told. Raising the body by the clothes he was hauling it on to the greensward, when the light of the small lamp fell upon the face, and disclosed a deep gash on the side of the head, from whence the blood was flowing profusely; evidently the effects of the blow struck by Etherington when the unfortunate driver was on the ground. Etherington let the body fall; large clammy drops of perspiration stood upon his ashy cheek, and he stood gazing on the wound as a man entranced. He was roused from this lethargy of horror by the touch of the smuggler, who said, in his usual clear, low tone.

'Lawyer, have you a penknife with you? if so, hand it here, for my ship-jack makes but bad work of this mail bag leather That's it. Here's the box, and now for business.'

The small cash-box was forced open, and a huge roll of notes given into the hands of Bite: the gold was transferred to the smuggler's pockets, the light was extinguished the horse fastened to the gibbet post, and the body of the murdered driver lifted into the cart.

'Is he dead?' whispered Etherington.

'Not yet,' said Bite, with a grin, but I am afraid that he'll have the head-ache as long as he lives.'

Lawyer, we must have your horse. Bite must be in London, and change these notes before the hue & cry is given. Then over to France, you know, Bite; get to Cherbourg, and wait the arrival of the bonny Sue. Off with you, and don't let the grass grow beneath your feet, unless you wish to swing on the vacant stick here.'

Bite walked off towards the sea-shore close by, and in a few seconds the rapid gallop of a horse was heard proceeding down one of the obscure cross-roads.

'Now, then for a short cut over the Downs, Lawyer; we have done the job well, and may defy detection. We have enough here for our purpose, till we get our share of Bite's notes What is the matter with you? you have not spoken for an hour.'

'Is he dead?' said Etherington fearfully.

'Let us hope for the best. I wish it had been otherwise. But we must now part—it would be dangerous to be seen together.'

Without any division of the booty, or a word in explanation, the smuggler darted across the fields, and was soon lost to Etherington's sight. Jaded and heart smitten, this wretched young man reached his own house, and betook himself to bed—but not to sleep.

CHAPTER THIRD.

'My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.'
Shakspeare.

The next morning, as Etherington was sitting at the breakfast table, gazing with bleared eyes upon the untasted meal, the principal partner in the banking-house was announced. Etherington jumped up wildly from his chair, and in vowing open the window, evidently meditated escape, but, actuated by second thoughts, a faint smile overspread his ghastly features and he returned to his chair. The gentleman entered the room.

'Mr. Etherington,' said he, 'I suppose you have heard of our misfortune—robbery and consequent failure. I have called on you as an active lawyer to solicit your co-operation with the magistrates in attempting every thing in the power of man to discover the scoundrels who last night robbed the mail. I am more interested in this affair than regards the actual loss. Our bank experiences a partial pressure. I had written on for funds, and this morning we could have met every demand with instant payment. I am now a ruined and disgraced old man. The people will not believe but that the robbery was planned by the bankers; and after a long life of honorable 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 at 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 beggard 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, piteously 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 know 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 expressions of vengeance and despair that broke from the various sufferers struck deeply into Etherington's heart as he walked 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 superformance 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 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 his participation in the fatal deed, had not only destroyed his own prospects, but had ruined the happiness of all around.

The servant again inquired after the safety of the horse, a valuable & 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 Ethering on's horse had been left there quite knocked up and over worked. An ill-looking fellow rode him into the town, & had gone off by the early morning's 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 coined about selling his horse to a stranger, but it was evidently disbelieved. 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 wore 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, & 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 grave yard trees as Etherington left the village church, his young bride hanging up n 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 of the church yard 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 affected at the sight of this poor mourning relict, and her orphan boy, and her husband found some little trouble in drying up her tears.

'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; & he looked upon its development at the portal 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 not 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, she pressed 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 back, join with me in drinking the bride's health. I can find a bottle or two of choice old port, & no thanks to the scoundrels who robbed me.'

