

[Transcriber's emphasis: **Passages in red with bold-face lettering** ]

**THE DEATH OF GEN. ANDREW JACKSON  
on June 8<sup>th</sup>, 1845:  
Coverage May 13 to September 2**

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## Text I

*The Georgia Telegraph & Republic*  
(Macon, Georgia)

**Tuesday morning, May 13<sup>th</sup>, 1845**

(New Series Vol. I, No. 33 – Whole No. 969  
p. 2, c. 3

Glorious on the battle field,  
Glorious in the chair of State,  
When thy country found a shield  
In thy arm, to guard her fate;  
Still more glorious art thou now,  
**Gasping feebly for thy breath,**  
**While upon thy martial brow**  
**Fast distil the dews of death!**

Though disease has sapped thy form,  
And the lightning from thine eye  
Fades, which through the battle's storm  
Gleamed so bright and valiantly;  
**Though thy voice, whose clarion tone**  
**Sent to gallant hearts a thrill,**  
**As the line moved bravely on,**  
**Fainter grows, and fainter still.**

Yet thy spirit, bright as erst,  
Through the gathering clouds of night,  
O'er thy country's sky it burst  
Like a glorious beacon light;  
Pure as when its ray was given,  
Though it hastens to its end,  
Till it pass away to Heaven,  
It is all of JACKSON yet!

Set it *must*—but thy great name,  
Lingering here beneath the sky,  
Cherished for thy country's fame,  
Will not, nay, it *can not* die!  
Living through each future age,  
Living in her gallant sons,  
Living on her history's page,  
Side by side with WASHINGTON's!

When the storm of battle pours,  
And the invader's ruthless band,  
Fiercely, on these western shores,

Seeks to conquer freedom's land,  
 Sternly grappling with the foe,  
**In the battle's reddest flame,  
 Where's the brave heart will not glow  
 When we breath old JACKSON's name!**

**In no tomb for monarch made,  
 With no pageantry of woe,  
 Shall thy glorious dust be laid,  
 In the earth, when thou art low;  
 Like thy life, thou dauntless man,  
 We will dig a grave for thee,  
 Simple and republican,  
 In the soil of Liberty!**

**With a stern and lofty pride,  
 Patriots, in all coming time,  
 From the hills to th' ocean's side,  
 Shalt recount thy life sublime;  
 Ceasing not to hope that men,  
 With great souls may rise to guide  
 Rightly this free nation—when  
 Such, as thou, have lived and died!**

**H. R. J.**

## **Text II**

*The Georgia Telegraph & Republic*  
 (Macon, Georgia)

**Tuesday morning, May 13<sup>th</sup>, 1845**

(New Series Vol. I, No. 33 – Whole No. 969)  
 p.2, c. 5

*General Jackson's Papers.*—The *Globe* say a letter has been received by Mr. Blair, from General Jackson, informing Mr. B. that he has left all his papers to him, and requests him to use them in vindicating his character should it be assailed.

## **Text III**

**Republican Compiler**  
 (Gettysburg, Pennsylvania)

**Monday, June 9<sup>th</sup>, 1845**

**Vol. XXVII, No. 38**

p. 1, c. 1

**POETRY.**

*From the United States Journal.*

**LINES.**

BY J. H. MURDOCH,

*On the refusal of Gen. Jackson to accept the  
Marble Sarcophagus of a king, presented to  
Him by Com. Elliott, U. S. Navy, and which  
The Commodore brought from Rome.*

Shall he, the daring and the brave,  
Be laid where slumber'd royalty?  
Shall he accept a tyrant's grave,  
Who fought and bled for liberty?

Oh! No, no marble tomb he needs,  
Wherein to slumber and decay;  
The memory of his mighty deeds  
Can never, never pass away.

The patriot and the potentate  
Should never in the same grave sleep;  
Freedom would blush to see her great  
Dishonor'd thus, ay, blush and weep.

Like all the brave, he's doom'd to die,  
Fearless of death; and when he's dead,  
Let him with none but heroes lie—  
No monarch's coffin be his bed.

When dead, he ever still shall live  
Thro' lingering ages yet to be;  
And fame, a glorious garland give,  
To bind his brow of victory.

The golden pen of fame shall trace  
His name on the historic page;  
His glory freedom's world shall grace,  
While centuries roll, from age to age.

**Text IV**

*The New York Herald*  
(New York City)

**Monday morning, June 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1845**

(Vol. XI, No. 171 – Whole No. 4033.)  
p.2, c. 6

**PROGRAMME**  
OF ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES  
OF THE LATE  
**General Andrew Jackson**

The Joint Committee of the Common Council of New York, in connection with the municipal authorities of the City of Brooklyn, and the commanding officers of the military corps, have adopted the following Programme of Arrangements for the funeral solemnities on the occasion of the death of the late ANDREW JACKSON, formerly President of the United States, to take place on Tuesday, the 24<sup>th</sup> of June, instant.

They have unanimously selected General Gilbert Hopkins, as Grand Marshal of the day. The following persons have been names as aids:

Prosper M. Wetmore,	Isaac L. Varian,
Nathan B. Graham,	O. D. F. Grant,
Florence Mahoney,	Robert B. Boyd,
Samuel D. Jackson,	Samuel Jones Mumford,
Henry U. Slipper,	George C. King,
Frederick Peatz,	N. C. Philbrick,
William L. Morris,	L. F. Hough,
George G. Hopkins,	Thomas K. Kellinger,
Benjamin S. Hart,	C. S. Storans,
Robert C. Morris,	John Colgan,
Medad Platt,	H. M. Graham,
O. W. Fitz Randolph	Edward Shortal,
Garret H. Striker, Jr.,	A. G. Crasto.

The authorities of the city of Brooklyn will select and announce their own corp of Marshals and Aids.

The following will be the order of the Procession:—

The movement will commence from the Park at 2 o'clock, P.M. precisely, which will be announced by the discharge of three pieces of ordnance in quick succession, and the column

will proceed up Chatham street to East Broadway, up East Broadway to Grand street, through Grand street to the Bowery, up the Bowery to Union Park—around the Park, down Broadway to the front of the City Hall, on passing which point each division will be under the orders of its respective commandant.

The solemnities at the Hall, at the close of the procession, will be as follows:—

1. Prayer by Rev. Dr. Krebs.
2. Funeral Oration by Hon. B. F. Butler.
3. A Requiem by Sacred Music Society.
4. Benediction by Rev. Dr. Wainwright.

The ceremonies to conclude with the firing of a volley of three rounds by the United States troops on duty.

The whole under the command of the Grand Marshal.

Persons having charge of the different churches and fire alarm bells in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn, are requested to cause the bells to be tolled from the hour of two o'clock, P.M. during the procession; and the proprietors of public buildings, are requested to have their colors hoisted half-mast from sunrise to sunset. It is respectfully recommended also, that our fellow-citizens close their places of business during the solemnities of the day.

The associations, societies and citizens, to whom places are assigned as above, are requested to appear in the order prescribed.

The Committee have unanimously resolved that no banners bearing political devices or inscriptions, shall be admitted in the procession.

It is recommended that our fellow-citizens, whether in the procession or not, wear the usual badge of mourning on the left arm.

The various societies, associations, and other bodies, are requested to assemble at such places as they may respectively select, and repair to the places of rendezvous designated in the annexed order.

The different divisions in the following programme, will be designated by a white banner, with the appropriate number of each in black.

The various civic societies will walk six abreast.

### **Order of the Procession**

#### **FIRST DIVISION**

TROOP OF CAVALRY.

Gen. GILBERT HOPKINS, Grand Marshal.

SPECIAL AIDS.

Gen. Prosper M. Wetmore,

Col. Samuel D. Jackson

Gen. N. B. Graham,  
Col. Florence Mahony,

Col. H. U. Slipper,  
Col. Henry P. Robertson.

The head of the column will be preceded and escorted by the Light Guard, under the command of Capt. Edward Vincent; and the Independence Guard, commanded by Capt. John T. Cairns.

The following military corps will form the principal escort, the whole being under the command of Major Gen. CHARLES W. SANDFORD.

The officers and Light Companies of the Divisions of New York State Infantry.

The Division of Artillery in the following order:

FIRST BRIGADE—Commanded by Brigadier General Hall, consisting of the following regiments :—Ninth Regiment, Col. Curtis; Twenty-seventh Regiment, Col. Vermilyea; Second Regiment, Col. Dodge; Third Regiment, Col. Avery.

SIXTH BRIGADE— Commanded by Brigadier General Morris, consisting of the following regiments: —Eleventh Regiment, Col. Yates; Thirty-eighth Regiment, Col. Warner; Thirteenth Regiment, Col. Ming; Squadron of Clinton Horse Guards.

FIRST BRIGADE OF HORSE ARTILLERY— Commanded by Brigadier General Storms, consisting of the following regiments: —First Regiment commanded by Col. Stewart; Second Regiment commanded by Col. Delavan; Third Regiment commanded by Col. Miller.

### SECOND DIVISION.

Major General G. H. Striker. – Aids to the Grand  
George G. Hopkins, Esq. Marshal

Officiating Clergymen.

Orator of the Day.

Ex-President Van Buren.

His Excellency Governor Wright.

Hon. Wm. L. Marcy, Secretary of War.

The Court for the Correction of Errors.

The State Officers.

Ex-Governors.

The Reverend the Clergy, and other invited Guests of the  
Corporation, in Carriages.

General Scott, Commanding Army of the United States,  
And Aids.

The Commanding Officer of the United States  
Military District and Aids.

Colonel Bankhead and Officers of the Army.

Major Delafield and the Corp of Cadets.

**The Commanding Officer of the Navy of the United States, on  
This station, and Aids.**

**The Commandant of the Navy Yard and Officers of the Navy.  
A detachment of United States Marines, as an Escort.**

**FUNERAL URN.**

**On a Car drawn by four white horses, with grooms.  
HORSE.  
Caparisoned and led.**

The following Pall-Bearers, twenty-eight in number, in carriages, viz:—

James Kent,	Edward W. Laight,
John I. Morgan,	Capt. G. Warren Chapman,
Abraham Dally,	Elded Holmes,
Peter Bennet,	John M. Bradhurst,
James McBride,	Peter Emoury,
James Tallmadge,	Thomas Herttell,
Gideon Ostrander,	Richard Kingsland,
Abraham Van Nest,	Jacob Aims,
Edward H. Nicoll,	John Robbins,
Abraham R. L. Lawrence,	A. Moffatt,
Col. Talbot of Tennessee,	Gen. Jer'h Johnson, Brook'n
George Seaman,	Joseph Sprague, “
F. Secor,	Leffert Lefferts, “
W. E. Wilmerding,	Coe. S. Downing, “

A detachment of United States Troops as a  
GUARD OF HONOR.

Mayors of New York, Brooklyn, **Jersey** City and Newark.

