The people will not believe but that the robbery was planned by the bankers; and after a long life of honourable industry, my gray hairs are tinged with sorrow and with shame. Mr. Etherington, I care not for my sudden fall from affluence, could I have preserved my honour; but ruin is spread around—hundreds will point me as the robber of the poor; and I shall descend to the grave with the burning execrations of the ruined tradesman, the impoverished widow, and the beggared orphan, ringing in my ears.

The old man leaned his head upon the table and wept like a child. Etherington attempted to speak, but was frightened at the unearthly tone of his own voice. The banker, ashamed of his weakness, shortly rose, and left the house, earnestly requesting Etherington to use his utmost endeavors to bring the criminals to justice. After swallowing a larger stimulant than usual in a vain attempt to still the first sharp gnawings of the worm that never dies, Etherington was about to leave the house, when his aged parent tottered into the room, and with the painful sorrow of extreme old age, garrulously lamented the ruin which the failure of the bank had brought upon her few remaining days. More falsehoods were used to quiet her fears, As he quitted the house, his servant requested to known where he had left his horse.—He had lent it to a friend. The man retired with an expression of surprise, and Etherington felt that he was unable to look his servant in the face.

Crowds were collected in the usually quiet streets of that little town Agitation and excitement sat on every face, and knots of whisperers met at every corner, or before the doors of the principal tradesmen, who were all, more or less, sufferers by the bankers' failure. Surmises, doubts, and open allegations were freely bandied about, and the expresions of vengeance and despair that broke from the various sufferers struck deeply into Etherington's heart as he walk through the excited throng. He wished to inquire how much they knew, where their suspicions pointed, and, above all, to ascertain the life or death of the driver—but he did not dare to trust himself with speech.

He found his Ellen in tears. Her father had lost heavy—in fact, all he possessed, except the house he lived in, and a life interest; of little value, in some property in the adjoining county. Mr. Norris met Etherington with evident embarrassment; he wished the match to be broken off—his pride would not allow his daughter to go a beggar to that man's arms, who, when she was rich, had been refused consent unless he could command a certain sum. Etherington expostulated; absolved Mr. Norris from his part of his contract, but insisted upon its full performance as connected with his immediate marriage. The old gentlemen's reserve immediately vanished; he seized the lawyer by the hand, and said he regarded the loss of the money as nothing compared to the satisfaction of having found so honourable and generous a son-in-law.—Etherington endeavored to smile, but was unable to return the cordial grasp of the man whose ruin he had caused.

Several days elapsed, but the excitement did not subside. Etherington suffered the worst of tortures in being compelled to hear the hourly statements of the wretchedness and suffering which the robbery had produced. Many of the small tradesmen declared themselves insolvent, factories were stopped through want of money, and hundreds of workmen were discharged; panic and desolation ruled the day. The indignation of the working people assumed so threatening a shape that the bankers were compelled to fly the country. Etherington had been busily employed in drawing out depositions in evidence, and attending to the surmises of every thick-headed, officious fellow who thought he could see further into the affair than his neighbours.—The young man's soul sickened at this daily practice of foul hypocrisy.

Johnson was not forthcoming, nor had the smallest appropriation of the booty been forwarded to the wretched Etherington, who now felt but too late that this participation in the fatal deed had not only destroyed his own prospects, but ruined the happiness of all around.

The servant again inquired after the safety of the horse, a valuable and favorite animal. Etherington repeated his former statement, that he had lent him to a friend. The servant asked if he knew where this friend had taken the horse, and when was he expected back; for Bill, the hostler at the Red Lion, had gone to live at K——, a town some forty miles across the country, and he had sent word by the guard of the stage, that lawyer Etherington's horse had been left there quite knocked up and over-worked. An ill-looking fellow rode him into the town, and had gone off by the early morning' coach to London. He knew the horse by the star in his forehead.

Etherington was unable to conceal his confusion. The servant was ordered down stairs; but the story spread from mouth to mouth, and at the next meeting of magistrates, Etherington was questioned as to the truth of the report. Lie succeeded lie—he tried to spread probability over the story he had formed about selling his horse to a stranger, but it was evidently disbelived. Mistrust was aroused; there was no definite charge, but although he continued to attend, he was not again requested to assist in the mail robbery investigation.