The remedy was tried but without effect. The glories of the setting sun—the quiet slendor 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 seathed heart occupied with but one thought of horror and despair. A young girl passed them, and Ellen as it 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 seemed 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 excited suspicion. Now 'tis useless. We are both of us more then 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 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 dusk—seize any small boat from the beach—pull out beyond the floating light, and then keep it in a direct line with the lights of the town. I shall be afloat, & 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 favor and as it is my wedding day request, I am sure he would not refuse me. *You have some interest with the magistrates.* Poor old Sothwell, the excisman, 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, & 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, & 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 he 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 the 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 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 unavoidable 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, that 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 that 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.

From the L. I. Star.

BRAVE SPORT—LONG ISLAND SPORT!

Readers, perhaps you are fond of sporting. Perhaps at times you shoulder your Manton & beat the bush all day long for a few woodcock, or creep away the knees of your pantaloons, to obtain a half dozen Plover. Perhaps, too, you go off occasionally in a smack and suffer wet, weariness and hunger, for a hundred bass or a few dozen black fish or porgys. Sporting reader, I was once like you—weak, silly, and ignorant. *I* used to think such excursions *sport*, but *I* have grown older, and know better,—such fiddling business has no longer any zest for me. I can tell you of sport, *great* sport, about which as sportsmen say, 'there is *no mistake*.'—Listen and *look wild*'

At the east end of Long Island, it has long been known that the farmer fisherman obtain miraculous draughts, of fishes, of the kind called 'moss bunkers' or bony shad' They do not hang over boats all day long, pulling up single fish; nor do they think a boat load much of a matter. **They go for *millions*,** and their hauls are only to be counted in bushel baskets, or double wagons. They drag the sea to cover the land & to catch a few million of fish at a time is tolerable sport But after all, these bony fish are but the 'small fry.' They are too bony and too plentiful to be eaten, and are spread over the land to be rotted into manure, until their offence is rank, and smells to heaven.'

The moss-bunkers, however, have something to do with the sport I am about to speak of, and to keep the game no longer out of view, I will mention it at once.

I speak of CATCHING SHARKS

This is a sport which princes could not attempt, unless they had stout hearts and strong sinews and a fishing ground like Long Island. Kings, Queens, and Suffolk counties, however, (despite their names) are not to be governed by princes They are true republican counties, and may every man in Suffolk long enjoy the privilege of catching his own 'sharks.' But now to the description of sharking. Shall we attempt it? Our feeble powers already falter—we shall make but a paltry first of it!

It is said that they 'bob for whales' somewhere in the neighborhood of Nantucket. We have always doubted the story; but at any rate next to bobbing for whales come catching sharks, and that is what we term *great* sport. The manner of the sport is this:

Of a morning or afternoon, just as the tide serves the fishermen go down upon the beach to draw the seine for moss-bunkers. The draught is generally as we have said before, 'miraculous.' The fish are drawn in solid body towards the shore, and when they become too solid to move any further, the men step into the water, with perforated hand-barrows, shovel in the poor wretches, wheel them out, and pile them in pyramids upon the shore. Frequently a few sharks, generally small ones, are enclosed in the net, but generally the crafty scoundrels keep outside the corks, to pick up the dead and disabled fish. As the nets are drawn in, the sharks are seen a few rods from the shore diving through the surf, showing their white bellies and blue backs and murdering promptly every poor bony who slips through his meshy prison.

Now then is the time! The scoundrels are but a few rods from the shore. 'Venture a herring to catch a shad,' is an old maxim, which we venture to transmogrify in 'venture a moss-bunker to catch a shark.'

