

...sunk into a slumber; he began, as well as the darkness would allow, to bind up the wounds of his friend. During this anxious task, while the dark boughs of the trees murmured over their heads, and the rippling of the stream was heard from afar, Froda, in a low voice, made known to his brother-in-arms to the service of what lady he was bound. Edwald listened with deep attention; but at last he said, "Trust me, the noble Princess Aslauga will not resent it, if you pledge yourself to this earthly beauty in faithful love. Ah, even now, doubtless, you are shining in the dreams of Hildegardis, richly gifted and happy knight! I will not stand in your way with my vain wishes; I see now clearly that she can never, never love me. Therefore I will this very day hasten to the war which so many valiant knights of Germany are waging in the heathen land of Prussia; and the black cross, which distinguishes them for warriors of the Church, I will lay as the best balm on my throbbing heart. Take, then, dear Froda, that fair hand which you have won in battle, and life henceforth a life of surpassing happiness and joy."

"Edwald," said Froda, gravely, "this is the first time that I ever heard one word from your lips which a true knight could not fulfill. Do as it pleases you towards the fair and haughty Hildegardis, but Aslauga remains my mistress ever, and no other do I desire in life or death." The youth was startled by these stern words, and made no reply. Both, without saying more to each other, watched through the night in solemn thought.

The next morning, when the rising sun shone brightly over the flowery plains around the Castle of Hildegardis, the watchman on the tower blew a joyful blast from his horn; for his keen eye had distinguished far in the distance his fair lady, who was riding from the forest between her two deliverers; and from castle, town, and hamlet, came forth many a rejoicing train to assure themselves with their own eyes of the happy news.

Hildegardis turned to Edwald with eyes sparkling through tears, and said, "Were it not for you, young knight, they might have sought long and vainly before they found the lost maiden or the noble Froda, who would now be lying in that dark cavern a bleeding and lifeless corpse." Edwald bowed lowly in reply, but persevered in his wonted silence. It even seemed as though an unusual grief restrained the smile which erewhile answered so readily, in child-like sweetness, to every friendly word.

The noble guardian of Hildegardis had, in the overflowing joy of his heart, prepared a sumptuous banquet, and invited all the knights and ladies present to attend it. While Froda and Edwald, in all the brightness of their glory, were ascending the steps in the train of their rescued lady, Edwald said to his friend, "Noble, steadfast knight, you can never love me more!" And as Froda looked in astonishment, he continued, "Thus it is when children presume to counsel heroes, however well they may mean it. Now have I have offended grievously against you, and yet more against the noble Lady Aslauga." "Because you would have plucked every flower of your own garden to gladden me with them?" said Froda. "No; you are my gentle brother-in-arms now, as heretofore, dear Edchen, and are perhaps become yet dearer to me."

Then Edwald smiled again in silent contentment, like a flower after the morning showers of May.

The eyes of Hildegardis glanced mildly and kindly on him, and she often conversed graciously with him, while, on the other hand, since yesterday, a reverential awe seemed to separate her from Froda. But Edwald was also much altered—however he welcomed with modest joy the favor of his lady, it yet seemed as if some barrier were between them which forbade him to entertain the most distant hope of successful love.

It chanced that a noble Count, from the Court of the Emperor, was announced, who, being bound on an important embassy, had wished to pay his respects to the Lady Hildegardis by the way. She received him gladly; and as soon as the first salutations were over, he said, looking at her and at Edwald, "I know not if my good fortune may not have brought me hither to a very joyful festivity. That would be right welcome news to the Emperor, my master." Hildegardis and Edwald were lovely to look upon in their blushes and confusion; but the Count, perceiving at once that he had been too hasty, included himself respectfully to the young knight, and said, "Pardon me, noble Duke Edwald, my too great forwardness; and I know the wish of my sovereign, and the hope to find it already fulfilled prompted my tongue to speak." All eyes were fixed on the young hero, who answered, in graceful confusion, "It is true; the Emperor, when I was last in his camp, through his undesired favor, raised me to the rank of a duke. It was my good fortune, that in an encounter, some of the enemy's horse, who had dared to assault the sacred person of the Emperor, dispersed and fled on my approach." The Count then, at the request of Hildegardis, related every circumstance of the heroic deed; and it appeared that Edwald had not only rescued the Emperor from the most imminent peril, but also, with the cool and daring skill of a general, had gained the victory which decided the event of the war.

