The 'Conservatives' in fact have *no measures*—not to propose, for some they have proposed, but no measures to succeed. The 'loco foco' faction with a large portion of the opposition will defeat all their temporising local bank schemes; for the local bank system, all must confess, has signally failed.

If the 'Conservatives' mean what they say and firmly maintain their ground, they will unite with the oppositon in defeating the 'loco foco' scheme of a *Sub-Treasury system*. If they do not, that place will be consummated in a bonafide *Treasury Banks*. But I am inclined to trust *their firmness*, because I believe that the President *designed his own recommendation to fail*; and, if so, the result is that all three alternatives, a U. S. Bank, the Conservative and Loco foco plans respectively will fail for the present. Such is the position of parties and *such will be the result of all measures for relief!* The administration has *not the force to be willing and not the willingness to be forced* to do that which alone can restore order out of chaos. But 'the party' thrives best in the midst of disorder; to plunder is more easy, and the harvest of spoils is the more abundant. They abhor a system of order as nature does a vacuum. If Congress adjourns without doing any thing, and things grow worse, the President will have it to say it was because his plans were not adopted, though they are now and will continue to be in practicable operation, whether Congress acts or fails to act. All this will be, if it happens as I anticipated. We were called here merely to violate all sctipture in the work of *patching*—to make the rent worse by putting 'a piece of new cloth unto an old garment'—to pass some temporary statutes to *suspend*—what is to repeal the 4th instalment under the deposite law—to create treasury notes—in a word to put confusion into hotch-potch, and especially—that was in fact the main and real object at last—to *appropriate some millions more to the prosecution of that disgraceful Florida war* and then *to go home!*

The truth is, the nation has to go through its day of probation, and I hope of *purgation* too. I advise the mercantile interest, that much abused class called Merchants, who have been beggared by '*the government*' and then made outcast, and outlawed too by the President and his party—that interest, which is no more dependent upon the agricultural manufacturing, and government interests than they are all dependent upon it not to look any longer to Congress, or to politicians, or President, or to party—the Whig party is crippled—but *to husband their resources and to wait for the waking up of the People!* I look to the People alone—the next two years will decide not only their fate, but the fate of our liberty. You know my opinion is that nothing will save us but a U. S. Bank. We must patiently wait until all the *humbug* 'experiments' are tried, endure all their evils until the People are heartily sick of them, and when they shall begin to think and act for themselves, then, and not till then can we begin to repair our commercial and financial, our individual and national ruin.—God grant us a safe and speedy deliverance from the Harpies who now fatten on that wide-spread ruin.

Your's sincerely, HENRY A. WISE.

Z. Collins Lee, Esq. Baltimore, Md.

THE FALSE ONE.—A TALE OF WOMAN'S HEART.

"Had I never loved so kindly,
Had I never loved so blindly;
Had we never met or parted,
I had ne,er been broken-harted."

Burns.

Never shone the sun upon a fairer creature than was Edith Hasselden, and never until now, upon a happier one.—Her life had been a summer's morning all brightness and joy. Even Love, that urchin of storm and calm, of smiles and tears, had been productive of nothing but happiness to her. The scene was changing now; she had to endure her first trial; her lover was to bid her adieu that evening for some months, and was about paying a long-promised visit to an old friend of his father's in Paris. Edith was pacing the garden, anxionsly waiting his arrival. She felt happy beyond what the occasion warranted; she did not fear he would forget her, she was true herself to suspect treachery in him; her love was so pure so undivided, a thing so almost holy, that it seemed impossible that she could have bestowed it on one unworthy. No it was not a doubt of his affection, or his constancy, that caused her present uneasines but an undefined presentiment of future evil.

She did not know Horace Seaton; there were few that did. Even those far more conversant with the world than her, could not deem that beneath that warm glowing manner, there was hidden a cold, calculating, selfish heart. It was true he loved Edith Hasselden, as much as such a heart ever loves; she was young and beautiful, and that gratified his pride; she loved him, and that pleased his vanity.

He had kept his appointment with her and the moment of parting had arrived. They were sitting on a garden bench, both appeared sorrowful, his arm was around her and he whispered words of love, and hopes of future happiness.

'Edith, my own Edith,' he said, 'you have promised to remember me, and to greet my return with pleasure; one more request, this ring, and promise me as you value my peace, that no other shall remove it. On my return, dearest, it shall be replaced by another at the altar Will you not promise me?'

