

A Roman Triumph.

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.

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

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.

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.

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-trail, 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 buffaloes. 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 sail back, but promising to bring me food and water as soon as one of them could get away unobserved.

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 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 Bursley, 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; the deck of an American ship was free-soil for a political refugee. W. Landis, of 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.

The excited multitude, delirious with joy.

Mortreal Witness at... He will doubtless... in his congenial element...

CENTH CENTENARY MARTYRDOM OF SS. PETER AND PAUL.

ARTICLE III. The joyous festival at Rome... On the former day... the grand solemnity of... The Pope himself... kneeling in prayer...

Holy Father, desiring to show his respect and affection for so many pilgrims of the sacred order of the priesthood... HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH. The Pastoral letter issued by His Grace Archbishop Lynch...

with a novitiate and training school for their own Order... The Christian Brothers, in 1859, had ten members here... THE SWEATSMAN CONTROVERSY. The letter of Archbishop Lynch brought to the surface a host of the lesser lights of Protestantism...

MANITOBA. The Farmer's Advocate of this city is publishing a series of interesting articles on the ups and downs of life in the Far West Provinces... tax collector for the village. For some time past the Council have been applying to the collector for a statement of collected and uncollected taxes...

JOB PRINTING. We wish to inform our patrons and the public that we are now prepared to execute all orders for book and job printing on the shortest notice... BUSINESS ITEMS. J. TURNER, dealer in fruit, fish and game of all kinds in season, Dundas street, near Strong's Hotel...

IMPORTANT. Our friends in Hamilton, Dundas, Brantford, etc., are particularly cautioned against doing business with any one representing himself as our agent... LOCAL NEWS. PERSONAL.—On Friday last Mrs. and Miss Emma Smith, of Ingersoll, proceeded to Sarina for a prolonged visit of several weeks...

THE ENGLISH LOAN COY. Books were Opened 21st January, 1879. SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL IS NOW \$1,204,900. Next issue will be at a Premium.

