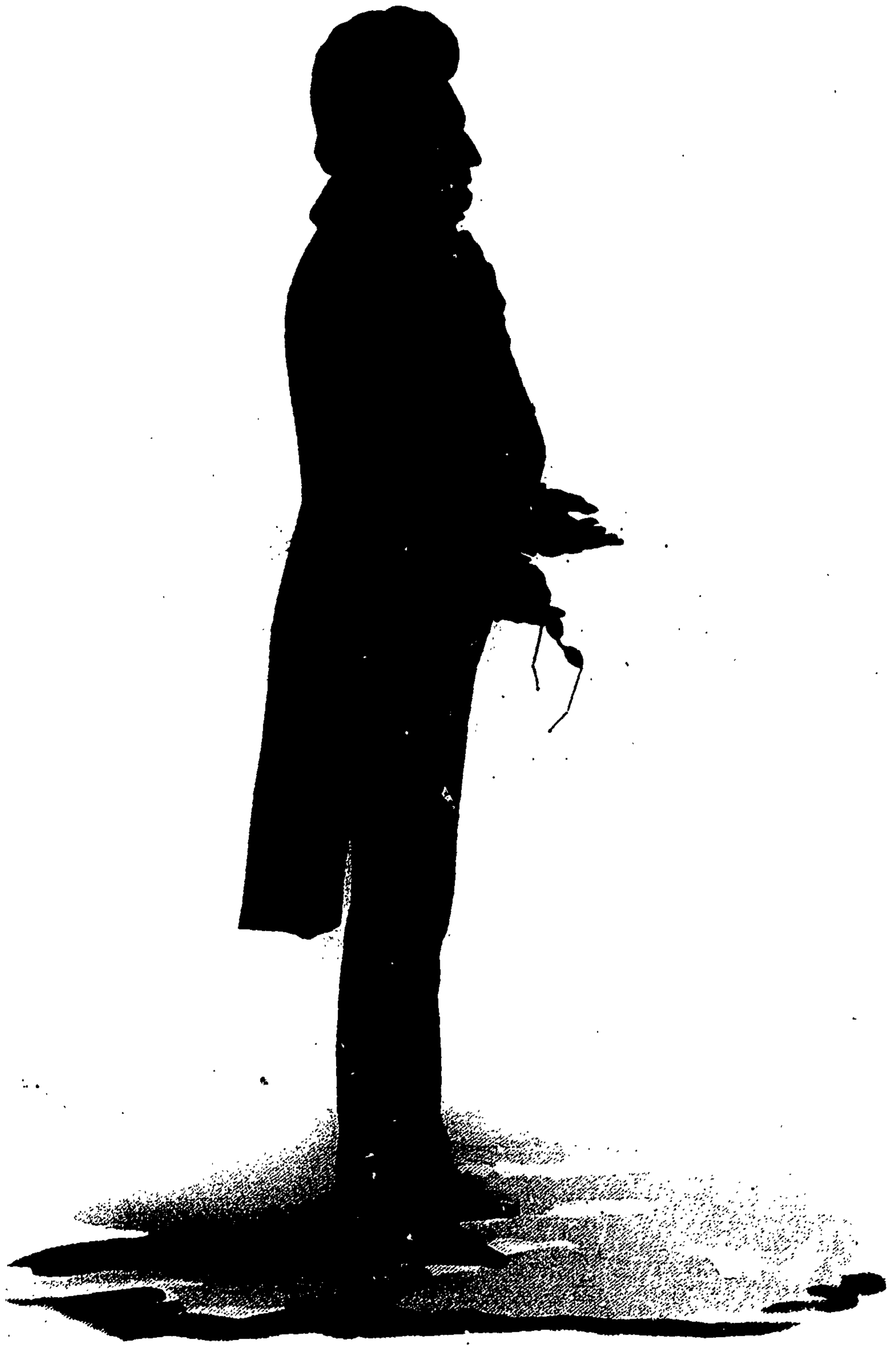


LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON.



W. B. Smith 1861

1861



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A N D R E W J A C K S O N .

I N T H R E E V O L U M E S .

B Y J A M E S P A R T O N ,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF AARON BURE," "HUMOROUS POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE," ETC.

~~~~~  
"DESPERATE COURAGE MAKES ONE A MAJORITY."  
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V O L I I .

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age, there to recruit his impaired energies by a brief period of repose. He had been absent from the Hermitage for the space of twenty-one months, with the exception of three weeks between the end of the Creek war and the beginning of the campaign of New Orleans. He needed rest almost as much as he deserved it. He had served his country well. In the way of fighting, nothing better has been done in modern times than the defense of the Gulf coast by Andrew Jackson and the men he commanded. His conduct of the two campaigns was admirable and noble. It will bear the closest examination, and the better it is understood the more it will be applauded. The success of General Jackson's military career was due to three separate exertions of his WILL: First, his resolve not to give up the Creek war, when Governor Blount advised it, when Coffee was sick, when the troops were flying homeward, when the General was almost alone in the wilderness. Second, his determination to clear the English out of Pensacola. Third, and greatest of all, his resolution to attack the British wherever and whenever they landed, no matter what the disparity of forces. It was that resolve that saved New Orleans. And it is to be observed of these measures that they were all irregular, contrary to precedent, "imprudent,"—measures which no council of war would have advised, and no secretary of war ordered; measures which, failing, all the world would have hooted at,—which, succeeding, the world can never praise enough.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GENERAL RETAINS HIS COMMISSION.

GENERAL JACKSON spent the summer months at the Hermitage, nursing his shattered constitution. Now that he was at home, he seemed to suffer more from his disease than he had during the fatigues and excitement of the late campaign.

He had always been an impetuous eater, fond of a liberal table, and accustomed to partake freely and largely of whatever good things were before him. He was one of those long, thin men, who ply a vigorous knife and fork all their days and never grow fat. He was liable to forget his complaint in the exhilaration of the table, and by eating as he had been wont formerly to eat bring on a relapse. The autumn, however, found him somewhat improved, and more habituated to control his eager appetite.

This was the summer, as we have just mentioned, of the Waterloo campaign. General Jackson watched its progress and followed the varying fortunes of the Emperor with the most intense interest. His sympathies were wholly and warmly with Napoleon, as they had always been. In 1814, when the news came that Marmont had surrendered Paris and that Napoleon was an exile, Jackson was greatly excited. "It was not Marmont," he would say, "that betrayed the Emperor; it was Paris. He should have done with Paris what the Russians did with Moscow—burnt it, sir, burnt it to the ground, and thrown himself on the country for support. So *I* would have done, and my country would have sustained me in it." It was all over now with the great Corsican, and General Jackson was one of those who lamented his fall.

Four months' rest at the Hermitage. In the cool days of October we find the General on horseback once more, riding slowly through Tennessee, across Virginia, toward the city of Washington—the whole journey a triumphal progress. At Lynchburgh, in Virginia, the people turned out *en masse* to greet the conqueror. A number of gentlemen rode out of town to meet him, one of whom saluted the General with an address, to which he briefly replied. Escorted into the town on the 7th of November, he was received by a prodigious assemblage of citizens and all the militia companies of the vicinity, who welcomed him with an enthusiasm that can be imagined. In the afternoon a grand banquet, attended by three hundred persons, was served in honor of the General.

Among the distinguished guests was Thomas Jefferson, then seventy-two years of age, the most revered of American citizens then living. His residence was only a long day's ride from Lynchburgh, and he had come to join in the festivities of this occasion. The toast offered by the ex-president at the banquet at Lynchburgh has been variously reported, but in the newspapers of the day it is uniformly given in these words, "Honor and gratitude to those who have filled the measure of their country's honor." General Jackson volunteered a toast, which was at once graceful and significant, "James Monroe, late Secretary of War;" graceful, because Mr. Monroe was a Virginian, a friend of Mr. Jefferson, and had nobly coöperated with himself in the defense of New Orleans; significant, because Mr. Monroe was a very prominent candidate for the Presidency, and the election was drawing near.

