whose eulogy we this day pronounce, came down to this generation with the principles, the zeal, and the devotion which were taught in the truest and purest political school the world has ever seen. ANDREW JACKSON derived his clear and deeply settled principles of liberty from the fathers of the revolution as from the living teacher, and the whole conformation of his public character from the stirring events of revolutionary times. With him freedom was not a matter of fiction and of song, but a palpable, inappreciable privilege; for even in his youth he had felt the hand of the oppressor, and seen his thousand victims quivering in his iron

grasp. It is impossible to calculate the results of early instruction, especially when sealed with the impress of momentous facts. I know they will not of themselves make the man, where nature has failed to lay the inward foundation: But many even with this last endowment, have lived to themselves and died unknown to fame, because no propitious influences have developed their powers, and given them an impetus for the doing of mighty deeds. Though but a stripling, Jackson *acted* with the men of 76; and most thoroughly did he imbibe their doctrines; most deeply did he drink into their spirit, and most indelibly has he transfused both into the institutions of his country: He has come down to us from revolutionary times as the representative of its genius, its devotion and unconquerable energy; and though the very last scion of that stock, it has taken deep root, and projected high and spread wide its branches, till all have seen its grandeur, and millions have felt that they enjoyed protection and repose beneath its refreshing shade. And most sincerely do I trust, that if there be any here who think they see upon this magnificent growth the apples of Sodom, which, while they are beautiful to behold, are bitter to the taste, they may live to see that there is no delusion, and that their children after them may be nourished by the living fruit.

ANDREW JACKSON was born on the 15th day of March, 1767, in the Waxhaw settlement in the State of South-Carolina, in the present District of Lancaster. His ancestors were Scotch, and the family from which he descended, at a remote period emigrated to the province of Ulster in Ireland. They were Presbyterians of the strictest sect, and it is said transmitted a goodly portion of their religion and their dialect to their descendants of the present age. History does not carry us back in the line of descent to any individual beyond the grand-father. He was a linen-draper of Carrickfergus in Ireland: his youngest son, who was the father of the distinguished subject of our

consideration, emigrated in 1765 from Ireland, and settled in that part of South-Carolina which we have mentioned. And when we have related these facts, we have told the whole story of the genealogy of the son of the emigrant, who fled from oppression and convulsions as he fled from his native land; of the orphan boy who was the master of his own fortunes; of the warrior and the statesman, who has made his impress wherever the hand or the mind has touched. And here permit me to ask, who will refuse to do homage to that system of public economy, to that tribunal of public opinion and judgment which awards the meed of praise to the meritorious, and the place of power to those whom the God of nature has blessed with adequate endowments. I do not believe the Divine hand, since the days of the Jewish Theocracy, has ever *made* a king. But it has created many men, whom others as simple as themselves, have thought fit to sit upon thrones, whilst yet they knew not whether they would be wise men or fools; and they called it the rule of Divine right. But when I see one in the masses, upon the great and even platform of human society, with no such advantages as the arbitrary rules of men have secured, by force of his mental powers and moral perceptions, directing his way to high places among his fellows, I am ready to conclude that *he* is fulfilling his destiny, and that when he has reached the highest point of authority, he rules more by Divine right than the suckling who is born with a sceptre in his hands.

Jackson never shared a father's care, was never guided by a father's counsel, for he never knew a father's face. From his very infancy he was left to a mother's love, and such provision as the most slender means could furnish; all of which consisted of a farm, from which the forests were yet to be cleared, before the sun and the soil could unite to produce a subsistence. From such ability as this, we may readily see how difficult it was to secure for her three sons the benefitss of an education,

which she felt was so necessary to their future respectability and advancement. Struggling with the difficulties around her, she sought to impart to the two oldest a common school education only. But in the devotion of a mother's heart, the heart of a Christian mother, she sought to give the youngest to the services of the church. And in pursuance of this purpose he was placed at the Waxhaw Academy, where he made some progress in the learned languages. And here again we see, or at least the eye of faith thinks it sees, the interposition of a Higher power. Far be it from me to depreciate, even in thought, the noble work, to which a mother's pious heart had designated him: But here was another *voice*, calling to other and different labors, with other and different results.

When Moses was the servant of the priest of Midian, there came to him a heavenly messenger with authority to constitute him the deliverer of the people of the Most High. And when this man, so valiant for the truth, and against his enemies, with unaffected humility enquired, "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?"—the messenger replied, "I will be with thee, and this shall be a token that I have sent thee; when thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain." Let me not be supposed to institute too familiar a parallelism between sacred and profane things; but who shall dare to say, that when great things have been accomplished for a glad and prosperous people, the influences which have produced such results are profane things, unsanctioned by Him who ruleth over all?

Although no revelations speak with an audible voice to the ear of sense; though no angel utters the words of authority from the burning bush; who shall say that the spirit from above does not speak to the inward spirit of the man, at least in a sense to create new feelings, to induce new thoughts, to spread out

new motives, to impart new energies, to lead to new conclusions, to open appropriate fields for contemplation and action? For myself, let who may treat lightly the thought, I believe that man is in this sense the subject of a Power, above him, which he cannot control. In this sense, the declaration of inspired truth is realized—"a man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps." And how indubitable is the evidence of this truth, when the token which was to be its sanction is revealed and verified, "ye shall worship on this mountain."

At the commencement of the Revolutionary war, Jackson was but eight years of age. And although its ravages had not then reached the peaceful settlers of the Waxhaws, the spirit of the times had stirred the patriots there—there the clarion had sounded; not then, it is true, to summon to the battle—but to prepare for its coming. He beheld the active preparation for war, and from maternal lips he had been taught how noble was love of country. But at length the invader came, and with him, the time to test the principles and endurance of the Waxhaw people.

On the 29th day of May, the British officer, Tarleton, whose name is somewhat familiar in revolutionary annals, brought the war within their borders, and on that day butchered one hundred and thirteen men, and wounded one hundred and fifty more; and for these the Waxhaw meeting-house was converted into a hospital. There, in the temple of God, the youthful soldier first looked upon the devastations of war, and beheld its bloody foot-steps. And if the ancient but magnanimous Heathen could consecrate his son to the service of his country, upon the altar of superstition, and there make him swear eternal hatred to her enemies; with how much loftier aspirations might the orphan boy, who in after times was to lead his country's armies to successful conflict with his country's foes, receive in the sacred temple of the living Divinity the unction that was to pre-

pare him for his work? Jackson's first military service was performed under Davie and Sumter, in their attack upon a British post called *Hanging Rock*. Here they fought with a bravery and determination that routed alike the Tory and the Britton—he was then thirteen years old. His next exploit was one of signal coolness and courage. In those times when danger lay in every path, and was borne upon every breeze, he with seven others undertook the protection of the family of a zealous patriot from an attack of the Tories by night. And true it was they were not without service to perform. Whilst his companions were cut down by his side, he maintained his ground, and with unfaltering courage plied his instrument of death, and thus kept at bay, the most ignoble and *hyena* enemies that ever infested society with their sneaking, sickening and malignant scourges, until succor came, and they were put to flight. In the progress and fortunes of war, we find him next a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, the inmate of a dungeon; worn down with starvation, disease and filth, to the very borders of death; which he bore with a patience and fortitude commensurate with the undaunted spirit with which he always looked danger in the face.

