Eulogy

Delivered by the Hon. JESSE D. BRIGHT, *in commemoration of the Life and Services of Andrew Jackson, at Madison, July 17, 1845.*

FELLOW CITIZENS:—In a republic like ours, where the reward of the patriot and statesman consists in the gratitude and affection of his countrymen, it is peculiarly proper to pay posthumous honors to those who have acted a prominent part in the establishment of its freedom, who have labored to secure the perpetuity of its institutions, or have aided in the spread of its fame. The lives and characters of the apostles of American liberty, are so identified with our national history, that their study is absolutely necessary to a proper understanding and appreciation of the genius of our government. The motives which actuated them, the talents which enabled them to execute, and the results to which they gave birth, are all matters of the deepest interest, and worthy of our most profound consideration.

We have met to-day, fellow citizens, as millions of American freemen have done, and are yet doing, throughout the length and breadth of this land, to consider the character of our illustrious countryman, the late Andrew Jackson; to express our high regard for his memory, and to give some public manifestation of our sorrow, as a people, for his loss.

I should be wanting in respect to my theme, were I not to express my unaffected regret, that the honor of pronouncing his eulogy on this occasion, had not been assigned to some one more familiar with the incidents of his long and brilliant career, and more capable of doing justice to his exalted character. Relying, with some confidence, however, upon the inspiring nature of my subject, and the kind indulgence of my audience, I enter upon the solemn duty, with the hope that I shall not entirely fail in the purpose assigned me. Narrow, indeed, must be the mind, and cold the heart, that could not be warmed and elevated, by so exalted a subject—and feeble the voice that could entirely fail to touch the sympathies of an assembly in which every heart glows with patriotism, and every bosom swells with emotion, burning to testify a nation's gratitude, and quick to unite in a nation's sorrow.

In all ages of the world, man has been both the medium and object of Divine goodness. When the wise Disposer of all things has been about to bestow on the human race great and signal blessings, He has brought upon the stage of action, individuals fitted to be at once the instruments of his dispensations, and bright examples to their fellow beings. Blessed is the age in which such men live; and happy the nation which receives and enjoys the benefits of their labors! It has been the peculiar privilege of the present generation, to witness a constellation of intellectual luminaries, such, perhaps, as the world never before looked upon; whose united labors, conceived in wisdom, and executed in philanthropy, have produced a change in the temporal condition of man, the influence of which, we confidently trust, will be as lasting and extensive as the human race. One of the great lights of this brilliant cluster, has just closed his career, and gone to his rest. Andrew Jackson has departed, full of years, and full of earthly honors. Deathless be his name! His pure spirit has taken its flight from this land of freedom, (purchased in part by his blood,) followed by the blessings and tears of the whole American people, and soared to that haven of rest from whence there is no return.

To pretend to delineate, with any degree of accuracy, the peculiar traits of character, or the inestimable services, of him whose loss we have this day met to mourn, would be as uninstructive and uninteresting to you, as for me, it would be difficult and presumptuous. The history of his life, civil and military, replete with evidence of the motives which actuated him, has long been indelibly written in your hearts. It has exhibited to the world a model of pure benevolence, courage, magnanimity and self-created greatness, equalled only in the case of the "Father of his country." How vain, then, would be the attempt to recapitulate his deeds of noble daring, or to enumerate all the virtues which were concentrated in his bosom! How much more vain, would be the essay to place his character in a more favorable light than that in which you have been wont to view it. But, if I cannot instruct you, or shed any additional lustre on the character of a man whose enduring fame needs not the aid of eulogy, still, a brief recapitulation of the principal incidents in his life, may serve to awaken grateful recollections in your minds, and prove an incentive, perhaps, to some now present, to imitate his virtues, if not to emulate his public services. Influenced by considerations of this kind, every enlightened nation of antiquity celebrated the virtue of the patriots and heroes, who were instrumental in establishing or preserving the institutions of their country: and are not we in the performance of a solemn duty, as well as acting a filial part, when we follow such praiseworthy examples Time and occasion forbid me to speak at length, of the military achievements and civil acts of this great man. To do that would require no less than a recapitulation of the history of our country. I must, therefore be content to touch, briefly, such incidents, as the circumstances under which we have assembled seem to require.

Andrew Jackson was born on the 16th day of March, 1767, in the Waxhaw settlement, South Carolina. His parents were emigrants from Ireland, who had settled in the place two years before, where they followed the industrious occupation of farming. They belonged to that class of the Irish people called the yeomanry, distinguished for the quiet virtues of honesty, sobriety and hospitality Shortly after the birth of Andrew, his father died, leaving him, along with two elder brothers, to be provided for by their mother. The patrimony left by Jackson's father was small—not enough to educate liberally her three sons. It was, therefore, determined, that the youngest should be brought up for the ministry, while the elder brothers, Hugh and Robert, should follow the calling of their father. Andrew, accordingly, was sent to a school in the neighborhood were he remained until the revolutionary war brought an enemy among them. It now became necessary for even the boys to shoulder the musket or rifle. At the tender age of fourteen, encouraged by his patriotic mother, young Andrew, accompanied by his brothers, sought the ranks of the American army and ranged himself under its banner. The Waxhaw settlers were obliged to retire before the British into North Carolina. They however soon returned. Shortly after their return, a band of forty patriots, with whom were Andrew and one of his brothers (the other having already perished at the battle of Stono,) were surprised and routed by a superior British force, many of their number being taken prisoners. Andrew and his brother escaped, but, on the following day, having entered the house of a friend to procure food, they were discovered and captured by a marauding party of the enemy. While in custody, Andrew was ordered by a British officer to wipe the mud off his boots. He peremptorily refused, demanding the treatment due a prisoner of war. On his refusing obedience to the commands of the officer, the latter became enraged, and drawing his sabre struck at the head of Andrew, which blow he caught on his left hand, receiving a wound the mark of which he carried with him to his grave. His brother, for a similar offence, had his head laid open by a sword wound, which eventually caused his death. The two brothers were carried to Camden, where they were imprisoned until after the battle at that place, when they were released by the exertions of their affectionate mother. The heroic woman shortly after expired near the city of Charleston, to which place she had gone on an errand of mercy—the relief of the suffering American prisoners. Andrew's remaining brother died, also, about the same time; leaving him who was destined to fill so large a space in public life in after times, at the early age of fourteen, alone in the world, without relatives, without fortune, and without friends, save of his own creation. What a commentary is to be found in the history of this great man on the value and simplicity of our free institutions. The orphan boy of yesterday, by his perseverance, skill, and valor, is the General of to-day—the General of to-day, by his deep devotion to the cause of human freedom, and his brilliant victories upon every battle field where the cause of liberty calls him to unsheathe his sword, opens up his way to the highest offices and honors known to this or any other nation. How beautifully has the poet said,

