# ave teve <br> Tis 㴻 

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. VIII.
Fiction Crushing. No! Duncan of Scotland would hare bee safe in iny best bed-room, (it is the only spare
rom in the bouse) in sipte of all hat Mrs.
Smith the wife of my bosom) could hare urgei room in the youse) in spee colld hare urged
Smith the wife of my bosom) cold
to the contrary ; and yet If feel all the confusion of mind and perplexity of purpose, which led the ambitious Thane to believe, "that no
thing is but what is not !" What may be the exact meaning of this expression I have neve
eeen explained by any commentator ; and there seen explained by any commentator; ; and there-
fore conclude, that the impenetrable obscurity the sentence was meant to illustrate the chaotic
helplessness of Macbeth's mind. The art of the divine William was admirabl
The shown in this bewildered presentment of a feeble
minded indiridual, who had a dreadful tartar of wife ; and who, all of a sudden, finds an unaccountable propensity to cut his benefactor's
throat. He had no such wish previous to the interview with the hideous Sisters; but in a mo-
ment all the landinarks of his previous life were trown lown by that frightful prophecy of the -all his kindness to his trusted friend-all his all his sweet sleeps and joyous wakings-all hi self-respect and sinless ambition to excel and b
promoted-all these lad disappeared; there wa nothing left by which to recognise his existence to unite his prast with his future; he could trust
no 'man's evidence, not even the witness of his own eyes and ears-and therefore he said, "All isn't, all is, all is, all isn't!"
Now, this is what Shake
al, an earl, a murderer, a king, makes a gene ral, an earl, a murderer, a king, a tyrant, an circumstances perfectly different from Macbeth's, have produced the same effect on me; who an either a general, nor an earl, aor a murdere nor a king, nor a tyrant, no even-except in a
very modified degree-angthing else by which do not wear a kilt, nor a feather in my bonne as large as the central ornament of an alderman's hearse. In fact, I live at Clapham, and go
every day by an omnibus into the City, transact ing my business to the best of my ability (my
aduress is at the printers of this publication):and at four return to a nice little dinner-an
hour or two of music (Lucy certainly has a charming voice), a hot cug of tea, and book? my novel? my biography? my royages hady Macbeth mends me a new purse, adds un the household accounts,
or reads-(she is a very little woman, and nobody would take her, eren now, for more than Copperfield, for at least the of Doradredth in Dame. That's how I live-or hived I ought to say-fo have shut up my book-shelves; I have sent home to drinking in despair ; and have esiousuve thoughts
of giving Mrs. S. a black eye: They would only fine me thirty shillings, or give me a fort night of the mill if I trampled her nearly to
death; and, would probably let me off for half a-crown, for a mere poke in the organ of rision.
But why should I do this? Why, to show my age in the first place, and, in the next place changed man; that I am not what I was; that I live in a confusion of tenses distracting
grammarian, and that all isn't, nothing is?
This is how the metamorphosis came to pass, sat next a man who lived in the other half of my very brood cheek bones, ligght grey shiny eyes
yellow disordered hair, and lips that cluched to gether with a snap when he had made an obser
vation, like the spring of a man-trap. But the were always valuable observations, and well worth holding fast. No nonsense, no joke, no
frivolity ; all solid heaps of truth and great crude forms of fact $\ddagger$ none of your mouldings, and or naments, and fiexibility of slape. A thing was vation of the ground near Naples, which occa sionailly gave forth smoke, and fire, and lava :but, as to the beauty of its lurid flame reflected
in the Bay; as to its effect in brilliant sunshine as to its gloost-like appearance when the moo thought of sunsline, or moonlight, or blue Waves curling up and along golden sand who natural phenomena would have had the courage natural phenomena would have had the courage
to exhibit themselves in hispresence ; so no wonder nobody spole of them. Wetspoke of corn and tallow, of lead and guano; and the curious formation. There was not a spot on the face of size of its market, know the shape of, and the and what was the rate of exchange established