To horse again the next morning. Nine days' riding brought the General to Washington, which he reached in the evening of November 17th. He called the next morning upon the President and the members of the Cabinet, by whom he was welcomed to the capital with every mark of cordiality and respect. His stay at Washington, I need not say, was an almost ceaseless round of festivity. A great public dinner was given him, which was attended by all that Washington could boast of the eminent and the eloquent. He was lionized severely at private entertainments, where the stateliness of his bearing and the suavity of his manners pleased the gentlemen and won the ladies. And this was to be one of the conditions of his lot thenceforward to the end of his life. He was the darling of the nation. Nothing had yet occurred to dim the luster of his fame. His giant popularity was in the flush of its youth. He could go nowhere without incurring an ovation, and every movement of his was affectionately chronicled in the newspapers. It was said, in after times, that the popularity of General Jackson could "stand any thing." The question that we shall have to do with is this, "Could General Jackson stand his popularity?"

While he was enjoying the festivities of Washington, came rumors from the far southwest that must have had a peculiar interest for the conqueror of the Creeks. It was said that the commissioners appointed to fix the boundaries of that tribe, in accordance with the treaty of Fort Jackson, had met with formidable opposition ; that the chiefs would not give up their land ; that Fort Jackson had been burnt and its sick garrison massacred ; and that all the southwestern tribes were restless and preparing to rise. A few days later these rumors were found to be nearly destitute of foundation, but not quite. The Creek chiefs deplored the loss of their beloved hunting grounds ; but, except the unsubdued Seminoles of Florida, all acquiesced in the conditions of the treaty, hard though they seemed. The portion of the tribe that had taken refuge in Florida protested against the cession of their country—protested to the Spanish governor—protested to English Woodbine, Nichols, and Arbuthnot, and, through them, to the Prince Regent of England—sent chiefs and prophets to England to protest—will continually protest for the next three years. It is to be hoped, for their own sakes, that they will content themselves with protesting.

For General Jackson is to remain in the army ! Upon the conclusion of peace with Great Britain, the army was reduced to ten thousand men, commanded by two major generals, one of whom was to reside at the north and command the troops stationed there, and the other to bear military sway at the south. The generals selected for these commands were General Jacob Brown for the northern division, and General Andrew Jackson for the southern ; both of whom had entered the service, at the beginning of the late war, as generals of militia. General Jackson's visit to Washington on this occasion was in obedience to an order, couched in the language of an invitation, received from the Secretary of War soon after his return from New Orleans ; the object of his visit being to arrange the posts and stations of the army. The feeling was general at the time that the disasters of the war of 1812 were chiefly due to the defenseless and unprepared condition

of the country, and that it was the first duty of the government, on the return of peace, to see to it that the assailable points were fortified. "Let us never be caught napping again;" "in time of peace prepare for war," were popular sayings then. On these, and all other subjects connected with the defense of the country, the advice of General Jackson was asked and given. His own duty, it was evident, was, first of all, to pacify, and if possible satisfy, the restless and sorrowful Indians in the southwest. The vanquished tribe, it was agreed, should be dealt with forbearingly and liberally. The General undertook to go in person into the Indian country, and endeavor to remove from their minds all discontent.

He returned home by easy stages early in 1816, but not to remain. In the spring he was at New Orleans, superintending the posting of the troops, and renewing old friendships. With one accord the citizens thronged about their defender, and overwhelmed him with acclamations. He held a grand review of the regular troops and of the city militia on the scene of the triumphs of 1815, a spectacle witnessed by a vast concourse of people. From New Orleans he journeyed homeward through the country of the Creeks, Cherokees, Chickasaws and Choctaws, holding ceremonious "talks" with each of those tribes, and settling their affairs on a lasting basis. From the Chickasaws he negotiated a formal and final relinquishment of ten millions of acres which they claimed north of the Tennessee—lands that were in keen request by the people of western Tennessee, and beginning to be essential to the progress of the settlements. He thought little of the Chickasaw *claim* to this land, but, for the sake of peace and good will, and in consideration of the fidelity of the tribe to the United States, agreed to give them ten thousand dollars a year for ten years. To the Cherokees, who still insisted on their right to part of the territory wrested from the Creeks, he consented, for similar reasons, to give the same sum annually for eight years. He left the Indian country with the impression that he had done more than justice to the tribes, and had restored them to good humor.

To remove from the Cherokees all pretext for a non-compliance with the new treaty, he published the following order, which caused a famous "stampede" of squatters and "Indian countrymen:" "All white men settling on Cherokee lands, and who have not a written permit from the agent of the nation, are hereby ordered to drive off their stock within twenty, and remove themselves and families within thirty days, after the date of this. All individuals not attending to this notification, and those who may be found hereafter trespassing on the Cherokee territory, will be prosecuted to the extent of the law, and their stock forfeited to the public."

It was not until the middle of October that the General had completed this important business, and reached once more the vicinity of his home. It was considered in Tennessee that he had rendered a most signal service to the State in opening the coveted lands to the advancing tide of emigration, and in quieting the minds of those still powerful tribes. "This great and glorious termination," said a Nashville paper of the time, "of a business that hung over this section of the Union like a portentous cloud, deserves to be commemorated; and we hope that suitable arrangements will be made by the citizens of Tennessee to receive the General on his return with that eclat he so richly merits, and that no time will be lost in returning thanks to the officers of the general government for their prompt attention to the expressed wishes of the citizens of Tennessee."

And so arose the saying in Tennessee in these years, that as often as General Jackson left his home he never returned to it without having, during his absence, performed some great service for the Union or for Tennessee.

It is not possible to overstate his popularity in his own State. He was its pride, boast, and glory. Tennesseans felt a personal interest in his honor and success. His old enemies either sought reconciliation with him or kept their enmity to themselves. His rank in the army, too, gave him unequalled social eminence, and, to add to the other felicities of his lot, his fortune now rapidly increased, as the entire income of his

estate could be added to his capital ; the pay of a major general being sufficient for the support of his family. He was forty-nine years old in 1816. He had riches, rank, power, renown, and all in full measure. Our old friend "Andy" of a previous page has prospered in the world. 'What will he do in his altered circumstances?'

About this time it was that a change came over the spirit of the wild and warlike West. The few pioneer preachers of an earlier day had contended, with the best light given them, with a zeal and devotion perhaps unparalleled in the history of Christianity, against the thousand barbarizing and soul-darkening influences of frontier life. With rude but earnest speech they had gone from settlement to settlement, from camp-meeting to camp-meeting, proclaiming that man is a soul, and that his weal or his woe in this world and all worlds is spiritual. It is not necessary to sympathize with their peculiar mode of stating these immortal truths, in order to see and admit that they proclaimed them in the only language that had then and there a chance of being understood and received. They assisted to save civilization. They succeeded in leaving a general and indelible impression everywhere, that the coveted things of this world are semblances and shows ; the invisible things of the spirit the only realities. In these years, after the war, the preachers became more numerous, the settlements larger, more populous, and closer together, and there was a great turning away from the exclusive pursuit of unsubstantial and evanescent good to that which is real and imperishable.

