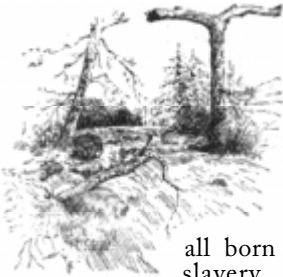


OUTDOOR LIFE OF THE PRESIDENTS.

BY JOHN P. FOLEY.

III.—ANDREW JACKSON.



HE life of Andrew Jackson has been tersely described as "a battle and a march." Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, were all born in the purple of slavery. They were the sons of wealthy planters; educated at the best schools; provided with private tutors, and, with one exception, graduated from the leading colleges of the period. They moved in the best circles of society, and could choose whatever profession or pursuit they pleased. Seats in the House of Burgesses of Virginia awaited them as soon as they became of age, and whatever other political preferment young native-born Americans could obtain under the colonial régime was easily within their reach. Very different the early life and fortune of Andrew Jackson, the fifth of the Southern Presidents.

Two years before he was born his father was a, poor linen weaver in the North of Ireland, beaten in the struggle for existence and preparing with some of his relatives to emigrate to the new world. This little colony, made up of Jacksons and Craw-

fords, landed at Charleston, in 1765, and immediately started for the Waxhaw settlement, which lay partly in North and partly in South Carolina, in the region bordering on the Catawba River. This point, no doubt, was chosen because a number of colonists from the same part of Ireland had already made their homes there. The Crawfords bought good land in the centre of the settlement, while the Jacksons, not having the means to purchase, went on new land some miles distant. There Jackson, senior, built a hut and began to clear the woods around him. At the end of two years he became ill and died. Mr. Parton, in his excellent life of President Jackson, tells us that the widow, accompanied by her little family, brought the remains of her husband in a rude wagon out of the wilderness to the Waxhaw churchyard, and did not again return home after the interment. Instead, she went to the house of a brother-in-law, and in a few days gave birth to a son, whom she named Andrew. The log-house, where this event took place on March 15, 1767, was at a point on the North Carolina side, less than a quarter of a mile from the boundary line between the two provinces; so that the hero of New Orleans, many years later, erred in the matter of his nativity, when, in his celebrated manifesto to the nullifiers of South Carolina, he addressed

them as "Fellow-Citizens of my native State." Mrs. Jackson, at the end of three weeks, left her eldest son to assist this relative on his farm and went with her second son and the infant Andrew to the house of her brother-in-law, the Mr. Crawford with whom she and her husband crossed the Atlantic two years before. Crawford was then in comfortable circumstances. He had some capital when he arrived, and, in addition, was a good, thrifty and successful farmer. This was young Jackson's home during the next ten or twelve years. His life was indeed "a battle and a march," and march and battle began with his very infancy.

North Carolinians have long and tenacious memories, and when, more than a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Parton made a pilgrimage into Mecklenberg County to collect materials for the life of the great democratic chieftain, he was able to gather many an anecdote of the early life of his hero. "He was a mild, frolicsome, wilful, mischievous, daring, reckless boy, who loved his friends and detested his enemies." Truly, the boy was father of the man. He allowed no one to impose upon him. On one occasion, we are told, some boys gave him a gun loaded to the muzzle in order to see him knocked over when he fired it. He was kicked over, and springing to his feet exclaimed: "If one of you laughs I'll kill him!" And there was no laughter. It is said that the larger boys had trouble in getting along with him; but that he was idolized by the smaller ones, who always found in him a protector and a champion. "He was," said one who knew him in youth, "a bully, but never a coward." In boyish games and sports of every description he was thoroughly proficient. It was easy to make a wrestling match when "Andy" Jackson was present; but, although tall and active, he was not strong in proportion to his height, and was frequently thrown. He was fond of running and jumping, feats in which he excelled. He was addicted to glibberish or slang, and one of his favorite expressions was this: "Set de case: You are Shauneey Kerr's mare and me Billy Buck; and I should mount you and you should kick, fall, fling and break your neck, should I be to blame for that?" Young John Quincy Adams, who was born in the same year as Jackson, and who was at this time studying diplomacy under his father in Europe, would probably have fled in as great horror from his successor in the Presidency, if he then propounded to him this problem,

as in after years he fled from him on the day of his inauguration. The woods of Waxhaw were full of deer, wild turkey and other game, and owing to the household demands of the colony, to hunt and kill them was much more of a necessity than a pleasure. Jackson, it is needless to say, became expert with the rifle, and the bird or animal that came within range rarely escaped with its life.

