THEOBALD;

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF CHARITY. Witten by Madame la Comtesse de la Rochere, and published under the auspices of the Archbishop of Tours.) (Continued.)

CHAPTER II .- COURAGE AND MODESTY.

The sun had already risen and illuminated the horizon, when Theobald half awoke, gently and agreeably rocked by the motion of the vessel .-A light breeze played on his hair, and the perfume of the pinus lariccio (pine tree) filled the air. He remained for some minutes in that happy state of perfect comfort, which is neither sleep nor wakefulness, hearing, without understanding what was passing around him, uncertain if he was not still in his little room of the Quartier Latin, or in the dormitory of Monsieur Duhamel. At length the hourse voice of a sailor, who was scolding an unfortunate cabin-boy, drew him completely from this state of drowsiness ;he rose with a bound, and uttered an exclamation of joy, as he perceived land at the distance of a couple of hundred feet, for the vessel was at the moment doubling Cape Corse. Tears of emotion filled his eyes; he opened his arms to the barren rocks and stunted fir-trees that fringe the shores of his much-loved country. His morning prayer was all love and gratitude; he poured out his in thanksgiving to God for restoring him to his relations to his native place where he hoped to do good, and to lead a useful life. No afterthought, no anxiety for the future, cast a gloom over these first delicious moments of unmitigated joy. At the same time a pretty black and white bird fell close to him, as if to repose itself. Theobald took up the little creature, kissed it with delight as the first living thing that saluted his return; and taking a biscuit from his pocket, he broke it, and threw the crumbs on the deck; the bird having regained its liberty, commenced eagerly picking them up, which delighted the youth.

'May I never do anything but good in the country to which I am returning, and may it please God that no one shall ever have more cause to complain of me than this pretty little creature whom I have just fed.'

Thus he thought. At the same time a lady came on deck, accompanied by a little boy of seven or eight years of age, and a respectable nours she had been on board; the captain had just advised her to leave the ladies' cabin, and to breathe the fresh morning air on deck, assuring her the wind from the land would prove of great benefit to her. She scated herself on a bench with her head bowed down, and remained in this state without paying the least attention to The maid appeared as much overcome as her mistress; she lay down on a plank motionless; the child alone had preserved all the vivacity natural to his age.

'George, sit down close by me,' said his mother; 'and do be good, for I am ill.'

The child obeyed; but after a short space, getting tired of inactivity, so irksome at his age, he rose, took some marbles out of his pocket, and began playing with them. Neither his mother nor the nurse remarked his absence. In an instant he was running about the deck in all di-

'Will you be quiet, young one?' cried a sailor, whom George had run against, in the exuberance of his spirits. The child, frightened by the rough voice and unprepossessing look of the old sailor, ran, and hid himself in a corner of the quarter-teck, and began watching the sea, and the great fish following the boat, which threw up the water through their nostrils. He then commenced climbing on the trunks and cases, and , from them on to the iron rod that serves as a place, any one would have acted as I did. I guard. Theobald was there, still plunged in thoughts of home; on looking up, he perceived all? the child astride on the balustrade. Alarmed at the danger which the rash little fellow can, be rose to lift him to the deck, when a violent lurch of the vessel caused the child to lose his balance. A faint cry, and the sound of a body falling into the water, were heard simultaneously. The Liamone advanced with her usual rapidity, and all would have been over, if the young Corsican had have be not with the quickness of thought plunged into grief.' the sea.

Theobald was an expert swimmer, and in a few moments seized the child by the hair and held him above water. The steamboat was a long way off. Happily, those who had witnessed agreeable to the Almighty, as well as please to you I owe this unutterable happiness, Monthe accident and the conduct of Theobald ran your parents.' and apprized the captain. He immediately or- | 'But, madame,' continued he, in order to dered the engines to be stopped, and a boat low- change the conversation, 'have you no repug- dam,' said Theobald, in a grave but soft voice, ered, was sent to pick up Theobald and his pance in coming to reside in our country? You for from Him alone all happiness, all good gifts charge, who were soon safe on board. The may have been prejudiced against it. fright and despair of the mother had entirely 'I am going to rejoin my husband, from whom