These incidents in a man of mature years and tried experience might not be regarded as betokening with certainty, future greatness: But in the youth of fourteen, I think all will agree, that they are evidences of native *stamina*, which cultivated and expanded, could not fail to secure a name and place, which are not for the many, but the few. These incidents, at least, serve to show the school in which the hero and the philosopher received his first most vivid, impressive and effectual lessons of wisdom.

The child of bereavement, but of glorious destiny, is no longer allied to mortal beings, save in a remote degree—the hearts faithful in counsel and affection, beat no more. His brothers

were victims to his country's scourge, and for their country's good. His mother went on a mission of mercy with others of her sex, to the hundreds of her captive countrymen, confined by the enemy after the fall of Charleston, to the prison-ship, that she might minister to their necessities; but returned no more to the only child that English oppression had spared her. From those to whom she carried relief, she contracted a contagious disease—she died in the land of the stranger, and none could ever guide the anxious enquirer to the spot, where the deep, warm fountain of a mother's love was forever sealed, that he might plant there the ever-green tree of memory, and water it with the tears of a sorrow which no tongue can utter.

Thus left alone, with none to advise or restrain, lured by evil companions and evil examples, which greatly abounded in those days of unsettled habits, he verged towards the whirlpool of dissipation: But with characteristic energy he determined to retrieve himself, and to open a new channel for the occupation of his thoughts, and his time; and accordingly he left the place of his nativity, and commenced the study of the *law* in Salisbury, North-Carolina, at the age of seventeen. He was now as persevering in study, as before he was in the pursuit of mere pleasure. His instructor, who was a distinguished Judge, has recorded no faint testimony in favor of his talents and his character, and with great confidence predicted for him the highest distinction.

Soon after Jackson had entered upon his professional avocations, he emigrated in company with his distinguished friend, Judge M'Nairy, at the age of twenty-one, to the then broad and comparatively unbroken wilderness of Tennessee. To an audience like this, it is scarcely necessary to detail the condition of the early settlers of the wilderness. The hardship, the privation, and the dangers would be incredible to those who have never gone beyond the sound of a mother's voice, or the luxuries

of a father's bounty. When you remember the almost imperious wilderness, rearing its gigantic forms to Heaven, and how slow must be the process of hewing down and conquering such an enemy, in order to obtain a rough subsistence—the unhewn cabin, the puncheon floor, the puncheon seats, and the puncheon table; and a foe in the shape of a hostile Indian behind every bush, ready to greet with the message of death the first form which should disclose itself; insomuch that whole families were often sacrificed to the demoniac spirit of the savage, on their way to a new-sought, but unscen home; and insomuch that the settlers were often compelled to band together in compact little settlements denominated “stations,” for the purpose of common protection: When you remember that a man's traveling companion was always his rifle—his hotel at night, was the ground beneath him, and the sky above him—that he must receive the greetings of the storms as those of friends; I think you will agree with me, that though these constitute but a poor school for the effeminate son of ease and indolence, it was one which opened to the determined spirit of perseverance, the high way to usefulness and renown. And so it was to Jackson; having “put his hands to the plough,” there was but one course for him, and that was forever onward, without ever looking back. It was in the midst of such scenes and trials, and as *one* of such a people, that he acquired much of that moral and physical education, which so eminently fitted him for the after duties of life. Here the frame was nerved to toil, and the soul to danger in every shape, from the angry flood that lay in the way, to the stealthy arrow by its side. Often was he one of a little escort to protect the emigrant's family on their journey through the wilderness to their new homes, and often was he numbered with the little band which repelled the attack of the savages upon the stations, or drove them back to their dark retreats. So effectually was the service which he rendered upon these occa-

sions, felt by those upon whom their severity fell, that he was denominated *Sharp Knife*. It is interesting to trace back to their sources the influences which have developed the resources of the mind, given conformation to the character, and laid the foundation for eminence and power, beyond it may be the fanciful day-dreams of the man himself. It is true, Providence may have furnished the materials, but the hand of the man hath seized and fashioned, and made them his own. You see upon the structure as it goes up, the impress of his own genius, the features which are but the counterpart of himself. And were I addressing myself to-day to all the young men of the land, who burn with a virtuous ambition to make their mark high upon the roll of fame, I would say to them in the light of the example before them, learn to despise ease—make toil, and if necessary, hardship, your familiar friends—for you will find that ease and greatness were never companions. Often have I known the useful aspirant to imbibe the theory of greatness, as by the astral lamp of some princely hall, he read the story of the hero, or scholar, who had placed his name upon the imperishable record—but the long sweet slumbers of a downy bed and rosy pillow lured to perdition all his high resolutions, and they lived but for a moment in fancy and in fiction.

Upon Jackson's first emigration to the West, he settled in East Tennessee; the streams of emigration had not then reached the Cumberland. Shortly after, however, that most beautiful country attracted no little attention, and thither he shortly removed. Upon his first arrival in that part of the State, there was but one licensed lawyer in West Tennessee; and the debtor class there, which was by no means weak, had conspired to set their creditors at defiance, and had made a monopoly of the lone lawyer of the wilderness; but when there was an accession to the profession there in the person of the then unpracticed

barrister, the creditors were as much disposed to make a monopoly of him, as the debtors were of his professional companion: the consequence was that he immediately instituted a multitude of suits, at which the lawless men of the new settlements showed signs of hostility, and threatened to inflict their vengeance; but they "mistook their man," as thousands have since. And there was no longer a combination to impede the course of justice, and to trample the law under foot.

He had now fairly embarked upon his professional career; and as we have seen, in the midst of commotion and strife. To these he seemed to have been born as to an inheritance either for good or evil; in the midst of these he commenced his career upon the earth; he encountered them as he entered the precincts of manhood; and they thickened upon him in the progress of his eventful life: but never, in all their dark and fearful combinations, did they prove too strong for him. In the midst of them all, might be seen his towering form, like the lofty oak around which the elements have warred, and still it is there, unhumbled and strong.

