Glory's sunbright face gleams in the front, whilst dishonor and infamy scowl in the rear. The orders to charge are given, and at the very moment that the battle is about to join, the foaming, jaded, breathless courser of Horace, strains forward as if with a last effort, and seems to have but just strength enough to wheel with his rider into his station. A faint huzza from the troops welcomed their leader. On, ye brave, on!

The edges of the battle join. The scream—the shout—the groan, and the volleying thunder of artillery, mingle in one deafening roar. The smoke clears away—the charge is over—the whirlwind has passed. Horace and Albert are both down, and the blood flows away from their wounds, and is drank up by the thirsty soil.

But a few day after the eventful battle of Waterloo, Matilda and Sir Oliver had read to his daughter, who was sitting in agitation, the details of the battle, and was now reading down slowly and silently the list of the dead and maimed.

"Can you my dear girl," said he tremulously, "bear to hear very bad news?"

She could not reply in any other way than by laying down her head on her father's shoulder, and sobbing out the almost inaudible word—read."

Horace is mentioned as having been early in the action, badly wounded, and is returned missing.

"Horrible!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, and embraced her father more closely.

"And our poor friend, Albert is dangerously wounded too," said the father.

Matilda made no reply, but as a mass of snow slips down from its supporting bank—as silently, as pure, and almost as cold, fell Matilda from her father's arms insensible upon the floor. Sir Oliver was not surprised, but much puzzled. He thought that she had not felt quite enough for her lover, but too much for her friend. A few days after, a Belgium officer. was introduced by a mutual friend, and was pressed to dine by Sir Oliver.—As he had been present at the battle, Matilda would not permit her grief to prevent him at the table. Immediately she entered the room—the officer started and took every opportunity of gazing on her intently, when he thought himself unobserved. At last he did so, so incautiously, and in a manner particular, that when the servant had withdrawn, Sir Oliver asked him if he had ever seen his daughter before.

"Assuredly not, but most assuredly her resemblance," said he and he immdiately produced the miniature which Horace had obtained from his mistress.

The first impression of both father and daughter that Horace was no more, and that the token had been entrusted to the hands of the officer, by the hands of the lover; but he quickly undeceived them, by telling them that he was lying desperately, but not dangerously wounded, at a farm house on the continent, and in fact he had suffered amputation.

"Then in the name of all that is honorable, how came you by that miniature?" exclaimed Sir Oliver.

O, he had lost it to a notorious sharper, at a gambling house at Brussels, on the eve of the battle, which sharper offered it to me, as he said he supposed the gentlemen from whom he won it, would never come to pay the large sum of money for which it was left in pledge, Though I had no personal knowledge of Colonel Horace, yet as I admired the painting, and saw that the jewels were worth more than the rascal asked for them, I purchased it really with a hope of returning it to its first proprietor, if he should feel any value for it, either as a family picture or as some pledge of affection; but I have not yet had an opportunity of meeting with him.

What an insult!" thought Sir Oliver.

"What an escape!" exclaimed Matilda, after the officer had finished his relation.

I need not say that Sir Oliver immediately repurchased the picture, and that he had no further thoughts of marrying his daughter to a gamester.

"Talking of miniatures," resumed the officer, a very extraordinary occurrence has taken place. A miniature has actually saved the life of a gallant young officer of the same regiment as Horace, a fine fellow as ever bestrode a charger."

"His name?" exclaimed Matilda and Sir Oliver together.

"Is Albert, and he is second in command; a high spirited fellow that same Albert."

"Pray, sir, do me the favour to relate the particulars," said Sir Oliver; and Matilda looked gratefully at her father for request.

"O, I do not know them minutely," said he, "but I believe it was simply that the pitture served his bosom as a sort of breastplate, and broke the force of a musket ball, but did not, however, prevent him from a smart wound. The thing was much talked of for a day or two, and some joking took place on the subject; but when it was seen that these raileries gave him more pain than the wound, the subject was dropped, and soon seemed to have been forgotten."

Shortly after the officer took his leave.

The reflections of Matilda were bitter. Her miniature had been infamously lost, whilst the mistress of Albert, of that Albert whom she felt might, but for family pride, have been her lover, was even in effigy, the guardian angel of a life she loved too well.

