# EASTON GAZETTE.

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*From the Washington Telegraph.*

WASHINGTON, March 4, 1829.

## Inaugural Address

### Delivered by Gen. Andrew Jackson

*On being sworn into office, as President of the U. States on the 4th of March, 1829.*

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—About to undertake the arduous duties that I have been appointed to perform, by the choice of a free people, I avail myself of this customary and solemn occasion, to express the gratitude which their confidence inspires, and to acknowledge the accountability which my situation enjoins. While the magnitude of their interests convinces me that no thanks can be adequate to the honor they have conferred, it admonishes me that the best return that I can make, is the zealous dedication of my humble abilities to their service and their good.

As the instrument of the Federal Constitution, it will devolve on me, for a stated period, to execute the laws of the United States; to superintend their foreign and their confederate relations; to manage their revenue; to command their forces; and, by communications to the Legislature, to watch over and to promote their interests generally. And the principles of action by which I shall endeavor to accomplish this circle of duties, it is now proper for me briefly to explain.

In administering the laws of Congress, I shall keep steadily in view the limitations as well as the extent of the executive power, trusting thereby to discharge the functions of my office, without transcending its authority. With foreign nations it will be my study to preserve peace, and to cultivate friendship, on fair and honorable terms; and in the adjustment of any differences that may exist or arise, to exhibit the forbearance becoming a powerful nation, rather than the sensibility belonging to a gallant people.

In such measures as I may be called on to pursue, in regard to the rights of the separate States, I hope to be animated by a proper respect for those sovereign members of our Union; taking care not to confound the powers they have reserved for themselves, with those they have granted to the confederacy.

The management of the public revenue—that searching operation in all governments—is among the most delicate and important trusts in ours; and it will, of course, demand no inconsiderable share of my official solicitude. Under every aspect in which it can be considered, it would appear that advantage must result from the observance of a strict a faithful economy. This I shall aim at the more anxiously, both because it will facilitate the extinguishment of the national debt—the unnecessary duration of which is incompatible with real independence—and because it will counteract that tendency to public and private profligacy, which a profuse expenditure of money by the government, is but too apt to engender.—Powerful auxiliaries to the attainment of this desirable end, are to be found in the regulations provided by the wisdom of Congress, for the specific appropriation of public money, and the prompt accountability of public officers.

With regard to a proper selection of the subjects of impost, with a view to revenue it would seem to me that the spirit of equity, caution, and compromise, in which the Constitution was formed, requires that the great interests of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, should be equally favored, and that, perhaps, the only exception to this rule, should consist in the peculiar encouragement of any products of either of them that may be found essential to our national independence.

Internal improvement, and the diffusion of knowledge, so far as they can be promoted by the constitutional acts of the Federal Government, are of high importance.

Considering standing armies as dangerous to free governments, in time of peace, I shall not seek to enlarge our present establishment, nor disregard that salutary lesson of potitical experience which teaches that the military should be held subordinate to the civil power. The gradual increase of our Navy, whose flag has displayed, in distant climes, our skill in navigation, and our fame in arms; the preservation of our forts, arsenals, and dockyards; and the introduction of progressive improvements in the discipline and science of both branches of our military service, are so plainly prescribed by prudence, that I should be excused for omitting their mention, sooner than for enlarging on their importance. But the bulwark of our defence is the National Militia, which, in the present state of our intelligence and population, must render us invincible. As long as our government is administered for the good of the people, and is regulated by their will; as long as it secures to us the rights of person and of property, liberty of conscience, and of the Press, it will be worth defending; and so long as it is worth defending, a Patriotic Militia will cover it with an impenetrable ægis. Partial injuries and occasional mortifications we may be subjected to, but a Million of armed freemen possessed of the means of war, can never be conquered by a foreign foe. To any just system, therefore, calculated to strengthen this natural safeguard of the country, I shall cheerfully lend all the aid in my power.

It will be my sincere and constant desire to observe towards the Indian tribes within our limits, a just and liberal policy; and to give that humane and considerate attention to their rights and their wants, which are consistent with the habits of our government, and the feelings of our people.