He was now, with an eager and honest mind, devoted to the duties of his profession. In his hands, the law, if not plied with the subtlety and refinements which mark the skill, and the artful power of the special pleader, was a system by which justice, in its freest and fullest measures, was administered to all.

In 1795, the people of Tennessee took measures for the formation of a State Government; and Jackson was a member of the Convention to which was committed the high and all-important trust of forming a Constitution; and this instrument bears the impress of his principles and his feelings. Its provisions are of a more liberal scope, and more democratic tendency than those of the Constitution of the parent State. This, however, in the minds of some, might be regarded as of doubtful expediency and slender advantage: And well it might, if the principle

which lies at the foundation of the theory of Republican government, is false. I mean the principle of self-government in the people ; by which I suppose is meant, not any segment of society, but the whole people. If this principle be founded in error, then the more rapidly you steal the power from the many and concentrate it in the few, the more good will you have done for mankind. But if there is truth in the principle, then he who draws from it the largest amount of legitimate consequences, has made himself a civil benefactor.

Upon the admission of Tennessee as a State, Gen. Jackson was her first and only representative. In this capacity he served but one year, having been elected the next to the Senate of the United States. In this last station he remained but a year. During his connection with Congress, he was distinguished for sound views and judicious action, by which he realized the expectations of his constituents, and secured the confidence of all with whom he was associated. At the age of thirty, he was placed upon the bench of the Supreme Court of his State. In this new field of public service, he remained six years, and then, as a matter of choice, withdrew, as he supposed, to more congenial employments, and a more quiet life. And this expectation seems to have been realized during the space of eight years, from the time he laid aside his judicial dignities, until the war of 1812 ; not however, without vicissitudes and trials, which he endured as became himself.

We next find the man whose death we now deplore, in a new field of duty. Before he left his judicial station, he was invested with the highest military command which his State could bestow : and the time was now rapidly drawing near, which would test his devotion, and his talents, and open to him new scenes, from which he was to acquire living honors.

It was not for such a spirit as this devoted patriot possessed, to remain in inglorious ease, when his country's battles were to

be fought, and the proud dominion of the Britton to be repelled. Accordingly, soon after the declaration of *war*, we find him tendering his own services, with 2,500 of the brave men of his command, to the Government. The tender was accepted to the amount of 1,500. But so eager was the desire of those noble sons of liberty, to do for their country's honor and protection, under a leader so worthy of their sentiments and their trust, that more than two thousand heeded his call, and rallied to his rendezvous; with these he commenced his march on the 7th of January, 1813, to join Wilkinson at New-Orleans. Upon his arrival at Natchez he was requested by the officer last named to halt and report to him his force and instructions—this he did: and whilst holding himself in readiness to strike wherever an enemy should appear, he employed his time in effecting a more complete organization and discipline of his troops, and in preparing them for prompt and effectual service. In this condition of things he receives without reason or comment, a laconic, cold, and heartless order from the Government, of dismissal from the service, both of his men and himself. Indignation was in every countenance, and denunciation upon every tongue. They had come, in a great measure unfurnished by the Government, to the Government's call; they had endured cold and tempest; they had acquired a good degree of discipline; and they were ready with unabated courage, to meet the foe they had come to seek.

From the tenor of the order of the Secretary of War, it could not be doubted that it was the design, that they should be disbanded upon the spot which they occupied, more than five hundred miles from their homes, and that they should deliver their tents and the public arms to the officer in command at New-Orleans. The clue to this ungracious and extraordinary course, is supposed to be found in the following extract of a letter from Gen. Wilkinson to the chagrined and restive commander of the

Tennessee troops of that date. In reference to the occasion which blasted their high expectations he said, "You have it still in your power to render a most acceptable service to our Government, by encouraging the recruiting service from the patriotic soldiers you command, in an appropriate general order." But time and results showed, as they often do in the affairs of men, how little the author of this sentiment understood himself, or the man to whom it was addressed. Little did he think when he wrote it, that it would be a record in future times to call to remembrance the forgetfulness into which he had passed, and that upon the very spot which he then occupied, the man who was to act a part subservient to him, would place the crown of immortality upon his own head.

The order was but partially obeyed—to have complied literally, would have made him recreant to his high trust, and to the dictates of humanity. This army was composed of his fellow-citizens, his neighbors, and his friends: and there was many a youth, not picked from the lowest scenes of vice, to go upon some wild adventure for his own pastime; but whom he had received from the hands of a patriot father, and the warm embraces of a mother, but who yet loved her country more, with the sacred assurance that when he had done his country's bidding he should be returned, to the comforts and the sanctuary which he had left.

But now came the trying crisis. The Government no longer considered these men who had volunteered at her call, as a part of her own army. They were without provisions, without transports for the sick, and without money; and how were they to accomplish the long journey before them at a most inclement season? Their General, ever fruitful in mental resources, and still more in the ardent emotions of a noble heart, readily devised the ways and means. Of a merchant in Natchez, he borrowed upon his own responsibility, \$5,000, for the accom-

plishment of the purpose before him ; with this he *purchased* supplies and wagons for the transportation of the sick. And here I cannot forbear the relation of an incident, which though in itself may seem trivial, yet in my mind goes far to show the character of the man. There were not wagons enough for the transportation of all whose condition required it : among the sick was a young man who was reported by the surgeon to be in a dying condition, and whom as he thought it was useless to remove. The reply of never desponding humanity was, "Not a man shall be left who has life in him." With a father's anxiety he rode by the apparently dying youth : the motion in his new position caused him to open his eyes, and to exclaim, "Where am I?" The answer of ever-enduring kindness, was, "On your way home, my son!" From that moment, cheered by the voice of one who he knew cared for him, and would watch over him, he began to revive, and was in due time restored to health and home. Such an incident is worth a volume of glory, acquired in heartless selfishness, and emblazoned in bloodshed for the promotion of reckless ambition.

Amidst the stirring events of 1813, it was not for such a man as General Jackson to rust in obscurity. He now enters the field where vigilant and untiring effort is demanded, against an enemy that never slumbers, which is always stimulated by an insatiable thirst for vengeance, and which could never be worn down, or conquered, save by captivity or death ; in the morning he was upon his prey from his hiding-places, and ere noon he was in the fastnesses of the swamp or the mountains. Stimulated by the eloquence of one of nature's loftiest spirits, (I mean Tecumseh,) and inspired by his deep and rankling hatred, and by the still more barbarous influence of British malignity and British bribery, the Creeks, a powerful and warlike tribe, displayed their hostile designs in ravages and murder, and in every demonstration of war. This master-spirit of whom I have spo-

ken, in his deep knowledge of the springs of human action, not so entirely dissimilar in the man of civilization and the savage, seized upon the principle which is instinctive in the heart of man, whether you call it religion or fanaticism ; whether it be true or false, it is still a most effectual medium for the action of the controlling mind ; and you find it alike in the Christian, the disciple of Mahomet, the Fire-worshiper, and the devotee of the Great Spirit in the wilderness. Laying hold of this principle, Tecumseh institutes and sends abroad his prophets, who inspire the tribes with a blind faith and implicit obedience.

