

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

A GERMAN STORY.

[Concluded.]

Baron T—— kept his promise. The name of the Countess never fell from his lips; and though a secret sorrow likewise preyed on him; although the wasted form of his once so much loved sister often floated in his sight, yet he assumed a cheerful look, and, together with his brother, rushed from one vortex of dissipation into another.

One day they happened to be sauntering in an open walk of the city, where noblemen and beggars, great ladies and filles de joye, promiscuously paraded; suddenly the Count espied a priest, pale, emaciated, and supporting himself with a stick. "Heavens!" cried he, "see, that is Emilia's confessor."

Baron T—— started, looked fearfully towards him, and was silent. "Come, dear T——," said Gustavus, after a pause, "let us tear the wound once more open. I will address him. I will prove to him that I am well acquainted with every particular. He will not acknowledge any thing, but his looks will betray him."

He seized the Baron's arm, and drew him away partly against his will. "Reverend old man," commenced the Count, "whence the sorrow which I see portrayed upon your sallow cheek?" "It is not sorrow, my Lord," answered the priest: "I stood upon the brink of the grave, but it has pleased the Almighty that I should return to this world. I am better, and by order of my physician, have to-day for the first time stepped into the open air." "I congratulate you," said the Count, "do you know me?" "Undoubtedly, my Lord; I have the honour of speaking to Count Z**." "True, replied he, you are speaking to the unfortunate Count Z**, whose misery is alone to you no secret." "My Lord," stammered Anselmo, "pardon me, I do not understand you." The Count cast a look of bitter scorn at him. "You mean to say you must not understand me. Have you not been surprised that during these three years you have not seen my wife at the chair of obsolution?" "No, my Lord," returned the priest, "I have not been surprised. She probably has found a man more worthy of her confidence. It has hurt me, I will not deny; for she is a noble, excellent lady." "All is in vain, your secrecy is needless. Know that on that hateful eve of All Saints, I, I myself, was concealed in the Church, and heard the vile transaction which Emilia confessed to you.—I know the lovely youth for six months daily visited our bed chamber; I know that he each time escaped while we were at supper. You see, Sir, I know all. You have pardoned her in the name of God, but as I hope for pardon from God, I cannot."

Anselmo raised his hands and eyes towards Heaven. "Almighty Providence!" exclaimed he, "now do I see why thou hast not hearkened to my fervent prayer that I might be allowed to depart to the habitations of peace! Oh! my Lord, what have you done? Your wife is innocent. You must remember young Wildman, the orphan, whom you educated, and for whom you three years since procured an office in the customs. An unlawful amour had taken place between him and your maid servant, and their meetings were in your chamber. Her Ladyship at length detected them. She dismissed the servant instantly, but concealed the whole from you, because she feared your hasty temper, and wished not to ruin the young man. To me she disclosed the whole transaction, because her scrupulous conscience reproached her with the idea that the girl, after her dismissal

from your service, might be guilty of more irregularities."

As if thunderstruck, tortured, racked by every word which fell from the lips of the confessor, stood Count Z**, and trembled in every limb. He recollected that young Wildman had lately married his wife's former servant, and acknowledged a child of some years old to be his own. The scales fell from his eyes; the mist dispersed; he saw his beloved, suffering, innocent Emilia, and sunk senseless against a tree. The Baron, almost as violently agitated, stood rooted to the spot, and unable to speak. The pious priest immediately gave a signal to a hackney coachman, and conducted the brothers to the Count's house.

Scarce had Gustavus recovered his faculties, when he called aloud for horses. During the few moments employed in preparing them, he ran to and fro, howling and wringing his hands. In vain did the Baron and Anselmo endeavour to console him; he saw them not. The horses arrived at the door; he rushed down the steps, threw himself upon one of them, and galloped away without looking behind him, or asking whether his brother would accompany him.

Baron T—— followed him. Away they flew over hill and dale, day and night, without resting a moment longer than was necessary to change horses. At midnight, after the second day, they knocked at the gates of the castle.

Emilia, stretched on her bed of straw, just started from a terrific dream; she heard the noise at the gates; she heard them opened and again barred. Hark! The footsteps of many persons echoed through the dark and lonesome gallery, which led to her prison. Hark! the key clinked in the lock of the iron door; the bolt was pushed aside; the door was opened: the glare of twenty torches dazzled Emilia's eyes. See! a writhing man lay at her feet—she recognised her husband. See! a weeping youth lay in her arms—she recognised her brother. Oh! who can describe the raptures of a guiltless soul, whose innocence at length is manifest; of a tender heart which at once recovers all that is dear to it!

As yet the Count was stretched upon the earth, sobbing and asking whether she would ever forgive him. She embraced him—forgave him—attempted to raise him—in vain—he saw her wan disfigured countenance, and buried his own in the dust. Emilia at last knelt at his side, clasped him in her arms with heartfelt affection, and mixed her tears with his. Her brother, deeply moved, surveyed in silence the affecting scene.

After the first storm had subsided, and the three happy people had forsaken the dreary dungeon, Emilia, with tender anxiety, and in a gentle tone said to her husband, "Where are my children? Are they still alive? It must be now three years since I heard any thing of them."

In repentant agony the Count again fell at her feet, and swore he was undeserving of her pardon. The youngest child, a lovely girl, was immediately brought from the boor's wife. Emilia clasped it in her arms, every maternal feeling awake, and for the first time tinged her pallid cheeks again with red.