Surprise at first sealed the lips of all; and even before their congratulations could begin, Hildegardis had turned towards Edwald, and said, in a low voice, which yet, in that silence, was clearly heard by all, "The noble Count has made known the wish of my imperial uncle; and I conceal it no longer, my own heart's wish is the same—I am Duke Edwald's bride." And with that she extended to him her fair right hand; and all present waited only till she should take it, before they burst into a shout of congratulation. But Edwald forbore to do so; he only sank on one knee before his lady, saying, "God forbid that the joyful Hildegardis should ever recall a word spoken solemnly to noble knights and dames. To no vanquished knight, you said, might the hand of the Emperor's niece belong—and behold there Froda, the noble Danish knight, my conqueror." Hildegardis, with a slight blush, turned hastily away, hiding her eyes; and as

Edwald arose, it seemed as though there were a tear upon his cheek. In his clanging armor, Froda advanced to the middle of the hall, exclaiming, "I declare my late victory over Duke Edwald to have been the chance of fortune, and I challenge the noble knight to meet me again to-morrow in the lists." At the same time he threw his iron gauntlet ringing on the pavement.

But Edwald moved not to take it up. On the contrary, a glow of lofty anger was on his cheeks, and his eyes sparkled with indignation, so that his friend would hardly have recognized him; and after a silence he spoke: "Noble Sir Froda, if I have ever offended you, we are now even. How durst you, a warrior gloriously wounded by two sword-strokes, challenge a man unhurt into the lists to-morrow, if you did not despise him?"

"Forgive me, Duke Edwald," answered Froda, somewhat abashed, but with cheerfulness; "I have spoken too boldly; not till I am completely cured do I call you to the field." Then Edwald took up the gauntlet joyfully; he knelt once more before Hildegardis, who, turning away her face, gave him her fair hand to kiss, and walked, with his arm in that of his noble Danish friend, out of the hall.

CHAPTER VII. While Froda's wounds were healing, Edwald would sometimes wander, when the shades of evening fell dark and silent around, on the flowery terraces beneath the windows of Hildegardis, and sing pleasant little songs; amongst others the following:

"Heal fast, heal fast, ye hero-wounds; O knight be quickly strong; Beloved strife For fame and life, O tarry not to long!"

But that one which the maidens of the castle loved best to learn from him was this; and it was perhaps the longest song that Edwald had ever sung in his whole life:

"Would I on earth were lying, By noble hero slain; So that love's gentle sighing Breathed me to life again! Would I an emperor were, Of wealth and power! Would I were gathering twigs In woodland bow? Would that, in lone seclusion, I lived a hermit's life! Would, amid wild confusion, I led the battle strife! O would the lot were mine, In bower or field, To which my lady fair Her smile would yield!"

At this time it happened that a man, who held himself to be very wise, and who filled the office of secretary to the aged guardian of Hildegardis, came to the two knightly friends to propose a scheme to them. His proposal, in a few words, was this, that as Froda could gain no advantage from his victory, he might, in the approaching combat, suffer himself to be thrown from his steed, and thus secure the lady for his comrade, at the same time fulfilling the wish of the Emperor, which might turn to his advantage hereafter in many ways.

At this the two friends at first laughed heartily; but then Froda advanced gravely towards the secretary, and said, "Thou trifler, doubtless the old duke would drive thee from his service did he know of thy folly, and teach thee to talk of the Emperor. Good night, worthy Sir; and trust me, that when Edwald and I meet each other, it will be with all our heart and strength."

The secretary hastened out of the room with all speed, and was seen next morning to look unusually pale.

Soon after this, Froda recovered from his wounds; the course was again prepared as before, but crowded by a still greater number of spectators; and in the freshness of a dewy morning the two knights advanced solemnly together to the combat.

