Ernst Schmidt

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Answer

1st To lonely dreams of grief I bend,
Secluded thoughts of home so gay;
Away from friends to exile send:
In drooping years may-hap to lay.—
2nd Ah! brothers dear who'll dig the grave—
Or shed a tear as mother is in clay,
I kiss that life upon the stormy wave;
Bitter sighs mark my brow each day—
3rd In sad decline my pulse do beat,
Alas! freedom's strife no more to see;
Pangs so grave this heart felt fate;
With mourning sobs I weep for thee.—
4th Round my mind shades of sorrow sleep,
Low as dust neath the fellon's heel;
For home father land beyond the deep,
Future hopes the fading past do feel.—
5th With brown smiles adieu to I mis-fail,
This livid hand I feel with vivid pain;
Farewell! thy proud son'll never wail:
6th Hard be the task while life remain—
Warm I love thee away or the main;
None shall blush nice dust cost a stain—
Bound in fetters I stretch my hand again,
To die or [redacted] the [redacted] chain.—

To Denis Cashman.

In token of our love and friendship during our acquaintance on board the Convict Ship Hougoumont; Sound ying as never to be forgotten.

Thomas McCarthy Fennell.

Poems — but wrote all on Beg-an Island

Convict Ship "Hougoumont"
At Sea (near mouth of English Channel)
15th October 1867.

"The Wanderer far from those he loves, and all his heart holds dear,
Oft pauses as he onward roams, to check the rising tear;
When thoughts of home, and byegone days, come crowding o'er his brain
How sweet the voice within that says, hope on we'll meet again."

On Tuesday the 24th September, whilst very busily employed at the (to me) very disagreeable occupation of picking 'coir', I heard steps approach along the Corridor, and halt opposite my cell door: instantly, the Iron gate, and massive wooden door of my Cell were flung open, and the order "Stand at ye gate" given. I, glad of anything that would even for a moment twart the monotony, or break the wretched grave-like silence of the place, immediately came to "attention" at the door; and found my visitors to be Head Warder 'Handy' and some Warders of lower grade. Then for the first time, I learned, that I was to be sent to Australia. I received the news with a very bad grace, and protested in the strongest terms against being sent,- but recollecting that I had no voice in the matter, and that go I should, I strove to make the most of it, and drown the bitter feelings which filled my breast, by fiercely working at, or rather tearing the tough coir.- I really felt wretched,- the thought of being sent 14000 miles away from my dear Wife and children,- from all that I loved on earth; with the fact staring me in the face, that I should not again for years see them, caused me to feel an acute agony that I never before felt; and plunged my whole being into the deepest melancholy.- Immagination used to conjure up before me, the tearful eyes & sorrowful face of my dear Kate,- gazing at our dear children, who, want her to tell them 'why their Pa does not come home'.- whilst she picturing to herself the terrible distance which divides us, in her bitter sorrow raised back the answer she would not (even to herself) dare to speak, fearing to look the dread reality in the face.- In this the most trying hour of my life, when all other resources failed, I prostrated myself before my Maker, and in prayer, found a soothing relief; the softening influence of which calmed my thoughts, and caused me to look with altered feelings, and a more hopeful eye, on the before so much dreaded future.- On the evening of this day I was allowed to write home, and I fear if I penned my letter in accordance with the tenor of my feelings, it was a very melancholy epistle, and not in the style which I should have written.- However I now forgo

what I said. Next morning at exercise (i.e. pumping water,) I was informed that Stanley, Jack Walsh, Power & Scot of the new arrivals from D. Ward were also to be sent; this was good news, and I thought, that after all, the affair didn't look so black as at first I anticipated, especially as a few dear friends were to go, with whom I could kill the tedium of the voyage and the exile in Australia -

During the following three days my mates and I were in a fidgetty state of impatience to know who were, and were not going, whether we should receive letters, visits, &c - and in this state we were doomed to remain, for until the morning of our departure we could not learn who our Companions were to be. At the end of the three days - on Saturday - whilst at exercise I was handed a letter, of course I knew from whom it was, and with feelings of mingled pleasure & expectancy I opened it (some of the Prison Officers having spared me the trouble of breaking the Seal) and was gladdened with the news which it contained that my dear Kate & Boys were all well and that she would start to see me immediately on hearing from me &c. I instantly applied for permission to write again, as I was entitled to write two letters, one on account of leaving, and the other by right, six months having elapsed since I last wrote; in this I was doomed to the most bitter disappointment I had yet experienced, for on making application to the Head warder, He informed me that it was too late to write, as it was expected that we were to be sent on board the ship on Monday. I then asked permission to telegraph that Kate might start immediately, that I might be consoled with a visit and last embrace from her whom I most loved on earth before starting on my long journey.

Next morning Stanley and I were marched together thro' the intricacy of Corridors & pentagons till we arrived at the Governors Office, I was here told that even a telegram would be of no avail,

that it would not reach in time, but that I might write another letter, and on retiring ~~on retiring~~ our steps to Cpt Stanley told me he was not going, - this was very bad news, and again plunged me into the melancholy & despondency which I at first felt, - but thank God, in the remedy which I at first tried, I again found relief and consolation, - After fervent prayer on that night, I felt quite reconciled. Next day (Sunday) I again wrote home: - and was re-invested in the order of the Scapular. - I received a pair of Sely together with a present of a Prayer Book & Rosary from Father Zenette. this morning I was quite certain that Power & Stack, & were to be sent they being enrolled with me; - this day during dinner hour I had to don the raiment served out for the voyage, - which I thought presaged a speedy departure -

Monday 30th Sept. 67 - I was roused at about 3.45 on this morning and desired to dress in the new clothes, that not a moment was to be lost, - so I hurriedly got into them, & marched into the Corridor, where I was joined by Jack, & Bains, we were then marched into D. Ward. - We were here joined by 21 others, and marched in single file to the reception Ward, where we had an augment of 6 more; here we were placed 8 in a Cell - and whilst breakfast was being served I indulged in the first chat for 9 months, - I now heard for the first time that my dear friend John F. was going which considerably cheered me, - after a hurried breakfast & a hearty shake of the hand from every lad who have in sight, we were placed in a rank along the ward to answer a Roll call, after which, we were chained together (two in a gang) our lads being all seperated and mixed with the ordinary convicts, - I had the misfortune to be chained to a foxy animal, who growled like a bear if I diverged a got from my course to shake hands with a

friend fore or aft. – We were then marched out of the prison, across the Quay, and on board the gun boat "Earnest" en route for the "Hougoumont" lying at Sheerness, which Ship was to convey us on our long journey, away from our dear friends and Country, to our Exile in Western Australia, – Crossing the Quay before embarkation, I cast a look behind, and can almost now feel the pleasurable sensation which filled me, when I found myself on the outside of this gloomy, & grim, looking pile, with its Towers, Iron Windows & cold, frowning aspect, where I had spent the most ~~most~~ miserable seven months of my life, – When we got on board the "Earnest" steam was up, and after a few moments she got under weigh, – Once on board the silent system to which, since my arrest on the 11th January I had been so rigorously subject – ~~was~~ totally exploded – by force didn't we talk, shake hands, and enjoy the pleasure of hearing each other talk – the thing was new to a lot of us, and we enjoyed ourselves to the best of our inclinations.

Passing down the "Thames" I caught a glimpse of several of the principal buildings in that Quarter of the City, I certainly had a splendid view thro' the small circular window of the Cabin in which we were stowed of the "Houses of Commons" & "Lords" – I thought the Parliament House, the most beautiful & splendid piece of Architecture I had ever beheld, it is a chef d'oeuvre of the most florid Gothic Style – & embellished from its base to the summit of its lofty Towers with one mass of ornament, foliage, and – beauty, The portion of Westminster bridge which I saw was also very beautiful, in fact in keeping with the style of the exquisite pile from opposite which it crosses the "Thames" – a little further on I saw "Somerset House" now used for Public offices, it is a splendid Edifice, but from the restlessness of the Animal to whom I was chained, and indeed the general rush of my friends to the small Window, I was unable to see sufficient of it to impress my mind with its style – I saw several other pretty buildings, the names of which I can't remember.

As creature comforts are not to be despised (even by Convicts) at about 12.30. o'c we applied to our Haversacks with which

we were furnished, and dined off a lump of cold meat and bread to allay the cravings of the inner man, – about 3 – O'Clock P M. we arrived at Shearness, and were immediately taken on board the "Hougoumont" where we for some time stood the scrutiny of the spectators who gathered round, I presume to see for themselves what species of Animal the Fenians resembled, – when arrangements had been made, and after again answering to our names, we were ordered below, where where we were assigned bunks, ~~and~~ assigned our locations, and formed into messes of eight men each, – All my messmates with the exception of Kelly were strangers to me, nevertheless we very shortly fraternized and became good friends, – One man from each Mess was appointed Mess Captain, whose duty it was to draw provisions &c – There were now 36 political prisoners on board – but we expect to take in more at ~~Pentonville~~ prison to which we were bound – A few hours after we came on board a Tug Steamer brought more prisoners, amongst whom I recognized 7 or 8 political prisoners (Military) with whom I was in D ward in Millbank, they left Millbank for the public works about 3 months previously, – the poor fellows looked much altered, and worn out since I last saw them, – this (30 Sept) was (time) an eventful day, after the long months of monotony and ennui which I had at Millbank – and I was heartily glad for a change of any sort, – Out of the lot I recognized a few friends – And I doubt if we slept much this our first night at sea, several of our Men took fits – I escaped thank God

1st Oct – ~~this morning~~ we were on deck at 6 O'Clk the morning was beautiful, – the ship sailing under full Canvas, – I enjoyed this morning very much, one day having so much changed (for the better) my position, and I heartily returned the numerous greetings of my friends, the day passed off well, I had a long chat about home & friends with John Flood, and again old memories and scenes were renewed. this amiably passed the

