

were better that they had been unknown to fame. It need not be hoped that the brightness of their past glory will dazzle the eyes of posterity, or illumine the pages of impartial history. A few of its rays may still linger on a fading sky; but they will soon be whelmed in the blackness of darkness. For, unless progressive civilization, and the increasing love of freedom throughout the Christian and civilized world, are fallacious, the Sun of Liberty, of universal Liberty, is already above the horizon, and fast coursing to his meridian splendor, when no advocate of slavery, no apologist of slavery, can look upon his face and live.

GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS



GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS, an American statesman, son of A. J. Dallas, Secretary of the Treasury in Madison's Cabinet, was born at Philadelphia, Pa., July 10, 1792, and died there Dec. 31, 1864. He was educated at Princeton College, studied law under his father, and after his admission to the Bar was for a year private secretary to Gallatin during his mission to Russia. Dallas took a lively interest in political affairs, supporting Jackson for the Presidency in 1824 and again in 1828, and after Jackson's inauguration in 1829 was appointed Attorney-General for Philadelphia. He was United States Senator from Pennsylvania during the years 1831-33, Attorney-General of his State in 1833-35, and Minister to Russia from 1837 to 1839. In 1844, he was elected Vice-President of the United States in Tyler's régime, and as such, on the occasion of the senatorial tie in 1846 on the tariff question, gave the casting vote for a low tariff. From 1856 to 1861 Mr. Dallas was Minister to Great Britain, but retired to private life on his return to America, in May, 1861. His speeches were printed singly, and his series of "Letters from London" appeared in 1869. His "Diary while United States Minister to Russia, 1837-39, and to England, 1856-61," appeared in 1892. While Minister to England, he displayed much tact in the conduct of the Central American question.

EULOGY ON ANDREW JACKSON

DELIVERED AT PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 26, 1845

FELLOW CITIZENS AND FRIENDS,—The sorrows of a nation on the loss of a great and good man are alike confirmed and assuaged by recurring to the virtues and services which endeared him. While funeral solemnities such as are now in progress attest the pervading regrets of communities, and swelling tears betray the anguish of individual friendship; while the muffled drum, the shrouded ensign, and the silent march of mingled processions of citizens and soldiery address their impressive force to the hearts of all, it is well to seek solace in remembrances which must brighten forever the annals of our country, and which add more to the list of names whose mere utterance exalts the pride and strengthens the foundations of patriotism.

At the epoch when, in September, 1774, the delegates of

eleven colonies assembled at our Carpenters' Hall before the first gun was fired at Lexington in the cause of western liberty, or Washington was yet hailed as "General and Commander-in-Chief," there could be seen in the wilds of the Waxhaw settlement in South Carolina, on a farm in dangerous proximity to Indian tribes, and clustering with two elder brothers around a widowed mother, a boy about eight years of age in whose veins coursed the same gallant blood that shortly after gushed from the wounds of Montgomery into the trenches of Quebec: that boy, molded in the spirit of those stern times, clinging with his whole soul to the American people, ripened into athletic manhood, enfeebled by toil, by disease, and by age—is just now dead; and you have invited me to pronounce over his yet loose grave the tribute of your affectionate gratitude and veneration; to soothe you by reminding you of the attributes and exploits of one who lived through all your heroic history and was himself an inseparable part of it; who was born on your soil when in fact it was a mere margin of eastern coast, and had sunk into it when a continent; who knew you when but two millions of scattered, weak, dependent, and disquieted provincialists, and yet saw you, ere he ceased to know you, an immense, united, powerful, and peaceful nation! It is impossible on the present occasion and with short notice to do justice to a task so protracted, complicate, and ennobling; but there are incidents and sentiments connected with the character and career of Andrew Jackson with which his countrymen unanimously sympathize, and which his public obsequies seem as appropriately as irresistibly to call into expression.

The stripling orphan, while mourning over the loss of kindred, smarting under wounds and imprisonment, and hourly witnessing some new cruelty committed upon friends and

neighbors, imbibed during the storms of our revolution a deep, uncompromising, almost fierce love of country that never lost its sway over his actions. It became to him an impulse as instinctive and irrepressible as breathing, and cannot but be regarded by those who trace his eventful existence as the master-passion of his nature. He passed through the war of 1776, in all but that too youthful for his trials; nor was there ever a moment in his after-being when this devotion can be said to have waned or slumbered in his breast.

