

WINFIELD SCOTT.

THE LIVES

or

WINFIELD SCOTT

AND

ANDREW JACKSON.

BY

J. T. HEADLEY,

"AUTHOR OF NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS," "WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS,"
&c., &c., &c.



NEW YORK:

CHARLES SCRIBNER, 145 NASSAU STREET.

1852.

11 4 3
S H H

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by

CHARLES SCRIBNER.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

~~~~~  
Stereotyped and Printed by  
C. W. BENEDICT,  
201 William Street, N. Y.

## P R E F A C E .

---

THE following is designed to be the commencement of a series of biographical sketches of distinguished men of the present generation. The extent to which it is carried will depend entirely on the success that attends it. There are many deserving a place in history, whose lives, nevertheless, do not furnish sufficient material for a complete book. These will be grouped together as circumstances may determine. No attempt has been made to give the various officers which served under Generals Scott and Jackson, their proper praise. This belongs to their individual sketches, or general history of the war. Scott and Jackson are here placed together, as the two military men who have made the deepest impressions on their country since the time of Washington. No other two have given it such character at home, or reputation abroad. Differing widely in some characteristics, they were very similar in others.

To those who may suspect the writer of endeavoring to wield a political influence, he would say, that one of these biographies was completed, and the other begun, and the contract for both made before either party had nominated its candidate. Political matters had nothing to do with their production. The materials for them have been accumulating for nearly ten years, and there seems to be no reason why a publication should be deferred, because the unexpected conjunction of political events might give it, for the time being, a partizan character. If political pamphleteering had been the object, the sketch of Gen. Scott would have been used alone long ago, and scattered on the wings of the wind. But if men will insist that the time of its appearance is injudicially chosen, the work will be compelled to wrap itself up in its own rights, and falling back on the great *laws of precedence*, adduce the English Constitution, the usage of all nations, as proof that the parties should retire till its brief existence is run. In other words, the *book* has the floor, and the speaker's hammer must protect its rights.

Thus much may be said without blame; but a writer may go farther, and insist that any time is proper in which to narrate the deeds of a man who has deserved well of his country. If his actions are worthy of record, the most appropriate moment for bringing them forward is when he is about to receive the reward of his deeds. There is a wide difference between writing a man into eminence, because unforeseen occurrences may place him in political power, and in defending and praising one whose claims to immortality neither present success nor failure can affect.

Many officers under Scott have been consulted in preparing

this biography, while Mansfield's History of the Mexican War is referred to as the best, or, indeed, the only reliable authority in the great movements and features of the campaign.

Kendell's and Jenkins' Life of Jackson, newspapers of the time, Niles' Register, etc., are the chief sources of information in sketching the life of Jackson.

# CONTENTS.

## WINFIELD SCOTT.

PAGE

### CHAPTER I.

Scott's Birth and Parentage—Became a Lawyer—Enters the Army—His Trial by Court-martial, and Suspension—His Studies—Re-enters the Army—Battle of Queenstown—Scott a Prisoner—Conflict with two Indians—Protection of his Irish Soldiers—Attack and Capture of Fort George, . . . . . 18

### CHAPTER II.

Scott superintends the Camp of Instruction at Buffalo—Drills the Army—Crosses the Niagara—Pursues the Marquis of Tweesdale behind the Chippewa—Battle of Chippewa—Company of Backwoodsmen—Battle of Niagara—Charge of Miller—Scott's Wound and Last Orders—Journey to Washington—Reception at Princeton—Black Hawk War—Scott amid the Cholera—Is challenged by Jackson—Becomes interested in the cause of Temperance—Takes command in South Carolina to crush the Disunionists—Settles the Difficulties on the Northern Frontier—Pursues the Cherokees, . . . . . 86

### CHAPTER III.

Scott preserves peace on the Maine boundary—Friendship between him and the Governor of New Brunswick—Appointed Commander-in-Chief—

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Treatment at Washington—Takes charge of the Army in Mexico—Martial Law orders—Fire in the Rear—Landing at Vera Cruz—The Siege and Capture of the City—March to Cerro Gordo—The Battle—Entrance of Jalapa—Of Puebla—Reduction of the Army, . . . . . | 70 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

## CHAPTER IV.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| The Army at Puebla—Description of the Scenery—Arrival of Reinforcements—Departure for Mexico—Ascent to the Cordilleras—Magnificent Scenery—First View of the Plain and City of Mexico—The Road found Impassible—Difficult March round Lago Chaleo to the Acapulco Road—Attack on Contreras—Suffering and Anxiety of the Army at Night—Storming of the Fort—Enthusiastic Reception of Scott by his Victorious Troops—San Antonio Taken—The Three Battles of Churubusco—The Flight and Pursuit—Scott after Battle—The Mexicans propose an Armistice, . . . . . | 98 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

## CHAPTER V.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| The Armistice—Scott resolves to carry Chapultepec by Storm—Description of the Fortress—Battle of Molino del Rey—The Field after the Victory—The Condition and Prospects of the Army at this time—Misbehavior of the Government—Defence of Scott—His Plan of assaulting Chapultepec—Day preceding the Battle—The Final Attack, . . . . . | 130 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

---

 ANDREW JACKSON.

## CHAPTER I.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Jackson's Boyhood—Left an Orphan—His Mother—Massacre at Waxhaw—At thirteen becomes a Soldier—First Battle—His Courage—Taken Prisoner—His Republican Spirit—Is Wounded—Presence of Mind—Digs through his prison walls to see Greene's Encampment—Hobkirk-hill—His Release and Return Home—Heroism of his Mother—Visits Charleston—Studies |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Law—Removes to Tennessee—Fights a Bully—Pursued by Indians—His<br>Chivalry—Jealousy of Robards—Marries Mrs. Robards—Daring Arrest—<br>Attacked by a mob—Becomes a Farmer—Duel with Dickinson—His failure<br>—Defends the wronged—Care of the Sick—Tecumseh—His Eloquence—<br>Massacre of Fort Mims—Jackson enters the Creek Country—Attacks<br>the Indians—The Battle—Distress of his Troops—Mutiny in his Army—<br>Quells a Mutiny—A second Mutiny—Defeats the Indians—Attacked by<br>Indians—Reinforcements—Battle of the Horse Shoe—Saves a Warrior—<br>Ends the War—His Resolution, . . . . . | 208 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER II.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Appointed Major-General—Attack on Fort Bowyer—March on Pensacola—<br>Advances to New Orleans—Excitement in the City—Landing of the British<br>—Jackson's Night Attack—Resolves to Entrench himself—Turns the Le-<br>gislature out of doors—British advance to the Assault and are Repulsed—<br>Second Attack—Arrival of Reinforcements, and Final Battle—Jackson<br>Fined by Judge Hall—Returns Home—Sent to Quell the Indians in Florida<br>—Conduct there—Appointed Governor—Elected to the United States<br>Senate—Democratic Candidate for President—Elected President—Veto of<br>United States Bank—Elected for a Second Term—Arrests the Spirit of<br>Disunion—Review of his Administration—He retires to Private Life—His<br>Last Illness and Death, . . . . . | 291 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER II.

Appointed Major-General—Attack on Fort Bowyer—March on Pensacola—Advances to New Orleans—Excitement in the city—Landing of the British—Jackson's night attack—Resolves to entrench himself—Turns the Legislature out of doors—British advance to the assault and are repulsed—Second attack—Arrival of reinforcements, and final battle—Jackson fined by Judge Hall—Returns home—Sent to quell the Indians in Florida—Conduct there—Appointed governor—Elected to the United States Senate—Democratic candidate for President—Elected President—Veto of United States Bank—Elected for a second term—Arrests the spirit of disunion—Review of his administration—He retires to private life—His last illness and death.

JACKSON did not rest long on his laurels ; for the war seemed still farther from a termination than at its commencement. The abdication of Napoleon, and the re-ascendancy of the oppressive monarchies of Europe, gave England a breathing space, and the vast fleets and armies she had loaned to feudalism for the overthrow of free principles, could now be transferred to this continent to carry out here the tyrannical system which was fast covering her with

infamy abroad. Recoiling from the impregnable coast that hurled back her fleets in the North, she projected a grand descent on the more feebly protected Southern cities.