the poor lady had nothing but tears with which to express her gratitude. As to the young man, he descended to the captain's room, with the excuse of changing his clothes, streaming with sea water, but far more for the purpose of giving himself up, without any witness, to the ineffable delight which overflowed his heart. Oh! how happy and proud he felt at having saved a precious life, and for having restored a child to its mother. His heart bounded with joy, beneath his wet garments. His mouth murmured words of praise and ejaculation of gratitude to Heaven, for granting him this opportunity of being useful to his neighbor, and for permitting him to commence the new life that opening before him with a meritorious action. This circumstance appeared to him a good omen, accomplished as it was in sight of his birthplace, the land of Corsica. How pitiful and contemptible seemed to him the savage joy of vengeance in comparison to the delicious emotions that now filled his soul. How superior the happiness of having done a praiseworthy action to the gratification of selfove, which he had so often experienced in the plaudits his classical studies had obtained for

ATHOLIC

The captain, surprised at his long absence, went in search of him.

'What the deuce are you doing here so long, inv good fellow?' said he. 'All the passengers on deck are asking after you, and Madame de Belmont awaits you with impatience. She fears you are ill, and, on my faith, I begin to think

'On the contrary, I never felt better?' reolied Theobald, hastily completing his toilet .-But who is this Madame de Belmont that is kind enough to interest herself about me?

'Who is she? Why my dear fellow, the mother of the little boy whose life you saved—a most amiable lady, going now to join ber husband, who commands a battalion at Corte.-Come, that I may present you to her.'

'In truth, my good friend,' interrupted our hero, 'I have no wish to be made a sight of .-How do you think I shall look in the midst of all these people, who will fix their eyes upon me? Let me go alone on deck, that I can mix with the crowd without attracting any one's notice.'

'No, no, a hundred times no!' cried the capfemale servant. The lady was very pale, hav- lain. It is my good will and pleasure to introing suffered greatly during the four-and-twenty duce you to all. Why, you are my countryman, and almost my relation

you,' said Theobald, with a resigned air, at the same time endeavoring to avoid everything like awkardness in his demeanor.

'This is the hero-the young man who -the courageous Loncini-in short, my countrywhat passed before her; for the effect of sea- | man and relative whom I have the honor to presickness is to deprive the sufferer of all energy. sent to all," cried the captain, in his simple and somewhat homely language.

Theobald felt himself blush at this singular speech; for, as he had foreseen, every eye was fixed on him. But he recovered himself immediately, and, assuming the impassable demeanor of the Corsicans-which baffles observation, and allows you so rarely to guess the emotions which agitate them-he replied gracefully to the acpaternal love.

Theobald took little George into his arms, not sorry, perhaps, for this opportunity of recovering | now approaching !" himself.

'Embrace monsieur,' said the lady to her son, for without him your mother would now be childless.'

'I entreat, madame, you will say no more on the subject,' said Theobald, to whom the gratitude of the lady was as sweet as well as sufficient reward. 'I thank Heaven for having been so fortunate as to render you a service. In my was the lucky person on this occasion, that is

O God! what would have become of me if poor woman, with a shudder; then adding:-How could I have dared to appear before Monsieur de Belmont? This is our only child; and had he been drowned-drowned by my fauit, because I had failed in watchfulness-oh! I should have become mad, I could not have survived the

'Do you hear that?' said the young man, caressing little George. 'In future you must remember to obey your mother implicitly, if you wish her to live; and by so doing you will be

dissipated her illness. She wrung her hands I have been separated for some time, replied and charmed at the same time, to find a young further conversation. Ladies and gentlemen, convulsively, and cried out in a most heartrend- Madame de Belmont. Besides, had I con- man so imbued with religious feeling. ing manner. At the sight of George, whom ceived any prejudices unfavorable to the Corsi-

for ever to-day.'

· Oh! we are not so black as we are painted, said Theobald with a smile; 'we know how to appreciate merit, and sympathise with all that is noble and good; besides our beautiful landlands, possess many charms.

'Uncultivated, do you say? Not so uncultivated as I had imagined,' replied Madame de Belmont, casting a glance on the fertile and verdant shores, which appeared to glide by the vessel like the slides of a magic lantern; 'those fields and vines seem, on the contrary, in excellent order.'

