

have pardoned this youthful folly, as I deemed it, had not this first wife left a son who would, of course, possess the right of primogeniture, to the serious disadvantage of any child that I might have. The demon of jealousy took possession of my soul, and my first idea was that of writing to the Court of Rome for the dissolution of a union which was so likely to disappoint my ambitious hopes, but from this I was dissuaded by the viscount. "We shall dispose of this child," said he, "and when his father has lost sight of him for a little while, he will soon forget him."

"And was this expectation realized?—did the count forget his child?" demanded the priest with some emotion.

"Never—never!" returned Frances, "and that inexplicable tenderness of his for a being whom he scarcely knew was the principal cause of my crime."

"Alas! father, so great is my trepidation, that I can scarcely go on with my recital. Is it not enough to acknowledge myself guilty?—Might I not receive absolution without being forced to tear aside the veil which hides these painful—these heart-rending details?"

"You could not hide them from the eyes of Him who sees all hearts," said the priest in a solemn tone—"Sinner! go on with your confession!"

"May Heaven give me strength to make this fearful avowal!" Frances exclaimed after a long silence, during which the priest kept his face covered between his hands. "The child and his grandmother languished in the gloomy dungeon, wherein they had been secretly thrown by order of the viscount on the night which followed my marriage."

"Was it the viscount who had torn them away from the hermitage of La Roque-des-Arcs?" demanded the priest.

Frances appeared surprised. "The suggestion was that of De Vaillac, and he alone put it in execution, as truly as I am about to appear before God—but I had given my consent!" she added in a lower tone.

"I had a son whom I passionately loved—a son, the inheritor of the valour and worth of his ancestors—a son who was my pride and my joy. You cannot, father! understand the power of maternal love—could you feel it, even for a moment, you would perhaps deem me less culpable!"

"Confess your sins, without making excuses for them!" said the priest, coldly.

"Who—who will give me courage to go through with the whole?" and her head, as she spoke, fell heavily on her bosom.

"Even He who forgave the adulteress!" rejoined the priest, endeavoring to infuse into his accents the evangelical sweetness which became the minister of Mercy—"That God whose image this is—who died to save sinners!" and he presented a crucifix, which the countess devoutly kissed.

"Yes!" said she, again rising her head, "He who knoweth all my iniquity, and who hath, nevertheless, conducted you here against all probability. Come a step nearer, father! for I feel my voice failing!"

Then, after a short pause, she went on—"That child was older than mine—had he been recognized, he must inevitably have succeeded to the honors and titles of his father, to the exclusion of my son. For some time I dwelt on the inhuman hope that so frail a creature could not long survive under the privations of imprisonment in a dark, damp dungeon, but the event falsified my calculations. The child, it seems, thrives as well in his subterranean prison as did my boy amid all the luxurious comfort by which he was surrounded—this fact I learned from the man who alone was entrusted with the care of the prisoners. But at length there came a day of fearful memory, when the count was mortally wounded on the field of battle, and before he left this world he made me swear on the holy Gospel to have a close search made for the child of his first wife, and to place him in possession of all his rights, in case he was still living."

A stifled sigh interrupted the countess, but she continued after a moment's silence: "My husband informed me that the old grand-dame had in her possession a deed which secured to his first-born child all the advantages of his seniority. I readily promised all that he wished, but scarcely had he drawn his last breath, when accompanied by Martial, (whom I had been obliged by the death of my former gaoler to take into my confidence,) I descended to the vaults."

The scene which took place there makes me still shudder—At sight of that aged woman, for so many years unjustly imprisoned, and of the innocent child whom she held on her knee, I felt my hatred die away while a feeling of pity took its place for the moment. I offered the poor woman life and liberty on condition that she would give up to me the deed of which the count had spoken—"My body is in your power, Madam! but not the honor of my family!" was the answer, and the proud creature drew herself up to her fullest height. "My grand-son is the lawful heir of the Count de Roussillon, and I would rather die than see him stripped of his birth-right!"

"Hold!" cried I, with rising fury—"It is his sentence you pronounce!"

Just then, the boy awoke with a sudden start, and terrified by my violent gestures, uttered a piercing cry and hid his face in his grandmother's bosom. Again was my heart moved to compassion. "I give you three days to reflect upon it," said I to the old woman, and drawing a ring from my finger, I threw it on her lap, "You will only send me this ring, in case you refuse my conditions." So saying, I hastened away, tortured with rage, remorse, and apprehension. Next day Martial brought me back my ring, together with a note written in a tone of haughty contempt. "My son, my Gelliot was just then playing at my side, handling with inimitable ease and grace the little sword which hung already from his belt—long did I gaze upon him with a sort of despairing fondness."

"And thou wilt become the vassal of a stranger's son!" I cried, bursting into a passionate fit of tears. "All the demons seemed to take possession of my soul, and the death of my enemies was at once decided on."