The marriage day arrived, and Ellen, who had insisted upon the performance of the ceremony in private, never looked more lovely than in the simple white dress she were to grace this humble festival. The father's broken fortune admitted not of display, and Etherington, who had ruined a whole community to put himself into funds, had scarcely been able to raise the bare expenses of the day.—Still he hoped that Johnson would keep his word, and though his soul loathed the crime he had committed, and he abhorred the foul train of consequences it had engendered, he could not give up his claim to the profits of his guilt.

The sun was gilding the fading leaves of the graveyard trees as Etherington left the village church, his young bride hanging upon his arm. He had bought her at an awful price; but when he saw her animated countenance beaming with delight at their expected happiness, he felt that her smiles dissipated somewhat of the gloom of guilt, and his load of crime sat lighter on his heart in the presence of his beloved. He made an effort to be cheerful, and had succeeded in forcing a laugh at one of Mr. Norris's hearty sallies, when a funeral procession, of the most humble pretension, entered the gates o the churchyard as the bridal party endeavored to pass out.—A young widow followed the coffin; she was weeping piteously, and dragging by the hand a curly-haired boy of tender age, whose round and innocent face reflected the sad impression of the place, while he was unable to appreciate the severity of his loss.—Ellen's sympathy was aroused at the sight of this poor mourning relict, and her orphan boy, and her husband found some little trouble in drying up her tars.'

'It is indeed a dreadful case,' said Mr. Norris, 'and the heavy difficulty which has fallen on our town prevents the possibility of doing any thing for her by subscription—although I trust that government will not forget her claims.

'Who is she? what are her claims?' said Etherington.

'Do you not know? She is the widow of poor Semple, the driver, who was murdered by the robbers of the mail.'

Etherington did not fall, nor start, nor even change the color in his cheek. The blow struck to his heart and was too deeply seated for external sign. He had heard that his victim was severely hurt, but it was considered almost certain that he would recover. This sudden weight of murder on his soul stilled even the flutterings of hope; and he looked upon its developement at the portal of the church, where he had just pledged his vows to the innocent cause of all his guilt, and in the presence of the father whose cautious proposition forced him to the deed of sin, as a warning ont to be misunderstood—a vivid presentiment of impending ill settled on his mind, and despair entered his soul.

The walk home,—the dinner, the desert, all passed gloomily and sad. Ellen was pained to see her husband's melancholy, she had before observed the strange alteration in his manners, and had expostulated, pressed her inquiries with more intensity, but they resulted in the same excuse—a head-ache of peculiar violence.

'Then the fresh breeze of the evening will blow it away,' said Mr. Norris. 'Do not sit there moping, and insulting your wife by looking as if you were sorry for what you have done, but jump up like a joyous bridegroom, as you ought to be, take half an hour's walk on the sands, when you come join with me in drinking the bride's heath. I can find a bottle of choice old port, and no thanks to the scoundrels who robbed me.'

The remedy was tried but without effect. The glories of the setting sun—the quiet splendor of the calm bright sea—the murmuring of the evening breeze—the lively prattle of his young bride, or the devoted tenderness of her alarmed inquiries; all alike fell on a seared and scathed heart occupied with but one thought of horror and despair. A young girl passed them, and Ellen, as if suddenly recollecting, stepped back to speak to her, leaving Etherington alone upon the beach.

'It cannot be concealed,' he exclaimed aloud; 'nature with her thousand tongues, proclaims her hatred of the deed. The gentle waves, that break in murmuring ripples at my feet seem to recede in horror at my crime; the fresh breeze, that fans my burning temples in its play, appears with trumpet violence to bellow 'murder' in my ear; the orb of day is setting redly in the west—I cannot gaze upon its beauty—its rays seem tinged with blood!'

A rough looking fisherman stepped from behind an adjacent rock, thrust a dirty ill-folded letter into Etherington's hands and immediately disappeared.—The note was from Johnson, and read as follows:

'I do not dare, for all our sakes, to trust you with money. It would have bred suspicion. Now 'tis useless. We are both of us more than suspected. My flask has been found under the gallows, with my name upon it in full, and your penknife has been picked up in the grass. The tradesman who sold it to you has sworn to it. A warrant is already out for me, and you are to be secured in the morning when you attend the court. Bite has been taken in London with all in his possession. They do not know this down here, but the morning's post will bring the news. He was seen on your horse, which the justices have sent for, and have now in the town. *Death is here, but life is in another land.* The Susan will be off the coast at dark—seize any small boat from the beach—pull out beyond the floating light, and then keep in a direct line with the lights of the town. I shall be afloat and on the look-out at the proper *time of night.*

Etherington had scarcely read this damning epistle ere the light and graceful form of his wife was at his side.

