

**ANDREW JACKSON —**  
*Symbol for an Age*

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— John William Ward



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JOHN WILLIAM WARD

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FOR BARBARA

## P R E F A C E

A FELLOWSHIP awarded by the American Council of Learned Societies made it possible for me to devote one whole year to this work without the distraction of other duties. It also financed research in various libraries which otherwise would have been beyond my reach and without access to which this study would have been fruitless. A grant from the Princeton University Research Fund aided in the final preparation of the manuscript.

The intellectual resources I have mined are less easy to name. I can only indicate the richest. Leo Marx and Bernard Bowron read my manuscript and gave me valuable criticism on it. I owe them much more, however. The intellectual stimulus which has accompanied their friendship did, in a real sense, make it possible for me to undertake this study. The influence of Henry Nash Smith on me and my work is so pervasive that it is difficult to describe. My method is derived from his work, *Virgin Land, The American West as Symbol and Myth* (Cambridge, Mass., 1950), but far more important than his practical aid to me has been the example of his own teaching and scholarship. I would like to think that his mark is discernible on every

page of mine. Where it isn't, my work is that much the less.

One happy feature of the intellectual world is that debts are never called; here, at least, resources are appropriated in behalf of the whole community. I cannot name them but I hope I have not wasted the help of so many.

Lastly, my wife. I can only put her name at the beginning, confident she will know what it means.

J. W. W.

*Princeton, New Jersey*  
*March 1955*

## ILLUSTRATIONS

### PLATE I

Lithograph drawn on stone by Lafosse, 1856, after the daguerreotype by Mathew Brady. COURTESY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

### PLATE II

Lithograph, artist unknown, c.1835. A political cartoon on the controversy with France during Jackson's second administration. COURTESY OF THE TENNESSEE STATE LIBRARY.

### PLATE III

Lithograph, artist unknown, 1836. A political cartoon published by P. Desobry, New York, on the controversy with France. COURTESY OF THE TENNESSEE STATE LIBRARY.

### PLATE IV

Lithograph, artist unknown, c.1834, probably in New York. A political cartoon on the decapitation of the figurehead of Andrew Jackson on the frigate *Constitution*. COURTESY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

### PLATE V

Woodcut, artist unknown, sometime after 1835. A magazine illustration of the second figurehead of Andrew Jackson on the frigate *Constitution*. COURTESY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

### PLATE VI

Stipple Engraving by Charles Phillips, 1842, after John Wesley Jarvis's portrait of Andrew Jackson (c.1819) which, despite the in-



scription on the engraving, was not taken from life or done in 1815 but probably copied from an earlier and lesser known portrait of Andrew Jackson. COURTESY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PLATE VII

Lithograph by James Baillie, 1845, on the death of General Andrew Jackson. COURTESY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PLATE VIII

Broadside, J. Pritts, Printer; Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, not dated. COURTESY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.