6 first day, We occasionally a fine view of Coast Scenery passing down the channel for the next few days - 2nd Octr - We put into Portsmouth to get a new spar to replace one ~~which~~ which was broken in the previous night, - We weighed anchor same day, and arrived at Spithead on

6th October, — Dropped Anchor in Portland Roads, Next day we took a good many prisoners on board, among whom came. Con Mahony, Brophy, Jack O'Reilly & a lot more - A Clergyman The Revd M Delaney came on board - I was very glad to hear that he was to accompany us on our voyage -

7th On this day I wrote to my dear K - I trust in a more cheerful tone that I had done in my last letter Letters were served out to several - I anxiously expected one but none came - I patiently waited for the next five days, for an answer to mine of the 7th but in this I was also disappointed, and on the

12th Octr - I had the mortification to see the Anchor weighed, and the "Hougoumont" under full sail being towed out to Sea from Portland, when a few hours additional delay would have brought me the so earnestly wished for letter, and at last adieu from my dear K - + Boys - The "Earnest" left us, and under a favorable breeze - We proceeded on our journey

13th Sunday, I was on Deck at 6 O'C A.M, a very fine morning - this in reality was our first day to Sea - We had Mass on board this morning it was served by J. Casey (the Galtee Boy) we all made ourselves quite comfortable below, and talked 'til morning -

14th up at 6, went on Deck immediately to enjoy the fresh Sea breeze - — During the 15. 16. 17 we had some rough weather, but no accident

18th Octr We got into the Bay of Biscay to day - very rough weather, Ship going about 11 or 12 Knots, nothing of importance occurred except being struck by a squall + nearly upset - shipped a heavy sea + had [illegible]

19th Oct. We sighted a Stranger to day, Herbulewoke crowded with Emigrants she showed french colors, - Weather still wild, ship pitching most disagreeably

20th Another Ship in sight to day - a Whale seen, I was'nt on deck at the time, during the Bay -

21st We sighted the Spanish Coast, - Ship with a fair wind running about 11 Knots,

23rd - A Squall passed us to day. no injury resulted, - Great numbers of Porpoises playing round the Ship -

24th An exquisite Sunrise this morning, - We had a debate to day, as to the best means of killing time and amusing ourselves during the voyage - I proposed theatricals, it was agreed to but in consequence of not having sufficient room for a Stage, we abandoned the project, to substitute which I drew up a programme for a Concert, which I expect will come off with eclat at 6 O.C. this Eve - Jack O'Reilly and I preparing to recite "Brutus & Cassius" but I believe the beggar doesn't take much interest in it, The weather getting extremely warm - previous to this Potatoes grew up to day for first time - we rather like them

26th On Deck early - a very cloudy morng slight rain, - a beautiful day - yards square - a ship which we sighted yesterday still in sight - last night's Concert a decided success, We appointed a Chairman and Vice, to preserve order & arrange the proceedings -

Programme

1st Part		2nd part	
Duet - "The last rose of Summer"	Noonan & Cashman	Song - "Lamh Dearg aboo"	Doran
Song - "Paddies Lamore"		Recitation - "Gertrude of Wyoming"	Kelly
Recitation - "The Spanish Champion"	M. Moore	Song - "The Old Willow Brook"	Bagby
Comic Song - "Donlano Aos"	Mr Duggan	do - "Faraway o'er foam"	Cashman
Song - "The Moked for blow"	Coady	do - "Tell me Mary"	Noonan
do - "Freedoms War"	J. Fennell	do - "Castle Dalton"	Downey
Recitation - "Death of Lord Ion"	Keane	do - "Beautiful Erin"	Brady
Song - "She is far from the land"	Coady	Chorus - "Let Erin Remember"	Non & Self
Comic Song - "Bob Ridley"	Flood		
	Daly		

26th Octr – A calm morning – but squalls expected – read over Kates letters to day – and K^e the enclosures a 100 times, — our second Concert took place on last Wd – Programme

One of the Convicts received 48 lashes administered by Boatswain for some serious offence – showed no mark of suffering – Prisoners cheered him as lady struck it.

{Prisoners in irons for first time}

1st Part.

Song –	"Burial of McManus"	Coady
Duet –	"I've wandered in dreams"	{Cashman & Noonan}
Song –	"Love and Duty"	Moore
Recitation –	"Gertrude of Wyoming"	Kelly
Song –	"Shaun O'Farrell"	John Flood
do –	"Erin Machree"	Kearney
do –	"Yankee Doodle"	Jack Walsh
do –	"Clares Dragoons"	Bains

2nd part

Song –		Coady
do –	"The Harp"	Geary
do –	"The Old water mill"	Hogan
do –	"General Munroe" (a card)	Sheehan
Recitation –	"The fate of McGregor"	Cashman
Song –	"The bards Legacy"	Noonan
Recitation –	"To be, or not to be"	Kinneally
Song –	"Dolly Dunne"	Coady
do –	"Ned of the Hills"	Bradley
do –	"A rally for Ireland"	Lombard
Chorus –	"Let Erin remember"	all

"I've wandered in dreams" greatly appreciated, Old Joe sang beautifully, – this air recalls scenes and happy ~~days~~ memories, never to be forgotten, J. Flood, sang Shaun O F. in splendid style – but by Jove Sheehan excels, he's a card, "In came his sister &c"

27th Octr – Last night was terrible squally we were struck about Midnight by a squall and roused from sleep – the "Jib" burst in pieces – at 8 Bells (Midnight) we were roused with the cry of "Breakers

ahead," - the crew refused to go aloft - the foreyard got entangled with the shroud - great excitement on board.

~~Madeira~~ The island of Madeira (Portuguese) in sight this morning - about 30 miles distant, - this accounts for the cry of "breakers ahead" last night" I believe (and indeed so do all hands) that we had a narrow escape,

Our Concert last night as usual, some good Songs sung.

28th. A beautiful Morning - I was on deck early. Ship running about 8 Knots, under Square yards. - A sail in sight - ~~we thought~~ ~~or a boat~~ twas said this was our "Convoy." we believe not, A Whale was seen to-day, spouting water about 60 feet high - A most exquisite Sunset this Evening - I watched here for about an hour sinking into the Sea, and have never before beheld anything so beautiful, the light clouds round the Western horizon were burnished with the most varied and beautiful tints, parts appearing like lakes of burnished Gold, fringed with a luminous Silver border, and in parts where he peeped thro crevices of thick clouds it looked like so many furnaces or Camp fires in the distance, - just as he was ~~sinking~~ half emerged in the water - a Ship, ~~appeared~~ appeared no larger than a bird glided across its disc - after he had disappeared - the clouds assumed the most grotesque & fanciful appearance - Some looked like Kangaroos smoking short pipes - others like huge bears sitting on their haunches, & in fact the most curious animals immaginable - When the grey twilight appeared - we were piped below, and are now about to open our Concert for the 28th (today) as I am to appear - I had better have a rehersal -

10. 29th Octr. A beautiful calm day - we are nearing the Tropics - weather getting very warm - Ship going about 5 Knots - I have to go below to School for two hours, being an odd number, i.e. Sleeping in top bunks (between Kelly & Bains) even numbers are to be down tomorro' - the Concert of last night very good

Programme

1st part	2nd part
Song - "The Anchor's Weighed" - Coady	Song - "Our Irish flag" - Coady
Recitation "The Skylark" - Dugan	do "How do they pass the Union" Kelly
Song - "King O'Toole & St Kevin" Moore	Recitation "The Geraldines" Lombard
do - "We are coming Sister Mary" - Dunn	Song "We meet again" Self
do - "Erin Mavourneen" - Noonan	do "Native music" Moore
Recitation "The old School Clock" - O'Reilly (this is written by himself - Thackrey inserted it in the "Cornhill Magazine")	Comic do - "Dorans ass" - Cranston
Duet - "I'll mourn the hopes of Young" Self & Noonan	Recitation "Fontenoy" Kinneally
Song - "Remember the flowers" Cummins	Song "The Penal days" Kearney
do - "The Pedler leads a happy life" Bradley	Story "The Stolen Pig" Sheehan
do - "The dear little Shamrock" Doran	Chorus - Let Erin remember

Sheehan had us all roaring with his story, - he has a refined brogue - & splendid delivery.