The Common Councils of the cities of New York, Brooklyn, **Jersey** City and Newark, as mourners, in the following order:—

The Board of Aldermen,  
Preceded by their Sergeant-at-Arms, and headed by the President.  
The Board of Assistants,  
Preceded by their Sergeant-at-Arms, and headed by their President.  
The Officers of both Boards.  
Preceded by their Sergeant-at-Arms, headed by their President.  
The Officers of the Common Council of Brooklyn.  
Washington Greys of **Jersey** City, commanded by Capt. Poll?re as an escort.  
Marshal of **Jersey** City and Aids.  
Mayor and Common Council of **Jersey** City, with their Clerk and Marshal.  
Clergy of **Jersey** City.  
Civic Societies of **Jersey** City.  
Citizens of **Jersey** City.



### Text V

*Republican Farmer*  
(Bridgeport, Connecticut)

**Tuesday, June 24<sup>th</sup>, 1845**

Vol. XXXV, No. 1836  
New Series: Vol. 16, No. 28  
p.3, c. 3

*Gen. Jackson's Last Letter.*—We understand that Gen. Jackson's last letter was written to President Polk on Friday the 6<sup>th</sup> inst., and that it was in relation to foreign affairs.

The last time he signed his name was on Saturday evening, the 7<sup>th</sup> inst. The Hon. Thomas F. Marshall had written to inquire into the situation of his health—the letter was answered by his son, Andrew Jackson, Jr., and *franked* by Andrew Jackson—that *frank* was his last *signature*.—*Nashville Union*.

The remains of General Jackson now rest in the spot so beautifully alluded to by him in his reply to Commodore Elliott, in the following language:

“I have prepared a humble depository for my mortal body beside that wherein lies my beloved wife, where, without any pomp or parade, I have requested, when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers, to be laid; for both of us there to remain until the last trumpet sounds, to call the dead to judgment, when we, I hope, shall rise together, clothed with that heavenly body promised to all who believe in our glorious Redeemer, who died for us that we might live, and by whose atonement I hope for blessed immortality.”

### Text VI

*Republican Farmer*  
(Bridgeport, Connecticut)

**Tuesday, June 24<sup>th</sup>, 1845**

Vol. XXXV, No. 1836  
New Series: Vol. 16, No. 28  
**p.3, c. 2**

## DEATH OF GEN. JACKSON.

**The venerable patriot and hero** Jackson is no more. He died on Sunday the 8<sup>th</sup> inst., about 6 P. M., in the 78<sup>th</sup> year of his age.

The intelligence of this melancholy event has every where occasioned a public outbreak of sympathy and sorrow, such as has not been witnessed since the death of Jefferson and Adams.

At Washington, Richmond, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, **Albany**, Rochester, **Buffalo**, and Concord, we notice, measures have been adopted, upon the recommendation of the civil authority, for public demonstrations in honor of the illustrious deceased.

In the city of New York, public manifestations are made to his memory to-day. A civil and military procession, is to be formed at 2 P. M., in the Park, and march through the principal streets, and an address delivered by Hon. B. F. Butler. It will, without doubt, be a very imposing affair.

See articles relating to the General on our second page.

### Second Page, c. 1-4:

## DEATH OF GENERAL JACKSON.

The Nashville papers of Monday, June 9<sup>th</sup>, brought the melancholy intelligence that Gen. Jackson is no more.

The term of his eventful life closed on Sunday evening, 8<sup>th</sup> inst., at 6 o'clock.—On Sunday morning the report reached Nashville that he had expired, owing to his having fainted away in the attempt to move him from his chair to the bed. He however recovered for a few hours.

A short time before his death he took an affectionate leave of his friends and domestics, retaining to the last his senses and intellect unclouded. He expired with the utmost calmness, expressing the highest confidence in a happy immortality thro' the Redeemer.

The simple announcement of this melancholy, though long expected event, will excite the deepest emotions in the hearts of the American people. The fame and memory of Jackson belong to his country. **Her history will contain the record of his valuable services —his sterling patriotism, and a nation's gratitude will be his monument.**

Gen. Jackson was born March 15<sup>th</sup>, 1767, and died June 8<sup>th</sup>, 1845, in the 79<sup>th</sup> [sic] year of his age.

*Letter to the Journal of Commerce.*

NASHVILLE, June 9<sup>th</sup>, 1845.

This morning, I had nearly finished a letter to the Journal of Commerce giving an account of a visit to the Hermitage and the condition of General Jackson's health, together with other items of information, when the melancholy intelligence reached me, that on last evening, at 6 o'clock, the venerable statesman and patriot had expired.

Last evening, about 6 o'clock, General Houston, the ex-President of Texas, arrived here on his way to the Hermitage; and without stopping longer than to obtain a conveyance,

proceeded at once to the General's residence. He arrived, an hour or more too late to witness the closing scene of his eventful life, and was met on the way by messengers coming to bring the affecting intelligence to the city.

From Doctor Esselman, who spent the day at the Hermitage, and witnessed the affecting scene of the old man's death, I learned some of the particulars which I now communicate. Early in the morning of the day (Sunday) he became conscious that the spark of life was nearly extinguished, and expecting to die before another sun would set, he sent for his family and domestics to come and receive his dying benediction. His remarks, it is said, were full of affection and Christian resignation. His mind retained its vigor to the last, and his dying moments, even more than his early years, exhibited its highest intellectual light. To his family and friends he said:—"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 as 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 upon earth, and it is better that this worn out frame should go to rest, and my spirit take up its abode with the Redeemer."

He continued thus to address his relatives and friends at intervals, during the forenoon, and, as Dr. Esselman remarked, **his confidence and faith in the great truths of religion seemed to be more firm and unwavering than any man he had ever seen die.** He expressed a desire that Dr. Edgar, of the Presbyterian church, to which he himself belonged, should preach his funeral sermon, and **that no pomp or parade should be made over his grave.**

To-day, a meeting of the Mayor and Common Council of Nashville was held, which passed resolutions in honor of his memory, and called a meeting of the citizens in the afternoon to make arrangements for the funeral. At this meeting, Andrew Ewing, Esq., made some eloquent and feeling remarks on the object of the meeting and during his allusions to the time honored chief and his associations with the old soldiers of Tennessee, many an eye was wet with the tear of affection.

Gen. Houston was present, and at the request of the meeting, made a few brief but eloquent remarks, on the occasion that had brought together so many citizens.—He paid some beautiful tributes to the worth of his friend, and the friend of liberty and human rights, and concluded by saying, "Such is the man whose obsequies we are about to perform!"

The news of the death of **the old Hero** was received at Washington, **by express**, on Monday **the 16<sup>th</sup>**. The President immediately issued the following order.

**GENERAL ORDER. EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.**

Andrew Jackson is no more! He departed this life on Sunday, the 8<sup>th</sup> inst, full of days and full of honors. —His country deploras his loss, and will ever cherish his memory.

While a nations mourns, it is proper that business should be suspended, at least for one day in the Executive Departments, as a tribute of respect to the illustrious dead.

I accordingly direct that the Department of State, the Treasury, War, the Navy, the Post Office, the office of the Attorney General, and the Executive Mansion, be instantly put into mourning, and that they be closed during the whole day tomorrow. JAMES K. POLK.

*Washington City, June 16, 1845.*

## Text VII

*(ibid.)*

The Secretary of the Navy on Monday issued the following beautiful general order:

**GENERAL ORDER. WAR AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS.**

WASHINGTON, June 16, 1845.

The President of the United States, with heartfelt sorrow, announces to the army, the navy, and the marine corps, the death of ANDREW JACKSON. On the evening of Sunday, the eighth of June, about six o'clock he resigned his spirit to his heavenly Father. The nation, while it learns with grief the death of its most illustrious citizen, finds solace in contemplating his venerable character and services. The valley of the Mississippi beheld in him the bravest and the wisest, and most fortunate of its defenders. The country raised him to the highest trust **in military and in civil life**, with a confidence that never abated, and an affection that followed him in undiminished vigor to retirement, watched over his latest hours, and pays its tribute at his grave. Wherever his lot was cast, he appeared among those around him, first in authority and station. The power of his mind impressed itself on the policy of his country, and still lives, and will live forever in the memory of its people. Child of a forest region, and a settler of the wilderness, his was a genius which, as it came to the guidance of affairs, instinctively attached itself to general principles, and, inspired by the truth which his own heart revealed to him in singleness and simplicity, he found always a response in the bosoms of his countrymen. Crowned with glory in war, in his whole career as a statesman, he shod himself the friend and lover of peace. With an American heart, whose throbs were all for the republican freedom and his native land, he yet longed to promote the wisest intercourse, and the most intimate commerce, between the many nations of mankind.—**He was the servant of humanity**. Of a vehement will, he was patient in council, deliberating long, hearing all things; yet in the moment of action deciding rapidly. **Of a noble nature, and incapable of disguise, his thoughts lay open to all around him, and won their confidence by his ingenuous frankness**. His judgment was of that solidity, that he ever tempered vigor with prudence. The flushings of anger could never cloud his facilities, but rather kindled and lighted them up, quickening their energy without disturbing their balance. In war, his eye at a glance discerned his plans with unerring sagacity; in peace, he proposed measures with instinctive wisdom, of which the inspirations were prophecy. In discipline stern, in a just resolution inflexible, he was full of the gentlest affections, ever ready to solace the distressed, and to relieve the needy; faithful to his friends, fervid for his country. Indifferent to other rewards, he aspired throughout life to an honorable fame, and so loved his fellow-men, that he longed to dwell in their affectionate remembrance. **Heaven gave him length of days, and he filled them with deeds of greatness**. He was always happy; happy in his youth, which shared the achievements of our national independence; happy in his after years, which beheld the valley of the West cover itself with the glory of free and ever increasing States; happy in his age, which **saw the people multiplied from two to twenty millions**, and freedom and union make their pathway from the Atlantic to the Pacific; thrice happy in death, for while he believed the liberties of his country imperishable, and was cheered by visions of its constant advancement, he departed from this life in full hope of a blessed immortality, through the merits and atonement of his Redeemer.

Officers of the army, the navy, and the marine corps, will wear crape on the left arm and on their swords; **and the colors of the several regiments will be put in mourning for a period of six months**.—At the naval stations, and on public vessels in commission, the flags will be

worn at half mast for one week; and the day after this order is received, twenty one minute guns will be fired, beginning at 12 o'clock. At each military station, the day after the reception of this, the national flag will be displayed at half-staff from sunrise to sunset; thirteen guns will be fired at daybreak; half hour guns during the day; and at the close of the day a general salute. The troops will be paraded at 10 o'clock, and this order read to them, on which the labors of the day will cease.

**Let the virtues of the illustrious dead retain their influence, and when energy and courage are called to trial, emulate his example.**

**GEORGE BANCROFT**  
**Acting Secretary of War,**  
**And Secretary of the Navy.**

**Text VIII**

*(ibid.)*

*Funeral of General Jackson.*—Yesterday every place of business was closed, and our citizens for the most part went up to the Hermitage to pay the last solemn rites to the distinguished dead. A very large concourse assembled from the town and country, and a most impressive and eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Edgar. The body was borne to the grave by the pall bearers appointed by the meeting on Tuesday, and without ostentation or parade, in the midst of silence and tears was placed by the side of her, whom in life he loved so well.—*Nashville Banner* June 11.