In the meantime, General Harrison having resigned his command in the army, Jackson was appointed major-general in his place, and the protection of the coast, near the mouth of the Mississippi, intrusted to his care. Pensacola was then under Spanish authority, and as the resort of British emissaries, who stirred up the surrounding savages to massacre and bloodshed, had long occupied his thoughts, and he was determined to take active measures against it. In August, he sent Captain Gordon to reconnoitre the place, who reported, on his return, that he had seen a number of soldiers and several hundred savages in British uniform under drill by British officers. Jackson immediately despatched this report to government. Under such a palpable violation of treaty stipulations there was only one course to be pursued, and Gen. Armstrong, the Secretary of War, issued an order authorising Jackson to attack the town. This order was made out; but, by some mysterious process, was so long in getting into the post-office, that it never reached its destination till the 17th of January the next year. Jackson waited patiently for the sanction of his government to move forward, not wishing that his first important

step as Major-General in the regular army should meet the disapproval of those who had entrusted him with power. But a proclamation, issued by a British officer named Nicholls, and dated Pensacola, calling on all the negroes and savages, nay, even the Americans themselves, to rally to the British standard, put an end to his indecision, and he immediately made preparations to attack the place.

In the meantime, Nicholls made an attempt on Fort Bowyer, a small redoubt, garrisoned by one hundred and twenty men, and defended by twenty pieces of cannon. This fortress commanded the entrance from the Gulf to Mobile. To capture it, four British ships, carrying ninety guns, and a land force of over seven hundred men, started from Pensacola on the 12th of September. On the 15th, the ships took up their position within musket-shot of the fort, and opened their fire. The land force, in the meantime, had gained the rear, and commenced an attack. Major Lawrence, with the gallant garrison under his command, met this double onset with the coolness of a veteran. Scattering the motley collection under Nicholls, with a few discharges of grape-shot, he turned his entire attention to the vessels of war. Being in such close range, the cannonading on both sides was terrific. The incessant and heavy explosions shook that little redoubt to its foundations; but at the end of three hours, the smoke slowly curled

away from its battered sides, revealing the flag still flying aloft, and the begrimed cannoniers standing sternly beside their heated pieces. The firing of the enemy had ceased, and the ship *Hermes* disabled, was drifting on a sand-bank, while the other vessels were crowding all sail seaward. The former soon after grounded within six hundred yards of the fort, whose guns opened on her anew with such tremendous effect that, out of the one hundred and seventy who composed her crew, only twenty escaped. The other ships suffered severely, and the total loss of the enemy was one ship burned, and two hundred and thirty-two men killed and wounded, while only eight of the garrison were killed. Nicholls effected his retreat to Pensacola, where the governor received him as his guest, and threw open the public stores to the soldiers. On the flag-staff of the fort were "entwined the colors of Spain and England," as if on purpose to announce that all neutrality was at an end.

These things coming to Jackson's ear, he resolved without delay, to get possession of the town and fort, "peaceably if he could, forcibly if he must." He immediately hastened to Fort Montgomery, where he had assembled four thousand men, and putting himself at their head, in four days encamped within two miles of the place. This was on the 6th of November, and he at once despatched a flag to the

Spanish governor, disclosing his object and purpose. The messenger was fired upon from the fort, and compelled to return. Jackson's fiery nature was instantly aroused by this insult, yet remembering that he was acting without the sanction of government, he resolved still to negotiate. Having, at length, succeeded in opening a correspondence with the governor, he told him that he had come to take possession of the town, and hold it for Spain till she was able to preserve her neutrality. The governor refusing entirely to be relieved from his charge, Jackson put his columns in motion and marched straight on the town. At the entrance, a battery of two cannon opened on his central column; but being speedily carried by storm, together with two fortified houses, the troops, with loud shouts, pressed forward, and in a few minutes were masters of the place. The Spanish governor no sooner saw the American soldiers with loud hurrahs inundating the streets, than he rushed forward, imploring mercy, and promising an immediate surrender. Jackson at once ordered the recall to be sounded, and retired without the town. The commandant of the fort, however, refused to surrender it, when Jackson ordered an assault. The former wisely averted the approaching blow by lowering his flag. The British fled, taking with them their

allies, four hundred of whom being negroes, were carried to the West Indies, and sold for slaves.

Having thus chastised the Spanish governor, and broken up the plans laid to renew the Indian war, Jackson took up his march for New Orleans, which he knew would be the chief point of attack. He established his head-quarters there, on the 1st of December; and three days after, the news that a large British fleet was approaching the coast, spread like wild-fire through the city. The report was soon confirmed, and Jackson, whom danger always tranquillized, while it filled him with tenfold energy, began to prepare for the approaching shock. New Orleans, numbering at that time only thirty thousand inhabitants, was but recently purchased from France, and the population, being composed mostly of those in whose veins flowed Spanish and French blood, did not feel the same patriotic ardor that animated the Eastern cities. Many were known to be hostile, and were suspected of carrying on treasonable correspondence with the enemy. Feeling that he had but a slender hold on the city, and knowing that secret foes watched and reported all his movement, Jackson was compelled to act with extreme caution.

This hostility, as it were, in his own camp, added immensely to the embarrassments that surrounded him. But calm, keen, resolute, tireless, and full of

courage, he soon inspired the patriotic citizens with confidence. Resources they had not dreamed of, sprang up at his bidding. But it needed all the renown he had won, and all his personal influence, to impart the faintest promise of success.

He had brought only a portion of his troops with him from Pensacola. But no sooner did he arrive, than he inspected narrowly the inlets, bayous, and channels, marked out the location of works, ordered obstructions raised, and then called on the different States to send him help. A thousand regulars were immediately ordered to New Orleans, while the Tennessee militia, under General Carrol, and the mounted riflemen, under General Coffee, hastened as of old, to his side. Concealing as much as possible the weakness of his force, and the bad appointments of many of the soldiers, he strained every nerve to increase the means of defence. The French inhabitants forgot their hostility to the Americans in the greater hate of the English, while many others, who, hitherto, had taken little or no interest in the war, roused by the sudden danger that threatened them, flew to arms. The free negroes and refugees from St. Domingo, formed themselves into a black regiment, and were incorporated into the army. Jackson's energy and courage soon changed the whole current of feeling, and, day and night, the sounds of martial preparation echoed along the streets of

the city. The excitement swelled higher and higher, as the hostile fleet gradually closed towards the mouth of the Mississippi. But one thought occupied every bosom,—one topic became the theme of all conversation. Consternation and courage moved side by side; for while the most, believed Jackson to be invincible, others, carefully weighing the force of the armament approaching, could not but anticipate discomforture and destruction. Nor was this surprising; for a fleet of more than eighty sail, under the command of Admiral Cochrane, carrying on their decks eleven thousand veteran troops, fresh from the bloody fields of Spain, and led by men of renown, was steadily advancing on the city. Besides this formidable land force, there were twelve thousand seamen and marines. The facts alone were sufficient to cause anxiety and alarm; but rumor magnified them fourfold. To resist all this, New Orleans had no vessels of war, no strong fortresses, no army of veteran troops. General Jackson, with his undisciplined and half-armed yeomanry, alone stood between the city and destruction. He was not ignorant of the tremendous force advancing against him; but still he was calm and resolute. To the panic-stricken women, who roamed the streets, filling the air with shrieks and cries of alarm, he said, “*The enemy shall never reach the city.*” Their fears at once subsided, for he had the strange power of

infusing his own confidence into all who surrounded him.