30th Octr. On Deck. & washed a 6 AM. - not a puff of wind - nor a ripple on the sea - ship going scarcely a Knot - great heat - about 70 degrees between decks - a sail in sight - shoals of porpoises round the ship - almost becalmed - a beautiful sunset, - I enjoyed ~~the~~ first Cigar to day for 12 months - I occasionally get some tobacco - it's a luxury here - Stunsails up last night

31st (~~Snap apple night~~) Last night Concert came off well I have just finished one for tonight here it is

Programme

1st part	2nd part
Song - "The Maid of Castile" - Noonan	Song "When other lips" Doran
Recitation - "Shawn O Neill" Kelly	Recitation "The Uncle, a mystery" - Self
Song - "Steer my Bark" - M'Sweeny	Song - "The Galley Slave" Horan
do - "Kitty O'Shaughnessy" Doran	do - "Our Irish Canon" Kearney
do - "Rich and rare." - Bradley	do - "Jones Grave" Lombard
Recitation - "The Green" (by himself) O'Reilly	Story "Elopement of Jack & Molly" Sheehan
Song - "O'Donnell Aboo" Bains	Chorus - Let Erin Remember
do - "Farewell to Ireland" Riordan	
Song - "The Prisoners hope" (by myself) Self	

We are going to make a Snap - We've preserved our wine for 2 days

1st Novr 67. Last night's programme to be performed 4th night ~~Dum~~ All Saints day (we had Mass to day) I received Communion 2nd time — Passed the tropic of Cancer to day — awful warm day — A meeting to day re Newspaper — adjourned

2nd We are nearly becalmed to day — very warm — 13 sail in sight — a beautiful day A large shoal of Dolphins playing round the ship — & chasing each other thro the water — 1.0 (P.M.) large Shark crossed our bows about 17 feet long — Great numbers of birds flying about (I think a species of Swallow — 2.30 A boat put off from ship armed with a harpoon — & captured a very large Turtle which was floating thro the sea — they had great difficulty in lifting him in — a beautiful Evg

3rd Dark morning — running about 5 Knots A stranger quite close to us — looks like an American — heat amidships about 80° — very warm — Square yards —

4th — A "flying fish" leaped on board this morning — it is about as large as a herring with fins which stretch along its sides & form like wings — 12 O. noon Shoals of flying fish darting thro' the water like birds skimming along its surface — We chucked our chocolate overboard it was abominable — got tea instead We got an increase of 6 pints of water (much needed) each mess we now have 14 per diem running about 10 Knots —

Programme as usual this Evg — well executed

5th We held a meeting to day to see if we could start a newspaper — the meeting was composed of Con Mahony. I Flood, Duffan. O'Reilly — Coady. Cozzy Noonan — ~~Connell~~ & self we passed resolutions appointed a Chairman & finally settled to start if we get paper I F. appointed Editor — O'R — sub Editor — B. P. D. — Meeting adjourned

5th 12 Running about 8 Knots - Wind - sails left down to bring fresh air between decks (I received Communion this morning at 10 Mass - We passed a Brazilian Mail Steamer this eve homeward bound - a huge bird called the Cormorant seen -

6th On deck early, - land ahead - the Island of St Antonio, One of the Cape de Verde Islands - about 30 miles off - it belongs to Portugal - shoals of porpoises around Ship - 12 O.C. Noon - we have just passed St Antonio, - it looks mountainous - & volcanic - 2 high Cones - probably Craters - about 3 miles off S - waterfalls down its sides - a curious rock shaped like a Castle - Con K - caught a large fish about 6 lbs weight - shoals of flying fish darting about - another island to the West - 4 O.C. (8 Bells) We are now passing St Vincent & between both Islands its summit is about ~~[illegible]~~ feet high - I have just had a splendid view of St Iago or (Bravo) we are about 2 miles off it, it has two immense Craters one about 8000 feet high. its summit is appearing over a thick white cloud which hides ~~[illegible]~~ a great part of it the island presents a curious appearance - covered over with hillocks, its sides covered with Lava - Crystals - We passed it ~~at~~ just now 5 O.C. Another island appears - but we are far off it. 6.10. p.m. a beautiful Sunset. Iago disappearing in the distance - We have passed the Cape de Verde islands - Mr McG - plays "Larryann" on Cornet - very warm between decks - Our Concert about to begin.

7th We had a meeting & debate as to what our paper should be called when finally we resolved to call it "The Wild Goose" (Kelly's suggestion. several beautiful names were suggested the first number is to appear on Saty the 9th so I must go at the heading (a wreath of shamrocks with the name peeping thro it) I expect to be rather busy for the voyage at it

8th. - We had a tropical shower this morning very large drops - Ship doing 10 Knots - preparing for a Squall - the staff of the "Goose" are hard at work all day - I have scarcely a moment to spare - No printing act pay 6 Mess is turned into ~~an~~ a publishing Office -
Last nights Concert very good - good Singing -

Programme

1st Part

Comic Song "Dolans Geo" — Cordy
Song - "The Mess Tent" - Barnes
Recitation - "The Vale of Cradoya" - Self
Song - "The black flag" Connolly
Song - "Kentucky Home" - Hogan
Duet - "I've wandered in vain" Self & Nolan
Song - "Jolly Soldiers" — Kelly
do - "Let me like a Soldier fall" - Bradley

Song "Gella Machree" — Cummins
Recitation "Uncle Ned's Story" (by himself) O'Reilly
Song - "The Young May moon" - J. Flood
do - "Fatherland" — Downey
do - "Norah Mc Shea" — Hogan
do (Comic) B. Barlow — Cranston
Chorus - Let Erin Remember

very hot to day about 80 degrees - awful between decks

9th. - On deck at 6 Witnessed a very beautiful Sunrise - Ship going about 14 Knots. Stun-sails going up - very warm - No more School till we get into a cooler latitude - nearing the equator - Convicts dancing on Deck to Guitar Music - rather amusing -
"The Wild Goose" made its appearance this Evening address to Readers (by J.F.) the Editor beautifully done "Farewell" by Jack OR - (a poem) "Prison Thoughts" a poem by E. K. - the leader "Home Thoughts" well written, We intend having it read for our lads at 6 OC - Concert postponed in consequence - I believe it will be a decided success.

10th - (Sunday) Mass celebrated to day - I organised a quire - we sang - the Congregation praised the performance - we sang some very beautiful pieces - "The Goose" greatly liked last night - ~~read~~ it was read by O'Reilly - ~~a~~ Wine business curious a Squall passed us this eve - ~~we~~ weren't struck.

11th. - On Deck early at 5 A.M. - I had a salt water Bathe for the first time this morning - I relished it very much - we were allowed up by ourselves

11th 91st Cn (the Grand Constellation of "The Southern Cross" is now visible - I haven't had the pleasure of seeing it - two sail in sight -

12th - It blew hard last night - ship sailing under reefed top-sails - intense heat to-day - fully 90 degrees - we had a Concert last night as usual - I sang "Love not" and gave a reading from "Nicholas Nicholby" "Dotheboyshall" it was greatly liked -

We got into the trade winds this Evg - excessive heat, a shoal of flying fish just passed, & flocks of Petrels (Mothers Carys Chickens) darting before us - Cornet playing on Deck 8 to 9 Nt - ~~we passed~~ very near the line this Evg -

13th - fine morning - cooler day than yesterday

An amusing scene occurred ~~to~~ to-day - a Convict was detected stealing provender from his Mess & brought before the Surgeon Superintendent, who ordered him to be tried by a Court martial of the Convicts - the trial was most amusing - they sentenced him (as he was a slovenly fellow) to be washed & scrubbed, after being confined for 2 hours in the Water Closet, & pumped on - I believe it will have a beneficial effect,

14th - On Deck early to wash our clothes - A Ship homeward bound passed us at 2 Pm - Another sail in sight - Concert last night as usual

Programme

1st part	2nd part
Song "Erin my Country" - Downey	Song "They Call us aliens" (by O'Kelly) J. Flood
do - "Johnny Sands" - Moore	do "Norah the Pride of Kildare" Self
Recitation "Lochiel's Warning" Duggan	do "Sia Sol machree" - Cummins
Song "Fenian Tayler" Shuham	Recitation "French Prisoners" (by Cummins) O'Kelly
do - "Young Recruit" Brasley	Song "The heart broke down" - Duncan
do - "After the battle" English & Irish } Fennell	do "Gentle Annie" - Harrington
Recitation "The Pioneer" Self	Comic Do "Ame O'Neill" - Cranston
	Let Erin remember, chorus for the "Gorse" Shamrock

Hard at work to day for the "Gorse" Shamrock
unless heading ~~to~~

15th A beautiful morning - 10 (4 Bells) O'C. AM we crossed the line just now, blowing pretty hard - Gib sheet burst, A very large bird, supposed to be an "Albatros" flying about ship - 5 O'C PM wind getting down

16th I was on Deck at 4.30 AM and enjoyed a bathe - very fine morning - but very warm - the second number of the Goose appeared to day - it contained an amusing report (by Jack) of the late Court-martial - a fine leader on Self-reliance (by S.F.) and a poem on (The Sea) by Jack - + "Hallow E'en" by John, - A large paddle steamer, with double funnels seemingly English passed us this Eg - Ship 140 Miles South of Equator this Eg

17th (Sunday) Mass Celebrated, Quire performed, 1.30 a tropical shower - very large drops - 351 miles south of line, - very warm day - Jack + I had a long chat - "Goose" read last night greatly applauded - I'm getting up tonights program

18th Ship running 10 Knots - a sail in sight - I saw a Portugese Frigate" to day quite close to the ship - it is a sort of Shell fish of a beautifully varigated color - two sails or wings projecting high from its back gives it a pretty appearance - they are value for about £1 St in England - A sail in sight - 531 Miles South - (South Atlantic) Dancing on Deck - 'Patricks Day' performed on fiutes -

19th - Rather rough + blustry last night - Fore-royal top sheet carried away by a squall (at night) Ship running about 10 Knots - another Court martial on forcastle-deck today - the prison was charged with stealing 1½ sticks of tobacco - the trial was conducted in admirable style, but the boys were away preparing tonights programme - so here goes

was acquitted – the proof not being sufficient – the Military Guard were armed with broom-sticks & staves & enforced order vict armis – the thing was very amusing – Serg^t Doftack & Corp^l Pompey in command – One of our men reported for having in his possession an awl which he refused to give up – his wine stoped for 7 days – A sail passed our lee-bow, – A clear sunset – all hands piped below

20th Nov^r – Ship running about 6 Knots under full Canvas – square yards – heat about 85 degrees – vertical Sun I have to throw off my clothes to avoid being smothered, – last nights programme rather good here it is –

1st part Programme

Song "Peccavi evermae" – Howe
Song "Lamh dearg abo" – Doran
Song "Red of the Hill" – Bradly
Recitation – Downfall of Poland – Self
Song "The Rising of the moon" – J Flood
Song "Rally for Ireland" – Lonban
Song "Marseilles Hymn" – Moore

Song "Tell me Mary" – Noonan
Duet ~~Sheisper~~ Good bye Sweetheart – Self & Fox
Song "Macreeveen Even" – Kearney
Recitation "Uncle Neds Tale" 2nd part – O'Reilly
Song – "Fontenoy" – Brophy
Song – "Convict Ship" – Fennell
Story Elopement of Shaun McCarthy – Shehan
Chorus Let Eirin remember

– the Songs were sung in admirable style – but Shahans Story ~~excelled~~ creation.