The recent demonstration of Public sentiment, inscribes on the list of executive duties, in characters too legible to be overlooked, the task of "reform;" which will require, particularly, the correction of those abuses that have brought the patronage of the Federal Government into conflict with the freedom of elections, and the counteraction of those causes which have disturbed the rightful course of appointment, and have placed, or continued power, in unfaithful or incompetent hands.

In the performance of a task thus generally delineated, I shall endeavor to select men whose diligence and talents will ensure, in their respective stations, able and faithful co-operation; depending, for the advancement of the public service, more on the integrity and zeal of the public officers, than on their numbers.

A diffidence, perhaps too just, in my own qualifications, will teach me to look with reverence to the examples of public virtue left by my illustrious predecessors, and with veneration to the lights that flow from the mind that founded, and the mind that reformed our system. The same diffidence induces me to hope for instruction & aid from the co-ordinate branches of the government, and for the indulgence & support of my fellow-citizens generally. And a firm reliance on the goodness of that Power whose providence mercifully protected our national infancy, and has since upheld our liberties in various vicissitudes, encourages me to offer up my ardent supplications, that he will continue to make our beloved country the object of his divine care and gracious benediction.

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Our readers are aware that a member of the bar of the Circuit Court in Tennessee, was stricken from the roll, for having fought a duel. The case was carried before the Supreme Court and the decision of the Circuit confirmed. The supreme Judge, in delivering his opinions, describing the principal kind of persons forward at duels.

"There is a set of men who fight duels (or more generally make a show towards it,) to gratify their vanity, by drawing upon themselves a little temporary notice; which their personal worth or good conduct cannot procure. These are always worthless coxcombs, equally destitute of bravery, virtue, or sense, whose feeble nerves would be shattered and prostrated at the sight of an enemy in a field of battle, who are ridiculous in every situation where courage or conduct is required.

Another class set upon timid persons.

Any man who takes the life of another under such circumstances, (forced upon him by wicked design,) can be truly said to "have a heart regardless of all social order, and fatally bent upon mischief," and he should suffer death for the crime, because he has bullied his antagonist into resistance, and then murdered him.

Nervous and timid men of the foregoing description, if they come off unslain, fail to obtain their object, society will not believe them brave.

* * * * * * * *

If one respectable man says a harsh and injurious thing of another, it is almost uniformly in some moment of high excitement, in the bar or elsewhere; the result of instant and angry passion, of which the offending party in a few hours when he becomes cool, is heartily ashamed most willingly would he make reparation if he had an opportunity; but he cannot, nor will not, be bullied into it, by threats of punishment; nothing more nor less than this is a challenge. Let the offended party wait until the excitement has passed off and he will generally find half the sin resting upon himself; were the writer to judge from his own experience, this would be a small allowance. He should then go to the offender, in a firm, serious and just temper, and inquire of him the reason for the injury; he will then hear his own fault for half the excuse, the angry and excited passions of his neighbor for the other half; here the matter will end, almost as assuredly as that God is just. I ask every gray-headed man in American society, did this course ever fail you, with a man worthy of your notice?

But this requires more moral courage, and fearless firmness than most men are masters of; they prop their doubtful courage and trembling nerves, by applying to some supposed friend, who often turns out to be one of those malicious whisperers, and agitators of duels, whose revengeful heart glories in seeing his species, murder each other in cold blood; generally in addition having some secret revenge to gratify against the offender, for which reason he is but too often applied to. Here the cunning machinations of malice have fair room for action; a duel is of course advised, as the only redress honor can allow of; every mean is used to bring it on; every sinister trick and argument is employed to keep the principal firm to the desperate purpose, who surrenders his judgement and his life into the hands of wickedness, to be destroyed.

Extracts from the Rev. Dr. Abbot's Letters,—written during his residence in Cuba.

MATANZAS, Feb. 14th, 1828.

* * * The first thing discovered as you approach the town, is a fleet of commercial vessels, at anchor in the bottom of the bay, from a half mile to a mile from the warehouses. Nearer the water is shoal, and there is no wharf for the accommodation of commerce. A mole, indeed, is begun, which runs in a straight line for deep water; but it advances very slowly. It is narrow, but neatly made of faced stone, and at some future day, will be the depot of immense wealth. It is a healthful spot fanned freely by land and sea breezes, and surrounded by a country of inexhaustible fertility. It should seem, that commerce must ultimately flow to a spot so safe and commodious, in preference to the Havana, that aceldama of seamen.

