## A Roman Triumph.

BY THE REV. AN. M'D. DAWSON.

Vespasian, the elder, borne to power by the victorious legions, was now the undisputed master of the Eastern world. It remained for him to pacify the West and consolidate the Imperial government. For this purpose he resolves to visit Rome. Titus also determines to repair to that city, where the honors of a triumph await him. In his train are such of the Jewish captives as had been spared. Among these are Simon and John, the last Princes of the Jews.

Too long had sorrow spread its mourning pall er humbled Rome. Her fated day of thrall th Galba, Gallienus, Nero, flown, nd coarse Vitellius at length o'erthrown, ie joys, once more, the nations, far and

Powerful to sway. Now, as in pristing pride,
She bids her Cæsar home, the meed of fame
Decr.es, in triumph hails Vespasian's name.
Nor can she wait until the grand array
Her gates approach. Anxious she speeds

Mer gates approach Analysis away
Her wise and warlike Emperor to greet,
Crown her deliverer with honors meet.
Citizens and brave soldiers haste along:
Alike patricians and plebeians throng,
And crowd Rome's Senators the flowery way,
The path of him, the chief, who late could

The stay
The tide of ruin, o'er an empire spread
In devastating waves, that filled with dread
The stoutest Roman heart lest now their

land
Should fall and forfeit all its conquests
grand.
Vespasian comes. Round his triumphal car Lie heaped the trophies of victorious war. The allied nations willing homage pay. Sad and reluctant, Juda owns his sway.

Next to Vespasian, in the glorious train, Is noble Titus seen, who rent in twain The pride of Israel; and he, that son! In bloom of youth, who yet was only known For, valorous deeds, for battles bravely fought, And honor for his country, fearless sought. Each Roman warrior, then, of highest name Who often valiant strove in fields of fame With Titus and Vespasian, faithful tolled In northern climes, barbarians despoiled or sternly awed the Asiatic race, While Ægypt's sons compelled they to embrace

brace
The laws of Rome. They, next, fierce Parthian hordes
That powerful quelled, to Rome's aspiring
Lords
Made subject Persia's tribes, and by the

stream rand Euphrates, conquering, caused to gleam
The imperial sword, who to indus' wave
And fabled Ganges, by their valor gave
Bright proofs of Roman power when high
could soar
Rome's eagles o'er each eastern sea and
shore.

Downcast and sorrowing, came the captive

band,
They who for liberty in Juda's land
So valiantly had fought, who oft the tide
Of raging legions dauntless could abide,
At times roll back and almost hope to save
Their much-loved country fated to its grave

Near to the vanquished were the spoils Rome won
From agonizing nations, lost, outdone,
Struggling for liberty, now borne away
In formal pomp to grace the grand array
Of Cessar's triumph, by the glad Romans
halled
As proudest trophies, by the fallen bewailed,
The broidered robe, the cup of sacrifice,

wailed.
The broldered robe, the cup of sacrifice,
The golden candlestick, each costly prize
From holy shrine and temple rudely riven,
By fate or fortune to the victor given.
All rich and beauteous things that could
adorn

adorn
A Roman pageant in the train are borne;
Not Israel's spoils alone, richest dyes
Of Tyre and Sidon 'mid the pomp descries
The admiring Roman. Babylonian art
In rich profusion bears a wondrous part.
Are seen, in silver, ivory and gold,
Rich objects in variety untold.
There, precious stones, as if no longer rare,
Shine from their golden settings, rich and
fair.

fair.

Nought could surpass the marvellous dislay.
From every clime that 'neath Rome's sceptre lay.

Of many nations' wealth this 'dazzling show Moved slowly on, like to some river's flow.
Nor were forgot the painter's and the sculptor's arts,
Well planned to prove how Romans played their parts their parts
In fields and sieges, 'gainst the strongest

foes.

There a fierce legion, stoutly warring, strews
The earth with slaughtered enemies, when, Forced gates and crumbling towers the pic-

tures show, Best spectacle of allito Roman eyes, The worst of war's sad horrors 'neath the t rivers, first from their mountain

spring at sweetly flow, then swiftly ruin bring devastated fields, on either side e ghastly wrecks of war's destructive tide. xt come, for heathen Rome a fitting

sight,
Rome's gods, reputed source of Roman Of every shape and hue that Olympian powers. assive gold, with gems adorned, now In n towers
A Roman delty. Around, with art
And skill set forth, some lesser gods bea

part
In the proud pageant, all curiosly wrought
In richest ores, by Roman valor bought.
Huge ships, as if on ocean's swelling tide,
Arrayed for battle, slowly seem to glide
Along the crowded way, a novel sight,
Amid the pomp and wealth that showed
Rome's might.