To concentrate their forces, and render them, as was supposed, more effectual, and more disposable, the prophets persuaded the warriors to abandon their towns and congregate in camps. Here they practiced the war-dance and listened to their ferocious denunciations and wild predictions." They were made to believe that they were impervious to instruments of death, or that they would pass and leave no trace behind.

In this condition of things the Government makes requisition for a force, for the invasion of the Creeks, at the head of which General Jackson was placed. After innumerable delays, and most vexatious difficulties, arising from jealousy in the command, and the most culpable negligence in supplying the requisite provisions, he is ready, with but a small portion of his entire force, to assume his march for the heart of the Creek country. One-half of his command detailed from East Tennessee, had not as yet formed a junction with that portion which Jackson commanded in person. But no time is to be lost, for savage hordes are doing their work of death, not only upon the frontier settlements, and the unprotected traveler, but upon their own brethren who refused to join in their merciless butcheries.

I feel that I should do injustice to the sentiments and character of this magnanimous chief, were I to pass over in silence, the soul-stirring address which he delivered to his command at

their place of rendezvous, before they were put in motion for their scenes of action.

“ Our borders,” said he “ must no longer be disturbed with
 “ the war-whoop of these savages, or the cries of their suffering
 “ victims. The torch that has been lighted up must be made to
 “ blaze in the heart of their own country. It is time that they
 “ should be made to feel the weight of a power, which because
 “ it was merciful, they believed to be impotent. But how shall
 “ a war, so long forborne, and so loudly called for by retributive
 “ justice, be waged ? Shall we imitate the example of our ene-
 “ mies in the disorder of their movements, and the savageness
 “ of their dispositions ? Is it worthy of the character of Ameri-
 “ can soldiers, who take up arms to redress the wrongs of an in-
 “ jured country, to assume no better model than that furnished
 “ by barbarians ? No, fellow-soldiers ; great as are the griev-
 “ ances which have called us from our homes, we must not per-
 “ mit disorderly passions to tarnish the reputation we will carry
 “ along with us. We must and will be victorious ; 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 hu-
 “ manity.”

Such sentiments as these dwelt in no groveling mind—they were worthy of the patriot ; they would have been worthy of the christian. They were no idle exponent of feelings that did not exist ; and were a fit rebuke to those who boasted of a refinement and a philanthropy, which existed in name, more than in fact.

A few days found these guardians of their country's safety, in the very midst of their country's enemies. On the 2d of November, General Coffee, with one thousand men, crossed the Coosa, and the next dawning day found him advancing to the attack of Talluschatchee. The Indians, under the power of the prophet's delusions, believing themselves invulnerable, salu-

ted their approach with every demonstration of resistance and fury. But they were driven back to their buildings, and there they fought with a desperation that knew no abatement so long as there was one that could point a rifle or raise a tomahawk: 186 men of the forest saw not the sun go down, and among them the prophet's tongue was sealed.

Here was struck the first signal blow, and administered the first signal rebuke to a cruel, insolent, and deluded people, whose minds seem never to have taken in the great principle of right, to be read as well in the religion of nature as of revelation, "that God made all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth."

After the battle of Talluschatchee, Jackson takes post at Fort Strother upon the Coosa. Here he was in daily expectation of a re-inforcement under General White from East Tennessee, and with it, of an abundant supply of provisions to enable him to follow up the advantages already gained; and while he was yet writing a dispatch to that officer, urging him to join him with all possible haste, he was informed late in the evening of that day, that the hostile Creeks had encamped in great numbers near a fort and town of friendly Indians, about thirty miles south of Fort Strother. He immediately issues marching orders, and at midnight all his disposable force is in motion for the relief of his besieged allies; at 8 o'clock in the morning of the ensuing day, he moves to the attack of Talladega. For fifteen minutes the battle rages on every side. There was the dreadful onset, and deadly repulse: there the horseman's sword and the Indian's tomahawk met in fatal collision; and there the fugitives, as they sped for the mountains, nerved with the iron energies of despair if they looked behind, and with a gleam of hope as they stretched before, were cut down; and out of 1080 warriors of that field, 300 save one, ne'er shouted the war-whoop again, or molested the unwary sleeper in his fancied security.

After the battle of Talladega our patriotic commander was forced to encounter enemies more to be dreaded than those with arms in their hands—these were famine and mutiny ; and to conquer these, more severely taxes the resources of the mind which controls, than to storm fortifications and rout armies. Through the most culpable negligence, upon the very borders of a land of plenty, starvation almost pervaded his ranks ; and the offal of the slaughter pen and the acorns, which the swine do eat, were their resort for the preservation of life. In this condition of things, and partly through a misunderstanding as to their term of service, mutiny pervaded regiments and brigades, and they determined to end their sufferings and their perils in an abandonment of their commander, and the service of their country. This was an hour of trial such as he had never seen. But he was equal to the occasion, enhanced in its difficulties as it was by the fact that these men were his fellow-citizens, whose free suffrages had elevated him to the rank which he held. He rode along their lines, as they were drawn up for their homeward march ; he addressed to them every argument of entreaty and remonstrance ; he reminded them of the reputation they had acquired by their former good conduct, and the ignominy which would fasten to the execution of their present design ; that he had no authority to discharge them ; that he was in daily expectation of supplies ; that their General fared as meanly and suffered as much as themselves ; that it was the fault of others that they felt the gnawings of hunger. He reminded them of their country's expectations, and their country's honor ; and how the signal advantages already gained would be given to the winds, if the service was now abandoned. "And now," said he, "argument is at an end, choose you now which you will serve, your own will, or your country's necessities." No sound was uttered : all was still as the deadly atmosphere that precedes the rumbling earthquake. He demanded an instant and

unequivocal reply ; still there was the sullen silence of dogged determination, and the threatening look that betokened the inward workings : remaining in front, he called upon a company of artillery upon which he could rely to prepare their matches. This was a moment of awful sublimity, and unsurpassed in the exhibition of moral power ; and it was successful. " Let us return," was the murmur which ran along the lines. But a constrained is a useless service, and so he found it, and his force was reduced to one hundred men. In this situation, he applied to the Executive of Tennessee for speedy and ample re-inforcements by new levies ; but under the pretence, or the belief that he had no power, " he advised the veteran soldier to retire from " the Creek country, and content himself with defending the " frontiers, until the General Government should furnish him " with a force competent to the objects of the campaign." And I would that time would permit me to pour out again the torrent of the soul's entreaty, the scorching rebuke, which he poured upon that passive, doubting, refining depositary of civil power. It is but a poor time to be weighing arguments in scales against straws and feathers, to be extracting from a statute or an order, cobweb questions of power, when the savage is blazing his way, with fields in ruin, and houses in ashes, and hearts in anguish.

