THE ANALYSTS CLASH:
Andrew Jackson

Clever Opportunist

"Democracy was good talk with which to win the favor of the people and thereby accomplish ulterior objectives. Jackson never really championed the cause of the people; he only invited them to champion his." Thomas P. Abernethy, From Frontier to Plantation in Tennessee (Memphis, 1955).

"In four short years Jackson had led his party from bitter opposition to the 'consolidating' tendencies of John Quincy Adams to a form of authoritarianism that outdid even the Alien and Sedition Acts of Adams' father. The individualistic democracy of the frontier lost ground to the cult of power so dear to wealth and property." Charles M. Wiltse, John C. Calhoun Nullifier, 1829-1839 (New York, 1949).

or Courageous Democrat

"At last these Western forces of aggressive nationalism and democracy took possession of the government in the person of the man who best embodied them, Andrew Jackson."
Frederick J. Turner, The Frontier in American History (New York, 1920; 1962).

"Yet, in a third field came his greatest service--his Homeric battles for the preservation of our democratic institutions and the subordination of money to men in the determination of national policies." Claude G. Bowers, Making Democracy a Reality: Jefferson, Jackson, and Polk (Memphis, 1954).
moved through unrestrained cycles of 'boom and bust' to the financial injury of those who engaged in productive enterprises: farmers, merchants, manufacturers, shippers, bankers, and investors." Thomas P. Govan, Nicholas Biddle: Nationalist and Public Banker 1786-1844 (Chicago, 1959).

"In this direction one can begin to meet the Jacksonian paradox: the fact that the movement which helped to clear the path for laissez-faire capitalism and its culture in America, and the public which in its daily life eagerly entered on that path, held nevertheless in their political conscience an ideal of a chaste republican order, resisting the seductions of risk and novelty, greed and extravagance, rapid motion and complex dealings." Marvin Meyers, The Jacksonian Persuasion: Politics and Belief (New York, 1960).

"In a society evolving along the American pattern of the Jeffersonian and Jacksonian eras, where the aristocracies, peasantries, and proletariats of Europe are missing, where virtually everyone, including the nascent industrial worker, has the mentality of an independent entrepreneur, two national impulses are bound to make themselves felt; the impulse toward democracy and the impulse toward capitalism. The mass of the people, in other words, are bound to be capitalistic, and capitalism, with its spirit disseminated widely, is bound to be democratic." Louis Hartz, The Liberal Tradition in America: An Interpretation of American Political Thought since the Revolution (New York, 1955).

or Reality

"Stripped of its incongruous elements, which presently deserted, Jacksonian Democracy was an anti-monopoly party, the enemy of special privilege. . . . Everywhere the less prosperous had been want to attribute their ill fortune to the ruling oligarchy that had run the government in its own interest. For this ailment of the body politic the common man had a sovereign remedy, and he now purposed to administer the medicine to the patient in person." Wilfred E. Binkley, American Political Parties: Their Natural History (New York, 1943).

An Evaluation of Andrew Jackson

From James Parton, Life of Andrew Jackson, III. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1888. The first edition was published in 1860.

James Parton (1822-1891), the nation's first professional biographer, achieved a reputation during the post-Civil War years as one of the more prolific and best-paid authors in the United States. His three-volume life of Jackson illustrates the philosophy of a liberal whose admiration for the man of action is tempered by his disgust with the crudeness and opportunism that characterized popular government. Jefferson and Herbert Spencer were Parton's heroes, rather than Jackson, whom he believed to be a well-intentioned but uneducated leader who erroneously emphasized popular rather than good government, equalitarianism rather than libertarianism. Parton's biography, in spite of its shortcomings, remains an important source for the study of Jackson.

Respecting the character of Andrew Jackson and his influence, there will still be differences of opinion. One fact, however, has been established: during the last thirty years of his life, he was the idol of the American people. His faults, whatever they were, were such as a majority of the American citizens of the last generation could easily forgive. His virtues, whatever they were, were such as a majority of American citizens of the last generation could warmly admire. It is this fact which renders him historically interesting. Columbus had sailed; Raleigh and the Puritans had planted; Franklin had lived; Washington fought; Jefferson written; fifty years of democratic government had passed; free schools, a free press, a voluntary church had done what they could to instruct the people; the population of the country had been quadrupled and its resources increased ten fold; and the result of all was, that the people of the United States had arrived at the capacity of honoring Andrew Jackson before all other living men.