An involuntary shudder shook the priest's frame as he listened—"You are horrified, I see!" said the countess, "but, father! could I describe to you the terrific struggles which seemed to rend my soul—the dread-remorse by which I was haunted—the horrible visions which surrounded my couch from that fatal moment when the order was given to Martial to wall up the dungeon!—could you but know how often the pale ghosts of my victims have appeared to me during my short and feverish slumbers!—and how I have been tormented by the dread presentiment of the premature death of that son, to whose worldly prosperity I had sacrificed even my hopes of eternal happiness!—ah! could you but see the extent of my complicated sufferings, the horror and disgust with which you must look upon me would be turned to compassion!"

The priest was silent, holding his hands still before his face.

"Alas! you do not speak!" cried the countess, in a desponding tone, "and your silence is a terrible warrant—I am lost!"

"Who says so?" said the priest quickly, raising to heaven his eyes, now bathed in tears—"Is, then, the arm of the Almighty shortened, or his mercy exhausted?—Sinner, are you truly contrite?"

"Ah! canst thou not read the language of these burning tears?—Say, my father! what are these heart-rending pangs I feel, and have so long felt, if they be not repentance—deep, sincere repentance?"

"Alas! with the hope of obtaining pardon for my crimes, I have lavished gold on monasteries, and sent forth my vassals time after time in defence of our holy religion—what do I say?—unhappy that I am! I have encouraged my own son to go fight the Huguenots, that his services to the good cause might earn for him a blessing. It is true I cursed myself, and yet I could not bring myself to regret the crime I had committed since it secured to my Galliot rank and fortune. But no sooner was he cut off, and with him his illustrious line, than repentance—real, true repentance laid hold of my grief-wrung soul.—Too late—too late—I dare not now hope 'or pardon!"

"Hope is the twin-sister of faith—let it, then, spring up in your soul!" said the priest, with calm benignity. "But that spotless child, and that aged woman who must have died cursing me—"

"—Gertrude was a Christian," replied the priest, "and forgave from her heart all who had injured her!"

"How—what sayest thou?" and Frances almost started from her couch; "None saw or heard her in her agony, save the child who perished with her—Martial alone knoweth this fearful secret—who, then, told thee her name?"

"Countess de Roussillon!" said the priest, with touching mildness, "the man whom you consider as having been your accomplice, had compassion on these unfortunate beings—he found means to convey them in safety from the dungeon, before he executed your cruel orders, and a short time after, the old woman died a holy death, praying for her enemies, after the example of her divine Master."

"—and the child?—the real Count de Roussillon?" cried Frances, almost choking with a mingled sensation of hope and fear.

"There is no Count de Roussillon, Madam!" he replied, with an undefinable expression on his fair, chiselled features—"he himself committed to the flames the deed which established his claim, and certified his birth. In his place you behold a poor servant of God, unworthy of the many graces which the Lord hath bestowed upon him!"

"What do I hear?" cried the countess—"you must be —"

"Poor wandering sheep, return—enter again into the fold!" said Father Alphonse, in a tone of deep feeling—"the victim forgives you—the minister of Jesus Christ absolves you in His name!"

"How comes it that Zambianchi, the dear Zambianchi, as he is styled in the note of the 20th of June, in a city in which M. Mazzini was invested with supreme authority, and in which every one obeyed him with enthusiasm, could dare, of himself alone, without the orders of him who was supreme master, to perpetrate the assassinations which daily crimsoned St. Calixtus with blood? Let us suppose that he acted without the orders of M. Mazzini; how could the latter have been ignorant of his atrocities, or if he knew them, how was it that he did not arrest their course and punish the author?"

"It is hardly necessary to attempt to describe the sufferings that the Catholics had to endure during this murderous reign. (good Queen Bess). No tongue, no pen is adequate to the task. To hear mass, to harbour a priest, to admit the supremacy of the Pope, to deny this horrid virago's spiritual supremacy, and many other things, which an honorable Catholic could scarcely avoid, consigned him to the scaffold and to the bowel-ripping knife. But, the most cruel of her acts, even more cruel than her butcheries, because of far more extensive effect, and far more productive of suffering in the end, were the penal laws inflicting fines for recusancy, that is to say, for not going to her new-fangled Protestant church. And, was there ever tyranny equal to this! Not only were men to be punished for not confessing that the new religion was the true one: not only for continuing to practice in which they and their fathers and children had been born, and bred; but also punished for not actually going to the new assemblages, and there performing what they must, if they were sincere, necessarily deem an act of open apostasy and blasphemy. Never, in the whole world, was there heard of before tyranny equal to this.—Cobbett's Reformation, vol. 1, p. 180.

ATROCITIES OF THE ROMAN CONSPIRATORS.

(From New York Freeman's Journal.)

The following notice of these infamous miscreants is from the Roman correspondent of the *Univers*.—Of all the vagabonds that have excited commotions in different parts of Europe none seem equal to the robbers of Rome, either in the cowardly atrocities they committed on helpless priests and women, or in shameless lying in reference to their conduct now that they have been crushed:—

"I have read the letter of M. Joseph Mazzini. I have no wish to assign its value, still less to refute it,—the task would be useless. But I think that I ought to make the following reflection. On the one side, M. Mazzini affirms that at Rome 'he was in the name of the Assembly, invested with supreme authority, and that every one obeyed him with enthusiasm.' On the other hand, it is certain that Zambianchi caused to be shot or stabbed at the monastery of St. Calixtus, a certain number of persons, at least the seven whose dead bodies were discovered in the month of September last, buried in a hole in the garden. The confessions of Zambianchi himself and of some of his accomplices who had fallen into the hands of justice, and the investigation which took place in the month of November, place this deplorable fact beyond the possibility of doubt."