Re-inforced on the 13th of January, he passed in rapid succession to the first and second battles of Emuckfaw, and to that of Enotochopco, in all of which he obtained decisive victories, and a reputation that will never pass to " its scar and yellow leaf."

But his work was not yet done ; the Creeks were not yet subdued, They had collected in great numbers, and fortified with great care within a bend of the Tallapoosa, called Tohopeka, or the Horse Shoe. Thither, on the 27th of March, 1814, Jackson led his entire force. Here the Indians rallied for their last great

effort: they knew that upon the fortunes of this day their fate was hung. The position afforded great facilities for defence; its name indicated its outline: that part which was not surrounded with the river, was defended by a breast-work of brush and fallen timber; upon this the artillery was brought to bear, but without success, as a trial of two hours proved. Within this fortification were one hundred acres of land, and near the breast-work a small village: seizing the Indian canoes which were left unguarded at a distant point, Coffee's men set fire to their village—but yet they would not be dislodged; at length the order was given to storm, and received with acclamations; and they rushed to the deadly conflict, shoulder to shoulder, and breast to breast—the assailants fought with no forbearance, and the assailed as though life were no boon. Some of the latter took refuge among the brush and fallen timber upon the cliffs of the river, from which they fired upon the victors. And here it is right to correct a false impression from a false statement. I remember often to have heard it said, that Jackson's men, by his express orders, shot down the defenceless Indian at this battle, when he was no longer in the attitude of resistance, and seeking a place of safety. In this position, Jackson sent his interpreter within call, to assure them that their lives should be spared if they would surrender—to this they replied with a volley of musketry. But at length all was silent; the cloud had spent its force; the fire no longer gleamed upon its surface to tell of the magazine of destruction it contained, but its fatal work was to be found in the five hundred and fifty-seven warriors who had that day seen their last battle-field. Here the spirit of resistance was broken, and the Ishmaelite of the West taught to know, how vain it is to resist the progress and the spread of another race, whose way is guided by the light of science and religious truth. Here he was taught the lesson, if he would but receive it, that he has but a slender title

to his millions of fertile acres, so long as he suffers them to remain an unbroken common, more for the sustenance of the wild beast, than the use of man. In the bloody scene of Tohopeka. their camp-fires were extinguished, and their martial spirit was broken. It is melancholy to remember with what fatality they pressed to their destruction; that they were so slow to learn that the orgies of the idolater can not flourish by the side of the christian worshiper. Who would not wish that they *had been* taught, as they are now being taught, that the interests of the red man and the white are one; that the transforming power of revealed truth must give them new habits and a new character.

It is melancholy to think of their tribes extinct, and the remnants that remain. And when the generations to come shall learn from the tradition of their fathers, and the pages of history, what we are *now* taught by the still crumbling bones of half a score of battle-fields within our own borders, they will deplore their delusion and their end; but they will reverence the chivalrous and devoted spirit which has made them all classic ground, each a monument of his glory, as enduring as the earth, and the record which is written upon the tablets of the heart; and upon which they will tread lightly, as they will remember that it is consecrated ground, baptized in blood and tears, by the hand that was ever stretched out in deliverance to the oppressed, and in terror to the oppressor.

But I must not stop to recount all the noble deeds which go to make up the character of this man. I can only glance at a few, and leave you to your own reflections. In a military point of view, he was now the highest and brightest luminary. To him all eyes were turned as a new rampart of defence, and a new terror to British veterans. Immediately after he had given peace to the Indian country, he took station at Mobile. There he repulsed the enemy at Fort Bowyer. and moved for New-Orleans. Upon this theatre remained to be exhibited the last

great scene of the tragedy. Upon this point were concentrated the thousands of England's bravest men.

The enemy having experienced little but reverses in the North, now determined to try his fortunes in the South. In December, 1814, the British appeared in great force off New-Orleans. On the 23d and 28th, and also on the first of January, the armies advanced to the attack and the repulse. At length the great day, ever memorable in the annals of war, drew on—the day that was to seal the doom of thousands, and in some sort, it was supposed, the fate of nations; when Packenham led his unshrinking hosts upon the American lines, in solid phalanx, as though by their very momentum to trample them there under foot—they opened upon them a broad sheet of livid death that mowed them down almost as the Angel of destruction the hosts of Sennacherib. It was indescribably awful. In the American entrenchments the rear lines loaded for the front, which enabled it to pour an unceasing stream of death upon their assailants, which, though they knew no fear, they could not resist; and it seemed as though the very *genius* of desolation, in his wildest enthusiasm, revelled there, in the luxury of his own power. Who can conceive it! I have seen the cloud rising in the heavens, and heard the thunder bursting in startling peals from its mouth, and witnessed the terrific glare of the subtle and forked fire upon its bosom; but never have I beheld an *array* of these terrible representations of power, and heard in the midst of their blood-curdling sublimity, the groans of the dying, and seen the visages of the dead!—The annals of war do not show a victory, I will not say so complete, but so unequal: 2,000 there, were cold as the earth upon which they lay, and were never more to see their country or their kindred—among these was their gallant leader, who came to gather fresh laurels upon a new field—but the laurel was for another's brow, and the transactions of that day were the elements of another's

glory. Of the Americans, seven were killed, and six wounded. The victory of that day was the theme of a nation's song, and the burden of a nation's gratitude. And that day itself will go down to posterity with all the venerated remembrances which belong to the proudest achievements of history.

But why should I dwell upon a theme, the remembrance of which is so vivid in every mind, and the force of whose associations may so easily be weakened by every touch. Here the English government was taught to know what before it did not more than half believe, that thenceforth a subjugation to colonial dependence was but a dream, and that a rough hand must no more be laid upon our commerce and our seamen. I do not forget that before this event, a treaty had been concluded; but nevertheless, the lesson she there learned, she will never forget: and notwithstanding her grasping spirit, her immense power, and her readiness to strike whenever she thinks she may be the gainer, the admonitions administered by Him who ruled the fortunes of that day, will induce her to pause, ere again she raises her iron hand, against men, who feel the fire of Saxon blood. I am sure this is no empty boast—that it is an enduring truth, and has done, and will do more for our protection and peace, than the rocky ramparts, and the cannon's threat. And for myself, I do not wonder, that a grateful people should have hailed with acclamations of gratitude, the man, who more than others had impressed their enemies with reverence for their name, and respect for their rights. Neither do I wonder that such a people, judging for themselves, as they had a right to do, should have called such a man to the highest places of power and trust.