The blushing girl hesitated; again that chilling vague uneasiness, crept over her heart; but she banished it, and placed her hand in his. The large, dark eye of Edith, would have been startling at that moment, with its intensity of lustre, but it was softened into mild beauty, by the tears which trembled it. She looked at him with an expression, in which love and entire confidence were blended.

'Horace,' she said, 'I will—I do promise, that this ring shall never be removed, but at the altar. I will not ask you to remember me, while away, it would be implying a doubt you would not: but for me, I will think of you day and night; I will hold this spot sacred; I will hold cold communion with none here, but Him who now sees us, and who knows the truth or falsehood of our hearts. To Him will I pray for your happiness, whatever my fate may be.

They parted, and oh! how the fond girl cherished the memory of that parting scene, and the words he had uttered; for days afterwards she still fancied that she could hear his voice floating round her—could still feel the pressure of his hand as he passed the ring upon her finger.—She little thought that they had parted for ever! That the voice and hand, would henceforth be dead to her;—that she had wasted her young warm heart's best and freshest feelings, on one who would outrage them; those feelings, which the heart entertaines but once, which we would give empires—worlds to entertain again!

He had promised to write to her but had broken that pomise! Edith counted the hours each day, until the post was delivered, with a wild and throbbing heart, but each day proved him more forgetful. At length, strange rumors reached her of an approaching marriage, between Horace Seaton and a young lady in Paris, of great fortune. They crushed and chilled her spirit—and the gay—the happy Edith, was no more.

We will not, cannot describe her feelings, when first she heard these tidings; she treated them as base calumny! she wrote to him—her letter was unanswered! She accidently met an acquaintance, who had just returned from France, and from him she learnt it was too true. He had been for some weeks married! She heard it with a calm and composed countenance; but a withered, blighted, breaking heart.

* * * * * * *

The three years had elapsed, and Edith Hasselden stood gazing from her casement upon the lake below, while the soft moon shone in unclouded loveliness. The next day was her marriage day. A gentlemen, named Fortescue, had seen and admired her; love is too strong a word. He admired her beauty, was not repulsed by her coldness, and, after a few months' acquaintance, obtained a cool careless consent from her, to become his wife. She was strangely altered; not the buoyant, enthusiastic girl, with looks and thoughts equally fresh and glowing; she had become the calm, unimpassioned, dignified woman. Tears had washed every trace of the rose from her cheek, and what with her paleness, and the constant repressson of every feeling on her countenance, she had acquired the appearance of one of Canova's statues; cold, yet wonderfully beautiful.

She stood sometime at her casement in deep thought at length she murmured, 'It must be!' and turning from the window seated herself at the desk, from whence she removed a small packet of letters.—She trembled violently as she rose and walked towards a fire at the end of the room. She held them over the flame for an instant, and in the next they were burning.

'So perish all remembance of him,' she said.

Again she walked towards the window, and took from her bosom a miniature; she appeared collecting courage to destroy that also. A pang shot over her heart and brow as she gazed on the picture. She pressed it convulsively to her lips; and bitter tears, in spite of her desperate effort to repress them, burst forth in torrents, as if from a long source pent up; she passed her hand over her brow as if to ease its burning pain. 'I canot, oh, no,—I cannot destroy this picture,' she said again, and she looked on it long fixedly: dreams of other days flitted before her, and sobbed as if her heart would burst.

But this emotion passed away, she was again still, and calm, and beautiful as Parian marble. She unclasped the lock of the chain which supported the miniature of Horace Seaton—again she gazed upon it. The thought that at that time to morrow it would be guilt for her so to gaze, came across her mind, and she resolved though she could not destroy, never again to behold it. She placed it in paper which she carefully sealed, and locked it in her desk.

'Now, then, thank heaven, it is over, and I shall become another's without one thought of HIM lingering in my breast,' she murmured; but the tone of misery and utter desolation, was in contradiction to her words.

It was morning and Edith was arrayed in her bridal dress. Not the quivering of a lip, not the trembling of an eye-lid betrayed what was passing in her heart. She walked steady up the aisle of the church; she uttered the responses in a low audible voice; but this calm was unnatural, and was soon to be destroyed.

The ceremony was nearly over, and Fortescue took her hand upon which he was to place the wedding-ring.