Now, as, at length, the capital was gained The holiest task sublime alone remained— The gods to thank. Nor yet could this b While of the rebel foe there lived that one
Who most defied the world-wide Roman And for a time, its vengeful arm could stay.

[The last of Israel's Prince of Israel's Pr [The last of Israel's Princes in the Roman forum.]
In times long gone had stormy scenes displayed
Rome's forum. Dreadful more the role is ayed o'er its wide extent raged loud and of wrathful citizens the surging throng.
Calm 'mid the storm is seen the captive Jew,
"Hear me, O Romans, what I say is true.
Light in death's shadow shines and mystic

Fate
Of times to come reveals the hidden state,
Great now your power, composed each civi
broil broil
While victory rewards the warlike toil
Of Titus and Vespasian. Yet will lower
New skies, and war clouds fatal to your

Will burst o'er Rome, and, as a howling Our land you've made, you, as is meet, will The bitter cup, ye, vengeful, poured so

free
On fated Israel. Sweet peace now reigns;
Yet ply in darkest Erebus their pains
The hostile genii, the cauldron mix
That swells with destiny, will certain fix
Rome's fate, to desolation ruthless give
Your city fair, mistress of all that live.
Foes press on every side. North, east and west,
Speed fiercest hordes the Furies' fell behest
On Rome to execute. First tramples down On Rome to execute. First trampies down Victorious Persia the Imperial crown. Wealth, art, letters—all that is noble, grand The savage Goth and Vandal now com

The savage Goth and Vandal now com-mand.

Than Hunnic Attila, more barbarous still.

Of sternest mind, indomitable will, A race uncouth from the cold Northern sea, Headlong will pour, and as the Fates decree, Rome's boundless wealth will scatter far and Her kingdem whelming in the gathering

tide. Her iil-assorted empire, part of clay, Of iron part, shall crumble to decay, Of iron part, shall crumble to decay, Her name, so famous now, shall pass away While Juda's land that you, so cruel chose To desolate, shall blossom like the rose. And David's glory and his royal crowu Restored shall be, enjoy their old renown. A Prince in Justice shall the nations sway, And mightiest monarchs willing homage

[The excited multitude, delirious with joy.

torture and put to death Simon and John, the last of Israel's commanders. Swift to Rome's capitol the tidings flew, The people's joy to maddened frenzy grew. The last conquered enemies lay low! May now proceed the solemn pomp and show.

Swift to Rome's capitor the state of the people's joy to maddened frenzy grew. The last conquered enemies lay low 1. May now proceed the solemn pomp and shown to Jove Capitoline were victims slain, While smoke of fragrant insense rose amain. Pious Vespasian, veiling his dark brow. In the Imperial robe, poured forth his vow, in suppliant mood, to the Olympian throng Earnest beseeching they would, true and the control of the

long, rule o'er Rome, and ever faithful guide
Her destinies, maintain her hard won pride,
Humble her foes, grant victory, her sway
Constant secure, and gracious point the way
To glories new, in fateful war's great toils
Vouchsafe success, and, free from civil Let happy Rome e'er bask in the bright sun Of peace, through ages long, till time be

## POLITICAL PRISONER'S ESCAPE FROM AN ENGLISH PENAL COLONY.

\*Domitian.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

At last, after more than ten years of waiting, I am relieved from a promise not to state the full particulars of my escape from the Penal Colony of West Australia in 1869. The account I have heretofore given, publicly or privately, has been true in detail: but it has not been the whol truth, nor have the events been placed in the actual order of their occurrence. The suppression and alteration were made for the sake of those who ran great risk in

helping a prisoner to escape.

On my arrival in the United States, in November, 1869. I was beset on all sides for the story of my escape. To meet this, and the better to protect the liberty and lives of the brave friends who helped me to leave the Penal Colony, I related as many incidents of my escape as could be described without introducing their names or assistance. It has always pained me to keep back so much that should be told,

thereby making it appear that I myself had done everything without assistance. The only "account" I have hitherto written was a wholly fictitious one, which I had to send to Australia to the man who was the manager of the actual escape. In case of his arrest, or of his being suspected of helping me to "abscond," he would produce this extraordinary document, and onfound all the evidence that could b collected by the Penal Police.

