

22 April 24 1852
Cathedral Bells

SELECTED POETRY.

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit, pursuing thy flight:
Hail, king of the wild, whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill tops since the dawns of the morn.
The joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee!

Yes! scarce looks thy nature, even hush'd in repose,
In the depth of thy desert, regardless of foes,
Thy bold niters call on the hunter afar,
With a lithe and dancing to come to the war,
Thou ship of the wilderness, pass on the wind,
And leave in the dark ocean of mountains behind.

For, child of the desert, fit quarry art thou,
See, the hunter is come, with a crown on his brow,
By prizes attended with arrow and spear,
In their white-tinted camp, for the warfare of deer,
On the brink of the rock, lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a viceroy that falls at the close of the day.

Hark, his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
And nature's fierce child in the wilderness dies!
Wild mirth of the desert! fit pasture for kings,
Which still the rich find in his solitude sings,
Oh! reign of magnificence! vanished for ever,
Like music dead up in the bed of the river!

PROFESSOR WILSON.

OUR CATHEDRAL BELLS.

The fine bells of Limerick cathedral were originally brought from Italy; they had been manufactured by a young native, (whose name tradition has not preserved,) and finished after the toil of many years, and he prided himself upon his work. They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighbouring convent; and with the profits of this sale the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This however was not to continue. In some of these broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the untidy worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all; and, after the passing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which the bells, the chief treasure of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away to another land. The unfortunate owner, exhausted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew grey, and his heart withered, before he again found a home and a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which those treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the pool near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him; and he beheld St Mary's steeple, lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year—the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition. On a sudden amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral; the rowers roared on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impetus it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast and lay back in his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral, but his eyes were closed, and when they landed—they found him dead.

ANTIQUITIES AT ROME.—A letter from Rome, of the 24th ult., states that the excavations on the Via Appia, though carried on with fewer hands than formerly, have nevertheless been extended far into the Campagna. The excavators have worked their way past the station of Torre di Mezza Via, and there is reason to believe that within the course of next year, they will reach the ruins of Bovilla, where the ancient road joins the modern highway. The Appian road, from Rome to Albano, is on either side flanked by tombs. All the monuments, votive tablets, &c. which the excavators dug up have again been erected on the spot where they were found, and of the sculptures only the most valuable have been removed to the museum at Rome. Hence the road, in spite of the dilapidated condition of some of the monuments, presents a most interesting spectacle to the antiquary, the artist, and even to the tourist. The excavations are especially important with regard to the architecture of antique tombs, specimens of which are found in all styles and of all periods. Some of them are simply sarcophagi; in others, others are curiously arched, or built in the shape of chapels, the lower story of which was constructed for the reception of the dead. In some instances the tombs are solid towers in the style of the monument of Cecilia Metella, or round low masonry, on which it was evident mounds of earth were placed. Cecilia, the Roman architect, and director of the works on the Appian road, had had them covered with mould, and planted with trees and shrubs. Some of them will be perfect restorations. But the most curious of the monuments which have hitherto been discovered is a tomb called the 'Cassal Rotondo.' Up to the present time it had the appearance of a hill, and displayed a monument in the manner of Cecilia Metella's tower. It must have been still more large and splendid. This is shown by the large number of marble blocks which have been found. Instead of the bells' head, which occurred for the Metella tower the name of the Capo di Bove, the Cassal Rotondo tower must have been surrounded by gigantic mounds, many of which have been found, and among them candidates and other ornamental

A FEW GOOD THINGS.—'You look,' said an Irishman to a pale, haggard smoker, 'as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again.'—Mr Barnum, in a recent temperance address, said that he would give more for a drunkard who succeeded in business, as a public curiosity, than for anything he ever exhibited.—The less wit a man has, the less he knows he wants it.—Said one gentleman of honor, 'If you don't accept my challenge, I shall post you in the papers.' 'Go ahead,' said the other, 'I had rather fill a dozen papers than one coffin.' Philosophers say that shutting eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches every Sunday. A man who married Miss Take, after having courted Miss Lloyd, was told by a friend that it was reported he was married to Miss Lloyd. 'It was a Miss Take, I assure you,' he replied.—A young gentleman being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them he could not, observed they intended to make a *but* of him. 'No, my good sir,' said Colman, 'we only want to get a *stave* out of you.' The *New York Herald* says it don't believe in the water cure, and gives as a reason: 'There is Mr [naming a noted political editor], he has been lying in his damp sheet for twenty years, and he's worse now than ever.'—A friend in South America writes that he is now spending a month with a farmer who owns a thousand miles of pasture, and a patch of corn larger than Scotland, while he has got so many cattle, that he has to boil the fodder for them in a volcano. The Romans placed the hearth next in sacredness to the altar. They were always ready to do battle *pro aris et focis*; but imagine yourself, says Dr O. W. Holmes, rushing to battle for a hot air furnace, or making a desperate stand with your back against a stove pipe.—There have been various definitions of 'gentleman,' but the prettiest and most possible is that given recently by a fair American, 'A gentleman,' says she, 'is a human being, combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.' A gentleman, it is said, had a board put up on a part of his land, on which was written, 'I will give this field to any one who is really contented; and when an applicant came, he always said: 'Are you contented?' The general reply was 'I am.' 'But then,' rejoined the gentleman, 'what do you want with my field?'