He started at its death-like coldnes, and was surprised to see a jeweled one which he had noticed her constantly wearing was not removed. She had forgotten that. And now the recollection of the vow she had made never to let another remove it than he who, however false he had proved, was still Horace Seaton, the playmate of her childhood, the idol of her first affections, flashed upon her.—The long, long interval of weary days and sleepless nights, and wasted years, faded away, and she remembered only their parting hours, and his parting words, 'I will replace it with another at the altar!' At this moment the bridegroom attempted to withdraw the ring; it was too much, the bow was overbent and snapped; it was the last feather that broke the camel's back, and this last stroke overcome poor fragile Edith Hasselden.

'Never, never!' she mumered, as she stuggled to release her hand. In the struggle the ring was removed, and fell on the marble steps of the alter. She gazed upon it for a moment, in speechless misery, and then a loud wild scream escaped her; so loud, so wild, that the hearers felt the blood run cold in their hearts. She fell. Fortescue thought she had fainted, and he raised her head from the floor, but it fell heavily on his arm. He shuddered; the color had forsaken her lips, those bright, beautiful eyes were closed for ever. Edith Hasselden WAS DEAD!

CHRONICLE.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.

SATURDAY MORNING, Oct. 7 1837

☞The Orphans court of this county, will sit on Tuesday 10th October.

The result of the Election in this county proves that there are a majority of the people in favor of Conventions. Let interested partizans call them by what names they please, the true Whigs of the county, those who believe that the interest of their party are identical with the interest of their country, will sustain that system which alone can cause their principles to be triumphant. Other whig counties sometimes allow local jealousies, unimportant questions, private and interested motives to disunite those at the polls whose political sentiments agree, and thus produce the success of those, whose measures are at variance, with the welfare of the people, and the prosperity of the nation. Yet the friends of good government can always rely upon old Dorset, giving her vote against executive encroachment, those ruinous schemes which have nearly bankrupted our country, and which now threaten to place in the hands of the Executive the whole purse of the nation. No, the people of this county, (and we hope the people of the whole Union) cannot be diverted from the true question before them. It is a contest of Executive encroachment against the rights of the people, a contest of *experiments* against well tried and well-regulated systems, a contest of office-holders, whose only interest is to maintain their places against the people, whose only interest is to maintain their rights, sustain the constitution, and have our Government brought back to its former purity.

ELECTION RETURNS.

Dorchester County.

Districts.	William Frazier.	N. L. Goldsborough	J. F. Eccleston.	Reuben Tall.	*Robt. Hubbard.	Number Votes.
Fork,	28	27	41	31	52	80
N. Market,	95	91	93	94	79	171
Vienna,	101	86	95	92	43	137
P. Creek,	103	102	88	100	85	181
Lake's	158	151	154	157	40	190
Hooper's I.	47	47	47	44	2	48
Cambridge,	161	176	186	158	124	292
Neck,	79	65	62	68	91	162
	772	745	766	744	516	1261

*Independent.

HARFORD COUNTY.

Van Buren.		Whig.	
Williams,	1232	Billingslea,	1104
Forwood,	1226	Gough,	1078
Nelson,	1208	Boyd,	1058
Maulsby,	1185	McCoy,	1052

Four Van Buren Delegates elected.

CARROLL COUNTY.

V. B.		W.	
Boyle,	1535	Shepherd,	1361
Shower,	1490	Smith,	1356
Berrett,	1452	Snowden,	1353
Puoder,	1408	Garner.	1341

Four Van Buren delegates elected.

CECIL COUNTY.

Whig.		Van Buren.	
Parker,	1170	Comegys,	1145
Magraw,	1143	Evans,	1136
Simpers,	1124	Taylor,	1122
Porter,	1114	Pierson,	1081

Two Whigs and two Van Buren delegates elected.

ANNE ARUNDELL COUNTY.

1st, 2d, 4th, and 5th Districts.

Whig.		Van Buren.	
Iglehart,	807	Higgins	854
Simmons,	783	Sellman,	825
Brown	822	Cook	811
Burgess	764	Linthicum	819

In the 6th District the Whig Ticket is eported to have a majority of 108 votes. The 3d district to hear from.

KENT COUNTY.