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1858.
tween the graceful sasagery of a naturally gentle
in its bourse. In short he was Haydd's Dat
and Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge, Murray's Guide Books, and M'Culloch's Dic-difference-knew the hero of enery novel for wenty years, beliered in Gulliver's Travellers,
and could say the Arabian Nights by heart. O nd could say the Arabian Nights by bea
course, being so entirely opposite, we to
ancy to each other. I asked him to tea.
My domestic peace was gone from that hour
The wife I was so fond of, my Dora, my tidd oddly, my wippity pippity, she never cared fo me any more! All my little enjoyments, my
dips into Shakespeare, my floghts with Peter Wilkins, my courtships with the glums and glo
ies, she hated and despised. She cared for facts, facts only; the broader the bolder, the stupider the better. And there-opposite the
fairy creature-sat the gaunt form of M ${ }^{\text {Ritcthie }}$ jecting luge, deformed, repulsive, coagulated realities, with the force and pertinacity of a
twenty four pounder, and shutting his mouth after the operation with the slam of a prison-door
Slie respected the wretch! be was soe exact, so reliable, and knew so much! Did I say he was
a Scotchnan? But if you had heard him cough you would have known that those lungs had been
filled with mountain winds and alcohol from their earliest years. His breath was Scotch, lis wallik
Hel as tobacconist's shop; his language was strong,
firm, but with a tone; with a pragmatical conceit
with a pitiless precision, and regardlessness o with a pitiless precision, and regardlessness
other people's thoughts and feelings-ught don" with which he solemnly prefaced his par molition of all your statements and rectification
of all your errors; your favorite statements, your fondly cherished errors. What was to be done? The man was alirays right. Your state-
ments were evidently unfounded, your errors r diculously clear. You had made them for tiventy
years, you had believed in them from childhood.
But he wouldn But, he wouldn't let you quote from the poets
anything whatever that wasn't as true and undeniable as the income-tax. If you said Henry the Fifth was a gallant fellown who tallsed of talkthe Prast denial in his jaws, and propelled it with the vigor of a catapult," "I big per par-r-don,
Henry the Fifth was wrang; there niver was Prester John ;" and, when the big lips jerked
themselves together again with a triumphant themselves together again with a triumphant
crack, you feit that Prester John, beard and all,
was buried in that impenetrable grave, nerer to Why should I go through the miserable list
Wain. of all the cherished beliefs he scattered into air?
Did Remus never jump orer a wall? did Curtius never leap into a gulf? nor Mademoiselle
Rachel never blow up that bandp-legged little Rachel never blow up that bandy-legged little
Horatius in the colorless kilt? The Sabines:was there no forcible abduction to Gretaa Green?
Regulus:-was there no surrender on lis own Regulus:-was there no surrender on lus own
recognisance? And farther down in bistory, was there no Rosamond's Bower? No generous
St. Pierre and the citizens of Calais receiving St. Pierre and the citizens of Calais receiving
their pardon from the harsh-roiced king at the
intercession of the sweep Ptilinpa ? Were all to be orerthrown by that girantic image of iconoclasm sitting starched and cold on the cosiest
side of my fire-place, gazed on, open-lipped, by side of my fire-place, gazed on, open-lipped, by
the once all-beliering, but now utterly incredulons, sceptic, sneering, proof-exacting little girl
who despised Dora and began mathematics amusing herself in her gayest moments with a page or two of the statistics of crime or corn?
I. hated the man. He did not look like a person of 1856, but a skeleton of some dreadful and extinct pre-Adamite animal. Vastity of jaw,
breadth of countenance, boniness of structurebreadth of countenance, boniness of structure-
who could he be but the resuscitated body (and who could he be but the resuscitated body (and
possibly mind tou) of one of the antediluvian
monsters on that melancholy island in the Crystal Palare garden -the iguanoton, or mastodon; or, more likely still, the megatherium, of which, I believe, the name means in English the great
beast? He was undoubtelly an English, or rather Scottush megatberium, and committed such derastatoons in the forests of history and ro-
mance, that, if long continued, not a green leaf would be left. Was there indeed no St. Pierre and the self-sacrificing six, as honorable in my
epes as the three bundred Fabii (who never exeyes as or
isted) or
imposition.
"I big yer par-r-don," he began, and before pretty story of that Calais surrender was an invention of after days; for he pulled out-other people would have put a hand in their nocket for
this purpose, and laid a volume on the table, but
he merely opened a menory, and pulled out a drawer in his inexthaustible eye-ritpess, in which from hour to hour the course of the siege is detailed, and no mention
made of what, $i v$ a citizen, would have been the most interestog part of the story-vo summoning
of the unabitants- no procession with ropes about