Months elapsed, & Horace did not appear. Sir Oliver wrote him an indignant letter, and bade him consider all intercourse broken off for the future. He returned a melancholy answer, in which he pleaded guilty to the charge—spoke of the madness of intoxication, confessed that he was hopeless, and that he deserved to be so; in a word, he was so humble, so desponding, so dispirited, that even the insulted Matilda was softened and shed tears over his unfortunate prospects. And here we must do Horace the justice to say, that the miniature was merely left in the hand of the winner, he being a stranger, as a deposite until the next morning but which the next morning did not allow him to redeem, though rent from him a limb, and left him as one dead upon the field. Had he not gamed his miniature it would not have been lost to a sharper, the summons to march would have found him at his quarters, his harrassed steed would have failed him in the charge, in all probabllity, his limb, would have been saved, and his love have been preserved.

A year now elapsed, and at length Albert was announced. He had heard that all intimacy was broken off between Horace and Matilda, but nothing more.

The story of the lost miniature was confined to the few whom it concerned, and those few wished all memory of it to be buried in oblivion. Something like a hope had returned to Albert's bosom.—He was graciously received by the father, and differently by Matilda. She remembered the "broken miniature," and supposed him to have been long and ardently attached to another.

It was on a summers evening, there was no other company, the sun was in glorious spendor. After dinner, Matilda had retired to the window, to enjoy, she said, that prospect the drawingroom could not afford. She spoke truly, for Albert was not there. Her eyes were upon the declining sun, but her soul was still in the dining room.

At length Sir Oliver and Albert arose from the table, and came and seated themselves near Matilda.

"Come Albert, the story of the miniature," said Sir Oliver.

"That I am yet to learn. Listen."

As far as regarded Matilda,, the last word was wholly superfluous. She seemed to have lost every faculty but hearing. Albert in a low, yet hurried tone commenced thus:—

"I loved, but was not loved. I say that he was preferred by the father, and not indifferent to the daughter. My love I could not—I would not attempt to conquer; but my actions, honor bade me to control, and I obeyed. The fiend was admitted where the lover would have been banished. My successful rival obtained the miniature of his mistress. O, then, then I envied him, and impelled by unconquerable passion, I obtained clandestinely from the artist, a fac-simile of that which I so much envied him. It was my heart's silent companion, and, when at last duty called me away from the original, not often did I venture to gaze on the resemblance. To prevent my secret being discovered by accident, I had the precious token enclosed in a double locket of gold, which opened by a secret sping, known only to myself and the maker.

"I gazed on the lovely features on the dawn of the battle day. I returned it to its resting place, and my heart throbbed proudly under its pressure. I was conscious that there I had a talisman, and, if ever I felt as heroes felt, it was then—it was then.

"On, on I dashed through the roaring stream of slaughter. Sabres flashed over and around me—what cared I? I had this on my heart, and a bave man's sword in my hand—and comethe worst, better I could not have died than on that noble field. The showers of fatal balls hissed around me. What cared I! I looked around—to my fellow soldiers I trusted for victory, and my soul I trusted to God, and—shall I own it?—for a few tears to my memory, I trusted to this the original of this my bosom companion.'"

"She must have had a heart of ice, had she refused then, said Matilda in a voice almost inuadible from emotion.

Albert bowed gracefully, and thus continued. "While I was thus borne forward in the centre of the struggle, a ball struck at my heart—but the gardian angel was there, and it was protected; the miniature, the double case, and even my flesh was penetrated, and the blood soiled the image of that beauty, for whose protection it would have joyed to flow.

The shattered case, the broken, the blood-stained miniature, are now dearer to me than ever, and so will remain until life shall desert me."

"May I look upon those happy features that have inspired and preserved a heart so noble?" said Matilda, in a low distinct voice, that seemed unnatural to her from excess of emotion.

Albert dropped upon his knees before her, touched the spring, and placed the miniatrue in the trembling hand of Matilda. She recognized her own resemblance. She was above the affection of false modesty—her eyes filled with grateful tears—she kissed the encrimsoned painting and sobbed aloud—"Albert, this shall never leave my bosom. O my well—my long beloved!"