'I must admit, madam, that Cape Corse is that part of the island which boasts the highest productive; the country people are also very industrious and the most civilised. But throughout the whole of Corsica you will find a prolific soil, a most agreeable climate, and certainly the most enchanting views it is possible to imagine. We have also magnificent forests, for example those of Vizzavone and Attona, in which there his countrymen had a right to expect. He forare trees one hundred feet high, and not less than eight feet in diameter, that grow up, wither, and die of old age, without ever having been touched by the axe of man. We also possess a great number of quarries of different kinds of marble, granite, porphyry, of vert antique, that can be worked and turned to the greatest advantage, when the roads, now in progress, are finished, which I hope will soon be the case.'

'I am aware,' said Madame de Belmont, that you can boast of mineral sources, whose waters possess the most admirable qualities. My husband, who suffered greatly last year from the effects of a wound, went to take the waters at ceasing toil, at length brought a few acres of Guagno, and derived the greatest benefit from land into cultivation, sufficient to supply their their use.' land into cultivation, sufficient to supply their very moderate wants. Unhappily, however, the

of Orezza, besides the baths of Caldaniccia, su- to pardon their murderers. The Saracens then and even from Italy. As it in contrast to the fled to the woods, where they have since multihot springs I have mentioned, there are others plied incredibly, and are now the only living very curious from their icy coldness in all sea-Corte to Ajaccio, without visiting a tountain, sportsmen disembark on this barren shore, purup three pebbles one after another, the water is as well as the island of Capraijo, belongs to Tusso intensely cold. I say nothing of our steep | cany.' and rugged rocks, of our deep and shady grottoes, or our nearly unpenetrable thickets; I abare so abundantly supplied that the Neapolitans come expressly to cast their nets here; of the excellence of our fruits, and of the infinite variety of our provisions, for if you visit our country for any time, madam, you will find all the those peculiar to Africa; and you will admit that pretty chapel so close to the sea shore?' that Providence has been most bountiful to us, and has accorded us a large share of its gilts.'

'I feel already convinced on that subject,' knowledgments of Madame de Belmont, who said the lady, delighted with Theobald's good expressed her gratitude with all the energy of sense and politeness, and above all with the courtesy and refinement of his manners. 'Can you tell me what is that ruined building we are

'It is the tower in which Seneca was confined, or, at all events, that which we believe to have been the philosopher's prison during his long exile. The latter circumstance, no doubt, inspired the bitter teeling which pervades his satirical verses, and in which I think he has been too severe upon us.'

towers, placed at equal distances from each other?

'They are constructed to serve as a detence against the aggressions of Saracen pirates, whose descents on our island were formerly very freyou had not been there to save him?' soid the quent, and always followed by the most terrible misfortunes; now that the Corsicans have nothing more to dread from those miscreants, they allow the towers to fall into ruin.'

'Oh! what a lovely day,' said Madame de Belmont, whose indisposition had been entirely cured by the shock of the accident, together with the proximity of the coast. 'How pure the air! how calm the waters! It is impossible for me to describe the happiness and delight I feel at this moment. I hold my darling boy on my kneess, and I am going to rejoin his father,

steur Loncini.' 'Say rather you owe it to the Almighty, ma-

proceed. Madame de Belmont looked at him surprised,

'You are a good and noble youth,' said she we are at the end of our voyage.'

Theobald placed safely on his mother's knees, can character, they would have been dispelled with much emotion; 'may my son resemble you!

HRONICLE.

'You will really make me blush,' said Theobald, laughing. 'I naturally prefer giving you all the new and modern houses, in fact, like the some account of the beautiful objects that sur-shopkeepers who place their goods in view, with round us, to exposing my utter ignorance of all the hope of attracting customers. scapes, even our picturesque, though uncultivated the ways of the world; you will, then, like to know the name of that mass of rock, covered with staunted shrubs, that we are now so rapidly approaching? It is the island of Capraija, or the Goat Island, which certainly contains many more goats than men, for these rugged and precipitous sites appear purposely made for such inhabitants. And do you see somewhat further, a smiling fertile land, where iron mines are successfully worked, and to which Napoleon, in his inconceivable activity, gave excellent roads durcultivation, and which is, consequently, the most | ing his short reign in the small island? Those roads constitute its present prosperity.7

"That is, indeed, a great name you invoke,' said Madame de Belmont. 'You Corsicans must love your great Napoleon Bonaparte.'