His mother's ambition was to make him a clergyman, and in due time he was sent to what in those days was called "an old field school." By and by he attended schools of a better class, at which lads were prepared for college. Where the means to pay for this superior education came from is not known, but it is believed that his mother was assisted by members of her family in Ireland. Jackson was not a studious boy, so he learned little except reading, writing, and arithmetic. His educational equipment all through life was very light, but, nevertheless, his name stands on the roll of the learned Doctors of Harvard, an act for which the younger Adams never forgave his old university. When the colonies decided to draw the sword, Jackson was a child nine years old, and the war was half over before its tide rolled along to the banks of the Catawba. From the very beginning, however, the Scotch-Irish settlers of Waxhaw were as loyal and devoted to the patriotic cause as the descendants of the Puritans who fell at Lexington and Bunker Hill. Many of them and their children went into the army, among others Hugh Jackson, Andrew's eldest brother, who was "a man in stature if not in years." He was killed in the battle of Stono. Robert Jackson, the second son, too young to bear arms, and Andrew were with their mother when Tarleton's dragoons swept along to Waxhaw. A body of militia was taken by surprise and a large number killed and wounded. This was Jackson's first lesson in war. He was then about thirteen, and he and his brother aided their mother in nursing the unfortunate victims of the raid. Tarleton's troopers rode hard and fast over the Waxhaw farms, little dreaming that in one of its log-cabins they had left behind them a rough, ungainly boy who in after years was destined to defeat one of England's ablest generals at the head of veteran soldiers bearing on their conquering banners the memorable names of Talavera and Badajos. Next came Lord Rawdon threatening to imprison all who refused to promise not to participate in the war.

Mrs. Jackson fled with her two boys into the wilderness rather than make the pledge. A short time after both sons were present in the engagement at Hanging Rock, near Waxhaw, where the patriots were so nearly victorious. The defeat of Gates brought the victorious Cornwallis to the little settlement, and the terrified inhabitants, Mrs. Jackson and her children among them, again fled before the soldiery, Andrew found a refuge in a temporary home on a farm where he gave his services in exchange for his board. His principal duties were fetching wood, driving cattle, picking beans, going to the mill and the blacksmith's shop. "He never," says Mr. Parton, "went to the blacksmith's without bringing home something with which to kill the enemy. Once he fastened the blade of a scythe to a pole, and on reaching home began to cut down the weeds, exclaiming, 'Oh! if I were a man I would sweep down the British with my grass blade.'" The Jacksons were all home again in 1781, when the Waxhaw country became quiet.

Andrew was now fourteen, tall as a man, but without much bodily strength. He and his brother thought, however, that they could be of some service to their country, and from time to time joined small raiding parties, organized to retaliate on the enemy. Cornwallis sent a body of troops to suppress these disorders, and in a conflict the Jackson boys were captured. Then occurred that memorable incident in his life which so embittered him ever afterward against England. The officer who had captured him, ordered him to clean his boots. Jackson indignantly refused, declaring that he was a prisoner of war and expected to be treated as one. A fierce sword-blow aimed at his head was the answer. He warded it off with his arm, but the weapon struck his skull, inflicting a wound on arm and head, the marks of which remained to the day of his death. The brutal officer then gave the same order to the brother. He, too, refused to obey and was prostrated with a blow which nearly killed him. One day, while a prisoner, Andrew was threatened with death unless he guided the troops to the house of an obnoxious patriot. He pretended to comply, but went by a route which gave the intended victim notice of their approach and enabled him to escape. The two brothers were next marched off prisoners of war to Camden, forty miles distant. They and their companions were treated with horrible barbarity on the way. Forced to walk the entire distance without

