EASTON GAZETTE.

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From the New York Courier.

THE MANIAC'S TALE.

The only time I ever saw Adelaide Tremont, was at an election ball in Berkshire—Born of an ancient and noble, but decayed family, she was the admiration and love of all who ever met her. When I lift the veil that hangs over the scenes of many a far gone year, and recall her and the spot where I saw her to my remembrance, for the moment I seem no longer a being of to day, so deeply are they impressed upon my soul. I see her as I did then, in all the pride of youth and beauty, her graceful form—her beaming eye—her flowing hair—and the thousand enchantments that ever glowed around her. I still think I hear those soft strains of music—the sounds of mirth and gaiety—while the fairy-like windings of the dance and the gay creatures who mingled therein, are all pictured before me. It is love that confers the greatest charm, and the highest polish upon the character of woman Perchance it may steal roses from her cheek and fire from her eye, but it adds a brighter, yet softer expression to every look. And Adelaide loved one well worthy of her and her perfections; she was the adorer and the adored: how happy was he the object of that love, the noble Clifford! They had been but a few days together, for he had left a foreign mission only to ensure with his influence the election of the fortunate candidate to whom the FETE was given. He was again soon to leave her ere he came to call her his own. In boyhood my play-fellow, and in manhood my friend. I now felt almost as happy as he, and promised to attend the summons he said that he would soon send for me to his wedding. The next morning I was on my road to Paris.

Years rolled away—I had become a wanderer over the face of the earth—I had visited many a land, and mingled with man in many a different clime. I was tossed upon the waves of the ocean, and had been in war and in bloodshed; at length, wearied with my toils, I visited the happy shores of Britain. I had but few friends in the world; some had forgotten, some had deserted me. I flew with eagerness to one whom I knew would be faithful to me. I found him not—and I trembled at the tale I heard. Shortly after my departure and that of Clifford, Adelaide, his affianced bride, had eloped to the continent with a stranger. Clifford soon returned, full of love and expectation. When the truth was told to him, despair drove him almost to madness; to this succeeded apathy and apparent unconcern, and hastily settling his affairs, he left the country. All were ignorant of his fate if dead, or place of exile if living. It was supposed he had buried himself and his woes within the walls of some friendly convent. Adelaide and her betrayer had met another doom, over which the deepest mystery hung.

Again I became a wanderer. I had almost forgotten the misfortune of my friend. I had my own sorrows, and they weighed heavily upon me. I was passing through a mad house in Palermo, contemplating the various wrecks of intellect before me. To curiosity succeeded disgust, and I was hastily leaving the scene, when my eyes rested on a face I thought I had seen before. In its wasted and distorted features, I at length traced those of the long lost Charles Clifford. Careful of betraying myself, I called the governor of the Hospital, and enquired the history of the being before me. He was a stranger who had arrived at the place some years before, and to a violent sickness, derangement had succeeded. He had left no traces of his name or family—when sane as he but seldom was, he preserved a profound silence, but when the fit came on him, his paroxisms were so severe, and his language so incoherent, that no discovery could be effected. He was every day growing weaker, and it was supposed that he had not long to live. I approached his bed, a few words had only passed between us, when he clasped me to his bosom. Alas! he was a maniac beyond all hopes of cure, and few were his moments of reason. I visited, soothed, I comforted him, but it was in vain. One day more calm than usual, he imparted to me the story of his sufferings.

"You tell me you already know the dreadful history of my miseries you tell me the world knows it too. I would to heaven you were not deceived. A feeling unfelt before, pervades me now; I am calm, it is that calm which precedes the storm—my life is wearing fast away, but I will unfold as briefly as I may, the mystery that surrounds me now. When I arrived in England and found the being to whom I had linked all my earthly happiness gone—gone forever—I became almost distracted. To this, hate the deepest & the deadliest followed, I sighed for revenge on those who had cast thorns and dishonour in my path. Yet I concealed every emotion, and became seemingly callous to my own sorrows. I left my native land with the expressed determination of seeking repose in a cloister—but I nourished within my bosom the flames of hell. I traced and pursued the fugitives—cast your eyes from that window—beyond those blue mountains I found them. On passing the spot where they lived in my way to a resting place for the night, she saw me and shrieked—but I spurred on my horse and left her. An hour afterwards I received a letter—I did not open, yet could not destroy—I know not what prompted me to preserve it.