Whig.		Independent.	
McDaniel,	505	Primrose,	440
Usilton,	497	Kirby,	430
Welsh,	486	Lassell,	429
Gale,	457	Price,	423

Four Whig delegates elected.

FREDERICK COUNTY.

It is reported that four Van Buren candidates are elected by about 186 votes.

WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Four Van Buren men reported to be elected in this county.

RECAPITULATION.

Counties.	Whig.	V. B.
*Allegany,	1	3
Annapolis City	2	0
Anne Arundel,	3	1
Baltimore County,	0	4
Baltimore City,	0	4
Calvert,	2	2
Caroline,	4	0
Carroll,	0	4
Cecil,	2	2
Charles,	4	0
Dorchester,	4	0
Frederick,	0	4
Harford,	0	4
Kent,	4	0
Montgomery.	4	0
Prince George's,	4	0
Queen Anne,	1	3
St. Mary's,	4	0
Somerst,	3	1
Talbot,	4	0
Washington,	0	4
Worcester,	4	0
	50	36

*Result in this county doubtful— it may be 2 Whig, 2 Van Buren.

The news concerning the Elections of the different counties, reached here so late on yesterday, that it was not practicable to give a full statement of the polls.

The late elections give evidence that some of the old Jackson men considered themselves in the predicament of the gentlemen who occupied a dwelling in a bad neighbourhod, and observed to a friend that he resolved "to change his quarters" for said he. "I have given them a fair trial; I have been knocked down and robbed every night for the last three years and I can bear it no longer. —*Louisville Journal.*

An Irish counseller being asked by a Judge, for whom he was concerned, replied as follows: 'I am *concerned* my Lord, for the plaintiff, but I am *employed* by the defendant.'

Letters received at St. Louis mention that the government agents have succeeded in engaging about 500 Shawnee, Delaware, and Pottawatamie Indians for the Florida Campaign.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25, 1837.

Henry Clay spoke this day, to the Senate, to the House of Representatives (for a great number of the members were present) and to the people of the United States, on the subjects which are now engaging the minds of all men of discernment and reflection. Oh! how I wish I could convey to your readers any adequate conception of the power of just and profound thought, and of deep and patriotic emotion which characterize his speech. Oh! that those who have been led astray by the theories of the experiments could all have been present to day, and seen the true path pointed out by the light which Henry Clay diffused! I have no hesitation in declaring that on the maintenance of the principles and doctrines he proclaimed and advocated depend, not only all that is valuable, but all, perhaps that is attainable in the financial system of a rational, civilized, extensive, and great nation. Put these principles and doctrines side by side, with the schemes, and expedients, and experiments of the administration, or of Mr. Rives, or those proposed from any other quarter; and there is no more comparison than between light and *darkness*. What an illustrious writer, (Burnet, in his 'Theory of the Earth,") said of two sects in philosophy, is strictly applicable to the two great antagonist systems—that of the Whigs, (whose wishes, sentiments and determinations Mr. Clay most fully represented) and those of the experimenters and spoilsmen. The former "reaches from top to bottom, with a clear and distinct light every where, is genuine, comprehensive, satisfactory has nothing forced, nothing confused, nothing precarious." The latter "*are strained and broken; dark and uneasy to the mind; commonly precarious, often incongruous and irrational; and, in somethings, plainly ridiculous.*"

The simple announcement that Mr. Clay had the floor to-day, spread like wild fire through the city, and before half past nine o'clock, the galleries were full to overflowing; and all the privileged seats on the floor were, soon afterwards, occupied by those who have the entree. The ladies attended in such numbers, that they did not only compel the more gallant of our sex to vacate their places in the gallery, but I observed several very near one of the doors, drinking in the glowing eloquence of the great orator, and more than once passing the boundary beyond which the most *unchivalric* rule of the Senate declares these lovely beings shall not go! Happy fellows those reporters were to day,—for a cluster of the most beautiful and radiant creatures sheltered themselves in a little nook near their desks: and the form of many a youthful member of the House grew more erect, and his bearing more graceful, as he passed within the range of the bright eyes of this distinguished circle.

I can, of course, only touch upon a few—a very few of the topics which Mr. Clay brought under view and illustrated in the course of a speech of nearly four hours. He regards all the measures that have been proposed, but especially those brougnt forward by the committee of Finance, as mere temporary expedients; or, if any of them that are intended to be permanent, as *aggravations* of the mischevous policy which has brought embarrassment and ruin to our doors.