But I must hasten to another department of the life and character of this great man—one which imposed new duties, and exacted the highest powers both of mind and heart. I refer to his administration of the Civil Government. But here let it not be supposed that I am so far unmindful of the occasion, and the

duty which I owe to all, as to present the Man of the Nation and the World, in a party view. Better, I trust, do I understand the obligations which bind me to a generous people, and the hallowed associations of this sacred day, than to touch the strings which would interrupt the communion which flows from mind to mind, and intermingles heart with heart. I know the devotion and the bitterness of party strife—how it grapples its thousands, with hooks of steel, to a favorite leader, and determines them with rancorous hostility against another. But is it not enough that the living, acting man should be the object of sentiments like these? Should they be made to pervade the resting place of the dead; the Holy Temple where with prayer and in the Spirit's presence, and with the Spirit's aid, as we humbly trust, we consecrate his virtues and his memory; or the place where the indestructible mind, with all its increased and refined capacities, has found exemption from its trials, and a reward for all its faithfulness?

O, I would that we might all rightly understand ourselves, and the duty which we owe to the character and the future history of the man whose death we mourn—that we might at least appreciate the matchless devotion, and unwearying toil with which he sought the good of ourselves, and the generations that shall come after us, even though we might suppose that he did not always secure the means best calculated to accomplish the object. Methinks then, the heart that aimed the poisonous arrow at the living man, would spare, if it could not cherish, the memory of the dead. But in how much he failed to accomplish the best results, in the use of the wisest means, this generation is not competent to determine; in the light of future events, the future historian will render a judgment from which there will be no appeal. To this jurisdiction, all who cherish his fame as the apple of their eye, are willing to commit him, as to the counsels of unerring truth.

Some of his measures were without precedent, either as no similar condition of things had before arisen, or as his views of policy and duty differed from those who went before him: Nothing is more certain than that he did not tread in the track which had been beaten by others, merely because they had passed that way. But if in the light of experience, he saw the light of truth, none was more ready to follow as it led.

In his administration of the Government we find him devotedly attached to the *Union of the States*: here he saw the impregnable citadel of our safety; and with a prophet's voice, he has warned those whom it shelters and protects, against their own destruction, in its fanatical demolition. He has told us that the first division will be but the beginning of sorrows. And who can doubt the fact? Union! there is magic as well as power in the word. Disunion! there is moral, if not legal treason in the sound, and the literal signal of blood and death. If it be impossible but that offences must come—that wars and rumors of wars must greet our ears, O! let them be for those who, in some sort, are made enemies by the intervention of mountains and of oceans—by those of foreign blood and strange speech: But not for those of the same household, who by their united resistance to a great foe, have obtained a name and a place which are so rapidly carrying them on to the ascendant among the nations. But once break the bond which binds all in one, and another can never be formed which will long bind together a lesser number of the States. Talk of the union to be found in the want of diversity of interests, and it will be vain. If unity of interests is to constitute a ligament which is to make a people one, do we not find it in all those great interests specified in the Constitution? In the equal protection and distribution of commercial privileges, and in united powers and a united will in times of war.

Break down our Union, no matter though it be under the de-

lusive idea of exemption from unequal burdens, and burdens will thicken like the plagues of Egypt, and it will be a standing precedent for all unchastened ambition to glut itself at the fountains of power, though it send abroad for others the waters of Meribah. In this view of the subject, who cannot feel the force of the laconic, but significant and pointed declaration, "The Union, it must be preserved." And should the spirit of discord ever come, as with a felon's step he entered the garden of the East to seduce the blessed there from their allegiance, or in the shape of the great Apostate who led his adverse legions against the sons of light and peace, may this be the talisman to dispel the fatal delusion, or the signal to charge back his hosts to discomfiture, and the distinction of increasing infamy—"The Union, it must be preserved!"

With him it was a matter of unceasing solicitude, to confine the action of the Government within the clearest constitutional limits. In this is to be found one of the strongest points of our political safety. Ever has he warned us by his official acts, and his personal admonition of the dangers of an absorbing and centralizing Government. If there be any wisdom or good in the free action and unimpaired sovereignty of State Governments, then the sagacity and the faithfulness of the Chief Magistrate of the Union are to be appreciated, as with a steady hand he secures the rights of the one, and checks the encroachments of the other. Should the foundations of the Union be ever shaken, one great cause will be found in the exercise, by the General Government, of those powers which belong to the States. Seldom or never has it been the fact, that the States, in their legislation, have invaded the powers of Congress; but the contrary has often been true; and in every instance of domestic conflict, the States have opposed the execution of some supposed unrighteous law, and never sought to enforce their own. That they were always to be justified, I do not assert: but the

superior power is admonished by the fact, to tread more lightly upon the soil to which she has not an indisputable title.

The removal of the Indians was a prominent measure in the history of his Administration. And however the sentiments of philanthropy might not at the time have coincided, touching our benevolence and good faith towards the children of the forest, I believe all are now agreed, that their removal has resulted in their preservation and increased comfort, and prospective security. And thus he, who in the beginning was compelled to be their scourge, has in the end, been their benefactor.

During the administration of General Jackson, the question of French indemnity assumed a character of deep interest, and threatening aspect. But his firm determination never to be mistaken, procured the measure of justice for those who were entitled, and awed the restive spirit of pride to silence and acquiescence. He suggested to that Government, with a significance, which she well understood, that though the loss of 25,000,000 of Francs was an unimportant consideration, justice and national honor were not to be lightly esteemed. But why should I speak in detail? His prominent and decisive measures are familiar to the American mind. And though something of party hostility may still pervade a portion of it, I think all must be actuated with impulses so genial and so noble, as to confess his exalted endowments and burning patriotism. It can not be doubted that he gave outline, and direction, in no small degree, to constitutional powers, such as had not before been given, and that in time to come they will constitute precedents to *guide*, or beacons to *warn*; and for myself I cannot doubt which. But time, and events will here, as in the whole progress of the human mind, disclose whatever there may be of error, and establish whatever there may be of truth. The impress of his genius and his hand is deep upon his country's institutions, and indelible upon her records. He has transfused into

them the living spirit, and stamped upon them the enduring signs, of his mind, his will, his affections. No man was ever endowed with a deeper and happier capacity to bear rule than himself. The evidence of this is to be found in his numerous battle-fields; for when did he ever move against an enemy but to conquer? And it is to be found in clearer proofs, in the more fearful conflicts of moral warfare. There are not wanting those who can move undismayed amidst the hottest action, who will yet quail before the power of argument, and shrink from the opening batteries of the mind. But how was it with the mighty man whose name is our theme to-day? Does the history of the civilized world show another, upon whom, as upon him has been poured the stream, combined from a thousand sources, of long continued, deep, and scorching lava, who yet stood unscathed, and upon whom "the smell of the fire" had not passed? I do not know him. And I have often thought that here, was presented one of the sublimest spectacles that the world has ever beheld. A single man, relying not, as others have done, upon armed hosts, to give authority to his opinions and measures, against a tide of opposing power, made up of the mightiest minds, and the most determined will; but simply upon the consciousness of his own strength, a sense of justice, and the irrepressible force of truth.