'My dear William can do me a favour, and as it is my wedding day request, I am sure he will not refuse me. You have some interest with the magistrates. Poor old Stillwell, the exciseman, has been superseded for neglect of duty. He has lost all the hard earned savings of his long life by the failure of the bank, and his family must starve unless you interest yourself in his behalf. You will try to have him reinstated, will you not?'

Etherington answered with an affirmative smile, and kissed the blooming cheek of the fair petitioner. They returned towards home. There was a fire in Etherington's eye, an elasticity in his tread, that surprised and delighted his observant wife. His conversation was cheerful and continuous, and Ellen looked upon this outbreak as the reaction of his natural spirits, which had been overstrained by a too rigid observance of his professional pursuits.

Let not the reader imagine this description of Etherington's conduct to be unnatural.—He had lost the withering torture of uncertainty; the dreadful truth was full before him—he felt the necessity for instant action and once made up his mind to the course he should pursue.

Leaving his wife at the parlor door, he desired her, with a kiss, to tell her father to prepare the wine while he retired to his room to make some little arrangements for a short journey he had soon to perform. The happy girl did not wait to inquire the meaning of his last words; but, full of desire to acquaint her parents with the joyous change in Etherington's behaviour, bounded into the room where they were sitting, and delivered his request. Mr. Norris placed the decanters upon the table and listened to the lively chatter of his darling child, who described in animated language, the rich delights of the conversation with her handsome and sensible husband. She depicted the beauties of the evening scene, and the effects which she imagined had been produced by nature's glories on Etherington's sensitive mind. With what eloquence did she paint the past—with what transport did she look forward to the future—with what fervour did she thank her Creator for removing the cloud which had hung over the mind of him she devotedly adored. Her parents smiled at her enthusiasm, and her aged mother rose from her seat, and clasped her lovely daughter in her arms,

'Why, mamma, your dress is splashed all over with port wine. How could you papa be so careless?'

'A drop has just fallen on your shoulder, Ellen,—There is another. This is not wine that comes from above.'

All present cast their eyes to the ceiling. A large red stain appeared in the midst of the white plasters through which a dark red liquid was rapidly oozing. Ellen uttered a shriek, and a dreadful thought, sudden and searing as the lightning's flash fell upon her brain.

'It is my husband's blood!'

This horrible anticipation proved too true. The wretched man knew that to preserve his life, he must give up all that rendered life desirable; and to shun the damning ignominy of the unavidable exposure, with the certainty of meeting a violent and disgraceful death at the hands of the common hangman, if he should be caught, he retired to his own room, and on the evening of his wedding day, and on his bridal bed, he expiated his short but terrible career of guilt by cutting his throat from ear to ear.

A hole was dug in the centre of the cross-roads, a few yards only from the foot of the gibbet on the downs. According to the English law, then in force, the body of the suicide was hurled, like a dog, into his rude unhallowed grave. The officials of the jail placed the remains of the ill fated Etherington in his narrow house beneath the midnight sky. Foul jests and imprecations formed the service of the dead; and the earth closed over than once proud, ungovernable heart, without the shedding of one pitying tear—without the utterance of one sad regret.

The horror of the death scene overpowered the senses of the wretched wife; she never recovered the shock. A few months closed the earthly sufferings of the widowed bride; and her bereaved and broken-hearted parents did not long survive.

THE WHITTAKERS.

The Feliciana Republican, published in Jackson, contains a reply from Major Warren Whittaker (the brother of the unfortunate young man who killed Mr. Murphy some time since,) to an article in a New York paper, in which the whole Whittakers are made to appear as bandits and murderers. The article published in said paper is to our own personal knowledge destitute of truth—the family of the Whittakers are known to be one of the oldest and most respectable in the State—and the only crime which we ever heard alleged against any of its members was the one for which Washington Whittaker forfeited his life.

Major Whittaker appears to labor under very lacerated feelings, doubtless produced by the death of his youngest sister, who, it is said, fell a victim to melancholy and despair, in consequence of the death of her brother.

We make a few extracts from the article, as it will doubtless be gratifying to our readers. The interview between the two brothers, when the one hands the other the fatal instrument of self-destruction, is truly heart-rending.