PLATE I

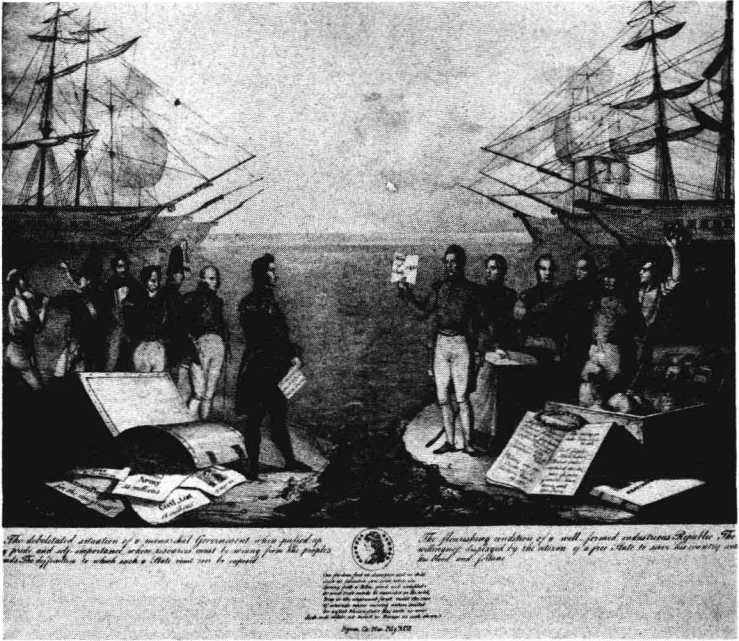
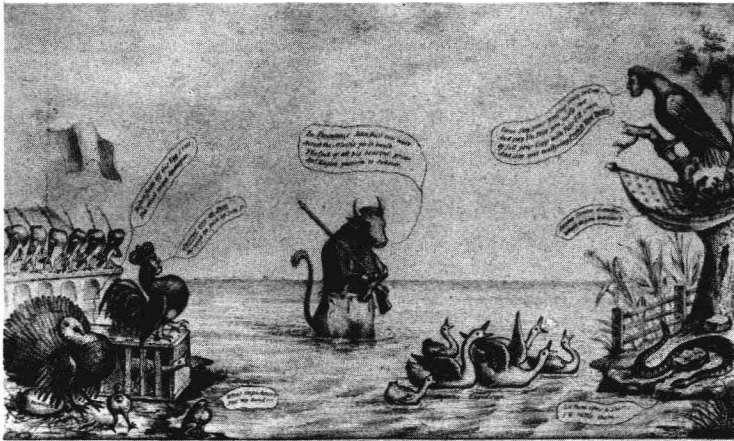
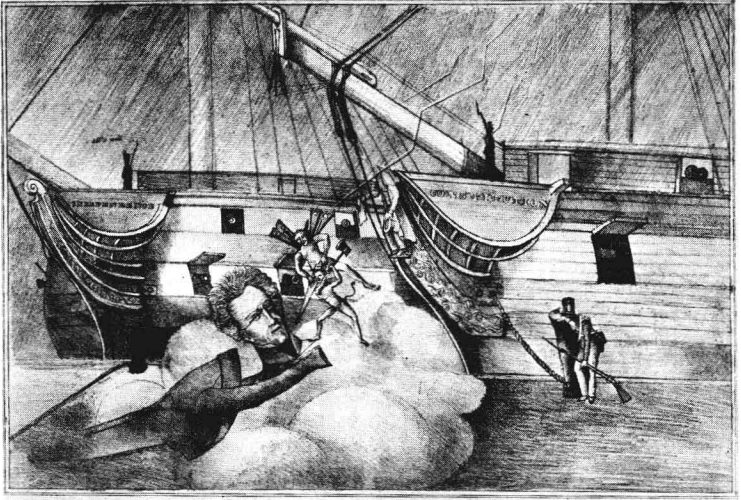


PLATE II



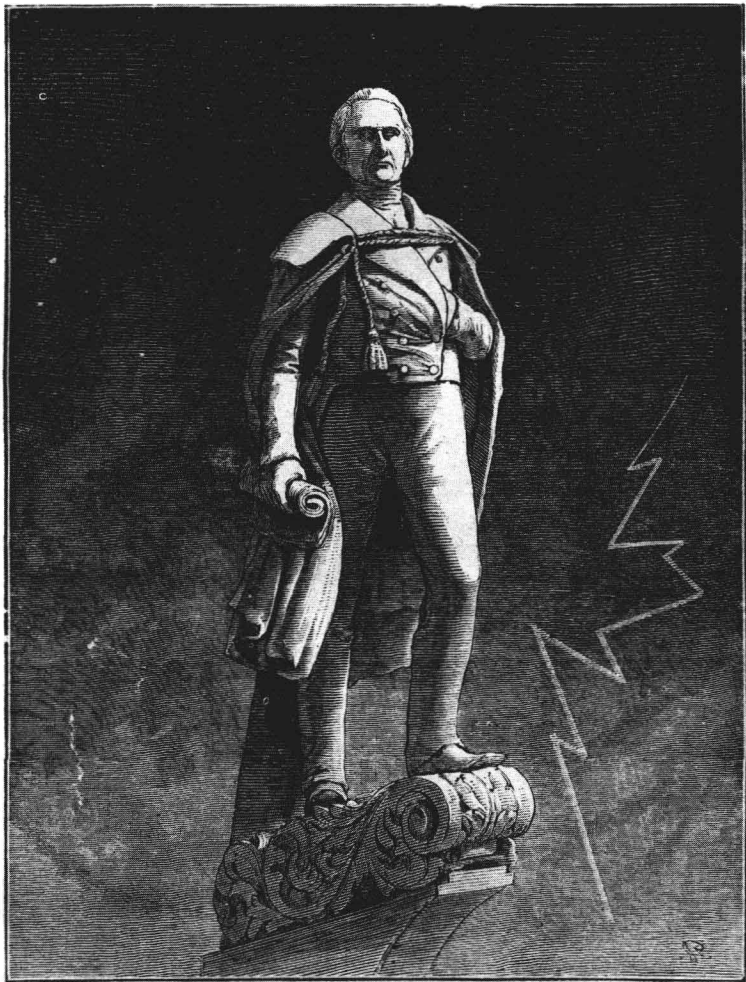
SPRIT OF THE TIMES.