food, they were not even allowed to drink the muddy water by the wayside. In Camden jail they were nearly starved to death. Small-pox broke out among the ill-fed and ill-clothed captives and it became a very pest-hole. At length General Greene appeared before the place and there were hopes of a rescue. Jackson cut through a knot-hole in the fence and saw the operations in the field, which he reported to his fellow-prisoners. The Continental troops were defeated and the captives were in despair. But the faithful mother had not forgotten or abandoned them, and one day she appeared offering to exchange for her boys and some other prisoners, thirteen soldiers who had been captured by the men of Waxhaw. Her sons were so worn-out by starvation and disease that she scarcely knew them. What a journey that was home to the Waxhaw! They could procure only two horses for the entire party. The mother rode one; on the other was her son Robert, stricken with small-pox and held in his seat by the exchanged prisoners. By their side trudged Andrew, shivering with fever and ague, shoeless, almost naked, his feet and legs bleeding and torn by rocks and briars. Still the battle and the march!

But the battle was only beginning for this seemingly ill-starred boy. When peace came, sending sunshine and joy through all the land, this heroic North of Ireland mother had been sleeping beside her husband in the Waxhaw graveyard more than a year, and the orphaned Andrew was striving hard to learn the trade of a saddler. His health was bad, and his spirit seemed broken. Perhaps it was grief for the mother whom he so deeply loved, and whose memory he revered all through life. Gradually, however, the spring and buoyancy of his nature asserted themselves. He made the acquaintance of some boys of his own age whose parents had fled from Charleston, when it was captured, to Waxhaw, and who were waiting for the evacuation to return. He was the owner of a horse at this time, but it is not clear whether he obtained him by gift or purchase. At all events, he ran races; very often rode them, and, impartial history bids us say, "gambled a little, drank a little, and fought cocks." It was a rude age; the little society that existed was demoralized by war, and there was no one to restrain, perhaps no one even to advise, this young orphan boy. He followed his friends to Charleston, "riding his horse, a fine and valuable animal which he had

contrived to possess." His career in that city was wild and reckless. He ran up a long bill with his landlord, which he paid by a lucky throw at dice; the wager being his horse against two hundred dollars. All at once his conscience seems to have smitten him. He resolved to return home and reform. Never again through all his life did he throw dice for a wager. His scheme of reformation did not, however, include the abandonment of horse-racing and chicken-fighting, for during the next two years his biographers continue to record many achievements and adventures in this line. His other pursuits, if he had any, are not known. Some say he taught school. If he did, teachers must have been few and far between at that time in North Carolina. When he was seventeen or eighteen years of age, he went to Salisbury to study law. Unable to find an opening, he went to Morgantown, in Burke County, where he was equally unsuccessful. At length he succeeded in persuading Mr. Spruce, McCoy, of Salisbury, a lawyer of eminence, and subsequently a distinguished judge, to undertake his instruction. The story of his career in Salisbury is a sad one, if certain traditions be true. He was, according to some of his biographers, "the most roaring, rollicking, game-cocking, horse-racing, card-playing mischievous fellow that ever lived in Salisbury." The portrait is probably from the easel of a political enemy, or a well-meaning admirer, who deemed these the highest qualifications a young man could possess. In the first place, a life of this description involved the expenditure of considerable money even in a small North Carolina town a century ago, and Jackson had none. To suppose that he lived by gambling and horse-racing is absurd. It is certain, however, that on one occasion he ran a foot-race there under somewhat ludicrous conditions. The champion runner of the town was one Hugh Montgomery. A match was made between him and Jackson on these terms: Montgomery to carry a man on his back and get a start of half the distance. Jackson won by one or two feet, "amid the laughter of the town."