"In the night, armed with pistols doubly loaded, and disguised in a cloak, I stole unperceived to their villa. The sound of voices drew me to an open window. Concealed from their view by surrounding foliage, I eagerly observed them. I saw that form which I had pressed at parting to mine, now carelessly reclining on the arm of a stranger. I could not see her face; what else I did perceive made me frantic. The moon was sailing gloriously through the heavens, a few black & flitting clouds, as if to veil the dreadful deed, were all that obscured the firmament. One of these came over and hid its light; I drew the weapon from my bosom, wishing to slay them both. I had raised it—my hand was upon the fatal spring—when, suddenly, the moon-beams shone around me—She had raised her head—it was turned to me—I once more gazed on those eyes, from whose light I had once drank love; she was smiling too—she seemed to smile on me. I had steeled my heart to the task, yet my arm fell nerveless to my side. But those smiles were thrown on another, and those eyes were bright for him, and he her paramour. The Evil Spirit sent a spot over the moon—I felt my heart burning within me—Revenge urged me to the deed—it was done.

"I left the spot, escaped even suspicion, and crossed over into Sicily. The fever that had for hours before raged within my veins now broke forth. Long I hovered between life and death. I will not name the torments I suffered, when a heated fancy conjured in my brain its terrible visions, making the night a scene of horrors and the day one of remorse. Yet I left my bed and trod once more firmly on the ground—I tried even to tear the never dying worm from my bosom and to mingle once more with the world. And perhaps I had succeeded—but that letter, her last, unopened letter crossed my mind. I took it, and held it over the waters that murmured at my feet; I would have destroyed it, but an unknown power tempted me to read. I expected what I found—exculpation. She had been driven, she said, by pecuniary embarrassments, from England—was faithful and burning to see me—I read THIS with a smile. But further on I saw those words, those dreadful words.—I see them now—I see them written in the air around me—I hear them in the sound of the roaring wind—I feel them written on my heart in letters of fire—*I am the murderer of the sister and the brother.*"

Extract of a letter, dated
WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 6, 1827.

The Capitol is now nearly completed, the Rotunda painted, and all its ornaments its *alto and basso relievos*. completed. It is truly superb, and truly useless. The large, round, central hole in the stone floor to give light to the crypt below, is an eyesore, otherwise the most critical eye can find nothing to object to, except the evident uselessness of the room. Trumbull's historical pictures appear there to great advantage. Those who know them only from their former appearance in small and ill-lighted rooms, cannot imagine their effect. The grand flight of steps in front and rear, and the great east Portico are nearly done. They are wonderfully stately and imposing reminding me of those grand imaginative architectural creations which you see in the engraving of Balthazar's Feast, by Martin and other works of that extravagant, but true genius. They have, besides their own grandeur, the farther practical merit of uniting in one stately, though not very harmonious whole, the discordant parts of this huge building, successively erected by Thornton, L'Enfant, Latrobe and Bullfinch; and bearing distinctly the marks of the taste of these several architects.

The whole building is very curious; very grand; wholly unfit for any purpose it was intended for, and quite out of unison with our national character. In the splendid Hall of Representatives, (as an English poet has said of it,)

Power Plebian sits in regal state;

And sits most regally to be sure, but most comfortlessly, unable to see or hear one quarter of what her people are saying and doing Then, all over in the building you meet with beautiful little Greek temples, erected under cover, imitating or rivalling the exquisite proportions of the Sybil Temple, or that of the winds; but being up in the air, half out of sight, and serving only to canopy the honored head of some apple woman, behind the table—There too, is the low arched basement story, with its multitude of short massive pillars; grave, solemn and costly; reminding one of the Crypt of the French Pantheon, or those of some old Gothic cathedrals, but which is used and can be used for nothing; serving only for the stands of fruit women, or whiskey sellers, and the quarrels or frolics of hack drivers.