Fortunately, all but one of those who

helped me to leave the Colony are living to receive my public acknowledgment and gratitude. Captain David R. Gifford, on whose ship I was received and well treated for several months, is dead. To him, seven years ago, I dedicated my first book, and his memory will be always green in my heart.

To those who have known the whole facts of my escape, and who have kept silent so long for my sake and the sake of those who might be injured by the report. I tender profound thanks. Especially to Captain Henry C. Hathaway, ex-City Marshal of New Bedford, to Mr. Josephs, and Mr. Hussey, and Mrs. David R. Gif-ford, of that city; to the Rev. Patrick McCabe, of South Australia, to whom I virtually owe my escape, and to other friends in Australia and this country, am deeply grateful for their appreciation of my reason for suppressing the main facts of the story.

The Penal Code has ceased to be a liv-

ing law in Western Australia. In the following account, therefore, I need only suppress the names of those who are still connected with the Government of the Colony.

tralia, for April, 1869:-ABSCONDERS.

2.-John B. O'Reilly, Registered No 2.—John B. O'Reilly, Registered No. 9843, Imperial convict, arrived in the Colony per convict ship "Hougoumont," in 1868; sentenced to 20 years, 9th July, 1866. Description—Healthy appearance, present age 25 years; 5 feet 7½in. high, black hair, brown eyes, oval visage, dark complexion; an Irishman. Absconded from Convict Road Party, Bunbury, on the 18th of February, 1869. the 18th of February, 1869.

For several months previous to the date of my escape, I had been resolved on and in preparation for an attempt. No one knew my mind. I had before seen so many fail that I concluded it was best to make the effort alone. Fortunately I wa make the effort alone. Fortunately I was dissuaded from this purpose. One day I was visited at the camp of the convict road party named above, by the Rev. Patrick McCabe, a Catholic priest, whose "parish" extended over hundreds of miles of bush, and whose only parishioners was consisted at the latest the control of the were convicts and ticket-of-leave men. have no words to describe this exemplary man. His grand physical nature was man. His grand physical nature was joined to a spirit of the noblest heroism in his holy calling. He was always a priest, and always a kindly man. His influence on the convicts was most benificent and beautiful. A scholar and gentleman of the rarest accomplishments, he had at that time given fifteen years of his life to the convicts. He was always in the convicts. He was almost always in the saddle, riding alone from camp to camp, sleeping in his blanket under the trees at might. To men of all creeds he was welcome. They saw in him the ideal disciple of Christ, who labored only for his Master. He was the best influence, indeed, in my time, he was the only good influence on the convicts in the whole dis trict of Bunbury. I was fortunate enough during my stay in the Penal Colony to have this remarkable man as my kind friend. He has now left the Penal Colony,

and cannot suffer from this narrative.

One day he rode to my hut, and we walked together into the bush. I had then made all my plans for escape, and I freely told him my intention. "It is an excellent way to commit suicide," he excellent way to commit suicide," he said; and he would not speak of it any more. As he was leaving me, however, he leant from the saddle and said: "Don't think of that again. Let me think out a plan for you. You'll hear from me be

He went away, and I waited weeks and months and never heard a word. Had it been another man, I should have doubted his memory. But he, I was assured, knew too much of human nature not to know that neglect of such a promise would be torture to a man in my position. Still, it was hard to think, hard to sleep for those months; and my trust in him kept me from working on my own plan, that had formerly made me happy.

I was not compelled to work with the

criminal gang on the roads, but had charge

of their stores, and carried the warder's weekly report to the Bunbury depot. On my way with this report one day, I came to a place known as "the Race Course." to a place known as As I crossed it, I heard a "coo-ee," or bush cry, and saw a man coming towards me. He was a big, handsome fellow, with an axe on his shoulder. He came to me with a friendly smile. "My name is with a friendly smile. "My name is Maguire," he said, "I'm a friend of Father Mac's, and he's been speaking about you." I said as little as possible, not knowing the man. Seeing my hesitation, he drew out a card from his wallet, on which Father McCabe had written a few words to me. Then I trusted him. He told me he was clearing the race-course, and would be at work there for a month. The American whalers, he said, would touch at Bunbury for water in February (it was then December); and he was ing to make all arrangements with one

going to make an arrivage of the captains for my escape.