New Orleans, situated on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, was accessible not only through the various mouths of the river, but also with small vessels through lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain, and was therefore a difficult city to defend, for no one could tell by what way, or by how many ways the enemy would approach. Jackson saw that he would be compelled to divide his forces in order to guard every avenue. In the meantime, while he watched the approaching force, he kept his eye on the city. The press did not manfully sustain him, and the legislature, then in session, looked upon his actions with suspicion, if not with hostile feelings. Although a native of another State, and having no personal interest in the fate of the place, whose authorities treated him with coldness, he, nevertheless, determined to save it at all hazards, and while apparently bending his vast energies to meet an external foe, boldly assumed the control of the city, declared martial law, and when Judge Hall liberated a traitor whom he had imprisoned, sternly ordered the Judge himself into confinement.

At length, on the 9th of December, the excited inhabitants were told that the British fleet had reached the coast; sixty sail being seen near the mouth of the Mississippi. Commodore Patterson

immediately despatched Lieutenant Jones with five gun-boats to watch its motions. This gallant commander, in passing through Lake Borgne, discovered that the enemy, instead of approaching direct by the river, was advancing up the lakes. In hovering around them to ascertain their designs, he unfortunately got becalmed, and in that position was attacked by forty barges, containing twelve hundred men. Notwithstanding he had under him less than two hundred men, he refused to surrender, and gallantly returned the fire of the enemy. For a whole hour he stubbornly maintained the unequal contest; but, at length, after killing nearly double his entire force, he was compelled to strike his flag. The British had now complete control of lakes Ponchartrain and Borgne, and advancing up the latter, entered a canal, and finally effected a landing on the levee, about eight miles from the city. This levee acts as a bank to keep the river from the inland, which is lower than the surface of the water. This levee, or bank, varies in width from a few hundred yards to two or three miles, and is covered with plantations. Thus, now almost like a causeway, and again like an elevated plateau, it stretches away from the city, with the river on one side, and an impassable swamp on the other.

The forts that commanded the river were, by this manœuvre of the enemy, rendered comparatively



useless, and an open road to the city lay before him. Jackson no sooner heard that the British had effected a landing, than he determined at once to attack them before their heavy artillery and the main body of the army could be brought forward. On the 23d, therefore, a few hours after they had reached the banks of the Mississippi, his columns were in motion, and by evening halted within two miles of the hostile force. His plans were immediately laid,—the schooner of war, *Caroline*, commanded by Commodore Patterson, was ordered, soon after dark, to drop quietly down the river, and anchor abreast the British encampment. General Coffee, with between six and seven hundred men, was directed to skirt the swamp to the left of the levee, and gain, undiscovered, the enemy's rear; while he himself, with thirteen hundred troops, would march directly down the river along the highway, and assail them in front. The *Caroline* was to give the signal for a general attack. She, unmolested, swept noiselessly down with the current, gained her position, dropped her anchors, and opened her fire. The thunder and blaze of her guns, as grape-shot and balls came rattling and crashing into the camp of the British, were the first intimation they received of an attack. At the same time, Generals Coffee and Jackson gave the orders to advance. Night had now arrived, and although there was a moon, the fast rising mist from

the swamps and river mingling with the smoke of the guns, so dimmed her light that objects could be discerned only a short distance, save the watch-fires of the enemy, which burned brightly through the gloom. Guided by these, Coffee continued to advance, when suddenly he was met by a sharp fire. The enemy, retiring before the shot of the Caroline, had left the bank of the river, not dreaming of a foe in their rear. Coffee was taken by surprise; but this gallant commander had been in too many perilous scenes to be disconcerted, and ordering the charge to be sounded, he swept the field before him.

Again and again the British rallied, only to be driven from their position. At length they made a determined stand in a grove of orange trees, behind a ditch which was lined with a fence. But the excited troops charged boldly over the ditch, fence, and all, and lighting up the orange grove with the fire of their guns, and awakening its echoes with their loud huzzas, pressed fiercely after the astonished enemy, and forced them back to the river. Here the latter turned at bay, and for half an hour maintained a determined fight. But being swept by such close and destructive volleys, they at length clambered down the levee, and turning it into a breast-work, repelled every attempt to dislodge them.

In the meantime, Jackson had advanced along

the river. Guided by the guns of the *Caroline*, and the rockets of the enemy, that rose hissing from the gloom, he pressed swiftly forward. He had given directions to move by heads of companies, and, as soon as they reached the enemy, to deploy into line, which was to be extended till it joined that of General Coffee, thus forcing the British back upon the river, and keeping them under the guns of the *Caroline*. But, instead of doing this, they formed into line at the outset. The levee being wide where they formed, no inconvenience was felt from this marching order; but, as it grew narrower, the left wing was gradually forced in, and being a little in advance, crowded and drove back the centre, creating confusion and arresting its progress. The troops, however, continued to advance, and soon came upon the enemy, entrenched behind a deep ditch. Jackson, perceiving at a glance the advantage of their position, ordered it to be charged. The troops marched up to the edge of the ditch, poured one destructive volley over, then leaped after. The British retired behind another, and another, only to be again forced to retreat. At length, Jackson halted; the enemy had withdrawn into the darkness, the *Caroline* had almost ceased her fire, while but random volleys were heard in the direction of Coffee's brigade. The uproar had ceased around him, while the rapidly increasing fog shrouded everything in gloom. Finding, too, that his left wing had

got into inextricable confusion, and that a part of Coffee's troops were in no better condition, he determined to withdraw.

He had laid his plans with skill, and entertained no doubt of success; and but for the fact that the Caroline commenced her fire a little too early, and that the after false movement of his left wing prevented the rapid advance of the centre, he no doubt would have slain or captured nearly the whole three thousand opposed to him. But night attacks are always subject to failure through mistakes caused by the darkness, especially if the movements are at all complicated. A sudden, heavy onset, overturning everything before it,—a single, concentrated blow, like the fall of an avalanche,—are best fitted for the night.

Still, Jackson did not despair of success, and determined at daybreak, to renew the attack. But it was soon ascertained, from prisoners and deserters, that by morning the enemy would be six thousand strong, making a disparity against him he could not hope to overcome. He therefore fell back to a deep ditch that stretched from the Mississippi, across the entire levee, to the swamp. Behind this he arrayed his troops, resolved, since nothing else could be done, to make there a determined stand. In his unsuccessful assault, he had lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, two hundred and forty men; while the enemy had been weakened by nearly double that number.

Still, his plans had failed. One disaster after another had overtaken him, till now all his hopes rested on a bold and desperate battle. The gun-boats had been destroyed, leaving the lakes open to the enemy's ships. All the passes to the city had been guarded in vain. Through an unimportant and almost unknown canal, the enemy had passed unmolested, and landed where nothing but undisciplined troops lay between him and the city. Too strong to be assailed, the British could now complete their arrangements and array their strength at leisure. Undismayed, however, and unshaken in his confidence, Jackson gathered his little band behind this single ditch, and coolly surveyed his chances. He knew the history and character of the troops opposed to him ; he knew also how uncertain untrained militia were in a close and hot engagement. Still, he had resolved to try the issue in a great battle. No sooner was this determination taken, than he set about increasing the strength of his position with every means in his power. He deepened and widened the ditch ; and where it terminated in the swamp, cut down the trees, thus extending the line still farther in, to prevent being outflanked. The gallant Coffee was placed here, who, with his noble followers, day after day, and night after night, stood knee-deep in the mud, and slept on the brush they piled together to keep them from the water. Sluices were also opened in