"Blest is the man, as far as earth can bless,
Whose measured passions reach no wild excess-
Who, urged by nature's voice, her gifts enjoys,
Nor other means than nature's force employs.
While warm with youth the sprightly current flows,
Each vivid sense with vig'rous rapture glows,
And when he droops beneath the hand of age,
No vicious habit stings with fruitless rage;
Gradual his sense and gay sensations cease,
While joys tumultuous sink in silent peace."

For the want of accurate data, we pass over the intermediate space between the close of his labors in our revolutionary struggle, and the year 1788. At that period we find him located in the State of North Carolina, as attorney and counsellor at law, in a region of country peopled with a race of hardy but uncultivated freemen, who were ardently devoted to the cause of liberty, although greatly deficient in a knowledge of the more liberal arts and sciences, and the polish of refined society. Here, we find him devoting all the leisure he could spare from a laborious practice, to instructing his fellow citizens in the knowledge and exercise of military tactics, particularly in the mode of Indian warfare—for, although the powerful tribes of savages then inhabiting our southern forests, had been conquered during the revolutionary war, true to their native instincts, they were always ready to cut off the unsuspecting emigrant or massacre the unprotected family.

In the year 1790, the new State of Tennessee was erected into a territory, from a part of the State of North Carolina. Andrew Jackson deservedly stood at the head of his profession in that State, and now, for the first time in his life, was honored with office. George Washington, then President, appointed him District Attorney of the United States of the new territory, which office he held for the period of six years, at the end of which time, Tennessee was admittedinto the union of States. Andrew Jackson was a member of the Convention which formed her constitution, and areference to its provisions will show, that it bears the impress of his master mind. It asserts, in the strongest terms, the inherent and uncontrolable sovereignty of the people, and their right to instruct, as well as to petition, their representatives. It denounces perpetuities and monopolies, as contrary to the genius of a free state—and it forbids the grant of any hereditary emoluments, privileges, or honors.

At the first election in this newly admitted State, he was chosen one of her delegates to Congress. The following year he was chosen one of her Senators in Congress, in which capacity he served until the year 1799, giving to the world, in this short legislative career, that evidence of his attachment to our free and republican form of government, which, in subsequent life, so freely and happily developed itself. While in the Senate, he was a colaborer with the immortal Jefferson. Kindred spirits—they were always found, hand in hand, and shoulder, to shoulder, sustaining that class of measures best calculated to yield the greatest amount of good to the greatest number.

At the close of the session in 1799, he resigned this high place, with a view of devoting himself to his family and profession. Scarcely, however, had he reached his fireside, when the authorities of Tennessee called him to fill the highest judicial office in her gift, that of Judge of the Supreme Court. Acting upon his golden rule, neither to seek nor decline office, yet not without reluctance, he accepted this responsible trust, and with what integrity and ability he discharged its duties, let the reported decisions of that day and State attest. This station, however, he soon resigned, for the less lucrative and more laborious one of Major General.

Here let us pause, for one moment, and take a retrospective glance at the course pursued, so far, by the subject of our discourse. The orphan boy of the revolution, buffeting the waves of adverse fortune, arrives at manhood, and within the short space of ten years, fills the office of United States District Attorney of the territory in which he lives—is a member of a convention for the formation of a constitution admitting a sister into this great confederacy, and, in that convention, the master spirit who gave form and substance to its proceedings—is her Delegate in the House of Representatives in Congress—her Senator in Congress—Judge of her Supreme Court of law and equity—and, finally, the Commander in-Chief of her military forces! Were we to stop here, his claims to greatness would be complete. But history commands us to go further. The sun of his immortality is but just rising, to shine with as much splendor, and set in as full a halo of glory, as has the sun of any man who has lived in this or any other age. Is this fancy, or is it fact? Let impartial historians, free from all bias, assign to him that place, in the scale of greatness, to which his deeds entitle him. We are now to view him as an actor on that great military stage, where his achievements were at the time, and still are, regarded as among the wonders of the age—a position in which he attracted the attention, and secured the admiration of every true American heart, and where kings and autocrats, while they feared and trembled, were forced to wonder and admire. Well may it have been said of him, that "he was born to command." Plans, which to others seemed perfectly impracticable, were, in his hands, developed with simplicity and success. At the earliest possible moment after his country's call, we find him at the head of his brave Tennessee troops, ready to bear aloft the American eagle, and maintain the brightness and honor of its escutcheon, against either the conquerors of Napoleon or the more savage allies of our western and southern wilds.

From the autumn of 1812, to the termination of the war, in 1815, he devoted his time, talents and means, to the service of his country. Such was his influence with the great mass of the people, and their confidence in his skill, bravery, and devotion to the cause of liberty, that he never asked for volunteers in vain—it was well known that he required no labor at their hands, or peril of their lives, which he would not share with them to the fullest extent. He was always foremost in the fight—animating his followers with the cry of "COME ON!"—not *go* on. He never unfurled the flag of his country on a single battle-field that victory did not perch upon her standard. No hill was too high for him to climb; no forest too deep for him to penetrate; no angry river too full for him to pass. With that energy of character, and determination of purpose, so essential to success in all great undertakings, he freely gave himself to his country—HIS WHOLE COUNTRY.