"How comes it that Zambianchi, the dear Zambianchi, as he is styled in the note of the 20th of June, in a city in which M. Mazzini was invested with supreme authority, and in which every one obeyed him with enthusiasm, could dare, of himself alone, without the orders of him who was supreme master, to perpetrate the assassinations which daily crimsoned St. Calixtus with blood? Let us suppose that he acted without the orders of M. Mazzini; how could the latter have been ignorant of his atrocities, or if he knew them, how was it that he did not arrest their course and punish the author?"

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Died.

In this city, on the 21st inst., in the 83rd year of her age, (at the residence of her son, James Mullins, Grocer, St. Charles Borromée Street,) Rosana M'Murray, wife of Patrick Mullins, of Sligo, Ireland.

At Quebec, on Sunday, 20th instant, John, aged 2 years and 4 months, only son of Mr. T. O'Sullivan, Book-Binder.

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Montreal, Oct. 23, 1850.

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THE SISTERS OF CHARITY beg leave to inform the inhabitants of Bytown and its vicinity, that they will instruct Young Ladies placed under their care, in every branch becoming to their sex. The Sisters engage, that every thing in their power will be done to contribute to the domestic comfort and health of their pupils; as well as their spiritual welfare. They will likewise be taught good order, cleanliness, and how to appear with modesty in public.

The position of the town of Bytown will give the pupils a double facility to learn the English and French languages. As it stands unrivalled for the beauty and salubrity of its situation, it is, of course, no less adapted for the preservation and promotion of the health of the pupils. The diet will be good, wholesome and abundant.

TUITION.

The branches taught are, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, both French and English; History, ancient and modern; Mythology, Polite Literature, Geography, in English and French; Use of the Globes, Book-keeping, Geometry, Domestic Economy, Knitting, Plain and Fancy Needle Work, Embroidery, &c., &c., &c.

Lessons in Music, Drawing and Painting, will be given; and, if desired, the pupils will learn how to transfer on glass or wood. They will also be taught how to imitate Flowers and Fruit, on wax: but these different lessons will form an extra charge.

TERMS.

Board, . . . . .	£15 0 0	Payable per
Half-board, . . . . .	7 10 0	quarter or
Quarter-board, . . . . .	3 0 0	per month,
Music, . . . . .	4 8 0	but always
Drawing and Painting, . . . . .	1 7 6	in advance
Washing, . . . . .	2 0 0	

For articles wanted during the year, . . . . . 0 8 3  
[This is to be paid when entering.]

Postage, Doctor's Fees, Books, Paper, Pens, are charged to the Parents.

No deduction will be made for a pupil withdrawn before the expiration of the month, except for cogent reasons.

DRESS AND FURNITURE.

No particular dress is required for every day, but on Sundays and Thursdays, in summer, the young Ladies will dress alternately in sky-blue or white. In winter, the uniform will be bottle-green Merino. On entering, every one must bring, besides the uniform dresses,—

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Six changes of Linen,   | Three pairs of Sheets,                               |
| A white Dress and a sky-blue silk Scarf,                                | A coarse and a fine Comb,                            |
| A net Veil,   | A Tooth and a Hair Brush,                            |
| A winter Cloak,   | Two Napkins, two yards long and three-quarters wide, |
| A summer and a winter Bonnet,   | Two pairs of Shoes,                                  |
| A green Veil,   | Twelve Napkins,                                      |
| Two Blankets and a Quilt, large enough to cover the feet of the Baudet, | A Knife and Fork,                                    |
| A Mattress and Straw-bed,   | Three Plates,  |
| A Pillow and three Covers,  | A large and a small Spoon,                           |
|   | A pewter Goblet,                                     |
|   | A bowl for the Tea.                                  |

REMARKS.—Each Pupil's Clothes must be marked. The dresses and veils are to be made conformably to the custom of the institution. Parents are to consult the teachers before making the dresses.

All the young Ladies in the Establishment, are required to conform to the public order of the House; but no undue influence is exercised over their religious principles.

In order to avoid interruption in the classes, visits are confined to Thursdays, and can only be made to pupils, by their Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters, Uncles, Aunts, and such others as are formally authorized by the parents.

There will be a yearly vacation of four weeks, which the pupils may spend either with their parents or in the Institution.

All letters directed to the Pupils, must be post-paid. 22nd Oct., 1850.

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The prize was awarded to this Tale, by Mr. BROWN-SON.

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Montreal, 3rd Oct., 1850.

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(LATE FELLERS.)

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M. P. RYAN.

Montreal, 5th September, 1850.

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MACKAREL—Nos. 1 and 2, in bbls. and half-bbls.

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