"Beloved Edwald," said Froda, in a low voice as they went, "take good heed to yourself, for neither this time can the victory be yours—on that rose-colored cloud appears Aslauga." "It may be so," answered Edwald, with a quiet smile; "but under the arches of that golden bower shines Hildegardis, and this time she has not been waited for."

The knights took their places—the trumpets sounded, the course began, and Froda's prophecy seemed to be near its fulfillment, for Edwald staggered under the stroke of his lance, so that he let go the bride, seized the man with both hands, and thus hardly recovered his seat, whilst his high-mettled snow-white steed bore him wildly around the lists without control. Hildegardis also seemed to shrink at this sight; but the youth at length reined in his steed, and the second course was run.

Froda shot like lightning along the plain, and it seemed as if the success of the young duke were now hopeless; and in the shock of their meeting, the bold Danish steed reared, started aside as if in fear; the rider staggered, his stroke passed harmlessly by, and both steed and knight fell clanging to the ground before the steadfast spear of Edwald, and lay motionless upon the field.

Edwald did now as Froda had done before—In knightly wise he stood still awhile upon the spot, as if waiting to see whether any other adversary were there to dispute his victory; then he sprang from his steed, and flew to the assistance of his fallen friend.

He strove with all his might to release him from the weight of his horse; and presently Froda came to himself, rose on his feet, and raised up his charger also. He then lifted up his vizor, and greeted his conqueror with a friendly smile, though his countenance was pale. The victor bowed humbly, almost timidly, and said, "You, my knight, overthrown—and by me! I understand it not." "It was her own will," answered Froda, smiling. "Come now to your gentle bride." The multitude around shouted aloud, each lady and knight bowed low, when the aged duke pointed out to them the lovely pair, and at his bidding the betrothed, with soft blushes, embraced each other beneath the green garlands of the golden bower.

That very day were they solemnly united in the chapel of the castle, for so had Froda earnestly desired; a journey into a far distant land he said, lay before him, and much he wished to celebrate the marriage of his friend before his departure.

CHAPTER VIII. The torches were burning clear in the vaulted halls of the castle; Hildegardis had just left the arm of her lover to begin a stately dance of ceremony with the aged duke, when Edwald beckoned to his companion, and they went forth together into the moonlit gardens of the castle.

"Ah, Froda, my noble lofty hero," exclaimed Edwald, after a silence, "were you as happy as I am! But your eyes rest gravely and thoughtfully on the ground, or kindle almost impatiently heavenwards. It would be dreadful, indeed, had the secret wish of your heart been to win Hildegardis—and I, foolish boy, so strangely favored, had stood in your way."

"Be at rest, Edchen," answered the Danish hero with a smile. "On the word of a knight my thoughts and yearnings concern not you fair Hildegardis. Far brighter than ever does Aslauga's radiant image shine into my heart; but now hear what I am going to relate to you:

"At the very moment when we met together in the course—oh, had I words to express it to you—I was unwrapped, encircled, dazzled by Aslauga's golden tresses, which were waving all around me. Even my noble steed must have beheld the apparition, for I felt him start and rear under me. I saw you no more—the world no more—I saw only the angel-face of Aslauga close before me, smiling, blooming like a flower in a sea of sunshine which floated round her. My senses failed me. Not till you raised me from beneath my horse did my consciousness return, and then I knew, with exceeding joy that her own gracious pleasure had struck me down. But I felt a strange weariness, far greater than my fall could have caused, and I felt assured, at the same time, that my lady was about to send me on a far distant mission. I hastened to repose myself in my chamber, and a deep sleep immediately fell upon me. Then came Aslauga in a dream to me, more royally adorned than ever; she placed herself at the head of my couch, and said, 'Haste to array thyself in all the splendor of thy silver armor, for thou art not the wedding-guest alone, thou art also the—'

"And before she could speak the word my dream had melted away, and I felt a longing desire to fulfill her gracious command, and rejoiced in my heart. But in the midst of the festival, I seemed to myself more lonely than in all my life before, and I cannot cease to ponder what that unspoken word of my lady could be intended to announce."