The cruel and sanguinary savage nations, which then roamed from the sources of the Ohio to the base of the Rocky mountains, sparing in their warfare neither age nor sex, were again in arms, with the determination of driving the white man east of the Alleghanies, and restoring the great valley of the west to its native solitude. Wherever the steps of civilization had wandered, went forth the cry of feeble age, of the anxious mother, and her defenceless offspring, to give them Andrew Jackson for their defender. With what promptitude and effect he obeyed their call, let the bloody fields of Tallapoosa, Emucfaw Tohopeka, answer. Who can tell the horrors of these campaigns? Who can depict the trials and sufferings of the iron Chief and his gallant soldiers in their marches through the forest wilds! None, save those who participated in them. In the brief period of six months, the most bloody war ever waged against the merciless savage was terminated. But the Genius of Fame will not suffer us to stop even here. We are called upon to follow him in his unequalled campaign against the veteran troops of Packenham. Worn down with fatigue, and enfeebled by wounds received in the battles just referred to, he took up the line of march for the city of New Orleans, there to measure strength with one of the most accomplished veteran generals of the age, at the head of the largest and best appointed regular army, which had ever been ranged in battle array on this continent.

On the first day of December, 1814, he reached that great city, destined to be saved by his skill and valor, and to be the scene of achievements which gave the finishing touch to his claims to immortality as a military chieftain. Within one hour after his arrival he entered upon the active duties which called him there. On that day he reviewed the city troops, and on the day following set out on a reconnoisance of his position. He descended the Mississippi, and examined, in person the wild and minute passes of Burnton, on the one side, and of Lake Borgne on the other, planned and directed many improvements and alterations in the works at Fort St. Phillip, the key of tha Mississippi, and returned to the city on the 10th of the same month to calculate his means of defence, and weigh the difficulties which surrounded him on all sides. His means (to use his own language) were limited, and easily ascertained. His difficulties were innumerable, and only to be fully appreciated by those who saw and felt them. The official reports show but 2167 men in the American lines, including old and young, black and white, and many of them, entirely unprovided with arms. The marshalled hosts of Packenham presented a front variously estimated at from twelve to twenty thousand. The same victorious army, though greatly increased in numbers, which had, a few months before, applied the faggot to the Capitol of the nation and reduced it to ashes—which had laid seige to Baltimore, then the third city in the union—the same army which had marched unscathed through the populous regions of the east, abounding in resources, both of men and munitions of war, fifteen-fold greater than Gen. Jackson could command—this army was to be encountered, and the trial hour was drawing near. The boldest doubted, while the timid utterly despaired of success, and, as if to add to the general gloom and confusion, treason, foul treason, raised its infamous head. Equal to the occasion, however, General Jackson saw that the fate of the city depended mainly upon himself, and that, without a resort to extraordinary measures, it must, inevitably, be lost. He did not hesitate a moment, but met this, as he did every other emergency, promptly and fearlessly. Yes, at this appalling moment when fresh dangers and difficulties were hourly accumulating around him—when those who should have been in the American lines doing service, were secretly sowing the seeds of mutiny and rebellion—when the enemy, proud in their discipline and confident in their numbers, were pressing forward as to certain victory—when the circle of fate seemed closing rapidly around him—and the billows of disaster and disgrace were breaking at his feet—as the only means of saving the city and the honor of his country, he declared martial law. He saw that the arm of civil authority, though nerveless for all purposes of good, might, if unrestrained, become potent in evil, (nor were his fears vain, as subsequent developments proved,) and therefore, he ventured to put it aside, as unsuited to the peculiar emergency, and substitute martial law in its stead. He knew that if evil should grow out of it, that evil would fall most heavily upon himself; but if good followed, the good would be his country's alone. He did not hesitate—such an alternative had no terrors for him. The defence of a noble city had been entrusted to his skill and valor, and he would have been a traitor to that trust, had he done otherwise. Every one saw and felt that a bold and able hand had taken the helm—all eyes were turned, as it were, upon one man—and that man appeared to be as calm and unbending as though he were the genius of the storm which was thickening around him, with the power to hush it by a whisper. The boldest heart beat bolder still, as his firm voice fell upon the ear—and the coward felt himself possessed of a spirit not his own. All felt the necessity of strict and prompt obedience. Confidence was restored, and order sprung out of confusion. A guiding star gleamed brightly amidst the gloom, and lighted the way to victory—a victory which has no parallel, even in the proud annals of this nation. I allude not to the ever memorable battle of the 8th of January, but to that of the 23d of December, in which Gen. Jackson, at the head of 2000 untried, undisciplined troops, met in the open field, 4000 of England's choicest veterans, and repulsed them. This well-timed and spirited attack, inspired the Americans with renewed vigor and confidence, and gave further time and opportunity for preparing for that eventful day which gave to the United States a second declaration of peace, and taught the haughty minions of British despotism, that freemen, who fight for their homes, their wives and their children—soldiers, who fight the battles of liberty, must ever conquer the slave who fights for pay—that the English lion must quail and cower beneath the piercing gaze of the American eagle.

Who can describe the scenes of the ever memorable 8th of January, 1815? None, save you, my countrymen, (and I see some such here to-day,) who were there, and shared in its toils and perils, and now divide, with your leader, the glory. Three thousand seven hundred undisciplined militia-men about to measure strength with ten thousand of the flower of England's soldiery! A fearful odds, indeed! But the conduct of their General, on this occasion proved to the world that he was born *a soldier*, in the most comprehensive sense of the term—that he had within him, by gift of God, that which was not to be acquired by the less favored, after years of toil and practice—the power of commanding masses of men—of producing order out of chaos—of reducing to discipline the most stubborn and discordant materials—of infusing into an army that confidence which is always the precursor of victory—of communicating the electric spark of enthusiasm, which is the vital principle of all high and noble daring, and, *without* which, an army is an inert and lifeless mass. To be able to do this, is to be great, indeed. In these rare qualities, he, of whom we speak, excelled. Words are too feeble to describe, adequately, the terrific slaughter of the enemy on the 8th of January. One third of the British army, including four of its Generals. was left dead or wounded on the field—the rest were seen,

"Baffled and broke, and rushing back
To ocean, on their own red track."