It is but a small part of the town of Matanzas, which is seen from the bay, and this lies low, skirting the water. The arches of the custom house attract the eye, and a few other buildings of good size and appearance; the rest is of humble show. But if there be nothing of grandeur in architecture, there is enough of the novel & grotesque, to seize the whole attention of a stranger, the moment he steps on the mole, and into the street. There had been a small shower, and we seemed treading on mortar in the streets. The buildings were a motley group of all sizes, and of various forms and roofs.—The Spanish visage and costume, however, strike you with irresistible humor. It seems a scene of masquerade, and as if all are striving to amuse by the extravagance and oddity of their appearance.—Here, is ambling by you a Don, with a spur to his shoe, his horse's head low, and his tail tied up in club; there, comes a volante with huge wheels, highly adorned with silver plate, with a boot of broad cloth hitched to the top of the vehicle, as if there were nuns or donnas within, not to be seen by vulgar eyes.

This heavy carriage is sometimes drawn by one horse, and sometimes by two, with a postillion in livery, and jack-boots reaching almost to his hips, with a monstrous spur at his heel, and a short whip in his hand, both very freely applied. Sometimes, if the sun be hid, the boot or curtain is dropped, discovering to you two or three gaily dressed and laughing girls, or one or two grave men, lounging in the ample chaise body, for this is the form of the carriage You withdraw your eyes from the volante, to gaze on a vehicle of an humbler character, on the clumsy cart, with large wheels and a rude body, formed of skins, and perhaps filled with corn, each ear covered with a thin coat of husks, the state in which they preserve this grain. It is drawn by oxen most strangely harnessed.

A yoke is placed behind their horns at the root, and so fixed to them with fillets and ropes, that they draw or push by their horns without chafing. A rope or thong leads from that gear to the nostril, which is perforated to receive it. A rope thus fastened to the nose of each ox, is sometimes seen in the hand of a man leading the team, as we lead a horse by the bridle; and sometimes the teamster holds the rope in his hand, and walks by the side of the cattle, goading the animals with a ten foot pole.

There is an infinite variety of comparison to their riding horses, from saddle of leather and painted stirrup, to a bed of straw tied on by a rope. Their bridles are as various, with and without bit, of leather, rope and braided grass. But what strikes the stranger with surprize, almost rising into a nervous feeling, is the constant sight of men in armour It seems as if it was a time of war, and every horseman a vidette. The broad sword dangles by the side of the gentleman, and holsters are inseparable from his saddle. The simplest countryman on his straw saddle, belts on his rude cutlass, and every man with a skin less dark than an African, appears ready for encounter.

HAVANA, March, 1828.

In company with a distinguished Spaniard, to whom I am indebted for much information and civility, at 9 o'clock we attended in the cathedral church, and witnessed high mass performed in great splendour. The exterior of this vast building is not in perfect taste, and the Bishop, the liberal improver of every thing around him, has commenced a change to something more simple and grand. He has already transformed and beautified the interior. The view was imposing and awful in a high degree. The lofty arching over-head, the depth and spread of the central avenue to the principal altar, at this time veiled in black, the side avenues, only inferior to the central, and the tasteful painting of the whole, with the fine figures in the dome, representing Moses, the Prophets, and Evangelists, excite a strong emotion The exquisite paintings here and there displayed with striking effect—a family scene, in which Abraham and Sarah were the principal figures, while an angel announced, "And Sarah shall have a son"—with the still more beautiful painting, on the opposite side, of Christ conversing with the woman of Samaria, while the apostles, at a distance, are seen looking on with wonder,—add to the interest. In front of the altar, and within the railing, is a beautiful flooring of mosaic, of various coloured marble in curious checks, resembling a superb Turkey carpet. There are a number of side altars, but simplicity is the general character of the whole. On the left of the altar is a bust of Christopher Columbus, let into the wall, and his bones are preserved in a silver urn, standing near the spot. Many figures in basso relievo, which my friend supposed to be the Fathers of the Church, appear on the circular wall behind the altar, and above the seats appropriated to the dignitaries of the church. Such was this magnificent cathedral, as it appeared to me at my first glance of the eye round on its parts.