the levee, and the waters of the Mississippi turned on the plain, covering it breast-deep. The earth was piled still higher on the edge of the ditch; cotton bales were brought and covered over, to increase the breadth and depth of the breastwork. With a will unyielding as fate itself, tireless energy, and a frame of iron to match, Jackson no sooner set his heart on a great object, than he toiled towards it with a resolution—nay, almost fierceness—that amazed men. Night and day the soldiers were kept at work, the sound of the spade and pickaxe never ceased, while the constant rolling of wheels was heard, as wagons and carts sped to and from the city. Jackson, with his whole nature roused to the highest pitch of excitement, moved amid this busy scene, its soul and centre. Impervious to fatigue, he worked on when others sank to rest; and at midday and midnight, he was seen reviewing his troops, or traversing the trenches to cheer the laborers, and for four days and nights scarcely took a moment's rest.

In addition to the breastwork he was rearing on the east bank, he ordered General Morgan to take position on the right bank, opposite his line, and fortify it. To prevent the ships from ascending the river to co-operate with the army, he despatched Major Reynolds to obstruct and defend the pass of Barataria,—the channel through which they would in all probability attempt to approach.

In the meantime, the British were not idle. They had deepened the canal through which they had effected a landing, and thus assisted by the high waters of the Mississippi, been able to bring up larger boats, loaded with the heavy artillery.

On the third day, a battery was observed, erected opposite the *Caroline*, which, after the good service she did in the night attack, had floated to the opposite shore, where she continued to annoy the enemy. Jackson knew her perilous position, but there had been no wind sufficiently strong to enable her to stem the rapid current; and, on the morning of the 27th, the battery opened on her with shells and red-hot shot. She was soon in a blaze; and the crew, seeing the attempt to save her useless, escaped to the shore. Soon after, she blew up, with a heavy explosion.

The next day, Sir Edward Pakenham ordered an attack on the American works. The columns advanced in beautiful order, and at the distance of half a mile opened their batteries, and, with bombshells and sky-rockets, endeavored to send confusion among the American militia. But the guns of the latter were admirably served, and told with great effect on the exposed ranks of the enemy. The Louisiana sloop of war, that lay opposite the American line, swung her broadside so as to bear on the advancing columns, and raked them with such a deadly fire that

the assault was abandoned, and the army returned to its camp, with the loss of over a hundred men, while that of the Americans was but seven killed and eight wounded. But among the slain of the latter was Colonel Henderson, of the Tennessee militia, a man deeply lamented.

Events were now evidently approaching a crisis; and the anxiety and interest deepened daily and hourly. To add to the weight which already pressed the heart of Jackson, he was told that the legislature had become frightened, and was discussing the propriety of surrendering the city. He immediately sent a despatch to Governor Clairborne, ordering him to watch its proceedings, and the moment such a project should be fairly formed, to place a guard at the door of the chamber, and shut the members in. In his zeal and warm-hearted patriotism, the governor determined to make sure work of it, and so turned the whole of them *out* of doors. Just before the execution of this high-handed measure, a committee of the legislature waited on Jackson, to inquire what he designed to do if compelled to abandon his position. "If," he replied, "I thought the hair of my head could divine what I should do, I would cut it off forthwith. Go back with this answer: say to your honorable body that if disaster does overtake me, and the fate of war drives me from my line to the city, *that they may expect to have a warm session.*"

To one who asked him afterwards what he would have done in such an emergency, he said, "I would have retreated to the city, *fired it*, and *fought the enemy amid the surrounding flames.*" A more heroic speech never fell from the lips of a commander. New Orleans in flames and Jackson charging down its blazing streets, would have presented one of the most frightful exhibitions furnished in the annals of the war.

The British, after the attack of the 28th, occupied their whole time in landing heavier cannon. Having completed their arrangements, they resolved, on the 1st of January, to make another attempt on the American works. The New Year opened with a heavy fog, which shrouded the whole plain and British encampment from sight. But, from its mysterious bosom, ominous, muffled sounds arose, which were distinctly heard in every part of the American line; and the troops stood to arms. At length, as the sun gathered strength, the fog lifted and parted; and no sooner did the enemy, who had advanced their batteries within six hundred yards of the American intrenchments, see their long, black line stretching through the haze, than a tremendous burst of artillery shook the solid levee on which it stood. A flight of Congreve rockets followed, crossing and recrossing the heavens in all directions, and weaving a fiery network over the heads of the astonished but undaunted

Americans. The first heavy explosion sent Jackson to the lines; and luckily for him it did; for the British having been shown by a spy the house which he occupied, they directed a battery upon it, and in a few minutes it was riddled with balls. The American artillery replied, and it was a constant roar of cannon till noon, when most of the English batteries being beaten down or damaged, ceased their fire. One near the river continued to play on the American works till three o'clock, when it also became silent, and the enemy, baffled at every point, retired sullenly to his camp.

The two armies, each expecting reinforcements, now rested for a week from decisive hostilities. In the meantime, Jackson continued to strengthen his works and discipline his men. A Frenchman having come to him to complain of damage done to his property, the latter replied that, as he seemed to be a man of property, he knew of no one who had a better right to defend it, and, placing a musket in his hands, ordered him into the ranks.

During this week of comparative repose, New Orleans and the two hostile camps presented a spectacle of the most thrilling interest. The British army lay in full view of the American lines, their white tents looking, amid the surrounding water, like clouds of sail resting on the bosom of the river, while, at intervals, a random shot, or the morning and evening gun, sent

their stern challenge to the foe. There was marching and countermarching, strains of martial music, and all the confused sounds of a camp life, while to them the American intrenchment, which stretched in a dark line across the plain, seemed silent as death, except when a solitary gun sent forth its sullen defiance. At intervals, in different parts of the plain, would be heard the rattle of musketry, as skirmishing parties encountered each other. To the farmers, merchants, mechanics, and youths, who lay behind that breastwork, the scene and the thoughts it awakened were new. Behind them stood their homes; before them, the veterans of Spain, whom, in a few days, they were to meet in final combat. In the city, the excitement kept increasing; but after the first battle, the patriotism of the population received a new impulse. In the night attack many of the troops had lost all their clothing except that which they wore on their backs, and hence soon began to suffer. No sooner was this known to the ladies than their fair hands were in motion; and in a short time the wants of the soldiers were supplied.

In the meantime, the long-expected Kentucky troops, upwards of two thousand strong, arrived. Courier after courier had been sent to hurry their march; and the last day had been one of incredible toil and speed. Only five hundred of them, however, had muskets; the rest were armed with fowl-

ing-pieces, and such weapons as they could lay their hands on. Nor were there any means of supplying them, so that the accession of strength was comparatively trifling. General Lambert, too, had reinforced the British with several thousand veteran troops. A canal had been widened through the levee, by which boats were transported to the Mississippi for that portion of the army which was destined to act against the fortifications on the west bank, commanded by General Morgan; and now nothing remained to be done but advance at once to the assault of the American intrenchments, or abandon the expedition. The latter alternative was not to be contemplated; and, on the night of the 7th, Jackson, surveying the encampment through his glass, discovered unmistakable evidence that the enemy was meditating an important movement. The camp was in commotion; the boats which had been dragged through the canal, and now lay moored to the levee, were being loaded with artillery and munitions of war, and everything betokened a hot to-morrow. Coffee still held the swamp on the left; Carroll, with his Tennesseans, the centre; while Jackson, with the regulars under him, commanded in person the right, resting on the river. Behind Carroll were placed the Kentuckians, under General Adair:—in all, less than four thousand effective men. This was the position of affairs as the