People may hold what opinions they will respecting the merits or importance of this man; but no one can deny that his invincible popularity is worthy of consideration; for what we lovingly admire, that, in some degree, we are. It is chiefly as the representative man of the Fourth-of-July, or combative-rebellious period of American history, that he is interesting to the student of human nature.

Those who have read "Wanderings in Corsica" by Gregorovius, will agree with me, that he who would know Napoleon must begin by studying Corsica, which has produced many Napoleons. And no man will ever be able quite to comprehend Andrew Jackson who has not personally known a Scotch-Irishman. More than he was any thing else, he was a North-of-Irelander. A tenacious, pugnacious race; honest, yet capable of dissimulation; often angry, but most prudent when most furious; endowed by nature with the gift of extracting from every affair and every relation all the strife it can be made to yield; at home and among dependents, all tenderness and generosity: to opponents, violent, ungenerous, prone to believe the very worst of them; a race that means to tell the truth, but, when excited by anger or warped by prejudice, incapable of either telling, or remembering, or knowing the truth; not taking kindly to culture, but able to achieve wonderful things without it; a strange blending of the best and the worst qualities of two races. Jackson had these traits in an exaggerated degree; as Irish as though he were not Scotch; as Scotch as though he were not Irish.

The circumstances of his childhood nourished his peculiarities. He was a poor boy in a new country, without a father to teach him moderation, obedience, and self-control. The border warfare of the Revolution whirled him hither and thither; made him fierce and exacting; taught him self-reliance; accustomed him to regard an opponent as a foe. They who are not for us are against us, and they who are against us are to be put to death, was the Carolina doctrine during the later years of the war. The early loss of his elder brother, his own hard lot in the Camden prison, the terrible and needless sufferings of his younger brother, the sad but heroic death of his mother, were events not calculated to give the softer traits the mastery within him. All the influences of his early years tended to develop a very positive cast of character, to make him selfhelpful, decisive, indifferent to danger, impatient of contradition, and disposed to follow up a quarrel to the death. Not to be of his party was to be a traitor, and death was too good for traitors.

His first step in life shows something of the quality of the man. His father, his forefathers, his relatives in Carolina, had all walked the lowlier paths of life, and aspired to no other. This poor, gaunt, and sickly orphan places himself at once upon the direct road to the higher spheres. He gets a little money by teaching school, mounts his horse, and rides away to the North to find a chance to study law. He accomplishes his purpose with playful ease. After two years of the most boisterous jollity, the tradition of which is fresh in Salisbury to this day, he has won his license to practice, and goes off, penniless, to regions unknown. He lingers a year in the old settlements; long enough to discover that there is no room there for a lad of his mettle.

Westward, ho! Half a dozen young lawyers go with him to the valley of the Cumberland, but he has contrived to get an appointment as prosecuting solicitor, an office supposed to be worse than valueless; but he made it invaluable. He becomes at once a man of mark in the new country. The little settlement existed in a state of siege, liable to attack at every moment by day and night. Every clump of trees, every thicket of cane, every field of corn, might conceal a foe. Every mile of every journey had its own peculiar peril. The solicitor, half the year on horseback, compelled to make long and solitary journeys, lived in an atmosphere of danger, and became habituated to self-reliance. Always escaping, he learned to confide implicitly in his star; believing that no harm could befall if Andrew Jackson was near. To the last hour of his life this was his habitual feeling.

This kind of life may make men tender and amiable at home, because they are always protecting its beloved inmates; but abroad, in their intercourse with men, they become direct, fierce, clannish. Their feelings are primitive and intense. They use "the English language." If a man varies from the truth, they call him a liar without more ado, and the man who is called a liar can only clear his character by fighting. A word and a blow becomes the law of the wilderness. And in a country where fighting is one of the necessities of every man's lot, the man readiest to fight and ablest in fight, is necessarily the first man.

How prompt Mr. Solicitor Jackson was with vituperative word and rectifying pistol, we all know. While yet a boy he notifies Commissary Galbraith to prepare for another world before attempting to execute his threat of chastisement. Offended in the court-room at Jonesborough by Mr. Avery's harmless satire, he tears a blank leaf from a law book and dashes off a challenge, which he himself delivers; and, before the sun sets, the duel has been fought, and the antagonists are friends again. The affair with Dickinson was of a very different nature. So far as the written testimony enables us to judge, Jackson was wholly, grossly, abominably in the wrong. But the tradition in the circle of Jackson's nearest friends is clear and strong, that Dickinson had reviled Mrs. Jackson in his cups. . . .