I said this irresistible man had conquered on every field where was heard the clash of arms, or seen the glimmering steel. But I ask, upon what field, where truth was the arrow's point, was he ever defeated? In what encounter was he ever disabled, from what did he ever fail to rise victorious?

Andrew Jackson set his seal, not only upon the institutions of his country and the hearts of his countrymen; but he has set it so high upon the roll of fame, in characters so clear and strong, that the nations of the world have looked upon it with respect, and fear, and admiration. His history is a portion of the moral

history of the world itself. His name and the character of his administration of the Government, have been more effectual to impress upon the strongest and haughtiest governments of Europe a sense of our rights, and an abiding fear to invade them, than those of *any other*. Let no one shudder here, or suppose that I am so far led astray by a blind devotion, as that I can not appreciate the name and the virtues of the immaculate Washington. But Washington's administration was one of experiment, in which the nations of the earth had no confidence, and to which American citizens themselves looked as much with hope as conviction. The powers of the government were untested, and it remained to be seen what would be the results of the beautiful, but untried theory. In his intercourse with other powers he must necessarily proceed with caution, and persuade where he had a right to command. His administration therefore was one of diplomacy and moral suasion, while Jackson's was one of demand, measured by the rule of reason and justice. For myself I cannot doubt that the spirit and tone with which our foreign relations were maintained during his administration, have secured for us an estimate of national character, which will do more for us than armies and navies.

It is not often that the world produces a man who, by his moral powers, unaided by outward force, can inspire reverence for his name in courts and cabinets, and among the great masses of mankind, the illiterate as well as the learned, with the blood-stained pirate in the dark inlets of the islands, and even the wandering Arabs of the desert. But when it does, that man is great, either in lawlessness and crime, or in virtue and usefulness.

It has been said that circumstances make a man great—and if it be true, the converse of the proposition is equally true, that a great man creates circumstances; circumstances that stand as walls of defence and citadels of strength, the representations of a nation's name and glory. Glory, it may be said, is

a school-boy phrase, and of empty significance ; and however it may be true as applied to individuals, for nations, it is a substantial acquisition, and is equivalent to resources and power.

Jackson would have been great in any age, and in any quarter of the earth. He would have sat upon the throne of the Czars with the same spirit of justice, and the same love for mankind, with which he wielded the constitutional power of a Republic. He would there have trampled upon monopolies, and studied the good of the great masses, who "earn their bread in the sweat of their brow."

A man endowed by his Maker with an intuitive sense of reason, and of right, would have carried it with him as a part of his inwoven constitution, whether among the Slavonic tribes or the men of civilization and freedom. And whenever that Providence which gives direction to the affairs of men, shall bless the millions of the earth whose portion is oppression and sorrow, with leaders endowed by His own hand with wisdom and benevolence, then shall they sit under their own vine, and the fruits of their labor shall not belong to another.

But will any one whisper in his bosom, these are far-fetched and abstract notions ? To me they appear otherwise. Is it that we have enjoyed the fruits of a firmly established and well defined Government so long, that we have forgotten their worth, or think they are ours by an everlasting right ? Why has Spain been so long the scene of intestine strife and domestic butchery ? She is alas, without the counsels of truth, and love of mankind. She has no guiding star to which all can look as the centre of their confidence, their energies and their hopes.

Why has not revolutionary Mexico attained the peace, the power, and the place among the family of nations, that our own happy government has done ? Why is she still the scene of civil turmoil, trampling under foot her newly-formed Constitution, and substituting in its place a commander of armies ; to-day,

banishing the man to whom, yesterday, all shouted their hosannas?

Perhaps the reason may be supposed to be found in the difference of the genius of the people and their institutions. But still the question is not answered. Why this difference? Does it stand in the place of cause or effect? I leave others to determine. But one thing needs no proof—the leaders have sought themselves, and not the people. With them the Divine, the prophetic spirit, which looks abroad over all, and does not forget the thousands yet to come to an inheritance which it should leave them, had no place. But in our behalf it had. And whilst we look at our condition, and learn to appreciate our blessings, should not our hearts overflow with gratitude to Him who pulleth down one, and buildeth up another. Why should the over-ruling Mind which has given shape to a nation's institutions, and guaranteed prosperity and abundance in all her borders, so seldom be made the theme of our contemplation and our praise?

Nothing so lightens the burdens of men, and scatters blessings and joy in their way, as wise and philanthropic governments. It does more than a genial clime, and a fertile soil. I care not though men be planted upon a hard and ungenerous soil, which is bound by ice, and whose drapery is snow; even there they will grow and be strong, if the government over them is paternal and just. And the whole history of man shows, that nothing has so embittered his lot here, as the iron and merciless rule, which has not scrupled to strip him of his noble attributes, and convert him into a beast of burden.

And now, my Fellow-Citizens, shall we not make it a subject of gratulation, that we enjoy exemption? That now, the constellation of united wisdom and goodness is so high in the horizon, and so clear in its light, as that by it we may ever guide our way. O! the noble Constitution under which we live! I look upon its broad foundations, its towering height, and its beau-

tiful walls, and with instinctive indignation at the thought alone, I ask what sacrilegious hand shall tear from that foundation a single stone, or daub those resplendant walls with untempered mortar ! O, may it stand where it now stands, with the doctrines of its builders, and those who have ministered within it, fixed upon its summit, to guide *all* of this beloved *Union*, both now and hereafter, to an unmarred and priceless inheritance of time, as the spire of the Holy Temple points upward in the light of Faith and Hope, to one of Eternity.

And to you who followed this great *Captain* to do service for your country against those who came with murder and lust in their hearts, to fatten upon the substance of your countrymen, and to revel in the pollution of purity, What shall I say? I know not what ; and if I did, I do not know that I have the power to give it utterance. In that leader, you followed one actuated with no narrow desire to appropriate to himself the mere twinklings of a rush-light glory, to be extinguished with the occasion which produced it ; but one whose expansive affections and inexhaustible benevolence, sought the good of others.