Sabbath morning of the 8th of January began to dawn. The light had scarcely streaked the east, when the inhabitants of New Orleans were startled from their slumbers by an explosion of cannon that shook the city. The battle had opened. Under cover of the night, heavy batteries had been erected within eight hundred yards of the American intrenchments, and, the moment the fog lifted above them, they opened their fire. A rocket, rising through the mist near the swamp, and another answering it from the shore, announced that all was ready. The next moment, two columns, eight or nine thousand strong,—one moving straight on Carroll's position, the other against the right of the intrenchments,—swept in double quick step across the plain. Three thrilling cheers rose over the dark intrenchments at the sight, and then all was still again.

The levee here was contracted to four hundred yards in width, and as the columns, sixty or seventy deep, crowded over this avenue, every cannon on the breastwork was trained upon them by Barratarian and French engineers, and the moment they came within range, a murderous fire opened. Frightful gaps were made in the ranks at every discharge, which were closed by living men only the next moment to be re-opened.

The Americans stood with their hands clenched

around their muskets, gazing with astonishment on this new, unwonted scene. The calm and steady advance under such an incessant and crushing fire carried with it the prestige of victory. As they approached the ditch, the columns swiftly, yet beautifully displayed, and under the cover of blazing bombs and sky-rockets, that filled the air in every direction, and stooped hissing over the American works, pressed forward, with loud cheers, to the assault. Nothing but cannon had hitherto spoken from that low breastwork; but as those two doomed columns reached the farthest brink of the ditch, the word "Fire" ran along the American line,—the next moment the intrenchments were in a blaze. It was a solid sheet of flame rolling on the foe. Stunned by the tremendous and deadly volleys, the front ranks stopped and sunk in their footsteps, like snow when it meets the stream. But high over the thunder of cannon were heard the words of command, and drums beating the charge; and still bravely breasting the fiery sleet, the ranks pressed forward, but only to melt away on the brink of that fatal ditch. Jackson, with flashing eye and flushed brow, rode slowly along the lines, cheering the men, and issuing his orders, followed by loud huzzas as he passed. From the effect of the American volleys, he knew, if the troops stood firm, the day was his own, and with stirring appeals and confident words he roused

them to the same enthusiasm which animated his breast and beamed from his face. The soldiers of Gen. Adair, stationed in the rear of Carrol, loaded for those in front, so there was no cessation to the fire. It was a constant flash and peal along the whole line. Every man was a marksman, every shot told, and no troops in the world could long withstand such a destructive fire. The front of battle, torn and rent, wavered to and fro on the plain, when Pakenham galloped up, and riding bravely through the shaking ranks, for a moment restored order. The next moment he reeled from his saddle mortally wounded. Generals Gibbs and Keane, while nobly struggling to rally the men, were also shot down, and the maddened columns turned and fled. Lambert, hastening up with the reserve, met the fugitives, and endeavored, but in vain, to arrest the flight. They never halted till they reached a ditch four hundred yards distant, into which they flung themselves to escape the scourging fire that pursued them. Here he at last rallied them to another charge. The bleeding column, strengthened by the reserve, again advanced sternly, but hopelessly, into the deadly fire, and attempted to deploy. It was a last vain effort,—it was like charging down the mouth of a volcano, and the troops again broke and fled, smote at every step by the batteries. Col. Kennie led the attack against the redoubt on the right, and

succeeded in entering, but found there his grave. Driven forth, the troops sought safety in flight; but the fire that pursued them was too fatal, and they throw themselves into a ditch, where they lay sheltered till night, and then stole away under cover of the darkness.

The ground in front of the American intrenchments presented a frightful spectacle. It was red with the blood of men. The space was so narrow on which they had fought, that the dead literally cumbered the field.

The sun of that Sabbath morning rose in blood, and before he had advanced an hour on his course, a multitude of souls "unhousel, unanneled," had passed to the stillness of eternity. New Orleans never before witnessed such a Sabbath morning. Anxiety and fear sat on every countenance. The road towards the American encampment was lined with trembling listeners, and tearful eyes were bent on the distance to catch the first sight of the retreating army. But when the thunder and tumult ceased, and word was brought that the Americans still held the entrenchments, and that the British had retreated in confusion, there went up a long, glad shout,—the bells of the churches rang out a joyous peal, and hope and confidence revived in every bosom.

The attack on the right bank of the river had been

successful, and but for the terrible havoc on the left shore, this stroke of good fortune might had changed the results of the day. The fort, from which Gen. Morgan had fled, commanded the interior of Jackson's entrenchments, and a fire opened from it would soon have shaken the steadiness of his troops. But Col. Thornton, who had captured it, seeing the complete overthrow of the main army, soon after abandoned it.

The Americans, with that noble-hearted generosity which had distinguished them on every battle-field, hurried forth, soon as the firing was over, to succor the wounded, who they knew had designed to riot amid their own peaceful dwellings. "Beauty and booty," was the watchword in an orderly-book found on the battle-field; and though there is not sufficient reason to believe that the city would have been given over to rapine and lust, yet no doubt great excesses would have been tolerated. The recent conduct of the English troops on the Atlantic coast, where no such resistance had been offered to exasperate the troops, furnished grounds for the gravest fears.

The British in this attack outnumbered the Americans about two to one, and yet the loss on the part of the latter was only *thirteen* killed and wounded, while that of the former was nearly two thousand.

An armistice was soon after concluded, and the British were allowed to retreat unmolested to their ships. The sails of that proud fleet, whose approach had sent such consternation through the hearts of the inhabitants, were seen lessening in the horizon with feelings of unspeakable joy and triumph. All danger had now passed away, and Jackson made his triumphal entry into the city. The bells were rung, maidens dressed in white, strewed flowers in his path, the heavens echoed with acclamations, and blessings unnumbered were poured on his head.

But as there had been foes and traitors to the American cause from the first appearance of the British fleet, so there were those now who stirred up strife, and by anonymous articles published in one of the city papers, endeavored to sow dissensions among the troops. It would, no doubt, have been better for Jackson, in the fulness of his triumph, and in the plenitude of his power, to have overlooked this. But these very men he knew had acted as spies while the enemy lay before his entrenchments, causing him innumerable vexations, and endangering the cause of the country, and he determined as martial law had not yet been repealed, to seize the offenders. He demanded of the editor the name of the writer of a certain article, who proved to be a member of the legislature. He then applied to Judge Hall for a writ of habeas corpus, which was

granted, and the recreant statesman was thrown into prison. Soon after, martial law being removed, Judge Hall issued an attachment against Jackson for contempt of court, and he was brought before him to answer interrogatories. This he refused to do, and asked for the sentence. The judge, still smarting under the remembrance of his former arrest by Jackson, fined him a thousand dollars. A burst of indignation followed this sentence, and as the latter turned to enter his carriage, the crowd around seized it, and dragged it home with shouts. The fine was paid immediately; but in a few hours the outraged citizens refunded the sum to the general. He, however, refused it, requesting it to be appropriated to a charitable institution. Judge Hall by this act secured for himself the fame of the man who, to figure in history, fired the temple of Delphos.

The arbitrary manner in which Jackson disposed of the State legislature and judges of the court, became afterwards the subject of much discussion, and during his political life the ground of heavy accusations. If the contest is respecting the *manner* in which he assumed arbitrary power, it is not worth discussing. But if, on the other hand, the assumption of the power at all is condemned, then the whole thing turns on the necessities of the case, and whether that use was made of it which the general good and not personal feelings required. That it was necessary,