Among those who did so was Mrs. Jackson. "Parson Blackburn," as she styled him in her letters, the Rev. Gideon Blackburn, to whom the General had written in the black days of the Creek war, imploring the aid of his eloquence in raising a new army, was the preacher whom she ever fondly owned as her "spiritual father." The General, as she mentions in her correspondence, sympathized with her in her new resolves, and strengthened them by all the means in his power ; himself, to her sorrow, holding aloof. For her gratification he

built soon afterwards a little brick church on the Hermitage farm, which was incorporated into the presbytery, and supplied by it with a minister. This edifice, I suppose, is the smallest church in the United States, and the one of simplest construction. It looks like a New England school-house; no steeple, no portico, no entry or inside door. The interior, which contains forty pews, is unpainted, and the floor is of brick. It is not now used for any purpose, and looks forgotten and desolate in the grove where it stands, a quarter of a mile from the mansion. This little church, so simple and rude, was all to Mrs. Jackson that a cathedral of sublimest proportions could have been. It was the home of her soul. When away from Tennessee with the General, as she often was, it was for this little house of brick and unpainted wood that she longed. When at home the General was punctual in his attendance at the church, and the time came, but not for many years yet, when he stood, leaning on his walking-stick, before its low, brown pulpit, trembling and penitent.

The famous Peter Cartwright was preaching in Tennessee about this period. He tells us, in his wondrous autobiography, of his preaching in the presence of General Jackson, and of his subsequent interviews with the General. His stories are of curious interest.

“At the Nashville Conference,” he says, “an incident occurred substantially, as well as my memory serves me, as follows: The preacher in charge had risen from very humble beginnings, but was now a popular, fashionable preacher. We talk about ‘Young America’ these times; but Young America was as distinctly to be seen in those days, among our young, flippant, *popularity*-seeking preachers, as now.

“Brother Axley and myself, though not very old, were called old-fashioned *fellows*; and this popular young aspirant was afraid to appoint Brother Axley or myself to preach at any popular hour, for fear we would break on slavery, dress, or dram-drinking. But at length the old staid members and the young preachers began to complain that Axley and Cartwright were slighted, and an under-current of murmuring became pretty general. The city preacher had been selected to appoint the time and place where we were to preach. Brother Axley and myself had our own amusement. At length, on Saturday of the Conference, this preacher an-

nounced that Brother Axley would preach in the Methodist church on Sunday morning at sunrise, thinking there would be but few out, and that he could do but little harm at that early hour.

“When we adjourned on Saturday afternoon I rallied the boys to spread the appointment; to rise early and get all out they could. The appointment circulated like wildfire, and, sure enough, at sunrise the church was well filled. Brother Axley rose, sung, prayed, took his text: ‘Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds;’ and if the Lord ever helped mortal man to preach, he surely helped Brother Axley. First he poured the thunders of Sinai against the Egyptians, or slave oppressors; next, he showed that no moderate dram-drinker could enter heaven; and then the grape-shot of truth rolled from his mouth against *rings*, *ruffles*, and all kinds of ornamental dress. Dr. Bascom was sitting right before him. He had a gold watch-chain and key, and two very large gold seals. The Rev. H. B. was so excited that unconsciously he took up one of the seals, and he began to play with the other seal with his right hand. Axley saw it, stopped suddenly, and very sternly said to him, ‘Put up that chain, and quit playing with those seals, and hear the word of the Lord.’ The claret rushed to the surface of his profile.

“The sermon went off admirably, and really it seemed as though a tornado had swept the ruffles and veils; and the old members of the Church shouted for joy. Having achieved another signal victory over error and pride, the ministers and ruling elders of other sister churches had opened their pulpits, and invited us to preach to their people during Conference. Among the rest, Dr. Blackbourn had opened his church. Dr. Blackbourn was a strong, popular Presbyterian minister.

“In the course of the Sabbath the city preacher informed me that I was to preach on Monday evening in Dr. Blackbourn’s church, and charged me to be sure and behave myself. I made him my best bow, and thanked him that he had given me any appointment at all; and I assured him I would certainly behave myself the best I could. ‘And now,’ said I, ‘Brother Mac, it really seems providential that you have appointed me to preach in the doctor’s church, for I expect they never heard Methodist doctrine fairly stated and the dogmas of Calvinism exposed; and now, sir, they shall hear the truth for once.’ Said the preacher, ‘You must not preach controversy.’ I replied, ‘If I live to preach there at all, I’ll give Calvinism one riddling.’ ‘Well,’ said the preacher, ‘I recall the appointment, and will send another preacher there; and you must preach in the Methodist church Monday evening, and do try and behave yourself.’ ‘Very well,’ said I, ‘I’ll do my best.’

“The preacher’s conduct toward me was spread abroad, and excited considerable curiosity. Monday evening came; the church was filled to overflowing; every seat was crowded, and many had to stand. After

singing and prayer, Brother Mac took his seat in the pulpit. I then read my text: 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' After reading my text I paused. At that moment I saw General Jackson walking up the aisle; he came to the middle post, and very gracefully leaned against it, and stood, as there were no vacant seats. Just then I felt some one pull my coat in the stand, and turning my head, my fastidious preacher, whispering a little loud, said, 'General Jackson has come in—General Jackson has come in.' I felt a flash of indignation run all over me like an electric shock, and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, 'Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro!'

"The preacher tucked his head down and squatted low, and would, no doubt, have been thankful for leave of absence. The congregation, General Jackson and all, smiled, or laughed right out, all at the preacher's expense. When the congregation was dismissed, my city-stationed preacher stepped up to me, and very sternly said to me, 'You are the strangest man I ever saw, and General Jackson will chastise you for your insolence before you leave the city.' 'Very clear of it,' said I, 'for General Jackson, I have no doubt, will applaud my course; and if he should undertake to chastise me, as Paddy said, "There is two as can play at that game."'

"General Jackson was staying at one of the Nashville hotels. Next morning, very early, my city preacher went down to the hotel to make an apology to General Jackson for my conduct in the pulpit the night before. Shortly after he had left, I passed by the hotel, and I met the General on the pavement; and before I approached him by several steps he smiled, and reached out his hand and said:

"'Mr. Cartwright, you are a man after my own heart. I am very much surprised at Mr. Mac, to think he would suppose that I would be offended at you. No, sir; I told him that I highly approved of your independence; that a minister of Jesus Christ ought to love everybody and fear no mortal man. I told Mr. Mac that if I had a few thousand such independent, fearless officers as you were, and a well drilled army, I could take old England!'

"General Jackson was certainly a very extraordinary man. He was, no doubt, in his prime of life a very wicked man, but he always showed a great respect for the Christian religion, and the feelings of religious people, especially ministers of the gospel. I will here relate a little incident that shows his respect for religion.

"I had preached one Sabbath near the Hermitage, and, in company with several gentlemen and ladies, went, by special invitation, to dine with the General. Among this company there was a young sprig of a lawyer from Nashville, of very ordinary intellect, and he was trying hard to make

an infidel of himself. As I was the only preacher present, this young lawyer kept pushing his conversation on me, in order to get into an argument. I tried to evade an argument, in the first place considering it a breach of good manners to interrupt the social conversation of the company. In the second place I plainly saw that his head was much softer than his heart, and that there were no laurels to be won by vanquishing or demolishing such a combatant, and I persisted in evading an argument. This seemed to inspire the young man with more confidence in himself; for my evasiveness he construed into fear. I saw General Jackson's eye strike fire, as he sat by and heard the thrusts he made at the Christian religion. At length the young lawyer asked me this question:

“ ‘Mr. Cartwright, do you really believe there is any such place as hell, as a place of torment?’

“ I answered promptly, ‘Yes, I do.’

“ To which he responded, ‘Well, I thank God I have too much good sense to believe any such thing!’

“ I was pondering in my own mind whether I would answer him or not, when General Jackson, for the first time, broke into the conversation, and directing his words to the young man, said with great earnestness:

“ ‘Well sir, I thank God that there is such a place of torment as hell!’

“ This sudden answer, made with great earnestness, seemed to astonish the youngster, and he exclaimed:

“ ‘Why, General Jackson, what do you want with such a place of torment as hell?’

“ To which the General replied, as quick as lightning,

“ ‘To put such d—d rascals as you are in, that oppose and vilify the Christian religion.’

“ I tell you this was a poser. The young lawyer was struck dumb, and presently was found missing.”

