

BIGOTRY BEFOOLED.

Under the above heading the Dublin Nation has the following cleverly written article ridiculing the meeting held in view of sympathizing with the Emperor William and his Minister in their Crusade against religious freedom.

A very elaborate joke reached its penultimate stage last week in London. The gentle Bismarck it would appear has been forced into a life-and-death struggle for civil and religious freedom by those terrible fellows, the Ultramontanes. Further the pious Emperor William had addressed a few words in season to the Man of Sin at Rome. Could holy England, evangelical England, England with the Bible, stand by with folded arms witnessing the encounter, and not offer a word of sympathy to Bismarck in gratitude to William? Of course not. There should be a meeting—a public meeting—at which an overwhelming quantity of sympathy and gratitude should be poured out, gathered up, and presented to the two heroes of the great struggle. Set the electric wires in motion, give the post-office double labor, speed communications from every variety of Protestant Defence Society to every species of Evangelical Alliance, don't forget to advertise liberally in the newspapers, and let your placards hang out like Macbeth's banners on the outer walls of town and city. For the 27th of January, 74, is to be a memorable day in the world's history—a red letter day in the calendar of civil and religious liberty—because the great meeting for the expression of sympathy with poor wretchedly attacked Bismarck is to be held on the evening of that day in St. James's Hall.

It was done. The post-office, and the wires, special and otherwise, and the newspapers, and the secretaries, all did their work, and in due time the meeting came off at which the cauldron of bigotry was to be set boiling over. But somehow the effect was altogether incommensurate with the immensity of the preparations. The world was to have been startled, and yet it was not. Perhaps some necessary ingredient had been forgotten by the witches who concocted the mixture. Perhaps there was not enough of the element of blind bigotry in high places ready to be gathered up. Be the cause what it may, the meeting having come and gone, an opportunity offers for measurement of the expected cauldron, and lo! it turns out to be little bigger than a saucepan. Every man with a reputation for sanity or a position to lose kept carefully away from the meeting. Even Earl Russell, who seemed for some weeks desirous of playing Little John to Bismarck's Outlaw Chief, when the hour for appearance approached, flung himself into the arms of his physician and declined the coveted part.

The chair was taken by Sir John Murray, Bart. It is hard to have to say it, but it must be said—the baronet is utterly unknown to fame. No one knows where he was picked up; it is enough that he presided at the meeting, which, comely enough, considering the nature of the addresses which followed, opened with prayer. Then some letters were read—one from the Archbishop of York, declining to commit himself to the movement, though, "speaking generally," he said no one was more opposed to Ultramontane policy than himself. The Archbishop of Canterbury wrote in a similar strain. Three other bishops, several noble lords, 337 members of Parliament, mayors of towns, and other locally influential personages, besides 200 clergymen "of all denominations," sent "letters of apology." Evidently none of these saw their way to identification with the pranks of the fanatics.

The business of the evening commenced by an appeal from the chairman to England, in which he called on that elect of nations to arcuse from her long lethargic slumber, and to confront with boldness her subtle and dangerous enemy. After this terrific explosion the Dean of Canterbury, in a poor, half-hearted way, as if he were ashamed of his position, spoke to the following resolution. Sir Thomas Chambers followed, and, as might be expected, made up in vigour for lack of wisdom. Then a Dr Johnson, of the Wesleyan persuasion, thought it necessary to refute the idea that there was any persecution of Catholics going on in Germany. We admire the doctor's appreciation of the circumstances; but incline to think him rather unsuccessful in his refutation. And then—

Then—O powers of ridicule! spare us—an Irish "Old Catholic" stood up to "deeply sympathize with the people of Germany in their determination to resist the policy of the Ultramontane portion of the Church of Rome"! Everyone knows who and what poor Chambers is; but Mr J. Lowry Whittle is what theatrical managers call "a novelty," and "a sensation" besides. He is a graduate of the godless Queen's University, a barrister-at-law, and rejoices in the lonely eccentricity of being an Irish "Old Catholic." He made one previous effort to thrust himself on public notice a few years ago; that time as an ardent pamphleteering advocate of the secular system of education. A more sweeping condemnation of that system was never pronounced than by its effects on his singular self; and no one will feel surprised at seeing him take part in this very elaborate hoax.

After him came the modern Don Quixote. As might be expected he mounted his hobby in chivalric haste; and, as the Knight of De la Mancha rode at the windmills, so Don Quixote De Newdegate, excusably forgetful of William and Bismarck, ran full tilt at the convents of Great Britain. This must have been fine fun for the audience, so we are not astonished to learn that his remarks were received with applause.

The last of the joke, however, was the best of it. Another eccentric being, the ex-politician of the "two rows of brass pins," Sir Robert Peel, actually moved "that the chairman be requested to communicate their resolutions to the German Emperor and the German people," and some Colonel McDonald was found innocently to second the proposition. We cannot refrain from laughter at the notion. That this congregation of fanatical nobodies and eccentricities should formally forward their expressions of sympathy to the potentate of Germany, under the delusion that they are doing a work of weight and importance, even from their oblique point of view, is an idea comical enough to make chucks of merriment from a melancholy maniac. The whole thing is so ludicrous that Mr Whalley might easily discover the traces of a Jesuitical hand throughout. It would give the finishing stroke of bathos were that gentleman to make such a discovery, and, with

his accustomed ardour, proceed to accuse Mr Lowry Whittle, or perhaps the half-hearted Dean himself, of collusion with that dreadful Society—the bogie of modern Europe. If he should, there is such an appearance of deliberately concocted ridicule in every feature of this absurd affair, that the member for Peterborough is likely to be luckier in his proselytism than he has been for some time.