I could hardly rest or sleep for the next Magning again. I feared week, till I saw Maguire again. I feared he would not run the terrible risk of helping me; that he would hesitate when the time came. I saw him the following week, and received great encouragemen from his direct and confident manner You'll be a free man in February,

said, "as sure as my name is Maguire."

December and January passed; and the news was brought to our camp by a pass ing woodcutter that the American whalers. three barks, had come into Bunbury. Fo two or three days I suffered an agony of suspense. I resolved at last to try my plan in case my friends disappointed me. I had learned to live in the bush by climbing for and trapping wild animals, eating the top-piths of young palms, and getting water from the paper-bark trees. If I could only reach the coast, I could go to sea, even on a raft, and intercept the whalers as they sailed from Bunbury.

I carried the weekly report of the depot

as usual, and on my return found Maguire at the race-course waiting for me. "Are you ready?" he said. One of the whalers, bark "Vigilant," of New Bedford was to sail in four days, and Captain Baker had agreed to take me on board, if he saw me at sea outside Australian waters; and he had even promised to cruise two or three days and watch for my coming out.

Maguire had everything arranged. On the night of the 18th I was to get out of my hut at eight o'clock, and strike into the bush on a line of his selection, where the native trackers would be at fault. I had previously secured a pair of freeman's shoes, as the trackers could easily discern the mark of a convict's boot. Having left the camp, I was to hold a straight course through the bush till I came to an old convict station on the Vasse Road, where I was to lie till I heard some one on the road whistle the first bars of "Patrick's Day." This was repeated again and again, till we were sure we both had every point agreed. Then we separ-

On the evening of the 18th of February wrote a letter to my father, saying that I would attempt to escape that night, and that I should aim for the United States in case I got clear of the Penal Colony. (This letter was published, I have since found, in the Dublin papers, two months after my escape, and while I was at sea). At seven o'clock that evening the warder of the convict party visited the criminals' hut, and found that all were present. He saw me sitting in my hut as h his return. One of the convicts soon after onnected with the Government of the Colony.

The following paragraph is taken from the official \*Police Gazette of Western Ausralia, for April, 1869:—

Instrum. One of the convicts soon after came to my hut to borrow tobacco, and stayed a long time, making me very nervous. He went away before eight, however; and as soon he was gone I changed my boots, put out the light, and quite sure we could cut off the came to my hut to borrow tobacco, and ported the vessel under full same than the convicts soon after came to my hut to borrow tobacco, and stayed a long time, making me very nerve.

We ran the boat through the pulled out with light hearts. struck into the bush. The forest was dark, but the stars were clear. I had not gone two hundred yards when I saw a gone two hundred yards when I saw a man close to me, evidently following me. I waited till he came up. It was a mahogany sawyer, named Kelly, whose pit was close to my hut. He was a good fel-low—though he had been transported for life. "Are you off?" he said in a whisper 'I knew you meant it. I saw you talking to Maguire a month ago, and I knew it all." I was dumb with astonishment and alarm. If this man had wished he could have put the police on the alert, or he could do it next day. He held out his hand, and there was a quiver in his husky voice. "God speed you," he said, giving me a grip like a vise; "I'll put them on the wrong scent to-morrow if I can." I shook the manly hand in silence, and

kept on my way.

About eleven o'clock I came to the old convict station, and lay down behind a great gumtree at the roadside. In half an hour or so, two men rode up, but they passed on; they were farmers probably, or maybe a patrol of mounted police Shortly after, I heard horses coming at a sharp trot. They halted near me, and I heard "Patrick's Day" whistled clear and low. In an instant I was with them—
Maguire and another friend, M——. They
led a spare horse. I mounted at once,
and, without a word, we struck into the bush at a gallop. For hours we rode on in silence. At last, Maguire, who led, pulled up, dismounted, and whistled. Another whistle was heard, and in a few Another winste was heard, and in a few minutes, we were joined by three men, two of them cousins of Maguire The third took the horses and went off after shaking hands with me. We then formed in Indian file, to prevent the discovery of the number, each one covering the other's tracks, and walked on for about another hour, till we came to a dry swamp, near

the sea.