The aged and the young, male and female, bond and free, were now to be seen, in the grateful outpouring of their hearts, shouting victory, victory!—honor and praise to the saviour of our city!!! But these public manifestations of gratitude was not confined to the city of New Orleans, nor to the people of Louisana. The same spirit exhibited itself from one end of the Republic to the other, and was manifested by public rejoicings, bonfires, and illuminations. Custom has set apart and dedicated the ever memorable day on which this brilliant victory was achieved, as a national festival, second only to the great birth day of American freedom.

Honorable peace, with all its delights, now smiled upon our beloved country, and none were more willing to embrace it, or happier in the anticipation of the calm enjoyments of domestic life, than Gen. Jackson, who returned to the bosom of his family, and engaged in the cultivation of his farm. Scarcely, however, had he recovered from the fatigues of the tented field, when the angry and warlike murmurs of the Seminole savages were heard upon our southern frontier. His country again called him to her defence, and promptly he responded.

Time will not permit me to trace his victorious course through the thick jungles and deep morasses of the Floridas. Suffice it to say, that if his services in the Seminole war were his only claims to military renown, then would the measure of his fame be full to overflowing. At the close of this campaign, in 1818, he again retired to the shades of private life—but with an impaired constitution, and a disease of the lungs, contracted by exposure in the field, which harrassed him as long as he lived, and aided death in its last work.

We feel authorized in saying, that it was not the desire of General Jackson to mingle again in public life, but the confidence reposed in him by the people of Tennessee, (expressed through their representatives,) in the year 1820, placed him again in the Senate of the United States. Public attention was now rapidly directing itself towards him as a suitable person for chief magistrate of the republic, and he was accordingly nominated by his friends for that high office. There being, however, no election of President by the people through the electoral colleges in 1824, the choice devolved upon our representatives in Congress; and notwithstanding Gen. Jackson received a much larger popular vote than either of his competitors, Congress preferred Mr. Adams. In 1828, Gen. Jackson's name was again used in connection with that office. In this second contest, the overwhelming voice of the people left no room for doubting as to their choice—no room for the exercise of the principle of non-instruction. The result of this election proved the affection of this great people, for the man who in the dark hour of trial and danger had gone forth perrilling life and property in their defence.

Candour requires, and inclination prompts us to say, that the manifestations of popular gratitude, as expressed in the case of General Jackson, bore a striking similitude to the outpourings of the people in favor of the Father of his Country, and, subsequently, in favor of the Hero of North Bend. It is one of the leading characteristics of American freemen (and a noble and commendable one it is,) to honor those who serve and honor their country. How beautifully and truly is this illustrated in the history of the three master spirits, of whom I have just spoken. Washington, the chosen and appointed of Him who rules and directs the destinies of nations, to lead the infant Colonies to that liberty of person and conscience, which alone can make man free, prosperous and happy, met his well merited reward in the unanimous approval of his countrymen, who twice elevated him to the highest office on earth. The same living, gushing fountain of public approbation, which poured itself forth in his behalf, was again, and again, unsealed in support of the statesman and hero of the Hermitage. The people, ever mindful of their duty, found still lingering in their midst, the co-laborer of a Washington and a Jackson, in the person of the Hero of North Bend. He, too, had served his country well, and had shared in the dangers and privations of the war throughout the great valley of the west—and he, too, was summoned from his sylvan retreat, to take his place among the noble spirits who had been called to guide the vessel of liberty. Can there be an American who does not feel proud of a country so willing to acknowledge a debt of gratitude, and so prompt to repay it? Honors so won, and so bestowed, are honors indeed. Would not either one of these departed patriots lose every thing worth having, by exchanging histories with even the most illustrious of the crowned heads of ancient or modern times? The civic and military laurels of the former will remain fresh ahd green, when the diamonds sparkling in the hereditary crowns of the latter will have lost all their brilliancy.

On the 4th of March, 1828, Andrew Jackson was inducted into the office of President of the United States, having been chosen by the electoral colleges, by a vote of more than two to one over all his competitors. Grasping the helm of state with a steady and determined hand, and planting himself on the corner stone of liberty—the constitution—he stood for eight years, in peace as in war, the devoted friend of popular rights. His labors were all directed towards perfecting and carrying out that form of government, the most nearly agreeing with the rigid and faithful construction of the sacred instrument which he had, before the altar of his country, solemnly vowed to observe and support. Surveying, from this elevated position, the many and complex duties he had to perform, among the first which attracted his attention, was the unsettled condition of our national commerce, growing out of the faithlessness with which foreign treaties had been kept. Acting upon this principle, to ask nothing but what was right, and to submit to nothing that was wrong, he resolved to effect, as he did, a speedy and profitable adjustment of all our foreign relations. At the end of his first Presidential term he expressed a desire to withdraw from public life, but the importunities of friends, put forth in every possible shape, from one end of the union to the other, prevailed with him to sacrifice his own wishes to those of his countrymen—and, amid all the heat and bitterness of party spirit, consequent upon his fearless action with regard to past and pending measures of national policy, he was re-elected by a vote of three to one over all his opponents.

I shall not attempt to refer in detail, to the various important acts of President Jackson as a statesman; but I feel that it is due alike to his memory, and to his friends, to notice briefly, his action with respect to some of the many great questions settled during his administration. That restive, nay, I might say, rebellious spirit, which had exhibited itself in some of the southern States, in the shape of threats of disunion, and contempt for the revenue laws, assumed a tangible form among the citizens of South Carolina, in the summer of 1832. By Conventional resolves, her citizens solemnly agreed to bid defiance to all national legislation, and to organize a Government for and within themselves, independent of the other members of the confederacy. The black flag of treason was unfurled, and substituted for the star spangled banner. President Jackson did not hesitate as to the corrective remedy for this insubordinate spirit. Deeply affected at the folly and danger of the citizens of his native State, he resolved, with that firmness which characterized every act of his life, to maintain the supremacy of law and order, and the integrity of the union. With the design of giving this misguided people time to ponder well their course, and view the awful precipice over which they were about to precipitate themselves, he addressed them a warning voice, in the shape of a proclamation, which, for beauty and force, truth and eloquence, is second only to our great bill of rights. Although he speaks as one in authority, yet his language shows the affection of a parent. Indulge me while I repeat a portion of it.