"A young and lovely sister, the fair flower that had grown up in innocence and beauty by her fond brother's side, could not survive the utter desolation which prejudice and perverted laws had brought upon our household. While *he* lived, and for *his* sake, she courageously bore up against imposition, insult and indignity, and supported her sorrow stricken mother in her dire affliction. The gloom of her brother's prison hours was dispelled by her presence, and in the chamber of her disconsolate parent she whispered *Hope*. The morning of every day saw her standing at a dungeon's gate, awaiting a surly turn key's pleasure for admittance; and every night beheld her on her knees in prayer for a brother's safety. She, too, was sacrificed; and still *Revenge* is not yet satiated! My God, of what materials must those men be composed, who can now take pleasure in hurrying the tottering steps of an old heart-broken mother to the grave;—who from a distant land, can sully the fair fame of two widowed and inoffensive *females*, and continue to goad their only protector on to desperation;—who, shielded by the protecting palladium of the *Press*, can still scatter their Upas poisons over a whole country, and clothe with infamy the last sad remnant of an innocent and *once* happy family.

"There is something so mean and contemptible, in the insinuation about my brother's courage, that I shall not notice it, but proceed with my sad narration. As soon as I was alone with Washington, I communicated to him the news I had received, and the result of my interview with the Governor. He saw at once there was an end of hope, and received the intelligence with composure. Raising from his bed, as far as his irons would permit him, he demanded of me the fulfilment of the promise I had made, in case it should come to this. I drew forth the knife, and placing it in his hands, turned aside to conceal my emotion. 'Show yourself a man,' cried he, perceiving my tears, 'and bear with firmness the loss of a brother who has always been devoted to you. Comfort our dear mother, and protect our sisters. My death, though it will *grieve*, shall never *disgrace* them! Tell my friends that I die innocent of murder; I had no malice against the man whom I killed fighting in self-defence. Farewell, my dear Warren! That moment which sees you quit this loathsome prison, I die—and thus end all my sorrows.'

"I can dwell on this no longer. I quitted the prison, and for the last time. I could not go home. I could not hear announced to those *there* the event which I knew must soon transpire. I wandered about the streets with feelings tortured almost to madness. At length I met the messenger with the expected intelligence; my brother had put an end to his existence, and then lay in his prison, weltering in gore. My mother and sisters had already been apprised of this overwhelming event, and had sent for me, I hastened to them, and found them on their knees, *not* 'invoking God that their relation might not die a coward,' but thanking HIM that he had escaped the cruel designs of his enemies, and was out of their reach."

Major Whittaker here alludes to the interment of his brother at Feliciana, and the subsequent death of his sister.

"The day of my brother's funeral was to the members of his family one of mingled emotion. They had drank deep of the cup of affliction, but the good will and friendship which was shown them on that day, somewhat alleviated its bitterness.

"We thought the worst had happened, and looked forward to happier days. Alas! how transient was our respite! In a few weeks my young and beloved sister was laid in the ground by the side of her incessantly mourned brother; and hardly were *her* ashes cold, before that system of atrocious calumny was commenced, which is now branding us as the greatest monsters of the human race. Three respectable females and myself are exhibited upon the shambles of a licentious press, loaded with the epithets of "fiends," "desperadoes" and "assassins," and accused of crimes disgraceful to humanity. Robbery, murder and every species of cruelty, are made to appear so familiar to this "horrible crew," that the wayfaring man and the stranger within our gates are coolly massacred in the mere wantonness of innate wickedness!"

The Hon. William Wilkins has answered the queries of the Van Buren men of Alleghany, in a different tone from Messrs. Pentland and Forward—he is willing to annul any thing and every thing that the party in that county wish to have annulled. We are on the brink of a fatal chasm—shall the rash hand of such politicians plunge us down, or will the people rise in their majesty, and call the common wealth "to order?" If the charter of the United States Bank my be annulled, then *a fortiori*, every deed or grant of land may be annulled; and the farmer who is enjoying the produce of his hard labor, may, if he has one personal enemy, or if there be one who covets his farm in the convention, be stripped of his possessions, and turned forth a houseless wanderer. The matter is plain—it admits of no argument.

The Bank of the United States has offered to purchase the stock owned by the General Government in the bank, at $111 47 per share. This the Washington Globe, and its kindred prints, call downright impudence on the part of the Bank. They think the Government ought to have more. Hardly a year has passed since the same prints solemnly predicted that, when the Bank came to wind up its concerns, its stock would not be worth 50 dollars per share!

GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY,

THOMAS W. VEAZEY, Governor of Maryland.