"You are of a far loftier spirit than I am, Froda," said Edwald, after a silence, "and I cannot soar with you into the sphere of your joys. But tell me, has it ever awakened a deep pang within you that you serve a lady so withdrawn from you—alas! a lady, who is almost ever invisible?"

"No Edwald, not so," answered Froda, his eyes sparkling with happiness. "For well I know that she scorns not my service; she has even deigned sometimes to appear to me. Oh, I am in truth a happy knight and minstrel!"

"And yet your silence to-day—your troubled yearnings?"

"Not troubled, dear Edchen; only so heart-felt, so fervent in the depth of my heart, and so strangely mysterious to myself withal. But this with all belonging to me, springs alike from the words and commands of Aslauga. How, then, can it be otherwise than something good and fair and tending to a high and noble aim?"

A squire, who had hastened after them, announced that the knightly bridegroom was expected for the torch-dance; and as they returned, Edwald entreated his friend to take his place in the solemn dance next to him and Hildegardis. Froda inclined his head in token of friendly assent.

The horns and hautboys had already sounded their solemn invitation; Edwald hastened to give his hand to his fair bride; and while he advanced with her to the midst of the stately hall, Froda offered his hand for the torch-dance to a noble lady who stood the nearest to him, without further observing her, and took with her the next place to the wedding pair.

But how was it when a light began to beam from his companion, before which the torch in his left hand lost all its brightness. Hardly dared he, in sweet and trembling hope, to raise his eyes to the lady; and when at last he ventured, all his boldest wishes and longings were fulfilled. Adorned with a radiant bridal crown of emeralds, Aslauga moved in solemn loveliness beside him, and beamed on him from amid the sunny light of her golden hair, blessing him with her heavenly countenance. The amazed spectators could not withdraw their eyes from the mysterious pair—the knight in his light silver mail, with the torch raised on high in his hand, earnest and joyful, moving with a measured step, as if engaged in a ceremony of deep and mysterious meaning. His lady beside him, rather floating than dancing, beaming light from her golden hair, so that you would have thought the day was shining into the night; and when a look could reach through all the surrounding splendor to her face, rejoicing heart and sense with the unspeakably sweet smile with her eyes and lips.

Near the end of the dance, she inclined towards Froda, and whispered to him with an air of tender confidence, and with the last sound of the horns and hautboys she had disappeared.

The most curious spectator dared not question Froda about his partner. Hildegardis did not seem to have been conscious of her presence; but shortly before the end of the festival, Edwald approached his friend, and asked in a whisper, "Was it?"

"Yes, dear youth," answered Froda, "your marriage-dance has been honored by the presence of the most exalted beauty which has been ever beheld in any land. Ah, and if I rightly understand her meaning, you will never more see me stand sighing and gazing upon the ground. But hardly dare I hope it. Now good night, dear Edchen, good night. As soon as I may, I will tell you all."

And in her lily hand was seen. A hand that seemed of the moonlight sheen. We are none, she says, as about her hair She twined it, and over her tresses fair. Beneath them the world lay dark and drear; But he felt the touch of her hand so dear. Uplifting him far above mortals' sight, While around him were shed her locks of light, Till a garden fair lay about him spread— And this was Paradise, angels said."

"Never in your life did you sing so sweetly," said the dreaming Edwald.

"That may well be, Edchen," said Froda, with a smile, and vanished.

But Edwald dreamed on and on, and many other visions passed before him, all of a pleasing kind, although he could not recall them, when, in the full light of morning, he unclosed his eyes with a smile. Froda alone, and his mysterious song, stood clear in his memory. He now knew full well that his friend was dead; but the thought gave him no pain, for he felt sure that the pure spirit of that minstrel-warrior could only find its proper joy in the gardens of Paradise, and in blissful solace with the lofty spirits of the ancient times. He glided softly from the side of the sleeping Hildegardis to the chamber of the departed. He lay upon his bed of rest, almost as beautiful as he had appeared in the dream, and his golden helmet was entwined with a wondrously shining lock of hair. Then Edwald made him a fair and stately grave in consecrated ground, summoned the chaplain of the castle, and with his assistance laid his beloved Froda therein.