MAJOR KRAUSS.—Some of you who knew the Major well—are doubtless aware, also, that in a fit of excitement, which led to temporary insanity, he fell by his own hand. The circumstances, however, which gave occasion to that melancholy event were known only to myself. At the time when we were forming and drilling the Portuguese army, which afterwards proved so effective in the field, the Major and I were both stationed in winter quarters at L.—In the same town were two regiments of newly raised Portuguese cavalry, which it was requisite to have in complete efficiency against the opening of the campaign in the spring. The Major—a stiff hand, I need not say, a regular Titan of the German school—was appointed to drill one; and I, for want of something to do, undertook the other. In this duty, there sprang up between us a little rivalry, amicable of course, as to which of us should first have his regiment ready. The Major had his own ideas; and, I thought, teased his men, and exacted too much. He had an eye to a field day; I had an eye to actual service. Foreigners say, we teach our cavalry everything, except pulling up. But I can tell you, before an enemy superior in force, and pressing you too close, nothing acts more effectually as a check, than riding through them. Well, we both drilled according to our views. One morning the Major announced to me, that he considered his regiment perfect, and that I must go with him and inspect it. We went. He put them through; I looked on; they performed admirably. Finally, he drew them up in line. Riding to the front, he surveyed his work with pride. Then, taking a flank position, he made me notice how accurate the perspective—every sabre sloped at the same angle, everything in its place—you might have stretched a gardening line from one end of the regiment to the other. Just then, unfortunately, a new idea entered the Major's mind, he proposed riding to the rear. Away we went. Alas! his discipline had not extended to the horses' tails! Every tail was whisking; horses, Spanish and Portuguese—all long tails, no cock-tails—every tail in motion. In front, they stood like a wall; in the rear, it was whisk, whisk, whisk,—swirl, swirl, swirl—switch, switch—all down the line. It was too much for the poor Major. He was perfectly dumfounded—looked like a mag out of his wits—took a hasty leave—rode home to his billet, and shot himself. I now beg leave to call on Mr Y—, for either a story or a song.—*Military Stories.*

THE FOUR COURTS.—The hall of the Four Courts presented, on the first day of this term, a scene of life and animation such as has not been witnessed within the legal area during the last dismal reign of the centralising Whigs. Every avenue and quarter of the magnificent building supplied evidence of the instantaneous effect which exorcising the demon of centralization had in reviving public spirit and in renewing public confidence. There was a general thanksgiving that the Whigs were out. Men as heartily disposed as we ourselves are to say of the Darbyites, "confound their politics," gave thanks that the Whigs could do no more harm to Irish institutions. The judges themselves looked like men reassured that they really held their office by the tenure of their judicial independence, and not at the mercy of the next Irish bill which Mr Hankins and his associates should devise for the legislative genius of Sir John Romilly.—*Freeman.*

INCUMBRANCE ESTATE COURT, TUESDAY.—In the matter of the estate of Henry White, Esq., owner, Edward Gibson, Esq., and another, executor, of Charles C. Gibson, Esq., deceased, petitioners. The property to be sold in this case comprised part of the lands of Clashmore, situated in the parish of Cahoonish, barony of Clanwilliam, and county of Limerick containing 87a. British statute measure.

ENNIS ELECTION.

TRADESMAN AND TRADER.

A correspondent sends us the following strophe and antistrophe between Mr Considine, boot-maker, and the O'Gorman Mahon, who, every one knows, is a great Catholic sole.

At 11 o'clock on Tuesday night Mr Considine saw a large number of persons assembled round the house of Patt Bready, who lives in River lane. He heard the O'Gorman Mahon speak to them as follows:—"He (the O'Gorman Mahon) said—he was able to clear himself of the charge made on him, of being silent when Drummond insulted his religion. I am, said he, a Catholic; all my family are Catholics, my wife is a Catholic, but Drummond is an old grey-headed man; he blustered out the insult, and retracted it; and it would not be fair of me, who could handle a pistol and hit a mark at any distance, to speak to him. Will not that answer do? (cries of no, no).

Mr Considine then spoke and said—O'Gorman Mahon, are you not a Catholic? O'Gorman Mahon—I am. Mr Considine—Do you not represent a Catholic constituency? O'Gorman Mahon—Yes. Mr Considine—Were you not elected by the independent men of Ennis, the men of '28, who burst the chains that bound civil and religious liberty under their great leader, O'Connell, now no more? How then could you be silent? What was it to the Catholic church whether his (Drummond's) head was white or black, or to the sons of immortal Clare [cheers], whether he was big or little? Why did not you speak out when you heard our religion called idolatry [groans], and the convents called brothels [groans], and the nuns called vagabonds? [renewed groaning]. If, Sir, you yourself did not feel it; the Catholic world felt it, and you should have spoke out and shown the government, and Europe at large, that you were the representative of the men of Ennis [cheers]. You, Sir, said you could handle a pistol—was there, Sir, ever a time when your shot would gain more glory, than in defence of your religion [cheers]. When Lord John Russell [groans] forged the chains to transport your Bishops, we did not hear your voice [groans]. No, Sir, your pistol and your voice were silent. You were absent on the second reading of the Titles Bill [groans for O'Gorman Mahon].