In a moment she was in the arms of the happy soldier, whilst one hung over them with unspeakable rapture, bestowing that best boon upon a daughter's love—"A father's blessing!"

Sharp.—George Colman being once asked if he knew Theodore Hook? "O yes," was his reply, "Hook and I, (eye) are old associates."

Franklin's Morals.—Temperance—Eat not to fulness, drink not to repletion.

Silence—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.

An editor down East says, that the times are so hard, that his dough will not rise, nor can he chew his bread when baked without its drawing tears from his eyes.

We would advise the editor to send his loaves to the mill and have them ground over, before he undertakes to enjoy his (*tearful*) meals.

CHRONICLE.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.

SATURDAY MORNING, August 12, 1837.

☞The Orphans court of this county, will sit on Monday 21st inst.

The credit of our Country.

Agriculture has justly been considered the source of all wealth; manufactory, the adaption of the products of the earth to such forms, as suit the necessaries, conveniences or luxuries of man, and commerce, the exchange of those articles from man to man or from country to country. The prosperity of the people of every country depends entirely upon the condition of these three branches of industry. If the products of the earth fail, the other two branches must also necessarily fail, for there is nothing upon which they can operate. If our manufactories are neglected, we shall have to send our produce to other countries before it will be in a proper condition for the use of the consumer; and if any thing seriously affects our commerce or trade, the evil extends itself to the manufacturing and agricultural interest, for the manufacturer will cease his operations, and the produce will remain on the hands of the farmer. Therefore, whatever act of a government, causes a prostration of trade, brings ruin upon the farmer and mechanic. Every person at all acquainted with commercial concerns, knows, that *credit* is the life of trade, destroy that and you leave trade a sluggish weight, without action or vitality. The inevitable consequences resulting from a destruction of *credit*, is bankruptcy and ruin to the commercial interest;—this bankruptcy and ruin clogs the ordinary pursuits of business, diminishes the prices of the products of the earth, and other articles of traffick to a ruinous extent, throws out of employment a great body of men, who depend upon their daily labor for the support of their families, and causes universal distress over the whole country. Into this state of things has the ruinous course of the last administration brought the country, and although the great mass of the people have not yet fully experienced the sad effects of the prostration of credit it is progressive. The cities, the seat of trade, have already felt the awful calamity, with a severity which will throw them back at least ten years, and it will continue until it overspreads the whole country. Agriculture, manufacture and commerce, are the three pillars of a nation's wealth—the edifice already shakes to its centre—the momentum given by the bad administration of the government is irresistible—the whole fabric must tumble to the dust, a sad memento of the ignorance and corruption of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren.

"The Monument."—This is the title of a print published every Saturday morning in the city of Baltimore, at the low price of $3 per annum. The "Monument," is a volume devoted to Polite Literature, Science and the Fine Arts, and well worth the price charged. The neatness of the print and the variety of matter on subjects so entertaining, entitle it to the consideration of an enlightened and liberal public.—Persons wishing to see a number of the above paper can do so, by sending at our office.

The delegates appointed from the several electoral Districts, for the purpose of nominating four suitable Whig candidates, to represent this county, in the next house of Delegates, of Maryland, met pursuant to notice, on Wednesday last, at Buck Town, and the result of their deliberations was the selection of the following gentlemen, to wit: Reuben Tall, Esqr., from Parsons Creek district, John F. Eccleston, Esqr., from Cambridge district, William Frazier, Esqr., from the Neck district, and William E. Harrison, Esqr., from New Market district.