we have no doubt. He had a right, as commander-in-chief of the army in that section to whom the defence of the Southern frontier had been intrusted, to force the civil power into obedience to the orders of the general government. He was to defend and save New Orleans, and if the civil power proved treacherous or weak, it was his duty to see that it did not act against him while plainly in the path of his duty. New Orleans so considered it; and six years after, the corporation appropriated fifty thousand dollars to the erection of a marble statue of him in the city. Congress thought so, when, thirty years after, it voted the repayment of the fine, with interest, from the date it was inflicted.

Jackson remained in New Orleans till March, when he was relieved by General Gaines. On taking leave of his troops, who, by their cheerful endurance of hardships and their bravery, had become endeared to him, he issued an address full of ecomiums on their conduct, and expressions of love for their character. He concluded by saying, "Farewell, fellow-soldiers! The expression of your General's thanks is feeble; but the gratitude of a country of freemen is yours,—yours the applause of an admiring world." What a contrast does this man, covered with the laurels of his two recent campaigns, present to the captive boy, whose hand was brutally gashed by a subordinate British officer, because he refused to black his boots!

This world has changes. The lad with his eye to the knot-hole at Camden watching the defeat of the American troops with anguish, and the hero gazing proudly on the flying columns of the veteran troops of the British empire, are the same in soul,—but how different in position! They say, “Time sets all things even.” In Jackson’s case, the wrongs done to his family by an oppressive nation, and the outrages he himself had received, were terribly avenged.

The country was once more at peace, and General Jackson turned his footsteps towards his peaceful home near Nashville. Acclamations, and bonfires, and salutes of artillery marked his progress; and “Old Hickory,” as he had been named, both from the firmness of his character, and from the “hickory grounds” where he prostrated the Creek nation, was in every one’s mouth.

Still holding his rank in the army, he was once more absorbed in agricultural pursuits, and the warrior became the peaceful farmer. He thus continued the life of an ordinary citizen for two years, when the troubles on the Southern frontier, arising from the depredations of the fugitive Creeks and Seminoles, together with runaway slaves, directed the attention of the government to him. General Gaines had been stationed on the frontiers to preserve peace; but instead of succeeding, he had lost one of his best officers, Lieutenant Scott, who with

forty-seven others, several of them women and children, were massacred in cold blood. A prompt, resolute, executive man, was evidently needed in that quarter, and Jackson was at once ordered to proceed to Fort Scott, and take command. He was authorized to call, if necessary, on the neighboring States for help; also, if circumstances should justify it, to cross the boundary line of Florida, on to Spanish ground. Putting himself at the head of the Tennessee volunteers, he repaired to the post assigned him. Finding that large bands of hostile negroes and Indians were protected by the Spanish authorities, either through fear or through enmity to the United States, he did not hesitate to cross the border. He marched at once into the Seminole towns, where strings of recent scalps attested the success of these marauders. Hastening on to St. Mark's, he found that it was virtually in possession of the enemy. Chiefs and warriors, and British incendiaries, carried on their machinations, and held their councils of war in the commandant's own quarters. He, therefore, at once demanded the surrender of the fort, to be garrisoned by American troops for the protection of American interests. A refusal being sent, he quietly marched his army into it, and seizing several British bandits, who were stirring up the Indians to massacre, made summary work with them. One Arbuthnot, an Indian trader, was tried by court-martial, and shot. Ambrister, formerly a lieutenant

in the British marine corps, received a milder sentence, which Jackson disapproved of. It was, therefore, reconsidered, and he, too, was shot. By this stern and decided action, having quelled the disturbances, he was about to dismiss the troops, when he received information that the Governor of Pensacola was giving protection to the hostile savages, furnishing them with ammunition, provisions, &c., and that a number had lately sallied out from that place and murdered eighteen Americans. On their return, they were received with favor by the Governor, and supplied with the means of escape from the pursuit of American troops. Enraged at this violation of treaty stipulations, Jackson, with twelve hundred men, took up his line of march for the town, scouring the country as he went. The Governor of West Florida, hearing of his approach, sent a stern protest against the invasion of his territory, and threatened, if he advanced farther, to repel him by force of arms. The next day the latter was in Pensacola. The terrified Governor fled to Fort Carlos de Barrancos. Thither the indefatigable American commander followed him, and soon the Stars and Stripes were floating above the fort. He then sent out small companies to overrun the surrounding country, and annihilate the small bands that still hung together.

Thus, in a short time, he finished the Seminole

campaign; and in June of the same year returned to the Hermitage.

The bold course he had taken, the responsibility he had assumed, demanded inquiry. Many blamed him for the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister,—others denounced his violation of Spanish territory. But his course, throughout, was sustained by the government; and next year, when Florida was ceded to the United States, the president appointed him commissioner to receive the provinces, and governor, endowed with all the civil and judicial, as well as military authority, which the Spanish governors had wielded. He accepted the appointment, though with reluctance, and in July, 1821, issued his gubernatorial proclamations at Pensacola. It was stipulated in the Treaty of Cession that all public documents and papers relating to the government should be surrendered. This, however, was not done; and Jackson having received a petition stating that papers affecting the rights of some orphan females were wrongfully kept back by the ex-governor Callava, and that they were now in the hands of a man named Sousa, ordered three officers to wait on the latter gentleman, and demand them. Refusing to surrender them, he was summoned to appear before the American Governor. He came; but stated he had sent the papers to the ex-governor. Jackson then despatched officers to the ex-governor, with orders to demand them,

and if he refused to give them up, to seize both him and his steward. The Governor treating the demand with contempt, he was unceremoniously walked off to Jackson. Refusing to surrender them to the latter also, he was locked up in prison. Next morning the papers were obtained, when the declaration of the petitioners was found to be true. Having obtained the papers, Jackson ordered the ex-governor to be released from confinement. The latter afterwards published a severe attack on him in one of the journals, and the high-handed measures of the American Governor, as they were called by many, were denounced in various quarters. But he took the same course with the ex-governor of East Florida with regard to important documents, who in turn protested against the act. Several Spanish officers attacked him through the newspapers, and attempted to create dissatisfaction and disturbance. Jackson disposed of them more effectually than he did of the ex-governors. Telling them that by the treaty they were to leave the provinces in six months after its ratification, and as the time had now more than expired, he would give them only a week to depart. They hurried away from the jurisdiction of a man whose blows followed his words so fast, and who seemed to have so little respect for Castilian blood. Murmurs and complaints can make but little progress against such prompt and decisive action, and

order and peace were soon restored. His health, however, failing, he was compelled to leave the direction of affairs in the hands of his secretaries, and return home.

It is not our province to discuss the conduct of Jackson in relation to the Seminole war, or his measures as governor. They were carefully sifted by the government, and approved of, and though afterwards used against him by political opponents, they have never been condemned by the only tribunal that has a right to adjudicate in the matter.

Jackson's health continuing feeble, he resigned his commission in the army, and became once more a private citizen. In 1823, President Monroe tendered him the office of minister plenipotentiary to México, which was declined. In the fall, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, and held his seat for two years. During this time he became a candidate for the presidency. It is well known that at the election in 1824, although he received more electoral votes than either of his three rivals, he did not obtain the majority over all combined, as required by the Constitution, and the election, therefore went to the House of Representatives, which threw its vote for John Quincy Adams.

The next campaign, of 1828, was of a violent character. Jackson was again a candidate, and party-spirit ran so high, and became so unscrupu-