Such a trait, so pure, so ardent, so unvarying—as fresh three weeks ago as seventy years before—as prompt and eager amid the frosts of age as when in the spring of life it first kindled at the voice of Washington—invokes, now that the door of his sepulchre is closed, undissembled and undissembling praise. It is this quality of moral excellence which forms the basis of his fame as it was the stimulant to every achievement.

From his fight under Davie with Bryan's regiment of Tories in 1780, when scarcely thirteen years of age, down to the close of his remarkable campaign in Florida when fifty-two, and thenceforward through all the diplomatic conflicts with foreign powers, it shone with steady intensity.

The peace of 1783 found him the only survivor of his family; left as it were alone to face the snares of the world uneducated and still a boy. His small patrimony melted away before he could check the reckless and prodigal habits to which he had been trained by eight years of wild and desperate strife. There was no one to counsel or to guide him; no one to inculcate lessons of prudence; no one to lead him into the paths of useful industry and of restored tranquility—but Jackson wanted no one.

At this, perhaps the most critical period of his life, the "iron will" subsequently attributed to his treatment of others was nobly exercised in governing himself. Energetically entering upon the study of the law, the native force of his intellect enabled him, soon after attaining his majority, not merely to preserve his personal independence but to carve his way to recognized distinction. The sphere of his professional practice, the western district of North Carolina, now the State of Tennessee, exacted labors and teemed with dangers such only as a resolution like his could encounter and surmount.

Infested with enraged Cherokees and Choctaws, its wilderness of two hundred miles, crossed and recrossed by the undaunted public solicitor more than twenty times, inured him to fatigue, to the sense of life constantly in peril, and to attacks and artifices of savage enemies whom he was destined signally to subdue and disperse.

It cannot be necessary to pursue these details further; no doubt it will be recollected that after aiding to form a constitution for the State he has made illustrious General Jackson at the age of thirty became her first and only representative in Congress, was almost immediately transferred in November, 1797, to the Senate of the United States, and, unwilling to prolong his legislative services, became a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee.

In all these elevated stations, and especially in the last, his sagacious mind, directed by motives at once pure and lofty and sustained by a spirit of unconquerable firmness, has left monuments of practical wisdom and usefulness in maintaining the rights and ameliorating the condition of his countrymen which time cannot efface.

When the prolonged aggressions of Great Britain upon the

maritime rights, commerce, and honor of America, prompted, in 1812, a declaration of hostilities, our hero, though watchful of events and keenly alive to their bearing, had retired from public activity and was engaged in the calm pursuits of agricultural life. That signal sounded with welcome in his seclusion and summoned him to a deathless renown. It came to his quick ear like a long-wished-for permit to avenge the wrongs and re-establish the sullied name of those for whom he was ever ready to sacrifice without stint his repose, his fortune, and his blood.

The war cry of his country scarcely vibrated on the breeze ere he echoed it back as a music with which every chord of his soul was in unison. In less than a week, leaving his plough in its yet opening furrow and his ripe harvest drooping for the sickle, he stood equipped and eager, in front of two thousand five hundred volunteers, awaiting orders from the chief executive.

I must not, I dare not, quit the singleness of my subject to indulge in reminiscences but partially connected with it, however alluring. Yet had the great and generous champion whom we lament a host of associates, competitors with him in the proud struggle of which would risk most, suffer most, and achieve most, in exemplifying the prowess, securing the safety, and exalting the reputation of their country. That, indeed, may be considered as in itself an ample eulogium upon human merit which depicts him as in the van of a roll emblazoned by such names as Scott, Harrison, Brown, Shelby, Johnson, Gaines, Ripley, Hull, Decatur, Perry, and McDonough.

Most of these have gone to graves over which are blooming in unfading verdure the laurels our gratitude planted. None of them can present to posterity a title to immortal honor

more conclusive than that involved in their having shared with Jackson the glories of 1812.