*Letter to the Journal of Commerce.*

NASHVILLE, June 11.

When we returned from the funeral at the Hermitage yesterday evening, I found it too late to write a letter by the mail, as I expected to do at the date of my last letter. The funeral occupied nearly the whole day, and by the time we rode twelve miles back to town it was nearly night.—When we arrived in the morning, about none o'clock, the house was nearly filled, although the hour appointed for the funeral was eleven. His more immediate friends and neighbors had come in at this early hour, to mingle their tears with the bereaved family which **the old hero** had left behind him, in his adopted son and daughter and their children. It was a sad scene to see the afflicted family weeping over the remains of him who had so long been to them a father and a friend.

The corpse was placed in the centre of the large parlor at the left of the hall; and as new arrivals made their appearance, there was one constant stream of human beings, making their way to take the last look of him who had been so distinguished in his day and generation. His countenance looked even younger and fresher than when I visited him previous to his death. Those who had never seen him before, recognized, at once, the features of an extraordinary man, whose portraits and engravings they had seen in all parts of the country, and whose face had in it a distinctiveness of character that distinguished it from all others.

On the mantel piece, immediately over the head of the corpse, was the last portrait of the old General, taken by Mr. Henley, for Louis Phillippe, the King of the French.

At eleven o'clock the body was moved out on the broad piazza in front of the house, and a platform erected behind the pillars, where the Rev. Dr. Edgar took his stand, and the funeral

exercises commenced. By this time more than a thousand people had assembled; and among them many of the old soldiers that assisted the General in driving the Indians from our borders, stood with tearful eyes around his coffin. The Dr., after reading one of the Psalms, and singing and prayer, took his text from *Rev.*, 7 chap., 13-14 verses, and delivered one of the most pathetic and eloquent discourses I ever heard.

**[Revelations, Chapter 7: 13-14 :**

**13 And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?**

**14 And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of the greatest tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.**

**15 Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.**

**16 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.**

**17 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. ]**

The exercises were then closed, and after the coffin had been placed in a zink [sic] covering and soldered, and again placed in an outside coffin, it was conveyed to the tomb in his garden, where he had caused a burial place to be made by the side of her whose memory he has cherished so long and faithfully.

Prayer was then offered over his grave, and singing; and last of all came the military of Nashville, and fired three volleys of musketry over his grave. **In observance of his request, there was no pomp or display on the occasion**—no martial music—and nought but solemnity and tears. In Nashville, the bells were tolled, and minute guns fired, a part of the day. The stores were closed all day, **and all seemed to feel that the country had lost a patriot and statesman, and they a father and a friend.**

### Text IX

(*ibid.*)

### Chronology of the Biography of General Jackson.

**1767, March 15.** —Born near Waxhaw Settlement, south Carolina, of parents recently emigrated from Ireland.

**1781.** —Entered the revolutionary service, at the age of 11. Taken prisoner, and wounded by a British officer for spirited resistance to a degrading [sic] order.

**1781.** —Commenced the study of the law at Salisbury, N. c.

**1786.** —Admitted to the Bar in North Carolina.

**1788.** —Accompanied Judge M'Nairy to the S.W. Territory, now the State of Tennessee, where he was shortly afterward appointed Attorney General.

**1795.** —Chosen a member of the Convention to form a Constitution for the State of Tennessee. elected to Congress in the same year, and took his seat in the H. R. Nov. 22, 1796.

**1797.** —Elected U. S. Senator, and took his seat Nov. 22.

**1799.** —Resigned his place in the Senate and was appointed Judge of the Spreme Court of Tenn.

**1800.** —Chosen General of militia of Tennessee.

**1812.** —Raised 2500 volunteers for the War with Great Britain, and \$5000 on his own personal credit to provide for their comfort.

**1813.** —After the massacre at Fort Mimms, by the Creeks, took command of the Tennessee troops, with a recently fractured arm, and in six months terminated the border difficulties.

**1814.** —Appointed Brigadier General in the United States Army. Concluded advantageous treaty with the Creeks—reduced Pensacola—forced the surrender of Fort Barancas, and dispersed the British and Indians harbored and protected there by the treacherous conduct of the Spanish Governor, Manriquez, Nov. 9—Arrested the advance of the British to N. Orleans, by a night attack, Dec. 23—Repulsed the attack under Sir E. Packenham, with great loss to the British, Dec. 28.

**1815.** —Jan 1, repulsed another assault. —Jan. 8, with 3700 American militia men won the victory at N. Orleans over 9000 of Wellington's invinsibles [sic], repulsing their attack, with a loss of 13 on one side and 2600 on the other, Jan. 24, fined \$1000 by judge Hall for opposing a *habeas corpus* issued by said Judge during the existence of Martial law, for the release of Louallier, arrested by Gen. Jackson for exciting mutiny in his camp. The amount of the fine being collected by the ladies of New Orleans, Jackson directed its distribution among the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in defence of the city, paying the fine himself.

**1817.** —March against the Seminoles in Florida—executed two incendiaries stimulating the Indians, Arbuthnot and Ambrister. Again entered Pensacola and took Fort Barancas, to which the Spanish Governor had retreated July 28<sup>th</sup>.

**1821.** —Appointed first Governor of Florida after its cession to the U.S.

**1823.** —Declined appointment of Minister to Mexico.

**1824.** —Received plurality of votes for the Presidency, but the election devolving on the House of Representatives, Mr. J. Q. Adams was chosen. —General Jackson elected to U.S. Senate from Tenn.

Again nominated for the Presidency—Resigned seat in the Senate.

**1828.** —Elected President of the United States.

**1829.** —Inaugurated March 4<sup>th</sup>—delivered first annual message Dec. 8.

**1830.** —Vetoed the Maysville Road bill, May 27.

**1832.** —Vetoed United States Bank Bill, July 10—Re-elected President in November—issued South Carolina Proclamation Dec. 11.

**1833.** —Nullification Message Jan. 16—Second Inaugural Message March 1—Removal of the Government Deposites [sic] from Bank of U. S. in October.

**1834.** —Protest against the Impeachment Resolution, April 15.

**1836.** —French Indemnity Message, Jan. 15—Texas Message, Dec. 21.

**1837.** —The Impeachment Resolution, through the indomitable perseverance of Benton, expunged from the record of the Senate, Jan. 16<sup>th</sup>—Farewell Address, March 3.

**1844.** —Jan 8—On the 28<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the victory of N. Orleans, the House of Representatives refunded the fine of \$1000 imposed by Judge Hall—Concurred in by the Senate, Feb. 14.

**1845.** —Died at the Hermitage near Nashville, June 8<sup>th</sup>, at 6 P. M., at peace with God and man—forgiving his enemies, praying for his country, and ripe for immortality.

## Text X

*(ibid.)*

p. 1, c. 3:

*The first-page poem chosen by the Republican Farmer for the issue announcing Andrew Jackson's death. Jackson is clearly one of the "noble fathers" [l. 4].*

## THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

*By A. H. Everett.*

Scion of a mighty stock:

**Hands of iron—hearts of oak—  
Follow with unflinching tread  
Where thy noble fathers led!**

Craft and subtle treachery,

Gallant youth, are not for thee;

**Follow thou, in word and deeds,  
Where the God within thee leads.**

**Honesty with steady eye,****Truth and pure simplicity,**

**Love that gently winneth hearts,  
These shall be thy only arts.**

Prudent in the council train,

**Dauntless** on the battle plain—

**Ready at your country's need  
For her glorious cause to bleed.**

When the dews of night distil

Upon Vernon's holy Hill;

Where above it gleaming far

Freedom lights her guiding star—

Thither turn the steady eye,

Flashing with a purpose high;

Thither with devotion meet,

Often turn the pilgrim's feet.

Let he noble motto be

*God, —the Country—Liberty, —*

**Planted on religion's rock,  
Thou shalt stand in every shock.**

**Laugh at danger, far or near—****Spurn at baseness—spurn at fear, —****Still with persevering might,**



**Speak the truth, and do the right.**

**So shall peace—a charming guest,—  
Dove-like in thy bosom rest, —  
So shall honor's steady blaze  
Beam upon thy closing days.**

**Happy if celestial favor  
Smile upon the high endeavor;  
Happy if it be thy call  
In the holy cause to fall.**

**Text XI**

*The Farmers' Cabinet*  
(Amherst, N. H.)

**Thursday, July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1845**

Vol. 43, No. 46  
p.2, c. 3-4

*From the New York Observer.*

**ANDREW JACKSON—HIS MOTHER**

The death of this individual has excited much interest in the United States, especially among those who belong to the party of which he was the accredited head. We are too near the tempestuous period of his administration [sic] to expect a union of sentiment on the character and actions of one who exhibited more salient points than any of his predecessors or successors. **We still feel the swell of that sea, on which the ship of State then rocked so violently, nor is it certain that the storm is yet over.** Two immense hostile party divisions fill the land, each possessing great and talented members, **and each wielding a giant moral power**, while the possession of the offices of government gives to one of these parties the present political preponderance. With this party, Jackson was the *ne plus ultra* of democracy—the second Jefferson—the incarnation of their principles. **The enthusiasm with which they regarded him in life kindles up anew at his death.** The other party dissent. They receive the news of his death with coldness. They consider his administration to have been no blessing to the country. It must be confessed that the general feeling must not be compared with that which saddened the country at the death of Washington.

These differences of opinion I do not intend to discuss. I may be allowed to say something of the eminent man about whom they exist. To posterity must be entrusted the final judgment on the character of the man, which after all the eulogies of friends and the censures of foes have been expended on their objects, usually settles down on a true, firm and permanent basis. At present men on both sides look through the medium of prejudice, passion or interest.

**The deceased Ex-President had no half-way character.** He was known and read by all. **He was a man of secure ardent friends and bitter enemies. He could disguise nothing. Simulation was a thing he abhorred as much by the instinct of his nature, as by the decision of his judgment.**

In a conversation with the writer of this article, some years since, Gen. J. spoke of his mother in a manner that convinced me that his mother never ceased to exert a secret power over him until his heart was brought into reconciliation with God. She had three sons, Hugh, Robert and Andrew, the youngest, whose father died not long after his birth, little prescient of **the future fame of his poor boy, whom his mother with the scanty patrimony** could scarcely educate. But he said that she inculcated religious truth in his mind. The leading doctrines of the Bible were taught him in the form of question and answer, as contained in the Westminster Catechism. In those truths he expressed his decided belief. But their saving power does not seem to have been felt for more than half a century with the church. **Few of his friends will probably claim for him the possession of piety while he was the occupant of the presidential chair**, however much in such a perilous position its sovereign virtue is needed to guide judgment, repress the ambition, chasten the language and subdue the passions of the conspicuous incumbent of that coveted seat. **In retirement, it was different**; there he could reflect more deeply, feel more tenderly, and choose more deliberately. One can hardly help contrasting **the cold and heartless sneers of Jefferson** at the religion of Christ with the full, warm and enthusiastic expressions of Jackson in the all-sufficient merits of the atoning Redeemer.

