

## AN IMPRESSION.

We select the following passage from the letter of a correspondent, for the whole of which we have not space:—"Last year I was for a few hours only over in Granville (Normandy), and there, for the first time in my life, saw a Catholic Church in a Catholic country, in its grandeur, beauty and sublimity; and further saw that which I had never seen in my own Protestant Church in my own Protestant country—a crowded week-day evening service, and again at four o'clock on the following morning, still a week day, a service equally, if not more, crowded than before—not to show off the garish colours of a fashionable audience—the solemn gloom of the place and the garb of those assembled would not have admitted that; but a congregation apparently full of fervent and humble piety, with numberless devotees at the various shrines, absorbed in meditation, on their knees, unnoticed and unnoticed. My poor tender-hearted better self, who was with me, burst into tears, and I could only keep mentally exclaiming—"this, this is indeed the House of Prayer, the very Gate of Heaven." I am quite aware that much of this was excitement in a strange country, and under peculiar circumstances. But oh, to be often thus excited, I trust holily and happily excited, would indeed be a blessing.

## LITERATURE.

## THE SOUVENIR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

## CHAPTER. II.

## THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Continued.

The other students went in silence to the door of his room, and tied it with a rope to prevent any one from opening it from within. They then listened. Suddenly one of them struck the window. The dancing master, surprised at this nocturnal visit, went to the window, and saw a frightful figure, which uttered threats against him,—'Promise me,' said the figure, with a sepulchral voice, 'that you will make no more jests about religion? If you ever dare laugh again at holy things, you are a ruined man.'

The free-thinker, trembling like a leaf, answered in a weak voice, 'Pardon, pardon, I will never say any thing more.'

At these words, the figure repeated its threats and disappeared.

The students, who had listened at the door, could scarcely help bursting with laughter. They untied the rope and went away; but the president, who was then walking about the house, met them, and asked them whence they came. They endeavored to excuse themselves, and told him nothing; but he

insisted; Frederic, the most reasonable of the band, was called upon to tell the truth, and at length related the whole affair. The president could not help laughing, when he heard the trick; he, however, reprimanded them severely, inflicted a light punishment, and forbade them to tell the joke.

Whilst he was yet scolding them, the house resounded with cries. The poor dancing master, recovered from the first impression which the apparition had made on him, hastened from his room to the corridor, crying for help, and declaring that he had seen the devil. The whole house was instantly aroused. The president ran also, knowing full well what kind of a devil had appeared to him. He took the little man to his room, and explained the whole mystery; but he, whose imagination was very much excited, would not believe what the president said; he persisted in declaring that he had seen the devil: "Because," said he, "it is impossible for a boy, even with stilts, to reach the windows of the first story, where his room was. He added that he had seen the head of the ghost all on fire; that he had seen threatening horns, horrible teeth, eyes that darted forth lightning, and fifty other things of the kind," that existed only in his imagination. The next day he left the college, to the great delight of every one: he thus saved the president the trouble of turning him away.

The fame of this exploit spread with rapidity over the whole country; the public papers inserted it in their columns, and at length it reached Sophia's ears. This was fine news for her. She did not fail to attribute what she called "a dreadful thing," to Frederick, and said openly, that "he was now evidently a confirmed hypocrite, capable of committing any action however bad. In this manner the wicked woman took every occasion of reviving the animosity of the aged father against his innocent son, and closed every avenue that might lead to reconciliation.

From a late valuable Edition of the Speeches of the Rt. Hon. Henry Grattan, by Dr. Madden, we extract the Editor's judgement of the peculiar character of Grattan's eloquence.

One cannot pass those times without remarking that much of Grattan's force in Irish politics was to be attributed to the conformity between his mind and the genius of his countrymen. He may be considered as the first great representative of Irish eloquence, and though Burke possesses the superiority as a statesman, Grattan carries the palm as the greater orator. The eloquence of Burke in the British Senate has often been characterised (and with justice) as Irish oratory. Indeed, any one that consults the English Ministerial writers who drudged in the service of George Grenville, may be amused by the mode in which they attack