He received his license to practice law before he reached his twentieth year. This he could not have accomplished if his life had been the wild and reckless one which some writers would have us believe. He left Salisbury immediately and went to live at Martinsville in Guilford County. Two of his friends kept a store there, and he

probably assisted them, although, it is said, he earned a livelihood by serving as a co-stable. The following year a friend of his was appointed judge of the Superior Court in Tennessee. He appointed Jackson public prosecutor. The position was not one for which there were many applicants. In the first place, it led into the wilderness where the red man was yet very successfully disputing the advance of the pale-faces, and, in the next, the whites whom Jackson was coming to prosecute were not much higher in the scale of civilization than the native savages. Jackson induced some friends to accompany him in quest of fortune and fame, and a start was made for Jonesboro', then the principal settlement in Eastern Tennessee. Thence they proceeded to Nashville, where they arrived in October, 1788. The journey was full of peril, and were it not for the watchfulness of Jackson one night the whole party would probably have been massacred. Having a presentiment of danger, he determined to sit up on guard. Toward midnight the hooting of an owl fell on his ear. This was followed by another and another, until in a short time all the owls in Tennessee appeared to have collected overhead of them. Jackson suspected that these owls carried scalping-knives and tomahawks, and awoke his companions. They were troubled no more by owls that night. At Nashville he found as much law business as he could attend to, and he set to work with his usual energy and vigor. In his capacity of public prosecutor he was obliged to attend court at Jonesboro', which compelled him to make frequent journeys through the Indian-infested wilderness. This was hard and perilous work. No one dared attempt the trip alone, and travelers were in the habit of making up parties in order to be the better prepared for attack. Jackson one time was delayed, and his friends started without him. He followed and soon came upon their track, and, at the same time, the unmistakable trail of Indians immediately behind them. This was a situation which would have caused ninety-nine in a hundred men to turn back, but not so Jackson. Although his servant declined to go with him he determined to push ahead, and divided his provisions with his attendant, who turned homeward. Jackson came to a point where the Indians had branched off with the intention of surprising and attacking the whites with a certainty of success. At length he overtook his friends and warned

them of their danger. It was snowing heavily at the time, and the entire party were turned away from the camp of some hunters from whom they had asked shelter. When returning home they again stopped at the camp, but every one of the hunters had been scalped.

Jackson now began to accumulate property, and he married Mrs. Robards, establishing his home, the first he really ever had, in Nashville. This was almost the first halt thus far in "the march and the battle" of his life: It was not, however, the famous home called the Hermitage, for that did not come until many years later. If money was scarce in Tennessee at that time, there was an abundance of land, and six hundred and forty acres, or a square mile of real estate, was the ordinary fee for trying a case at court. Jackson was in fact a land speculator, as well as a lawyer, and he was a purchaser whenever he could command the money. So large were his possessions that he sold six thousand dollars worth of land in one block to a gentleman in Philadelphia, and after that large transaction for that time, had still several thousand acres left. Some years later he engaged in business on his place at Hunters Hill, thirteen miles from Nashville. This plantation embraced several thousand acres, and he erected on it a house which was one of the finest in that part of the country. In a smaller building near it he opened a store and sold goods to the Indians through a small window. His prosperity, however, received a sudden check. The Philadelphia gentleman, whose notes he had taken for his land, failed, and the protection of the notes devolved on Jackson, who had discounted them. This he did at an enormous sacrifice.

He determined to retrieve his fortune, and to that end enlarged his operations in every direction. His slaves numbered one hundred and fifty, and in their management he was greatly assisted by Mrs. Jackson. He raised corn and cotton, which he shipped on his own boats. At his large store he took produce of all kinds in exchange for goods. He had on his plantation a cotton-gin, which was so recently invented that it had scarcely ceased to be a curiosity. With it he cleaned his own cotton and that of his neighbors, which was another source of income. He was an excellent farmer and very proud of his crops, which were nearly always good. But this was not all. In his youth he had been exceedingly fond of horses, and his equine

tastes grew stronger as he advanced in years. He brought the famous "Truxton" from Virginia to Tennessee and won fame and money as a turfman. Few races came off in the country around in which his name was not among the entries, and, as he ran his animals with care and judgment, he was a frequent winner. His stable was in fact the best bred in all that section, and proved a large source of income to him. Down even to the present day there is a "Truxton" strain in Tennessee which is highly prized. In addition he amused himself with an occasional cock-fight. On at least one occasion the ownership of six hundred and forty acres of land depended upon the issue of the battle between the game birds. During these years, while he was pursuing the avocation of a planter, of a dealer in the goods of every description needed in a new country, of a horse-breeder and of a speculator in land, he also found time to hold various public positions. He was a delegate to the convention that framed the constitution of the State; a member of the legislature; then a congressman and a judge. His service in Congress was very brief, and he resigned his position on the bench in order to recover the fortune he had lost. Jackson was a good public officer. He was not a great lawyer or jurist, but he fearlessly prosecuted every lawbreaker, and his decisions were always honest. Every scoundrel in the territory was his enemy, but he never quailed before one of them.

