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FICTION CRUSHING.

No! Duncan of Scotland would have been safe in my best bed-room, (it is the only spare room in the house) in spite of all that Mrs. Smith (the wife of my bosom) could have urged to the contrary; and yet I feel all the confusion of mind and perplexity of purpose, which led the ambitious Thane to believe, "that nothing is but what is not!" What may be the exact meaning of this expression I have never seen explained by any commentator; and therefore conclude, that the impenetrable obscurity of the sentence was meant to illustrate the chaotic helplessness of Macbeth's mind.

in its bourse. In short he was Haydn's Dates, and Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge, and Murray's Guide Books, and McCulloch's Dictionary all in one. And I—only think of the difference—knew the hero of every novel for twenty years, believed in Gulliver's Travellers, and could say the Arabian Nights by heart. Of course, being so entirely opposite, we took a fancy to each other. I asked him to tea.

their necks—no obduracy of Edward, no eloquence of the Queen. All these things, however, I give up. In fact I am ready to profess my unbelief in anything; and when the object to be sacrificed is only an old-fashioned incident in the midst of persons and manners with which we have nothing to do, the effort at incredulity is not very difficult. I am prepared to take a sponge and pass it over all history, anecdote, and belief, previous to George the Third. But, when a fellow in mere reliance on his powers of denial, begins to interfere with my modern faith, and with one flop of his teeth annihilates the most recent records, as if they were moth-eaten with the rottenness of the Crusades, the thing becomes serious. Let Cleon, we cry, be a much-abused individual, and instead of the notorious demagogue we thought him, let him be a high-principled whig: let bloody Mary be beautiful into the perfect ensample of a lofty-minded, tender-hearted woman and justice-loving Queen; let Henry the Eighth be the most patient of martyrs, and the most immaculate character of recent times; let Jeffreys himself be the impersonation 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! Make Shakespeare out an illiterate ass if you please, but don't deny that such a man really lived! Tell us the Pyramids are round, but don't destroy them utterly! Yet that is what the inexorable M'Ritchie has done; not with regard to Shakespeare and Jeffreys, or the Pyramids; but about several things much more valuable to me than the English Justice or the Egyptian Cheops.

tween the graceful savagery of a naturally gentle nature, and the culture and elegance of European maidenhood? All, all my pretty ones, at one fell swoop! But so it was; and here was his story:

his tame goat in Kees, and transcends all the imaginings of the mariner of York in the creation of the matchless Narina. Looking at the book with this light thrown upon it, it is an admirable natural history romance. He comes home, but still his impersonation is sustained.—He lives—the world forgetting, by the world forgot—at La Noue, near Sezanne. Is there a tomb there to his memory? Did he leave a will? Is he in no old list of citizens? Two-and-thirty years are not so long a time as to have expunged the memory of so distinguished an author. Many must be alive who knew him, who spoke to him about his books. People of sixty were eight and twenty when he died. Did Thiers know him? or Guizot? or Michelet? or Lamartine? "Deed, no," concludes Mr. M'Ritchie; "and the reason's very plain; the man never existed, body or soul; and was naething but the idolon or external image of Maister Chapal." Whereupon the lips closed with a clash, and Le Vaillant disappeared forever from the rolls of human kind.

REV. DR. CAHILL. ON CAPTAIN HELSHAM AND THE SOUPERS OF KILKENNY.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.) The Catholics of Kilkenny, and indeed of Ireland, owe to Captain Hesham a debt of gratitude, which, although we may not be able fully to discharge, we shall always be prepared cheerfully to acknowledge. The readers of this journal recollect the association of Protestant gentlemen, formed in Kilkenny within the last two months, to protest against the unbecoming conduct of what is called "The Irish Mission" in that city. At a meeting of that association, representing the talent, the rank, the liberality of Protestant Kilkenny, Captain Hesham was moved to the chair: and on that occasion a respectful petition was forwarded to the Protestant Bishop of Kilkenny, calling on his lordship to remove this nuisance from amongst them; and the petition, signed by Captain Hesham, as chairman of the meeting, and as the High Sheriff of the city, appeared thus before the Bishop, both as a private parochial communication and as a public official document. Nothing could surpass the respectful courtesy, the temperate language of this petition; and the liberal feeling, and the cogent argument in which it was conveyed, cannot soon be forgotten by those who have read that remarkable production. The Bishop sent a reply, but no answer: he parried and avoided close conflict: and it is not denied by Dr. O'Brien's friends, that the association stripped the Diocesan in Christian sentiment, social feeling, and sound argument. Some few Kilkenny critics (not bad judges too) even add, that the composition of the Bishop fails, in a rigid comparison, with the polished style and the correct taste of the Sheriff: and that in polite literature the "Doctor of Laws" seems to have a decided advantage over "the Doctor of Divinity."