21st – Almost becalmed going scarcely a knot – Calms are very prevalent about the tropics – so we expect slow going here – A beautiful morning – Slight breze – A sail in sight – I felt rather in the blues to day – thinking of the dear ones at home – and have again ~~again~~ read over my dear K^o letters – went to my bunk early –

22nd I went on deck early & enjoyed a bathe in our large Reservoir – weather warm – South American Coast is the nearest land – it is about 250 miles distant – Cape St Roque is the nearest point of it, – a large shoal of porpoises around the Ship – and numbers of Petrols (Chickens) about – A huge bird called a "Boobie" alighted on the rigging – 11.30 A.M. land ahead (Trinadade Island) about 10 miles off (South atlantic,) towards Port – we came quite close to Trinadade – its appearance was that of a huge Mass of Rock – the day was too hazy to get a proper view of it – ~~but~~ I have been hard at work all day preparing the Loose for tomorr' it promises to be a good number – this occupation pleases me very much – it passes the time – & takes me from my thoughts which at times are rather gloomy, – this has been a terrible stormy day we got knocked about like old boots, Wind & rain against us all day – so I think the best thing I can do is to turn in and dream of my dear K. Milly, Arthur & my little namesake Our sails have just been torn in shreds – rather pleasant

23rd – On Deck early – Morning gloomy – We sailed under reefed top-sails last night – Our 3rd Number of the "Wild Goose" out this day – the leaders on "Firethought" and "What are the wild waves saying" "Splendid," Two days at Killarney by Old Joe – some good poetry, I feel in good spirits to-day – ~~Sunday~~

24th (Sunday) a gorgeous sunrise this morning – the prettiest yet – We passed the tropic of Capricorn at 8 O.C. last Eve – We had Mass Celebrated to-day – I received Holy Communion – Our water supply reduced to day from 14 to 7 pints. – I felt quite happy to-day, as I always do when I approach the Holy Sacrament

25th. – Ship going about 8 Knots – rather gloomy day – 12 O.C. S. Latitude 28° 5' W. Long. 27° 0' – Concert as usual last night – Joe & I manage the Duets capitally

26th – A gloomy day – Ship going about 6 Knots – A sail in sight 12 O.C. 30° 20' S – 24° 57' W Long – a drizzling rain – no comfort on deck 6 O.C. going 12 Knots –

27th – Running 10 Knots under Square yards, – thank goodness the great heat has left us. – Cloud of Zinc sprinkled between decks – 12 O.C. S. Lat 32° 29' – 22° 36' W. Long. – Bradley struck up (immediately after dinner) "We'll meet again together" a splendid Chorus – B. is a card – I trust the song will be fulfilled & that we will be home again – however – bygone dull care – I'll endeavour to drown thought in weaving a wreath of Shamrocks for next week's Goose –

28th – A sail in sight – a few Albatross's flying about – they are very large & magestic birds – Ship going about 10 Knots S. Lat 32° 01' – 19° 11' West sailed 176 miles since yesterday – music on deck log

29th – calm beautiful Morning – a beautiful ~~Morning~~ Sky – A sail in sight – right ahead – S. Lat. 32° 4' – W. 19° 33' 66 miles for past 24 hours – a large Albatross floated quite close – 5 or 6 shots from a Revolver fired at him – pretty good firing – but the bird escaped, – I am just about preparing tonight's programme – so here goes –

30th Nov – a cloudy day – 4th Copy of 'Foose' out today – the paper is improving each week – S lat 33°.54 W Long 17°.46' – sailed 103 miles since yesterday, a nice calm day – Our quire hard at work practicing for tomorrow,

1st Dec (Sunday) A cloudy day – A large shoal of "finbacks" around the ship – they can be seen feet under the water chasing each other & going at an incredible speed thro the water – it is a very large fish – Marshas just been celebrated – Our Quire performed, we sang a beautiful Kyrie, Father Delany preached a ~~beautiful~~ very fine Sermon on "Eternity" 12 O.C. S. Lat. 35° – 15° W. Long. 143 miles

2nd – A beautiful Sunrise – We expect to sight ~~Tristan~~ Tristan d'Acunha – an Island in south Atlantic 1700 miles from the Cape – Chain cable taken from locker – & anchors got ready – as we expected to land for fresh provisions 12 O.C. S. Lat. 36° 14' W long 14° 40' 202 miles rather a wild evening – Anchors stowed away – breeze too good to loose time.

3rd – We have droves of Cape pigeons flying around ship – a sigh (I believe) that land must be close, somewhere, this is a very wild day the waves are dashing thro the portholes & along, her decks 12 O.C. S. Lat. 38° 53' – W. Long. 7° – 6' 234 miles, numbers of "Albatross" flying about ship they measure 10 or 12 feet from the tip of one wing to the other.

4th ship running 8 Knots – No of mess has just been brot before Surgeon Superintendent for the possession of a rose – the property of Boatswain Foley Confined in Pepper Box – Wine stopped from the mess.

12. S. lat 40° W long 5° – 145 miles – I was allowed on deck till 7.30 last Evg – I will enjoy this privilege till end of voyage – Staff of "Goose" all allowed. I had a splendid walk & chat with Jack & John

5th – dark & foggy morning – No sailing –
12 O.C. S lat 40° 53' W long 3° – 46' – 65 miles
No mass sang "We meet again together in our own beloved homes" After dinner beautifully.

6th – The Sun them Aros can be seen nightly I havn't had a chance to see it as yet – Pompey got chains on today – rainy weather 12 O.C. S lat 40 long I have been hard at work all day for "Goose" its to be out to morrow

7th A wild morning – it is believed that we may see ice-bergs hereabouts – 5th Copy of the "Goose" out to day – the leaders "Little Things" and "Past, Present & Future" ably written "Live it down" "dedicated to Jack by J. F." also "Friendship" by myself for him – (see last of notes for these)
12 O.C. S lat 40° 50 – E long 2 sailed 99 miles we passed the first Meridian 11 O.C. today
Our Quire going to work – so here goes,

8th Wind blew great guns last night – (Sunday) a wild morning – Main-topsail & a jib burst last night – No mass – We had a Sermon after which we sang the "Litany". 12 O.C. S lat 40° 52' E. Long 1° 4' – 47 miles – A sail in sight on our lee – An additional blanket has just been served out to each man man the weather being intensely cold – We have signalled the stranger she is bound to Sa[illegible] with Co[illegible]

9th Decr – A calm morning. Ship scarcely doing 3 knots under full Canvas – 12 O.C. 40-16' E long. 2°.10 63 miles – a large Albatross has been captured today by means of a line with bait thrown over the stern – the bird measured 10 feet from wing to wing – it has a curious bill – very long & eagle shaped at extremity. – A sail in sight about ten miles off – No 5 Mess dine for a Dinner – a Concert this Eve –

10th – a mild morning – ship going 6 Knots – hoyst my bed on Deck for airing – 12 O.C. S. lat 41°-6 E long 5° 51' – 175 miles – I am in expectation of a pretty Sunset –

11th – fore stun-sail boom sprung this morning caused by pressure of wind on sail – Cold morning 12 O.C. 42° 21' E long 10°. 19' 213 miles. Old Joe & I are practicing some new Songs – he sings nicely –

12th – 12 O.C. S lat 43° 36' E long 15°-17' 230 miles – splendid sailing – awful Cold

13th – 12 O.C. S. lat. 44° 51' E. long 20° 4'-220 miles Cold increasing – passed the longitude of the Cape at 12 O.C. last night – we were Cooking out for the Dutchman – no chance – so Jack had to make one – "Goose" – hard at work for tomorrow

14th – an exceedingly Cold & dreary day – 12 O.C. S. lat. 46. 25' – E. long 24° – 206 miles

15th Copy of the Goose out today it has got better each week since its appearance – large numbers of Albatrosses about – a watch posted on Forecastle Deck to look out for ice bergs in consequence of fog – I am going to get the Quire together to practice for tomorrow

15th (Sunday) A very cold day - the ships bell is tolling for Catholic Service (first time) No mass - we had Communion & sang Litany & Tantum - 12 O.C. 47° 5' E long 28° 29' — 216 miles run since yesterday - no Concert,

16th A rough morning - 12 O.C. S. Lat. 28. 8. 31. 2 E. long. 231. miles - a Convict named Thomas Freeman died at 6. 15. a.m. this morning - I saw the poor fellow smoking on the hatch a few days since - he is to be buried this E.V. at 6 O.C. P.M. - Ship running 10 Knots - 7 O.C. P.M. at 5. 45 all hands collected to the Forecastle - where the body ~~(stretch~~ sewed up in Canvas) lay stretched, on a grating - ~~after a few minutes~~ I for the first time witnessed the Melancholy sight of a funeral at Sea - the Convicts ranged themselves at either side of the ~~Fore~~ Starboard side of ship - & on forecastle Deck, & after a few minutes - the procession began - a Cross bearer leading - he was followed by two acolites followed by the Officiating Priest in robes - & his Clerk next Came the Corpse Covered with the Union Jack & borne by 6 Convicts - when the procession reached the inside of bulkhead door, The Miserere and Te Deum were repeated - the body being placed in a slanting position projecting from a ~~the~~ Starboard port hole - At the Conclusion of the prayers the body with a heavy weight tied to the feet, was gradually allowed to slip, - a splash immediately intimated that it was consigned to its watery grave - the whole scene was very solemn and impressive, - I hope he may requiescat in pace - the Priest says the poor fellow died a good Christian