Jackson had passed his forty-fifth year without having achieved any thing very remarkable. Public life he had tried, but had not shone in it, and nothing became him in his public life so much as his leaving it. He had tried merchandising, but not successfully. He tried speculation in land, and nearly lost all his estate by his ignorance of law, but saved it, at the last moment, by one of his characteristic spurts of energy. Nothing really prospered with him but his farm and his horses, both of which he loved, and, therefore, understood. Upon the whole, however, he had shown himself a leader of the people, helping them, at each turn of his career, to what they wanted most: first, law; then, merchandise; next, horses; lastly, defense.

The massacre at Fort Mims [Alabama] * gave him, at length, a piece of work which he was better fitted to do than any other man in the world. Only such energy, such swiftness, such resolution, such tenacity of purpose, such disregard of forms and precedents, such audacity, and such prudence as his, could have defended the Southwest in 1814 and 1815. When a man successfully defends his invaded country, we must not too closely scrutinize the acts which dim the luster of his great achievement. The captain who saves his imperiled ship we honor, though, in the critical hour, he may have sworn like a trooper, and knocked down a man or two with the speaking trumpet. The slaying of the six militiamen, and the maintaining of martial law in New Orleans two months too long, we may condemn, and, I think, should condemn; yet most of the citizens of the United States will concur in the wish, that when next a European army lands upon American soil, there may be a Jackson to meet them at the landing place. After making all proper deductions, justice still requires that we should accord to General Jackson's defense of the southern country the very highest praise. It was a piece of difficult work most gloriously done. Not even the party celebrations of the eighth of January ought to hide from us or obscure the genuine merit of those who, in the darkest hour this republic has ever known, enabled it to believe again in its invincibility, by closing a war of disaster in a blaze of triumph.

He came home from the wars the pride, the darling of the nation. No man in this country has ever been subjected to such a torrent of applause, and few men have been less prepared to withstand it by education, reflection, and experience. He accepted the verdict which the nation pronounced upon his conduct. Well pleased with himself, and with his countrymen, he wrote those lofty letters to Mr. Monroe [especially one dated November 12, 1816], the burthen of which is that a President of the United States should rise superior to party spirit, appoint no man to office for party reasons, but be the President of the whole people, judging every applicant for presidential favor by his conduct alone. His feud with [General John] Adair, and his quarrel with General [Winfield] Scott, soon showed that, with all his popularity and

his fine words, he was the same Andrew Jackson as of old, unable to bear opposition, and prone to believe the worst of those who did not yield to him implicitly. He went to Florida in 1818, burthened and stimulated with a stupendous military reputation. The country expected great things of the victor of New Orleans, and the victor of New Orleans was not a man to disappoint his country. He swept down into the province like a tornado, and drove the poor remnant of the Seminoles into the Everglades. He assumed, he exercised all the prerogatives of an absolute sovereign. He raised troops in his own way; invaded a foreign territory; made war upon his brother sovereign, the King of Spain; put his subjects to death without trial; shot [Robert C.] Ambrister, and permitted the murder of [Alexander] Arbuthnot [both British subjects]. He came home, not in chains, to stand his trial for such extraordinary proceedings, but in triumph, to receive the approval of the President, defense and eulogy from John Quincy Adams, exoneration from Congress, and the applause of the people. What an effect such an experience as this was likely to have upon such a mind as his, we need not say.

He reappeared in Florida as its Governor. We may palliate and forgive his conduct there in 1821. It must, nevertheless, be pronounced violent, arrogant, and disgraceful to the civilization of his country. Every unbiased gentleman who witnessed his performances at Pensacola in 1821, beheld them with mingled wonder and disgust. All his worst qualities were inflamed by disease and disappointment. He laid about him like a madman.

He was started for the presidency. He was passive; he was clay in the hands of two or three friendly potters. Tennessee took up his name with enthusiasm; Pennsylvania brought it prominently before the nation; he wrote his tariff letter [to Dr. L. H. Colman, dated April 26,1824]; he voted for internal improvements; the Monroe correspondence was published; he won a plurality of electoral votes, but was not elected. His disappointment was keen, and his wrath burned anew and with increased fury against the man who had given the office to Mr. Adams. If he did not invent the bargain-and-corruption lie, he did worse, he believed it. To be willing to believe so scandalous a tale respecting such men, except upon what may strictly be called evidence, is not creditable to the heart or the understanding of any man. To persist in believing it for fifteen years, after it had been completely disproved, to avow a belief in it, for political purposes, just as he was sinking into the grave, revealed a phase of character which we have a right to call detestable. We owe it to the interests of human nature to execrate such conduct.