The Whig party have had the ascendancy for a number of years, and their majority at the present time, may safely be calculated at upwards of three hundred votes. The knowledge of this fact, leaves the Van Buren party nothing to hope, but from disaffection and division in our ranks. But the people of this county, (as I think every reasonable man must) fully understand the necessity of conventions, and the obligation upon every true party man to support them. And if if reason did not teach them this, experience has taught them, that no political honesty is to be expected from a man, who comes out in opposition to a ticket fairly and properly nominated. We will admit, that there is no intrinsic virtue in conventions themselves, but they are used as means (& the only means) of bringing about a certain desirable end—the establishment of Whig principles. The Whig party is a number of individuals with a unity of sentiment and principle. They believe that the executive branch for the last eight years, has made rapid encroachments upon the other branches of government, and that, if these encroachments are not soon checked. the beautiful fabric of our republican institutions, reared by the hands of our heroes and patriots, will be crushed, that our freedom, the boast of every tongue, and charm of every soul, will be but a name. That the wanton destruction of the United States Bank caused all this prostration of credit, this bankruptcy and ruin and this universal distress which pervades the whole country.

Entertaining these and other principles in common, is it not right to use all proper means to produce a concert of action, by which a majority may rule, and the success of their principles be promoted, or shall they, recreant to their duty as patriots, by division and discord so weaken and disorganize their party, as to cause defeat, if not this year, at some future period. No, the idea is a reflection upon the sense and patriotism of the Whigs of Dorset. They will rally this fall, to a man around the nominated ticket, and our party after the election, will not present the appearance of a set of men united in principles, but torn to atoms by private feuds, and disappointed factions, but one harmonious whole.

CREDIT.

We cut the following powerful written compliment to a general system of confidence and credit from the New York Express. Does it say too much? We point to what our commercial relations have been for a proof that it does not.—Any man who has hitherto been an enemy to credit and pretends to be at all honest in his opinions would do well, before giving the views here expressed a general denial to ponder thoroughly over them, analyze them and compare them with the past history of our country Having done so let him sit down coolly ask himself the question whether "all who trade on borrowed capital ought to break?"

We beg the multitude, therefore, before they are led on by the bad men who preach up false doctrines ever to bear in mind undivisibility of all the great interests of the day. We are dependent one upon another every where, but emphatically dependent in America. The merchant as the great Pioneer of Trade and commerce, who stands upon the Look-out, and marks the signs of the Times. He throws his horoscope over the vastness of the sea, takes note of the want of all the lands. The ship is his winged messenger—oceans and rivers are his canals,. The world is his boundary. The flag of his own home he sends in triumph from the numerous harbors under his eye where the galley of the Phœnicians once floated, or the canoe of the savage alone had sway. He introduces his countrymen to all the nations of the earth.—Now he is in Muscat, now in Chili,—laden here with the silks of China, and there with the logs and lumber of the East. His eye, too, is ever upon the land where he lives, and it is his pride and his boast to aggrandize it in the eyes of the world. Rail roads are traced out at his bidding. Canals are made to go over rivers, rocks. His steam messengers stem the strength of our rivers. His wand stretches over the face of Agriculture too. The farmer smiles at his presence. Town and villages spring up at his command. He makes all to laugh and to smile wheresoever he is. This reader—who could credit it?—is the class of men whom the organ of "the Government" so rudely thrusts!

Credit, the mighty lever by which this country has been lifted to the elevation it now has among the nations of the world is also another object of the Globe's especial attack. The men who "do business on borrowed capital," it is not now said ought to break—for this saying is a little too unpopular now,—but "millionaries," mammoth merchants," is the new term intended to signify the like idea.—Again, this Utopian chimera of a specie currency is but another term for hostility to credit, for specie can be currency only where credit cannot exist—not in a new and freee country never,—but in an old one such as Turkey, Italy or Spain. Is it not a curiosity in this enlightened age of the world 1837, that new and powerful agent of civilization credit, must in the United States of America be made the especial object of defence? If any thing was necessary to prove that our rulers were behind the age in which they lived, and were fast relapsing into barbarism we should want no fuller proof than their hostility to credit, and their specie currency humbug.

Credit is not only the mighty lever that has lifted our country up and new and powerful agent of civilization but it is the poor man's lever too by which he lifts himself rich. Credit is the poor man's capital and his whole stock in trade. The poor man who thus has a character can be made as rich, the interest of the money except as the capitalist who may sit upon his bags of gold, and the money-king of the day. Credit is the republican and legalized agent of leveling the property of society.