**The old man** was characteristic to the last. Whatever he resolved to do, he was never ashamed of. Of the Bible he said—"Upon that sacred volume I rest my hope for eternal salvation through the merits and the blood of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." Let all his admirers mark this. Not alone in his unbelief did Jefferson live and die. He drew after him many that, in the blindness of their decision, looked to him as well for a creed in religion as in politics. Will the example and influence of Jackson be equally strong on the belief of those devoted admirers, **who may have more confidence in him as a statesman and a soldier, than as a Christian—who are charmed with his military and civic qualities, but doubt as to the other.** J. N. D.

## Text XII

*Vermont Gazette*  
(Bennington, Vermont)

**Tuesday, July 8<sup>th</sup>, 1845**

Vol. LXV, No. 4,197  
New Series: Vol. 16, No. 28  
p.1, c. 6

### **Eulogy** ON GEN. ANDREW JACKSON

Pronounced by Hon. B. F. Butler, in New York, 24<sup>th</sup> June, 1845.

Mournful but pleasant, friends and fellow citizens, is the service in which we are engaged. **ANDREW JACKSON, upon whose bed of sickness and suffering have been so intently fixed the filial and solicitous regards of the millions of America, is no more. His great soul has**

**ascended to its Author; his venerable form has shrunk into the grave.** To that grave, with swelling hearts and tearful eyes, and sad funeral rites, a Nation is repairing. We have come to it to-day. While we linger within its sacred precincts, **the praises of the Hero we revered**, the Magistrate we honored, and **the man we loved**, rise instinctively to our lips. To their free utterance, affection prompts, duty enjoins, Nature compels us. It is fitting, it is right, that such tributes should be paid to those who, in council or in camp, have advanced the glory of their country, and the welfare of their kind. The homage thus bestowed is at least disinterested. For the dead, who are its objects, insensible alike to praise and to blame, can make no return to the living who proffer it. It exerts a humanizing influence on the universal heart; it promotes the formation of a true national character; it softens the asperities of party; it incites to a virtuous emulation. Next, in purity and meetness, to the thanksgivings which we owe the God who gave, and guided, and sustained them, is the feeling of grateful reverence we should ever cherish towards those who are the instruments of His goodness. To the claims of our great men, of every age and time, of every sect and party, let us then be faithful. Let History transmit to other generations the story of their lives; let the canvas and marble perpetuate the image of their forms; let poetry and music breath forth their names in hymns and harmonies; **let the united voice of their countrymen echo their praises to the remotest shores** so that wherever an American footstep shall tread, or a lover of American liberty be found, there too, the memory of their greatness shall abide—a beauty and an excellence—the joy of all the earth!

The facts and incidents which belong to the romantic and eventful life of ANDREW JACKSON, are too numerous to allow me, on the present occasion, to attempt any extended biographical sketch.

Weighty and instant as are the duties of the citizen to his country, JACKSON remembers that he owes to his maker a higher and more solemn responsibility. This sentiment had been implanted in his youthful breast by a mother's lessons and a mother's love. It had been nourished by the example of a wife—one of the excellent of the earth; by providential deliverances and favors, by the perusal of the Book of God, and by the instructions of the pulpit. Under the circumstances in which he is now placed these influences acquire new, and, by Divine blessing, decisive force. They lead him to the Garden and the Cross; he seeks and he obtains forgiveness of his sins; he avows before the world the hopes he has received, and publicly enlists in the army of the faithful. Henceforward he addicts himself with a child-like docility to the duties and privileges of the Christian life. He finds in *them* his chief enjoyment, and *they* produce in him their appropriate effects—**peace with God, fortitude in suffering, patience and resignation in the midst of pain, serenity and hope in the prospect of his departure.** And when at length the final hour has come, how does it illustrate the humility of his character, the warmth of his benevolence, the sincerity, the vigor of his faith? With prayers for his household, his friends, his country; with words of instruction and of love to all around him; with entire reliance on the merits of his Redeemer, **he commits, without a murmur or a sigh, his immortal spirit to the God of his salvation, his perishing body to the dust whence it came!**

**Such, fellow citizens, were the last moments of ANDREW JACKSON. How unlike those usually assigned by Poetry and Romance to their fabled heroes! And yet, in sober judgment of enlightened reason, not less sublime and heroic, than if passed on the field of battle and in the chariot of victory. The greatest of all triumphs is that which is achieved over the last enemy; and this through the faith that is in Jesus, Jackson was enabled to achieve. The fires of the last day shall consume the laurel wreaths of earth; most of them, indeed, will have withered ere it comes; and all ever worn or won in the tide of**

time, would furnish no compensation for the loss of a single soul. **But the chaplet awarded to the faithful soldier of the cross, shall be a crown of glory ‘that fadeth not away.’** How poor, in comparison the death scene enacted by the illustrious warrior of the heathen world! **Jackson was a Christian and he died a Christian death.** In view of this fact, and of its blessed issues, how rich, how unfailling, our sources of consolation!

In notes as melodious and sublime as those which wafted to the skies, by the aid of Milton’s immortal genius, **the departing spirit of the Hebrew Martyr**,—the chorus of American sympathy sends up from our JACKSON’S bed of death, its pæan of mournful [sic] exultation.

**“Nothing here for tears, nothing to wail,  
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.”**

**The Valley of the Mississippi, the theatre of his youthful valor and of his meridian renown—the sanctuary of his declining age—folds within her bosom the ashes of her Hero.** In the centre of that young but vigorous State, whose destinies, once his anxious care, were long the objects of his satisfied regard; on the sunny banks of the Cumberland, where the strong verdure of the West begins reluctantly to yield to the luxuriant beauty of the South; embosomed in a sacred solitude, stands the Tomb of the HERMITAGE—henceforth to divide with MOUNT VERNON the respect, the admiration and the reverence of mankind. **The simplicity of his life, the calm dignity of his death, are exemplified by the humility of his grave.**

You remember how he rejected the imperial honor that was proffered to his bones—“I cannot permit my remains to be the first in these United States to be deposited in a sarcophagus made for an emperor or king [Cf. “GEN. JACKSON AND THE SARCOPHAGUS”]. I have prepared a humble depository for my mortal body beside that wherein lies my beloved wife, where, without any pomp or parade, I have requested [sic], when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers, to be laid; for both of us there to remain until the last trumpet sounds to call the dead to judgment when we, I hope, shall rise together, clothed with that heavenly body promised to all who believe in **our glorious Redeemer, who died for us that we might live**, and by whose atonement I hope for a blessed immortality.

This was the answer of **christian meekness, of Republican simplicity**, of American Patriotism. Catching the strain from the lips of **the dying Hero**, we may echo its lofty inspiration. More than this, we may give to it to-day a new and sublimer significance. Sleep sweetly, aged Soldier, Statesman, Sage, in the grave of kindred and affection. **It matters little where his body is laid, whose memory is enshrined in all our hearts; the monument of whose fame is the Country that he has saved; the inscription of whose greatness are the praises of the World.** But if there be any solace in Memory; if any virtue in the contemplation of heroic deeds; any purity in the lessons of sublime example; to the sepulcher of JACKSON let the pilgrimage of humanity be made—in the ardor of a generous enthusiasm; the sympathy of a fraternal love; **the consolation of a Christian faith.**

## Text XIII

*Vermont Gazette*  
(Bennington, Vermont)

July 8<sup>th</sup>, 1845

p.1, c. 2

## POETRY

From the *Rochester Daily Advertiser*.

“Gen. Jackson is no more.”

ODE.

TUNE—*Woodman Spare that Tree*.

## I.

Weep Columbia weep!  
Breath once again the note  
Of sorrow stern and deep,  
Wide ‘er the land to float—  
He rests—**the Hero-Sage**,  
His earthly toils are o’re,  
And History’s golden page  
Shall wait for him no more.

## II.

‘Tis closed—his book of life  
Is full—his race is run;  
With fame and honor rife—  
His work forever done—  
But while in sadness here,  
We heave an earth-born sigh—  
He lives where not a tear  
Shall flow—no more to die.

## III.

He lives mid spirits free,  
Who toiled with him in life—  
That God and Liberty  
Crowned in that holy strife—  
For them a nation wept  
At Freedom’s sacred shrine,  
In glory they too slept,  
Where he with them will shine—

## III.

Yet shall the Patriot’s name  
Be cherished by the free—  
In every soil his fame  
Shall dwell with Liberty—  
But vainly o’er his grave

A sorrowing nation weeps—  
 Her banners drooping wave—  
**For aye, the hero sleeps.**

V.

Her booming guns may roar,  
 The clang of armour come,  
 Her eagle proudly soar  
**Up towards his spirit-home—**  
 His country long may weep,  
 His glorious setting sun,  
 It will not break his sleep—  
 His deeds of might are done.  
 Rochester, June 20, 1845.

#### Text XIV

*Weekly Ohio Statesman.*  
 (Columbus, Ohio)

**Wednesday, July 9<sup>th</sup>, 1845**

Vol. VIII, No. 51  
 p. 1, c. 2

From the *New York Journal of Commerce.*  
**FUNERAL OF GEN. JACKSON.**

The morning opened on us yesterday in all its brightness, auspicious to the vast gathering of the multitudes who were anxious to pay their tribute of honor and gratitude to the memory of General Jackson. The stir of population was every where visible at an early hour. The minute gun reminded those awaking from their slumbers, a sunrise, that a great man had fallen. Though, as the day advanced, the atmosphere became very hot and oppressive, it had no effect to repress the zeal of the mighty masses assembling, as by one generous impulse of grief and admiration to do honor to the name and virtues of the departed chief. We believe so large a concourse, or so imposing and extended a procession, was never before seen in this city. Few now living will probably ever look upon the like again. The City Hall, hotels, any many buildings along the principal streets were hung with mourning; and crape and mourning badges were generally worn by the crowds of citizens and strangers. All flags on government vessels, forts, and the shipping in the harbor, were displayed at half mast.

At 2 o'clock, precisely, the tolling of the bells and a discharge of artillery announced the movement of the procession from the Park. The military made a noble display, not only by the brilliancy of their arms, and the splendor of their dress, but by their perfect order and discipline. The music in the various parts of the line was appropriate; and while the Marseilles hymn, at once plaintive and exciting in the highest degree, breathed the soul of liberty, the dead march, beat with muffled drums, told that one of its bravest defenders was no more. The celebrated Boston band lent their aid to the occasion. The companies of firemen; the various benevolent, literary, mechanical, and other societies; the sons of England,

Ireland, Germany, &c., with their several banners; the friends of temperance, the odd fellows, the various democratic clubs, societies from Jersey city, Brooklyn, and other neighboring places, and vast numbers of citizens and strangers, swelled the throng, and united their sympathies on the mournful occasion. **A funeral urn, on a car drawn by four white horses, covered with mourning, and followed by another horse, caparisoned** and led immediately preceded in the second division, the pall-bearers; and on the arrival of the procession at the Park, was conducted to a place immediately below the stage erected for the religious service and the orator of the day. The American eagle, with wings half foalded [sic], held in its beak a scroll, on which was inscribed the name of Andrew Jackson from which crape drooped gracefully over **the golden urn. The military passed this funeral urn with arms reversed,** and the various societies uncovered.