We can fancy solemn old William of Germany, saturated with cant to his finger-tips, receiving the resolutions of sympathy with the appropriate pious ejaculations, while the grim humour of the jest, in spite of his utmost straining after gravity, wrinkles the corners of his mouth; and forces irrepressible wrinkles to his eye. We can fancy him also turning an acute glance on his co-labourer in religious persecution, while muttering about the sense of support the resolutions have afforded him; and we can fancy the relaxation that must follow in evanthal Chancelor's iron jaws, as he strives without chuckling to mutinate assent. Both these know so well the real nature of the struggle, in which they are engaged, that it must be utterly beyond their power to receive with proper gravity the meeting's commiseration for the terrible position into which "Papal overreachment" has thrust them; and with that, inevitably, come uppermost when they learn that a cold-blooded persecution for conscience' sake is entitled to sympathy from professing lovers of "civil and religious liberty."

POOR PADDY.

The following letter was published some few months since in the 'Ovens Spectator,' a Victorian journal, in the Beach worth district, being a defence against the imputations cast upon the Irish race by Mr Froude, the Historian. The letter, though lengthy, is an able one, and will amply repay a perusal:—

SIR,—In an article which recently appeared in the 'Ovens Spectator,' I find some strictures on the characteristics of the 'Hiberno-Celtic' race, with the spirit and argument of which I regret to say I cannot agree. In the first place I hold that in a new country like this, where people of different nationalities and different religious beliefs are occupied in the formation of a new Commonwealth, it is the duty of the Press rather to allay racial animosities and sectarian differences, rather than quicken into malvolence the dangerous prejudices of the Old World, by injudicious reflections on any particular race or creed. Even the most enlightened and liberal minds are not free from those weaknesses which are incidental to their birth; and the meanest and most debased will occasionally rise in arms against any undue strictures on their old home, or on the Church, of which they are but nominal members. Sarcasms, be it ever so mild; ridicule, even though it provoke not a smile, are never so keenly or so bitterly felt, as when levelled at a whole people. An affront offered to an individual is easily atoned for, and quickly forgiven; but when a nation is publicly taunted and dandered, the susceptibility of offence is greater; the wound inflames, and is not readily or easily cured. In a mixed community, to preserve a good understanding and familiar intercourse, without which there is neither general peace nor prosperity, it is absolutely necessary to avoid controversies on nationalities or religion. There is no real benefit to be derived from them, and they are bound to provoke discussions, if no where else, in public-houses. There is something peculiarly irritating in these analyses of national character. They are invariably one-sided, therefore unjust; and even where the inquiry is enlarged, so as to include all classes, and a comparison, liberal and fair, be drawn between the merits and demerits of each section, with a view to amelioration, they give offence. I do not think I am wrong, therefore, in saying that such inquiries are impolitic and unwise, and I cannot but regret that by your comments on Mr Froude's article you have opened the ground for discussion. You have, unintentionally, no doubt, by your criticism, offended many Irishmen; and I in attempting to refute your charges, will, I fear, give pain to many, whom it is far from my intention to irritate or annoy. I do not claim for the Celtic race any super excellence or virtue, but I will not allow that "it is monstrous and alone in crime." I hold that men are prone alike to vice; and though the weeds of evil bear different flowers of different colors in different climates, yet in all they are of the same genera, and equally noxious. I, Sir, am an Irishman—a "Poor Paddy," as with supercilious sympathy you are pleased to style us—and though in my intercourse with the world I have been derided of much of what has been called bigotry, I cannot sit calmly by, and allow your animadversions on my race to remain unchallenged. I do not possess the ability of the writer who has handled "Poor Paddy" so roughly. Had I his flowing pen, or where I master of the logician's science, as he is, I would not be afraid of the result; for, like all hypercritics, he has been hardly just or generous, and he has disfigured nature, and distorted history. However, though I fear I shall make as sorry a figure as did the Knight of La Mancha when he charged the windmill, I must e'en break a lance for the love of the Niobe of nations—the dear old land of sorrow—for with me

She's not a dull or cold land,
No! she's a warm and bold land,
Oh! she's a true and old land,
This native land of mine.

Two thousand years ago the Grecian Theophrastus discovered thirty vices or weaknesses in his countrymen. The foibles which you have found in the Celtic race, and have hit off with no little skill and wit, bear a wonderful likeness to the failings which Theophrastus found in his generation—with this exception; That you employ a stronger nomenclature, and whereas you hold that the Irish stand alone in the enormity of their crimes, Theophrastus believed that the offences which he condemned in his brethren were common to all mankind. Had you followed the course of the ancient critic, and drawn up your charges mildly, and with less amplification, there would have been little to say against you, for, stripped of the superlatives, the mortal sins which you lay to Paddy's conscience, are cosmopolitan. You would, however, seem to be a lover of the superlative. Your smallest words have magnitude. You distribute magnificent virtues as lavishly as if you held the keys of Jupiter's treasury; and your praise is so exceedingly soft and sweet, that one cannot help thinking that you