He came back just as Hildegardis awoke; she beheld, with wonder and humility, his mien of chastened joy, and asked him whether he had been so early; to which he replied, with a smile, "I have just buried the corpse of my dearly-loved Froda, who, this very night, has passed away to his golden-haired mistress." Then he related the whole history of Aslauga's Knight, and lived on in subdued, untroubled happiness, though for some time he was even more silent and thoughtful than before. He was often found sitting on the grave of his friend, and singing the following song to his late:

Listening to celestial lays, Bending thy unclouded gaze, On the pure and living light, Thou art blest, Aslauga's Knight!

Send us from thy bower on high Many an angel-melody, Many a vision soft and bright, Aslauga's dear and faithful Knight! (Conclusion.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONFERENCE OF THE IRISH PRELATES.—All the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church in Ireland, with the exception of the Right Rev. Dr. Blake, Bishop of Dromore, who could not be present in consequence of ill-health, assembled on Tuesday, 2nd inst., in the Chapel of St. Kevin, attached to the Cathedral Church, for the purpose of taking into consideration several questions of great importance to the Catholics of Ireland. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen Archbishop of Dublin, presided. The other Archbishops and Bishops present were:—The Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Lord Primate; the Most Rev. Dr. M'Hale, Archbishop of Tuam; the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel; the Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Lord Bishop of Meath; the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Lord Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, Lord Bishop of Ossory; the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Lord Bishop of Cork; the Right Rev. Dr. Flannery, Lord Bishop of Killaloe; the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of Kerry; the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Lord Bishop of Limerick; the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Lord Bishop of Waterford and Lismore; the Right Rev. Dr. Kane, Lord Bishop of Cloyne; the Right Rev. Dr. O'Kea, Lord Bishop of Ross; the Right Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert; the Right Rev. Dr. Durcan, Lord Bishop of Achonry; the Right Rev. Dr. Giloolley, Lord Bishop of Elphin; the Right Rev. Dr. Fallon, Lord Bishop of Kilmacduagh and Killeenora; the Right Rev. Dr. Feeney, Lord Bishop of Killaloe; the Right Rev. Dr. M'Evilly, Lord Bishop of Galway; the Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, Lord Bishop of Derry; the Right Rev. Dr. M'Nally, Lord Bishop of Clogher; the Right Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan, Lord Bishop of Raphoe; the Right Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan, Conjoint Bishop of do; the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor; the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Lord Bishop of Kilmore; the Right Rev. Dr. Kilduff, Lord Bishop of Ardagh; and the Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, Conjoint Lord Bishop of Dromore. Their lordships went in procession to the side chapel, where the proceedings of the conference which was strictly private, commenced. The conference sat up to four o'clock, when their lordships adjourned to the following day.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. VAUGHAN.—We regret to announce the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Killaloe. The venerated prelate breathed his last, at his residence, on Friday, 29th ult. after an illness of considerable duration, in which he bore his infirmity with the uncomplaining patience befitting his holy life and the position he held in the church. His remains will be conveyed to their last earthly tenement on Monday next. The Right Rev. Prelate is succeeded in the government of the diocese by the Right Rev. Dr. Flannery, to whom respect and attachment have already universally accrued among the priests and people, and to whom the high qualities that adorn the episcopate are known to belong. The deceased bishop was a paternal head to his clergy, and had Providence willed him physical health, we believe he would have led them as he was disposed at the outset, through every struggle for the people's rights, a governor under whose guidance all would cohere. The right rev. prelate was in the 69th year of his age.—*Munster News.*