There are some fields of public service from which ordinary patriotism not unusually recoils, and of this kind is military action against the comparatively weak yet fierce and wily tribes of savages still occupying parts of their original domain on our continent. Unregulated by the principles of civilized warfare, Indian campaigns and conflicts are accompanied by constant scenes of revolting and unnecessary cruelty. Neither age nor sex nor condition is spared; havoc and destruction are the only ends at which the tomahawk, once brandished, can be stayed.

In exact proportion, however, to the horrors of such a system is the necessity of perfecting those of our people exposed to it by the most prompt and decisive resorts. When, in the midst of the great struggle with a European monarchy, the frontiers of Georgia and Tennessee were suddenly assailed by ferocious Creeks, all eyes turned, appealing with confidence for security, to him who was known to the foe themselves by the descriptive designations of "Long Arrow" and "Sharp Knife." No one, indeed, exhibited in higher perfection the two qualities essential to such a contest—sagacity and courage.

The sagacity of General Jackson was the admiration of the sophist and the wonder of the savage; it unravelled the meshes of both without the slightest seeming effort. Piercing through every subtlety or stratagem it attained the truth with electrical rapidity. It detected at a glance the toils of an adversary and discerned the mode by which these toils could best be baffled.

His courage was equally finished and faultless; quick but cool; easily aroused but never boisterous; concentrated, en-

during, and manly. No enemy could intimidate, no dangers fright him; no surprise shook his presence of mind as no emergency transcended his self-control. The red braves of the wilderness confessed that in these, their highest virtues, General Jackson equalled the most celebrated of their chiefs. Invoked to the rescue, he roused from a bed of suffering and debility among the terrified fugitives, addressing them with brief but animating exhortation: "Your frontier is threatened with invasion by the savage foe. Already are they marching to your borders with their scalping-knives unsheathed to butcher your women and children. Time is not to be lost. We must hasten to the frontier or we shall find it drenched with the blood of our citizens. The health of your general is restored; he will command in person."

It was the progress of this exhibition in regions at once desolated and unproductive, that this patient and persevering fortitude overcame obstacles of appalling magnitude; and here it was that, with touching kindness, when suffering the cravings of famine, he offered to divide with one of his own soldiers the handful of acorns he had secretly hoarded! The three victories of Talledega, Emuckfaw and Enotochopco, purchased with incredible fatigue, exposure, and loss of life, are not only to be valued in reference to the population and territory they pacified and redeemed, but as having disclosed, just in time for the crises of the main war, the transcendent ability and fitness of him who was destined to stamp its close with an exploit of unrivalled heroism and consummate generalship.

Shall I abruptly recall the battle of New Orleans?—recall, did I say? Is it ever absent from the memory of an American? Mingled indissolubly with the thought of country it springs to mind as Thermopylæ or Marathon when Greece is

named. He who gave that battle with all its splendid preliminaries and results to our chronicles of national valor may cease to be mortal but can never cease to be renowned. He may have a grave, but, like the Father of his Country, he can want no monument but posterity.

The judgment of the world has been irreversibly passed upon that extraordinary achievement of our republican soldier. Analyzed in all its plans, its means, its motives, and its execution; the genius that conceived, the patriotism that impelled, the boldness that never backed, nor paused, nor counted; the skill which trebled every resource, the activity that was everywhere, the end that accomplished everything. It was a masterpiece of work which Cæsar, William Tell, Napoleon, and Washington, could unite in applauding. Even the vanquished, soothed by the magnanimity of their victor, have since laid the tribute of their admiration at his feet. For that battle, in itself and alone, as now passed into the imperishable records of history, an exhaustless fund of moral property, our descendants in distant ages will teach their children, as they imbibe heroism from illustration and example, to murmur their blessings.

I have dwelt, fellow citizens, with perhaps unnecessary length upon the martial merits of the deceased. I have done so because these merits are incontestable, and form, apart from every other consideration, an overwhelming claim to the veneration and gratitude we are now displaying. To me personally, as you all know, it would be alike consistent and natural to go much farther; but, entertaining a real deference for the sentiments of others, I should be unable to pardon myself if on an occasion so peculiarly solemn a single word fell from my lips which did not chime with the tone of every bosom present. The time has not come, and among a free,

fearless, and frank people such as you are, it may possibly never come, when the civic characteristics of Jackson during his chief magistracy of eight years can be other than topics of sincere differences of opinion.