Here is a hook large enough to hang your hat on, and a substantial clothes line. Impale a bony fish, fix him on fast, let his blood run freely, and now for a fling far out in the tide. There that was fairly done! Your bait is upon the waters. You have your bony for champion and now for a Waterloo battle.—Your line sways losely in your hand—but see, there it goes, look out, and now hold fast—there it straightens—hurrah boys, you've got kim to a dead certainty—let him run a little, and now stick to him like death to a dead negro! You have him fixed; the hook is fairly in his gills, and now comes the tug of war, bony is fairly chewed up, but his enemy will find him rather hard of digestion

Pull away dont, let the line slip through your fingers, give to it, glory! he's a stout fellow, a real pealer he makes you sweat like water—gad, he'll have you down—now he comes it,—yo heave ho, pull away now he drags, and there by George you land him! Jimmy, how he flounces, he ain't much of a fish, though! he wont weigh more than a hundred and fifty.

Fun y how he snaps—dab a pole in his jaws and get your hook out—tumble him on one side; and for another throw 'Stranger,' as Nimrod Wildfire says, this is Long Island sporting.

EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

Saturday Morning, November 12.

☞We call the attention of our readers to the Proclamation of the Governor of this State, published in our paper of to day—It is a strong, vigorous and manly production. Upon the assembling of the Legislature on the 21st November inst, we may look for some immediate and decisive steps.

The citizens of Talbot county, opposed to Revolution—opposed to a total overthrow of the constitution and Laws, under which we and our forefathers lived for sixty years, are earnestly and respectfully solicited to meet at Easton, on Tuesday next, at half past 11 o'clock A. M. to consider the present crisis of our affairs as citizens of Maryland, and to adopt such measures and to utter such expressions of our opinions, as becomes us at the present unexampled condition of things—all such are earnestly, we repeat, solicited to attend. The crisis demands the sober reflection of every good citizen—Patriotism makes a call which ought not to be disregarded The meeting will be attended by the friends of good order and

MANY WHIGS.

The news from all quarters is truly gratifying to the Whig cause. Below we publish the returns from Maryland In Pennsylvania as far as heard from Harrison, is certainly ahead at least 3000 votes—We presume that office holders to the number of one hundred thousand are trembling and quaking. We desire to put no further panic upon them. The returns from a few counties, in Virginia, are highly favorable to the Whig cause

MARYLAND.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, 1840

TALBOT COUNTY.

	Easton	St. Michaels	Trappe	Chappel	Total
Whig Electors.					
William Price	178	219	176	84	657
Thos Burchenal	178	219	176	84	657
John S. Parnell	178	219	175	84	656
James B Ricaud	178	219	175	84	656
Elias Brown	178	219	175	84	656
George Howard	178	219	175	84	656
David Hoffman	178	219	175	84	656
Anthony Kimmell	178	219	175	84	656
James M. Coale	178	219	175	84	656
Robert W. Bowie	178	219	175	84	656
Van Buren Electors.					
Wm. A. Spencer	147	140	74	118	479
Hugh Ely	147	140	75	118	480
Edward Lloyd	147	140	74	118	479
Jas. A. Stewart	147	140	75	118	480
J. T. H. Worthington	147	140	75	118	480
Wm Frick	147	140	75	118	480
Alen Thomas	147	140	74	118	479
Joseph Hollman	147	140	75	118	480
W. Devall	147	140	75	118	480
John B. Brooke	147	140	75	118	480

BALTIMORE CITY.

Wards.	Harrison.	Van Buren.
1st	405	291
2d	343	322
3d	422	557
4th	401	603
5th	556	439
6th	458	544
7th	633	262
8th	374	580
9th	601	315
10th	339	534
11th	588	589
12th	464	706
Totals	5634	5742
		5634
Van Buren majority,		108

MARYLAND ELECTIONS.

MARYLAND —The majority for the Harrison Electoral ticket in this State is upwards of 3500 votes. We publish below a table which is nearly accurate.