DEDICATION OF THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT CLOYNE.—The sublime and interesting ceremony of dedicating the new Catholic church, of Cloyne, to the honour and glory of the Most High, under the auspices of his blessed Mother, with the title of "Help of Christians," has lately been performed by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, assisted by eleven o'clock, a procession, formed of little female children, neatly dressed in white, each bearing a bouquet of flowers, came out from the vestry two and two, preceded by a cross-bearer, supported by torch-bearers, followed by the bishop and clergy in the same order, the former robed in full pontificals. The procession moved round the exterior and interior of the church, the choir chanting the *Miserere*, the proper prayers, and the Litany of the Saints, with admirable effect. High mass, *coram episcopo*, ensued, celebrant the Rev. Thomas Roche; deacon, Rev. M. Warren; sub-deacon, Rev. John Hore; deacon at the throne, Rev. W. Murphy (Enniscorthy); master of the ceremonies, Rev. J. Parlo (Newtownberry).—*Freeman.*

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. ALEXANDER ROOPE, P. P., V. F., OF BRAY.—The announcement of this death will be received by his friends and admirers with feelings of the deepest sorrow. This sad event occurred on Sunday, at the Parochial House, Bray, over which parish he presided as pastor for thirty-six years, with great ardour for the sacred ministry. He always displayed great love for the poor, particularly for the widow and the orphan. After a protracted illness, which he bore with perfect Christian resignation to the will of Heaven, and fortified with all the consolations and sacraments of the Catholic church, he expired at six o'clock in the most edifying manner. His funeral obsequies were celebrated on Wednesday, at Bray Catholic church, at eleven o'clock, and immediately after his remains were removed for interment to the chapel of Kilmacanogue, his family burial place.—*Freeman.*

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS AT TUAM.—JULY 31.—19 days after last, mass, a preliminary meeting was held in the sacristy of the Cathedral for the purpose of initiating measures to restore in this town the inestimable blessings of religious and secular education to the children of the humble classes, through the agency of the Christian Brothers, who had been driven out of it in a spirit equal to a revival of the worst days of the penal code. The meeting was held under the presidency of His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, the Most Rev. Dr. M'Hale, and the Rev. Eugene Coyne, R. C. Administrator, who was requested to act as Secretary.

Dr. Bodkin proposed the appointment of a committee to inquire into, and report upon a suitable place for the site of the new monastery, and to report to an adjourned meeting on that day week, which was agreed to unanimously.

The Rev. Mr. Coyne then referred to the heavy expenses attendant upon the recent trials in Galway, and suggested the propriety and the absolute necessity of having a defence fund established, not only to provide for the outlay already incurred, but for future contingencies that probably would arise in consequence of the religious persecution the Catholics of Tuam were subjected to. Through the Post-office and on the public highways, offensive and filthy placards were being constantly distributed, and thrust into the doors of the Catholic inhabitants, and even into the doors of the nunneries, reviling the most sacred dogmas of the Catholic faith. As long as such a system was practised by the proselytisers, no people who valued or honoured their religious convictions could bear it patiently. Hence the obvious necessity of not merely a temporary but a permanent defence fund.

Mr. Patrick Burke said he had reason to believe there was a great feeling of sympathy all through Catholic Ireland for the persecution that was practised against them in Tuam, and which he believed would meet a willing and generous response not only among the Catholic people in Ireland, England and Scotland, but in the heart of every Irish Catholic across the western waters in America, and beyond the waves of the blue Pacific in Australia if they had occasion to appeal to them. (Hear, hear.)

Dr. Bodkin—What sum, my lord, might be sufficient to erect a new monastery and schools? His Grace—Not less than £1,000, and it might be necessary to insure them against fire. (Laughter.)

Mr. Higgins—With respect to the subscription for building the schools I may mention that I have already got subscriptions put together to the amount of £50 for that purpose. (Hear.)

His Grace—Oh! we must have the schools back whatever it costs.

Rev. Mr. Coyne said they would now receive subscriptions for the defence fund.

His Grace said it would be very desirable that such a fund should be established. The liberty of those persons put on trial was put in jeopardy. Some of them were tried on charges which, if proved, would have subjected them to transportation, and others of them to imprisonment for a considerable time, and they might have fallen in for either if it was not for the zeal and ability of the eminent lawyers employed, which reflected the highest credit on them for their professional talents and the earnestness and energy with which they took up the cause of their clients, and the expense of this defence must have been very considerable.