lous, that the most monstrous accusations were brought against him. His services to his country seemed to be obliterated from the minds of his assailants, and hatreds were begun, and feelings engendered, whose desolating effects have scarcely yet passed away. Jackson, however, was triumphantly elected, having received a hundred and seventy-eight of the electoral votes, while but eighty-three were cast for Mr. Adams.

The removal of the Indian tribes, intimation of his approaching attack on the United States bank, and the avowal of a determination to adjust at once the northeastern boundary with Great Britain, then a bone of contention, and obtain payment of the claims of American citizens against France, were the chief topics of interest in his first inaugural. His veto of the bill which passed both houses of Congress in May, 1830, authorizing a subscription of stock in the "Maysville, Washington, Paris, and Lexington Turnpike Road Company," was an act which excited much discussion during the year 1830.

In '32, the bill to recharter the Bank of the United States passed both houses of Congress, but was vetoed by Jackson. Probably the currency of a country never received so sudden and disastrous a blow from the hand of its ruler, as ours did from this veto message.

But, notwithstanding the terrible derangement

into which the monoyed interests had been thrown, and the wide-spread denunciation of the arbitrary act that had effected it, he was in this year re-elected to the presidency by an overwhelming majority, receiving two hundred and nineteen votes, while Henry Clay received but forty-nine, John Floyd eleven from South Carolina, and William Wirt seven from Vermont.

During the first summer of his second administration, South Carolina openly proclaimed the right of secession from the confederacy. The organization of an army was commenced, and arms procured under the sanction of the State, to repel all attempts by the general government to execute the revenue laws, which she declared to be unjust in their operation on her. The strength of the tie that bound the Union together, was now to be tested. The power of a separate State to retire from the compact was no longer a *claim* loudly vaunted, it had been *assumed*, and now it was to be seen, whether the power of the Federal-government was only in words or whether it would dare to exercise it, if necessary, even at the bayonet's point. The attitude of this wayward, selfish, and disturbing State, had brought on a crisis, the termination of which would affect the history of our republic to remotest time. A weak and temporizing President, would, inevitably have produced a state of things from which the

Federal government must have emerged weakened in its authority and crippled in its power. The Union would have been a fiction and an unmixed republic the jest and bye-word of Europe. For such a crisis as South Carolina presented, no President since Washington was so well adapted as Jackson. The very executiveness of character—the readiness to assume responsibility, fearless of consequences—the frightful energy with which he executed what he thought to be right—qualities and characteristics certain to lead to error in the ordinary course of calm legislation, were just what was wanted in this collision between a State and the Union. The same determination which overawed the lawless frontier men of Tennessee, quelled mutiny in his army, and frightened into inactivity the discontented spirits of New Orleans, shone forth conspicuously and gloriously here. He immediately garrisoned the fortifications in that State, and in his next annual message called on Congress to attend to this matter.—Still pursuing her treasonable course, South Carolina declared officially that the acts of Congress to which she had objected, were null and void. This was followed by Jackson's famous proclamation, which remains to this day, the noblest monument to his memory.—Planting himself on the Constitution, he calmly, yet irresistibly struck down every argument used by the State, made clear as

noonday the duty of the Federal government, and then appealed to his native State in the language of true patriotism, calling on his fellow-citizens to remember her Sumter's, Rutledges, and Pinckneys, to remember the glorious Union, for which they had fought, and implored heaven to preserve them from the guilt of "TREASON." In the meantime, he took steps which clearly indicated the course he had resolved to pursue. His well-known character—the promptness and fearlessness with which he executed his plans—the absolute certainty that his blow would exceed the threat that preceded it, and that in pursuing the path of his duty, he would walk unflinchingly over State authority; local legislature, armed citizens, and prostrate towns, awed the clamorous, and hushed into silence the loud-talking politicians, who delighted in high-sounding speeches, but swerved from an encounter, which was to be so deadly and final. A thousand errors growing out of such an executive character and affecting only the financial affairs of a nation, could be forgiven for one act, springing from the same source, that preserved the integrity of the Union. His conduct in this crisis is a precedent for all our future chief magistrates; and taking into consideration not the *possible* but the *probable* evils which are to threaten us, will more than compensate for the dangerous and unconstitutional use which he made of the veto

power. Now that the hatred and injustice of party spirit have passed away, or been buried in the true patriot's grave, we can look calmly on his political life. His conduct towards the United States Bank, cannot be justified. Granting the corruption of that institution and the abuse of its influence and power, the duty of the President remained the same. The responsibility rested on Congress. In a republic, corruption and the abuse of public confidence is sure to be avenged in time, and the pecuniary loss which shall occur in the short interval between the crime and punishment, is not to be compared with the dangerous precedent set by a ruler who interferes with the ordinary course of legislation with his individual opinions, enforced through his official power. To re-charter the United States Bank, granting all to be true that was said of it (and of its corruption there can be no doubt,) would not have been so great a violation of the spirit of the Constitution, as was this stretch of the veto power, and the removal of the deposits in direct violation of the vote of Congress. Such conduct, if continued in and legitimately carried out, would end in making the Congress of the United States as destitute of authority and power as the French Senate and Assembly are under Louis Napoleon. It would, in fact, place the control of the legislative action entirely in the hands of the executive. The Constitution bestowed the veto power to

check plain and intentional violations of its decrees, not to arrest the natural course of legislation. In a republic, Congress has nothing to gain from the use of arbitrary power, but an individual may have much to gain. A corrupt institution is bad, but the establishment of a principle or precedent dangerous to representative freedom is worse. At first sight, it seems strange, that one with Jackson's democratic feelings and tendencies, should have departed so far in this respect, from all who had preceded him, from those even who believed in concentrating all the power that could be obtained from the Constitution and patronage in the executive. But, it must be remembered, that he not only always exhibited this contradiction of character, but it made him the remarkable man he was. He loved the untutored freedom of western life, but he allowed no discussion or remonstrance to interfere with the discharge of his duty. He loved the volunteer system, and called on the young men of his State as freemen to gather under his banner, but when there, he demanded implicit obedience to his commands, and paying no attention to remonstrances or menaces, punished with unrelenting severity those who refused. It is unjust and exhibits a narrow spirit to judge such a man by ordinary rules. Born evidently, to fulfil a certain destiny, he became a law, as it were, to himself, which those who denounce the strongest

at first, in the end are compelled to acknowledge as good in its general workings. Besides, the same independent, resolute, and fearless character, which, in the commencement of his career, prompted him to disobey the orders of the Secretary of War, to disband his troops,—the same which faced down a mutinous army, and carried him gloriously through the Creek Campaign—the same which laid violent hands on the legislature and court of a State, and finally triumphed over the veteran troops of England,—the same which to finish the Seminole war, hesitated not to march into the territory of another State,—the same which saved the republic from civil war and the Union from shipwreck, would inevitably lead in civil matters to the arbitrary use of power. A character so formed by nature, and educated by circumstances cannot bend to a course that wars with its convictions. To expect it is to expect impossibilities. The use of the veto power and the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank, were undoubtedly unconstitutional, if the definition of one of England's greatest historians of an unconstitutional act be correct, viz., "one that is a perilous innovation on former usages." In this respect, Jackson was like Tiberius Gracchus, one of the Roman tribunes, who forcibly removed Octavius, his colleague, because he vetoed his Agrarian bill. The speech by which the latter endeavored to justify