17th Decr – Jack & I had a long chat in bed last night on yesterdays funeral – a large Albatross has just alighted on the ships boats that swings from Davits – fired at – not hit. 12 O.C. 48°18' E long 39°29' – very cold – 207 miles – a flocks of Cape pigeons & Albatrosse flying about –

18th Decr – Glass 41° in the shade – awful cold 12 O.C. 48°49' E long 44°44 – sailed 210 miles I am up to my eyes in papers to day – Weaving wreaths of Holly & ivy. and Shamrocks for the Christmas No of "The Wild Goose" I expect it will look very pretty. – Practising the Adesti this wog for Xmas – I expect to do it well

19th – On Deck early – Wild morning – Thermometer very low. cold continue – 12 O.C. S. Lat 49° 8' E. Long 49° 25' – 185 miles – a chain & rope fell from fore top-sail this morning – no one hit – I have just finished the headings – Jack says its beautiful executed, I believe he has good taste –

20th – Jack & I slept till breakfast served – I got a supply of 4 sticks of tobacco to day, 12 O.C. S. Lat 48° 45'. E long 54°48', sailed 215 miles since yesterday – Our last number of the "Goose" is to appear on to morrow. it will be double the usual size – Some beautiful Poems are to appear Our quite are hard at work for Xmas

21st Ship running 7 Knots under full Canvas – 12 O.C. S Lat. 48°. 37' – E long 58°. 54' – 162 Miles Our Christmas Goose out to day – it is the best number yet – its Contents are – A pretty heading "Adieu" a beautiful article by J F – "Farewell" another by Jack – "Norah Daly" a tale by Kelly – "Future" by Father D – Poems "The Flying Dutchman" by Jack

"Cremona" a poem - one of the battles of "the wild Geese" (the Brigade) "Christmas night" a poem by Jack - &c

22nd We are all wishing most anxiously for the termination of the Voyage - Great preparations for X mas - each Mess saving flour + fruit -

(Sunday) Mass on board - Aunt Sang - very cold day - 12 O.C. S. Lat. 49° 15' E. long. 62° 44' - 156 miles - this is the coldest day we have had yet its miserable on Deck -

23rd - very cold - 12 O.C. S. lat 47° 58' E.L. 69° 38' 219 miles since yesterday - 4 O.C. P.M. 2 whales seen spouting water 60 feet high -

24th (Christmas Eve) a fine morning - Sea of a beautiful green color - droves of Albatrosses flying about - two captured - very cold - 12 O.C. S. lat. ~~25 ult~~ 46° 57' E. long. 71° 39' - 175 miles - We expect a gale to night - sky looks threatening - All hands practicing the "Adeste" for tomorrow - I prayed for the dear ones at home most fervently to night - May God grant them a happy X mas

25th Christmas day - Before I arose this morning the Adeste was sung by all hands - Some dressed others in their bunks - I immediately dressed - went on Deck - had a fresh water wash - We had a terrible storm last night, which has not yet abated, the ship is being tossed about like old boots - & shipping heavy seas We have just breakfasted off a sweet loaf - (rather a delicacy to Convicts) and have another for O'Kelly 12 O.C. No mass. Ship too unsteady - Communion administered, We sang in admirable style, - I.F. and I had a chat about home, 1 O.C. we have just dined off plum duff + salt horse, rather venerable - Wine served at 2 O.C. 2 glasses to each - after which I had a smoke + went below to hear our Christmas dinner read by Jack - I feel rather cheerful to day thank God - I sincerely trust my dear K, Anne, Willy + our dear boys are enjoying a happy X mas - I feel the day is not so far distant when I shall again press them to my bosom, which is all the

happiness I care for, in this world, and even in a strange far off Country I cant be happy - these dear ones can make me inexpressably happy in any Country - God bless them, I waft them my Blessings + a 1000 kisses across the 1000s of miles which divide us - ~~to~~ O S. lat 46° 2' - E.L. 74° - 12'
117 miles since yesterday - no Skilly - very rough all day - + a nasty night anticipated -

26th - the Storm continues unabated, - Seas are shipped every half hour - Sea running high - Mountain waves Ship buried every moment + encompassed by huge seas as high as her tops masts - 12 O.C. S lat 46° - 3' E.L. 79° - 8' sailed 206 miles since yesterday - 5 O.C. Storm abating but sea still high - McG - treated us to some plum D -

27th - a very fine morning - the Storm which lasted since Xmas Eve has entirely disappeared - We sang the Adeste after breakfast - Ship running 10 knots under full Canvas - 12 O.C. S. lat 45° - 9' E.L. 84° - 8' sailed 219 miles since 12 yesterday - Sun encircled with a luminous halo - the sailors say it indicates a storm - I hope not - I got a supply of tobacco today (2 Stks)

28th - We've had rather a tough night - a gale commenced 12.30 O.C. P.M. + has not yet abated - all hands are stowing away the fore-top sheet -
12 O.C. S. lat 44° - 9' - E long 84° - 38', 63 miles gale abating - 5 O.C. a calm has just set in - - shipping seas -

29th Morning wild - 12 O.C. S. lat 42° . 38' E. lat 89° 20' 230 miles - - I received a present of a beautiful sweet loaf which I & Jack Tant + I have just discussed - and had a long chat afterwards -

30th - a fine day - on Deck at 10 A.M. 12 O.C. S lat. 42° - 1', E. long. 93° 28' 188 miles - Old Joe + I sang I've Wandered in dreams + "Norah" in beautiful style - and some other pretty airs - we sing well together - we gave up just now 8 O.C. P.M. - said prayers + tumbled in, where Jack + I will talk ourselves to sleep - It blew awfully this night - I never heard such wind

31st Decr Weather getting warm - on deck at 7 O.C. -
12 O.C. S. Lat 40°-15' E Long 96° 30'. 174 miles since yesterday
John F & Jack hard at work copying our Xmas number of "The Foxe"
for the Captn who asked for a copy of it, - I have just dined off Salt
horse and biscuit - No 1 & my mess (2) having saved our flour
for New years day (tomorrow,) when we expect to have a fola day
4 O.C. - Ship struck ~~with~~ by a tremendous wave our Skylight
upset and several scalder - 3 of our mess lost theirs
We're shipping heavy seas every moment - very high sea
1st January 1868, - Last night very rough - almost
impossible to sleep from rolling of ship - in deck early
this morning - some of the Convicts broke into the ships store
last night and abstracted several articles (provinder) one of them
has been sentenced to be flogged on tomorrow. - 12 O.C. S. Lat. 38°-13'
E. long 99°-46' - 196 miles. 1 O.C. just after dinning with
No 1 mess - we enjoyed a better dinner than usual -
having saved our provisions of former day, after dinner we
sang "We'll meet again together" - 4 O.C. writing heading
on the ~~Xs~~ Xmas No of "The Goose" (which we are to give the
Captn) for past 2 hours in Priests Cabin - weather
getting beautiful - at work all day - a ship in sight -
we're all anxiously expecting to get to our journeys
end by next Sunday - We are quite tired of our long
voyage - Roll called tonight for 1st time -
2nd - All hands piped on Deck at 10 O.C. to be present
at the punishment - I could not look at it - so John
Jack, Old Joe & I talked till we got below again -
the Man received 3 doz - I have just finished (smoothed) the Foxe
for Captn as I a ship in sight
so I trust now to have a holiday - and
write no more - until I can write to my dear K
ashore -

12 O.C. S. Lat. 37°-11' E Long 101°-38'
116 miles -

26

30th January – When finishing the other side on ~~Sunday~~ Thursday Log – I thought I should not again resume my pen until I'd be writing to my dear K – but when the Captn got his Copy – the Mates would not rest satisfied until they also get Souveniers of our "Loose" so as we are preparing Copies of 1st & 4th Nts for them I may as well amuse myself by getting a few more words in my little book – ~~4th~~ (~~Saturday~~ Friday) I turned out at 3.45. etm & went on deck at 4 Cf. ~~had~~ with Jack & John we had a fresh water wash, and witnessed a most gorgeous Sunrise, perhaps the prettiest (but one) I have ever beheld – shortly after (thanks to the generosity of a good friend) we breakfasted (at 5.45) off preserved Salmon – Biscuit & Coffee) we enjoyed it admirably, had a chat & went below at 6. – 9 Cf. We are now going to commence our fresh work – so here goes –

12 Cf. S. lat. 36.25' E long 103° 39' 107 Miles

I helped old Joe to day engraving on brass – At sail (Steamer from Liverpool to Manilla) has kept up with us for past two days. beautiful weather – calm & warm, (Sailed) I went on Deck at 6.30 pm old Joe up – had supper – a most delightful sunset, – below again at 7.30 pm so here we had a word cleaning our compartment all the morning Jack John – Dan – Solomides & I (& Tom) had a delicious entertainment, preserves &c – this has been quite a gala Day – Old Joe & Dan are infatuated with "Norah the pride of Kildare" & "I've wandered in dreams" we sang them last night in beautiful style – Of course (for the memories they awaken) I love them – I've been to Confession to day & hope for the happiness of receiving the blessed Sacrament on tomorrow.