'We are proud of him,' replied Theobald, though he did not do all for his country that got his own land for his adopted country, but very possibly he could not have acted otherwise; his mind was always teeming with such vast projects that he had no time to further the interests of Corsica.

'Is not that an island which I perceive in the distance?' asked Madame de Belmont, who was rather near-sighted.

'It is the island of Monte Christo, more barren still than Capraija, and completely uninhahited. At one time, some holy men had the courage to settle in that absolute solitude. They built a convent, and with infinite labor, and un-'There are also,' said Theobald, who took Saraceus disembarked one day on the island, much pleasure in enumerating the advantages of pursued and massacred them all in their little his native land, 'the waters of Petricola and charel; they died like martyrs, imploring God those of Vichy. Crowds of invalids resort of the church, the only riches belonging to these there every year from all parts of the island, poor friars. A number of goats escaped and creatures on the island that formerly echoed to the water of which is of the most wonderful sue the goats, and kill a great number; then de-

At this time Casanova and some of the passengers took seats close to Madame de Belmont stain also from speaking of our fisheries, which and Theobald, and the conversation became general, running on a hundred different subjects .-Theobald played with little George, whom he had enticed on to his knee, when Madame de Belmont turning towards him, said with a gracious smile : 'Monsieur Loucini, as you appear to Irish Catholics, when in power, never retaliated, but productions of the temperate zone, united to know everything, can you tell me the name of

> 'It is, madam, the chapel of the Madonna della Vesina,' replied Theobald, in a low and gloomy voice, for the painful remembrance of his dying mother instantly presented itself to his mind. He placed the child in its mother's arms and suddenly left the party.

> 'Good heavens! what can have happened to Monsieur Loncini that he leaves us in this manner?' exclaimed the lady, almost uneasy at his hasty departure.

'His mother unfortunately died there,' said Casanova, pointing to a miserable hovel, which at the same moment lay bathed in the sun's rays. 'She died of fatigue and grief, and the young man is returning to Corsica for the purpose of 'And those ruinous remains, apparently of avenging the death of his father and mother :for Loncini is an excellent young fellow, as you may have observed.3

'Revenge their death! But how?' asked

Madame de Belmont. 'He will retaliate in the same manner, of course,' pursued Casanova, with a gesture significant of taking aim with a gun. 'Blood cries out for blood, and Loncini is an excellent shot; in fact, he shoots they say as well as he swims.

'What! so good a young man become a mur-derer? Impossible!' cried Madame de Belmont. 'If Loncini does not revenge his parent's death he will be a dishonored man, and his dis-

honor will fall on his whole family.' But what you say is dreadful, horrible, monsieur. I cannot imagine that this young man, so mild, so pious, so well-educated, should ever bathe possible!

'You do not know us yet!' exclaimed Casanova, in a tone, and with an air of triumph.— We mountaineers, at least, can boast that we are men.

Here the voice of the captain put an end to

And Bastia presented itself to the view of the passengers, by its most imposing quarter, the square of St. Nicholas, the Palais de Justice, shopkeepers who place their goods in view, with

Le Liamone was already entering the harbor when Theobald rejoined Madame de Belmont. He offered his services in landing, which is very inconvenient, and effected by means of a boat, the steamer being unable to reach the quay. A short time devoted to prayer and reflection had sufficed to restore our hero to his usual state of tranquillity, and it was with great politeness and kindness of manner that he paid Madame de Belmont all those attentions so welcome to a lady, and which she could so well appreciate.

"Monsieur,' said she, on leaving him at the door of the Hotel Tellier, the best in the town, if ever my husband or myself should be so fortunate as to have it in our power to be useful to you, think of us as real friends, and never forget the deep and heartfelt gratitude which we shall ever retain towards you.

(To be continued.)

HOW PROTESTANT ASCENDENCY WAS ES-TABLISHED IN IRELAND.

