

A Roman Triumph.

BY THE REV. EN. 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.

Titus also determines to repair to that city, where the banners 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.

Overlaid had sorrow spread its mourning pall. O'er humbled Rome, Her fated day of trial With Galba, Gallienus, Nero, flows, And course Vitellius at length o'erthrown. She joys, once more, the nations, far and wide, Powerful to sway. Now, as in pristine pride, She bids her Caesar home the meed of fame bestow, in triumph, bulls Vespasian's name. Not can she wait until the grand array; Her gates approach. Anxious she speeds away.

Her wise and warlike Emperor to greet, Crown her deliverer, with honours meet. Citizens and brave soldiers haste along: Alike patriots and plebeians throng. And crowd Rome's senators the flowery way. The path of him, the chief, who late could tread The tide of ruin, o'er an empire spread. In devastating waves, that filled with dread The stoutest Roman heart lost now their land. Should fall and forfeit all its conquests grand, Vespasian comes. Round his triumphal car, Lie scattered 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, with honours vain. The pride of Israel; and he that so, In bloom of youth, who yet was only known For valorous deeds, for battles bravely fought, And honor for his country, fiercely sought. Each Roman warrior, then, of highest name, Who often valiant strove in fields of fame With Titus and Vespasian, faithful toiled In Rome's defence, slowly sought to die, or sternly made the Asiatic race. While Egypt's sons compelled they to enslave. 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 Of grand Euphrates, conquering, caused to gleam The imperial sword, who to India's wave And fabled Ganges, by their pomp 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, bravely had held. 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 the victor's side, Of Caesar's triumph, by the glad Romans hailed.

As proud trophies, by the fallen be, The golden sceptre, the cup of sacrifice, The golden candlestick, each costly prize. From holy shrine and temple rudely riven, 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. Nought could surpass the marvellous display. From every clime that "death Rome" 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 art. Well planned to prove how Romans played their part. In fields and sieges, 'gainst the strongest foes. There a fierce legion, stoutly warring, stress The earth with slaughtered enemies, when, Forged gates and crumbling towers, the picture show. Best spectacle of all to Roman eyes. The worst of war, the sad horrors, "death the skies." Grandest rivers, first from their mountain spring. That sweetly flow, then swiftly run bring To devastated cities, by their waters' side. The ghastly wrecks of war's destructive tide. Next come, for heathen Rome a fitting sight, Rome's gods, reputed source of Roman might. Of every shape and hue that Olympian powers.

In massive gold, with gems adorned, now lowers A Roman deity. Around, with art And skill set forth, some lesser gods bear part. In the proud pageant, all curiously wrought In richest robes, by Roman valor brought. Huge ships, as if on ocean's swelling tide, Arranged for battle, slowly sailed. 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 be done, While of the rebel for their lives that one Who most defied the world-wide Roman sway. And for a time, its vengeful arm could stay. [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 it played. When 'er its wide extent raged loud and long. Of wrathful citizens the surging throng. Calm 'mid the storm is seen the captive Jew. A hour me, O Romans, what I say is true. Light in death's shadow shines and mystic Fate. Of those who come reveals the hidden state. Great nor your power, composed each civil brood. While victory rewards the warlike toil Of Titus and Vespasian. Yet will lower New skies, and war clouds fall to your Power. Will burst o'er Rome, and, as a howling West, Our land you've made you, as is meet, will taste. The bitter cup, ye, vengeful, poured so free. On fated Israel. Sweet peace now hosts; yet ply in darkest Erebus their pains. The hostile genii, the cauldron mix. That swells with destiny, will certain fix Rome's fate, to dissolution rivets give. Your fair, mistress of all that live. Speed press on every side. North, east and west. Speed heretofore the Furies' fell, best cast on Rome to execute. First tramp down Victorious Persia the Imperial crown. Wealth, art, letters—all that is noble, grand, The savage Goth and Vandal now command. That Humane Attila, more barbarous still, Of sternest mind, indomitable will. A race uncouth from the cold Northern shore, Headlong will pour, and, as the Fates decree, Rome's boundless wealth will scatter far and wide. Her kingdom whelming in the gathering tide. Her ill-assorted empire, part of 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 crown. Restored shall be, enjoy their old renown. A Prince in Justice shall the nations sway. And mightiest monarchs willing homage pay.