He spoke of the universal distress and embarrassment as the distinguising characteristic of these times:—but this very universality of trouble, he looks upon as a ground of hope; if we would only draw lessons of experience from the past.

He reminded his auditors that five years ago we had the soundest currency in the world—and how all its advantages had been suddenly snatched from us by that despotic act—the removal of the deposits;—the seizure of *the peoples treasure*, by the Executive.—He spoke of the prophecies of the great Whig statesmen of that period, and showed how they all had been fulfiilled. The measures of the Executive against the currency and the established institutions of the country, he *proved*, were the causes of all our troubles and distresses.

Then he took up the statement which President *Van Buren* gave in his message of the causes of our embarrassment and distress, and exposed its egregious and unpardonable misconceptions. He referred to some of the arguments of Mr. *King* of Ga. of whose speech I give you an out line in my last; and corroborated them by additional facts and illustrations. He ascribed the whole mischief both here and in Europe to the policy of our Government; and proved that the embarrassments in the different countries in Europe were in exact proportion to the connection they had with this country. In England, which has the greatest connection with this country, the commercial disaster was the greatest. France suffered in the next degree—being next to England in connection with us. And it is notorious that those who have the least to do with us, suffered least, and that the heaviest failures were those of houses connected with the American trade.—He said the President was right in attributing the mischiefs in England and this country to the same cause;—but, he maintained, that cause was the policy of our own Government on all subjects connected with the currency.

The course of the Administration with reference to the Compromise act (the compromise on the Tariff) aided the operation of its financial policy. They keep the people in a state of incertitude as to their intentions, and the consequence was that among all the sufferings, in the late crisis, none were so great as that of the Manufactures.

He controverted the assertion of Mr. Calhoun that the tariff was the cause of the embarrassment now oppressing us;—and proved that the surplus was produced by the government policy on the public lands.

He argued that the true cause was, that we have not had for the last eight years *the benefit of a free Government.*—Instead of the People controlling the Executive, the Executive controls the people. He illustrated this argument at length-

Mr. *Clay* then noticed in detail the most important measures recommended by the Committee of Finance. He assailed with immense power the Sub-Treasury scheme; and exposed the danger to the liberties and the safety of the country which would result from the establtshment of such a system.

He avowed himself in the most decisive and open manner in favor of a *National Bank*. His remarks on this subject, when published will make a powerful impression. I will give you a sketch of them to-morrow.

He concluded by declaring his intention to support the motion of Mr. *King* for the postponement of the Bill to December; though he should have preferred to have it postponed indefinitely. The motion to postpone it was lost: and the debate will be continued to-morrow.

Maryland,

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 2nd day of Oct'r., 1837.

On application of John Muir executor of JAMES MUIR late of Dorchester county, deceased—it is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week, for the space of three successive weeks, in the Cambridge Chronicle, a paper selected by him.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of ******* Dorchester county Orphans' Court, ‖L. S.‖ I have hereunto set my name, and ******* the seal of my office affixed, this 2nd of Oct'. in the year of our Lord, 1837

WM. W. ECCLESTON,
Register of wills, Dorchester Co.

In compliance with the above order—this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Dorchester county, in Maryland, letters TESTAMENTARY on the personal estate of Jas. Muir, late of Dorchester county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 2nd day of April next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of Oct'r, 1837.

JOHN MUIR, Executor of
James Muir.

October 7 3w

Maryland:

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, 2nd day of October, 1837.

On application of John Muir, administrator w. a. of Charity Linthicum, late of Dorchester County, deceased—It is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for all creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week, for the space of three successive weeks, in the Cambridge Chronicle, a paper selected by him.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of §§§§§§§ Dorchester county Orphans' court, ‖ L. S. ‖ I have hereunto set my name, and §§§§§§§ the seal of my office affixed, this 2nd of Oct'r. in the year of our Lord, 1837.

Wm. W. Eccleston, Reg. of
Wills, Dorchester Co.

In compliance with the above order, This is to give notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Dorchester County, in Maryland, letters of ADMINISTRATION on the personal estate of Charity Linthicum late of Dorchester county, deceased All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 9th day of April, next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of October, 1837.

JOHN MUIR. Admr. w a of
Charity Linthicum.

Oct. 7, 3w