(From the Dublin Review, November, 1860.) The Christian massacres in Syria the other day

weto not outdone by some perpetrated on the Irish; and if before the "Reformation" they were chastised with "whips," they were afterwards beaten with "scorpions." When in 1579 a garrison in Kerry surrendered on "mercy" to Lord Deputy Gray, they were disarmed, and an English company being sent into the fort, under Sir Walter Rileigh, the unfortunate people were butchered in cold blood; and about the same time, on the concussion of # peace, the chiefs, with a great number of their retainers, were invited by the Earl of Essex to an enterminment which hasted three days, when the chief guest, O'Niel, and his relations, were arrested, and his friends put to the sword before his face, the women and children being included. The unfortunate caief himself, together with his brother and wife, on being afterwards sent to Dablin, were cut in quarters.— Shortly after this the Irish of two counties were inperior in their mineral qualities, perhaps, even to seized on the ornaments and the sacred vessels vited to settle terms of a treaty, being previously assured of safe keeping, and on meeting they were surrounded with English troops and outchered on the spot. In Elizabeth's reign it was a thing so common to destroy the ornaments and defile the altars of Catholic churches, that the impression generally produced was "that the new system of religion sancsons; and no one passes on the road leading from the praises of God. Occasionally, some Italian tioned sacrilege and robbery. There, too, in a country where the doctrines of the Reformation never took kindly, abbots and priests were hanged and quartered for the offence of having said Mass; and Well, well, as you insist, I will accompany limpidity, and in which it is impossible to pick part, carrying away the skins. Monte Christo, friums in great numbers were slain in their very monasteries. The torture in its worst form was used, as in the case of the Archbishop of Cashel, whose legs were immersed in jack-boots filled with quick lime, watered, until they were burnt to the bone in order to force him to take the oath of supremacy, "and who was then, with other circumstances of barbarity, executed on the gallows." "It was a usual thing," adds Bishop Milner, "to beat with stones the shorn heads of their clergy, till their brains gushed out!" In strange contrast with these things, is the fact, well authenticated by Protestant testimony, that the often saved their persecutors. Thousands of instances could be adduced, and these exclusively upon the testimony of Protestant historians, where the most shocking cruelty was enacted towards the unfortunate people; where scenes of heartless barbarity were indeed the rule; and where, without even the mockery of a trial, capital punishments took place. Yes, after pardon for offences, secret commissions have been granted to kill the unhappy men under pardon. No pen can descrive, few imaginations can realise the cruel tyranny exercised by England towards the natives of Ireland.

Even the common law of the land was set aside, and men in times of peace were tried by martial law and executed, and to such a state were things brought in Elizabeth's reign, that she was assured that, owing to the inhumanity of Lord Deputy Gray, little was left in Ireland to reign over but "ashes and carcasses." "Every inconsiderable party," says the Protestant clergyman, Dr. Leland, under the pretence of loyalty, had power to repel the adversary in some particular district, became pestilent enemies of the inhabitants. Their properties, their lives, the chastity of their families were all exposed to barbarians who sought to glut their brutal passions; and by their horrible excesses purchased the curse of God and man." Other authors concur with Leland, (the Royal Antiquary of England), in describing that system which induced the governors of Ireland to have those considered as aliens, whose estates they coveted, and in showing that in later times the natives of English descent, some of whom loved Ireland with a love almost superior to that of the native Irish, and who were represented as Hibernia ipsis Hiberniores," were treated by Irish viceroys with as much inhumanity and injustice as were the "mere Irish" themselves. This was but too fully exemplified in the melancholy case of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, who, on the assurance by the Lord Deputy of pardon, repaired into England, whither his five uncles, three of whom were manacled at a feast to which they were invited by the same vile governor, were sent also. Three of those uncles, to his hands in human blood. Oh, never! it is im- | the utmost of their power, opposed Lord Thomas' resistance to the English government, yet all six, these men of high lineage and noble blood, were taken to Tyburn and there "hanged, drawn, and quartered," to the consternation of Europe. It need only be further mentioned that this inviting to feasts and there killing in cold blood, was but too often acted. on. "The annals and achievements," says the author, "of this noble and historic name, are emblazoned in the history not only of Ireland, but of

every civilized country in the world."

After the tragic death of the "great Earl of Des-្រុក ទី ទេ នៅ **ស្រីក្រុង**ទំហំ នៃ ១ សំខាង**់ សំ**