

**IN MEMORIAM.  
TESTIMONIALS TO THE LIFE  
AND CHARACTER OF THE  
LATE FRANCIS JACKSON**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649250721

In Memoriam. Testimonials to the Life and Character of the Late Francis Jackson by Various

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**VARIOUS**

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*Amer. anti-slavery Soc. Anti-Slavery Tracts, No. 2.  
New series*

**In Memoriam.**

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**TESTIMONIALS**

TO THE

**LIFE AND CHARACTER**

OF THE LATE

**FRANCIS JACKSON.**

*By  
William Lloyd Garrison*

"Friend of the Slave, and yet the friend of all ;  
Lover of peace, yet ever foremost when  
The need of battling Freedom called for men  
To plant the banner on the outer wall."

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**BOSTON:**  
PUBLISHED BY R. F. WALLCUT  
No. 221 WASHINGTON STREET.  
1861.

## FUNERAL OF FRANCIS JACKSON, ESQ.\*

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ON Monday forenoon, November 18th, the residence of the late FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq., in Hollis Street, Boston, was thronged by an admiring and sympathizing gathering of relatives, friends, neighbors, and fellow-citizens, (Music Hall could readily have been crowded with such, had an opportunity been given,) to pay the last sad tribute of affection and respect to his character and memory.

In reference to the funeral services, Mr. JACKSON left the following request, which, of course, was complied with to the letter:—

“At my decease and burial, I desire that forms and ceremonies may be avoided, and all emblems of mourning and processions to the grave. Such irrational and wasteful customs rest on fashion or superstition; certainly, not on reason or common sense. The dead body is of no more consequence than the old clothes that covered it. Nothing should be wasted on the dead, when there is so much ignorance and suffering among the living.”

Addresses were made by WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, and SAMUEL MAY, JR., in the following order.

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### REMARKS OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Such is my reverence for the memory of the redeemed and disenthralled spirit whose mortal remains lie before us, waiting for their interment—such my knowledge of the simplicity, integrity and grandeur of his character—that I feel I

\* Mr. Jackson was born in Newton, (Mass.) March 7, 1789, and died in Boston, Nov. 14th, 1861, aged 72 years and 8 months.

must carefully measure my words on this occasion, lest, in the fulness of my feelings, I should seem to exceed the bounds of moderation, or overrun the time appropriate to these obsequies.

In itself considered, the present bereavement is marked by nothing peculiar; for, so populous has our world become, that, with every swing of the pendulum, a soul takes its exit therefrom, casting aside its earthly habiliments, and assuming an incorruptible body, in accordance with the conditions of immortal life. What has been the lot of the myriads who have gone before—what is, in due time, as surely to be the lot of all now living, and of all who are yet to dwell upon the earth—cannot, therefore, be other than an infinitely wise and beneficent arrangement, conducive to the welfare and advancement of all, and for the noblest purposes of creation.

Such was the view taken of this great change by our departed friend, who has now experienced it for himself. By evidence which to him was of a strongly demonstrative character, he joyfully recognized the truth of the affirmation—

“There is no death! What seems so is transition:  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.”

Hence, there was no doubt in his mind, no cloud upon his prospects; and he waited for “the inevitable hour” which should liberate his willing spirit, with rational and unfaltering trust, with philosophic serenity, with cheerful readiness, with Christian assurance. To quote his own pleasant words, in a private letter to a friend—“Heaven is all around us! So there is to be no separation between us. I am for both spheres, and all the spheres, ‘however bounded.’ In whatever sphere, we shall together sing that good old Methodist hymn—in substance:—

‘When we’ve been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We’ve no less days to sing God’s praise  
Than when we first began.’”

There is, then, no darkness here, nothing but light super-  
nal; no sting of death, but death swallowed up in victory.  
Nevertheless, human nature is not stony insensibility. Re-

grets at the separation, tears of affection, emotions of sorrow for our own temporary loss, these are not incompatible with absolute trust and reverent acquiescence; for

"There is a tear for all who die,  
A mourner o'er the humblest grave."

Only let there be nothing morbid or superstitious in the treatment of an event like this; no gloomy meditation; no talk of a mysterious Providence; no sorrowing as do those who have no hope.

"Clay to clay, and dust to dust!  
Let them mingle,—for they must!  
Give to earth the earthly sod,  
For the spirit's fled to God.

Look aloft! The spirit's risen;  
Death cannot the soul imprison;  
'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,  
Glorious, though invisible."

And now, what shall I say of the life of our beloved and widely-honored friend, whose mortal hand we are never again to clasp, whose outward form we are soon to commit to the sheltering tomb? I feel restricted and oppressed for utterance between my desire to award him the high meed of praise he deserves as a husband, father, relative, friend, neighbor, citizen, cosmopolitan, philanthropist, reformer, and my consciousness of his modest estimate of himself, and his great repugnance to any laudation being made of his efforts to leave the world better than he found it. I seem to hear him saying—"Award to me nothing more than a conscientious desire and a ruling purpose to know myself; to be true to my convictions of duty; to be led in the right way; to increase in light and knowledge; to contribute something to the stock of human happiness by lessening the sum of human misery; to lead a manly life and set a manly example; to be with the right, at whatever odds or however forsaken; to be lifted above that 'fear of man which bringeth a snare,' my feet planted on the rock of eternal truth; to espouse the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed as my own; to uphold the democratic idea of human equality, without regard to sex or complexion, tribe or people; to show my abhorrence of caste in the most practical manner; to uproot priestcraft,



bigotry, a ceremonial religion, and every form of usurpation over the mind and conscience; to encourage freedom of speech and inquiry, in the spirit of the apostolic injunction, 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good'; and to save and bless my native land, and through her the whole world, by inducing the abolition of her all-blighting and fearfully demoralizing slave system, by which she is shorn of her moral power, and made a proverb in all other lands. If I have been instrumental in the furtherance of any good work, or the success of any righteous enterprise, I have simply tried to do my duty; but spare me, even though now out of the body, the bestowal of any encomiums—for how could I have done less? Alas! that I was able to achieve so little!"