The new terrace around the rear of the capitol, is very fine and the prospect, though too bare of wood and of cultivation is grand varied and truly magnificent. It wants nothing to make it rival the far famed terrace at Windsor, (which in mere natural prospect, it far surpasses;) but those historical and poetical associations, which it will require a century or two to accumulate, and which give much interest to

——Windsor's green retreat,
At once the monarch's and the muse's seat;

As well as to the prospect of those neighbouring towers of Eton—

Where grateful science still adores.
At Henry's holy stone.

I find that my architectural hobby has fairly run away with me: a prank he frequently plays me. But being now dismounted, let us change the scene. The fashionables have the prospect of a brilliant winter. In visiting old acquaintance I find that many members have brought their families with them. There are to my mind, few things which give a more gratifying exhibition of the general cultivation and real refinement of this wide-spread people, than meeting, as you do here, with amiable, well-informed, and well-bred women, from the wildest extremes of our country. Some from states and territories which yesterday, were a wilderness; all of agreeable conversation, and cultivated minds and manners; differing from each other, and from the most polished ladies of our cities, only in slight peculiarities of language or habit; a variety, to me, very pleasing, as it gives to society, an originality and interest, for which we may seek in vain, in commonplace rounds of regular fashion.

As to foreign fashion, the Russian and French Legations are vacant, and their Charges keep up no special style. Mr. Vaughan, the British Minister, a gentlemanly man, a scholar, an author, and an Oxford Fellow, does the honors of his Legation very liberally, splendidly and in good taste. The Dutch Minister, with his large family, who pleased so much in our state, has taken the fine house formerly inhabited by the French Minister, and will doubtless see much company. Mr. Rumpff, the Minister Plenipotentiary of the Hanseatic League, is the son in-law of our worthy townsman, Mr. Astor, and is a very elegant and accomplished young man. The Mexican Minister, I am told, announces his intention of receiving the young and gay, (two epithets which here as elsewhere, are not exactly synonymous,) during the winter, very frequently.

Common report says, that more wives of the members are present this session, than on any preceding one. For several years past, this fair representative body has been gradually increasing, and including daughters, first, second and third cousins, they are now nearly as numerous as the popular male branch. Several engagements took place last winter, and much skirmishing is expected in the drawing rooms during the present. The milliners, mantuamakers, rouge-sellers, have laid in large stores for the winter consumption. Nothing will be done in the fashionable way for some weeks. Ladies from remote districts, generally require a week or ten days, to burnish up their faces, call forth their smiles, and polish their foreheads. The boarding houses are all crowded, for this is the general mode of living here. Politics have a visible effect in domestic arrangements during the present winter. We have Jackson boarding houses and Adams boarding houses—there are, indeed, few neutrals.

[*N. Y Enquirer.*

From the National Gazette.

Extract from Sir Walter Scott's New Work, the "Chronicles of the Canongate."

Then sing of Stage coaches,
And fear no reproaches,
For riding in one;
But daily be jogging,
Whilst whistling and flogging,
Whilst whistling and flogging,
The coachman drives on.
Farquhar.

Disguised in a grey surtout which had seen service, a white castor on my head, and a stout Indian cane in my hand, the next week saw me on the top of a mail coach driving to the westward.

I like mail coaches, and I hate them.—I like them for my convenience, but I detest them for setting the whole world a gadding instead of setting quietly still minding their own business, and preserving the stamp of originality of character which nature or education may have impressed on them.

Off they go jingling against each other in the rattling vehicle, till they have no more variety of stamp in them than so many smooth shillings—the same even in their Welsh wigs and great coats, each without more individuality than belongs to a partner of the company, as the waiter calls them, of the north coach.

Worthy Mr. Piper, best of contractors who ever furnished four frampal jades for public use, I bless you when I set out on a journey myself; the neat coaches under your contract render the intercourse from Johnie Groat's house to Ladykirk and Cornhill bridge safe, pleasant and cheap. But, Mr. Piper, you who are a shrewd arithmetician, did it never occur to you to calculate how many fool's heads which might have produced an idea or two in the year if suffered to remain in quiet, get effectually addled by jolting to and fro in these flying chariots of yours; how many decent countrymen become conceited bumpkins after a cattle show dinner in the capital, which they could not have attended save for your means, how many decent country parsons return critics and spouters, by way of importing the newest taste from Edinburgh? And how will your conscience answer one day for carrying so many bonny lasses to barter modesty for conceit and levity at the metropolitan Vanity Fair?—Consider, too, the low rate to which you reduce human intellect. I do not believe your habitual customers have their ideas more enlarged, than one of your coach horses. They know the road like the English postilion, and they know nothing besides. They date, like the carriers at Gadshill, from the death of John Ostler; the succession of guards forms a dynasty to them; coachmen are their ministers of state and an upset is to them a greater incident than a change of administration.—The only point of interest on the road is to save the time, and see whether the coach keeps the hour. This is surely a miserable degradation of human intellect.

