

## POETRY.

## ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD.

"Methinks it is a glorious thing  
To sail upon the deep;  
A thousand sailors under you,  
Their watch and ward to keep:

To see your gallant battle-flag  
So scornfully unrolled,  
As scarcely did the wild wind dare  
To stir one crimson fold:

To watch the frigates scattered round,  
Like birds upon the wing;  
Yet know they only wait your will—  
It is a glorious thing.

Our admiral stood on the deck,  
And looked upon the sea;  
He held the glass in his right hand,  
And far and near looked he:

He could not see one hostile ship  
Abroad upon the main;  
From east to west, from north to south,  
It was his own domain.

'Good news is this for Old England,  
Forth may her merchants fare;  
Thick o'er the sea, no enemy  
Will cross the pathway there.

A paleness came upon his cheek,  
A shadow to his brow;  
Alas! our good Lord Collingwood,  
What is it ails him now?

Tears stand within the brave man's eyes,  
Each softer pulse is stirred;  
It is the sickness of the heart,  
Of hope too long deferred.

He's pining for his native seas,  
And for his native shore;  
All but his honour he would give,  
To be at home once more.

He does not know his children's fare;  
His wife might pass him by,  
He is so altered, did they meet,  
With an unconscious eye:

He has been many years at sea,  
He's worn with wind and wave;  
He asks a little breathing space  
Between it and his grave:

He feels his breath come heavily,  
His keen eye faint and dim;  
It was a weary sacrifice  
That England asked of him.

He never saw his home again—  
The deep voice of the gun,  
The lowering of his battle-flag,  
Told when his life was done.

His sailors walked the deck and wept;  
Around them howled the gale;  
And far away two orphans knelt—  
A widow's cheek grew pale.

Amid the many names that light  
Our history's blazoned line,  
I know not one, brave Collingwood,  
That touches me like thine."

## LITERATURE.

## THE IRISH CHURCH.

From Miss Martineau's "Illustrations of Political Economy."

News reached Mr. Rosso's ears one day, that a strange gentleman was on a visit, at the house of a Protestant in the next parish, who had a field or two in the glen, just advertised for sale. It was immediately conjectured that the gentleman came as a purchaser of this land; but it was not until it had been repeatedly surveyed and measured, that any gossip could ascertain what he meant to do with it. In due time, however, it transpired, that the stranger was a builder and that he was making his estimates, for erecting a church.

Mr. Rosso's measures were immediately taken. He sent to the proper quarters, memorials of the facts, that he and his household, consisting of fifteen persons, were the only Protestants in the parish; that they stood in no need of a church, the neighbouring parish being nearer their dwelling than the field on which the new one was proposed to be erected; and that ecclesiastical burdens already weighed so heavily on a miserably poor population, that it would be absolute ruin to many to tax them further. Moreover, Mr. Rosso sent a pressing invitation to Mr. Orme, the incumbent, to take up his abode with him for a week. Mr. Orme had not appeared in his parish for some years; and there was hope, that what he might now see, would influence him to avert

the dreadful infliction of a church, where there were no church-goers. Mr. Tracey prepared Father Glenny (the Catholic Priest) for friendly intercourse with his heretic brother pastor; and all parties agreed, that if Mr. Orme should prove the reasonable and kind-hearted man he was represented to be, a further appeal should be made to him on the subject of his tithes.

Mr. Orme came, and before he went to rest the first night, was convinced, by ocular demonstration, that his host's dining-room could conveniently contain the entire Protestant population of the parish. The next morning he was seen standing, with the priest, on the ridge which overlooked the glen, and heard to sigh over its aspect of desolation. "Whereabouts would you have your church erected?" quietly asked Father Glenny. "Indeed, I know little more than you," replied the clergyman. "I have not been consulted upon the matter in regular form, and had no idea it had gone so far. I fear it is a job, sir." "The architect happens to have his hands empty of contracts at present, perhaps," observed the priest; "and the owner of the field may hope to gain a higher price for his land, through the agency of your church, than direct from our poor neighbours. But look round you, and find out, if you can, where the parish is to obtain means to answer such a call upon its resources." "It is, indeed, a different place from what I once remember it, though it had never much wealth to boast of. When I occasionally lodged here, it was in farm-houses, where there was good food and sufficient clothing, and sometimes a pretty dower for the daughters on their marriage-day. I see no such places now. These hovels are but the ruins of them." "Too true; and we preserve but the ruins of some of our former practices. Doweries are rare among the brides of this parish. Our old folks are less hopeful, our young ones are less patient than formerly; and marriages are, therefore, rashly entered into, without a provision of any kind." "I am sorry, very sorry for it, sir. There is more benefit than is, at once, apparent, in the long preparation for the marriage provision. I have heard much ridicule of the old Scotch practice of accumulating a stock of linen for bed and board which could scarcely be consumed in a lifetime; but there was much good in it. Besides the benefit to the parties concerned, the industry and forethought it obliged them to exercise, and the resources it put in their power,—the custom proved an important check upon population. Young people had to wait two or three years before they married; and where this was universally the case it was thought no hardship. Those who thus began their married life, were never known to become paupers. But, sir, from the aspect of this place, I should imagine your entire flock to be paupers, except a tenant or two yonder." "The land is exhausted, Mr. Orme, and the people are, therefore, poverty-stricken and reckless. There is little encouragement to prudence, while there are superiors to keep a rapacious hand in every man's pocket, and appropriate whatever he may chance to gain beyond that which will support life. We know, such to be the results in Turkey, Mr. Orme, and in other states of despotic government, and why not here?" "Whom do you point at as these superiors?" inquired Mr. Orme. "Not either of the landlords, surely. And you are free, moreover, from the locust-like devastations of the poor-law system." "True; but what pauperism leaves, the middlemen consume; and what the middlemen leave, the tithe-proctor consumes. Yonder field, sir, has been let out of tillage, because the tithe devoured the profits. That row of hovels is deserted, because your proctor seized all that rendered them habitable. Their inmates are gone where they may live by plunder, since the law of this district is to plunder or be plundered." "Plundered!" exclaimed Mr. Orme. "That is a somewhat harsh term, sir." "Is it an unjust one, Mr. Orme? that is the question. What do these poor people gain in return for the portion of their earnings, wrenched from them in the form of tithes? What does the Protestant church do for the Catholic tithe-payers?"