"My countrymen," said he, "the dictates of a high duty oblige me solemnly to announce, that *you cannot succeed. The laws of the United States must be executed.* I have no discretionary power on the subject. My duty is emphatically pronounced in the Constitution. Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their execution, deceived you. Their object is disunion; but be not deceived by names. Disunion by armed force, is treason—and are you really ready to incur its guilt? If you are, on the heads of the instigators of the act be the dreadful consequences. On their heads be the dishonor—but on yours may fall the punishment. On your unhappy State will inevitably fall all the evils of the conflict you force upon the Government of your country. It cannot accede to the mad project of disunion, of which you would be the first victims. The first magistrate cannot if he would, avoid the performance of his duty. The consequences must be fearful to you, distressing to your fellow-citizens here, and to the friends of good government throughout the world.

"Snatch from the archives of your State the disorganizing edict of its Convention. Bid its members to re-assemble and promulgate the decided expression of your will to remain in the path which can alone conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honor. Declare that you will never take the field unless the star spangled banner of your country shall float over you—that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the Constitution. Its destroyers you cannot be. You may disturb its peace, you may interrupt the course of its prosperity, you may cloud its reputation for stability. But its tranquillity will be restored. Its prosperity will return, and the stain upon the national character will be transferred and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder."

Such sentiments find a response in the heart of every true American. The leaders of this treasonable movement, cowered beneath the bold and determined course of the Chief Magistrate, while their less ambitious and misled followers acknowledged their errors, retraced their steps, and grounded the weapons of their rebellion. "Who less than Andrew Jackson could have arrested the blow which threatened the shedding of fraternal blood?"

"Most fearless of statesmen and noblest of men,
Long, long, shall thy virtues with glory descend,
Thy wisdom in council, thy valor in war,
On history's page thy acts will declare."

Various and conflicting as public opinion was, and may yet be as to his policy in relation to the great monetary affairs of the Government, all award to him honesty, sincerity, and devotion to his country, in his successful opposition to the further continuance of a great National Bank. Announcing in the most public manner, anterior to his second election, his solemn conviction of the unconstitutionality and inexpediency of such an institution, and his firm determination to detach the general government from all connection with it, he was re-elected as before stated, by a greater majority than any of his predecessors ever had been. Seeking to avoid, on an occasion like the present, and disavowing, most solemnly, any thing like partizan feeling in the allusion, we must be indulged in the expression of the opinion, that the heated opposition which followed Gen. Jackson throughout his administration, and, we might add, into the shades of retirement, and even to his grave, grew out of the able and fearless manner in which he met this question, and redeemed the pledges he had given in regard to it. If ever there was a man who loved his friends, his country and her Institutions more than he loved place and power, *that man was Andrew Jackson.* Willingly would he have passed this cup from his lips; but his country and his conscience bade him do his duty. Always seeking, rather than avoiding, responsibility, the crisis came; and nobly did he prove himself worthy of his high place, and of the confidence of a free and incorruptible people. As directed by that people, and in pursuance of his own solemn convictions of right and wrong, he placed the seal of condemnation upon it, where it yet rests.

Those of you fellow citizens, who differed with him on this great question, while you may condemn his course, in the abstract, cannot but admire his consistency, and his firm adherence to principle. The unprecedented efforts which were made to drive him from his position, are yet fresh in the recollection of many of you. There was no branch of trade, no association for commercial objects, no vocation of any kind, no sect or party, that was not more or less panic stricken. The Capitol of the nation was crowded with the friends of the Institution, crying ruin, ruin, ruin! The President's mansion was filled and surrounded by petitioners, many of them personal and political friends, crying yield, yield! But, with more than Roman firmness, he withstood the importunities of friends and the threats of foes. Though the clouds gathered, and the tempest broke around his devoted head, he remained the same inflexible, unchangeable, priceless patriot; showing to the end of this great struggle, that *he dare do any-thing that was right.* Can *any* man condemn the conduct of the President on this question? Can the warmest friend of the then existing National Bank, lay his hand upon his heart, and say, that Andrew Jackson betrayed his trust—that he deceived the confidence of the people? No, no! His views and opinions with regard to the Institution, and the course he would pursue, if elected, were all clearly and explicitly avowed before the election. He made no mental reservations. In electing him, the people expressed their will with respect to it, and he but obeyed that will in the course he pursued. Were this a suitable time, I could easily convince you, by a reference to subsequent events, that while the tongue may condemn, the heart must ever honor such firmness and integrity. Andrew Jackson was no *traitor*, either to his friends or his country.

His zeal in behalf of the cause of labor, was worthy of all commendation. With a heart ever open to feel for those in adverse fortune, he bent his mind and energies to the amelioration of the condition of those who live "by the sweat of the brow." He was never known to withhold succor from the meritorious or turn the needy empty away. His policy tended to secure to the laborer the fruits of his industry, and he uniformly opposed every system which tended to lessen his reward, or which exposed him to be defrauded of his hard earnings.

The emigrant from a foreign clime and the hardy pioneer of the unsurveyed forest, found in him a firm and fast friend. He knew no distinctions among men, except those made by their own conduct. The enquiry with him, was not whether a man had been born in this or that latitude—whether an Amerian or an English sun had first beamed upon his infant eye—but, was he honest, industrious, and attached to American institutions? If so—he gave him a cordial welcome to all the joys of this land of freedom. They were purchased *for all*—not for a *few.* Well may the laborer and the emigrant bend o'er his grave with heart felt sorrow; for never, in the tide of time, did a statesman exist, more intent upon protecting them in their rights, or more zealous in advancing their happiness. His attachment to friends, as well as to measures, was strong and ardent, and there has never, perhaps, figured upon the stage of life, a man who performed so many and multiform duties, who more uniformly found an approving voice on the part of his friends than Andrew Jackson.

