

mentiously where he thought the soul of our Saviour went, while his body was in the grave? to which he replied, "certainly it went to limbo," and where is limbo said I, "oh," says he "no one knows that, we do not know where even heaven or hell is; but" said he, "I have very peculiar views myself upon that subject, for I believe in a third state, but of course I shall argue with the priest, *as if I did not so believe*, as it is common with Protestants.

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

THE SOUVENIR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER VIII.

GENEROSITY.

These changes in the fortune of Frederic did not change his conduct: he remained always the same; pious, modest, charitable, and disinterested. His purse was ever open to the poor; he always remembered that he had been poor and abandoned by the world. To render to his sovereign all the services in his power, he applied himself to study and read the history of the country. He was often charged with important missions, and there was always reason to admire his zeal, his skill and his honesty. Ten years had passed since his departure from his native city, after the opening of his father's will. Important business at length led him back to his native place. A contest had arisen between the public authorities and the people concerning a forest. Frederic who was then known only under the name of Chevalier Maltain, was sent to the place in quality of commissary of government. He arrived in the evening at Wellenbourg, with a fine equipage, and went to the principal hotel.

The next day his first business was to find his brother and step-mother: but he was wonderfully surprised, on approaching his paternal mansion to see the room on the lowest floor converted into a grocer's shop.

"What!" said he to himself, "has my brother Ely turned grocer?" he examined the house, and found it repaired with taste; he saw beautiful curtains at the windows, and turning his eyes mechanically to the roof, he saw the lightening rod, the cause of his being sent from home, and of all his happiness on account of the wig and morning gown. He entered, and desired to speak to Mr. Ely Maltain. A young woman holding a child in her arms, came out of a small room, and told him that she did not know any such person, and

that she had been in the town only eighteen months.

"But from whom did you buy this house, which once belonged to my father?" asked Frederic.

"We bought it from a man named Brandinet."

"You can then give me no information concerning Ely Maltain?"

"No, sir."

The knight departed, a prey to the most painful reflections. He immediately went towards the residence of his old friend, the attorney Corlin, who was in his office surrounded by his clients.—Frederic waited in the ante-chamber, and, without wishing it, heard the lawyer say in a loud tone:

"Be assured, gentlemen, that the prince has shown great impartiality in naming the chevalier Maltain his commissary in this business. I know that excellent man: he is as incapable of deviating from the ways of justice, as the sovereign himself. If it had been my duty to appoint a commissary, I would have appointed no other than this good man. So banish every uneasiness, every thing will go well, you have nothing to fear."

At the same moment, the door opened, and the chevalier de Maltain was in the arms of his friend. After the first salutations were over, Frederic inquired for his brother and his step-mother and related his disappointment in not having found them at the house which his father had left them.

"The injustice that they have done you my friend, replied the lawyer, has brought forth its fruits. I will tell you no more now; you will go and convince yourself of the state of things."

"But where are they, then?"

"They live in a village two leagues distant.—You will do me the honour to drive with me, we shall go and see them afterwards."

Frederic consented, and went in the afternoon to the village, accompanied by his friend.

(To be Continued.)

General Intelligence.

GREAT CATHOLIC MEETING AT THE MANSION HOUSE—RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION—THE SOUTH DUBLIN WORKHOUSE.

On Friday the Lord Mayor of Dublin presided at a meeting of the Catholics of that city, called as his Lordship explained, in consequence of a