Credit gathers together the materials for the best structure which industry enterprise and skill may raise. Credit it is the fulcrum on which the rough fingers of rude experiments have destroyed for the present. Credit is life, is food, aye, the air in which a republic breathes. Credit it is that takes the gnarled oak from the woods of Maine, and fashions it into the keel. Credit creates out of the materials of the wildest forests the majesty and magnificence of the proudest of man's achievement; the beautiful ship. Credit despatches it over the sea and brings it home laden with the richest freight. Credit takes the clay out of the earth and forms and fashions it in the grandeur of architectural proportion.—Credit it is that clears off the wilderness where the savage hunted and rears up the village and the church to resound with the praises of the living God. Credit sends the locomotive hissing over the rail-way track, and credit it is which stems the current of the Mississippi for hundreds of miles. Credit unites the city, and the country town. Wherever credit is prosperity walks too. Credit in short, is Liberty's Great Handmaid, and they are sisters in every free land. The freer the land the greater the prosperity and the greater the credit too. Credit sent the galleys of Venice all over the Mediterranean sea; but when despotism approached, credit fell and scarcely a Venitian galley is upon the deep. Credit has carried the flag of Old England from the little island of its home over the four quarters of the globe and domiciliated our language and laws in hundreds of colonies, from Hindostan to the Canadas. Credit was making the U. States the comercial as well as the political wonder of the world—but despotism touched it and credit and prosperity fled.—Natchez Courier.

From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

WHIG PRINCIPLES.

Let not our readers think it extraordinary that we should (at this time of day,) undertake a short desertation upon Whig Principles, for in our estimation there never was a moment, when it was more important that an explicit avowal should be given to the public of what are the real, the solid, the substantial principles of that great portion of American people now arrayed under the generic name of Whigs. It is of vital necessity to the existence of our social compact that the real friends of liberty should know, how much of the very essence of self-government is comprised in that little word whig.

We deem it altogether unnecassary to go into its foreign etymology. Our object is rather to state our views of what it now imports, to meet some charges that are brought against the Whig party—and to express our firm and steadfast belief that if proper measures are taken Whig principles must ultimately prevail to the utter overthrow of those who by an appeal to the baser passions undermine this splendid fabric of liberty and self government commenced by the most noble exhibition of patriotism of which history contains the record, and achieves by a self-sacrifice and preservance which for a parallel bids defiance to the annals of the world.

The history of Republics from their earliest institution, proves incontestably that they have had but one basis—for however the republics of Greece and of Rome differed in forms from that of these UnitedStates, it will be found upon examination that they had their origin in the same glorious exaltation of the human character—in the immutable belief that a benign providence had not peopled this goodly world with human beings of so imperfect a nature as to preclude the great mass from the power of judging for themselves, what laws, regulations and ordinances were best qualified to promote their physical welfare and their religious and moral happiness.

This is the broad basis upon which the great minds of every age have acted, who have undertaken to dispute that now almost exploded doctrine of divine right of Kings—and it is well worthy of remark, that from the earliest periods of which history gives us any record, to the present time, in just the same proportion as mankind have made a progress in science and the arts, in just the same degree has this basis been extended.

In this country in particular, we have seen, that more & more reliance has been placed upon the people—they have become more and more immediately the government itself, as knowledge has been more extended. So much has this been more obvious to the most casual observer, that the trite saying of "the school-master being abroad," is on the tongue of the veriest tyro in political science. We make these remarks therefore, not with a view of imparting any thing new to our readers, but for the purpose of placing Whig principles upon their true foundation, namely, a belief in the intelligence and virtue of the people—for we hold it to be undeniable truth, that virtue is ever the handmaid of knowledge, and vice, the concomitant of ignorance. Here we plant our standard, this is the bulwark of freedom, and being firm believers in the strength of the fortress, we fear not the assaults made by designing demagogues, who would endeavour to make the uninformed believe that Whig principles contain some of the leaven of old aristocratic feelings—some attachments to sentiments at war with true democracy.