The procession, in the order mentioned in the programme (which we have twice published) passed up Chatham street to East Broadway, up East Broadway to Grand street, through Grand street to the Bowery, up the Bowery to Union Park, around the Park, and down Broadway to the front of the City Hall. Such was the length of the procession, that before the rear of it had left the Park, the advance had nearly arrived at the Park from the opposite direction. Consequently, its length must have been five or six miles. The time occupied in passing a given point was but a few minutes short of three hours. On the arrival of the procession, or the greater part of it, at the Park, several vollies were fired by the military; after which the Throne of Grace was addressed by Rev. Dr. Krebs, of the Presbyterian church. The oration of Mr. Butler was appropriate and impressive.

### Text XV

*Tioga Eagle.*  
Wellsborough, Tioha co., Pa.

**Wednesday, July 16, 1845**

Vol. VII, No. 47 (Whole No. 361)  
p. 1, c. 2-6

[2<sup>nd</sup> c.]

The JACKSON FUNERAL OBSEQUIES  
*AT WASHINGTON.*

***Mr.[George] Bancroft's Oration,***  
*Pronounced from the Eastern Portico of the Capitol, June 27, 1845.*  
[Mr. Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy]

The men of the American revolution are no more. The age of creative power has passed away. The last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence has long since left the earth. Washington lies near his own Potomac, surrounded by his family and his servants. Adams, the colossus of independence, reposes in the modest grave-yard of his native region. Jefferson sleeps on the heights of his own Monticello, whence his eye overlooked his beloved Virginia. Madison, the last survivor of the men who made our constitution, lives only in our hearts. But who shall say that the heroes, in whom the image of God shone most brightly, do

not live for ever? They were filled with the vast conceptions which called America into being; they lived for these conceptions; and their deeds praise them.

We are met to commemorate the virtues of one who shed his blood for our independence, took part in winning the territory and forming the early independence of the West, and was imbued with all the great ideas which constitute the moral force of our country. On the spot where he gave [sic] his solemn fealty to the people—here, where he pledged himself before the world to freedom, to the constitution and to the laws—**we meet to pay our tribute to the memory of the last great name, which gathers around itself all the associations that form the glory of America.**

South-Carolina gave a birth-place to Andrew Jackson. On its remote frontier, far up on the forest-clad banks of the Catawba, in the region where the settlers were just beginning to cluster, his eye first saw the light. There his infancy sported in the ancient forests, and his mind was nursed to freedom by their influence. He was the youngest son of an Irish emigrant, of Scottish origin, who, two years after the great war of Frederic of Prussia, fled to America for relief from indigence and oppression. His birth was in 1767, at a time when the people of our land were but a body of dependent colonists, scarcely more than two millions in number, scattered along an immense coast, with no army, or navy, or union; and exposed to the attempts of England to control America by the aid of military force. His boyhood grew up in the midst of the contest with Great Britain. The first great political truth that reached his heart, was that all men are created free and equal; the first great fact that beamed on his understanding, was his country's independence.

The strife, as it increased, came near the shades of his upland residence. As a boy of thirteen, he witnessed scenes of horror that accompany civil war; and when but a year older, with an elder brother he shouldered his musket, and went forth to strike a blow for his country.

Joyous era for America and for humanity! But for him the orphan boy, the events were full of agony and grief. His father was no more. His oldest brother fell a victim to the war of revolution; another (his companion in arms) died of wounds received in their joint captivity; his mother went down to the grave a victim to grief and efforts to rescue her sons; and when peace came, he was alone in the world, with no kindred to cherish him, and little inheritance but his own untried powers.

The nation which emancipated itself from British rule organizes itself; the confederation gives way to the constitution; the perfecting of that constitution—the grand event of the thousand years of modern history—is accomplished; America exists as a people, gains unity as a government, and takes its place as a nation among the powers of the earth.

The next great office to be performed by America, is the taking possession of the wilderness. The magnificent western valley cried out to the civilization of popular power that it must be occupied by cultivated man.

Behold, then, our **orphan hero**, sternly earnest, consecrated to humanity from childhood by sorrow, having neither father nor mother, nor sister, nor surviving brother, so young and yet so solitary, and **therefore bound the more closely to collective man**—behold him elect for his lot to go forth and assist in laying the foundations of society in the great valley of the Mississippi.



At the very time when Washington was pledging his own and future generations to the support of the popular institutions which were to be the light of the human race—at that time when the institutions of the Old World were rocking in their centre, and the mighty fabric that had come down from the middle ages was falling in—the adventurous Jackson, in the radiant glory, boundless hope and confident intrepidity [sic] of twenty-one, plunged into the wilderness, crossed the great mountain barrier that divides the western waters from the Atlantic, followed the paths of the early hunters and fugitives, and, not content with the nearer neighborhood to his parent State, went still further and further to the west, till he found his home in the beautiful region on the Cumberland. There, [3<sup>rd</sup> c.] from the first, he was recognized as the great pioneer—under his courage, the coming emigrants were sure to find a shield.

The lovers of adventure began to pour themselves into the territory, whose delicious climate and fertile soil invited the presence of social man. The hunter with his rifle and axe, attended by his wife and children; the herdsman driving the few cattle that were to multiply as they browsed; the cultivator of the soil—all came to the inviting region. Wherever the bending mountains opened a pass—wherever the buffaloes and the beasts of the forest had made a trace, these sons of nature, children of humanity, in the highest sentiment of personal freedom, came to occupy the beautiful wilderness whose prairies blossomed everywhere profusely with wild flowers—whose woods in spring put to shame, by their magnificence, the cultivated gardens of man.

And now that these unlettered fugitives, educated only by the spirits of freedom, destitute [sic] of dead letter erudition, but sharing the living ideas of the age, had made their homes in the West—what would follow? Would they degrade themselves to ignorance and infidelity? Would they make the solitude of the desert excuses for licentiousness? —Would the doctrines of freedom lead them to live in unorganized society, destitute of laws and fixed institutions?

At a time when European society was becoming broken in pieces, scattered, disunited, and resolved into its elements, a scene ensued in Tennessee, than which nothing more beautifully grand is recorded in the annals of the race.

These adventurers in the wilderness longed to come together in organized society. The overshadowing genius of their time inspired them with good designs, and filled them with the counsels of wisdom. Dwellers in the forest, freest of the free, bound in the spirit, they came up by their representatives, on foot, on horseback, through the forest, along the streams, by the buffalo traces, by the Indian paths, by the blazed forest avenues, to meet in convention among the mountains at Knoxville, and frame for themselves a constitution. Andrew Jackson was there, the greatest man of them all—modest, bold, determined—demanding nothing for himself, and shrinking from nothing that his heart approved.

The convention came together on the 11<sup>th</sup> day of January, 1796, and finished its work in the sixth day of February. How had the wisdom of the Old World vainly tasked itself to frame constitutions, that could, at least, be the subject of experiment; the men of Tennessee, in less than twenty-five days, perfected a fabric, which, in its essential forms, was to last forever. They came together, full of faith and reverence, of love to humanity, of confidence in truth. In the simplicity of wisdom, they framed their constitution, acting under higher influences than they were conscious of—

They wrought in sad sincerity,  
Themselves from God they could not free;

They builded better than they knew;  
The conscious stones to beauty grew.

**In the instrument which they framed, they embodied their faith in God, and in the immortal nature of man.** They gave the right of suffrage to every freeman; they vindicated the sanctity of reason, by giving freedom of speech and of press; they revered the voice of God, as it speaks to the soul of man, by asserting the infeasible right of man to worship the Infinite according to his conscience; they established the freedom and equality of elections; and they demanded from every future legislator a solemn oath “never to consent to any act or thing whatever that shall have even a tendency to lessen the rights of the people.”

These majestic lawgivers, wiser than the Solons, and Lycurguses, and Numas of the Old World—these prophetic founders of a State, who embodied in their constitution the sublimest truths of humanity, acted without reference to human praises.

They kept no special record of their doings; they took no pains to vaunt their deeds; and when their work was done, knew not that they had finished one of the sublimest acts ever performed among men. They left no record, as to whose agency was conspicuous, whose eloquence swayed, whose generous will predominated; nor should we know, but for tradition, confirmed by what followed among themselves.

The men of Tennessee were now a people, and they were to send forth a man to stand for them in the Congress of the United States—that avenue to glory—that home of eloquence—the citadel of popular power; and with one consent, they united in selecting the foremost man among the law-givers—ANDREW JACKSON.

The love of the people of Tennessee followed him to the American Congress; and he had served but a single term, when the State of Tennessee made him one of its representatives in the American Senate, where he set [sic] under the auspices of Jefferson.

Thus, when he was scarcely more than thirty, he had guided the settlement of the wilderness; swayed the deliberation of a people in establishing its fundamental laws; acted as the representative of that people, and again as the representative of his organized State, disciplined to a knowledge of the power of the people and the power of the States; the associate of republican statesmen and companion of Jefferson.

[4<sup>th</sup> c.] The men who framed the constitution of the United States, many of them, did not know the innate life and self-preserving energy of their work. They feared that freedom could not endure, and they planned a strong government for its protection.

**During his short career in Congress, Jackson showed his quiet, deeply-seated, innate, intuitive faith in human freedom, and in the institutions of freedom. He was ever, by his votes and opinions, found among those who had confidence in humanity; and in the great division of minds, this child of the woodlands, this representative of forest life in the west, was found modestly and firmly on the side of freedom. It did not occur to him to doubt the right of man to the free development of his powers; it did not occur to him to place a guardianship over the people; it did not occur to him to seek to give durability to popular institutions, by giving to government a strength independent of popular will.**

From the first, he was attached to the fundamental doctrines of popular power, and of the policy that favors it; and though his reverence for Washington surpassed his reverence for any human being, he voted against the address from the House of Representatives to Washington on his retirement, because its language appeared to sanction the financial policy which he believed hostile to republican freedom.

During his period of service in the Senate, Jackson was elected major general by the brigadiers and field officers of the militia of Tennessee. Resigning his place in the Senate, he was made judge of the supreme court in law and equity; such was the confidence in his integrity of purpose, his clearness of judgment, and his vigor of will to deal justly among the turbulent who crowded into the new settlements of Tennessee.

Thus, in the short period of nine years, Andrew Jackson was signalized by as many evidences of public esteem as could fall on the lot of man. The pioneer of the wilderness, the defender of its stations, he was their lawgiver, the sole representative of the State in the Senate, the highest in military command, the highest in judicial office. **He seemed to be recognised as the first in love of liberty, in judgment, and integrity.**

Fond of private life, he would have resigned the judicial office; but the whole country demanded his service. "Nature," they cried, "never designed that your powers of thought and independence of mind should be lost in retirement." But after a few years, relieving himself from the cares of the bench, he gave himself to the activity and independent life of a husbandman. He carried into retirement the fame of natural intelligence, and was cherished as "a prompt, frank, and ardent soul." His vigor of character constituted him first among all with whom he associated. A private man as he was, his name was familiarly spoken round every hearthstone in Tennessee. Men loved to discuss his qualities. All discerned his power; and when the vehemence and impetuosity of his nature were observed upon, there was not wanting those who saw, beneath the blazing fires of his genius, the solidity of his judgment.

