

"Do you not know? she was the widow of poor Semple, the driver, who was murdered by the robbers of the mail."

Etherington did not fall, nor start, nor 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 stifled even the flutterings of hope; and he looked upon its development 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 not to be misunderstood—a vivid presentment of impending ill settled on his mind, and despair entered his soul.

The walk home,—the dinner,—the dessert,—all passed gloomily and sad. Ellen was pained to see her husband's melancholy; she had before observed the strange alteration in his manner, and had expostulated with him on the subject. Her enquiries were now pressed with more intensity, but they resulted in the same excuse—a headache of peculiar violence.

"Then the fresh breeze of 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, and when you come back join with me in drinking the bride's health. I can find a bottle or two of cho-co 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 splendour of the calm, bright sea—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 on 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 recoil 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 stopped 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 did not dare, for all our sakes, to trust you with money. It would breed suspicion. Now 'tis useless. We are both of us more than suspected. My flask has been found under the gallows, with my name on 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 arrested in the morning when you attend the court. Bate 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 soon on your horse, which the justices have sent for and have now in 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 keep it 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 exert yourself in their 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 re-action of his natural spirits, which had been overstrained by a too rigid observance of his profession.

Let not the reader imagine that this description of Etherington's conduct is unnatural. He had lost the withering torture of uncertainty; the dreadful truth was full before him—he felt the necessity for instant action, and at 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 arrangement for a short journey he had soon to perform. The happy girl did not wait to enquire 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 objects 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 so 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, mama, your dress is splashed all over with port wine. How could papa be so careless?"

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

All present cast their eyes to the ceiling. A large red stain appeared in the white plaster, 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 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 expired his short but terrible career of guilt by cutting his thro' it 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 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 from the shock. A few months closed the earthly sufferings of the widowed bride; and her bereaved and broken-hearted parents did not long survive.

FOREIGN.

FRANCE.—It is with great pleasure we announce that the state prisoners at Ham are at length released. Messrs Peyronnet and Chanteleuze first applied to the King for the remission of their sentence, which was immediately granted; M. de Ranville then followed their example, with the like result; and Prince Polignac, at the solicitation of his lady and the British minister, has had his doom changed to banishment from France, under the full weight of his condemnation and sentence of civil death.

The duke de Nemours, second son to the King, has gone to Algiers, campaigning, after the example of his elder brother.

SPAIN.—The intelligence from Madrid is to the 15th October.—The most important item is an account of the defeat of Gomez, the Carlist Chief, by the royal forces under Alaix and Espinosa, near Lucena, on the 13th. Some of the London papers express doubts, but the report is strongly confirmed by the fact that Gomez had sent a flag to Alaix, with offers to negotiate, of which there is no question. Gen. Alaix refused to hold any terms with Gomez, seized the bearer of the flag, and sent him a prisoner to Madrid. The report was, that the Carlists lost 2000 killed and prisoners in the engagement.

Espinosa had entered Cordova, where Gomez appears to have made but a very short

stay. Sanz (Carlism) was pushing on for Leon, followed by Gen. Peon's first division and the Portuguese auxiliaries.

All quiet at Madrid, and a renewal of hope and confidence. Count Latour Mauberg, the French Ambassador arrived on the 14th. Nothing important from Navarre, or the frontier. The Carlists were exerting all their energies to procure forage and provisions.

SWITZERLAND.—The Extraordinary Diet, convened for deliberation on the controversy with France, held its first Session on the 7th of October, at Berne. Nothing was done save the appointment of a committee to receive the instructions given by the several cantons to their Deputies in the Diet, and report thereupon. The Diet adjourned, to meet again when the committee should be ready to report. A majority of the committee is said to be of the radical party, and disposed to be very 'uppish' toward France.

PORTUGAL.—The latest intelligence from Lisbon is to Oct. 16. The new Ministry were yet in office, but much embarrassed for want of money, and not likely to sustain themselves much longer. They were trying to concoct a plan for changing the mode of Elections, so as to make it conform with the newly adopted constitution. A decree had been issued appointing a special committee to investigate the causes of, and suggest a remedy for, the financial difficulties of the Kingdom. The British fleet was still lying in the Tagus, with guns double shotted and every thing ready for action in case of need. A hostile feeling to England existed very largely among the people. There were rumours of Miguelite demonstrations in the Algarves.

TURKEY.—It is said that the Russians have played Sultan Mahmoud a shabby trick, in restoring to him his fortress of Silistria in a very dilapidated condition, and stripped of every gun that was good for any thing.

The insurrection in Bosnia has been completely put down. Ali Fidaui Pacha, the chief instigator has been captured and sent in chains to Constantinople.

The report of the death of Mehemet Ali, of Egypt, is not confirmed.

There is a talk of an approaching war between Turkey and Persia, in consequence of some local aggressions on both sides.

GREAT BRITAIN.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.

This morning the packet ship Roscoe, arrived from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 25th of October. Our London papers are on the 24th and Liverpool to the 25th, both inclusive.

The conservative papers are rejoicing over a manifest increase of conservatism, in almost every part of the country.

Parliament was opened, *pro forma*, on the 20th of October, and farther prorogued to Thursday the 8th of December.

An order has been issued forbidding the committal of any prisoners to Newgate, hereafter, except only those awaiting trial.

Hay was selling at Liverpool, at 8 pounds (40 dollars) per ton.

The death of Mrs O'Connell was reported at Dublin, on the 19 of October. Ireland was still afflicted with the disturbances.

The English steamer Magnet and Red Rover came in contact with each other during a thick fog, off the north shore near London. The Rover went down in three minutes after; although there were near three hundred passengers on board of each boat, no lives were lost.