

pot boy, named Loughlin Murphy, and so severely injured him that the victim died on the 25th of September following.

The "noble" and "right honorable" murderer was brought to trial—not before the Court of King's Bench, but at the bar of the House of Lords. The murder was proven. The defence was that Murphy died, not by the sword wound, but by a disease of long standing. Lord Santry was convicted. Various influences were used to obtain his pardon, but the sovereign, that same George II. who declined to spare the life of Lord Ferrers, did not see any justice in dealing mercy to a wilful murderer solely because he was a nobleman.

After all his lordship escaped. Sir Compton Domville, his uncle, owner of Tenenpleague, through which property the river Dodder runs, then yielding the principal supply of water to the city of Dublin, threatened to divert the stream from the city, and a bargain was made, by which, this threat being withdrawn, Lord Santry was allowed to escape from prison. He found an asylum in Italy, where he died.

A few days later the fifth Viscount Netterville was tried for murdering one Michael Walsh, but escaped owing to an informality in the evidence, and in 1798 Lord Kingsborough was acquitted by the House of Lords on the charge of having murdered Colonel Fitzgerald. For the most part, indeed, trials of British and Irish peers of "their fellows" have been mere mockeries of justice.

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LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE following sensible advice of Todd to students will be found worthy of reducing to practice. "As far as possible keep out of debt. Nothing, except loss of character, ever weighs down the spirits of a student, like a load of accumulating debts. To say nothing about independent feeling which he can no more enjoy than an 'empty bag can stand upright;' there is an agony about it of which the stirring, active, bargain-making man cannot conceive. It haunts the soul day and night; and the man who can prosper in his studies while sinking in debt, must have feelings peculiar to himself, and be made of 'sterner stuff'

than most men. All the efforts of denying yourself the luxuries, and even the comforts of life, are light in comparison with the burden of debt."

ST. PATRICK'S STAFF.—When St. Patrick was returning from Rome to France, on his way back to Ireland, to bring to its distant shores the knowledge of the faith of Jesus Christ and Him crucified, stopped for a night's rest at a venerable convent of monks which was situated on the Gulf of Genoa.

The work and labors of these pious monks were the spiritual and temporal care of the poor, benighted, shipwrecked sailors, who sought refuge there from the Turks. To the reverend father of the monastery St. Patrick revealed his name, mission, and his privileges just received from the Papal court, and after the evening's frugal collation was invited to the sacred precincts of their chapter-room. The distinctiveness of the personal appearance of the monks amazed and puzzled our saint. One half the number of the holy brethren seemed decrepit, infirm, and old, bent in form, their beards silvered with age; while on the other side an equal number looked young and fresh in years and manners. But St. Patrick's wonder increased when one of the most youthful of the pious monks, in course of conversation and in conference with our saint, informed him that the very old men were their children. "It is," (said the seeming young monk in years and voice) "over a century since I and my companions you observe near me came here to live in this sanctified monastic retreat giving praise to God and labouring for the poor sailors' souls redeemed by the precious blood of his only Son. A common bond united us in the world, as we were all widowers, and to the most of our number had the paternal and spiritual charge of a son been assigned by an almighty and wise providence. Those elderly, bent frames yonder, strange pilgrim, are, so you now know, really our children in the spirit and the flesh. The reason and cause of this strange reversal of nature I will unfold to you for your edification and future thanksgiving. One happy night in time long ago it was our blessed fortune to entertain at our humble board a pilgrim of gentle mien.