If General Jackson was passive during the campaign of 1824, he was passive no longer. The exposure of the circumstances attending his marriage, accompanied by unjust comments and gross exaggerations, the reflections upon his mother, the revival of every incident of his life that could be unfavorably construed, kept him in a blaze of wrath. Determined to triumph, he took an active part, at home and abroad, in the canvass. He was elected; but, in the moment of his triumph, his wife, than whom no wife was ever more tenderly beloved, was lost to him for ever. The calamity that robbed life of all its charm deepened, and, as it were, sanctified his political resentments! His enemies had slain her, he thought. Adams had permitted, if he had not prompted, the circulation of the calumnies that destroyed her. Clay, he firmly believed, had originated the crusade against her; for this strange being could believe any evil thing of one whom he cordially hated. Broken in spirit, broken in health, the old man, cherishing what he deemed a holy wrath, but meaning to serve his country well, went to Washington, to find it crowded with hungry claimants for reward.

Oh, what an opportunity was his! Oh, if he could but have buried the hateful past in oblivion, and risen to the height of his letters to Mr. Monroe! Or, if he could only have devised some other mode of avenging his private wrongs! How different were the condition of public affairs in this year 1860, how different the prospect before us, if, instead of that vague and ominous paragraph about "reform," in his inaugural address, he had used language like this:

> "KNOW, all whom it may concern, that in this republic no man should seek, few men should decline, a public trust. To apply for office, fellow-citizens, is of itself an evidence of unfitness for office. I will appoint no man to an office who seeks one, or for whom one is sought. When I want a man, I shall know how to find him. If any one has indulged the expectation that I will deprive honest and capable men of their places because they thought proper to oppose my election to the presidency, and, in the heat of an exciting canvass, went beyond the limits of a fair and proper opposition, I notify them now and

here, that Andrew Jackson, imperfect and faulty as he is, is not capable of conduct so despicable. Depart hence, ye officeseeking crew, whose very presence here shows that your motives for supporting me were base!"

Such a paragraph as this would have astonished the office-seekers; but the people would have sustained him, would now sustain any president who should utterly defy the office-seeking horde.

General Jackson's appointment-and removal policy I consider an evil so great and so difficult to remedy, that if all his other public acts had been perfectly wise and right, this single feature of his administration would suffice to render it deplorable rather than admirable. The captain of a ship who should be, ever and anon, going below and secretly boring a hole in the hull, where it could be reached only with the greatest difficulty, and stopped with greater, we should esteem a bad captain, even though he sailed his ship well, and, upon occasion, fought her valiantly. Something like this General Jackson did to the ship of state; and ever since his day the crew have had hard pumping; and we still continue to pump, instead of going into dock and overhauling her bottom, and stopping the leaks, and putting on new copper so thick that no future captain will be able to get his augur through it. Let no one hope for decency or honesty in the government while the servants of the public hold their places at the mercy of the successful wire-puller. Rotation necessitates corruption, organizes corruption, appears almost to justify corruption. The ship needs repairing infinitely more than the officers need changing.

When a man in high office acts upon principles diametrically contrary to those which he professed in private life, we are apt to infer that his professions were hypocritical. Such an inference, in the case before us, would be worse than uncharitable; it would be erroneous. Unquestionably General Jackson wrote his fine letters to Mr. Monroe with perfect sincerity, little thinking that he would ever be called upon to act upon the high principles he laid down for the guidance of another. But what is easier than to write lofty sentiments? Men do not much differ in their knowledge of what is right; it is in our power to act up to our knowledge that we differ from one another. Take the most eloquent of the northern heroes of the platform; take the fiercest of the fire-eaters; make one of them, no matter which, emperor of the United States, clothed with power to carry out the ideas with which twenty years of advocacy have made him and us familiar. Where were then his readiness, his confidence, his fluency? How overwhelming the thought, that a mistake of his, trifling as it might seem, applauded as it would be, would affect the welfare of millions of human beings for many ages! Ahl how easy to thrill an audience with glowing sentences, but how difficult, in any province of human affairs, to effect even a slight improvement! I do not accuse Jackson of hypocrisy. He had force enough to carry out a purpose of his own, but not that nobler force which enables men to act upon the high principles in public life which they had approved in private. Influenced at once by his resentments, by gratitude, by the opinions of the New York politicians, by the clamors of the hungry crowd of office-seekers, he seems to have fallen without a struggle.