[The excited multitude, delirious with joy.]

And put to death Simon and John, the last of Israel's commanders.] Swift to Israel's capital the tidings flew. The people's joy to maddened frenzy grew. The last conquered enemies lay low. In May, the soldiers, the soldiers' pomp and show.

To Jove Capitoline were victims slain. While smoke of fragrant incense rose again. Pious Vespasian, veiling his dark brow. In the imperial robe, poured forth his vow. In supplicant mood, to the Olympian throng. Earnest beseeching they would, true and true, Hold rule o'er Rome, and ever faithful guide.

Her estates, maintain her hard won pride. Humble her foes, grant victory, her sway Constant secure, and gracious point the way. To glories new, in fabled wars, great toils. Vouchsafe success, and, free from civil broils, Let happy Rome o'er bank in the bright sun of peace, through ages long, till time be done.

A POLITICAL PRISONER'S ESCAPE FROM AN ENGLISH PENAL COLONY. 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 whole 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 based 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 confound all the evidence that could be 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. Joseph, and Mr. Hussey, and Mrs. David R. Gifford, 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, I am deeply grateful for their appreciation of my reason for suppressing the main facts of the story.

criminal gang on the roads, but had charge of their stores, and carried the warden's weekly report to the Banbury depot. On my way with this report one day, I came to a place known as "the Race Course." As I crossed it, I heard a "coo-coo," 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 Maguire," he said, "I'm a friend of Father McCabe'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 be at Banbury for water in February (it was then December); and he was going to make all arrangements with one of the captains for my escape.

I could hardly rest or sleep for the next 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 encouragement from his direct and confident manner. "You'll be a free man in February," he said, "as sure as my name is Maguire."

December and January passed; and the news was brought to our camp by a passing woodcutter that the American whalers, three bark, had come to Banbury. If I was to see them, I must intercept the whalers as they sailed from Banbury. 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, the 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 selected trees, 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 wait till I heard some one whistle the first bars of "Patrick's Day." This was repeated again and again, till we were sure both had every point agreed. Then we separated.

On the evening of the 18th of February, I wrote a letter to my father, saying that I would attempt to escape that night, and that I should go to the United States in case of my getting 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 warden of the convict party visited the criminals' hut, and found that all were present. He saw me sitting in my hut, as usual, and 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 was a quiver in his gushing voice. "God speed you," he said, giving me a grip like a vice; "I'll put them on the wrong scent to-morrow if I can." I shook my 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 gunnery 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 loud. In an instant I was with 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 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 Banbury, and that the others were gone for the boat. After half an hour's anxious waiting, we saw a light, as if a faint watch, saw a mile distance, and then we 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 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."

As we pulled silently out to sea, we could discern M— standing on the beach. It was not cowardly. He was a brave man, as he proved afterwards, and I hope 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 hearing. Then we went to the oars with full strength. There were few words said. When the sun rose, we were well out, and could just see the tops of the high sand-hills. We were crossing the graphic 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 supply had failed, or had been wholly forgotten. But I had eaten nothing from 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 instant relief from thirst. I tried this afterwards with good effect, except that it made me feel like a dog. When the boat was secured, we began a search for water—no one thought of food. We wandered for hours through the dried swamps, and tested hundreds of paper-bark trees; but there was not a drop to be had. The physical pain in my chest became alarming. It burned as if a blister were applied internally over the whole inner surface of the breast. At last, toward night we found a cattle-trough, which led to a shallow and muddy pool, into which we plunged 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 keeper 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 sea, we decided to go to Johnson's, and get some food, leaving the whaler to wait as soon as one of them could get away unobserved.

I watched 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 bilious pain in my chest became unendurable, 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 remembered that the natives lived on freshly-killed meat, when they could get no water. I soon found a tree with "possum" marks, which I climbed, and pulled out a large "possum," I found ants, and afterwards, that this was indeed the very best substitute for water.