Here, M—— remained with me, while the others went forward. M- told me that we were close to Bunbury, and that the others were gone for the boat. After half an hour's anxious waiting, we saw a light, as if a match were struck, at half a mile distance. This was repeated three times, and then we went forward. We found Maguire waiting for us on a little bridge across the road. They had the boat ready, and he led the way. We had to walk through mud up to the knees to reach the water. In half a minute Maguire reach the water. In hair a minute stagnife and I were in the boat. M— remained on the shore. "Come on," whispered Maguire. "No," answered poor M—, with a trembling voice; "I promised my wife not to go in the boat." "All right," sneered one of the Maguires; "go home to your wife."

the time may come when I shall be free

to mention his name.

We were four men in the boat; and we pulled cautiously till we had got out of earing. Then we bent to the oars with full strength. said. When the sun rose, we were well out, and could just see the tops of the high sand-hills. We were crossing Geographe Bay, on a straight line of about forty miles in length. We were to lie in wait for the "Vigilant" on the farther shore, and cut her off as she passed the northern head of the Bay. We pulled strongly till the forenoon was closing We had neither water nor food. I don't know whether the arrangements for a know whether the arrangements for a supply had failed, or had been wholly forgotten. But I had eaten nothing from noon of the previous day, and I began to suffer dreadfully from thirst. It was almost noon when we ran the boat through the surf, and beached her. In doing so our clothes were drenched with sea-water, and I felt instead with sea-water. and I felt instant relief from thirst. I tried this afterwards with good effect, ex-

ept that it made the skin sore.
When the boat was secured, we began search for water—no one thought of food. We wandered for hours through the dried swamps, and tested hundreds of paperswamps, and tested indirects of paper-bark trees; but there was not a drop to be had. The physical pain in my chest became alarming. It burned as it a blis-ter were applied internally over the whole inner surface of the breast. At last, toward night we found a cattle-track, which ward night we found a cattle-track, which led to a shallow and muddy pool, into which we planged our faces, but could not drink, the water being too foul.

One of the men then said we were only

a few miles from the log-house of a man named Johnson, who was the hired kepeer of an immense stock of buffalo-cows. He was an Englishman. They all knew him, and spoke well of him. He lived on this lonely stretch of coast, with no neighbor nearer than forty miles. As we had to wait till morning, perhaps till the next evening before the whaler would put to water as soon as one of them could get away unobserved.

I watched them wind in and out among Twatened them wind in and out among the sand hills till at last they disappeared. Then I lay down on the sand, in shade, and tried to sleep. But the dreadful blistering pain in my chest became unendurable while I lay, so I rose and walked about. Hours passed, and still they did not return. That time of suffering I look upon as the worst of my life. At last, I respectively the partyes lived on upon as the worst of my life. At last, I remembered that the natives lived on freshly-killed meat, when they could get no water. I soon found a tree with 'pos-sum marks, which I climbed, and pulled out a large 'possum. I found then, and afterwards, that this was indeed the very est substitute for water.
When night had fallen, Maguire

turnd, with food and a bottle of water. He stayed with me a short time, and then went back to the house to avoid suspicion. I broke the young branches of the peppermint tree to keep away ants, snakes, and centipedes, and made a bed on the sand. Before long I fell asleep, and did not wake till the boys called me in the morning, and soon after we started for the boat.

for the boat.

We got to the beach at about nine o'clock, and one of the men with a strong glass, which Maguire had brought, was sent to a high hill to look out for the sailing of the "Vigilant." At about one o'clock he came down at a run, and reported the vessel under full sail, steering vestly.

cut off the bark before she reached the couple of hours we saw her; she was steer-ing straight toward us, so we stopped pull-ing, and waited for her. But we were bound to be wofully disappointed. When bound to be wofully disappointed. When Fell off several points, as if to avoid us. Everyone stared in amazement. Maguire kept saying that Capt. Baker had given his word as a man, and he could not believe that he would break it.

One of the men stood up in the boat, and gave a loud hail, that must have been heard on board. No answer. Again he nailed, and we all joined in the shout. No answer. It only seemed that the "Vigilant" turned a point farther from us.
At last she came abreast of our boat. She
was then about three miles distant.
Maguire hoisted a white shirt on the end of an oar, and we shouted again. But the "Vigilant" passed on, a left our boat 'Vigilant' passed on, a o its fate.