Mr. Cartwright adds that, at a later Conference, in 1819, he secured the aid of General Jackson in compelling certain Methodist preachers to emancipate the slaves inherited by them, in accordance with the rules of the Methodist discipline. The preachers attempted to shelter themselves behind the laws of the State. “I,” says Mr. Cartwright, “had to show that they could at any time emancipate their slaves by becoming surety that their negroes, when emancipated, did not become a county charge. They employed a distinguished lawyer, F. Grundy, and I went to General Jackson for counsel. The case was fairly stated and explained in open Con-

I perceive an unjust attempt to tarnish their well-earned fame, let the motives which dictated the objectionable passage in the order be what they may. These remarks, my brother officers, flow from a pure source of justice to you. Popularity I have never sought. I have pursued the course which I deemed right, and have done justice to all according to my best judgment; this, I trust, I have rendered to you all during the time I had the honor to command you. And that happiness may attend you all, and that your country may duly appreciate your worth as her citizen soldiers, shall be my last and most sincere prayer.

“ANDREW JACKSON.

“21st July, 1821.”

This address was issued at Montpelier, Alabama, where General Jackson had been ordered to await the arrival of Colonel Forbes from Havana. He reached Montpelier on the 30th of April. We must return to note an incident or two of his journey thither.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE GOVERNOR TAKES POSSESSION.

GENERAL JACKSON left home on the 18th of April, accompanied by Mrs. Jackson and “the two Andrews,” as the General was wont to style his adopted son, and his nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson.

Of the passage down the river to New Orleans, and the honors paid the General at that city, Mrs. Jackson shall speak to us. The reader will be glad of the opportunity to become more intimately acquainted with the lady whom General Jackson correctly styled “the stay and solace of his life.” The letters written by Mrs. Jackson on this journey to Florida and during her brief residence at Pensacola were addressed to one of her dearest friends at Nashville, the wife of a captain in the army of the United States, an officer high in the confidence of General Jackson. To this lady the reader is indebted for the perusal of these quaint and heart-felt epistles,

which express, in language not always correct, sentiments which will find a responsive chord in many hearts.

MRS. JACKSON TO MRS. ELIZA KINGSLEY.

"CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, April the 27th, 1821.

"MY DEAR MRS. KINGSLEY: We arrived safe in this port within eight days from Nashville. My health has somewhat improved in this warm climate. We had not a very pleasant passage thither, owing to so many passengers, nearly two hundred, more than half negroes; but how thankful should we be to our Heavenly Father. In so many instances have I had cause to praise his holy name. There is not an hour of our lives but we are exposed to danger on this river. O how can I describe to you my feelings when that sad and melancholy news reached us of the Robertson steamboat. O how dreadful! Poor Sally McConnel! She traveled far to find a watery grave. O Lord, thy will be done in all thy appointments.

"I will give you a faint description of this place. It reminds me of those words in Revelations: 'Great Babylon is come up before me.' Oh, the wickedness, the idolatry of this place! unspeakable the riches and splendor.

"We were met at the Natches and conducted to this place. The house and furniture is so splendid I can't pretend a description. The attention and honors paid to the General far excel a recital by my pen. They conducted him to the Grand Theater; his box was decorated with elegant hangings. At his appearance the theater rang with loud acclamations, Vive Jackson. Songs of praise were sung by ladies, and in the midst they crowned him with a crown of laurel. The Lord has promised his humble followers a crown that fadeth not away; the present one is already withered, the leaves are falling off. St. Paul says, 'All things shall work together for good to them who are in Christ Jesus.' I know I never was so tried before, tempted, proved in all things. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that I am his by covenant promise.

"I want you to read the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm. There is not a day or night that I do not repeat it. Oh, for Zion! I wept when I saw this idolatry. Think not, my dear friend, that I am in the least unfaithful. It has a contrary effect.

"I have written you this through the greatest bustle and confusion. The nobility have assembled to escort the General with a full band of martial music to review the troops. Remember me to your dear husband, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. McLemore, Mrs. Martin, and all my Christian friends. Say to my father in the gospel—Parson Blackburn—I shall always love him as such. Often I have blessed the Lord that I was permitted to be

called under his ministry. Oh, farewell! Pray for your sister in a heathen land, far from my people and church. Present me to all friends. I scarcely can hear for confusion.

Yours, with affection,

“RACHAEL JACKSON.”

An incident occurred during the stay of General Jackson at New Orleans which was afterwards supposed to have made a lasting impression upon his mind, and to have been a remote cause of important events. He came into collision with the Bank of the United States. Desiring to take with him to Florida a sum of money, with which to defray the first expenses of organizing his government, he sent an aide-de-camp to the branch of the United States Bank at New Orleans to learn whether the bank would advance ten or fifteen thousand dollars on a draft to be drawn by General Jackson upon the Department of State. The messenger returned with the reply that the branch bank had no authority to advance money upon drafts. The mother bank, said the cashier, had expressly forbidden him to negotiate drafts. The aide-de-camp remonstrated and pointed out the inconveniences that might result from the refusal, but the cashier was immovable, as he was bound to be.

From the tone of the General's subsequent dispatch it is evident that he was somewhat nettled at the firmness of the cashier. “From all this,” he wrote to the Secretary of State, “you will discover that, without discount, money can not be obtained here on drafts upon the government. No delay, however, shall occur in the transportation of the Spanish troops from the want of funds, as far as I can command them; nor will I ever consent to sell bills on the government at a discount to any, and more particularly to the Branch Bank of the United States, in which is deposited all the revenue of the government received at this place. I shall endeavor, at Mobile or Pensacola, to raise the necessary funds or drafts. Should I fail there, I trust, upon the receipt of this, the government will instruct the Branch Bank to furnish me with the amount that may be necessary.

The General here joins two grievances in one. The Branch

Bank had not demanded discount, but refused, point blank, to negotiate the draft on any terms. It was the brokers of the street who would not, except at the regular discount, give the notes of the bank in exchange for the draft of General Jackson.

The General soon resumed his journey toward Florida. Mrs. Jackson may again be the chronicler of his travels and adventures :—

MRS. JACKSON TO MRS. ELIZA KINGSLEY.

“WEST FLORIDA, June 21, 1821.

“MY DEAR FRIEND: Your letter of the 15th May I have received, and am happy to hear of your health and happiness, and your dear family, except the accident of Captain Kingsley getting his ankle sprained, which I heard by young Mr. Rutledge. I hope, ere this, he is quite restored.

“I will now give you an account of our journey to this place. We took shipping on Lake Pontchartrain, crossed the Gulf Stream, and landed at Mobile Bay, at a town known by the name of Blakely. There we tarried nine days. From thence we went to Mount-Pelier (Montpelier, Ala.). There we tarried *five weeks*, waiting the arrival of the Hornet, that went with dispatches to the Governor General of Cuba on this Florida business. At length she arrived, and we set out for Pensacola, and are now within fifteen miles of that place. The General and the Spanish governor are negotiating the business. We are at a Spanish gentleman's, waiting the exchanging of flags, and then we go into that city of contention. Oh, how they dislike the idea! They are going to the Havana—don't like the Americans, nor the government.

“Oh, how shall I make you sensible of what a heathen land I am in? Never but once have I heard a Gospel sermon, nor the song of Zion sounded in my ear.

“Often I think of the Babylonish captivity, when they tauntingly called on them to sing the song of Zion. The answer was, ‘Oh, how shall I sing the Lord's song here in a foreign land?’ One replied, ‘When I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its craft or cunning; let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth when I esteem not Jerusalem above my chiefest joy.’ Oh, I can, with all my heart and soul, say with truth, I, above all things, prefer the prosperity of the Church. Oh, I feel as if I was in a vast howling wilderness, far from my friends in the Lord, my home and country. The Sabbath entirely neglected and profaned. The regiment at Mount P., where we stayed five weeks, were no better than the Spaniards at this place. I was twice at the memorable Fort

Mims, Fort Montgomery, near the Alabama. Stayed two nights with Mrs. Mims; she is an intelligent woman in worldly affairs. Every step I have traveled on land is a bed of white sand; no other timber than long-leaf pine on the rivers, the live-oak and magnolia. The most odoriferous flower grows on them I ever saw. Believe me, this country has been greatly overrated. The land produces nothing but sweet potatoes and yams. One acre of our fine Tennessee land is worth a thousand.