A PROCLAMATION:

WHEREAS, by the Constitution of this State, and with the view, as well of perpetuating an essential branch of the Legislative Department of the Government, as of providing for such changes in the members thereof periodically, as the people might desire to make, it was provided that the people of the several counties, and of the cities of Baltimore and Annapolis, duly qualified as electors, should, on the first Monday of September last, elect two persons for each of the said counties, and one person for each of the said cities, to be Electors of the Senate, who were required to meet in the city of Annapolis on the third Monday of said month; and they, or any twenty-four of them, so met, were directed, after having qualified in the manner provided for, to proceed to elect fifteen Senators, who, when so elected, and duly qualified as such, were to constitute "the Senate of Maryland," in the place of those who then constituted that branch of the General Assembly:

AND WHEREAS, eighteen of the persons who were chosen as Electors, in pursuance of the aforesaid provisions of the Constitution, and in conformity to law, have failed to perform the duty enjoined upon them as aforesaid, by refusing, and continuing to refuse, or neglect to meet the other Electors who have attended, qualified and held themselves in readiness to perform their duty; in consequence whereof no new Senate has yet been elected:

AND WHEREAS, the said unfaithful agents of the people, in addition to their violation of the duty as aforesaid, seem vainly to have imagined that the effect of their conduct would be the destruction and overthrow of the Constitution and Government of the State, which many, if not all of them, had heretofore sworn to support; and, accordingly, presumptuously proceeded to recommend measures for substituting another Constitution and Government for that which they seem to have supposed they had destroyed, or, at least, mortally wounded:

AND WHEREAS, sundry evil disposed or misguided citizens have taken, and are continuing to pursue and prosecute measures in accordance with said recommendation, and designed to carry out and consummate the disorderly designs and purposes aforesaid;

AND WHEREAS, these unprecenented, unconstitutional, disorderly and Revolutionary occurrences and proceedings, although inefficient to accomplish any of the avowed objects of those engaged in them, are fraught with incalculable evils and mischiefs, and *must*, if persisted in, and sustained by any considerable portion of the people, greatly disturb the tranquility and peace of the State—impair her credit & resources—arrest her great works of internal improvement—blight her lately brilliant prospects of increasing prosperity, and, finally, involve us in all the horrors and unspeakable calamities of anarchy intestine commotion and CIVIL WAR, and therefore demand from the Executive the adoption of such Constitutional and legal measures as may seem to them adapted to quiet the public mind, which has thus been wantonly disturbed; to defeat the unholy designs and purposes aforesaid, and maintain and support the Constitution and authority of the Government by all means and powers with which they are entrusted.

AND WHEREAS, we are well advised and satisfied, that the aforesaid unfaithful "Trustees of the public," and their abettors, have as entirely mistaken their power of destroying the Constitution and Government of the State, as they have clearly violated a solemn duty—that the Constitution and Government yet exist in all their integrity and power—that the Senate elected in September, 1831, continue to be "the Senate of Maryland," and will so continue until superceded by the election of successors, as constitutionally and lawfully provided for, and, with the House of Delegates elected, in October last, now constitute "the General Assembly" of this State:

NOW, THEREFORE, I, THOMAS VEAZEY, Governor of the State of Maryland, with the advice of the Council, and in virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution, deeming it proper and necessary, in the present crisis of our affairs, that the General Assembly should be covened before the time fixed for the next annual session, to which it stands adjourned, DO HEREBY APPOINT AND PROCLAIM

Monday, 21st of Nov.,

instant; as the time of the next meeting of the General Assembly, and call upon and require the several Senators and Delegates to attend at the Seat of Government, on that day, to take into consideration the present condition of our public affairs, and adopt such measures as to them may seem meet and expedient in relation thereto, and for the transaction of such other business as the welfare of the State may require.

And I do furthermore declare and proclaim, to all whom it doth or may concern, that as Chief Magistrate of the State, I shall exert to the utmost, all the powers which have been, or may be vested in me by the Constitution and Laws, and which it may become necessary to emply, to curb the spirit of anarchy, disorder and revolution, manifested by the aforesaid conduct and proceedings, and to support the Constitution and enforce the laws upon all offenders against their majesty, who shall proceed, by OVERT ACTS either of resistance to the constituted authorities of the State, or of carrying out and consummating the revolutionary designs and purposes of the aforesaid recusants and their abettors; and I do hereby require and enjoin all civil officers of the State, to be vigilant in the performance of their several and respetive duties, at this important crisis, and upon all military officers & citizens to hold themselves in readiness, in case their services may become necesary in aid of the civil authorities, to maintain the public peace, repress disorder, uphold the Constitution, or enforce the Laws; and, finally, with humble supplications for, and reliance upon Divine Providence for direction and aid, and also with the firmest reliance upon the people of the State, to support, and, if necessary, enforce the declaration, I do solemnly DECLARE AND PROCLAIM that the Constitution of the State MUST BE PRESERVED, and the Government maintained, *as they now are*, until "altered changed or abolished," in the manner Constitutionally provided for.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State of Marland, at the City of Annapolis, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousnd eight hundred and thirty six, and of the Independence of the United States the sixty-first.