The next morning, shortly before their departure, the Count commanded the steward to destroy the odious turret, and level it with the earth. "No," said Emilia, smiling and throwing her arm round her husband's neck, "the turret must remain as it now is, or where should I have any evidence against you? These fallen cheeks will rise again; these pallid lips will regain their colour; these languid eyes will recover their former lustre; but the turret, let the turret re-

main as it now is—let it be a warning to each traveller who passes on this road, never to condemn his wife upon appearances."

HORRIBLE TRANSACTION.

Paris, Jan. 16.—A letter from Granada contains the following account of a most extraordinary and horrible event, which has taken place in that ancient capital of the Moors.—On the 8th of December last, the Feast of the Conception, the church appertaining to a convent of nuns at Granada was filled as usual with a crowd of the faithful at high mass. After the ceremony, the crowd dispersed and the only persons who lingered in the church were two cavalry officers. They were also in the act of returning, when a nun, who had remained behind the rest of the sisterhood, made a sign to the officer who was following his comrade, that she wished to speak to him. He accordingly told his comrade to wait for him and returned to speak to the nun, when the following dialogue took place: "You are a man of honour and discretion, I presume, Sir?" "Yes, sister, I am both the one and the other." "Are you willing to render me an important service?" "Yes, sister." "I will not conceal from you that the service I require at your hands requires not only discretion, but extraordinary intrepidity; knowing this, are you still willing to render me the service I require of you?" "Yes, sister, I am determined." "Very well, when you hear the convent bell strike half past twelve to-night, be at such a gate [particularizing the gate;] I shall be at the other side to open it, on your knocking twice, and you shall then learn what it is I require of you. Will you be faithful to the rendezvous?" "Yes, sister, I shall be there."—"Well, I depend upon you; adieu!" They parted, and the officer quitted the church. On rejoining his comrade, he told him what had taken place, and asked him if he should keep the appointment. The other, on being informed that the nun was about thirty, and not ill-formed, advised him to keep the appointment, and offered, for fear of accidents, to accompany him to the gate, at which the nun was to be. Accordingly at the appointed hour, the two officers were at the gate, which, on the concerted signal being given, was opened by the nun. The chosen officer entered, and the other remained quite close to the gate, to watch the conclusion of this extraordinary adventure. The nun said to the officer who had entered, "You are a man of courage and honour, and are entitled to my utmost gratitude." The night being very dark, and the passages through which they had to go obscure, the nun made him hold a corner of her robe, and in this manner conducted him to her cell, where there was a lamp alight. She made him sit down, and invited him to take a glass of liquor with her, at the same time producing two bottles. She filled him a glass out of one, and took a little herself out of the other. After he had emptied his glass, she told him to go to one side of the bed, while she placed herself at the other. The officer obeyed. The nun then said, "We are alone—my door is fastened—look!" and at the same moment she proceeded to pull down the bed clothes, and discovered to his great horror and amazement, the dead body of a monk who had been poisoned. The nun then continued,—"You must take upon shoulders this body, and carry it outside the convent; I will light you to the gate of the first court. You must instantly obey, or you are a dead man, for, the first motion you make, unless it be to take up the body, I shall shoot you through the head;" and suiting the action to the word, she drew a pistol from

her bosom and presented it at him, "I know," added she, "that my own life will be the forfeit if you refuse; for, after shooting you I have another pistol for myself." The officer, seeing no other means of escape, took up the body on his shoulders, and accompanied the nun, who carried a dark lantern, proceeded to the gate by which he had entered, and on issuing from it, threw down his horrid burden at the feet of his comrade, who was waiting to laugh with him, at what he supposed, was a pious love intrigue. After recounting to his friend the almost incredible adventures in which he had been engaged, they both resolved to repair instantly to the Corregidor, and inform him of the circumstances. They had proceeded scarcely a hundred paces from the convent, when the officer who had brought out the body, suddenly complained of the most excruciating and burning pains in his stomach; he soon after fell upon the pavement, and in a few moments expired.—His friend, beside himself with terror, ran with the utmost speed to knock up the Corregidor, and inform him of this tissue of horrors. Notwithstanding the exertions of the magistrates and the police, no discovery has as yet been made of the female demon who perpetrated this double murder.

HOW TO BREAK ILL NEWS.

SCENE.—The room of Mr. G. at Oxford. Enter to him his Father's Steward.

Mr. G. Ha! Jervas, how are you, my old boy; how does things go on at home? Steward. Bad enough your honour—the magpie's dead.

Mr. G. Poor Mag! so he is gone; how came he to die?

St. Over eat himself, Sir.

Mr. G. Did he, faith, a greedy dog! Why, what did he get that he liked so well?

St. Horse flesh, Sir, he died of eating horse flesh.

Mr. G. How came he to get so much horse flesh?

St. All your father's horses, Sir.

Mr. G. What! are they dead too?

St. Aye Sir, they died of over-work.

Mr. G. And why were they over-worked pray?

St. To carry water, Sir.

Mr. G. To carry water? what were they carrying water for?

St. Sure, Sir, to put out the fire,

Mr. G. Fire! what fire?

St. O Sir, your father's house is burnt to the ground.

Mr. G. My father's house burnt down! and how came it on fire?

St. I think, Sir, it must have been the torches

Mr. G. Torches! what torches?

St. At your mother's funeral.

Mr. G. My mother dead!

St. Ah, poor lady she never looked up after it

Mr. G. After what?

St. The loss of your father.

Mr. G. My father gone too?

St. Yes, poor gentleman, he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

Mr. G. Heard of what?

St. The bad news, Sir, an' please your honour.

Mr. G. What! more miseries? more bad news?

St. Yes, Sir; your bank has failed and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, Sir, to come to wait on you to tell you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

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