When night had fallen, Maguire returned, 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 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.

We got to the beach at about nine o'clock, and one of the men with a strong glass, which Maguire had brought, went 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 north.

We ran the boat through the surf, and pulled out with light hearts. We were quite sure we could cut off the bark before she reached the headland. In a couple of hours we saw her; she was steering straight toward us, so we stopped pulling, and waited for her. But we were bound to be woefully disappointed. When she was within two miles of our boat, she 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 hailed, 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 had 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 oar boat to its fate.

When the bitter 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, what to do. Maguire proposed that they beach the boat, and go on to Johnston'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 whalships. This was agreed to by all, as the best thing to do under the circumstances.

It was evening when we reached the shore. 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 from Banbury and tell me what the whaler would say. They also said they would tell old Johnston, and ask him to give me some food and water.

It was long since 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 faint, hallooing. I started to answer, though I thought it might be Johnson searching for me. Presently I heard my name called, and I answered. It was Johnson, a kind old fellow, and he brought me some food. He told me that Maguire and his boys and I should come on horse-borrowed from the police troopers often visited the place, especially when convicts had absconded. 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 he had been in the service of Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, when he was, I think, Governor of New Zealand. When he left me he again spoke of the

Rodrigue, 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 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 Captain was, 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 "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 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 Burdett, the mate of the "Sapphire," I was provided with a secure hiding-place, till he obtained a passage for me on the "Bombay," a ship of Bath, Me., bound for Philadelphia. The Captain, who is now my dear friend, Frank Jordan, of Brunswick, made me feel at ease, as if he were an American ship was free-soil for a political refugee. W. L. G. Philadelphia on the 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 freedom are my dear friends still; and no act of mine, I trust, will ever cause them to lose the friendship which began under such remarkable circumstances. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A DEFENCE OF CONNEMARA.

In a letter to a Dublin paper, Rev. W. D. Faly, C.C., of Ballyconnolly, defends his people from the charges brought against them. In the course of his communication 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? 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 their hearts 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 Oney, 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 meanness, as well as the first part in Connemara new-fundism, 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 the proselytizers. 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 may be under certain circumstances, when feelings dearer than life are reviled and insulted, would not have a man's feelings if, heedless of consequences, he did not vindicate the superiority of humanity to the bonds of society. In such a case it is death before dishonor. In certain places certain acts are prohibited by the law. In Connemara circulating tracts offensive to the religion of the people; tendering bribes in meal, money and clothes to 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 even as far as it goes exonerates the criminal. Our enemies and the Government seem to have forgotten this. What they recognize else here they disregard in adjudicating for the Catholic people of Connemara. Their motto is, whoever dares, we must pay the price; whoever provokes, we will suffer for the violation; whoever is to blame, we will punish. Catholics alone will be accused—'Quid quilibet delicti reus Actus?'

That night we slept little, some one always keeping an eye on Bowman. Everyone knew a man, and I was helped out of the boat by the strong arms of Henry Hathaway, the third mate. Capt. Gifford made us 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 to any one." 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 afterwards, when the "Gazelle" touched at Rodrigue, 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 "Gazelle." Mr. Hussey feared they might seize the ship, so he said that a man of that description who had come on board of 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 griststone, 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 get me re-taken. But one of them, utterly 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. His policemen went among the crew, and learned the same news, being particularly impressed by the Englishman's story. Two days later, the "Gazelle" sailed from

Why Boswell was Kicked.—Doctor Johnson, study Protestant though he was, kept Lent, prayed for the dead, and the Catholic World has recently recalled to mind, nearly kicked Boswell down stairs for making disparaging remarks about the Catholic Church. When the Catholic discussion was rife as to whether Catholics are guilty of idolatry in adoring the Blessed Eucharist, his clear sense pointed out the absurdity of the charge. He believed in confession, 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 Apostle one day entered a pagan temple in company with 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 being to repentance; but the unhappy man's heart was hardened and insensible to every call of God.