Mr. Orme could only reply, that the Protestant church was established for the good of the people at large; and that it was the people's own fault if they would not take the advantages of the ministrations of its clergy. He was ready, for one, to do duty as soon as his flock would listen to him; and, in the meanwhile, he conceived he was causing no wrong to any man, by receiving the means of subsistence decreed by law. He would not defend the mode of payment by tithe in any country, or under any circumstances. He saw its evils as an impediment to improvements in agriculture, as an unequal tax, falling the most heavily on the most industrious cultivator; but while payment by tithe was the method appointed by law, he could not allow that its exaction deserved the name of plunder. "With or without law," observed Father Glenny, "it appears to me plunder to force payment for offered services, which are not only declined, but regarded with dislike or contempt: in which light we know the services of the Protestant clergy or justly or unjustly regarded by our

Catholic population. If you, Sir, were a pastor in the Vaudois, and your flock under the dominion of some Catholic power, could you see one deprived of his only blanket, and another of his last loaf of bread, and a third of his sole portion of his field-crop, for the maintenance of a clergy whom they never saw, and not call it plunder, let the law stand as it might? And could you acknowledge your people to be justly charged with disaffection, if they looked with an unfriendly eye on the priestly agent of this robbery, and mutter deep curses against his employer?"

No answer being returned, the priest invited his companion into certain of the dwellings near. "To be looked on with an unfriendly eye?" asked Mr. Orme, smiling bitterly. "To be greeted with deep curses?" "By no means, sir. I question whether an individual we shall meet will know the pastor of his parish. If you keep your own counsel, you may see things as they are. If you have courage, you may hear by what means your £400 a year has been levied." "I will, if you will allow me to speak as plainly to you, on your relation to the people, as you have spoken on mine. Will you bear with my rebukes in your turn?" "I will," replied the priest, "when I have finished my say. Do you conceive it just and merciful to Ireland, that she should support four archbishoprics and eighteen bishoprics, the total number of her Protestants being smaller than in certain single dioceses in England?" "Certainly not. I have long advocated a reduction of our establishment. I would go so far as to make the four archbishoprics maintain the whole, which would strike off, at once, £100,000 a year from the revenues of the church. I would go farther, sir; and this will, I hope, prove to you, that I am not of the locust-tribe, to which you would assign me. I would commute the tithes for lands, in order to avoid the individual oppression, of which the public complain."

Father Glenny observed, that he did not wonder that the plan of commutation was rising in favour, now that it was found impossible to collect tithes in the old method: but the nation might be found as impracticable respecting one mode of paying tithes as another, and he wished to know what was to be done in case of its disinclining the commutation proposed. "The plan must be enforced," replied Mr. Orme; "and moreover, the arrears must be recovered by the strong arm of the law." "Whence can they be obtained?" said Father Glenny. "How are they to compel the cottier, who consumes his scanty crop, season by season, to pay the collected tithe-dues of several? I say nothing of the danger to yourselves and your families,—danger to life and property,—of enforcing your claim. I say nothing now of the violence which must attend upon such an effort. I merely ask whence the arrears are to be obtained in an impoverished country?" "They must be converted into a government debt. By this means the nation will lean the real disposition of the government towards its own ecclesiastical servants, and those who refuse them their lawful rights. By this means the consent of my brethren at large to a commutation of tithes, will be most easily obtained. Yes, the arrears of tithe must be converted into a government debt." "By this means?" replied the priest, "the burden will be imposed where it is not due. Our cottiers cannot pay; and you would therefore have their richer neighbours discharge their arrears;—a vicarious obligation of a new kind!—No, this will scarcely be tolerated, believe me. You will carry neither of your points; neither the payment of arrears nor commutation; the people have discovered a method of evading the payment entirely. Better waive your claim altogether, Mr. Orme, while there is yet time to do it with a good grace, or you will have the same trouble about your tithe-cattle that multitudes of your brethren have. You will pound them in vain; attempt in vain to sell them; carry them over the sea in vain; and find, too late, that all you have gained is the name of oppressor."