4th S.L. 35°.43 E.L. 105°.38' – 105 Miles

5th (Sunday) I had the happiness of receiving the Holy Communion this morning - our divine Sang - beautiful warm weather - I have just seen shoals of Porpoises playing round Ship - the sight was beautiful - five or six in a row leap right out of the water - together - & chase each other thro the air - a beautiful Sunset this Eve - Jack, John Joe & I on deck till 7. 30 - 12 O. Lat 35° 8' Long 107° 76 miles - 465 miles off

6th (twelfth day) We have just had Mass celebrated - Conv's sang - the Spanish Ship which we sighted some days since - is still with us - 11 O. Prime juice going to be served - 12 O. Lat 33° 40' Long. 107° 9' - 50 miles - 4. 30 O. - A Shark measuring about 14 feet in length has just been (with my help) pulled on board - he was seen swimming about the ship - when a pork bait was thrown out - he took it, & was quickly pulled in - he was a terrible brute, and lashed right & left with his huge body & tail after coming on board - he was pulled from the Forecastle to the main deck, where his tail and head were cut off - notwithstanding which he still dived about and lashed in all directions with his huge trunk - even when the body had been cut open he still rolled over and did not expire until he was literally cut in pieces - a small fish was taken from his entrails which is still alive - by jove what a frightful mouth the beggar had - Several pilot fish were about him when he was captured - they always precede him to discover prey - Jack & several others have got some of the skin to make Cigar Cases - Tobacco pouches &c - Jack intends to cover a Bible (which Father Delaney presented him with) with a part of the skin -

28 7th January – I have been hard at work since 5.30 A.M. finishing the Copies of "The Wild Goose" for the Mates, & have just completed them – thank goodness this at all events will finish my penmanship for the voyage –

12 O'C. 356 miles off
We have been becalmed for the past few days – but a breeze has just sprung up – which we believe will (if it continues) take us to Fremantle in two days more – Of course we are all conjecturing as to what sort of place our new abode will be, – when we are to regain our liberty – and chalking out our future modes of life. My only hope is to earn money with as much expedition as possible and have my dearest K and dear boys with me wherever I may pitch my tent as quickly as I possibly can – God grant that my ardent wish may be accomplished,

8th – The Anchors are getting ready – cables getting out from lockers – and all preparations being made for Fremantle – as we expect to arrive there early tomorrow. Joe. Dan & I sang "Noah" & "I've Wandered" last night in splendid style – they're infatuated with the airs I had to transcribe them to day for them – as this is all I shall write at sea – I will (to make it more impressive) finish by praying God to bless my dearest Kathleen & my little boys – Dear

To Denis B. Cashman, Esq.,

The following lines are dedicated, as a testimony of our true and lasting friendship, formed on board the ship "Hougoumont", on our exile to Western Australia. Hereafter, should they bring back memories of those cloudy days, I trust that he will remember alone the few bright traits, and forget the many faults and foibles of his friend,

Jan. 7th 1868. S. Lat. 33°. E.L. 108°. John Boyle O'Reilly

As you battle your way through the world
And measure your own with its might,
In its face let your gauntlet be hurled,
And boldly press on to the fight.
Let not failure your energies smother;
Unawed, with Adversity cope;
Let your motto be "Honor", my brother,
Your watchword and war-cry be "Hope!"

On the right of your course be reliant,
And onward unswervingly steer;
Rise o'er worldly censures defiant,
Contemning the frown and the sneer.
And though bitter the draught of the trial,
On, brother, and quaff it with pride;
Though you drink to the dregs of the vial,
Still cherish the Truth for your guide.

Let not frowning misfortune appal you,
Nor shrink 'neath Calamity's rod;
Remember, whatever befal you
Is willed by an all-seeing God.
Act yourself, and ne'er trust to another;
When duty awaits never rest;
Look onward and upward, my brother,
And forget not,— what is, is the best.

I.B.O.R.

From the "Goose" of 9th Nov 67

"Farewell"

Farewell! Oh, how hard and how sad 'tis to speak
That last word at parting, - for ever to break
The fond ties and affections that cling round the heart
From home, and from friends, and from Country to part!
But 'tis harder, when parted, to try to forget,
Though it grieves to remember, 'tis vain to ~~forget~~ regret -
The sad word must be spoken, and memory's spell
Now steals o'er ~~me~~ me sadly. Farewell! Oh, Farewell!

Farewell to thy green hills, thy valleys, and plains,
My poor blighted Country! In exile and chains
Are thy Sons doomed to linger. O God! who didst bring
Thy children to Zion from Egypts proud King,
We implore thy great mercy! Oh, stretch forth Thy hand
And guide back her Sons to this poor blighted land.

Never more thy fair face am I destined to see;
E'en the Savage loves home, but 'tis crime to love thee.
God bless thee, dear Erin, my loved one - my own!
Oh! how hard 'tis those tendrils to break that have grown
Round my heart, - but 'tis over, and Memory's spell
Now steals o'er me sadly. Farewell! Oh, Farewell

"Yougoumont" Oct 12th 1867, J B O'Reilly

From "The Wild Goose" of 16th Nov 67

"The Green"

Go seek ye the fairest tint on earth
From nature's beauteous train;
In the gorgeous east or the snow-clad north,
Or away o'er the southern main;
'Mid the isles that vie with the land of the blest
'Neath their cloudless skies of blue;
Or search ye the pride and the wealth of the west
For the fairest and loveliest hue.
Some boast of the red, with its glaring flaunt
And its deep ensanguined dye;
And some of the kingly purple vaunt,
Or the blue of a Grecian sky
But a tint there is that is far above
The purple or ruby's sheen
Of earth are they - but almighty love
Is clothed in the beautiful green.
At nature's birth, when her colors arose,
And her beauties were all arrayed.

The bright warm green was the tint she chose,
And of green was her mantle made.
When she comes with the spring to adorn our globe
The bountiful goddess is vain
Of the varying hues of her beauteous robe
As a maid of her silken train.
In summer, with flow'rets bright and wild
She decks out her mantle fair,
With playful grace, as a laughing child
Twines roseblos through her hair.
In autumn she rules with her brightest glow,
When the rich, ripe fruits are seen
Where fairest their tempting beauties show—
'Mid their deep dark leaves of green.
But Oh! in the winter she loves it most.
When her bright gay hues are flown;
When the pride and the beauty of summer are lost
And the fruits of the Autumn are gone;
Ere flek are the joyous smiles of spring,
Not a wild-flower even is seen;
But still round the goddess for ever doth cling
Her emerald robe of green.
Oh! fairest and best of the Colors of earth,
How I love thy genial smile!
Thy bright warm hue in my heart gives birth
To dreams of my own Green Isle.
To my childhood's home swift Memory runs,
O'er every well-known scene;
Ah! deep in the hearts of her exiled sons
Is the love of their beautiful green.
'Tis never extinguished—it never decays—
It came with their earliest breath;
'Tis a light that is holy and pure, whose rays
Are vanquished alone by death.
God grant that the dawn of the morning is nigh
When o'er Liberty's ranks will be seen
Their heart-cherished sunburst rise gleaming on high
From its glorious field of green

J B O'Reilly

From same Number

"Hallow E'en"

To night, my friends, with hollow mirth
We sing away our cares;
But ah! there is a woful dearth
Of music in the airs.

A smile, tis true, is on each lip,
A light is in each eye,
As onward speeds our crowded ship,
Beneath a brilliant sky;
A silvery ripple in her wake,
A soft breze in her sail,
As southward still our course we take
From thee, lov'd Innisfail.
But in each voice there is a thrill, –
A soft, sad thrill of pain,
That tells of memories, that fill
The heart, as back again
On fancies wing, across the foam,
We fly to those who wep,
Breathing angel prayers at home,
For lov'd ones on the deep.
To loving wife, and lisping child –
To Maiden idolized –
To mother dear – to sister mild –
To all belov'd and prized. –
And to our hearts, in mute despair,
Each best lov'd one is pressed,
And lips, and eyes, and brow, and hair,
Are kissed and caressed.
Tis Hallow E'en! a year ago,
Our lov'd ones, softly smiled
Upon us, and with hearts aglow,
Enraptured, and beguiled,
We listened to their voices sweet,
And laughed, nor thought of care,
– To night, dear friends, like sea bird fleet,
With white sails thro' the air,
Our Vessel bears us far away,
And thro' her masts the wind,
Like murmurings of those who pray,
Breathes love from friends behind
But still, my friends, we'll bravely sing,
With hearts that never quail,
As onward bounds our Convict ship,
From the lov'd Innisfail.

Binn Eider (John Flood)

From "The Wild Goose" of 23rd Nov.

"To ——"

'Tis sweet to ride on our fleetwinged ship,
As bird-like she skims away,
Before the wind, all her sails adrip,
With the rainbow tinted spray.

And sweet it is in the calm to rest;
To gaze on the depths of blue;
To feel the swell of its heaving breast;
And to watch each varying hue,

That deepens, and fades, and faints away;—
As the Sun to his azure bed
Sinks slowly seeming with magic ray
Both ocean and sky to wed

Around him is spread a nuptial veil,
Of varying colors blent.
Turning his golden beams more pale,
As they dart through each gauzy rent.

But sweeter, beloved, to think of thee,
Thou soul of my sweetest hours;
The memory brightens Sun, Sky, and Sea:
— Less bright than this love of ours.

Benn Eidep. Johnny

From "The Wild Goose" of 7th Decr 67

"Live it down"

When in life's battle onward fighting,
Struggling bravely day and night,
One only ray your rough path lighting—
Inward consciousness of light
Be true and trustful— never falter—
E'en though Fate may seem to frown;
Your purpose let her frown not alter:
Courage brother! live it down.

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Should calumny's sharp tongue assail you
Breathing renom.- undismayed,
Let not heart nor courage fail you,
At its hiss be not afraid,
When Cynic Envy, Coward Sneering,
Would the voice of conscience drown,
Still on - unswerving and unfearing:
Courage, brother! live it down.