 to be sacrifiecd is only an old-fashioned incident in the midst of persons and manners with which
we have nothing to do, the effort at incredulity we have nothing to do, the effort at incredulity
is not very dificult. I an prepared to take a sponge and pass it over all history, ancedote, sponge and pass it over an history, anccuote,
and belief, previous to George the Third. But,
when a fellow in mere reliance on his powers of denial, begins to interfere with on modern faith, and with one flop of his teeth annibilates the
most recent records, as if they were moth-eaten
with the becomes serious. Let Cleon, we, cry, be a
much-abused individual, and instead of the noto rious demagogue we thought him, let hm be a
high-principled whig: let bloody Mary be beautifil into the perfect ensample of a lofty-minded let Henry the Eighthl be the most natient martyrs, and the most immaculate character recent times; let Jeffreys himself be the imper-
sonation of equity and of the righteous firmess sonation of equity and of the righteous firmness
which gives the sword of justice all its value ; but spare us the dome of St. Paul's! the roof of Westminster Abbey! Alter as much as you
like, but don't obliterate altogether 1 Make
Shakespeare out an Shakespeare out an illiterate ass if you please,
but don't deny that such a man really lired! Tell
us the Pyramids are round, hut don't us the Pyramids are round, but don't destroy
them utterly! Yet that is what the ind them utterly! Yet that is what the inexorable
MrRithene has done; not with regard to Shakespeare and JJeffreys, or the Pyramids; but about
several things much more raluable to me than the Enghsh Justice or the Egyptian Cheops. For instance : One night I said, but almost in
a whisper (I am so subdued I seldom speak above a whisper (I am so subdued l seldom speatz above novel expression) were as irresistible as the ver the face of our guest (he had swallowed bis ninth cup of tea, and walked into a heaped up plate of
muffins till not a single one was left I I siacerely wished I was at that moment whirling round and round in the outer circles, gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the central pool, in company
with a few howling bears and distracted boat nerforming the same dreadful revolution; for the
mouth was opened, and from it proceeded the
word of fate:
"I big yer par-r-don, there's no such thing as Come, come, I thought, this fellow will deny
Comer stand it no longer: wherefore I said, "Mr. Mr-
Ritchie, I think you go a little too far. The Maelstrom is in every geography book, and ever "I big yer par-r-don. Every school-boy
a perfit idyitt who belienes in any such thing." And he condescended to proof. From the same repertory which he kept his authorties
about Calais, he irought forward a certain ofi-
cial report, presented to the King of Denmark by a commission of scentific and naval men, who have been sent to verify the size and danger of
the greatest whirlpool in the world. It was the greatest whirlpool in the world. It was
dated two or three years ago. It was very clear,
rery conclusive ; and signed with all their names They bad searched night and day in the quarte where the awfiul Malestrom was supposed to be. Orer and over, backward and formard, sailed
the ressel of inquiry. There was no recoil, no eddy, no roar ; there was nothing but smooth examined divers of the fishermen and skippers believed in it, and prayed against it ; but none rersed bad ever seen it. All the coast was traversed, from the mouth of the Baltic to the
north of Norway. There was no Maelstrom! And the navigator may guide his bark in peace inadrertening bears may dread no suction; the safety; the stately ship may fear no irresistibl twist and twirl, and may lazily float with tair wind and tide across the dreaded spot. It is for
ever extinguished, abolished, and done out of existence by act of the Danish parliament. The jubilant lips closell with' a bang, and all my simile
But, the next effort of this exterminator of acknowledged truths, was more interesting even Charybdis ; I commend the consideration of it to the erudite inquiries of the Notes and Queries. He was damming up for ever the sources of the
Nile, when 1 took courage to make a remark about the explorers of Africa, and named my favorite traveller Le Vaillant. In a moment the What! were the plains of Kaffraria to be rob gons and bullocks, and the groups of attache natives; and the pleasantries of Kees the mon-
ley; and the beautrfil tenderuess of the desert

