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THEOBALD; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF CHARITY.

Written by Madame la Comtesse de 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.

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?

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.

Theobald was an expert swimmer, and in a few moments seized the child by the hair and held him above water.

Theobald placed safely on his mother's knees, the poor lady had nothing but tears with which to express her gratitude.

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

What the deuce are you doing here so long, my good fellow? said he.

On the contrary, I never felt better? replied Theobald, hastily completing his toilet.

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 her husband, who commands a battalion at Corte.

This is the hero—the young man who—the courageous Loncini—in short, my countryman and relative whom I have the honor to present to all,

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.

O God! what would have become of me if you had not been there to save him? said the poor woman, with a shudder; then adding:—

Do you hear that? said the young man, caressing little George.

But, madame, continued he, in order to change the conversation, have you no repugnance in coming to reside in our country? You may have been prejudiced against it.

can character, they would have been dispelled 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;

I must admit, madam, that Cape Corse is that part of the island which boasts the highest cultivation, and which is, consequently, the most productive;

I am aware, said Madame de Belmont, that you can boast of mineral sources, whose waters possess the most admirable qualities.

There are also, said Theobald, who took much pleasure in enumerating the advantages of his native land,

I feel already convinced on that subject, said the lady, delighted with Theobald's good sense and politeness, and above all with the courtesy and refinement of his manners.

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.

And those ruinous remains, apparently of towers, placed at equal distances from each other?

They are constructed to serve as a defence against the aggressions of Saracen pirates, whose descents on our island were formerly very frequent, and always followed by the most terrible misfortunes;

Say rather you owe it to the Almighty, madam, said Theobald, in a grave but soft voice, for from Him alone all happiness, all good gifts proceed.

Madame de Belmont looked at him surprised, and charmed at the same time, to find a young man so imbued with religious feeling.

with much emotion; may my son resemble you!

You will really make me blush, said Theobald, laughing.

We are proud of him, replied Theobald, though he did not do all for his country that his countrymen had a right to expect.

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

At this time Casanova and some of the passengers took seats close to Madame de Belmont and Theobald, and the conversation became general, running on a hundred different subjects.

It is, madam, the chapel of the Madonna della Vesna, replied Theobald, in a low and gloomy voice, for the painful remembrance of his dying mother instantly presented itself to his mind.

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.

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.

What! so good a young man become a murderer? Impossible! cried Madame de Belmont.

You do not know us yet? exclaimed Casanova, in a tone, and with an air of triumph.

Here the voice of the captain put an end to further conversation.

And Bastia presented itself to the view of the passengers, by its most imposing quarter, the square of St. Nicholas, the Palais de Justice, all the new and modern houses, in fact, like the shopkeepers who place their goods in view, with the hope of attracting customers.

Theobald 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.

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 ESTABLISHED IN IRELAND.

(From the Dublin Review, November, 1860.)

The Christian massacres in Syria the other day were not outdone by some perpetrated on the Irish; and if before the "Reformation" they were chastised with whips, they were afterwards beaten with scorpions.

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 carcases."