At this time the O'Gorman Mahon spoke to the victuallers who were present, with some more of the trades, and asked them to stand by him. Mr Considine told him the victuallers loved their country and their religion too well, to do so. Henry Millor, victualler, said, if it was true to his country, they would stand by him; but now they would not; that the victuallers of Ennis would die by the side of their clergy. Mr Considine then told O'Gorman Mahon that he put direct questions to him, and to give direct answers, and not to mind his local claims, as they knew all about them—for on this point O'Gorman Mahon dwelt at great length. Mr Considine then asked him did he not send papers to Ennis to be signed, to support the government on the Jewish Disability Bill. He said he did not for them, as he did for the Ennis people in '28. He was then asked why he did not send to Ennis when the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was passing, and not absent himself on the second reading of it, or why, with regard to his merit of '28, he in '51 sided Lord J Russell to bind them in the chains he helped to break before. His reply was a rigmale about the rules of the House of Commons. He was asked what had that to do with the subject—that the people of Ennis did not care if the House was burned down—but that he was not in the House when Frowen brought in the Election Bill to transport any priest who would be within eight miles of any polling place. Why did not he speak up like an honest Catholic then? Or why when he did speak, did he attack the Brigade for opposing the brutal and bloody Whigs. Mr Considine said he could show him one of his last speeches in the House, where he stated that he would not identify himself with any party that were not grateful to the Government for the loans held out to this country. What should the people of Ireland be grateful for? Was it for fat church yards, a deserted land, crammed poorhouses, and an exiled peasantry. O'Gorman Mahon then spoke of O'Connell, and Mr Considine said that O'Connell told them what sort of stuff he was made of, and not to depend upon him. His friends called on him to go home, it being half past 12 o'clock, and he said he would answer Mr Considine next day at 12 o'clock, but he departed unmolested with his body guard—and the trades went home, giving three cheers for Mr J D Fitzgerald, and telling O'Gorman Mahon to go back to England and look for a borough with Anstey, Somerville, Redington, and the rest of the rats.

ATTEMPTED MURDER.—BIRMINGHAM, MONDAY: Last evening, about six o'clock, a man named John Mitchell, a joiner, living at Winson-green, near the new gaol in this borough, shot his wife. He had been drinking in an adjoining public-house, and left to go home. Mitchell had not been away many minutes when the report of a gun was heard, and he presently returned to the public house, saying, 'I have done it.' On inquiry it was ascertained that some dispute arose between himself and his wife, whereupon he took up a loaded gun and shot her on one side of the head and face. Surgical assistance was speedily obtained, and the husband, who gave himself up to the police, was conveyed to the Sandpit station. The woman, who is said to have been of intemperate habits, is dreadfully injured, and little hope is entertained of her recovery. Her depositions were taken before a magistrate this morning, and Mitchell was remanded to await the fate of his wife.—*Local Paper.*

THE IRISH STEAMBOAT QUESTION.—Yesterday in the senate of the New York legislature the Irish steamship question underwent a long discussion.—Messrs Tabor and Morgan (Whigs) advocated special Acts to organise the Galway Steamship Company, while Mr Babcock (Whig) and Mr Cooley

LIMER

John
Prosen
C. Delme
Gavin, C
E. Beau
Brown, J
Walker,
Mr Ly

Remainr
Admittet

Disoharg

Remainin
Amour
Total t

Letter
calling fo
for insur
they forw
granted b
from the

The Cl
gho and b
sion offic
teously re
Power wh
Ball whet
Lords of t
than £15,
the commi
give a lar
of some of
sury refu
Ball adde
themselves
sury it was
(hear, hea
commission
the Clarin

A letter
ing the rer
his services
the franch
Mr Gog
the finance
it ought be
Mr C De
the duties
made a pay
plain that t

The Chai
since that h
many partic
and many

A guardi
were in oco
names were

Mr Nash
clerk were c
not be negl
wilfully.

The Chai
sum the box

Mr Delme
enquiries as
were perfor
Mr O'Connc
formed.

The Chai
remuneration
any person w
the Barriste

Mr Delme
not see the t

Mr Goggi
list it was nc
of Mr O'Con
furnished his
name had be
to inquire he
having paid
sufficient to
with Mr Deli
given their c
would move t
out those list
tending Quar

Mr Forst
An amend
conded by C
to furnish an
rent sessions
at in order th
to consider th
give, was car

Mr Naish
wished to s
dence in th
him to strike
list, but he fo
ascertained fr
sidence in the

Mr Lynch's
was returned
last.

Mr Naish s
Mr Lynch d
to strike it of
sidence or not,
Mr M'Murr
He had a resic
for him at Pa
would be ably
dians were anx
list because the
some motions
them.

FINANCE
Mr Naish sa
lution passed o
pared to lay be
affairs (hear, h