His hospitable roof sheltered the emigrant and the pioneer; and, as they made their way to their new homes, they filled the mountain sides with his praise.

Connecting himself for a season with a man of business, Jackson soon discerned the misconduct of his associate. It marked his character, that he insisted, himself, on paying every obligation that had been contracted; and, rather than endure the vassalage of debt, he instantly parted with the rich domain which his early enterprise had acquired—with his own mansion—with the fields which he himself had first tamed to the ploughshare—with the forest whose trees were as familiar to him as his friends—and choose rather to dwell, for a time, in a rude log-cabin, in the pride of independence and integrity.

On his great occasions, Jackson's influence was deferred to. When Jefferson had acquired for the country the whole of Louisiana, and there seemed some hesitancy, on the part of Spain, to acknowledge our possession, the services of Jackson were solicited by the national administration, and were not called into full exercise, only from the peaceful termination of the incidents that occasioned the summons.

In the long series of aggressions on the freedom of the sea, and the rights of the American flag, Jackson was on the side of his country, and **the new maritime code of republicanism. In his inland home, where the roar of the breakers was never heard, and the mariner was never seen, he resented the continued aggression on our commerce and on our sailors.**

When the continuance of wrong compelled the nation to resort to arms, Jackson, led by the instinctive knowledge of his own greatness, yet with a modesty that would have honored the most sensitive delicacy of nature, **confessed his willingness to be employed upon the Canada frontier**; and it is a fact, that he aspired to the command to which Winchester was appointed. We may ask, what would have been the result, if the command of the northwestern army had, at the opening of the war, been entrusted to a man who, in action, was ever so fortunate, that [5<sup>th</sup> c.] his vehement will seemed to make destiny capitulate to his designs?

The path of duty led him in another direction. On the declaration of war, twenty-five hundred volunteers had risen at his word to follow his standard; but by countermarching orders from the seat of government, the movement was without effect.

A new and great danger hung over the West. The Indian tribes were to make one last effort to restore it to its solitude, and recover it for savage life. The brave, relentless Shawnees—who, from time immortal, had strolled from the waters of the Ohio to the rivers of Alabama—were animated by Tecumseh and his brother the Prophet, who spoke to them as with the voice of the Great Spirit, and roused the Creek nation to desperate massacres. Who has not heard of their terrible deeds, when their ruthless cruelty spared neither sex nor age? When the infant and its mother, the planter and his family, who had fled for refuge to the fortress, the garrison that capitulated—all were slain, and not a vestige of defence was left in the country? The cry of the West demanded Jackson for its defender; and though his arm was then fractured by a ball, and hung in a sling, he placed himself at the head of the volunteers of Tennessee, and resolved to terminate forever the hereditary struggle.

Who can tell the horrors of that campaign? Who can paint rightly the obstacles which Jackson overcame—mountains, the scarcity of untenanted forests, winter, the failure of supplies from the settlements, the insubordination of the troops, mutiny, menaces of desertion? Who can measure the wonderful power over men, by which his personal prowess and attractive energy drew them in mid-winter from their homes, across mountains and morasses, and through trackless deserts? Who can describe the personal heroism of Jackson, never sparing himself beyond any of his men, encountering toil and fatigue, sharing every labor of the camp and of the march, foremost in every danger; giving up his horse to the invalid soldier, while he himself waded through the camp on foot? **None equalled him in power of endurance—and the private soldiers, as they found him passing through them on the march, exclaimed, “he is as tough as the hickory.” “Yes,” they cried to one another, “there goes Old Hickory!”**

Who can narrate the terrible events of the double battles of Emuckfaw, or the glorious victory of Tohopeka, where the anger of the general against the faltering was more appalling than the war-whoop and the rifle of the savage? Who can rightly conceive the field of Entochopco, where the general, as he attempted to draw the sword to cut down a flying colonel who was leading a regiment from the field, broke again the arm which was but newly knit together; and, quietly replacing it in the sling, with his commanding voice arrested the flight of the troops, and himself led them back to victory?

In six short months of vehement action, the most terrible Indian war in our annals was brought to a close; the prophets were silenced; the consecrated region of the Creek nation reduced. Through scenes of blood, the avenging hero sought only the path to peace. Thus Alabama, a part of Mississippi, a part of his own Tennessee, and the highway to the Floridas, were his gifts to the Union.—These were his trophies.

Genius as extraordinary as military events can call forth, was summoned into action in this rapid, efficient, and most fortunately conducted war.

Time would fail were I to track our hero down the water-courses of Alabama to the neighborhood of Pensacola. How he longed to plant the eagle of his country on its battlements!

Time would fail, and words be wanting, were I to dwell on the magical influence of his appearance in New Orleans. His presence dissipated gloom and dispelled alarm. At once he changed the aspect of despair into a confidence of security and a hope of acquiring glory. Every man knows the tale of the heroic, sudden, and yet deliberate daring which led him, on the night of the 23<sup>rd</sup> of December, to precipitate his little army on his foes, in the thick darkness, before they grew familiar with their encampment, scattering dismay through veteran regiments of England, and defeating them, and arresting their progress by a far inferior force.

Who shall recount the counsels of prudence, the kindling words of eloquence, that gushed from his lips to cheer his soldiers, his skirmishes and battles, till that eventful morning when the day at Bunker's Hill had its fulfilment in the glorious Battle of N. Orleans, and American independence stood before the world in the majesty of victorious powers.

These are great deeds for the nation: for himself he did greater. Had not Jackson been renowned for the vehement impetuosity of his passions, for his defiance of other's authority, and the unbending vigor of his self will? Behold the savior of Louisiana all garlanded with victory, viewing around him the city he had preserved, the maidens and children whom his heroism had protected, stand in front of a petty judge, who gratifies his wounded vanity by an abuse of his judicial power. Every breast in the crowded audience heaves with indignation.—He, the passionate, the impetuous—he whose honor questioned, whose laurels tarnished, [6<sup>th</sup> c. ] [ . . . .top line illegible . . . . . ] him take courage, and stood by the law when the law was made the instrument of insult and wrong on himself—at the moment of his most perfect claim to the highest civic honors.

His country, when it grew to hold many more millions, the generation that then was coming in, has risen to do homage to the noble heroism of that hour. Women, whose feeling is always right, did honor from the first to the purity of his heroism. The people of Louisiana, to the latest hour, will cherish his name as their greatest benefactor.

The culture of Jackson's mind had been much promoted by his services and associations in the war. His discipline of himself as the chief in command, his intimate relations with men like Livingston, the wonderful deed in which he bore a part, all matured his judgment and mellowed his character.

Peace came with its delights; once more the country rushed forward in the development of its powers; once more the arts of industry healed the wounds that war had inflicted; and, from commerce and agriculture wealth gushed abundantly under the free activity of unrestrained enterprise.

And Jackson returned to his own fields and his own pursuits, to cherish his plantation, to care for his servants, to look after his stud, to enjoy the affection of the most kind and devoted wife, whom he respected with the greatest deference, and loved with an almost miraculous tenderness.

And there he stood like one of the mightiest forest trees of his own West, vigorous and colossal, sending its summit to the skies, and growing on its native soil in wild and inimitable magnificence, careless of beholders. From all parts of the country he received appeals to his political ambition, and the severe modesty of his well-balanced mind turned them all aside. He was happy in his farm, happy in his seclusion, happy in his family, happy with himself.

But the passions of the southern Indians were not allayed by the peace with Great Britain; and foreign emissaries were still among them, to inflame and direct their malignity. He was called forth by his country to restrain the cruelty of the treacherous and unsparing Seminoles. It was in the train of events of this war that he placed the American eagle on St. Mark's and above the ancient towers of St. Augustine. His deeds in that war, of themselves, form a monument to human power, to the celerity of his genius to the creative fertility of his resources, his intuitive sagacity. As Spain, in his judgment, had committed aggression, he would have emancipated her islands; of the Havana, he caused the reconnoissance [sic] to be made; and, with an army of five thousand men, he stood ready to guaranty her redemption from colonial thralldom.

But when peace was restored, and his office was accomplished, his physical strength sunk under the pestilential influence of the climate, and at last yielding to disease, he was borne in a litter across the swamps of Florida towards his home. It was Jackson's character that he never solicited aid from any one; but he never forgot those who rendered him service in the hour of need. At a time when all around him believed him near his end; his wife hastened to his side; and, by her tenderness and nursing care, her patient assiduity, and the soothing influence of devoted love, withheld him from the grave.

He would have remained quietly at his home in repose, but that he was privately informed, his good name was to be attained by some intended congressional proceedings; he came, therefore, into the presence of the people's representatives at Washington, only to vindicate his name; and, when that was achieved, he was once more communing with his own thoughts among the groves of the Hermitage.

It was not his own ambition which bro't him again to the public view. The affection of Tennessee compelled him to resume a seat on the floor of the American Senate, and after years of intensest political strife, Andrew Jackson was elected President of the United States.

Far from advancing his own pretensions, he always kept them back, and had for years repressed the solicitations of his friends to become a candidate. He felt sensibly that he was devoid of scientific culture, and little familiar with letters; and he never obtruded his opinions, or preferred claims to place. But, whenever his opinion was demanded, he was always ready to pronounce it; and whenever his country invoked his services, he did not shrink even from the station which had been filled by the most cultivated men our nation had produced.

Behold, then, the unlettered man of the West, the nursing of the wilds, the farmer of the Heritage, little versed in books, unconnected by science with the tradition of the past, raised by the will of the people to the highest pinnacle of honor, to the central post in the civilization of republican freedom, to the station where all the nations of the earth would watch his actions—where his words would vibrate through the civilized world, and his spirit be the moving-star to guide the nations. What policy will he pursue? What wisdom will he bring with him from the forest? What rules of duty will he evolve from the oracles of his mind?

The man of the West came as the inspired prophet of the West; he came as one free from the bonds of hereditary or established custom; he came with no superior but conscience, no oracle but his native judgment; and, true to his origin and his education—true to the conditions and circumstances of his advancement, he valued right more than usage; he reverted from the pressure of established interests to the energy of first principles.

We tread on the ashes, where the fire is not yet extinguished; not to dwell on his career as President, were to leave out of view the grandest illustrations of his magnanimity.

*(Conclusion next week.)*

*Tioga Eagle.*  
(Wellsborough, Tioga co., Pa.)

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[2<sup>nd</sup> c.]

The JACKSON FUNERAL OBSEQUIES  
*AT WASHINGTON.*

***Mr. Bancroft's Oration,***  
*Pronounced from the Eastern Portico of the Capitol, June 27, 1845.*  
*(Concluded.)*

The legislation of the United States had followed the precedents of the legislation of European monarchies; it was the office of Jackson to lift the country out of the European forms of legislation, and to open to it a career resting on American sentiment and American freedom. He would have freedom everywhere—freedom under the restraints of right; freedom of industry, of commerce, of mind, of universal actions: freedom, unshackled by restrictive privileges, unrestrained by the thralldom of monopolies.