Still forward - calm and self-reliant,
Disdainful of the little mind;
Of scoffing ignorance defiant,
Aside not looking, nor behind.
Still persevere in right forever;
Perseverance wins the Crown.
Right ever conquers - Wrong will never:
Courage, brother! live it down.

Benn Tidey. (Flood)

From same Number
"Friendship."

When bleak misfortune's frown I feel,
And painful thoughts my brain oppress,
'Tis then in friendship's sweet appeal
I find relief for lost caress

Of loving wife, whose soothings tender
So oft my weary spirits cheered,
Or lisping child, whose laugh would render
A blissful balm when grief appeared.

Though far away from my hearts treasure,-
Far, far, from all on earth I love.-
I find in friendship's hand a pressure
That cheers my path where'er I rove.

Oft pacing, when the deck I pace,
Strange forms I see around me thronging;
No genial smile lights up a face
To greet me: then with ardent longing

For sympathetic friend I sigh,—
For one whose words my heart would brighten,
To whom I'd talk of days gone by,
And try my bosoms load to lighten.

Again I look with anxious glancing,
And seek one friend amongst them all:
Ah! now a dear friend is advancing.—
He saw and understood the call.

Oh, Friendship! thou'rt a priceless gem;—
Aye! dearer far than brightest gold:
Thy rays can glad the heart of him
Whom worldly riches n'er consoled

Sun (D. Cashman)

From "The Wild Goose" of 14th Dec 67

"Louisa Hayden"

Oh, once I loved a maiden,
Darling sweet Louisa Hayden,
And my life was honey laden
And as happy as a dream.
Her sweet laugh like music ringing,
Her light step, elastic springing,
And a thousand loves were winging
From her glance's ardent beam

E'en the memory of her glances
Yet like mystic spell entrances,
Spite of time that still advances
Swiftly blotting o'er life's chart.

But howe'er he may endeavour
To efface it, he can never
The sweet maidens magic sever
From its altar in my heart.

Fresh as moss-rose in a bower,
When the dew a diamond shower
Falling bright on leaf and flower
Breathing perfumes on the air
Like a dewy moss-rose glowing,
Heart and eyes with love overflowing
And a perfume ever blowing
From her waving golden hair

Oh! how sweet was every meeting
When I heard her loving greeting;
alas! alas! too fleeting
Was that bright elastic time,
When she my life was blessing,
Pure and trustful and caressing,
With a blush her love confessing
In loves willing pantomime

Neath bowers of jasmine smiling,
Like the flow'rs our souls entwining,
As we watched our star outshining
Souls as thrilling as its beam.
Oh! how I loved that maiden,
Darling sweet Louisa Hayden
In those days of bliss overladen
When my life was like a dream

Benn Tidey (Jno Floor)

From same No
"The old School Clock"

Old memories rush o'er my mind just now
Of faces and friends of the past,
Of that happy time when life's dream was bright.
E'er the clear sky of youth was overcast.

Very dear are those mem'ries - they've clung round my heart,
And bravely withstood times rude shock;
But not one is more hallowed or dear to me now;
Than the face of the old School clock.

'Twas a quaint old clock, with a quaint old face,
And great iron weights and chains;
It stopped when it liked,- and before it struck,
It creaked as if twere in pain;

It had seen many years, and it seemed to say,
—"I'm one of the real old stock."
To the youthful fry, who with reverence looked
On the face of the old school clock,

How many a time have I labored to sketch
That yellow and time-honored face,
With its basket of flowers, its figures and hands,
And the weights and the chains in their place!

How oft have I gazed with admiring eye
As I sat on the wooden block,
And pondered and guessed at the wonderful things
That were inside that old school clock!

What a terrible frown did the old clock wear
To the truant who timidly cast
An anxious eye on those merciless hands
Which for him had been moving too fast!

But it lingered not long, for it loved to smile
On that noisy thoughtless flock,
And it creaked and whirred and struck with glee—
Did that genial, good humoured old Clock.

Well, years had past, and my mind was filled
With the world's cares and ways,
When again I stood in that little School
Where I passed my boyhood's days

My old friend was gone! and there hung a thing
Which my sorrow seemed to mock,
As I gazed with a throbbing and softened heart
On a new fashioned German Clock

'Twas a gaudy thing with bright painted sides,
And it looked with an insolent stare
On the desks and the seats and on everything old,
And I thought of the friendly air -

Of the face that I missed, with its weights and chains -
All gone to the Auctioneers block;
'Tis a thing of the past! never more shall I see
But in mem'ry that old School Clock.

'Tis the way of the world - old friends pass away,
And fresh faces arise in their stead;
But still 'mid the din and the bustle of life,
We cherish fond thoughts of the dead.

Yes, dear are those mem'ries - they've clung round my [heart
And bravely withstood times rude shock;
But not one is more hallowed or dear to me now
Than the face of that Old School Clock

J B O'Reilly

From "Christmas number of The Wild Goose

"Cremona"

All dark and sullen was the night, and red the sun went down
Behind the towers and battlements of old Cremona's town
Sullen the blustering March wind swept the waters of the Po
Trench, ravelin, and parallel of France's baffled foe -
Austria's legions and their chief, the gallant Prince Eugene,
Who tried for months the town to take by storm but in vain;
Upon the walls the fleur-de-lis still waved in haughty joy
Above its brave defenders and their Marshal Villeroy -
Waved o'er the the sons of Sunny France, her bravest and her best -
Waved o'er the men of the "Brigade" - the wild Geese of the West,
Full oft the walls high o'er the fight, had rung with Irish cheers,
As fiercely on the foe dashed Burke's, and Dillons Grenadiers -
For ever where in fiercest fight her banner France unrolled
Her Irish allies still were found the bravest to uphold

Her honor, and on many a field, in many a bloody fray,
Those foster-sons of France have turned the fortunes of the day,
Nor grudged to their adopted land their dead so thickly strown
But fiercely dealt her vengeance out, whilst waiting for her own
- 'Tis night within Cremona's walls, all silent as the dead
Nought heard is but the plashing rain, the sentry's measured tread
Is muffled by the gusty winds in eddying blasts that sweep,
All else is hushed, the garrison is weary and asleep:
Divided by the river Po, their force lay thus arrayed —
The southern town held by the French, the North by the "Brigade",
A narrow bridge connects the town, and whilst their comrades slept
By thirty-seven of the foe a watchful guard is kept —
And many a heart is winging back away across the main
To that dear land they loved so well, but never may see again;
They dream of homes by Shannon's side where they so often played
Bright happy careless boys, before they donned the white cockade,
Of heart loved scenes that smiling lie by Leinster's vales and hills,
By Ulster's glens, and Connaught's plains, and Munster's lakes and hills.
They dream of friendship and of love - they dream of bliss and woe
Of Glory's fields where the "Brigade" was charging on the foe.
But dream not that by traitor led, the Austrians now creep,
With bated breath and stealthy step upon them while they sleep.
The sentry, too, is musing, as before the northern gate,
With measured step and piercing eye, and hero heart elate.
He paces through the rain and gloom, but on the muttering blast
Hears not the foe whose serried ranks are gathering thick and fast.
A curse upon the traitor wretch, who to the wily foe
For sordid gold the town betrayed! a sewer that ran below
The walls - its bed had long been dried, and save to him alone
It hidden lay, unused, unsuspected and unknown —
Through this he led the Austrians and now thick tho' the night
Their columns sudden break upon the startled sentry's sight.
His warning cry rings up into the very vault of heaven,
As rushes the legions of Eugene around the Thirty Seven,

And ere his cry had died away, their Irish bullets tore
A yawning gap right through their ranks – their steel was red with gore
As with one cry – as when in wrath the lion from his lair
Enraged springs – they dash upon the foeman's closing square;
Again, and still again they charge with cheers upon their ranks.
But columns massing denser still are closing on their flanks.
Then inch by inch, before the foe, outnumbered back they fell
Yet high above their muskets fire arose their maddened yell
As fast they fired, reloaded, and then fired and charged again
Marking the bloody way they went with heaps of foemen slain.
Their numbers now are thinning fast, but still they bravely fight,
As wolf dog 'gainst the howling wolves defends the flock at night
Their cry grows weaker as they fall, and all are bleeding fast,
When to their ears a thrilling shout comes ringing on the blast.
And in their shirts rush thro' the night – a tempest on the sea –
Their comrades of the "Blue Brigade" led by O'Mahony. –
When in the night the fierce typhoon sweeps white upon a fleet
That turns and flies before its screams, afraid its wrath to meet:
So in their shirts those grenadiers rushed screaming thro' the blast
Upon the panic stricken foe that fled before them fast.
Back, back they drove, before their wrath, a struggling shattered rack
And vainly strove with hurried fire that hurricane to check;
But fast the foe come pouring in. Eugene in the town hall
Commands, and thirty thousand men are rushing to his call.
But numbers heed not the Brigade, as like avenging fates
In that fierce Irish tempest rush, they drive them to the gates.
There, cheering high above the fight, outnumbered ten to one,
They hacked to hand still held their own, still gallantly fought on –
They fought, like tigers for their young, as oft they fought before;
But higher into Glory's skies did "Wild Geese" never soar.
God's blessing fall upon their name, their race, and on their land!
Wherever they strike, may heaven guide, and strengthen still each hand –

Still hand to hand they fiercely fought, and steel and bullet sped,
Bright deeds of valor doing till their shirts with blood were red;
But fast they're falling – faster – as the bullets shower like rain
Now thro' the gates the Austrians are surging back again;
Before their massing columns they retired, but did not yield,
But turn at bay and charge them back until their columns reeled.
Back step by step, across the bridge, with care already mined,
With serried ranks they face the foe, and blow it up behind.
But now the French rush to their aid – they hear their rapid tramp;
Again they cheer and charge the foe and drive them to their camp.
Bright deeds of Chivalry were done that night by the "Brigade";
But with the Austrians fought one whose name will never fade.
McDonnell! he was Irish too! We hail his name with joy,
Who charged that night thro' thickest fight, and captured Villeroy.
He scorned the bribe to set him free – yet brighter grow his fame!
A soldier still to honor true and to his Irish name —
The morning broke, and in the air the Oriflamme still waved
Round over Old Cremona's walls – by Irish valor saved
But dear they bought that victory, – those sons of Innisfail,
And while Te Deum swells in France for victory – a wail
Wait up to heaven from their own land – a death wail for her brave
Who fell beneath a foreign flag, so far beyond the wave,
And with the wail of Agony, a fervent prayer arose
To Heaven for one such victory at home o'er Ireland's foes.