When the bifter reality came home to us, as the bark sank lower in the distance, our boat's head was turned to the shore, and we pulled slowly. The question was in every mind—What is to be done now? Maguire proposed that they beach the boat, and go on to Jonnston's, leaving me in the bush as before. They would have to trust him with the secret, and tell him where I was, while they rode home, to await the sailing of the other whaleships. This was agreed to by all, as the best thing

o be done under the circumstances. It was evening when we reached the more. My three friends, after seeing me "at home" in a secluded sand-valley, shook hands with me, speaking words of encouragement. In a week, at most, they promised that some one would come Bunbury and tell me when whalers would sail. They also said they would tell old Johnston, and ask him to give me some food and water.

It was lonesome when they were gone; but there was nothing to be done. I had a little water in a jar, but I preferred the juicy food that had served me so well the

previous day.

I was started that night, almost at midnight, by a man's voice, hallooing. feared to answer, though I thought might be Johnson searching for me ently I heard my name called, and I answered. It was Johnson, a kind old fellow, and he brought me some told me that Maguire and his boys and horses borrowed from started home on horses borrowed from him; that I must lie very quiet all day, for the police troopers often visited the place, especially when convicts had ab-sconded. He stayed with me several started home on sconded. He stayed with me several hours, evidently glad of an opportunity of talking. He had lived since his youth in New Zealand and Australia, and said to your wife."
As we pulled silently out to sea, we could discern M—— standing on the beach. It was not cowardice. He was a brave man, as he proved afterwards, and I hope in New Zealand and Austrana, and said overloard in the night, and was drowned, he had been in the service of Sir John le hand been in the service of Sir John le hand been in the service of Sir John learned the same news, being particularly being to repentance; but the unimpressed by the Englishmen's story. Two large was drowned. His policemen went among the crew, and learned the same news, being particularly being to repentance; but the unimpressed by the Englishmen's story. Two large was drowned. His policemen went among the crew, and convergence in the service of Sir John learned the same news, being particularly being to repentance; but the unimpressed by the Englishmen's story. Two large was drowned. His policemen went among the crew, and convergence in the service of Sir John le had been in the service of Sir John le had been in the service of Sir John le had been in the service of Sir John le had been in the service of Sir John le had been in the service of Sir John le had been in the service of Sir John le had been in the service of Sir John le had been in the service of Sir John le large was drowned. His policemen went among the crew, and divine mercy to recall that wretched being to repentance; but the unimpressed by the Englishmen's story. Two large was drowned.

police, and renewed his warning. He police, and renewed his warning. He said he would come to see me as soon as he thought it was safe. I told him not to be uneasy as I could get food, and could do without water. I do not know how the next day passed, and the next. But I was in no suffering except suspense. I killed my own food, and relished it. preferring it to that brought me by Johnson, but I did not tell him so. On the second day, Johnson's boy, a rough lad of twelve or thirteen, came instead of his

father. I had been thinking of the promis Captain Baker had made, not only to pick me up, but to cruise for me. Perhaps, after all, he had not seen the boat; and if I could go to sea again I should find him cruising along the coast, and looking out for me. But the boat in which we had come was too heavy for one man to set afloat or pull when afloat. I asked John-son's boy had his father a boat, and he son's boy had his lather a boat, and the said there was an old dory at the horse range further up the coast, buried in the sand. When the boy left me I went along the beach for six or seven miles, and at length found the boat. She was and at length found the boat. She was badly warped with heat and drought, but I rolled her into the sea with care, and left her there, tied by a rope of paper bark to a stake driven into the sand. Next morning, having made her water

tight with paper bark, I went to sea in this craft, towing over the stern sufficient food to last me some days. She was light and easily pulled. Before night I had passed the headland and was on the Indian Ocean. I knew there was a cur-rent going northward. Next morning I gave up pulling, and sat down to watch and wait. It was very hot; the sun flamed above, and the reflection from the named above, and the reflection from the water was scorching. The meat towing in the sea was becoming putrid, and during the night some of the 'possums and kangaroo rats had been taken by sharks. That day, toward noon, I saw a sail—it was the "Vigilant"—there was no other vessel there. She draw near to make vessel there. She drew near to me—so near that I heard voices on deck, I saw the men aloft on the lookout. But they sea, they decided to go to Johnston's, and get some food, leaving me behind in the bush, but promising to bring me food and did not see me—or at least Captain Baker says so. She sailed away again, and was out of sight before night. (Heretofore, I have simply said that I went out to sea, saw the "Gazelle" in this way, and was

picked up.)
The dew at night and the cool air refreshed me, and I resolved to pull back to shore, and wait for Maguire's return. I pulled all night, off and on, and in the morning saw the sand hills at the headland of Geographe Bay. By noon I was ashore, and then began a most weary w lk back to Johnson's, where I arrived

that night.