We stepped into the sacristy, my friend being on pleasant terms with some of the respectable ecclesiastics, and to one or two I was introduced; to the chanter, in particular, in his dress for the day, whose powerful and sweet voice soon after resounded through the cathedral. In the sacristy, I observed a beautiful picture of "the man of sorrows acquainted with grief." It was different from West's and every other I have seen, in the whole cast of the countenance.—This circumstance seems to show that there is no traditionary representation of the face of our blessed Lord, as some have supposed; but that successive painters have only endeavored to combine whatever is reverend, and holy, and lovely, in their image of him. There is greater roundness and fullness of countenance, than in West's Jesus healing in the temple. Yet there is a divine gravity and sweetness in it.

In the afternoon, the same obliging friend took me in his volante to see the Campos Santos, the Catholic burial ground, one of the important improvements accomplished by the public spirited and liberal Bishop, in the suburbs of the city. It had been the immemorial practice of the city to bury in the vaults of their churches; and these Golgothas were filled with human dust and bones, and the health of the city exceedingly exposed. To remedy this serious evil, the Bishop formed the beautiful cemetry in the suburbs, which we went out to see. It is a square enclosure, containing perhaps four or five acres. It is enclosed by a beautiful wall, plastered as smooth as the pavements of houses in this country, many of them not surpassed, for smoothness and hardness, by marble. At each corner and on two of the sides, were erected shafts in a pyramidical form, ten or fifteen feet high, which give a monumental air to the enclosure. These walls and shafts are painted in panel work. At the entrance is a neat building, the central part of which is intended for the last rites performed over the dead as they pass to the grave; and at one end of the building the priest lives, who performs these rites, and in the other the sexton. The yard is traversed by a pavement of flat stones, in two directions, dividing the square into four equal parts. One of these paved walks leads from the entrance to the farther side, where has been erected a small beautiful chapel, in which the rites are performed in greater style, for such as are able and willing to contribute a handsome sum to charitable uses. Near this chapel for the rich and noble, are stones purporting to be the sepulchres of Governors, Bishops, distinguished Civilians, and distinguished Ecclesiastics. In this neighborhood we found on stones the names of many of the most distinguished families of the country.

Just as we arrived, we found the service for the dead performing over the body of a priest. He lay dressed, as far as I could see by a hasty glance, in the usual habit of a living man.—When the service was over, which consisted in part of chanting, the attendants took up the corpse in a shallow coffin, without any covering on the upper part, and moved off with a quick step to the grave.

The head of the corpse, reposing on its pillow, was visible all the way, and was kept in constant motion to the right and left by the hasty walk of the porters. Several graves in the yard I saw already dug, to be in readiness for those that might need them.

The Bishop had some of the strongest prejudices of the people to combat, in building this new cemetry. Fortunately, the first death, after the yard was in readiness, was that of a Spanish noble. The friends besought the Bishop that he might be buried in the church; but he was inflexible, and would grant him Christian burial no where but in the Campos Santos. People of less standing, therefore, followed the example, and the difficulty is gone by.

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### REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.