## maident fell sw: story:

Aory: But so it was; and here was his
A gentleman, whose name be gave, and whos character for truthfulness and honor would gua
rantee whatever he said as having occurred to himself, was engaged in a great coonmercial spe eighteen hundred and fifteen. This busines or ghe hin often into contact with the member fie French government at the time, and with
many of the men of science and litenature nany of the men of science and literature.-
Among these, the persons with whom he became nost intumate was the celebrated John Anthony Cloptal, the great natural historian, chemist
and statesman. Like our own Sir Humpre and statesman. Like our own sir Humphrey
Davy, this man only not the first poet of bis
country, because he chose to be her first utilitaian philosopher. He lired, in fact, in tivo or fact: one consisting of the most plain matters
fact ane other ideal and imaginativein Atlantis or Utopia, which he peopled day, when the friends were communicatic
confidential, the vanity of literature ore the barriers by which the statesmau, peer of
France, and former minister for trade and manuacture, had entrenched his dignity, and he said,
W With this hand I wrote Le Vaillant's travels; invented all his adventures. In some portions
of the story I was assisted by a friend; but, in act and substance, I am Le Vaillant, tbe slaugh-
terer of the girafie, and lover of Narina." "The story of the modern Frankenstein was antedated in the person of M. Chapal. The monster he
created, overwhelmed him. Le Vaillant becam a real existence, and the veritable Simon Pure sank rapilly into oblivion. Many mistakes he confessed to. He acknowledged the impossi-
bility of the existence of Narina. He was lutions of inexact in ais description of the mo cellers had tried in rain to find evidence of his career; but, with the sole exception of one who
discovered an old woman who said she remembered him living in her kraal, there was uo trac Gis ever having been in Africa. Lichlemster eighteen hundred and nine, and has the followin
remarkable passare: "When Le Vaillant as serts that he has seen the giraffe trot, he spares me any further trouble in proving this
never presented itself alive before lim."

## Then, who does not remember the ferocious


the surrounding tribes? Who were these tre
mendous warriors, these assegayed Ronans founding a long-enduring dominion by self-con trol and stoic perseverance? They were our
friends of the Egyptian Hall, Loudon, the hase
Bosjesmen or Bustimen-the lowest Bosjesmen or Bushmen-the lowest type of hu-
man nature-but recommended to Chaptal by the rague uncertainty of the name which wa
current among the Dutch colonists of the Cape, he wild heroes of the forest, the Men of the
Bush. Who, then, was Le Vaillant? He is orn in seventeen hundred and fifty-three, and died in eighteen hundred and twenty-four ;
quiet, retired, and unsocial man, derotiog bi whole time to the preparation of his travels and
the publication of his essays on the Natural Hisory of Birds." The whole of this biography is various editions of the travels. Nobody ever saw him. The ingenuity with which a local ha-
bitation and a name are given to this purely imainary indivilual is worthy of De Foe or GulFrance, where a baptismal register might be apthere he derotes himself to study and the exnloration of wood and fell. In seventeen hundred and sixty-three he comes with his parents to rance, but not to Paris or any traceable posi-
tion, but to the wild parts of Lorraine and the Vosges. Here he shuns society, and gives himchance to the capital in seventeen hundred and chance to the capital in seventeen hundred and
seventy-seren, and sees the royal cabinet of natural history; and the fire, long dormant, breaks
forth. He will travel minto the native land of hose strange and captivating animals, and see
them in their natural freedom; and at a time then England and France are at war, when no g-books of either country, he embarks in a Dutch ressel at the Texel, and reaches the Cape safety; but che ship which brought him is
unk, burnt, or otherwise destroyed by an Eng-
sh fleet; and alone out of all the crew-Fisitor-with no one to prove lis identity or deny
shirtless, bookless, at full liberty to penniless, o say to him nay. He is the Robinson Crusoe
of the desert, and finds his man Friday in Claas,
his tame goat in Kees, and transecuds all th magiungs of the mariner of York in the crea-
tion of the uatchles Navina. Looking at the mirable natural listory romance. He come ome, but still bis impersonation is sustained.-orgot-at La Noue, near Sezanne. Is worl
Is there a orab there to his memory? Did he leare a
wind? he in no old list of citizens? Two-nd-tinity years are not so long a lime as to
hare expunged the memory of so distinguished nauthor. Many must be alive who knew hinn sixty were eight and twenty when he died. Did Thiers know hin? or Cruizot? or Mitchelet ? or Ritchie ; "and the reason's very plain ; the man
never existed, body or sout ; and was naething at." Whereupon the lips closed with a clash, and Ise Vaillant disa
colls of human kind.
REV. DR. CAMML.