PLATE III



*The Decapitation of a great Black head by the Mysterious agency of the Claret coloured Coat.*

PLATE IV



GENERAL JACKSON—FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "CONSTITUTION."



PLATE VI



*Engraved according to a full-length portrait in the year 1845 by J. Kneller in his studio after an original portrait by the artist Kneller.*

**DEATH OF GEN. ANDREW JACKSON.**

*From the hands of a mortal God—These all contribute in his passion and weep—The noblest of men.*

*Drawn by J. Kneller, 1845.*

PLATE VII





The Hunters of Kentucky,


OR THE

**BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.**



YE gentlemen and ladies fair  
 Who grace this famous city,  
 Just listen, if you've time to spare,  
 While I rehearse a ditty;  
 And for the opportunity,  
 Conceive yourselves quite lucky,  
 For tis not often here you see  
 A hunter from Kentucky.  
 Oh, Kentucky,  
 The Hunters of Kentucky,  
 Oh, Kentucky,  
 The Hunters of Kentucky.


 We are a hardy, free born race,  
 Each man to fear a stranger,  
 What'er the game we join in chase,  
 Despising toil and danger.  
 And if a daring foe annoys,  
 What'er his strength or forces,  
 We'll show them that Kentucky boys  
 Are alligators—horses.  
 Oh, Kentucky, &c.

I s'pose you've read it in the print,  
 How Packerham attempted  
 To make Old Hickory JACKSON vince,  
 But soon his scheme repented;  
 For we with rifles ready cock'd,  
 Thought such occasion lucky,  
 And soon around the general flock'd  
 The Hunters of Kentucky.  
 Oh, Kentucky, &c.

You've heard, I s'pose, how New-Orleans  
 Is famed for wealth and beauty;  
 There's girls of every hue, it seems,  
 From snowy white to sooty  
 So Packerham he made his choice  
 If he in light was lucky,  
 He'd have their girls and cotton bags  
 In spite of old Kentucky.  
 Oh, Kentucky, &c.

But Jackson he was wide awake,  
 And was't scar'd at trifles,  
 For well he knew what aim we take  
 With our Kentucky rifles.  
 So he led us up to a Cyprus swamp,  
 The ground was low and mucky,  
 There stood John Bull in martial pomp,  
 And here was old Kentucky.  
 Oh, Kentucky, &c.

A bank was raised to hide our breast,  
 Not that we thought of dying,  
 But that we always take a rest,  
 Unless the game is flying.  
 Behind it stood our little force,  
 None wish'd it to be greater,  
 For every man was half a horse,  
 And half an alligator.  
 Oh, Kentucky, &c.

They did not let their patience tire,  
 Before they show'd their faces,  
 We did not choose to waste our fire,  
 So singly kept our places,  
 But when so near we saw them wink,  
 We thought it time to stop 'em,  
 And it would have done you good, I think,  
 To see Kentuckians drop 'em.  
 Oh, Kentucky, &c.

They found, at last, 'twas vain to fight,  
 Where lead was all their heads,  
 And so they wisely took to flight,  
 And left us all the booty.  
 And now if danger e'er annoys,  
 Remember what our trade is,  
 Just send for us Kentucky boys,  
 And well you'll see, ladies,  
 Oh, Kentucky, &c.

