

of American life toward the setting sun. He longed to secure to the emigrant, 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 forest of the fertile plain, or where the prairies most 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 the virgin soil to yield itself to the ploughshare. Theirs 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.

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 the laboring classes. It was for their welfare that he defied all the storms of political hostility. He desired to ensure to them the fruits of their own industry; and he unceasingly opposed every system which tended to lessen their reward, or which exposed them to be defrauded of their dues. They may bend over his grave with affec-

tionate 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 concentration of power, the subjecting general labor to a central will. 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. 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.

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 partisan 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 a part of a system by which American legislation was to separate itself more and more effectually from European precedents, and develop itself more and more according to the vital principles of our political existence.

The discharge of the debt brought with it 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 policy of high duties, under which Europe had oppressed America; or how far she should rely on her own freedom, enterprise, and power, defying the competition, 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 saw 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 a course 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 those doctrines of freedom, which make our government a limited one, they saw in the oppressive acts an assumption of power which of itself 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 reserved 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 liberty throughout the world looked on with divided sympathies, praying that the American Union 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 the storm, 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 underfoot—unwilling that the government 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 effective guidance 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 federal system; from the council chambers of the fathers who molded our institutions, from the hall where American independence was declared, the clear, loud cry was uttered—"the Union: it must be preserved." From every battlefield of the Revolution—from Lexington



and Bunker Hill, from Saratoga and Yorktown, from the fields of Eutaw and King's Mountain, from the canebrakes 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 freeman, 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, that had wounded the constitution in their love of increased power at the centre—the statesmen of the South, whose ingenious acuteness had carried to its extreme the theory of State rights—all conspired together; all breathed prayers for the perpetuity of the Union. Under the prudent firmness of Jackson, by the mixture of justice and general regard for all interests, the greatest danger to our country was turned aside, and mankind was encouraged to believe that our Union, like our freedom, is imperishable.

The moral of the great events of those 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 of to-day 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 was constituted by consent, must be preserved by love.

It rarely falls to the happy lot of a statesman to receive such unanimous applause from the heart of a nation. Duty to the dead 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 republic. He came to the presidency of the United States determined 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 that 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 people 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 the currency; and never during the whole period did he recede or falter. Remaining always in advance of his party, always having near him friends who cowered before the hardihood of his courage, he himself was unmoved from the first suggestion of the unconstitutionality of the bank to the moment when first of all, reasoning from the certain tendency of its policy, he, 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 his 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 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 of the 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 mas-

sive column, which the heaps of falling ruins could not break, nor bend, nor sway from its fixed foundation.

In the relations of this country to the world Jackson demanded for America equality. The time was come for her to take her place over against the most ancient and most powerful States of the Old World, and to gain the recognition of her pretensions. He revived the unadjusted claims for injuries to our commerce, committed in the wantonness of European hostilities; and he taught the American merchant and the American sailor to repose confidently under the sanctity of the American flag. Nor would he consent that the payment of indemnities which were due should be withheld or delayed. Even against France the veteran of the West enforced the just demand of America with an heroic vigor which produced an abiding impression on the world. He did this in the love of peace. "You have set your name to the most important document of your public life," said one of his cabinet to him as he signed the annual message that treated of the unpaid indemnity. "This paper may produce a war." "There will be no war," answered Jackson decisively; and rising on his feet, as was his custom when he spoke warmly, he expressed with solemnity his hatred of war, bearing witness to its horrors, and protesting against its crimes. He loved peace; and to secure permanent tranquillity he made the rule for his successors, as well as for himself, in the intercourse of America with foreign powers, "to demand nothing but what is right, and to submit to nothing that is wrong."

People of the District of Columbia,—I should fail of a duty on this occasion, if I did not give utterance to your sentiment of gratitude which followed General Jackson into retirement. 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, and relieving it of its burdens, he regretted only that he had not the opportunity to have connected himself still more intimately with your prosperity. When he took leave of the District, the population of this city, and the masses from its vicinity, followed his carriage in crowds. All in silence stood near him, to wish him adieu; and as the cars started, and lifting his hat in token of farewell, he displayed his gray hairs, you stood around with heads uncovered, too full of emotion to speak, in solemn silence gazing on him as he went on his way to be seen of you no more.