Take my advice, my good sir, and disinterestedly contrive that once or twice a quarter, your most dexterous whip shall overturn a coach full of these superfluous travellers in terrorem to those who, as Horace says, 'delight in the dust attracted by your chariots.

Your current and customary mail coach passenger, too, gets abominably selfish, schemes successfully for the best seat, the freshest egg, the right cut of the surloin—The mode of travelling is death to all the courtesies and kindnesses of life, and goes a great way to demoralize the character, and cause it to retrogade to barbarism.—You allow us excellent dinners but only twenty minutes to eat them, and what is the consequence! Bashful beauty sits on one side of us, timid childhood on the other; respectable, yet some what feeble old age is placed on our front; and all equire those acts of politeness which ought to put every degree upon a level at the convivial board. But have we time—we the strong and active of the party—to perform the duties of the table to the more retired and bashful, to whom these little attentions are due? The lady should be pressed to her chick, the old man helped to his tender slice, the child to his tart. But not a fraction of a minute have we to bestow on any other persons but ourselves; and the prut prut tut tut of the guard's discordant note, summons us to the coach, the weaker party having gone without, their dinner and the able bodied & active threatened with indigestion from having swallowed victuals like a Leistershire clown bolting bacon. On the memorable occasion I am speaking of, I lost my breakfast, sheerly from obeying the commands of a respectable looking old lady, who once required me to ring the bell, and another time to help the tea kettle. I have some reason to think she was literally an old stager, who laughed in her sleeve at my complaisance; so that I have sworn in my secret soul revenge upon her sex, and all such other errant damsels of whatever age and degree, whom I may encounter in my travels, I mean all this without the least ill-will to my friend the contractor, who I think has approached as near as any one is like to do towards accomplishing the modest wish of the Amatus and Amata of the Peri Bathos.

Ye gods, annihilate but time and space
And make two lovers happy.

Effects of Riding in Consumption.—The cure I am going to mention, was of a gentleman who is related to the doctor, & is now living in Dorsetshire, who was brought so low by consumption that there seemed to be no possibility of a recovery either by medicine or exercise; but, it being too late for the first to do any good, all that was to be done was to be expected from the latter, though the doctor did not think that even riding would then do. However the poor gentleman, seeing there were no other hopes left, was resolved to attempt to ride in the country; but was so extremely far gone, that at his setting out of town, he was forced to be held upon his horse by two porters, and when he got to Brentford or Honnslow, the people of the Inn into which he put were unwilling to receive him, as thinking he would die there, and they should have the trouble of a funeral.

Notwithstanding, he persisted in his riding by small journeys to Exeter; and got so much strength by the way, that though one day his horse, as he was drinking, laid down with him in the water, and he was forced to ride part of the day's journey in that wet condition, yet he sustained no harm by it, but came to the above mentioned place considerably recovered; when, thinking he had then gained his point, he neglected to ride any more for some time. But, afterwards finding himself relapsing, he remembered the caution which Dr. Sydenham had given him at his setting out, that if he should be so happy, as to recover, he should not leave off riding too soon; for he would infallibly relapse and die, if he did not carry on that measure long enough; so he betook himself to his horse again, and rode till he obtained a perfect recovery. "Sure Method of improving Health, and prolonging life"

In General Jackson's letter of the 18th of July, 1827, he says: "This, though, I do know, that "while the opinions and course of Mr. Clay as "to the election, were but *matter of conjecture* "with many *at and before this time*, (January, "1825,) very shortly after this conversation took "place, his and his friends' opinion, became "forthwith matter of certainty and general "knowledge."