The unity of his mind and his consistency were without a parallel. With natural dialectics, he developed the political doctrines that suited every emergency, with a precision and a harmony that no theorist could hope to equal. On every subject in politics—he was thoroughly and profoundly and immovably radical; and would sit for hours, and in a continued flow of remark make the application of his principles to every question that could arise in legislation, or in the interpretation of the constitution.

His expression of himself was so clear, that his influence pervaded not our land only, but all America and all mankind. They say that, in the physical world, the magnetic fluid is so diffused, that its vibrations are discernible simultaneously in every part of the globe.—So it is with the element of freedom. And as Jackson developed its doctrines from their source in the mind of humanity, the popular sympathy was moved and agitated thro' out the world, till his name grew everywhere to be the symbol of popular power.

Himself the witness of the ruthlessness of savage life, he planned the removal of the Indian tribes beyond the limits of the organized States; and it is the result of his determined

policy that the region east of the Mississippi has been transferred to the exclusive possession of cultivated man.

A pupil of the wilderness, his heart was with the pioneers of American life towards the setting sun. No American statesman has ever embraced within his affections a scheme so liberal for the emigrants as that of Jackson. He longed to secure to them, not pre-emption rights only, but more than pre-emption rights. He longed to invite labor to take possession of the unoccupied fields without money and without price; with no obligation except the perpetual devotion of itself by allegiance to its country. Under the beneficent influence of his opinions, the sons of misfortune, the children of adventure, find their way to the uncultivated West. There in some wilderness glade, or in the thick forests of the fertile plain, or where the prairies sparkle with flowers, they, like the wild bee which sets them the example of industry, may choose their home, mark the extent of their possessions by driving stakes or blazing trees, shelter their log cabin with boughs and turf, and teach their virgin soil to yield itself to the ploughshare. There shall be the soil, theirs the beautiful farms which they teach to be productive. Come, children of sorrow! You on whom the Old World frowns; crowd fearlessly to the forests; plant your homes in confidence for the country watches over you; your children grow around you as hostages, and the wilderness, at your bidding, surrenders its grandeur of useless luxuriance to the beauty and loveliness of culture. Yet beautiful and lovely as is this scene, it still by far falls short of the ideal which lived in the affections of Jackson. His heart was ever with the pioneer; his policy ever favored the diffusion of independent freeholds throughout the laboring classes of our land.

It would be a sin against the occasion, were I to omit to commemorate the deep devotedness of Jackson to the cause and to the rights of labor. It was for the welfare of the laboring classes that he defied all the storms of political hostility. He longed to secure to labor the fruits of its own industry; and he unceasingly opposed every system which tended to lessen their reward, or which exposed them to be defrauded of their dues. The laborers may bend over his grave with affectionate sorrow; for never, in the tide of time, did a statesman exist more heartily resolved to protect them in their rights, and to advance their happiness. For their benefit, he opposed partial legislation; for their benefit, he resisted all artificial methods of controlling labor, and subjecting it to capital.—It was for their benefit that he loved freedom in all its forms—freedom of the individual in personal independence, freedom of the States as separate sovereignties. He never would listen to counsels which tended to the centralization of power. The true American system presupposes the diffusion of freedom; organized life in all the parts of the American body politic, as there is organized life in every part of the human system. Jackson was deaf to every counsel which sought to subject general labor to a central will. —His vindication of the just principles of the constitution derived its sublimity from his deep conviction that this strict construction is required by the lasting welfare of the great laboring classes of the United States.

[3<sup>rd</sup> c.] To this end, Jackson revived the tribunicial power of the veto, and exerted it against the decisive action of both branches of Congress, against the votes, the wishes, the entreaties of personal and political friends. —“Show me,” was his reply to them, “show me an express clause in the constitution authorizing Congress to take the business of State legislatures out of their hands.” “You will ruin us all,” cried a firm partizan [sic] friend, “you will ruin your party and your own prospects.” “Providence,” answered Jackson, “will take care of me,” and he persevered.

In proceeding to discharge the debt of the United States—a measure thoroughly American—Jackson followed the example of his predecessors; but he followed it with the



full consciousness that he was rescuing the country from the artificial system of finance which had prevailed throughout the world; and with him it formed part of a system by which American legislation was to separate itself more according to the vital principles of our political existence.

The discharge of the debt brought with it, of necessity, a great reduction of the public burdens, and brought of necessity, into view, the question, how far America should follow, of choice, the old restrictive system of high duties, under which Europe had oppressed America; or how far she should rely on her own freedom and enterprise and power, defying the competition, and seeking the markets and receiving the products of the world.

The mind of Jackson on this subject reasoned clearly, and without passion. In the abuses of the system of revenue by excessive imposts, he says evils which the public mind would remedy; and, inclining with the whole might of his energetic nature to the side of revenue duties, he made his earnest but tranquil appeal to the judgment of the people.

The portions of country that suffered most severely from the system of legislation, which, in its extreme character as it then existed, is now universally acknowledged to have been unequal and unjust, were less tranquil: and rallying on the doctrines of freedom, which made our government a limited one, they saw in the oppressive acts an assumption of power which was nugatory, because it was exercised, as they held, without authority from the people.

The contest that ensued was the most momentous in our annals. The greatest minds of America engaged in the discussion. Eloquence never achieved sublimer triumphs in the American Senate than on those occasions. The country became deeply divided; and the antagonist elements were arrayed against each other under forms of clashing authority menacing civil war; the freedom of the several States was invoked against the power of the United States, and under the organization of a State in convention, the reversed rights of the people were summoned to display their energy, and balance the authority and neutralize the legislation of the central government. The States were agitated with prolonged excitement; the friends of freedom throughout the world looked on with divided sympathies, praying that the union of the States might be perpetual, and also that the commerce of the world might be free.

Fortunately for the country, and fortunately for mankind, **Andrew Jackson was at the helm of State**, the representative of the principles that were to allay excitement, and to restore the hopes of peace and freedom. By nature, by impulse, by education, by conviction, a friend to personal freedom—by education, political sympathies, and the fixed habit of his mind, a friend to the rights of the States—unwilling that the liberty of the States should be trampled under foot—unwilling that the constitution should lose its vigor or be impaired, he rallied for the constitution; and in its name he published to the world, “THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.” The words were a spell to hush evil passion, and to remove oppression. Under his guiding influence, the favored interests, which had struggled to perpetuate unjust legislation, yielded to the voice of moderation and reform; and every mind that had for a moment contemplated a rupture of the States, discarded it forever. The whole influence of the past was invoked in favor of the constitution; from the council chambers of our fathers who moulded our institutions—from the hall where American independence was declared, the clear, loud cry was uttered—“The Union: it must be preserved.” From every battle field of the revolution—from Lexington and Bunker Hill—from Saratoga and Yorktown—from the fields of Eutaw—from the cane breaks that sheltered the men of Marion—the repeated, long prolonged echoes came up—“The Union: it must be preserved.” From every valley in

our land—from every cabin on the pleasant mountain sides—from the ships at our wharves—from the tents of the hunter in our westernmost prairies—from the living minds of the living millions of American freemen; from the thickly coming glories of futurity—the shout went up, like the sound of many waters—“The Union: it must be preserved.” The friends of the protective system, and they who had denounced the protective system—the statesmen of the North, who had wounded the constitution in their love of centralism—the statesmen of the South, whose minds had carried to the extreme the theory of State Rights—all conspired together: all breathed prayers for the perpetuity of the Union. Under the prudent firmness of Jackson—under the mixture of justice and general regard for all interests, the greatest danger to our institutions was turned aside, and mankind was encouraged to believe that our Union, like our freedom, is imperishable.

The moral of the great events of these days is this: that the people can discern right, and will make their way to a knowledge of right; that the whole human mind, and therefore with it the mind of the nation, has a continuous, ever improving existence; that the appeal from the unjust legislation today must be made quietly, earnestly perseveringly, to the more enlightened, collective reason of to-morrow; that submission is due to the popular will in the confidence that the people, when in error, will amend their doings; that in a popular government injustice is neither to be established by force, nor to be resisted by force; in a word that the Union, which is constituted by consent, must be preserved by love.

It rarely falls to the lot of a statesman to receive such unanimous applause from the heart of a nation. Duty to be dead to [sic] demands that, on this occasion, the course of measures should not pass unnoticed, in the progress of which his vigor of character most clearly appeared, and his conflict with opposing parties was most violent and protracted.

From his home in Tennessee, Jackson came to the presidency resolved to lift American legislation out of the forms of English legislation, and to place our laws on the currency in harmony with the principles of our government. He came to the presidency of the United States resolved to deliver the government from the Bank of the United States, and to restore the regulation of exchanges to the rightful depository of that power—the commerce of the country. He had designed to declare his views on this subject in his inaugural address, but was persuaded to relinquish that purpose, on the ground that it belonged rather to a legislative message. When the period for addressing Congress drew near, it was still urged, that to attack the Bank would forfeit his popularity and secure his future defeat. “It is not,” he answered, “it is not for myself I care.” It was urged that haste was unnecessary, as the bank had still six unexpended years of chartered existence. “I may die,” he replied, “before another Congress comes together, and I could not rest quietly in my grave, if I failed to do what I hold so essential to the liberty of my country.” And his first annual message announced to the country that the bank was neither constitutional nor expedient. In this he was in advance of the friends about him, in advance of Congress, and in advance of his party. This is no time for the analysis of measures or the discussion of questions of political economy; on the present occasion, we have to contemplate the character of the man.

Never from the first moment of his administration to the last, was there a calm in the strife of parties on the subject of currency; and never, during the whole period, did he recede or falter. Always in advance of his party—always having near him friends who cowered before the hardihood of his courage, he himself, throughout all the contest, was unmoved; from the first suggestion of the unconstitutionality of the bank, to the moment when he himself, first of all, reasoning from the certain tendency of its policy, with singular sagacity predicted to unbelieving friends the coming insolvency of the institution.

The storm throughout the country rose with unexampled vehemence: his opponents were not satisfied with addressing the public, or Congress, or the cabinet; they threw their whole force personally on him. From all parts men pressed around him, urging him, entreating him to bend. Congress was flexible; many of his personal friends faltered; the impetuous swelling wave rolled on, without one sufficient obstacle, till it reached his presence; but, as it dashed in its highest fury at his feet, it broke before his firmness. The commanding majesty of his will appalled his opponents and revived his friends. **He, himself, had a proud consciousness that his will was indomitable. Standing over the rocks of the Rip Raps, and looking out upon the ocean, Providence,” said he to a friend, “Providence may change my determination; but man no more can do it, than he can remove these Rip Raps, which have resisted the rolling ocean from the beginning of time.”** And though a panic was spreading through the land, and the whole credit system as it then existed was crumbling to pieces and crashing around him, he stood erect, like a massive column, which the heaps of falling ruins could not break, nor bend, nor sway from its fixed foundation.