"The General, I believe, wants to get home again as much as I do. He says to Captain Kingsley he will write to him so soon as he reaches Pensacola. We have the best house in town, I am told, and furnished. Dr. Bronaugh attends to it until the exchange of flags. So much detention, I think the General wishes he had taken my advice. His health is not so good as when he left home.

"I fear I have tired your patience. Please to remember me to all my friends, particularly to your dear husband, Miss Nancy, Mrs. Somerville, dear Mr. Blackburn. May the Sovereign of the universe grant you a continuation of his blessing forevermore. Amen.

"RACHEL JACKSON.

"MRS. E. KINGSLEY.

"Please to write me often. Remember me in prayer, for I can't find one in all my travels to help me on to God. The scripture says—'as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the face of friend his fellow.' No, not one in this wilderness. Oh! how I wept when I read your letter. Oh, be thankful for your privilege. I have never seen Major Nicholas yet, but you would be surprised to see how many of our Tennesseans I have seen come to try to mend or better their situation."

The many weeks of delay alluded to in this letter more than exhausted the patience of General Jackson. The detention of the Hornet was unaccountable, and, until the Hornet arrived, nothing could be done. The General soon began to consider it another instance of Spanish treachery. "I am at a loss," he wrote to the Secretary of State, from Blakely, on the 7th of May, "to conjecture the causes of the delay of the Hornet. A few days will give us the reason, and I hope it may not be found to exist in any understanding between our merchants and the Governor General of Cuba. But, sir, it is rumored and believed here that such an attempt will be made by merchants to prevail upon the Governor General to withhold the order for the delivery of the Floridas until the

last moment, to give time for the arrival of large shipments of goods for Pensacola."

The General made repeated attempts to come to an understanding with Colonel Callava, the Governor of Pensacola, and to effect a provisional arrangement for the delivery of the country. Colonel Callava's reply to all proposals was, that he could do nothing without the orders of his chief, the Governor General of Cuba. Much correspondence passed between General Jackson and Colonel Callava, both before and after the arrival of the *Hornet*, and a part of this correspondence was of a hostile character. Let us not revive those trivial disputes.* The *Hornet* arrived at length with the requisite orders. Some further delay occurred in consequence of the loss of a vessel designed to assist in the transportation of the Spanish troops. But early in July all difficulties seemed on the point of being removed. The General wrote in a cheerful, and even merry mood, to his friend, Captain Donelson, upon the prospect before him.

* Their character may be judged from one specimen given by General Jackson's secretary and translator: "During my absence from Manuels, fifteen miles from Pensacola, where the General had established his headquarters, a letter had been received from Callava, and was translated by Mr. Rutledge. The word *compromiso* had been rendered into the English word nearest in sound, *compromise*, instead of *compromit*. I found the General in a rage. 'Now,' said he, 'I have found out this rascally Spaniard; I always knew these Spaniards to be treacherous. See here, after all our correspondence on the subject of the artillery, which we claim along with the forts, and after the compromise agreed upon that they are to remain, and the question to be finally decided by the respective governments, this fellow now says he will consent to no *compromise*!' I assured him that the word was not *compromise*, but *compromit*, or *compromited*.' The pride of my young friend was touched, and he persisted in his translation; the General, out of humor, declared that he could not decide between us, and I was obliged to submit, where it was useless to contend. It became necessary for me to write a long letter recapitulating the previous correspondence on the subject of the fortifications, and the compromise agreed upon. The reply was a short answer of assent, no doubt wondering at the letter which thus placed us at cross purposes. The consequences of this small mistake were most unfortunate. The unfavorable impression never could be removed from the mind of Jackson, and the effect of such an impression may be readily conceived. I firmly believe it to have been one of the causes which led to the subsequent unfortunate difficulty with Callava."—*Letters of H. M. Brackenridge*.

“I have been here,” wrote the General, July 3d, “fifteen miles from Pensacola, since the evening of the 17th, with my troops. Mrs. Jackson and the two Andrews have been in Pensacola since the 28th ult. Mrs. J. came up last evening to see me, and goes down to day, and I hope in four days to be in complete possession of the country, when I will write you, and be able to form an opinion when I will be able to see you (if life lasts) at my residence in Tennessee. I have had a very tedious and disagreeable time since the first of May, owing, first, to the delay of the *Hornet*, and secondly the delay occasioned by the loss of the transport ship, the *Cora*; but I am happy to think that the time is near at hand when full possession of the Floridas will be had. Pensacola is crowded, and it is impossible under existing circumstances that any business can be profitable, although I have no doubt but Pensacola will rise into notice as a commercial city faster than any other place in the United States; but it will take time for the necessary capital to concentrate there, and many in the first instance will be disappointed and go off dissatisfied. A great field is now open to the real capitalist, and real property, well situated, must in a few years become very valuable. Mrs. Jackson requests me to return you her thanks for the pleasant and minute detail you were pleased to give her of her chickens, ducks, and goslings. If old Hannah^o should be able to report *as present* as many chickens on our return in November, say to her, her mistress will dub her a knight of the feather and give her a medal plume. I am fearful the owls will destroy them. We are happy to hear that little Andrew J. Hutchings is so well contented. Say to him his cousin Andrew will bring him a pretty present when he returns, and I will buy him a pony.

“Your son, Captain John Donelson, parted from us here a few days since highly pleased with his purchase made in 1817 in Pensacola, and I have no doubt if he holds it that in ten years it will gain 1,000 per cent.”

^o A favorite servant of Mrs. Jackson's—still living in 1858, and eloquent in praise of her old “missus.”

Some further delays occurred of a character calculated to exasperate an impatient and debilitated commissioner. But, at length, on the 17th of July, all the numberless preliminaries having been settled, the long-expected ceremony took place, and Florida became a Territory of the United States.

The great event was described, the day after, by an officer who took part in the proceedings: "Yesterday, after a series of delays and disappointments, of a piece with the whole tenor of our twenty years' negotiations with Spain, the American authorities were finally and formally put in possession of this city, of the fortress of the Barancas, and of the dominion of the Floridas. Out of tenderness to the feelings of the Spaniards, deeply excited by the painful separation about to take place between those who go and those who remain—and who are allied not only by ties of intimacy and friendship contracted during a long period of a common residence in this pleasant and salubrious region, and confirmed by a community of habits and religion, as well as of lineage and language, but knitted together by the most sacred and endearing bands of consanguinity and affiance, the ceremony was conducted with very little ostentation. . . The Spanish Governor's guard, consisting of a full company of dismounted dragoons of the regiment of Tarragona, elegantly clad and equipped, was paraded at an early hour of the morning in front of the Government House. About eight o'clock a battalion of the 4th regiment of United States infantry, and a company of the 4th regiment of United States artillery, the whole under the command of Colonel Brooke, of the 4th infantry, were drawn up on the public square, opposite to the Spanish guard, having marched into town from the encampment at Galvez' Spring. The usual military salute passed between them. Four companies of infantry from the American line, under the command of Major Dinkins, of the 5th infantry, were then detached to take possession of the Barancas, which is nearly nine miles below this city.