Was Mr. Clay to go on the house tops and proclaim his predilections? We have already the evidence of Dr. Drake that Mr. Clay had determined before he left Kentucky, for Washington in 1824, to give his vote for Mr. Adams.

Another witness has now stepped forward to show that Mr. Clay, previous to "January, 1825," the time "*at* and *before*" which General Jackson states that Mr. Clay's opinions and course were "*but matter of conjecture*," made no secret of his sentiments nor intentions; and this witness is no other than Colonel Benton himself.

We scarcely know how to account for the Colonel's loquacity on this occasion. Did he wish to test, by a personal experiment, the amount of danger which the individual incurs who steps between a military aspirant and the object of his ambition? We had imagined that the Colonel, having had one narrow escape, would have carefully shunned even the possibility of again exciting the ire of the man who, according to his own showing, had once made a desperate effort to assassinate him.

The following extract from the last Lexington (Virginia) Intelligencer, will explain the reference we have made to the new testimony of Col. Benton, which we hope the Opposition editors will have too much delicacy or discretion to impeach. It cannot be doubted that this recent declaration of Colonel Benton casts an imputation either on the memory or veracity of some of the leading friends of General Jackson:

We are authorized by several gentlemen, and requested to state, that Colonel Benton, a few days since, in this town, on his way to Washington, stated to a gentleman of this place, of the first respectability, that he "did not believe there was any corrupt understanding of bargain and sale, between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, with regard to Mr. Clay's receiving the office of Secretary of State, in consideration of his voting for Mr Adams—That Mr. Clay had, as early as between the 1st and 15th of December previous to the election, unequivocally declared to him his determination to vote for Mr. Adams, and that he would not vote for General Jackson—That he (Col. Benton) left the City of Washington, to visit his family in the county, about the 15th of December, and that Mr. Clay's declaration to him was previous to that time."

The fact which Colonel Benton states with regard to dates and the circumstances, which makes it impossible that he can be mistaken, is rather unfortunate for Mr. Eaton's statement. He says that a meeting of Mr. Clay and his friends was held on Saturday, the 22d of January, "previous to which time the opinions of Mr. Clay and his friends were matter of conjecture only; and not until after the Monday following did the opinion prevail that they had taken their ground." He also stated that Mr. Clay's letter to Judge Brooke, on the 28th of January, was the first announciation of his purpose.—These are his words: "Thus, on the 28th of January, *and not earlier*, was a declaration made of the course he had concluded to take." He then asks: "Why the necessity of a silence so long and so rigidly preserved?" To suppose that Mr. Clay's unequivocal declaration to Col. Benton, the warm and decided political friend of General Jackson, made even before Mr. Kremer's denunciation, remained an entire secret to Major Eaton, and *all* the rest of General Jackson's friends, until after the 22d of January, exceeds all human belief. The Major must have fallen into *mistakes*, and it would be charitable to (using his own words) "concede that the mistakes are those which proceed from error of recollection."

PRESIDENCY.

The Worcester Spy gives the following view of the present state of parties.

The only States which can be claimed for the respective candidates with any considerable degree of certainty, with the number of votes they give, are arranged in the following table:

ADAMS.		JACKSON.	
6 N. England states,	51	Pennsylvania,	28
New Jersey,	8	N. Carolina,	15
Delaware,	3	S. Carolina,	11
Maryland,	9	Georgia,	9
Ohio,	16	Tennessee,	11
Indiana,	5	Alabama,	5
Illinois,	3	Mississippi	3
Kentucky,	9		82
Louisiana,	5		
	109		

DOUBTFUL.

New York,	36
Maryland,	2
Virginia,	24
Kentucky,	5
Missouri,	3
	70

Of the votes put down as doubtful, the 3 in Missouri will probably be for Adams. New York will be divided. Not more, we are confident, than ten of the votes of that state will be for Jackson. The remainder will be more than sufficient to elect Adams without any other on the doubtful list. But the chance of the vote of Virginia being given for Adams is greater than the probability of Jackson's having more than ten votes in New York. Under whatever aspect, therefore, we view it, there is sufficient reason for perseverance, in the confident belief that the good cause will finally be crowned with success.

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