While he was on the bench the sheriff one day told him that a ruffian, who had been guilty of cutting off his child's ear in a drunken passion, was in the court-house yard, armed with dirk and pistols, and defied arrest. Jackson directed him to summon a posse of citizens. The sheriff reported back that the citizens were too terrified to act. "He must be taken," said Jackson; "summon me!" With a pistol in either hand, Jackson walked into the yard and strode up to the outlaw, who at once surrendered to him.

Jackson possessed undaunted courage and nerve. A mob assembled one time with the intention of tarring and feathering him. He was ill in bed when a committee waited on him to communicate the cheerful intelligence. "Give my compliments," said he, "to Colonel — [the leader of the party], and tell him my door is open to receive him and his regiment whenever they choose to call upon me, and that I hope he will have the chiv-

ally to lead his men and not to follow them." His brave defiance cowed the mob. It dispersed, and its leader apologized to Jackson.

Long years after, while Jackson was President, he told a story of one of his experiences during these frontier days, which we shall insert here.

"Now, Mr. B——," said Jackson, "if any one attacks you I know you will fight with that big black stick of yours. You will aim right for his head. Well, sir, ten chances to one he will ward it off, and if you do hit him, you won't bring him down. Now, sir [taking the stick into his own hands], you hold the stick so and punch him in the stomach, and you'll drop him. I will tell you how I found that out. When I was a young man, practising law in Tennessee, there was a big bullying fellow that wanted to pick a quarrel with me, and so trod on my toes. Supposing it accidental, I said nothing. Soon after he did it again, and I began to suspect his object. In a few moments he came by a third time, pushing against me violently and evidently meaning fight. He was a man of immense size, one of the very biggest men I ever saw. As quick as a flash I snatched a small rail from the top of the fence and gave him the point of it full in the stomach. Sir, it doubled him up. He fell at my feet, and I stamped on him. Soon he got up, savage, and was about to fly at me like a tiger. The bystanders made as though they would interfere. Said I, 'Don't stand back; give me room; that is all I ask, and I will manage him.' With that I stood ready with the rail pointed. He gave me one look and turned away a bewitted man, sir, and feeling like one. So, sir, I say to you, if any fellow assaults you, give him the pint in his belly."

Jackson fought several duels, killing his antagonist in one of them; but these episodes in his life do not fall within the limits of this paper. His military career may be said to begin with his appointment, in 1802, to the command of the militia of Tennessee, although he was not called into active service until the following year. Jefferson had then completed the Louisiana purchase, and it was thought the Spaniards would not be willing to acknowledge the authority of the United States, and, possibly, might resist it. Troops were ordered to the frontier, and if necessary were to be marched to New Orleans. Tennessee promptly responded, and Major

General Jackson discharged so well the duty assigned him that he was thanked by the Federal Government.

The ambitious, restless, brilliant Burr was at this time revolving in his fertile brain the erection of an empire in Mexico, and looking around for lieutenants to aid him in the realization of his dream, his eye fell upon Jackson, whom he had doubtless met in Philadelphia while he was Vice-President. In the summer of 1805 Jackson rode from his plantation into Nashville. The little town was gayly decked with flags and banners, and the streets were thronged with people from the surrounding country. Aaron Burr was expected, and the demonstration was in his honor. After an entertainment by the people of Nashville he rode home with Jackson as his guest. Burr's project appealed to the imagination of Jackson and he offered his services. Next day Burr went away. A year later he was again in Kentucky and Tennessee, and Jackson again offered to join his expedition. The enterprise was then discussed everywhere, but no one had suspected, or at least given expression to, the suspicion that Burr's plans were hostile to the interests of the United States. Rumors of this nature, however, were soon afloat, and Jackson laid the matter before Governor Claiborne. He at the same time wrote Burr, declaring that if his designs were inimical to the government, he desired to have no further relations with him. Burr was tried shortly afterwards for treason. He was always one of Jackson's friends and entertained the highest opinion of his military capacity. When Congress declared war against England in 1812, Burr said that Jackson was the most capable general in the country. During the next five or six years Jackson was in private life.