I am aware that there are persons who profess (I cannot believe them sincere,) to think, that ambition and avarice were ruling passions in the heart of this remarkable man. I do not consider myself called upon, nor do I conceive that it would be appropriate at this time, to offer evidence in contravention of such opinions, formed and warped, as they are, by political bias. I will, however, quote a few paragraphs from a recorded vindication of his character, written by himself, and addressed to his countrymen a short time previous to his retirement from public life. He said:

"In vain do I bear upon my person enduring memorials of that contest in which American liberty was purchased—in vain have I since perilled property, fame and life, in defence of the rights and privileges so dearly bought—if any serious doubts can be entertained as to the purity of my purposes and motives.

"In the history of conquerors and usurpers, never, in the fire of youth nor in the vigor of manhood, could I find an attraction to lure me from the paths of duty; and now, I shall scarcely find an inducement to commence their career of ambition, when gray hairs and a decaying frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, call me to the contemplation of other worlds, where conquerors cease to be honored, and usurpers expiate their crimes.

"The only ambition I can feel, is to acquit myself to him to whom I must soon surrender an account of my stewardship; to serve my fellow men; and live respected and honored in the history of my country. No: the ambition which leads me on is an anxious desire, and fixed determination, to return to the people unimpaired, the sacred trust they have confided to my charge. To persuade my countrymen, so far as I may, that it is not in a splendid government, supported by powerful and aristocratic establishments, that they will find happiness, or, their liberties be protected, but in a plain system, void of pomp, protecting all and granting favors to none—dispensing its blessings like the dews of heaven, unseen and unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty they contribute to produce. It is such a government that the genius of our people requires—such a one only under which our States may remain, for ages to come, united, prosperous and free. If the Almighty Being who has hitherto sustained and protected me, will but vouchsafe to make my feeble powers instrumental to such a result, I shall anticipate with pleasure the place to be assigned me in the history of my country, and die contented, with the belief, that I have contributed, in some small degree, to increase the value and prolong the duration of American liberty".

Such were the sentiments and feelings of Andrew Jackson—uttered at a time when he was about to return forever from the scenes of public life. Who can doubt that they were the outporings of a heart conscious of the utmost rectitude of intention, and of the most intense devotion to the best interests of his country? Every act of his life, civil and military, bears attestation of his honesty and sincerity. He had, in the language of Jefferson, "filled the measure of his country's glory"—he had spent himself in her service, in the camp and in the cabinet—he had borne her flag to victory against foreign foes, and by his wisdom and decision arrested intestine war—he had worn his honors as became a man and a republican, making them the means of conferring further benefits on his country—and now, with a frame enfeebled by long service, but an intellect unclouded by age, and a heart yet burning with a love of country as pure and ardent as ever was enkindled in a human heart—he, who had so long officiated at the altar as a priest of liberty, bade adieu to the busy walks of life, and retired to his beloved Hermitage, there to prepare for the final rest towards which he felt that he was fast hastening.

For the last eight years, his meek and christian bearing gave abundant evidence of his full faith in the truth, value and necessity, of religion. For more than six years past he was an exemplary member of the Presbyterian church, and a constant attendant on public worship whenever his health permitted. No one seemed to realize more heartfelt enjoyment in perusing the word of Divine inspiration, or in contemplating, through the eye of faith, the joys of that brighter and better world which he was about to enter, than our deceased friend. When about to depart, he caused his adopted children and his domestics to be assembled around his bedside, and after much conversation befitting the death bed of a christian, he exhorted them to prepare in life for death. Dear children, (for such were his parting words,) dear children, servants, and friends, "I hope to meet you all in Heaven;" and bowing his venerable head, he resigned, without a sigh, his spirit to Him who gave it. He felt that he had fought the good fight, and that there was laid up for him a crown of rejoicing. May we, who live after him, emulate his example and profit by his advice!

"Farewell, great soul!
If victory's votary, if freedom's friend,
Be worthy of the palms and robes of white,
Then ye have place eternal with the blest.
Adieu, adieu, your country mourns."

Such is the mental constitution of man, that let the dread King of terrors come when he will, or in whatever guise he may—whether to the budding infant just bursting into life, or to the patriarch hoary with age—the speeding of his shafts is ever calculated to fill the mind with regrets and induce melancholy reflections. Yet the bitter cup of grief is often sweetened by the waters of consolation. While, then, we mourn the loss of our departed friend, and let fall the tear of sorrow over his grave, we have still cause for rejoicing.

We rejoice that he was not cut off in the flower of youth, nor in the vigor of manhood, while actively engaged in the service of his country; but that he was permitted to live, not only to do the noble deeds he did, but also to witness many of the happy results flowing from them.

We rejoice that he was permitted to die as he had lived—the firm and unwavering friend of liberty—and stand fast in his attachment to the best interests of our beloved country.

We rejoice that he died a Christian.

The tree buds, blossoms, and brings forth its fruit, which is safely garnered, and then returns to the earth whence it sprung. It is the appointed course of nature. Human life, also, has its seasons; but few among the many millions who play their parts upon its stage, are permitted to reach its extreme verge, and ripen in its autumn, as was the case with him of whom we have spoken. Our greatest sorrow then, is, that Andrew Jackson has not left on this green earth his like behind him. Peace to the ashes of him

"Who many a noble gift from Heaven possessed,
And faith, at last, alone worth all the rest.
Oh man, immortal by a double prize,
By fame on earth—by glory in the skies."

☞It was the practice of Stephen Girard to build high houses, his maxim being, "get the lot and build high; there are no ground rents above."