Springing, however, directly from what I have considered as the great root of his public services is at least one branch of his executive policy and action that need not be avoided. If as a Revolutionary lad he clung to the cause of the colonists; if as a soldier he knew no shrinking from his flag; as a president of these States he stood without budging on the rock of their union. It seemed as if, to him, that was hallowed ground, ungenial to the weeds of party, identical indeed with country. Count the cost of this confederacy, and he was scornfully silent; speak of disregarding her laws, and his remonstrances were vehement; move but a hair's breadth to end the compact, and he was in arms. On this vast concern, involving, directly or remotely, all the precious objects of American civilization, his zeal was as uncompromising, perhaps as unrefining and indiscriminating, as his convictions were profound. The extent of our obligation to him in regard to it cannot well be exaggerated. Possessing in his high office the opportunity, he gave to his purpose an impetus and an emphasis that will keep forever ringing in the ears of his successors—"The Union must and shall be preserved!"

Such was the hero we mourn. With a constitution undermined by privations incident to his military labors, and a frame shattered by diseases, he had retired to the seclusion of the Hermitage, long and patiently awaiting the only and final relief from suffering. It came to him on the evening of the 8th instant, in the centre of his home's affectionate circle, while his great mind was calm and unclouded and when his heart was prepared to welcome its dilatory messenger. Yes!

Yes! he on whom for half a century his country gazed as upon a tower of strength; on whom she never called for succor against the desolating savage without being answered by a rushing shout of "Onward to the rescue!"—who anticipated her invading foes by destroying them ere their footprints on her soil were cold—he, the iron warrior, the reproachless patriot, has ceased to be mortal, has willingly made his single surrender—the surrender—the surrender of his soul to its Almighty claimant!

It may almost be said that General Jackson was constituted of two natures, so admirably and so distinctly were his qualities adapted to their respective spheres of action. I have portrayed hurriedly and crudely his public character—let us for an instant see him, on one or two points at least, in the other aspect, and perhaps we may thence catch the secret of his sublime and beautiful death. The rugged exterior which rough wars in our early western settlements would naturally impart was smoothed and polished in him by a spirit of benevolence deeply seated in his temperament. In social intercourse, though always earnest, rapid, impressive, and upright, his friendship was marked by boundless confidence and generosity; while in domestic life a winning gentleness seemed to spread from the recesses of his heart over the whole man, filling the scenes around him with smiles of serenity and joy. No husband loved more ardently, more faithfully, more unchangeably; no parent could surpass the self-sacrificing kindness with which he reared and cherished his adopted children; no master could be more certain of reciprocated fondness than he was, when, as expiring, he breathed the hope of hereafter meeting in the heaven to which he was hastening the servants of his household, "as well black as white." The truthfulness of this picture is attested by all who were admitted

to the sanctuary of his home, precincts too sacred, even on an occasion equally sacred, for more than this brief intrusion.

But there was a crowning characteristic, from adverting to which I must not shrink, though in the presence in which I stand. General Jackson was fervently, unaffectedly, and submissively pious! Wherever he might be and whatever his absorbing pursuit—wading heavily through the swamps of Florida on the tracks of Hillishago; speeding with the swoop of an eagle to grapple the invader, Pakenham; careering at the head of his victorious legions through throngs of admiring countrymen; in the halls of the executive mansion; or at his hearth in the Hermitage; there and then, everywhere and always, though not ostensible and never obtrusive, his faith was with him. But it was most closely and conspicuously with him as dissolution approached; it was with him to brighten the rays of his mind, to cheer the throbs of his heart, to take the sting from his latest pang, and to give melody to his last farewell. The dying hour of Jackson bears triumphant testimony to the Christian's hope.

"Such was the hero; such was the man we mourn!"

Come, then, my countrymen! let us, as it were, gather round the depository of his remains! From those who knew him as it has been my lot to know him the frequent tear of cherished and proud remembrance must fall. To all of us it will be some relief to join in the simple and sacred sentiment of public gratitude.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's honors blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to seek their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod;
By fairy forms their dirge is sung—
By hands unseen their knell is rung;—
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay:
And freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"