The Catholics of Kikenny, and indeed of Ire ude, which, although we masy nor be able fully Tilly to acke, we shall always be prepared cheer-
The readers of this journal recollect the association of Protestant gennonths, to protest agains the unbecoming con-
luct of what is called "The Trish Mission" in that city. At a mecting of that association, re-
presenting the talent, the raik, the liberality o rotestant Kilkenay, Captain Helshana wia spectful petition was forwarded to the Protestant emove this nuisance from amongst them: and the petition, signed by captain Helsham, as chair-
man of the meeting, and as the High Sherif of as a private parociial communcation and as a the respectful courtesy, the temperate language
of this petition; and the liberal fecling, and the not soon be forgotton by those who have read reply, but no answer: he parried and avoided close eonfict: and it is not denied by Dr. O9-
Brien's friends, that the association outstripped the Diocesan in Christian seutiment, social feed-
ing, and sound argument. Some few Kilkenny composition of the Bistuop fails, in a rigu comparison, with the polished style and the correct
taste of the Sherif: and that 22 polite literature drantage over "the Doctor of Dirinity."
The Association haviug obediensls to ecclesiastical authority: and finding their apeal rejected: and the nuisance still continced, the next more made by Protestant Kilkenny, on etter from the same quarter to the present Loord deutenant of Ireland. This is a generous, a
old act: it is adrancing in the scale of remonsrance: and it is a clear case that the Protestant gentlemen who hare gone so far are not likely
to stop eren bere, if their just request shall be refased. The determination which has urged
them to go to the episcopal palace, which again said), if again checked and bafled, lead thein, With a renesved rigour and decision, to the Parthe defeat will ondy be gained by "the Mission" at the expense of exposure and shame before the British empire and the civilized world. Mf-
though the letter to Lord Eglinton has been already published in The Catholic Tdegraphe, there is one paragraph in that communication
which ought to be repented, in order to renew, souper conduct which bas long horror, against a souper conduct which has long aflicted the Ca-
tholics of Ireland, and which has awakened the generous indignation of the Protestants of Kilenny: the passage referred to is as follows:-
With every respect aud deference, I spall lay be-
ore jour Excellency a case which will illustrate the
 ciety-one of the हcenes which take plase danily in
the strects of our city. My Sub-Sherift, $a$ Protestant gentleman, a retired officer of Her Majesty's service, arried a Roman Catholic lady. They have two in-
fant children. The mother tias been for some time past in a delicate state of heallh and the chidaren
are suifering from scarlation. On jesterday after-

sickness, while he himself wasemploged on so the beni- of
ness of the ensuing Quarter Sessions: The firebrands:
ness of the ensuing Quarter Sessions. The freobran de:
of the Irich Ohurch Mirgions planted themselves op:
posite the door, and in stentorian toices shouted out