Mr. Orme muttered, that it was a very hard case. "Who can help it?" inquired the priest. "If the substance-fund was not ample enough to afford tithes when due, in a poor district like this, how should it discharge an accumulation of debt? Here we have many more people, very little more capital, less industry, less forethought than when the debt was contracted. All the constituents of the subsistence-fund have become more or less debased, and yet you would tax it more heavily than ever. You must fail in your object, sir."

"I will learn the truth for myself, instead of taking the assertion of any man whatever," replied Mr. Orme, moving onwards towards a cluster of dwellings, into which he was introduced as a friend, by the priest, and not therefore suspected of being the clergyman of the parish. All that he heard told the same tale; all that he saw confirmed it. The new church was spoken of in terms of execration, in which the parson and the proctor largely shared. One woman told how the wealthy churchman was living far away from his cure, subsisting his dogs on the food snatched from her children's

mouths; and another shewed where her son lay buried, having been smitten with fever, in consequence of his useless over-toil to satisfy the demands of the rapacious agents of the law. Others pointed with moody mirth, to their desolated dwellings, as affording a sign that the legal spoilers were not far off. Others observed, that there would be few conversions to the Protestant faith in the parish, while the clergy snatched the loaves and fishes from the multitude, instead of bestowing them. Yet more exhibited their uncomplaining poverty in their looks and dress, rather than by words; and only gazed round their little tenements in perplexity, at the mention of the dues that must be paid.

Mr. Orme had hitherto been a prejudiced man on the subject of his own rights; but he was open to conviction, and, at length, roused to ascertain the truth of his own case. The architect was seen no more. The field which he had surveyed bore oats instead of a church,—a happy circumstance; since the people were much in want of food for the body; while they had enough of that for the spirit, and of the kind which they preferred, in Mr. Tracey's chapel.

## SELECTIONS.

MR. PITT.—"Mr. Pitt went one evening into the late Duchess of Gordon's box at the Opera-house. Not having seen him for some time, she addressed him with her usual blunt familiarity. 'Well, Mr. Pitt, do you talk as much nonsense as you did when I last saw you?'—'I know not that,' said Mr. Pitt, 'but I have certainly not heard so much nonsense since I had last the pleasure of seeing your grace.'

WILKES.—A lady, one time, asked Wilkes to take a hand at whist, but he declined in the following terms, 'Dear lady, do not ask me, for I am so ignorant, that I cannot distinguish the difference between a king and a knave.'

Upon another occasion he displayed his sarcastic humour on royalty, for he said he loved the King (George III.) so much, that he hoped never to see another.

In a dispute between Sir Watkin Lewis and himself, the former said, 'I'll be your butt no longer.'—'With all my heart,' said Wilkes, 'I never like an empty one.—Taylor's Life and Times.'

AN ITALIAN ROBBER.—At Rochefort there is a convict, a native of Italy, whose ingenuity in putting travellers under contribution might have furnished the facetious Grimaldi himself with a banditti scene in a pantomime. This hero was, for many years, the Turpin of France, and was much dreaded by travellers. Gasparini, though guilty of many robberies on the highway, had never been accused of wanton cruelty. He, some years ago, undertook alone to stop a diligence as it was passing at nightfall through a wood: here he drew up his forces, which literally consisted, not of bloody-minded robbers, but of half a dozen well-stuffed coats, fixed on poles, with formidable caps, presented arms, and other appendages, well suited to inspire travellers with terror. When the diligence arrived, he ordered the postillion to stop; he then made the conductor and passengers alight, and in a resolute tone, pointing to his supposed companions, whom he had ranged on the skirts of the wood, desired the trunks to be opened, out of which he took what he thought proper. He then said to the trembling travellers—'Don't be alarmed, gentlemen; allow me to take what I require, and depend upon it my troops shall not advance a step further; from them, I assure you, you have nothing to fear.' This modern Rolando was sentenced to hard labour for life to the galleys. It appeared, on the trial, that when the gendarmes went to scour the wood, they were not a little surprised to find half a dozen robbers, who appeared determined to stand their ground: they summoned them to surrender, and on receiving no reply, fired a volley and then attacked the *manikins* sword in hand; of course they met with but feeble resistance, and laughed heartily at the joke.—*Goldsmith's Statistics of France.*

LACONIC INVITATION.—Sir Walter Scott.—Upon one occasion the Ettrick Shepherd, with the true waywardness of a poet, took umbrage at Sir Walter Scott from imaginary slight or neglect, and refused, for a long time to speak to him. The worthy baronet knew his man, and said nothing, till Hogg's better feelings re-awakened and induced him to write a long explanatory and apologetic letter. Sir Walter's answer was highly characteristic.—'Dear Jamie,—Now that you have come to your senses, come over to your dinner. Your's, Walter Scott.'

The most valuable part of every man's education is that which he receives from himself, especially when the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study.—*Penny Magazine.*