Nothing can be more unfounded—nothing wider from truth. What is it, we would ask, for which the present Whig party are contending? Is it not to restrict the power of the Executive and to preserve the three departments of the government, the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judicial within its proper limits as defined by that monument of political wisdom, the Constitution of the United States? What, we would further enquire, has been the great end and aim of the dominant party? Has it not been mamanifestly to strengthen the arm of the Executive, and gradually to merge in its right of appointments to office and through the Presidential veto, all the powers of the government? Need we appeal to the frequent use of the veto by President Jackson? Need we call the attempt made by him, and his cabinet to hold themselves above the laws, and thus to create worse than imperial sway, over the rights of the people?. Does not the late resistance made by Mr. Kendall, show his determination, in open violation of an act of Congress to withhold from a citizen a large sum of money justly declared to be his due by the very officer who was appointed by Congres to liquidate it?

But surely we need not enlarge upon this topic. The maxim of the present party in power, that "to the victors belong the spoils," shows too plainly that their end and aim is to *rule*—and that no measures which they can devise, are too solid or base for adoption, provided always they are accumulating power.

But it is objected against the Whigs, that they are not a consolidated party;—southern Whigs are opposed to the tariff, while those of the north are devotedly attached to the restrictive system. Now, in our humble estimation, no stronger proof can be given of the purity of whig principles than this. Men of opposite sentiments, in a matter which has caused so many heart-burnings as the tariff, would not unite, upon any minor considerations. The whigs of the south and the north have but one feeling upon the all engrossing theme of Executive usurpation, and at a proper time this will be made sufficiently manifest. They are not like their opponents—man worshippers. We claim to know, that they will present an undivided front, when the time shall come to call forth their energies, and we have no doubt of their success, We will not, we *cannot* believe, that the notorious corruptions now existing at Washington will be sustained by the American people, for they have been most grossly deceived by the men in power. The present state of the finances of the country will open the eyes of many of the honest men of the party—they will not kiss the rod by which they are chastised.

PATRIOTIC RESOLVES.

Meeting of the whig conventions.

Last night the Senior and Junior Whig Conventions met at Central Hall to consider what course it becomes the Whig party to pursue in regard to the late election. Almost every member of each Convention was present and a large number of citizens were also in attendance. Never have we seen greater enthusiasm in any public meeting, and the most determined spirit was evinced by every man present. Eloquent and impressive addresses were delivered, and the following resolutions, on being proposed, were received with loud cheers and were adopted without one dissenting voice. These resolutions, we may truly say, embody the feelings and deep convictions of the great Whig party of this city, and our friends here and elewhere may rest assured that they will be carried fully into effect.

Resolved, That it is the deliberate and unanimous opinion of these Conventions, that the election of Messrs. Howard and McKim was effected by bribery, corruption, and the most alarmiug importation of hired, illegal voters.

Resolved, That these Conventions regard it as a sacred duty to publish to the world the evidence upon which they found the above allegation, and to appeal to the house of Representatives to invalidate an election secured by the most palpable violation and abuse of the elective franchise.

Resolved, That a committee, taken either from this Convention, or the body of the community, and to consist of one person from each ward, be appointed by the chair with instructions to employ a competent person or persons to transcribe the poll books of the late election, to arrange the names for each ward in alphabetical order, and to publish two thousand copies thereof, in pamphlet form, for distribution.

Resolved, That the Secretaries of these Conventions be appointed a committee to receive and record the names of all persons who may be reported as having abused the right of sufirage, and that they particularly and minutely record the evidence adduced to sustain each case of alleged abuse.

Resolved, That a committee of five persons be appointed by the Chair, to collect evidence of the direct or indirect interference of the Governmeut or its agents at the late election, and that they be instructed to report, at the first adjourned meeting of these Conventions.

Resolved, that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to prepare a memorial to Congress, setting forth the violations and abuses of the right of suffrage at the late election, and respectfully requesting the appointment of a committee of inquiry, with power to send for persons and papers.

Resolved, That a committee of five persons in each ward be appointed by the chair to ascertain the course pursued by the judges in the reception of votes, and, generally, to report all matters pertinent to the inquiry in question.

S. C. LEAKIN, Prest, Sen'r. Con.
NEILSON POE, Pres't. Jun'r. Con.

ADIEU.—In using this expression, which habit has rendered trivial, few persons recollect its real origin and meaning, and that in pronouncing it they recommend their friends *A Dieu* to the protection of God.