The outbreak of hostilities with England called him again into the field. The Mississippi Valley was loyal to the core and promptly furnished a larger number of men than had been called for. Jackson, at the head of 2,500 volunteers, descended the Ohio and Mississippi to Natchez, where he received word from Wilkinson, at New Orleans, to await further orders. Wilkinson was jealous of Jackson and did not desire his co-operation if he could do without it. Jackson, angry at the delay, went into camp. Later on he was enraged when, instead of receiving an order to advance, he was instructed to disband his forces 500 miles from Nashville. It was a cruel order to give; cruel treatment of men who had so

promptly rushed to the defense of their country. Jackson resolved to disobey it. He would not abandon his men so far from their homes. His quarter-master refused to furnish proper supplies. Jackson solved that problem by borrowing \$5,000 on his own responsibility. The journey back was severe, and many of the men fell sick. Jackson placed one of the sufferers on his own horse and walked 400 miles on foot. His officers and mounted men who were strong enough followed his example and gave their horses to their companions who had succumbed to the hardships of the march. One soldier became so dangerously ill that it was proposed to abandon him. "Not a man shall be left as long as life is in him," said Jackson. He watched over the sufferer as if he had been his own child, and saved his life.

In the summer of 1813 the terrible massacre of Fort Mimms occurred. The legislature of Tennessee authorized the raising of 3,500 men, and Jackson began operations against the Creeks in the following October. So great was his popularity that in a short time he had over five thousand men under his command. His name soon became a terror to the Indians, whom he mercilessly followed and fought whenever they dared to oppose him. But there was a tender heart in the breast of Jackson. After a fierce encounter at Tallahassee, an Indian woman was found killed on the field. An infant boy lay on her bosom vainly striving to satisfy his hunger. The child was brought within the lines and adopted by Jackson. Mrs. Jackson, who had no children of her own, became as attached to the little war-waif as her husband, and he grew to be a fine youth. When he died Jackson was deeply grieved, and the remains are buried at the *Hermitage*. The timely assistance rendered by Jackson to the besieged at Fort Talladega prevented a repetition of the Fort Mimms horror, for it was on the point of surrender when he appeared and put the savages to flight. His own supplies now fell short, and his men were threatened with famine. The volunteers in his command attempted to leave for their homes, but were prevented by the militia. The militia shortly after threatened revolt, and they were held in check by the volunteers. Both parties next united and resolved to abandon the field. Jackson rode to the head of the column and presenting his pistol declared he would kill the first man who advanced. So dire was the distress that he lived on acorns

picked up in the woods. At the Great Horseshoe Bend of the Tallapoosa River, Jackson struck the Creek Indians a blow from which they never recovered. More than one thousand warriors took their final stand at that point in a strongly fortified camp. The battle was one of the fiercest in all our Indian annals. Six hundred braves were killed, for they had resolved to die rather than yield. Finally, the remnant of the band, their brethren nearly all slain, laid down their arms on the now historic Hickory Ground, at the fork of the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers. Among those who surrendered was the famous Weatherford, the most valiant of all their leaders,

The Waxhaw lad, who thirty-three years before had been struck down by one of Tarleton's officers for refusing to clean his boots, was now Major-General in the Regular Army of the United States and in full command of the division of the South. The war with England had been in progress two years with varying success on either side. Florida was a province of Spain, and its governor, while openly professing friendship for the United States, had allowed British vessels to land supplies in the harbor of Pensacola, where they were forwarded by officers on shore to the Indians in arms against us. He resolved to attack the place, and let Mr. Madison at Washington settle the difficulty which was certain to follow with Spain as best he could. An appeal for volunteers was promptly answered, and early in November Jackson was drawn up in front of the place with a demand for an immediate surrender. This was refused, and an attack was ordered next day. In a short time he was in possession of Pensacola, and the British ships were weighing anchor to escape the fire of his artillery. Fort Barancas blew up as he was making preparations to assault it. He had no further business in Pensacola, and resolved to leave, sending this note to the governor: "The enemy has retired; the hostile Creeks have fled to the forest, and I now retire from your town, leaving you to occupy your forts and protect the rights of your citizens." Then came New Orleans, where the trained veterans of the Peninsula War were driven to their ships by the raw levies of the Mississippi Valley. The story is known to every school-boy. It did not end the war with England—for the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent before the battle was fought—but it more than compensated for all our reverses during the long