	Harrison.	V. B.
Western Shore.		
Allegany,	175	
Washington,	184	
Frederick,	138	
Montgomery	408	
P. George's	265	
Calvert,	79	
Charles	200	
St Mary's,	453	
Anne-Arundel,	237	
Annapolis,	27	
Harford,	200	
Baltimore city,		110
Baltimore county,		412
Eastern Shore.		
Cecil,		72
Kent,	223	
Queen Ann's,	122	
Talbot,	176	
Caroline,	85	
Dorchester,	300	
Somerset,	500	
Worcester,	400	
	4170	894
	594	

Maj. for Harrison 3576

MARYLAND.

The People of Maryland have rallied in support of the Constitution and Laws, and all is safe. The Conspirators have been most signally rebuked. But one county on each shore. Baltimore county on the Western shore by a reduced majority of 497, and Cecil county on the Eastern shore by a majority of 72, besides the city of Baltimore by a meager majority of 108 votes, are their only majorities. The other seventeen counties and the city of Annapolis are true to themselves and the cause of their country. In every county heard from there is a large Whig gain since the October election. Our aggregate majority in the State will not be less than three thousand, which is more than we have expressed an expectation of.

The Whigs have carried their Constitutional Convention candidates in Pennsylvania. Even Dallas himself has been defeated in his election.—Md. Rep.

CONNECTICUT.—The contest in this State has been very close—but we believe Van Buren has got it by about 500 majority. There are 186 towns—we have heard from 103 which give 100 majority for Van Buren.

DELAWARE, ALL HAIL!

We have, by the Philadelphia papers last evening, the gratifying intelligence that Delaware stands fast to the constitution. Our majority in Kent an Sussex counties is about 350 votes—in New Castle the Van Buren men have 160 majority We have carried two-thirds of the Legislature, our Governor and Congressman.

From the New York Courier of the 8th;

THE ELECTION—SECOND DAY.

Yesterday was a glorious day for the Whigs. The heavens smiled upon their efforts; the cheering news from Pennsylvania prompted them to united & vigorous efforts; the deep and pervading sense of misrule inspired them with a conviction that if they would preserve the institutions of the country, it was incumbent upon them to go to the polls; and place their veto upon Van Burenism. On the other hand, the Van Buren party have at length discovered that Van Burnism is not Jacksonism—that they cannot get up a hurra for the Magician, that they have no offices to promise even if they do succeed, because the bare idea of removals from the present incumbents, will at once produce a schism in their ranks, and consequently, although their leaders were as usual on the ground, backed by the office holders, their troops were not to be seen, and the Whigs polled a large majority of the votes taken

Never have the polls close in this city on the first day under such favorable auspices to the cause of the people as on this occasion; and we are satisfied that there exists among them a feeling which needs but little prompting to inspirit them to continue their exertions. That we are now largely ahead of the Tory ticket is admitted on all hands, and we defy them to catch us. All that is necessary is for our friends to continue their exertions and vote the *whole ticket* as they did yesterday, when, we are happy to announce, there was no scratching. The Whigs went the entire ticket, and the friends of *Gulick*, faithful to their professions and their principles, not only voted for their favorite, but recorded their solemn determination never again to support a party which has been guilty of such palpable injustice to their chief. Let but the same spirit continue, and the Whig ticket will leave this city with a majority of three thousand votes.

To the polls—to the polls then, every whig who loves his country. Go on in the good work; rally again to-day and to-morrow, and from every part of the country shall the glad tidings be proclaimed, that this city and state have saved the nation from impending ruin.

The following is the number of votes polled in each ward yesterday.

Wards.		Wards.	
1	670	9	870
2	595	10	895
3	730	11	960
4	831	12	468
5	810	13	500
6	714	14	750
7	1030	15	448
8	1250	16	230
			11,351

In compliance with the resolution of the Senate, of the 1st July last, directing that, 'during the ensuing recess of Congress, the Secretary of the Treasury cause to be published, at the commencement of each month, a statement of the amount of money in the Treasury subject to draft, and also the amount standing to the credit of disbursing officers,' the Secretary has published in the official paper of yesterday, that the amount of money in the Treasury on the last day

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11031-0051.jpg