After that, I left the sand-valley no more. I wanted to sleep all the time, and there was no one to disturb me. In five days more, I was thoroughly wakened. however, by the cheery voice of my friend Maguire, and with him came M——, who said he was resolved to see me through this time. Maguire brought me a brief letter from Father McCabe, asking me to letter from Father McCabe, asking me to remember him. The whalers were to sail next day, and Captain Gifford, of the "Gazelle," of New Bedford had agreed to take me off. To make it sure, Father McCabe had paid him ten pounds (fifty dollars) to take me as far as Java. But there was one drawback. A crimi-

nal convict, one of the worst characters in the Colony, a ticket-of-leave man, named Martin Bowman or Beaumont, had discovered the means of my escape, and had gone to Maguire and threatened to put the police on the track unless he was taken off too. Maguire could not dissent; so here We ran the boat through the surf, and was the scoundrel, coolly looking at us, We were and saying nothing.

That night we slept little ways keeping an eye on Bowman. We were up at daybreak, and soon after we were afloat. Old Johnson and his boy stood on the beach and saw us push off. We pulled straight out toward the head-

land, as Capt. Gifford had instructed. By noon, we saw the two whaleships coming along with a fine breeze. Toward evening we heard a hail, and some one on board shouted my name, and cried out, "Come on board!" We were all over-joyed. We pulled alongside, and I was helped out of the boat by the strong arms joyed. Hathaway, the third of Henry Capt. Gifford made we welcome, and gave me a place in his cabin. Martin Bowman, the escaped criminal, was sent forward among the crew.

As the boat pushed off from the ship, Maguire stood up and cried out, "God bless you; don't forget us,—and don't mention our names till you know it's all over." And brave M—— also shouted his parting wish, which I answered with tears of gratitude. I shall probably never see those gallant friends again; but I hear from them regularly, and know that they are well and happy.

Six months afterward, when the "Gazelle" touched at Roderique, an English Island in the Indian Ocean, the Governor came as one searching for "an escaped convict from Australia—a black-haired man." I was standing with Mr. Hussey, the mate, when the Governor of the Island made the demand. Mr. Hussey said that no such person was on board. The Governor answered that he had information that a man had escaped on the " Mr. Hussey feared they might "Gazelle. seize the ship, so he said that a man of that description who had come on board off the coast of Australia, might be the person. He called Bowman, whom every one on board detested, and he was put in irons and taken ashore. We knew that he would tell the whole story (the wonder was that he did not do it then; but he wished to make terms for his own release). That night the officers of the "Gazelle threw the grindstone, with my hat, overboard, while I lay hid in the Captain's cabin. A cry of "Man Overboard!" was raised, a boat lowered, and the hat picked

up. There were on board some English ex-convicts, who had shipped in Australia, and these only waited for a chance to ge me re-taken. But one of them, atterly deceived by the officers' strategy, declared that he saw me sink where the hat was picked up. When the Governor of the island came on board next day to demand his prisoner, the flag was at half-mast, and the officers sorrowfully told him that the man he probably wanted had jumped overboard in the night, and was drowned.

Roderique, and I came on deck, much to

the amazement of the crew.

A month later we saw an American ship, the "Sapphire" of Boston (Capt. Seiders, of Bath, Me..), off the Cape of Good Hope.

We signalled her, and learned that she We signalled her, and learned that she was going to Liverpool. Capt. Gifford offered to put me on board, and give me the papers of a deserter from his ship named John Soule. I thought it was the best chance, so Mr. Hathaway, the third mate, picked a reliable boat's crew, and we boarded the "Sapphire." When we saw the kind of man the Castia was saw the kind of man the Captain was, Captain Gifford told him the whole story; captain Gifford told him the whole story; and Captain Seiders at once gave me a state-room in the cabin, and treated me as a passenger with all kindness. He had on board an English gentleman named Bailey, coming from India, and to him, too, the facts were given. He was a true man. When we reached Liverpool he stayed with me till he saw me safely embarked for America. My name on the barked for America. My name on the "Sapphire" was "Mr. Soule," and the crew understood that I had been wrecked near the Mauritius. I forgot to say that when I parted from Captain Gifford he handed me thirteen sovereigns, all the handed me thirteen sovereigns, all the money he had, saying "If you get to the States you'll pay me back."