struggle, and added an imperishable laurel to our military fame. Praise of Jackson fell from every tongue, and the fighting back-woodsman of Tennessee became the idol of the country. While the whole Republic was resounding with laudation of his deeds and thanking him in set addresses and formal resolutions from Congress down to the smallest town council, his wife was awaiting him in a small log-hut in the forest. Before the war the bankruptcy of a relative for whom he was security had forced Jackson to sell everything in order to meet his liabilities. To this humble home he returned from the city he had saved. His next military service was in the Seminole War. Spain still held the Floridas, and her officers were again secretly assisting the savages against the United States. Without instructions, he entered the Spanish possessions, seized St. Marks, and sent its officials to Pensacola. The trial and execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister followed, after which he captured Pensacola and Fort Barancas. Negotiations for the cession of Florida were pending at the time, and Jackson's action became the subject of official investigation. He was sustained by public opinion and Congress. In a trip through the Middle and Eastern States he was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. When Florida was annexed, Jackson became the first governor of the new Territory. His civil career was as vigorous and energetic as his military one had been, but he resigned at the end of a few months, and returned home to the Hermitage, which had in the meantime been built. He was next elected to the United States Senate, and declined the mission to Mexico offered him by Mr. Monroe. His defeat for the Presidency in 1824 was a severe blow, and the next four years were spent at his home near Nashville. In 1828 he swept the country, but his joy was turned to sorrow by the death of his wife a short time after his election.

Jackson was the first President inaugurated with what may be called military honors. He was surrounded by a body-guard of Revolutionary veterans, militia and military companies from all quarters of the Union. Martial music filled the air; the city was gayly decorated with flags and banners, and when the ceremonies were over artillery thundered out all over the capital. "I never saw such a crowd," Daniel Webster wrote. "Persons have come 500 miles to see General Jackson, and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from

some dreadful danger." Jackson rode a magnificent charger to the Capitol! cheered by thousands of admirers who lined the sidewalks and filled every window and point of vantage. The reception at the White House which followed presented some extraordinary scenes. Indian fighters from distant Tennessee, hunters from Kentucky, trappers from the Northwest, and a mob of office-seekers from all sections of the Union, mingling with the refined society of the capital and visitors from other cities, surged through the great East Room. They clamored for refreshments, and in a short time emptied the barrels of punch that had been provided for their entertainment. Large quantities of glass and china were broken in the scramble, and the rush to see "Old Hickory" and shake his hand was so great that his friends found it necessary to surround and save him from injury.

His favorite exercise was driving and horseback riding. He retired about ten o'clock and rose early. He frequently took a short canter before beginning the labors of the day, but his usual hour for relaxation was in the afternoon. He was always accompanied by a servant, Mr. Van Buren sometimes rode with him, but more generally his nephew and Secretary, Mr. Donelson, who, with his family, lived at the White House. The summers he spent at Old Point Comfort in Virginia. There were occasional pilgrimages to the Hermitage, and trips North and East which were ovations at every point where he stopped. He narrowly escaped assassination, in 1834, while he was descending the steps of the Capitol in a funeral procession. A crazy painter out of employment fired twice at him without exploding the powder. On another occasion he was assaulted while in the cabin of a small steamer, at the wharf in Alexandria, by a Lieutenant Randolph who had been dismissed from the Navy. He was seventy years old lacking eleven days when his second administration closed. Like Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, he placed the reins of government in the hands of his Secretary of State, and immediately retired to the Hermitage, now as famous and as sacred to his followers as Mount Vernon, Monticello or Montpelier. There, in June, 1845, he died, surrounded by his grandchildren and favorite slaves; his last words being an expression of the hope that he would meet them all, black and white, in heaven. The march and the battle were at last ended.