Rev. Mr. Coyne—it could not have been carried on without the sines of war.

His Grace then stated that he would give five pounds to begin the list.

Rev. Mr. Coyne—I'll give two pounds.

Subscriptions were then handed in for the defence fund, and in a very few minutes £32 was received.

Mr. T. Higgins said that it would be an idle compliment for him to say that he would subscribe.—What he proposed doing was this. He would give his professional services and whatever personal expenses he had been at gratuitously—(hear, hear)—and all he would accept would be the money he was out of pocket in seeing counsel and paying the indispensable legal expenses which he was actually out of pocket. (Hear, hear.)

Committees were then named—one to inquire into and examine for a suitable site for the new schools; and the other to collect subscriptions through town, for the defence fund, after which the meeting adjourned to this day week.—It was then announced that further subscriptions would be received by the Rev. Eugene Coyne or by any of the parochial clergy.—*Notice.*

THE LATE JUDGE PLUNKET.—The death of the Hon. Patrick Plunket has, of course, set speculations afloat as to his probable successor in the quiet and lucrative judgeship of the Court of Bankruptcy. The *Freeman's Journal*, in its obituary notice, remarks that, though Mr. Plunket was not a profound lawyer, he was an excellent man of business, and, but for the delicate state of health, it may be added, he would doubtless have given great satisfaction as a judge, for no man better understood the practice of his court. The *Freeman* says:—"The Hon. Patrick Plunket was the fifth son of Lord Plunket, and was called to the bar in Trinity term, 1824. While at the bar he was Crown prosecutor on the Leinster circuit at a very troubled period, and when the lenity of the Crown was sparingly exercised. Mr. Plunket, however, always acted with consideration and clemency, and was regarded by some of his brethren on the circuit as far too mild for the times. In consequence of ill-health the learned judge, some time before the dissolution of the late Ministry, signified his wish to retire, but the Government refused to accept his resignation, and offered to appoint a *locum tenens*, inasmuch as he would be entitled to only a comparatively small retiring allowance. He accepted the offer, and Mr. De Moleyns was appointed to act for him, in the hope that his restoration to health would eventually enable him to resume his duties."

KENNELLY V. ROBINSON.—By the recent trial that took place in this city, of Kennelly v. Robinson, the accusations that were so freely made throughout the Orange press of this country against the Catholic jurors, who refused to convict prisoners on the evidence of Sullivan Goula, the informer, are at once blown to the winds. The *Daily Express* happened to be selected, perhaps as being the most prominent and the most bitter in making this charge; but the same reckless assertions were re-echoed throughout the country by the entire of the newspapers advocating the same opinions. This was indeed only consistent with the subsequent advocacy of Jury packing, and of the systematic exclusion of Catholics from the jury which was to try the Phoenix prisoners. The result of this trial may we hope have a beneficial effect. We rejoice for the sake of a brother journalist that vindictive damages have not been looked for, and that the case, as far as regards the *Daily Express*, has ended as favorably for that journal as could probably be expected. We are proud on the other hand of the conduct of the Catholic gentlemen who felt themselves aggrieved, as being manly, straightforward, and becoming an upright citizen. No better vindication of the honesty of his verdict could be offered than his readiness to lay bare before a court of justice and the public the whole proceedings in the jury box; no more complete refutation of the foul slanders upon Catholics, which that trial was so fertile in producing, could be had than the acknowledgment signed by the defendant, which ended the trial. We trust that this occurrence may not be lost upon those who have the conduct of the Protestant press in Ireland, and may teach them—not so much through a fear of the law as from a respect for their opponents—to be more cautious in heaping imputations upon their Catholic fellow-countrymen. In referring to this case, it would be injustice to omit an allusion to the masterly statement with which the case for the plaintiff was opened by Mr. Clarke, Q.C., whose speech, for terseness, clearness, scholarly elegance, and earnest yet dignified eloquence, would have done honor to the best days of the Irish bar.—*Cork Examiner.*