Many, very many, of the measures of General Jackson's administration will always be heartily approved by a majority of the people of the United States. Some of these were the result of his own sagacity and experience; others were due to the Jeffersonian opinions imbibed in their youth by Mr. Van Buren, Mr. [Edward] Livingston, Col. [Thomas Hart] Benton, and others. The removal of the Indians, the policy of selling the public lands to actual settlers only and at the bare cost of selling, were the President's own ideas, I believe. With regard to the war upon the Bank of the United States, every one is glad the bank was destroyed, but no one can admire the manner or the spirit in which the war was waged. At the same time, it is not clear that any other kind of warfare could have been successful against an institution so rooted in the country as that was in 1829.

There is a passage in Mr. [Henry Thomas] Buckle's colossal work, the "History of Civilization in England," which will occur to some as they read of General Jackson and his administration. Gladly do I borrow a few sentences from a writer whose advent is an era in the history of man. "There is no instance on record," says Mr. Buckle, "of an ignorant man who, having good intentions and supreme power to enforce them, has not done far more evil than good. And where the intentions have been very eager and the power very extensive, the evil has been enormous. But if you can diminish the sincerity of that man, if you can mix some alloy with his motives, you will likewise diminish the evil which he works. If he is selfish as well as ignorant, it will often happen that you may play off his vice against his ignorance, and by exciting his fears restrain his mischief. If, however, he has no fear, if he is entirely unselfish, if his sole

object is the good of others, if he pursues that object with enthusiasm, upon a large scale, and with disinterested zeal, then it is that you have no check upon him, you have no means of preventing the calamities which, in an ignorant age, an ignorant man will be sure to inflict."

I must avow explicitly the belief, that, notwithstanding the good done by General Jackson during his presidency, his elevation to power was a mistake on the part of the people of the United States. The good which he effected has not continued; while the evil which he began remains, has grown more formidable, has now attained such dimensions that the prevailing feeling of the country, with regard to the corruptions and inefficiency of the government, is despair I will also avow the opinion, that, of all men sent to Washington, the man surest to fall a prey to the worse influences of the place is your honest country gentleman, whose intentions are excellent and whose ignorance is almost as complete as his innocence. I find in General Jackson's private writings no evidence that he had ever studied the art of governing nations, or had arrived at any clear conclusions on the subject. Except the "Vicar of Wakefield" it is doubtful if he had ever read any secular book through. That solitary exception is creditable to his taste and feelings as a human being, for no man can be altogether despicable who keenly relishes the "Vicar of Wakefield." But a President of the United States should know all books, all times, all nations, all arts, all artifices, all men. It is essential that he be a man of culture. His culture may not prevent his falling into error, but a cultivated man is capable of being convinced of his errors. He can not be a cultivated man without having learned, over and over again, how fallible his judgment is; without having often been sure that he was right and then found that he was wrong. It must be admitted, that General Jackson, when his purpose was formed, when his feeling were roused, was not capable of being convinced. His will tyrannized over him, over his friends, over Congress, over the country. No Dionysius of old was more the autocrat that he. Unapproachable by an honest opponent, he could be generally wielded by any man who knew how to manage him, and was lavish enough of flattery.

Andrew Jackson, in fact, was a fighting man, and little more than a fighting man. It was not till a political controversy became personalized, that his force and strength were elicited. He hated the Whig party much, but Henry Clay more; nullification much, but Calhoun more; the bank much, but Biddle more. He was a thorough-going human fighting cock--very kind to the hens of his own farm-yard, giving them many a nice kernel of corn, but bristling up at the faintest crow of chanticleer on the other side of the road.

There are certain historical facts which puzzle and disgust those whose knowledge of life and men has been chiefly derived from books. To such it can with difficulty be made clear that the award is just which assigns to George Washington a higher place than Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson--higher honor to the executing hand than to the conceiving head. If they were asked to mention the greatest Englishman of this age, it would never occur to them to name the Duke of Wellington, a man of an understanding so limited as to be the natural foe of every thing liberal and progressive. Yet the Duke of Wellington was the only Englishman of his generation to whom every Englishman took off his hat. And these men of books contemplate with mere wonder the fact, that during a period when Webster, Clay, Calhoun, [William] Wirt, and [William C.] Preston were on the public stage, Andrew Jackson should have been so much the idol of the American people, that all those eminent men united could not prevail against him in a single instance.