When we reached Liverpool, through the constant kindness of Mr. John Burs-ley, the mate of the "Sapphire," I was provided with a secure hiding-place till he obtained a passage for me on the bay," a skip of Bath, Me., bound for Phil-adelphia. The Captain, who is now my dear friend, Frank Jordan, of Brunswick, made me feel at once that the deck of an American ship was free-soil for a political refugee. We landed in Philadelphia on refugee. We landed in Philithe 23d of November, 1869.

Whoever reads this narrative will say that I have profound reason for gratitude These experiences prove how much solid kindness and unselfishness there are in the world. I am happy to say that the men who then helped me on my way to free-dom are my dear friends still; and no oct of mine, I trust, will ever cause them to lose the friendship which began under such remarkable circumstance

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

## A DEFENCE OF CONNEMARA.

In a letter to a Dublin paper, Rev. W. D. Fahy, C.C., of Ballyconnelly, defends his people from the charges brought against them. In the the course of his

ommunication he says :
"If the picture of Connemara drawn by the proselytizers were true to nature, we should be untrue to the first principles of Catholicity, and hostile to the first requirement of our native land—the unity of her children. Now, the question comes to this for any impartial man—Are the Catholics alone to blame? Are we as black as we are pictured? And are the proselytizers faultless and spotless in the Connemara outrages? If the Catholics are alone to blame, then punish them—confine them in your prisons and quench of Catholicity, and hostile to the first confine them in your prisons and quench their hearths with oppressive taxation. But, on the other hand, if the proselytizers are to blame, why let them not only go sent-free, but shelter them under the wing of the Government? If they have begun the said squabbles at Omey, continued them at Errismore by insulting letters, and declare to Government officials privately false reports deeply detrimental to the character of the Catholics, and thus take the meanest, as well as the first, part in Connemara rowdyism, why should not an impartial Government treat them according to their works? The Government, by saying it is determined to put down only the lawbreakers, irrespective of religion, is acting not only partially, but friendly, to proselvtizers. In fact, if it adheres to this decision, it has become a party to the violation of the law in Connemara. Everyone knows a man may be provoked to break the law, and a man, in cases, and under certain circumstances, when feelings dearer then life are reviled and insulted, would not have a man's feelings if, heedless of consequences, he did not vi of society. In such a case it is death before dishonor. In certain places certain acts provoke to the violation of the law. In Connemara circulating tracts offensive to the religion of the people; tendering bribes in meal, money and clothes to be traitors to that religion; writing scurrilous letters, and insulting and beating priests drive the whole populace into one general violation of it. Now, provocation to crime is in the English law itself an extenuating circumstance, and just as far as it goes exonerates the criminal. Our enemies and the Government seem to have forgotten this. What they recognize else where they disregard in adjudicating for the Catholic people of Connemara. Their monto is, whoever dances, we must pay the whoever provoke, we will suffer whoever provoke, we will suffer for the violation; whoever are to blame, we, the Catholies alone, will be accused—"Quidquid delirent reges Achivi."

WHY BOSWELL WAS KICKED,-Doctor Johnson, sturdy Protestant though he was, kept Lent, prayed for the dead, and, as the Catholic World has recently recalled mind, nearly kicked Boswell downstairs for making disparaging remarks about the Catholic Church. When the foolish discussion was rife as to whether Catholic associations Catholics are guilty of idolatry in adoring the Blessed Eucharist, his clear sense pointed out the absurdity of the charge. He believed in confesson, yet not even he had the courage to face the anti-Catholic storm which swept over England in those gloomy days. Besides, it was then, if it is not still, an article of an Englishman's faith, more fully believed in than any of the Thirty-nine, that a man cannot be a Catholic and a loyal Englishman at the same time.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE. Julian the Apostate one day entered a pagan temple in company whith a noted idolater. The latter having invoked the demons, they at once made their appearance; Julian became alarmed; and forgetting for the moment, that he had abjured the Christian religion, he made the sign of the cross, as he had been formerly accustomed to do when any danger was near. Immediately the infernal spirits disappeared—so powerful and efficacious was this sign, when made even by a Christian renegade! This miracle was the last effort of divine mercy to recall that wretched cru or lie

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