☞The Catholics are about to erect a new church in Boston, which they design to be the largest in the United States.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

☞The following is a list of Democratic candidates for Representatives in the several counties mentioned:

Counties.	*Candidates.*
Allen,	F P. Randall.
Bartholomew,	Ephraim Arnold.
Blackford, Wells and Huntington,	David B. Turner.
Boone,	Hiram Blackstone.
Carroll,	Henry P. Tedford.
Cass,	Cyrus Taber,
Clarke,	John S. Simonson, George Green.
Crawford,	J. R. Brown.
Clinton,	Wilson Seawright.
Dubois,	John Donnell,
Dearborn,	William Lanius, R. D. Slater, James H. Lane.
Decatur,	Royal P. Cobb.
Elkhart,	Samuel T. Clymer.
Fountain,	John Bowman, Hugh H. Scott.
Franklin,	E. D. Crookshank, Spencer Wiley.
Floyd,	John Jones.
Gibson,	Smith Miller.
Green,	Dr. Skinner.
Harrison,	F. McRea, Wm. Saffer.
Hamilton,	Robert Kimberlin.
Hendricks,	John C. Faught.
Jackson,	S. P. Mooney.
Jennings,	Dr. Hill.
Johnson,	Dr. Webb.
Kosciusko and Whitley,	David Rippey.
Lawrence,	Geo. W. Carr, David S. Lewis.
Montgomery,	Samuel Herron, Henry T. Snook, John Nelson.
Miami and Wabash,	Benjamin Henton.
Morgan,	A. M. Delavan.
Monroe,	F. J. Butler.
Marshall and Fulton,	Joseph Robbins.
Noble and Lagrange,	Thomas L. Wilson.
Orange,	Joel Vandeveer.
Posey,	James C. Endecott.
Pike,	Robert Logan.
Porter and Lake,	Alexander McDonnald.
Putnam,	James H. Farmer, Henry Secrest.
Switzerland,	Edward Burns.
Scott,	Samuel Davis.
Steuben and Dekalb,	Clark Powers.
Tipton,	C. T. Jackson.
Union,	Wm. Watt, James Osborn.
Vermillion,	Elias N. Reynalds.
Washington,	William Shanks, Henry C. Monroe,

☞The following is a list of Democratic candidates to fill vacancies in the State Senate, so far as we have heard.

Districts.	*Candidates.*
Warrick, Spencer and Perry,	Mason J. Howell.
Elkhart, Kosciusko and Whitley,	Abraham Cuppy.
Harrison,	Nathaniel Albertson.
Scott and Jackson,	Elisha G. English.
Bartholomew and Jennings.	Heman H. Barbour.
Johnson,	Franklin Hardin.
Delaware and Grant,	Andrew J. Harlan.
Putnam,	John H. Roberts.
Monroe and Brown,	William Berry.
Boone and Hamilton,	George Bowman.
Vermillion,	Henry Hostetter.
St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton,	Merrill Williams.

Candidates for Congress.

District.	*Democratic.*	*Opposition.*
First,	Robert Dale Owen.	G. P. R. Wilson.
Second,	Thomas J. Henley.	Roger Martin.
Third,	Thomas Smith.	J. C. Eggleston.
Fourth,		Caleb B. Smith. John Finley.
Fifth,	William W. Wick.	J. B. Foley,
Sixth,	John W. Davis.	Eli P. Farmer.
Seventh,	Joseph A. Wright.	E. W. McGaughey.
Eighth,	John Pettit.	A. L. Holmes.
Ninth,	Charles W. Cathcart.	S. C. Sample.
Tenth,	Andrew Kennedy.	L. G. Thompson.

☞We are requested to announce JOHN W. HAMILTON as a candidate for re-election to the office of *Auditor of Marion county.*

Literary Notice.

The first Quinquennial exhibition of the Philological Society of the Indiana Asbury University, will be held in the College Chapel, on Tuesday, August 19th, at 7 o'clock P. M. All who feel an interest in the prosperity of the Literary Institutions of our country are respectfully invited to attend. The attendance of all the former members of the Society is especially solicited. They will be cheerfully received by their fellow members. The annual valedictory exercises of the Society will be held on Monday 18th, at 5 o'clock P. M. in the Society Hall.

WM. R GRIFFITH,
Corresponding Secretary of the Philological Society.
GREENCASTLE, July 26, 1845.

Literary Notice.

The first Quinquennial Exhibition of the Platonean Society of Indiana Asbury University, will be held in the College Chapel on Tuesday afternoon, August 19th, at half after 3 o'clock. The annual Valedictory performances will take place in the Society Hall on Monday the 18th, at 3 o'clock, P. M. The friends of the Institution are respectfully invited to attend. All former members of the Society will be warmly welcomed on their return to the Halls of their Alma Mater.

JOHN W. CHILDS,
Cor. Sec. of the Platonean Society.
GREENCASTLE, July 18, 1845.

Texas.

The Hon. Ashbel Smith, who arrived here on Monday in the steamer Great Western from England, will take his departure for Texas in the course of a few days, via Cumberland, Wheeling and New Orleans. We learn that he has accomplished the objects of his mission, which consisted neither in obtaining a loan, nor in selling his country to the French, English or Dutch, nor in procuring its independence, instead of annexation to the United States. Texas has now no diplomatic representtaive in Europe, except Mr. Dangerfield, who we believe has sometime since received an order of recall. A principal object of Mr. Smith's mission, as we understand it, was to prepare the way for closing the relations of Texas with European powers, in a respectful and becoming manner. Those relations had been of the most friendly character, and the governments of England and France especially had manifested a cordial interest in the welfare of the young Republic. That they wished her to remain independent, rather than be annexed to the United States, is beyond a doubt; but this is to be said to their credit, that in any negotiations they may have had with Texas for this object, they have never, either of them, proposed to reserve any peculiar advantages to themselves, beyond what should be enjoyed by other nations. This further should be said to their credit, that now, when they see that annexation is the will of the Texian people, fairly expressed, they abandon all further attempt at interference. And this, still further, may be relied on, that they have and will exert themselves to restrain Mexico from the infatuation of making war upon the United States, which would only serve to complicate affairs, without the possibility of preventing annexation. Mr. Smith expresses his opinion decidedly, that there will be no war, not even with Mexico. The same opinion is expressed by the Washington Union; and it is an opinion founded upon evidence.