himself, reminds one forcibly of Jackson's defence. They were both made after the same model of Roman virtue and fearlessness, and while striving for the welfare of the people sometimes transgressed their legitimate powers, and like Vergniaud, the great and eloquent Girondin, were called upon to ponder that fearful problem which the latter uttered in the French Assembly, "Is a magistrate to be suffered constitutionally to ruin the Constitution?"

That Jackson revered the Constitution no impartial man can doubt; and yet the resolution introduced by Mr. Clay in the Senate, declaring that he had acted in derogation of it, is also true in fact. The passage of this resolution called forth a protest from the President, and it now stands on the records of that body, surrounded by a great black mark, put there by the expurgating act. The protest was an able one, and the closing sentences eloquent and noble. The imputation of acting from corrupt motives filled Jackson with sorrow. Said he: "I have lived in vain, if it be necessary to enter into a formal vindication of my character and motives from such an imputation. In vain do I bear upon my person enduring memorials of that contest in which American liberty was purchased,—in vain have I since perilled property, fame, and life, in defence of the rights and privileges so dearly bought,—in vain am I now, without a personal aspi-

ration or the hope of individual advantage, encountering responsibilities and dangers from which, by mere inactivity in relation to a single point, I might have been exempt,—if any serious doubts can be entertained as to the purity of my purposes and motives. If I had been ambitious, I should have sought an alliance with that powerful institution which, even now, aspires to no divided empire. If I had been venal, I should have sold myself to its designs. Had I preferred personal comfort and official ease to the performance of my arduous duty, I should have ceased to molest it. In the history of conquerors and usurpers, never, in the fire of youth, nor in the vigor of manhood, could I find an attraction to lure me from the path of duty; and now I shall scarcely find an inducement to commence their career of ambition, when gray hairs and a decaying frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, call me to the contemplation of other worlds, where conquerors cease to be honored, and usurpers expiate their crimes.

“The only ambition I can feel is, to acquit myself to Him to whom I must soon render an account of my stewardship, to serve my fellow-men, and live respected and honored in the history of my country. No! the ambition which leads me on is an anxious desire and a fixed determination to return to the people, unimpaired, the sacred trust they have

confided to my charge; to heal the wounds of the Constitution, and preserve it from further violation; to persuade my countrymen, so far as I may, that it is not in a splendid government, supported by powerful monopolies and aristocratical establishments, that they will find happiness, or their liberties protection, but in a plain system, void of pomp, protecting all, and granting favors to none, dispensing its blessings like the dews of heaven, unseen and unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty they contribute to produce. It is such a government that the genius of our people requires;—such an one only under which our States may remain, for ages to come, united, prosperous, and free. If the Almighty Being, who has hitherto sustained and protected me, will but vouchsafe to make my feeble powers instrumental to such a result, I shall anticipate with pleasure the place to be assigned me in the history of my country, and die contented with the belief that I have contributed, in some small degree, to increase the value, and prolong the duration of American liberty.”

There is a noble sorrow in this allusion to his services and suffering in the cause of his country's freedom,—a lofty candor in the declaration of the purity of his motives,—which it is impossible to resist. He loved his country above life or fame. A more patriotic heart never beat in a human bosom; and

It was the consciousness of this that gave him such a strong hold upon the heart of the American people.

This collision, however, between him and the Senate embittered the close of his administration; for, as he had disregarded the resolutions of that body, so they disregarded his nominations; and much hostility was engendered, which spread among the partisans of each.

France neglecting to pay the instalment agreed upon in the Convention of 1831, Jackson, in the message of 1833, recommended the passage of a law authorizing reprisals to be made on French property on the high seas. This bold and decided step aroused the anger of the French government; and our minister at Paris was offered his passports. Louis Philippe, however, thought better of it, paid the instalment, and, several years after, sent an artist to take Jackson's portrait, that he might hang it up beside that of Washington.

Just before the close of Jackson's second term, he was seized with a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, which completely prostrated him. He, however, sufficiently recovered to attend the inauguration of his successor, and then returned to the Hermitage. No president since the time of Washington ever wielded so great a political influence after his retirement as he. He was still the oracle of his party; and every

ear was turned to catch the words of counsel that should fall from his lips. Though feeble in health, he took a great interest in the politics of his country, and watched the course of public events with unceasing anxiety.

He lived eight years after his retirement from office, most of which time he spent on his estate. He was a member of the Presbyterian church; and, to accommodate his servants and family, built a house of worship on his own plantation. In 1845 his health began to fail rapidly. His disease was dropsy, from which he suffered great pain, so that, for months previous to his death, he was unable to lie down at all, and could get no sleep except by taking opiates. He bore all, however, with fortitude; and the principles which his mother had instilled into his youthful heart now began to bear their fruit. The hero of so many battles, and the fearless and desperate warrior, turned, with the meekness of a child, to the Bible for solace and support. 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 is come. I am ready to depart when called. The Bible is true. Upon that sacred volume I rest my hope of eternal salvation, through the merits and blood of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." Sunday morning, the 8th

of June, he swooned for a while, and it was supposed the spirit had fled. But, at length, reviving, he called around him his family and servants, and took his last farewell of them. Said he: "Do not grieve that I am about to leave you, for I shall be better off. Although I am afflicted with pain and bodily suffering, they are nothing, compared with the sufferings of the Saviour of the world, who was put to death on the accursed tree. I have fulfilled my destiny on earth; and it is better that this worn-out frame should go to rest, and my spirit take up its abode with the Redeemer." In this strain of religious feeling he continued, at intervals, to talk to those around him, gradually sinking lower and lower until evening, when he quietly passed away.

As memory runs back over the career of this indomitable man, one turns with amazement to this death-scene. What an exhibition of the power of religion to calm and subdue the passionate nature, and turn the lion into the lamb!

Andrew Jackson was one of the most remarkable men our country has produced. He was a type—although a somewhat exaggerated one—of the true American character. Kind and gentle in domestic life, prompt, fearless and inflexible as a soldier, rapid in his perceptions, and resolute in executing his plans, cool and courageous in the hour of danger, and generous and self-sacrificing to a fallen foe, he

had mingled in him the finest traits of a man. He had also the power of adapting himself to the situation he was in, and seemed always equal to every emergency. Warm in his attachments, and fierce in his anger, he had devoted friends, and bitter enemies. Irritable and impetuous, he, in moments of excitement, did many things that cannot be justified.

Perhaps the weakest point in his character was his inability to deny a friend a favor. He could say "No" to a foe, but not to one who loved him. From this failing, no doubt, sprung that bad feature of his administration which has now become a settled policy,—viz., the distribution of all places of profit or honor to partisans.

General Jackson was tall and thin;—a perfect Cassius, as all men of irritable and impetuous temperaments are; and it was the spirit, more than the body, that gave him such wonderful endurance. His blue eye, when no emotion mastered him, gave no indication of the terrible fire that lay beneath its kind expression; for, when suddenly roused by passion or danger, it shot forth lightning, and his large features were written all over with the soul on fire.

Honors were everywhere paid to his memory; and friends and foes acknowledged that a great man had fallen.