"At ten o'clock, the hour previously appointed, General Jackson, attended by his aids, secretary, interpreters, etc.,

crossed the green, passed between the double line formed by the troops of both nations, who simultaneously saluted him by presenting arms, and entered the Government House, where the formality of the transfer was soon dispatched, and the Spanish sergeant's guard at the gate was immediately relieved by an American guard. After a few minutes, Governor Jackson, accompanied by Colonel Callava, the late commandant, and their respective suites, left the Government House, and passed through the same double line of troops to the house which the Governor has rented for the temporary accommodation of his family. The Spanish troops were then marched to the place of embarkation—the American flag was displayed upon the flag-staff, and grand salutes were fired by the artillery company and the United States ship *Hornet*, a gun being given to each State and Territory of the Federal Union, not forgetting Florida, and the regimental band, and that of the *Hornet*, playing the 'Star Spangled Banner' all the while. In the course of the day a number of the citizens waited on the new Governor to pay their respects and offer their congratulations. The delivery of the Barancas was performed with a little more parade. The Spanish flag was lowered to half-mast. The American flag was raised to a level with it. Both flags were, in this situation, saluted by the Spaniards. After which, the Spanish colors were hauled down and the American ensign was hoisted. The Americans then saluted their national flag. The American troops made a fine and martial appearance, and the *Hornet* was gaily dressed.

“ We may now, at length, felicitate ourselves on our opening prospects. Pensacola is destined eventually to become the great emporium of the Gulf of Mexico, and to enjoy a large share of the trade of the West. Under the paternal government of Jackson, we hope soon to emerge from the weakness of infancy, and to escape from the restrictions of nonage. High expectations are entertained of his wisdom and magnanimity in his civil capacity. Of his courage and decision, his military career has already afforded conspicuous proofs. To the hand that so ably wielded the weapons of

war against foreign enemies are now committed the sword and the scales of justice, to weigh the rights of his fellow-citizens and to mete out punishment according to the measure of their wrongs ; to him who so gallantly stood forth the champion of his country is now confided the nurture and guardianship of the last offspring of freedom, the youngest child of the family of free and federated America. He will feel the elevation and responsibility of the trust reposed in him, of protecting the rights and promoting the interests, of developing the resources, of giving tone to the character, and determination to the energies of this embryo sovereignty, and he will act under a full conviction of his duty.

“ We have yet no press established in this city, though the printing apparatus for the office of *The Floridian*, a gazette some time since announced to be published here, was shipped from Philadelphia early in June. Indeed, we are daily looking for the arrival of the publisher of a paper from the District of Columbia, whose proposals have been laid before the public in your journals. By a happy coincidence, however, the theater was opened for the first time in this city on the very evening of the day which witnessed the change of flags.”*

Mrs. Jackson, who had been living at Pensacola for two or three weeks before the exchange of flags, witnessed that interesting ceremonial from the galleries of her house, and was moved thereby to write to her friend in Nashville, perhaps the longest, and certainly one of the most interesting, of her letters. Her letter is worth a score of official dispatches, at least for biographical purposes.

MRS. JACKSON TO MRS. ELIZA KINGSLEY.

“ PENSACOLA, 23d July, 1821.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND : I have been in this place four weeks. The reason I have denied myself the pleasure of writing you is that I was waiting for the great events which have taken place in this our day. O that I had the pen of a ready writer that I might give you a correct detail of the great

* *National-Intelligencer*, August 17, 1821.

transaction, but it is as follows. We having a house prepared and furnished, the General advised me to move down and remain until he could with propriety march in with the fourth regiment.

“Three weeks the transports were bringing the Spanish troops from St. Mark’s in order that they should all sail to Cuba at the same time. At length they arrived, but during all this time the Governor of this place and the General had daily communications, yet his lordship never waited on the General in person. After the vessels returned from St. Mark’s, the General came within two miles of Pensacola. They were then one week finishing the preliminaries and ceremonies to be observed on the day of his entrance into the city. At length, last Tuesday was the day. At seven o’clock, at the precise moment, they hove in view under the American flag and a full band of music. The whole town was in motion. Never did I ever see so many pale faces. I am living on Main street, which gave me an opportunity of seeing a great deal from the upper galleries. They marched by to the government house, where the two Generals met in the manner prescribed, then his Catholic majesty’s flag was lowered, and the American hoisted high in air, not less than one hundred feet.

“O how they burst into tears to see the last ray of hope departed of their devoted city and country—delivering up the keys of the archives, the vessels lying at anchor, in full view, to waft them to their distant port. Next morning they set sail under convoy of the Hornet, sloop of war, Anne Maria, and the Tom Shields. How did the city sit solitary and mourn. Never did my heart feel more for any people. Being present, I entered immediately into their feelings. Their manners, laws, and customs, all changed, and really a change was necessary. My pen almost drops from my hand, the effort is so far short, so limited to what it might be.

“Three Sabbaths I spent in this house before the country was in possession under American government. In all that time I was not an idle spectator. The Sabbath profanely kept; a great deal of noise and swearing in the streets; shops kept open; trade going on, I think, more than on any other day. They were so boisterous on that day I sent Major Stanton to say to them that the approaching Sunday would be differently kept. And must I say the worst people here are the cast-out Americans and negroes? Yesterday I had the happiness of witnessing the truth of what I had said. Great order was observed; the doors kept shut; the gambling houses demolished; fiddling and dancing not heard any more on the Lord’s day; cursing not to be heard.

“What, what has been done in one week! A province delivered to the American people; the laws of the land we live in they are now under.

“You can’t conceive what an important, arduous, laborious work it has been and is. I had no idea of it until daily it unfolded the mystery to view.

I am convinced that no mortal man could do this and suffer so many privations, unless the God of our salvation was his help in every time of trouble. While the General was in camp, fourteen miles from Pensacola, he was very sick. I went to see him, and to try and persuade him to come to his house. But, no. All his friends tried. He said that when he came in it should be under his own standard, and that would be the third time he had planted that flag on that wall. And he has done so. O how solemn was his pale countenance when he dismounted from his horse. Recollections of perils and scenes of war not to be dissevered presented themselves to view.

“There were no shouts of joy or exultation heard; but, on the contrary, we sympathized with these people. Still, I think, the Lord had a controversy with them. They were living far from God. If they would have the gospel of Jesus and his apostles, it would have been otherwise, but they would not. The field is white for harvest, but where are the laborers? Not one. Oh, for one of our faithful ministers to come and impart the word of life to them. I have heard but one gospel sermon since we left home. But I know that my Redeemer liveth. He is my shield. I shall not want. He will not leave me nor forsake me in all my trials through this wilderness. Oh, pray for me; I have need of that aid from my dear Christian friends.

“I will give you a faint description of the country and of this place; knowing that my dear friend will throw a veil over my errors and imperfections. 1. Pensacola is a perfect plain; the land nearly as white as flour, yet productive of fine peach trees, oranges in abundance, grapes, figs, pomegranates, etc., etc. Fine flowers growing spontaneously, for they have neglected the gardens, expecting a change of government. The town is immediately on the bay. The most beautiful water prospect I ever saw; and from ten o'clock in the morning until ten at night we have the finest sea breeze. There is something in it so exhilarating, so pure, so wholesome, it enlivens the whole system. All the houses look in ruins, old as time. Many squares of the town appear grown over with the thickest shrubs, weeping willows, and the Pride of China; all look neglected. The inhabitants all speak Spanish and French. Some speak four or five languages. Such a mixed multitude, you, nor any of us, ever had an idea of. There are fewer white people far than any other, mixed with all nations under the canopy of heaven, almost in nature's darkness. But, thanks to the Lord that has put grace in this his servant to issue his proclamation in a language they all understand, I think the sanctuary is about to be purged for a minister of the gospel to come over to the help of the Lord in this dark region.

“There is a Catholic church in the place, and the priest seems a divine looking man. He comes to see us. He dined with us yesterday, the Gov-

ernor, and Secretary, French, Spanish, American ladies, and all. I have as pleasant a house as any in town.

