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“REPRESENTATIVE MEN.”

ANDREW JACKSON AND HENRY CLAY.

The mists of party prejudice are fast disappearing from the land. European tourists and statesmen wondered while the party strife, commencing in the year 1835, and extending to 1845, was raging in our country, that questions so small in magnitude and principles of such little moment as, compared to their own, existed between the Whig and Democratic parties, should have so influenced and agitated the public mind, and so widely and bitterly divided the American people. In Europe, parties have been formed, it must be confessed, upon a wider base. The politics of a nation in Europe involved, for the most part to a greater or less degree, the foreign as well as the domestic relations of the nation; and the interests, not to say the fate of other countries or dynasties. And even when the policy was more local in its character and effect, it often involved more radical principles,—the organism rather than the mode of administering a government upon a commonly recognised basis or ground work.

We have the benefit of a written constitution and a Republican system. We have the leading principles of government limited and defined. Here all are Republicans. Here the rights of all freemen and the rights of all the States are equal. Here the powers of the Federal Government and those of the State Government are marked out with such precision, that it is almost impossible to make any such mistake as will vitally effect the scheme of our respective constitutions.

When we look back upon the fierce struggles through which the nation has passed, and recall the exaggerated declamation, the ferocious criminations, the bustling activities and pervasive organizations of party, we feel inclined to smile when we think that all this

machinery and excitement were occasioned by a contest for a bank, a tariff, a distribution of proceeds of public property, and the like measures of police. At least these were the avowed principles. But it may be doubted if they were the secret or source of party excitement. It may well be doubted whether the *personal* question were not the *substantive* one, the *who* rather than the *what*, the *man* rather than the *measures*. We do not speak in condemnation of parties, nor is it worth while to say anything in animadversion of the undue excitement of party spirit; we must take the evil with the good. But while the principles which have divided parties are doubtless important, it is simply ridiculous to attribute to them, either in their immediate or remote effects, in their causes or their results, or in the mode in which they were carried or presented, the degree of importance attached to them by partisans. The country could have gone on under either scheme and the difference in its condition could scarcely have been noticed. Apart from and rising above mere party questions, doubtless, were others in which the great men whose names head this article were conspicuously concerned, and which were well worthy of all the efforts made in their behalf. Such were the questions of the War with Great Britain, the three compromises of 1820, 1832 and 1850—in all of which Mr. Clay was a prominent actor. Compared to these in importance those questions which were peculiar to the respective party creeds—the Texas annexation question in its principles and its ultimate effects, perhaps excepted—were of little moment; the main and characteristic principles of Republican government being equally conceded by both and equally the basis of Whig and Democratic organization and profession.

But it was through these questions and through this organization, that the characters of Jackson and Clay were impressed upon the country, and their weight and influence in the formation of opinion were felt by the

We recognize true heroism in the men who, taking their lives in their hands, boldly confronted the powers of darkness and came off victorious. We do most heartily endorse the principles and applaud the act of these pioneers of freedom; and we rejoice that they have removed the obstacles and so prepared the path, that with the present light and knowledge, even the most foolish people may see their way clear to rational liberty.

We believe that when Milton contended against despotic Europe, to prove the killing of the king both just and necessary, he did a greater work for the human race than when he wrote the *Paradise Lost*. And although that mighty poem is filled with noble thoughts set in harmonious verse, he has nowhere written a line that expressed a truer thought or more noble sentiment, than when he declared—

“There can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable
Than an unjust and wicked king.”

TO FRANK,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY HIS FATHER.

Three years have glided over thee,
My little darling boy,
Three years of blended memories,
Of sorrow and of joy,
Thou canst not know, my little one,
The thick and mingled maze
Of thoughts that swell my throbbing heart,
When on thy form I gaze.

I look upon thy speaking eyes,
So richly dark and deep,
And all the past within their depths
Seems mournfully to sleep,
Like shadows on a mountain lake,
So dark and yet so fair,
The mingled scenes of other days
Seem mutely mirrored there.

I gaze upon thy open brow,
And on thy sunny smile,
And on thy little artless ways
To win our hearts with guile,
And see the double love that still
Has wrapped thee from thy birth,
At once a Mother's love in heaven,
And Mother's love on earth.

Thy words at times so strangely tell
Of thoughts beyond thy years,
That lips unseen would seem to come,
And whisper in thine ears,
And when thy little knee is bent
In sweetly murmured prayer,
I seem to see an angel form
That bends beside thee there.

I know not what the angel voice
Would whisper in my ear,
Or whether it designs to tell—
Of hope or yet of fear,
But I would not allow thy love
To twine around my heart,
So fondly that its strings must break
If we were called to part.

Perhaps these buds of blooming hope
May have a chilling blight,
Perhaps this blush of early day
May have an early night,
Perhaps thy little life to us
But as a loan is given,
To twine our hearts around thee and
To carry them to heaven.

And yet, perchance, there comes to thee
A long bright day of life,
With all its mingled weal and woe,
Its victory and strife—
A day wherein thou shalt be called
To battle for the right,
In that stern contest it must wage
With wickedness and might.

Thine eye, perhaps, shall scan these lines
When years have passed away,
And this right hand that traces them
Has mouldered into clay,
And when thy father's form is laid
In that long dreamless sleep,
Across whose silent slumberings
Forgetfulness must creep.

Then let thy father's words, my boy,
Sink deeply in thy heart,
And never let thy footsteps from
Thy father's God depart,
Pursue the right; avoid the wrong,
Thine eye still fix above,
And heed the hand that beckons thee
To that bright world of love.

And ne'er forget the guiding stars
That God to thee hath given,
An angel Mother's love on earth,
An angel one's in heaven,
And thus thy father's grateful heart,
Shall never cease to thank,
The God whose love hath ever blessed
His little, darling Frank.

T. V. M.

Richmond, Va.