

be administered in the open colonnade at the grand eastern entrance. Judge then of my surprise on entering the chamber of the House of Representatives, to see the seats which had been so recently occupied by the vexed and careworn legislators, filled with gay and sprightly females, who had thus early secured to themselves this comfortable position. What is this, said I? Oh, says the door-keeper, didn't you know the ceremony is to take place here?—Well, said I, there is wisdom in this, for the wind is piercing and the ground wet. It was now half past eleven, and the chamber was fast filling up, while the mob without was large, fast increasing, and both noisy and importunate for admission. At length the index of the clock pointed at twelve, and soon a small procession consisting of the President and Vice President elect, the Judges of the Supreme Court, foreign Ministers, and the cabinet officers, entered without music or any other annunciation whatever. The figure and personal appearance of the President is familiar to you. He kept his tall, gaunt form erect, and his hair, which was quite long, bristled out, if possible, more fiercely than usual. The speaker's chair, you are aware, stands on an elevated platform, opposite the door, is overhung by a canopy, and shrouded in crimson curtains, being, in truth, a more gorgeous throne than that of many a haughty monarch. The President ascending by the left hand stairs, and the Vice President by the right, seated themselves in such a manner, that in fronting the audience the former was at the right of the latter. Here a slight effort at applause, was attempted, but wholly failed. In the area below the throne, on the right as you approach it, the seven Judges, in their robes of office, a plain silk gown, took their seats. On the right, and opposite the diplomatic corps from foreign countries, in full court dresses, consisting of coats covered with lace and embroidery, took their seats, the French Minister at the head. The contrast between the glittering array of costume and orders of nobility in this line, and the plain civic attire of the court and cabinet in the opposite line, afforded a striking proof that pageantry will be little regarded, unless the public bear the burden and cost of it. The doors of the gallery were now opened, and the rush was so tremendous that in a few minutes every vacant spot was filled, while the press at the doors seemed unabated.

General Jackson asked for water, and having drunk the greater part of a tumbler full, drew out of his pocket a manuscript, and after adjusting his specs, rose to address the assembly, when an attempt was again made to applaud, but it failed. Even in the gallery all was tranquil, except the press at the gallery door, and he proceeded, but read in so low a voice that, although I was at one time within a few feet of him, I could not distinctly hear a word. The reading occupied perhaps fifteen minutes; and when it was closed there was a strong effort made to raise a shout of applause. Some thumped with cues, a few drummed with their feet, and a still smaller number made a shrill cry, but the noise of the cues, the drum of the feet, the shrill broken juvenile accents, mingling with the roar of hear and then a stentor, was all that was heard, except kicking upon a thin board partition behind the clerk. There was no burst of feelings—no cry of joy springing from the heart, and sending the offering of affection into the vaulted ceiling above to be reiterated. I exaggerate not when I say it was like a Roman funeral with hired mourners from the sources of joy or woe.

The kicking upon the boards continued until those who most desired applause were glad to have it silenced: before this occurred, however, the venerable Chief Justice—that ornament of the bar, the bench, and of his country, John Marshall rose, ascended the steps, was received by General Jackson standing, to whom he presented a small book with his right hand, containing the oath, and with the left, the Bible. The General took hold of each, and having read the oath, kissed the book and Mr Van Buren did the same. Here the ceremony ended.

I ought perhaps to have said before this, that on the right and left of the throne, beyond the judges, on the one hand, and the corps diplomatic, on the other, were vacant places about the foot of the steps. Into these were crowded those faithful followers whom some have been cruel enough to designate as collar-men. Then, up the steps, high enough to be occasionally in close conversation with the Vice-President, might be seen Mr Senator Forsyth of Georgia. Down lower, Mr Speight of North Carolina, Messrs. Cambreleng and White of New York, Mr Jarvis of Maine, Messrs Brodhead and Hubbard of New Hampshire, of omnigenus. In front, were Mr Senator White of Tennessee, and Mr Speaker Stevenson—the latter of whom, being resolved that Mr Forsyth should not intercept the light and warmth emanating from above, occasionally crowded by him to hold conversation with his master.

Now came the time to swear in allegiance, and declare a new adhesion. The old Roman rose and, bending in the most condescending manner over the screen in front of the chair, stretched out his long bony arm and received the salutations of these his faithful and obedient servants. New pledges being thus given between these coteries of the faithful and their master, he descended from the throne and passed on towards the door to go out of the hall, when another vigorous effort was made to get up a shout of applause, but it resulted in the discordant screaming, thumping and kicking of a few. There were probably three thousand persons in the gallery and below. The audience below behaved with the utmost decorum. I saw but few members of Congress present. The penetrating eye of Webster—the tall but commanding form of Clay—the rapid but searching glances of Calhoun were not there. Few, indeed, except the constant and faithful adherents, honored the occasion.

There was a general expectation that the inaugural address would be a plain and explicit avowal of the future policy of the administration. Indeed, some of the President's warmest friends had publicly called for such a document—but in this you see, they must be sadly disappointed. This is accounted for, by some, in the following manner. It was whispered about for some time, that the ceremony of a public inauguration would be dispensed with—but after Mr. Van Buren arrived, it was announced that this design had been abandoned through his influence. The character of the address is, therefore imputed to him, as it goes upon the non-committal plan.

The above is, I believe, a true and faithful account of the proceedings of the day. Nothing is extenuated and ought set down in malice, but a little the result of the observations of a

CHRONICLER.

From the Correspondent of the Boston Courier.

Washington, March 4th, 1833.

Sir,—was you ever at the inauguration of a President? If you answer no, then I take it for granted you would not be displeased to learn how that affair is done. If you answer yes, then you will wish to compare this ceremony with the one you have witnessed: so an account of what has taken place will, in any event, be acceptable. Be it known then that I reached the capitol about a quarter after eleven o'clock, and being desirous of finding my way to the court room, I ascended to the entrance on the west front, and finding the door locked, went round upon the terrace to the east front, and was surprised to see the arcade under the grand entrance, as well as the pavements along the wings, filled with people pressing for the lower door way. The press and confusion were so great that I stepped to the right and passed up the great stair way in front, but found the door leading into the rotunda locked. I however succeeded in obtaining an entrance through the kind offices of a friend, without being pressed by the mob or having my pockets picked, as had been the fate of many others.

I was wholly uninformed as to the arrangements of the day, but supposed the oath was to