It is pleasant to justify the ways of man to man. The instinctive preferences of the people must be right. That is to say, the man preferred by the people must have more in him of what the people most want than any other of his generation. The more intimately we know the men who surrounded General Washington, the clearer to us does his intrinsic superiority become, and the more clearly we preceive his utter indispensableness. Washington was the only man of the revolution who did for the revolution what no other man could have done. And if ever the time comes when the eminent contemporaries of Andrew Jackson shall be as intimately known to the people as Andrew Jackson now is, the invincible preference of the people for him will be far less astonishing than it now appears. . . .

The Washingtons, the Wellingtons, and the Jacksons of a nation are they who provide or preserve for all other gifts, talents, and virtues, their opportunity and sphere. How just, therefore, is the gratitude of nations toward those who, at the critical moment, DO the great act that creates or defends them! . . .

It was curious that England and America should both, and nearly at the same time, have elevated their favorite generals to the highest civil station. Wellington became prime minister in 1827; Jackson, President in 1829. Wellington was tried three years, and found wanting, and driven from power, execrated

by the people. His carriage, his house, and his statue were pelted by the mob. Jackson reigned eight years, and retired with his popularity undiminished. The reason was, that Wellington was not in accord with his generation, and was surrounded by men who were, if possible, less so; while Jackson, besides being in sympathy with the people, had the great good fortune to be influenced by men who had learned the rudiments of statesmanship in the school of Jefferson.

Yes, autocrat as he was, Andrew Jackson loved the people, the common people, the sons and daughters of toil, as truly as they loved him, and believed in them as they believed in him.

He was in accord with his generation. He had a clear perception that the toiling millions are not a class in the community, but are the community. He knew and felt that government should exist only for the benefit of the governed; that the strong are strong only that they may aid the weak; that the rich are rightfully rich only that they may so combine and direct the labors of the poor as to make labor more profitable to the laborer. He did not comprehend these truths as they are demonstrated by Jefferson and [Herbert] Spencer, but he had an intuitive and instinctive perception of them. And in his most autocratic moments, he really thought that he was fighting the battle of the people, and doing their will while baffling the purposes of their representatives. If he had been a man of knowledge as well as force, he would have taken the part of the people more effectually, and left to his successors an increased power of doing good, instead of better facilities for doing harm. He appears always to have meant well. But his ignorance of law, history, politics, science, of every thing which he who governs a country ought to know, was extreme. Mr. [Nicholas P.] Trist remembers hearing a member of the General's family say, that General Jackson did not believe the world was round. His ignorance was as a wall round about him--high, impenetrable. He was imprisoned in his ignorance, and sometimes raged round his little, dim enclosure like a tiger in his den.

The calamity of the United States has been this: the educated class have not been able to accept the truths of the democratic creed. They have followed the narrow, conservative, respectable Hamilton--not the large, liberal, progressive Jefferson. But the people have instinctively held fast to the Jeffersonian sentiments. Hence, in this country, until very recently, the men of books have had little influence upon public affairs; and at this moment the spirit that prevails in very many institutions of learning in the country is at war, open, declared war, with the spirit of democracy. And if, at the present time, there is a class of intelligent and instructed men who feel with the people, and are striving for popular objects, the fact is not due, in any degree whatever, to the colleges. For fifty years the spectacle was exhibited in the United States of two parties--one composed chiefly of the educated and wealthy, and the other chiefly of the men who labor with their hands. The old federal party was the rich man's party; the old democratic party was the poor man's party; and of all the various differences between them, this was the most real and essential one. Therefore, the cultivated intellect of the country had little to do with directing its policy and amending its laws. The consequences have been that, as a general rule, the educated American of leisure has been the most aimless and useless of human beings, and the public affairs of the United States have been conducted with a stupidity which has excited the wonder of mankind. To this most lamentable divorce between the people and those who ought to have been worthy to lead them, and who would have led them if they had been worthy, we are to attribute the elevation to the presidency of a man whose ignorance, whose good intentions, and whose passions combined to render him, of all conceivable human beings, the most unfit for the office. But those who concur in the opinion that the administration of Andrew Jackson did more harm than good to the country--the harm being permanent, the good evanescent--should never for a moment forget that it was the people of the United States who elected him to the presidency.