It is difficult, at this late day, to form an idea of the savage mode in which the war was conducted, more especially between the native whigs and tories. I remember full well, to have heard a Lieutenant in the British 71st Regiment say, that a few days previous to the battle of Guilford, when Lord Cornwallis in vain endeavoured to trace the movements of Gen. Greene, and to penetrate into his intentions, a young lad was brought into the camp, who, when questioned with regard to the position of the American army, steadily replied, "you will find it soon enough." Tarlton, who stood by, being highly exasperated drew his sabre, and making a chop at the youth's hand, deprived it of one of his fingers, saying, "Will you now tell me where is Greene." With steady and undaunted countenance, the reply was to the same purpose as before, "You will know time enough." Five times was the blow repeated, but with as little success. The youth had his secret, and he kept it. This cruelty was exercised by a Lieutenant Colonel of Dragoons, considered the pride of the army—its greatest ornament. "I wish," said Lord Cornwallis, (writing to him) "you could divide yourself into three parts—we can do nothing without you." Perhaps the same spirit of decided attachment to the cause he supported, actuated him, and he was obstinately silent from the fear of answering questions, which might be put to him improperly. At all events, the provocation was great, and examples of still greater barbarity were not wanting to palliate, if not to excuse the act. Immediately after the arrival of the Legion at Guilford Court House, a countryman entered our quarters (said my informant) having a prisoner in custody, and said to Colonel Lee, 'While I was at table with my family this fellow burst into the room, and putting the muzzle of his rifle to my breast, bid me deliver every thing that I had of value, or prepare to die. I knew that no sort of trust could be placed in this sort of gentry, and that the surrender of my property would be the signal for death. So I made a grab at his rifle, and turning it aside, it went off without doing me injury. A severe struggle followed, when getting entire possession of it, I struck him on the head with the but, and drove the cock-pin pretty deep into his skull The severity of the wound made him my prisoner, and I brought him along for examination, for he seems a cunning chap, and I dare say has plenty of intelligence, if he can be made to part with it." To all the questions put to him, not a word was returned in reply. The wounded man was obstinately silent. Dr. Irvine, surgeon of the Legion, examining the head, found that the skull, was fractured, and that the brain could be seen plainly through the hole made by the cock-pin. Thrusting his finger into it, and drawing it back again, a portion of the brain remained on the point of it. "His obstinacy must be overcome," was the universal cry. "Picket him," said Lee. The order was obeyed, but without effect. A red-hot shovel was applied to the bottom of his feet, and even introduced between his toes, but not a feature of his countenance was altered nor did he utter a word of complaint. "The severity of his wound," said Dr. Irvine, "has produced insensibility—all feeling is destroyed—the man must die." "Place him," said Colonel Lee, to Cornet George Carrington, "under a corporal's guard, and be you answerable for him." The orders were obeyed. Night came on, and Carrington, was quietly reposing when a musket was discharged, and a loud shout proclaimed that the prisoner had escaped. The fact was so—the wounded man, who had been playing cricket, no sooner perceived that a chance of escape was afforded, (the sentinels placed over him becoming careless, from conviction that one so much injured, could not run) than he leaped up and ran off, and though fired and closely pursued, could not be overtaken.

[Boston Daily Adv.

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A provincial editor says "do, for heavens sake divide the State of New York, and call the west part, the State of Morgan." "Call it," says the Ithaca Journal, "the State of Sin and Misery." "No," said a crusty old bachelor, "call it the State of Matrimony and that includes Sin, Misery, and Morganism." Such a barbarian as this bachelor ought to be driven out of all society.

[N. Y. Enquirer.

### WHALING.

The following animated description of this enterprising and hazardous business is from the editor of the Nantucket Inquirer.