Though I am sure that I correctly interpret the feelings and wishes of our departed friend,—departed in one sense, and yet with us at this hour, I doubt not, for he "still lives,"—yet, admitting that no flesh can glory in the Divine Presence, and that no one can exceed the requirements of faith, hope, charity, I am persuaded that it is allowable to recognize extraordinary virtue and shining worth, both as a matter of justice, and as an incentive to the attainment of a similar moral elevation. How splendid the tribute paid by Jesus, when, assuming to be an outcast and felon as the representative of suffering humanity, he said to those who had succored and befriended him, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world"! Of course, they disclaimed having done any thing answering to this high award; otherwise, they would have shown themselves unworthy of it.

To FRANCIS JACKSON are singularly applicable the descriptive lines of Sir Henry Wotton:—

"How happy is he born or taught,  
 Who serveth not another's will;  
 Whose armor is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his highest skill:  
 Whose passions not his masters are;  
 Whose soul is still prepared for death;  
 Not tied unto the world with care  
 Of public fame or private breath:  
 Who God doth late and early pray  
 More of His grace than goods to lend;  
 And walks with man, from day to day,  
 As with a brother and a friend."

And not less applicable are the lines of Whittier : —

"Such was our friend. Firm on the good old plan,  
A true and brave and downright honest man !  
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,  
Nor in the church, with hypocritic face,  
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace :  
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will  
What others talked of while their hands were still !  
And while ' Lord, Lord ! ' the pious tyrants cried,  
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,  
His daily prayer, far better understood  
In acts than words, was simply *DOING GOOD*.  
So calm, so constant was his rectitude,  
That by his loss alone we know its worth,  
And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth !"

In the prime of manhood, he took an active part in the municipal affairs of this city, and, to some extent, in public life ; but, whether in the hall of legislation or in the council chamber, or as one of his country's defenders at Fort Warren in the War of 1812-14, he was always characterized for the faithful performance of every trust, in the spirit of disinterested patriotism, as well as for remarkable solidity of judgment, a wise forecast, great circumspection and rare good sense, blended with equal courage, determination, and untiring perseverance.

Firmness of opinion and purpose was a conspicuous trait, because he did nothing impulsively, and had no self-seeking in view ; yet he was always ready to re-examine the ground on which he stood, and if he saw that duty required him to advance, (for he never took a step backward,) he had no pride of consistency to deter him, but boldly went forward, rejoicing in progress.

His personal integrity was of the highest order. No one ever questioned his sincerity, or thought him capable of intimidation or faltering. He believed what he said, spoke with caution and deliberation, and proved his faith by his works. Economical in his habits on principle, he was liberal and unstinted in his hospitality, and munificent in the aggregate of his charities and contributions, especially in reference to the Anti-Slavery cause, to the promotion of which the last twenty-six years of his life were particularly consecrated. Other reformatory enterprises were also liberally aided by him. An early teetotaler, he was a steadfast friend of the

temperance cause, and maintained a consistent example of abstinence to the end. Regarding even the life of the criminal as sacred, and capital punishment as equally inexpedient and demoralizing, he gave his countenance and support to the movement for the abolition of the gallows in this Commonwealth, and in other parts of the country. In the cause of peace, in its most radical form, he took a growing interest; being deeply impressed by the moral sublimity of its doctrines and the martyr-heroism of its spirit. "At the first Woman's Rights Convention I attended, many years ago," he wrote to a friend, "Wendell Phillips said, in the course of his speech, that 'the movement was the greatest reform of the age.' I thought that an extravagant declaration. I did not then believe it. It served, however, to call my attention more earnestly to the subject. I soon became convinced that the declaration of my highly esteemed friend was true. I now believe that the movement for woman's rights is the most important reform of the age, and still more important for the ages to come. It includes man's rights in the truest sense, not only for this generation, but for all succeeding generations. I do not believe it possible for man to attain or enjoy his highest rights until woman gets hers. I do not see how it is possible to inaugurate a reform more world-wide or more just. I have always believed in the progress of the human race. In this reform, I see the way opening, broad and beautiful, towards the summit of human progress; but both sexes must travel it abreast, or it will never be reached."

Such was the strength of his conviction, such his emphasis of expression; for it was his nature to be thorough and complete in whatever he undertook, and, having once put his hands to the plough, not to look back, but to cut his furrows beam deep, and sow his seed broadcast.

In theology, he was on the liberal side, thinking more of character than of creeds, and judging men by their lives rather than by their professions. As a lover of fair play, and abhorring all religious persecution, he nobly stood by Theodore Parker, when it was first resolved by a chosen few that he should have an opportunity to be heard in Boston, in spite of the proscriptive efforts to prevent it. It was a struggle for religious freedom and independence against sectarian exclusiveness and dogmatism, and he could not be an indifferent