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 the lone-star of the American people. His fervid 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 Pacific with the social sounds of our commerce.

Age had whitened his locks and dimmed his eye and spread round him the infirmities and venerable emblems of

many years of toilsome service; but his heart beat warmly as in his youth, and his courage was firm as it had ever been in the day of battle. His affections were still for his friends and his country, his thoughts were already in a better world. He who in active life had always had unity of perception and will, in action had never faltered from doubt, and in council had always reverted to first principles and general laws, now gave himself to communing with 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 he had faith in the eternity of truth, in the imperishable power of freedom, in the destinies of humanity, in the virtues and capacity of the people, in his country's institutions, in the being and overruling providence of a merciful and ever-living 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 was the victory of his unblenching 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 grandchildren 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 summoned; they gathered, some in his room, and some on the 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 undefiled religion was the foundation of private happiness, and the bulwark of republican institutions. "Dear children," such were his final words, "dear children, servants, and friends, I trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black—all, 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 noonday glory; his death was lovely as the summer's evening, when the sun goes down in tranquil beauty without a cloud. To the majestic 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 battlefield of Topoheca, he saved an infant that clung to the breast of its dying mother; in the stormiest season of his presidency, he paused at the imminent moment of decision to counsel a poor suppliant that had come up to him for relief. 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 oppression, 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 weep 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 the record. Before the nation, before the world, before coming ages, he stands forth the representative, for his generation, of the 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.

Not danger, not an army in battle array, not wounds, not widespread 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. Jackson never was vanquished. He was always fortunate. He conquered the wilderness; he conquered the savage; he conquered the bravest veterans trained in the battlefields of Europe; he conquered everywhere in statesmanship; and, when death came to get the mastery over him, he turned the last enemy aside as tranquilly as he had done the feeblest of his adversaries, and passed 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 the Del Norte. The fires of party strife are quenched at his grave. His faults and frailties have perished. Whatever of good he has done lives, and will live forever.

## CARDINAL NEWMAN



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, a distinguished English theologian, Roman Catholic prelate, and one of the greatest preachers of his day, was born at London, Feb. 21, 1801, and died at Edgbaston, near Birmingham, Aug. 11, 1890. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford University, made a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, in 1822, took orders in the Established Church in 1824, was given the living of St. Mary's, Oxford, in 1828, and appointed preacher to the University in 1833. About the year 1830, Newman and his friend, Hurrell Froude, began to be looked upon as leaders in the Anglo-Catholic movement within the Anglican Church, and in 1835 this phase of religious thought ere long crystallized in the famous "Tracts for the Times," which began to appear in that year. In 1835, the "Oxford or Tractarian Movement," as it came to be called, was joined by Pusey, and the appointment in the following year of Hampden as Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford gave fresh stimulus to the movement, exciting as it did the indignation of the High Churchmen. In 1841, Newman published "Tract No. 90," which, from its "advanced" religious doctrines gave offence to many who had gone along with him up to that point. In 1843, he resigned from St. Mary's, and after a prolonged mental struggle entered the Roman communion in 1845, leaving Oxford shortly after. Taking up his residence at Edgbaston, a suburb of Birmingham, he established there the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. In 1864, appeared his "Apologia pro Vita Sua," a history of his religious opinions: the entire candor displayed in this remarkable book completely changed the public attitude toward its author and induced a general belief in his integrity and earnestness. In 1877, he was made an honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and the next year visited that city for the first time since leaving it, almost a generation previously. He was created Cardinal in 1879, with exemption from residence at the Papal court. Newman's sermons are recognized models of English style; and among his religious verse is the well-known, beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." His chief writings include "The Arians of the Fourth Century" (1833); twenty-nine of the "Tracts for the Times" (1833-41); "Verses on Various Occasions" (1834); "The Prophetical Office of the Church" (1837); "Parochial Sermons," six volumes (1837-42); "Loss and Gain, or the Story of a Convert" (1848); "Grammar of Assent" (1870), and a volume of lectures on "Anglican Difficulties."