The man at the mast head upon the look out, having discovered whales vociferates with all his might—'There she blows!' The captain immediately exclaims—'Where away?' and, 'How far off?' and being answered as to their being to windward, to leeward, right ahead or astern; he now goes aloft himself to determine that they are sperm whale, and which way bound. We will now suppose that they are three points off the larboard bow, distant about 3 miles, and heading along the same course as the ship. Now the captain cries. 'Keep her off two points;' which being done, his next order is 'Steady—steady as she goes.' 'The weather braces a small pull.' 'Loose top gallant sails, there; bear-a-hand.' Scarcely a hand is to be found on deck after these orders are executed except the helmsman all are eagerly jumping aloft to catch sight of the whales previous to their going down—and hope and fear are alternately expressed in the faces of all as the fish are seen to glide through the water rapidly, and in a straight course, or occasionally to play upon the surface—to *loblail* it, is the technical term. The ship nearing the whales, the next order is, 'See the lines in the boat!' 'Swing the cranes!' The after oarsman now fills his boat keg with water, puts some bread under the stern sheets, and sees that a bucket in the boat. We will suppose the whales are now *sounding*, and the captain having run down with the ship as near as he thinks advisable, orders the maintopsail to be backed; all hands are now straining their optics to discover the whales when they first blow. They are at length seen some distance from the ship. 'Stand by the boats, there,' cries the captain, and each man knowing his station, is found at his respective boat, eager for the chase. 'Lower away'—the boats are precipitated into the water and the crews are at their oars in a twinkling. After pushing from the ship, it takes some 2 or 3 minutes for the harpooner to adjust his craft, he then seats him on his thwart and takes his oar; now the officer who *heads* the boat cries Line your oars, boys, pull ahead—(a lapse of 2 or 3 minutes)—pull ahead, I tell you, why don't ye—long and stropg head boat, I say—(an interval of about 50 seconds)—Every man do his best—lay back, I tell ye (*fiercely*)—why don't ye spring—don't let that boat pass ye; spring I tell ye (authoritatively)—there they be, round and round with em, for God's sake, pull ahead, (*entreatingly*)—[lapse of a few seconds] Every thing—every thing I've got in my chest I'll give ye' do spring boys, let's get on first; now then, back to the thwarts, give her the touch, I tell ye, (*encouragingly*)—five seas off, only five seas off, spring!—3 oar side best, pull all, every soul of you. (*boisterously*)—I'll give you all my tobacco, every thing I've got,—look at her, O, what a hump, slow as night—don't you look round, (passionately,) she don't blow, she only whiffs it out—at the end of your thwarts, pull and we'll be on, this rising—she's an 80 barrel whale; there she *mills*; she's heading to leeward a large fellow separate from the school (*shoal*)—why the *harry* don't you pull—now do boys, do your best, wo'nt you, (*soothingly*) I tell you we are *jam* on her! one minute more?—Oh, boys, if you want to see your sweethearts, if you want to see Nantucket, pull ahead—Spring, d—ye; that whale will shorten our passage 6 months—I tell you we gain fast,—now's the time,—*mills* still heading to leeward—lap on her in a moment, harpooner stand by—all my tobacco—all my clothes—*pull*,—Oh, what a whale (*softly*) have my soul out.—harpooner—harpooner—one minute more; half a minute more, all my tobacco—we are in her wake, (*whispers,*) make no noise with your oars, stand up, harpooner—pull the rest—give it her solid. * * * * * Stern, stern I tell ye (*loudly,*)—stern all—stern like the devil—stern, and get clear of the whale—harpooner come aft—wet the line we are fast, now haul me on—stern, I tell ye—lay to the leeward of the whale; that's a good one—[straightens his lance] lay the head of the boat off; I've honed my lance; give me a chance, do haul me on, will ye? there's the flag—stern I tell ye—lie—give us a set upon her—thick as tar, there she clotters—stern, she's going in her flurry—stern all—there, she's fin up, pass the spade forward—let's haul up to her, get harness on, and tow her alongside.'

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JUDGE HALL, in his "Letters from the West," thus describes the passage of emigrants to our back country:—

"Each raft (on the Ohio) was eighty or ninety feet long, with a small house on it, and on each was a stack of hay, round which several horses & cows were feeding, while the ploughs, waggons, pigs, children, and poultry, carelessly distributed, gave to the whole more the appearance of a permanent residence than of a caravan of adventurers seeking a home. A respectable looking old lady with "spectacles on nose" was seated on a chair at the door of one of the cabins, employed in knitting; another female was at the wash-tub; the men were chewing their tobacco; and the various family vocations seemed to go on like clockwork. In this manner these people bring their own provisions, their rafts floats with the stream, and honest Jonathan surrounded with his scolding, grunting, squalling and neighing dependants, floats to the point proposed without leaving his own fire side."

Passage over the falls of the Ohio. "The business of preparation creates a sense of impending danger; the pilot stationed on the deck, assumes command; a firm and skilful helmsman guides the boat; the oars strongly manned, are vigorously plied to give the vessels a momentum greater than that of the current, without which the helm would be inefficient. The utmost silence prevails among the crew; but the ear is stunned with the sound of rushing waters; and the sight of waves dashing and foaming and whirling among the rocks and eddies below is grand and fearful. The boat advances with inconceivable rapidity to the head of the channel, takes the chute and seems no longer manageable among the angry currents, whose foam dashes upon her deck; but, in a few moments, she emerges from their power, and rides again in serene waters."

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## TO RENT.

THE Subscriber will rent to a good Tenant, the FARM on which he at present resides, with a sufficiency of hands and Stock to carry it on.—The terms will be liberal.

THOMAS DEWLIN.

March 7—1829—tf—


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