

of Dr Purcell, of Carrick-on-Suir, Physician in Ordinary to his Excellency, the Earl of Besborough, received the White Veil from the hands of the Right Rev. Dr. Foran, in the presence of a great number of the clergy of the diocese.—Several of Dr. Purcell's personal friends, Catholic and Protestant, were present to witness the imposing ceremony.—*Waterford Chronicle.*

THE IRISH ADVOCATE.

The above is the title of a Weekly paper established in Ireland, and devoted heart and soul to everything Irish. The talented editor, Rev. Dr. Cahill, one of the best scholars in Ireland, does every justice to his country in the excellent effusions which he makes of its antiquities, religion, and language. The *Irish Advocate* deserves the support of Irish Catholics wherever they reside. It is a paper upon which they can depend. We have given some articles from it in this day's number, with which our readers must be greatly delighted. The Editor has our most grateful acknowledgements for sending the *Advocate* to this office.—*Liberator.*

LITERATURE.

THE SOUVENIR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEATH OF MALTAIN—THE SOUVENIR.

Several years had elapsed since Frederic had gone to college. At the end of each, the good and diligent student bore off many prizes. But notwithstanding these flattering testimonials of his application and improvement, his father's house was shut against him; he was obliged to spend the six weeks of vacation within the college walls. His father's severity often drew tears from him; still he bore it with Christian fortitude, and it became the means of attaching him more and more to God, that true father, who never deserts those that trust in him.

At length his studies at college were completed. His father, who knew that he wished to study surgery, wrote to him to tell him that he had made arrangements with a professor of the University, with whom he should lodge, to commence his surgical studies. This letter brought to Frederick heart-breaking news; for in it he was forbidden, in express terms, to visit his family, for fear, it was said, that his presence might disturb their domestic tranquillity. This was an artifice of Sophia's who thus removed this pious young man, lest her dear Ely should lose any of the affection of Mr. Maltain.

Frederic could not refrain from tears, at reading this painful command of his father. He submitted to it, however, without a murmur, repaired to the university, and was lodged in the house of the professor, who had been a fellow student of the aged Mr. Maltain. This professor had orders to keep him very strictly, and to watch all his actions. Poor Frederic was at first more constrained in his new situation than he had been even at college. There, at least, he had a yard to walk in during recreation—there he had friends: but now he was confined to his room, from which he could not go out, except during the public lectures: he took his meals with the professor. Every Sunday and Thursday, he was permitted to go to church, and in the evening to walk with the aged instructor. These were the only relaxations he was permitted to enjoy.

The first three months passed sadly enough for Frederic; but the professor, coming by degrees to know the merit of his student, relaxed a little his former severity, and granted him more liberty.

Frederic at the university, kept up his former reputation of a diligent student. He frequented, with the greatest assiduity, all the lectures, and made rapid progress in medical knowledge. The first examinations that he passed through, were entirely to his advantage, and elicited the praises of the professors. Far from being elated with his success, he found in the praises which his application had so well deserved, a new means of meriting others. His religious sentiments made him proof against the temptations to which youth is exposed, when left to itself. He remained free from the contagion of vicious habits, and preserved peace of mind in the midst of dangers that might have destroyed it. He wrote frequently to his father; gave him an account of his occupations, and sometimes moved the old man so far as to be on the point of recalling him home to his embraces—but Sophia, like an evil genius, was always there, preventing a reconciliation by her calumnies, and continually fanning the flame of discord. The better to succeed, she often related to her husband reports that she pretended to have heard, and which were by no means flattering to Frederick. The old man always believed them, and became more and more credulous as he advanced in years.

Frederic was nearly twenty-two years old. He had been eight years separated from his father. He was preparing for his last examination, before graduating; when he received a letter from Ely, which announced to him that his father was sick, and that his sickness might be long and perhaps mortal. Frederic arranged his affairs, completed his thesis, and received his diploma, with the power of practising wherever he should think proper. On returning to his lodging, towards evening, he found a letter on his table. At the sight of the black seal he trembled, and had hardly courage to open it. It