"We have a handsome view of the bay on Main street. You will scarcely believe me, but it is a fact, the vessels are daily coming in loaded with people. The place is nearly full; a great many come for their health. It is very healthy—so pure and wholesome. No fields of corn or wheat in all my travels, except one place near Mount Pelier. The growth entirely pine, some live-oak, magnolia, bay, which are all evergreens. The weather is oppressively warm to me, and raining every day. Sometimes the streets are two feet deep in water. But for the sand, we could not live. It has rained three months, almost every day, since we left New Orleans. I have the society of Amanda Grage, and the mother of Mr. Grage, and two more Christian ladies. I fear I shall put your patience to the test. I pray you bear with me a little. I have so many things to write you, and it may be the last opportunity I shall have, and I know I have not half done justice to the picture. I hope you will see it from some able penman. My dear husband is, I think, not any the better as to his health. He has indeed performed a great work in his day. Had I heard by the hearing of the ear I could not have believed.

"Have we all gone from you so far that no intelligence can reach our place of destination? There is no mail, no post-office here. All these inconveniences will be remedied shortly. Miss Grage received a letter from Mrs. Berryhill, wherein she states the illness of Mr. Campbell and several others in Nashville, but some pleasing news of the church. Oh, for Zion! I am not at rest, nor can I be, in a heathen land. Say to Captain Kingsley the General sends his best wishes to you both. He will write when he can have a moment. Remember me with much love to all my friends. Say to Mrs. Foster not to forget me, Mrs. Judge Campbell, Miss P. Lewis, Miss Nancy Ayers, Mrs. Somerville, and all and every one. How happy and thankful should you be in a land of gospel light and liberty.

"Oh, rejoice and be glad, far more it is to be desired than all the honor and riches in this vain world. Farewell, my dear friend, and should the great Arbiter of fate order his servant not to see her kindred and friends again, I hope to meet you in the realms of everlasting bliss. Then I shall weep no more at parting.

"Do not be uneasy for me. 'Although the vine yield no fruit, and the olive no oil, yet will I serve the Lord.'

"Adieu, adieu,

"RACHEL JACKSON.

"MRS. ELIZABETH KINGSLEY.

"Say to Mr. K. Andrew is learning Spanish."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE GOVERNOR IS DISAPPOINTED.

GENERAL JACKSON'S powers, as Governor of Florida, were extraordinary, but strictly limited. "Know ye," ran his commission, "that, reposing special trust and confidence in the integrity, patriotism, and abilities of Major-General Andrew Jackson, I do appoint him to exercise all the powers and authorities heretofore exercised by the governor and captain-general and intendant of Cuba, and by the governors of East and West Florida; provided, however, that the said Andrew Jackson, or any person acting under him, or in the said territories, shall have no power or authority to lay or collect any new or additional taxes, or to grant or confirm to any person or persons, whomsoever, any title or claims to land within the same."

The long delay in the surrender of the province had given the Governor ample time to prepare the requisite measures, and, accordingly, on the very day after the exchange of flags, he began to publish ordinances for the government of the towns. He appointed mayors and aldermen, and empowered the mayors and aldermen of each place to "levy such taxes as may be necessary for the support of the town government." This act, it has been often charged, was in direct violation of his commission, which forbade the imposition of "new or additional taxes." But it has never been shown that the taxes imposed by the town governments were either new or additional. The council of St. Augustine, for example, laid a tax of twenty-five cents on every hundred dollars' worth of real estate, a tax of one dollar a year on each slave over seven years of age, two dollars a year upon each dog, twenty-four dollars a year upon every dram-shop, fifty dollars a year upon billiard tables, ten dollars upon every "riding carriage," seven and a half per cent. upon the gross amount of auction

sales. If either of these impositions were new or additional, then the Governor transcended his powers.

Another of Governor Jackson's ordinances was selected by his opponents in later years for special animadversion. He was required by the language of his commission, and by an act of Congress, to protect the people of Florida in the "free enjoyment of their religion." The first ordinance issued by the Governor contained the following section: "As the Christian Sabbath is observed throughout the civilized world, it is ordained that, in order to remove any doubt which might be entertained with respect to the powers of the mayor and council on this subject, the said mayor and council be authorized to make any regulations on the observance thereof *which they may deem proper.*" Under such an ordinance, the mayor and council, *if* they had deemed it proper, might have shut up the Catholic churches and silenced the priests. But they did not deem it proper so to do. The ordinance meant simply this: Mrs. Rachel Jackson desires, and Governor Andrew Jackson ordains, that the theater and gambling houses be shut on Sundays. And the theater and gambling houses were shut on Sundays, accordingly. From what we can learn of the people of Florida, it does not appear that the witnessing of plays or the frequenting of gambling houses on the first day of the week was a requirement of their "religion."

It appears, however, that no class of the inhabitants of Florida looked upon the change of government with so much disgust as the Catholic priests. A scene occurred at St. Augustine, immediately after the exchange of flags at that post, which would have gladdened the heart of Mrs. Jackson to witness. Among the crowd assembled in the public square to behold the ascent of the stars and stripes to the summit of the flag-staff was a Methodist preacher, with a bundle of tracts under his arm. The instant that the preacher saw the flag of his country fling out its beautiful folds to the breeze, saluted by the troops, by martial music and the cheers of the multitude, he left the exciting scene to begin the great work

of evangelizing the country. He went about the town, leaving a Protestant tract at every house, and giving one to every man, woman and child he met. Soon a Catholic priest came forth indignant to remonstrate, and prevent his further proceedings. The preacher pointed to the American flag. The priest looked at it in silence for a moment. Blank dismay overspread his countenance, and he vanished without another word. The preacher continued to distribute his tracts, triumphant.*

Governor Jackson proceeded with the organization of his government, and, in a very few days, had completed the preliminary measures, and set the wheels of government in motion. The Spaniards, with the exception of Colonel Callava and a few of his officers and servants, had left the province. Pensacola was full of new-comers from the United States, in pursuit of fortune. Pensacola, it was generally supposed, would at once become an important and prosperous commercial city, and they who came earliest would be the first to rise with its rising fortunes. It had not occurred to these eager gentlemen that, before a town can attain commercial greatness, there must be a population behind it to buy what it imports and produce what it exports. Pensacola, they thought, would become a second New Orleans, without a Mississippi river.

All were disappointed, and no one so much so as Governor Jackson. He had not, it is true, indulged those extravagant expectations respecting the business of Pensacola. But he had come to Florida in the hope of being able to provide several of his friends with lucrative appointments, and that expectation had been one of the strongest motives which induced him to accept the Governorship. Upon learning, therefore, that the best offices in the Territory had been already given away by the President, he was a disappointed man. To provide bountifully for those who had served him, and for those to whom he was attached, was one of the ruling pas-

* Sewall's St. Augustine. Anecdote related to Mr. Sewall by the victorious preacher.

sions of Andrew Jackson. He demanded from his friends an entire devotion to his interests, a complete acquiescence in his cherished opinions, an absolute deference to his will. Grant him these, and he would girdle the earth to serve you, and defy every thing but Omnipotence. Alone, against the world, he would stand up for your honor or your interest. This disappointment was, therefore, one which wounded and exasperated him beyond measure, and the more as the climate of Florida and his manifold vexations previous to his arrival had brought on a recurrence of a disease which both debilitates and irritates.

A very few weeks sufficed to sicken him of his governorship thoroughly. Mrs. Jackson wrote to one of her brothers, August 25th: "There never was a man more disappointed than the General has been. In the first place he has not the power to appoint one of his friends; which, I thought, was in part the reason of his coming. But far has it exceeded every calculation; it has almost taken his life. Captain Call says it is equal to the Seminole campaign; well I knew it would be a ruining concern. I shall not pretend to describe the toils, fatigue and trouble; those Spaniards had as leave die as give up their country. He has had terrible scenes; the governor has been put in the calaboose; which is a terrible thing, really. I was afraid there would be a rebellion, but the Spanish troops were all gone to the Havannah; several officers remaining here yet. We have a hope of setting out on the 1st of October for home. Little Andrew and Colonel Butler have started for Tennessee; he was the most anxious creature I ever saw in my life. They all begin to think with me that Tennessee is the best country yet. Tell our friends I hope to see them again in our country, and to know it is the best I ever saw. What a pity that some do not know when they are well off in this world. They not only hurt themselves but those that are innocent."