But his course of usefulness is ended, and he has gone to his reward ; and for the service which under him you rendered your country, I give you the thanks of this vast assemblage, as a portion of those whom you served, and though distinction like his, is not for you and me, it will be our privilege according to our ability, each in his sphere, to imitate his great example in zeal and fidelity to our country's interests ; and I pray that it may be your privilege and your blessing, when like him you shall come to the end of your way, like him to look upon the great Destroyer as a friendly messenger, to call you to the better land, where strife shall be exchanged for peace, turmoil for rest, and enemies for firm and lasting friends ; and that when you shall have passed away, your children may not fail to reap the rewards of your labor and your patriotism.

Often have I seen those who were led to battle by this untiring soldier, and as often have I been struck with the admiration, and the heart's warm praises, of which he was the object. It would seem as though the sternness of the practiced soldier would chill the intercourse of private friendship. But one of the most remarkable traits in the character of Jackson, was the strength with which he bound others to him in ties of the heart's best emotions. I do not suppose that any man was ever more effectually the monarch of domestic empire, than he was—but it was the dominion of love and not of fear. Each rendered his homage; and it was rewarded not in the spirit of duty, but of kindness, that knew neither limit nor exhaustion.

But there is another light in which I must not forbear to present the name of this great man: it is in the humility and exaltation of his christian character. However unwilling we may be to acknowledge the truth, all mere human achievement, save as it subserves some high purpose of immortality, is an empty thing; and all the honor of man's acquiring, except as it is brought as a trophy to the Captain of Salvation, will soon appear, to him at least to whom it belonged, as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

I do not depreciate the well earned honors of the man who has devoted his best days and energies to the service of his country, and the good of men, even though he have in view no results beyond their being here. Most sincerely do I venerate the man who has consecrated all his powers to the benefit of others, whether it were in the valor of the tented field, or the wisdom of civil council. But in my soul, I revere him who does in fact, hold all his high endowments, and noble deeds, in trust, for the promotion of a Glory above him, and who does not fear to admit that it is so. Man, as he is found in the masses, is a strange being—he pants and strives for immortality—I do not mean the inherent immortality of the soul; for that is the por-

tion of all ; but that which his own hand shall acquire ; a separate structure to be left behind him, when he shall have passed away : But alas, how little does he care, when he has reared and taken leave of the building, whether in his own after-life, he shall be a prince or a beggar, if so be, that mortal men like himself, look with wonder and delight upon the representation of his name and his deeds.

But General Jackson was a Christian. Great as were the powers of his mind, and enviable as was the reputation which was ever progressing from one new acquisition to another, with nothing to impede or dim, he counted them all as trifles, when compared with the acquisition of "The Wisdom that cometh down from Above." His was the religion which was characteristic, not only of truth, but of the man : With him it was not a mere mode ; an external thing, assumed to enhance the dignity of position, or to impart a feigned authority to opinions, or an unreal sanctity to sentiments : with him it was not a rule of higher fashion and more refined intercourse, a thing to be worn, but never used ; a tree of beauteous foliage, but barren of fruit. But it was a deep and vital principle—one which pervaded the sources of action, and chastened the gushing affections of the heart. From one who ministered to him in Holy Things, and who but a few years ago occupied the place where I now stand, I learned much of his religious character : He received from his lips the confession of his faith, enrolled him among the people of Israel, and broke to him the Bread of Life. From him I learned that the coldest and stormiest day never failed to find the weather-beaten veteran, laboring as he was under the weight of years and infirmities, in the place where he might hear the Story of Salvation. And there as the minister of Truth spoke of the condition of men under the rule of the Prince of Darkness and Perdition, and the Way of Deliverance by the Blood of the Great Sacrifice ; the rocky places of the soul were broken up,

and the tears of repentance and joy suffused the eyes that had looked with a steady gaze upon the concentrated forms of danger and death, and coursed down the cheeks that had never blanched with fear. O, it is a sublime spectacle to behold the undaunted spirit facing the cannon's mouth, and pressing like some unearthly genius over the hosts that are doing their work of carnage in the burning strife of hatred and revenge! But how much more, to see the proud spirit humbling itself under the influences of that Love which searches out the lost, and sets the prisoner free! which invests with a nobler office, and prepares for nobler service, where they "are Kings and Priests unto God."

It has been said that the early life of the departed Chief, was free from the restraints of religious principle. It may have been so—but if it were, how strong the power of Grace, as shown in the sequel! It might be considered a sacrilegious service to compare the character and amount of men's religion; and far be it from me to attempt it. But this I feel justified in saying, that no great man from our midst, has gone down to his grave, bearing stronger, brighter testimony to the foundation of the hope which is "as an anchor of the soul," upon the sea so troublous and so dark.

If others have devoted themselves with equal efficacy to the service of their country, and opened the refreshing and inexhaustible fountains of political truth, and set up the enduring landmarks of social freedom; he has done more than this. In his life and death, he has taught the thousand youthful aspirants, who will hereafter look to his great example, that there is a fountain deeper than that of political truth, and landmarks which guide the immortal mind to unfading honors and unbroken peace.

To a clerical friend, and through him to the world, he declares the clearly defined principles of his faith, as a portion of his legacy to his countrymen.

"Sir," said he, "I am in the hands of a merciful God. I

“ have full confidence in his goodness and mercy. My lamp of
 “ life is nearly out, and the last glimmer has come. I am
 “ ready to depart when called. The Bible is true. The prin-
 “ ciples and statutes of that Holy Book have been the rule of my
 “ life, and I have tried to conform to its spirit as near as possible.
 “ Upon that sacred volume I rest my hope of eternal salvation,
 “ through the merits and blood of our blessed Lord and Savior,
 “ Jesus Christ.” How evangelical the view, how strong the
 faith, how bright the hope ! With what point and power does
 the language of the great Soldier of spiritual war here ap-
 ply : “ I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I
 have kept the faith.” This comprises the whole history of his
 mortal being, so full of incident, service, resistance and truth.

Illustrious man ! thy course is finished but to be begun ! It is
 true, but few can wear the descending mantle ;—but all may
 drink at the fountains of truth, which thou hast deepened, and
 guide their way by the lights which thou hast hung out ! And
 here we pause ;—for who can trace the Spirit’s way, in its chariot
 of fire, though the radiance of ten thousand luminaries be scat-
 tered upon its track in its upward progress ;—who can stretch
 away in the strongest powers of his inner being, to behold the
 opening portal, or hear the voice of the illimitable harvest of ran-
 somed minds, as like the voice of many waters it goes up in long,
 and loud, and sweet ascriptions of adoration to *Him* who re-
 deemed them by his life ! !

Though this be too much for our grosser powers, and our un-
 sublimated natures here ; we can bring our service of thanks-
 giving, devotion and faith, as we now do, and lay it upon the
 altar of our Country and our God.