

'Yes,' chimed in Mr. Cryson, 'we are quite determined that our pastor and Protestantism shall not be crushed by one blow. We are resolved to stand up for the oppressed, and to resist all insidious attacks upon the purity of the faith.'

'I am sure, gentlemen,' replied Mr. Slowton, looking confused and uncomfortable, 'I am deeply sensible of your kindness—I am sure I may always count upon your good offices—I am—ah! that is—ah—rather afraid that your feelings of personal friendship have led you to magnify the injury it is supposed the Bishop wishes to inflict upon me. I am very willing that the parish should be divided and—'

'Nonsense, my dear Sir,' interrupted Mr. Sharpley, 'it is only the dictate of your own meekness; but such insufferable injustice is not to be allowed, and if *you* are willing to surrender your just rights, *we* are not;' and here he looked heroic. 'We have called,' he continued, 'to request that you will call a general meeting of the parishioners, and all others who are interested in the cause of Protestant principles; that we may take counsel as to the best mode of resisting the proposed infringement of the rights of the people of Clackington.'

This proposition took Mr. Slowton rather aback; and it was only after a long conversation that Messrs. Sharpley and Cryson succeeded in convincing him that he would be sacrificing principle, if he consented to put up quietly with such unbearable oppression as that with which the Bishop threatened him.

In the meantime every means was used to keep Messrs. Crampton and Jackson and their friends ignorant of the steps which were being taken, while every one supposed to be in the opposite interest was carefully canvassed, and as much alarmed as possible by erroneous and exaggerated statements of the Bishop's intended proceedings.

By hard work poor Mr. Slowton was kept up to his promise of calling the public meeting, which accordingly took place, and was very numerously attended. It is not our intention to report the speeches; we shall only say that Messrs. Sharpley, Cryson, and others made out a most heart-rending case of the injustice inflicted on Mr. Slowton—most alarming revelations of the hidden dangers to which the Protestantism of Clackington was exposed—and

furious denunciations against Popery in general, and what they were pleased to term Puseyism in particular. Mr. Crampton, in reply, by a calm statement of plain facts, utterly demolished Mr. Slowton's claims to be considered a martyr,—showing that he was to keep his house, church, tithes, income, and every thing which he at present enjoyed, and that all the injury inflicted upon him consisted in relieving him from the responsibility of work which it was evident that he was unable to perform, by sending another person whose business it should be to do it.

The terms of unaffected kindness and respect towards Mr. Slowton in which he expressed himself, touched that worthy gentleman very keenly; and the undeniable truth of his statements made him feel that the cause of complaint against the Bishop, which had been so abundantly dwelt upon by his friends, vanished into thin air when regarded with unprejudiced eyes.

The leaders of the malcontents seeing how very telling had been the effects of the simple and unexaggerated truth, both upon Mr. Slowton and all the more reasonable portion of the meeting, became alarmed for the result; and as the best method of carrying the day, grew noisy and turbulent, making up by vociferation what was lacking in argument. Cries of 'No Popery' and 'Down with the Puseyites,' were raised by those who found that they had nothing else to say; and at last, amidst the din, Mr. Slowton got up, left the chair, and went out. Mr. Crampton in a loud voice declared that the meeting was dissolved by this proceeding of the Rector, and together with his friend quietly withdrew.

The rest of those present re-organized themselves afresh, and passed some absurd resolutions which were declared to have been passed *unanimously* at the meeting in question; and the result of the agitation was, what it usually is, the production of embittered feeling and alienation among friends and neighbors.

And all this—alas! that it should be spoken—was done under the name of Protestant and evangelical principles.

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Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.