A month later she wrote to her friend, Mrs. Kingsley: "The General, I think, is the most anxious man to get home I ever saw. He calls it the wild-goose chase, his coming here.

He tells me to say to you and Captain Kingsley that in the multiplicity of business, if he had or could have seen any advantages for your better prospects, he would have written Captain K. long since. You are in the best country in America. Oh, how has this place been overrated. We have had a great many deaths ; still I know it is a healthy climate. Amongst many disadvantages, it has few advantages. I pity Mr. J., he will have so much fatigue. Not one minister of the gospel has come to this place yet ; no not one ; but we have a prayer-meeting every Sabbath. The house is crowded so there is not room for them. Sincere prayers are constantly sent up to the Hearer of Prayer for a faithful minister. Oh, what a reviving, refreshing scene it would be to the Christians, though few in number. The non-professors desire it. Blessed be God, he has a few even here that are bold in declaring their faith in Christ. You named, my dear friend, my going to the theater. I went once, and then with much reluctance. I felt so little interest in it, however, I shall not take up much time in apologizing. My situation is a peculiar one at this time. I trust in the Lord my dear child, Andrew, reached home in safety. I think you all must feel a great deal for me, knowing how my very heart recoiled at the idea of what I had to encounter. Many have been disappointed. I have not. I saw it as plain as I now do when it is passing. Oh Lord, forgive, if thy will, all those my enemies that had an agency in the matter. Many wander about like lost sheep ; all have been disappointed in offices. Crage has a constable's place of no value. The President made all the appointments, and sent them from the city of Washington."

General Jackson himself wrote home to his friends in a similar strain. A letter of his, written on the 3d of September, to his brother-in-law, Captain John Donelson, may find place here. Only a small part of it relates to Florida, but the other portions well illustrate the care and exactness with which he managed his business affairs. This letter, for various reasons, which will be apparent to the intelligent reader, demands particular attention.

GENERAL JACKSON TO CAPTAIN JOHN DONELSON, SEN.

"PENSACOLA, September 2d, 1821.

"DEAR SIR: Last night's mail brought me yours of the 1st of August, for which I sincerely thank you. I have received, after a tedious delay on the passage, all your letters, and for your attention to my interest in my absence I cherish, and will through life, the most friendly and lively recollection. I have received no letter from Mr. Saunders on the subject of my cotton. Dr. Beebe writes, the 28th of July, that on that day he stated to him the amount of sales of my cotton to be five hundred and fifty-one dollars. There is an express agreement that he is to pay me the exchange at Nashville for the money of New Orleans. This I have no doubt he will acknowledge. Old Mr. Richardson must be paid as soon as the work is done; and when you apply to Mr. Saunders for money for this purpose, you will please settle with him the exchange, and have it added to the amount of sales before you receive it. That for the use of the money for which the cotton was sold at New Orleans he is to allow me at Nashville the exchange for New Orleans money, I am well assured he will acknowledge. I hope before the other contract for the cedar becomes due I shall be at home. Should I not, I have informed Mr. Saunders that the money is to be applied by you to those debts, and that I had given you a memorandum of them and an order for the money. I am certain he will pay it when you apply. The balance of cotton coming to you you will retain out of the first money Mr. Saunders pays out of the proceeds of the cotton.

"I hope we will be able to leave here by the first of October for home. Mrs. Jackson's health is not good, and I am determined to travel her as early as my business and her health will permit, even if I should be compelled to come back to settle my business and turn over the government to my successor. I am determined to resign my office the moment Congress meets, and live near you the balance of my life.

"I fear the paper system has and will ruin the State. Its demoralizing effects are clearly seen and spoken of everywhere, and I have but little doubt (at least I fear it) that it has predominated in your late elections, although I am unadvised how they have terminated. But from Dr. Butler's letter I learn that he is doubtful that Colonel Wood will lose his election. If this should be the case, let every honest man take care of himself, and have nothing to do with the new rags of the State; for, be assured, it will be a reign of immoral rule, and the interest of speculators will be alone consulted during the existence of the new dynasty.

"Say to Mr. Saunders that he well recollects that I objected to the new State bank bills. I never had one of them, and I never will receive one of them. In this country you could not pass them, and get one dollar in specie

for ten dollars in them. I therefore protest against receiving any of the trash, and I am sure Mr. Saunders will not offer it. I will take the old State bank or its branches at the exchange for Orleans.

“Before this reaches you, Colonel Butler and our little son will be with you. I hope, I trust, you will extend your care over him until we are where he has gone. You may be sure your sister will not remain long behind. We all enjoy tolerable health at present, but I am wearied with business this hot weather.

“Present us affectionately to your lady and family, and all our friends, and accept for yourself our choicest blessings. Adieu.

“ANDREW JACKSON.”

With the insight afforded by these letters into the Governor's feelings, the reader will be able to judge correctly the extraordinary scenes to which Mrs. Jackson alludes, when she states that Colonel Callava had been in the calaboose. “Which is a terrible thing really,” remarks the good lady. It was not a very terrible thing really. It was only terrible apparently—terrible in print.

One or two anecdotes, however, before we proceed to that agitating subject. A few days after General Jackson's arrival at Pensacola a fire broke out near the center of the town. The Spanish population rushed to the public square to view the spectacle; but not a man of them attempted to extinguish the flames. General Jackson soon arrived, and, seeing the apathy of the people, uttered one of his fiercest yells, which was intended merely to rouse the spectators to exertion. The poor Spaniards, not comprehending the phrase employed by the General, and having imbibed impressions respecting the ferocity of his disposition that rendered him an object of terror, were struck with consternation, and took to their heels. The General was left in the square the sole spectator of the conflagration, until the troops came running in from the barracks.

Another event of a far different nature occurred about this time, which I would gladly omit, but must not. Judge Brackenridge tells the story: “In the plenitude of his power he permitted a fatal duel to be fought in Pensacola, in the most public and notorious manner, when a single word from

him would have prevented it ! I allude to the unfortunate affair of Hull and Randal, two young officers; the former just then reformed, the other still in the army. Randal came from Baton Rouge on purpose, it was generally said, to draw a challenge from Hull, who had thrown out threats against him. The challenge was accordingly given by Hull ; the duel took place ; Dr. Bronaugh, the bosom friend of General Jackson, acting as physician. I was present when the doctor returned to communicate the result to the General, who was waiting impatiently to hear it. Poor Hull was shot through the heart ; his pistol, which was a hair trigger, had stopped at half cock. The General was much displeased. ‘ D—n the pistol,’ said he ; ‘ by G—d, to think that a brave man should risk his life on a hair trigger !’ He was sufficiently generous not to arrest Randal, but gave him an intimation instantly to quit the town, which might have been given before the affair had taken place.”*

General Jackson, then, still believed in the pistol. Yes, reader ; his wife had not yet succeeded in converting him from that bad faith. Will she ever do it ? Not till her tongue is still in death ; not till she has for many a year spoken to him from her tomb in the Hermitage garden.

CHAPTER XLV.

COLONEL CALLAVA IN THE CALABOOSE.

OF the governors of Pensacola with whom we have had to do in the course of our history Colonel Callava, the last of the Spanish governors, was by far the most agreeable and the most respectable character. He was a Castilian, of a race akin to the Saxon, of light complexion, a handsome, well-grown man, of dignified presence and refined manners. He

* Letters of the Hon. H. M. Brackenridge. Pamphlet, 1832.