THOS. W. VEAZEY.

By the Governor,

THOS. CULBRETH,

Clerk of the Council.

Ordered, That one thousand copies of the foregoing Proclamation be printed in handbill form, and that it be published, until the time fixed for the meeting of the General Assembly, in all the newspapers printed in the State, whose proprietors and conductors are in favor of upholding the Constitution and Laws, and defeating the Revolutionary designs and proceedings intended to accomplish their overthrow,

SHIPWRECK.

From the New York Mercantile Advertiser

Loss *of the Brig Ariel, of New York at sea.*—The Brig Ariel of this port, John O. M. Park, master, sailed hence for Carthagena, via St. Thomas on the 14th of August, with a cargo of 600 bbls. of flour, 25 sugar boilers, 15 tons of cordage and *half a ton of gunpowder*, and nine passengers; Messrs. Eleacer Erley, James Story, Wm. Stevens, Peter Robinson, James Todd, and four Colombians. On the night of 31st August, in Lat. 19, 10, Lon. 66. 4, the Captain and passengers were aroused from their sleep by the mate with the awful intelligence that the Brig was on fire. Capt. P., with no covering on but his night clothes, hastened on deck and ordered the after hatch to be taken off; when a dense mass of smoke issued from the lower hold; attempts were made to extinguish the fire by throwing water on the goods on fire, but without success. Captain P. then ordered out the long boat into which himself, crew and passengers, fourteen in number, embarked with no covering save what they slept in, and not a particle of provisions or water, and had not proceeded half a mile from the vessel before she *blew up*.

The long boat was then pulled by the crew and passengers towards the land, for thirty-seven hours, but finding they could not make it, they squared away for St. Domingo, where they arrived on the 4th of September, at a place called Macau, on the North end of the Island. having been four days without a particle of provisions or water. After two days sojourn at Macau they crossed the country to Higuny, 40 miles distant, and thence received assistance to get to the city of St. Domingo, where the Captain, crew, and Mr. Eleazer Erley, passenger, took passage for this city in the schooner Exchange, arrived yesterday—the other passengers had engaged their passage in a vessel bound to St. Thomas, and would sail the day after the Exchange left. Captain Park states that he could in on way account for the cause of the fire, but supposed it must have occurred from spontaneous combustion.

The Ariel, we learn, is insured in this city—vessel and cargo valued at about $30 000.

A NOVEL CASE.

From the New York Times.

Mrs Sarah Hawes, a middle aged lady, yesterday afternoon made her appearance at the lower police office, and applied for the institution of proceedings against a man named G. W. Gay, a vender of lottery tickets at No. 201 Front st, who she alleged, had defrauded her of $112, a nett one fourth of a prize of $500, drawn by a half ticket in a late class of the Rhode Island Lottery, the joint property of herself and Gay. It appears from her statement that for some time past she had been in the habit of dealing with Gay in tickets, and had on previous occasions taken tickets in partnership with him, he retaining possession of the tickets, endorsed with both their names, and she having a memeranddm of their numbers.—Such was the arrangment in the case of the ticket which gave rise to the present complaint, and as they had become so familiar by their dealings together that he was in the habit of applying to her the appellation of mother, he endorsed it "Mother, Son & Co." The ticket, as before stated drew half of a $500 prize, and on the following day Mrs. H. called on her partner for a settlement; but much to her chagrin he stated to her that the evening before the drawing he unfortunately returned the ticket with others, to the office of the managers; by which unlucky operation they had lost the opportunity of "dividing the spoils." Certain suspicions as to the truth of his statement as to the return of the ticket arose in Mrs. Hawes' mind, which induced her to call at the office of the managers and make enquiry in relation thereto; when she learned that Gay did indeed return the ticket, but not till after the drawing, and received the whole amount of prize money to which it was entitled. Such were the grounds upon which Mrs. Hawes founded her claims for proceedings against Gay; and they beeing deemed adequate by the magistrate, he issued his warrant for Gay, upon which, he was brought up, and held to bail in the sum of $500, to answer the charge at the Sessions.