Before this time, without doubt, the Texian Convention which was to meet on the 4th of July, has adopted the terms of annexation proposed by the American Congress, probably by a unanimous vote. Such an act on the part of the Convention, is all that is necessary to perfect the *Annexation of Texas* as an integral part of the United States, though not as a State of the Union, until the Convention shall have adopted a State Constitution, and the same shall have been ratified by the people. But this will follow, as a matter of course.—*Jour. of Com.*

A Meeting of Slaveholders has been held in Charles county, Md., to consider how they shall put a stop to the elopement of their slaves. The measures they have deemed it proper to resort to are to warn all free blacks that their presence will not be tolerated within the limits of the county after the first of December, the meeting pledging itself to purchase their property at fair prices. Ministers of the Gospel are also prohibited from holding nightly meetings for the attendance of slaves. Funds were raised to secure the enforcement of these resolves, and the meeting empowered the President to call them together again at any time that he may deem such a course necessary. A committee was also appointed to endeavor to procure from the Legislature additional legislation upon this subject.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office, Indianapolis, Indiana August 1, 1845.

☞*Persons calling for these Letters will please say ADVERTISED.*

The inland postage on all letters or papers for foreign countries must be pre-paid, otherwise they cannot be forwarded.

A
Aaron Aldredge 2
George Apple

B
Josiah Bosworth
John Butach
Sarah Beeler
John Bumgainer
Elick Bowles
John William Bowles
Hugh Barnhill
Joseph Beeler
Oliver Burns
Samuel Bayer
Miss Caroline Buckheart
Miss Martha Brooks
Henry Brenton
Anthony Bade
Jesse D Bright
George Bruce

C
Miss Elizabeth Cooper
William Check
Joseph Y Cooper
M G Chill
Arad D Chinch
Joseph Collins
J S Clagett
Miss Nancy Clark

D
B M Dempsey
B Delevan
Mary Davis
A M Dellevan
Jonathan Davis
William Delay
Presley Delong
William Donhoo
William or James Davis

E
Nicholas Elson
Isaac Estep
Heran Etter
Elisha Endaly
William E Ellis
Lloyd Eitzler

F
Peter Frances
Samuel Fisher
William Franklin
Jonathan Folts
David Ferry
Miss Ann Mariah Faucett
Elizabeth Frazee

G
R Fletcher
Daniel Gates
Joseph Griffith
Uriah Gates 2
Andrew Gardner
Henry Gaver
Hiram R Gaston
George Gossin
G W Grisendaff

H
Abram Houlcroff
John Hany
Robert Harding
William Holmes
O Harris
J Heiner
Miss Jane Heady
John Holmes
Miss Lydia Haws
Miss Elizabeth Holland
Laban Harding
Phelia Hardesty
Isaac Hinsley
Joseph Heltman
Dan Horton
Andrew Hoover
Nickson Hughs
Phrisby Holliday
John W Hughey
Samuel Hilditch

J
Christopher Jordon
Elwin Jones
Miss Hester A Jones
Isaiah Jackson or William Snafford
Mrs Johnson
Hiram Jackman
William Jones
Miss Pamela Johnson
Thomas Jones

K
Isaac Kelly
Albert Kyger
John Kingsbury
Andrew Keiser
Uriah King
Mrs Clarressa Karn
W H Karn

L
Thomas Leckery
John Little
Samuel Loucks
David J Louch
David Lloyd

M
William Mitchell 2
J S Merrick
David Mitchell 2
David Mats
Hugh Morrow
Robert Martin
J V R Miller
Jacob S Mustard
Pleasant Morgan
William W Miller
Charles Martens
John Manering
James W Mitchell
Samuel Mobbs John Pains
Geo Marquiss
C B Mann
George Martin
Larkin Myers
Michael Miller
Thomas W Mansfield
Wm Muir
James Mitchell

MACS
John McLean
Phil McCauley
McMannis
John McCollum
Miss Nancy McDanalds
Phillip McCormick
John McMahan
A D McCormack
John McNight
Demas L McFarland
Mrs E McLaughlin
David McMullin
Pendy McElvien
Miss Phebe McMullin

N
Lawrence Nuttie or Abner Clark
Daniel M Noae
Charles S Noble
George Norwood

O
William Overly
Sarah Ann Osburn
John H Oliver
Miss Mary Ann Orrick
C P Oneal

P
Miss Mary I Parr 2
John L Patterson
John Parker
Aquilla Parker
Augustus Prestles
James Paines
E Pyle
William Peck
James K Parks
Enoch Petecord
John Peebles
Rody or James Parsley
Ezra Frotsman
Wilson Parker

R
James Ritchey
Benjamin Rolfe
James Rhoads
V E Radcliff
Caleb Railsback
Hiram Rhoads
H W Roop
Littleton Ran or Eva Ran 2
Joseph Roll
Hiram H Rutherford
John Russell 3
Timothy Roerty
Whitaker Roll
Wm Rude
Thomas Railsback

S
George W Schwitzer
Miss Elizabeth Slone
Edwd M Stewart
David Sharp
James Skillin
Jacob Sehramm
Samuel Sebern
Lewis Smither
David Shields
Edwin M Sellers
John T Smith
Andrew Smith
John S Sebein
Phillip Sacks
Miss Rebecca Strain
Thomas Smith
William Stout
Wm Shugart
Baulser Souis
Mary Ann Sarver
John Smith
Axim Stewart
Jos Drake Steele
Harvey Strain
James Sutherland
Lot P Swift
Peter Smock
David Siberd

T
John Thomas
Mr Turner
Samuel A Thomas
Miss Eliza Ann Townsan
Birnard Thomas
Adam Thompson
John Turner
Abraham Trisler
Edwin Tingle
J B Turner

U
S W Ullery 2

V
Jeremiah Veach
George E Vanblaricum
Amanda Vickers

W
Robert C Wilson
John Wilson
Col Weshard
Leonard Wollen
Jordon Wright 3
James Wallace
Isaac Wilson
Harvey D Wheeler
Mrs Woodward
Robert Wood
Isaac N Ware
Jeremiah Wilson
Josephus C Worrall
George Weaver
Patterson P Whitesel
Henry Watkins
James Wallace
James Webb

Y Z
Granville Young
Peter Zuber

18-3w

S. HENDERSON, P. M.