[At this point Mr. Bancroft turned to address the mayor of the city of Washington; but finding him not present, he proceeded.]

People of the District of Columbia: I should fail a duty on this occasion, if I did not give utterance to your sentiment of gratitude which followed General Jackson into retirement. Dwelling among you, he desired your prosperity. This beautiful city, surrounded by heights the most attractive, watered by a river so magnificent, the home of the gentle and the cultivated, not less than the seat of political power—this city, whose site Washington had selected, was dear to his affections; and if he won your grateful attachment by adorning it with monuments of useful architecture, by establishing its credit, [5<sup>th</sup> c.] and relieving its burdens, he regretted only that he had not the opportunity to have connected himself still more intimately with your prosperity.

As he prepared to take his final leave of the District, the mass of the population of this city, and the masses that had gathered from around, followed his carriage in crowds. All in silence stood near him, to wish him adieu; and as the cars started, and he displayed his gray hairs, as he lifted his hat in token of farewell, you stood around with heads uncovered, too full of emotion to speak, in solemn silence gazing on him as he departed, never more to see him in your midst.

Behold the warrior and statesman his work well done, retired to the Hermitage, to hold converse with his forests, to cultivate his farm, to gather around him hospitably his friends! Who was like HIM? He was still the load-star of the American people. His fervent thoughts, frankly uttered, still spread the flame of patriotism through the American breast; his counsels were still listened to with reverence; and, almost alone among statesmen, he in his retirement, was in harmony with every onward movement of his time. His prevailing influence assisted to sway a neighboring nation to desire to share our institutions; his ear heard the footsteps of the coming millions that are to gladden our western shores; and his eye discerned in the dim distance the whitening sails that are to enliven the waters of the Pacific with the social sounds of our successful commerce.

Age had whitened his locks, and dimmed his eye, and spread around him the infirmities and venerable emblems of many years of toilsome service; but his heart beat as warmly as in his youth, and his courage was as firm as it had ever been in the day of battle. **But while his affections were still for his friends and his country, his thoughts were already in a better**

**world. That exalted mind, which in active life had always had unity of perception and will, which in action had never faltered from doubt, and which in council had always reverted to first principles and general laws, now gave itself up to the Infinite. He was a believer: from feeling, from experience, from conviction. Not a shadow of scepticism ever dimmed the lustre of his mind. Proud philosopher! Will you smile to know that Andrew Jackson perused reverently his Psalter and Prayer-book and Bible? Know that Andrew Jackson had faith in the eternity of truth, in the imperishable power of popular freedom, in the destinies of humanity, in the virtues and capacities of the people, in his country's institutions, in the being and overruling providence of a merciful and everliving God.**

**The last moment of his life on earth is at hand. It is the Sabbath of the Lord: the brightness and beauty of Summer clothe the fields around him: nature is in her glory; but the sublimest spectacle on that day, on earth, was the victory of his unbleaching spirit over death itself.**

**When he first felt the hand of death upon him, "May my enemies," he cried, "find peace; may the liberties of my country endure forever."**

**When his exhausted system, under the excess of pain, sunk, for a moment, from debility, "Do not weep," said he to his adopted daughter; "My sufferings are less than those of Christ upon the cross;" for he, too, as a disciple of the cross, could have devoted himself, in sorrow, for mankind.** Feeling his end near, he would see all his family once more; and he spoke to them one by one, in words of tenderness and affection. His two little grand children were absent at Sunday-school. He asked for them; and as they came, he prayed for them, and kissed them and blessed them. His servants were then admitted; they gathered, some in his room, and some outside of the house clinging to the windows, that they might gaze and hear. **And that dying man thus surrounded in a gush of fervid eloquence, spoke with inspiration of God, of the redeemer, of salvation through the atonement, of immortality, of heaven. For he ever thought that pure and undefied religion was he foundation of private happiness, and the bulwarks of republican institutions.** Having spoken of immortality in perfect consciousness of his own approaching end, he bade them all farewell.—"Dear children," such were his final words, "dear children, servants, and friends, I trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black." **And having borne his testimony to immortality, he bowed his mighty head, and, without a groan the spirit of the greatest man of his age escaped to the bosom of his God.**

In life, his career had been like the blaze of the sun in the fierceness of its noon-day glory; his death was as lovely as the mildest sunset of a summer's evening, when the sun goes down in tranquil beauty without a cloud.—To the domestic energy of an indomitable will, he joined a heart capable of the purest and most devoted love, rich in the tenderest affections. On the bloody battle-field of Topoheca, he saved an infant that clung to the breast of its dying mother; in the stormiest moment of his presidency, at the imminent moment of decision, he paused in his way, to give counsel to a poor suppliant that had come up to him for succor. Of the strifes in which he was engaged in his earlier life, not one sprung from himself, but in every case he became involved by standing forth as the champion of the weak, the poor, and the defenceless, to shelter the gentle against op- [6<sup>th</sup> c.] pression, to protect the emigrant against the avarice of the speculator. His generous soul revolted at the barbarous practice of duels, and by no man in the land have so many been prevented.

The sorrows of those that were near to him went deeply into his soul; and at the anguish of the wife whom he loved, the orphans whom he adopted, he would melt into tears, and sob like a child.

No man in private life so possessed the hearts of all around him; no public man of this century ever returned to private life with such an abiding mastery over the affections of the people. No man with truer instinct received American ideas; no man expressed them so completely, or so boldly, or so sincerely. He was as sincere a man as ever lived. He was wholly, always, and altogether sincere and true.

**Up to the last, he dared do anything that it was right to do. He united personal courage and moral courage beyond any man of whom history keeps a record. Before the nation, before the world, before coming ages, he stands forth the representative, for his generation, of American mind. And the secret of his greatness is this:** By intuitive conception, he shared and possessed all the creative ideas of his country and his time. He expressed them with dauntless intrepidity; he enforced them with an immovable will; he executed them with an electric power that attracted and swayed the American people. The nation, in his time, had not one great thought, of which he was not the boldest and clearest expositor.

History does not describe the man that equalled him in firmness of nerve. Not danger, not an army in battle array, not wounds, not wide-spread clamor, not age, not the anguish of disease, could impair in the least degree the vigor of his steadfast mind. The heroes of antiquity would have contemplated with awe the unmatched hardihood of his character; and Napoleon, had he possessed his disinterested will, could never have been vanquished. He was always fortunate. He conquered the wilderness, he conquered the savage, he conquered the bravest veterans trained in the battle fields of Europe; he conquered everywhere in statesmanship; **and, when death came to get the mastery over him, he turned that last enemy aside as tranquilly as he had done the feeblest of his adversaries, and escaped from earth in the triumphant consciousness of immortality.**

His body has its fit resting-place in the great central valley of the Mississippi; his spirit rests upon our whole territory; it hovers over the vales of Oregon, and guards, in advance, the frontier of Del Norte. The fires of party spirit are quenched at his grave. His faults and frailties have perished. **Whatever of good he has done, lives and will live forever.**

## Text XVI

### *The Pittsfield Sun*

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF THE PEOPLE—TO THE PROMOTION OF AGRICULTURE—THE  
DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AND THE MAINTENANCE OF JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN  
PRINCIPLES

(Pittsfield, Massachusetts)

**Thursday, July 31<sup>st</sup>, 1845**

Vol. XLVI, No. 2346

**p. 1, c. 5**

**“Heaven gave him length of days, and he filled them with deeds of greatness.”**

Truly beautiful and beautifully true, are the lines we have quoted from the accomplished pen of George Bancroft, in reference to the **revered Hero** and Sage of the Hermitage.—Volumes might be written in his praise, without half expressing what is contained in this brief sentence: “Heaven gave him length of days, and he filled them with deeds of greatness.” **Upon the simple tomb which marks the final resting place of the patriotic hero, who filled the measure of his country’s glory, should that simple and expressive inscription be placed.** Beyond the ordinary life of man he lived—and none except the Father of his country, has left a name so deathless as that of ANDREW JACKSON.—*Ohio Statesman.*

SAME ISSUE, p.1, c.4:

### Text XVII

**From the Richmond Enquirer.  
LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF  
GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.**

BY MRS. E. L. SCHERMERHORN.

**Thou hast met thy last foe!—thy last conflict is done!  
And unconquered as ever, the victory is won;  
For, fearless and calm, thou to die hast laid down,**  
And earth’s laurels exchanged for a star beaming crown.  
The sword of the chieftain no more shalt thou wield,  
Where the banners of vict’ry wave proud o’er the field,  
For the flag that was wont in proud triumph to wave,  
O’er the fields where you fought, sadly droops o’er thy grave.  
**Thou hast asked that no pomp should thine obsequies claim—**  
No cannon’s deep thunder peal forth to thy fame—  
That the plume, nor the sword, nor musketry roar,  
Nor music’s low wail, should proclaim thee no more—  
Nor the marshaled array of sad soldiery tread  
**Where the CHRISTIAN would quietly sleep with the dead.**

The pageant of sorrow will pass with a day,  
**But thy fame, noble patriot, can never decay;**  
A watch-word to glory, thy name long shall be—  
A war-cry, to marshal the hosts of the free—  
And no hand from thy country’s proud annals may sever  
The name that is linked with her glory forever!

**Text XVIII***Republican Compiler*

(Gettysburg, Pennsylvania)

**September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1845**

Vol. XXVII, No. 50 (Whole No. 1400)

**p. 4, c. 5**

☞ We have received a pamphlet copy of the “Eulogy on the Life and Character of General Andrew Jackson, delivered at Bedford, Pa., July 28<sup>th</sup>, 1845. By Hon. Jeremiah S. Black.” It contains just views of the character of **the Old Hero**; such as would probably allay somewhat the harsh feelings so long entertained against him. Would space permit, we should prefer publishing it to many that have been delivered upon the same distinguished subject. Its great length, only, excludes it from our columns.

**Text XIX**

*The following poem heads the first column on the first page, the very same column in which the “Helmsman of Lake Erie” was placed! [- First known “A” variation]*

*The Wisconsin Argus*

(Madison, Wisconsin Territory)

**September 2, 1845**

Vol. 2, No. 3 (Whole No. 55)

**p. 1, c. 1****POETRY.***From the Albany Argus.***ANDREW JACKSON.****BY C. D. STUART.**

He sleeps at length! whose victor will,  
 Nor court nor camp could ever bend;  
 Who rose, ‘mid storm, more proudly still,

**His life one conquest to the end!**

His gleaming helm, and battle blade,  
Are now the sport of time and rust;  
And low that iron heart is laid  
Untrophied in the common dust.

**But all is left that made him great—  
The life and soul outliving breath,  
Like Titans, spurning time and fate;  
Would neither bow nor yield to death!**

‘Mid danger nurst, in battle tried,  
His stormy course the warrior run;  
And stood by freedom’s wounded side,  
Until her starry goal was won!

**Nor crumbling stone, nor written line,  
Nor pageant pomp can swell his fame—  
A nation’s heart, his fitting shrine,  
Is sculptured with the HERO’S name!**

BOSTON, JULY 13, 1845.