Bm. Eider.

From same No.

Cinderella.

More graceful than the bounding fawn,
More loving than the dove,
More fresh and bright than mornings dawn,
Art thou my treasured love,

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No wealth is thine, nor courtly grace,
To dazzle with their glare,
But heaven is breathing from thy face
And on thy golden hair.

Agra machree! my darling one!
The love I bear for thee
More fervid is than summer sun,
And deeper than the sea:
And deeper in my soul it glows
With every passing breath,
The life pulse of my heart it flows
To cease alone in death.

What destiny is thine as thou!
Disdain — Contumely:
The fair sweet gul of fairy love,
Less hapless seems than thee;
'Tis crime to love thee — darkest crime
'Gainst those who hate thee so;
Thy sisters' envy grows with time
As her's did long ago.

I would have dried thy tearful eyes
And shielded thee from scorn;
And won thee honor's brightest prize
Thy beauty to adorn:
For this I braved the frown of hate,
The law's harsh dark decree;
Mavrone! thine is a bitter fate —
A felon's doom for me.

I still unceasing pray for thee
To the Almighty Throne, —
Pray that I once again may see
My darling one — my own, —
To see her once before I die;
Oh, sweet would be my rest,
Could I but breathe my latest sigh
Upon my darlings breast!

Billy Cidere.

During the war with France in the beginning of this Century, the French prisoners of war were confined in Dartmoor Prison, Devonshire. During my sojourn there a tombstone was erected to their memory, their bones having been collected and placed in one grave. The following lines were written in my cell there, in August, 1867.—

J.B. O'Reilly

A plaintive tale is briefly traced on yonder new-raised stone;
Tho' few the words, they seem to have a wailing weary tone
That well befits such tales as theirs — of suffering and of pain:
How brave men sank and died beneath the victor's galling chain.
Of blighted lives, and blighted hopes, and hearts with anguish seared
They plainly speak, and gallant hearts grown sick with hope deferred.
Ah! sadder tale was never told — how that devoted band
Of captive soldiers ~~fenced~~ drooped and died far from their sunny land.
How one by one they pined away, and prayed with latest breath
To heaven to bless their own loved France, then passed away in death.
But who may know what tender thoughts, of all brave men hold dear, —
Of home, and friends, and loved ones lost, would force the swelling tear;
Or who may tell the dreams that crossed the captive's reckless brain, —
How some in sleep would wander to their far-off homes again;
How some would hear a father's voice — some feel a mother's kiss —
And one would see the maid he loved — Ah! then what rapturous bliss
Would thrill his heart and cause a smile to linger o'er his face
And drive the frown of waking time from its accustomed place.
Another to his Breton home would wander far away,
And see his dark-eyed gipsy lads around their cottage play:
And she — their mother — dark-eyed, too, — upon his bosom pressed —
Ah! Could he ~~speak~~ sleep and not awake that dreamer, too, were blessed.
And one — a very boy is he — goes wandering on and on
Over well-known paths, until he sees his own, his loved Garonne.
Go flashing thro' his native vale — and deep amongst the trees
The home he left not long before with gladdened heart he sees.

Their sufferings past are all forgot — forgot the chafing chain —
His father, mother, brothers, — all! he's with them once again!
Oh! would that we could leave them thus in pleasures unalloyed —
How dreadful must the waking be such blissful dreams destroyed!

But tender thoughts are not for all — your sleepers troubled rest
Is broken now with fierce dreams of scenes he loved the best.
We seem to know his martial form — the very look he wears
Proclaims him of that conquering corps — Napoleon's Grenadiers.
His place from very youth has been 'mid scenes of war and strife —
At home — abroad in camp and siege has passed his wandering life.
That swarthy face has felt the glare of many a burning sun,
Of far-off countries he could tell and glorious actions done.
But now what scene of all the past rushing through his brain?
Whatever might be the direful strife he fights it o'er again.
His hands are clenched as o'er his mind the rivid picture flits —
Say is it Lodi's bloodstained bridge, or glorious Austerlitz?
Yes, yes, at Austerlitz is he — deep basked in the fray,
Amongst his brave old comrades, as he fought that dreadful day.
For hours they've stood unflinching as the deadly showers sped
But the fight is raging fierce — swifter round them fall the dead.
Now they're moving swiftly forward. Hark! you bugle's ringing peal —
They are running — they are charging with a wild terrific yell! —
Charging on you thick battalion fenced around with bristling steel —
But their Emperor gave the order — they can neither think nor feel.
They are dashing madly forward — Hah! the foe's loud volleys roar,
And their steady front is broken — but still madly on they pour.
Like some foaming mountain torrent dashing wild from rock to rock,
They are striking at the foemen, who are reeling 'neath the shock
Of those awful reeking bagonets — that are striking yet again.
By heavens! in fight those grenadiers were more than mortal men!
Now they see the foemen flying, and their fierce triumphant cheer
Of "Vive Napoleon!" follows, spreading panic thro' their rear.

Oh! they loved their daring leader – more than loved him – they adored!
They made very few distinctions – he was Emperor – he was Lord!
All the world might band against him, but they back defiance hurled
– He was their own – their Emperor – and for him they'd fight the world!
He knew the path they wished to tread – the path to Glory's scenes;
Oft he made them feel that Glory in his thrilling bulletins.
Who like him could rouse to fury every single soldier's heart?
Who could lead them on to Conquest like their wondrous Bonaparte?
Sleep on, soldier! you deserved a death on some wide battle plain;
Sleep on, veteran! sleep, and dream your victories o'er again.
There are other forms around you lost to every waking grief;
They, like you, are following once again the footsteps of their chief.

Mark yonder troubled slumberer – you grim old Cuirassier –
Some fierce emotion stirs his heart – no tender thoughts are there.
Draw closer! mark his war-worn face, how stern and wild it looks:
'Neath Egypt's pyramids he fought the gorgeous Mamelukes.
They marked him, too, – a ~~desperate~~ fearful slash – from eye to lip it runs;
Ah! desperate cuts and deep they gave – those deserts fearless sons.
But say, where rides the trooper now? again across the sand,
Pursuing 'neath the burning sun some flying Arab band?
Or does he ride 'neath milder skies o'er some Italian plain?
No, no, – on Austria's blood-stained soil the trooper rides again.
A glorious field all round him – once again the soldier hears
Napoleon's thrilling order – "To the front, the Cuirassiers!"
Now boot to boot and bridles close their foaming steeds they urge,
And down upon the Austrian ranks those world conqueror's charge.
Murat! the brave! the fearless! the king of troopers! leads:
His voice is raised – his burning words their fierce excitement feeds.

(Over)

"The Emperor's eye is on us, men!" Hah! Sacre! on they go!
No human power could stand their shock — right thro' & thro' the foe
And thro' and thro' and back again, and wildly round they ride
And trample down the foemen whilst their hearts are felled with pride.
For they know that the is looking — He! their Emperor — nay, their God,
And their hands and hilts are dripping red with Austria's bravest blood.
What cares he, then, what cares he, that brave old Cuirassier?
What cares now for England's chains or England's prisons drear?
The Emperor's eye is on him and Murat before him sweeps,
And the thrilling "Charge!" is sounding tho' it be but while he sleeps!
Mark him now, he starts up wildly — now his step is on the floor,
And loud ringing thro' the prison goes his "Vive l'Empereur!"
Now behold! the sleepers waken — yonder see those brave hussars
Have caught the thrilling echo, bringing back the glorious wars
Of their loved and daring leader, and again they see him stand,
Ruling over the countless armies he was born to command.
And their hearts are throbbing wildly, and their brains are all on fire,
And a mighty sound is swelling — swelling louder still and higher,
Till it bursts in one grand chorus of that glorious leader's name,
Swelling thro' that vaulted prison even as that leader's fame
Rang and swelled throughout the world! Oh! brave hearts! ye well
Do have served the noblest leader that a soldier ever served (deserved
Ye have passed away before him, but e'en he will feel the weight
Of the crushing hand that killed you — like to yours will be his fate.
Now the sceptred heads of Europe quail beneath his haughty glance
But he'll die a lonely exile many a thousand leagues from France
Sleep ye on, ye gallant soldiers! e'en in foreign soil ye'll rest
Till the mighty trumpet calls you to the regions of the blest

3/13

There a brighter field will open will reward your sterling worth 49
And eternal bliss repay your true devotion here on earth.
Sleep ye on! ye need no pity! ye have died, but what is death
All your troubles, trials, perils, ended with your latest breath.

J. B. O'Reilly. 1st Jan. 1888

How, Denis, eh?

I believe I havn't mentioned anything of our treatment of on board hitherto. so I may as well say a few words on the subject. We (the Dancers) had a separate Compartment in the Convict portion of the Ship - we were very glad of this as the majority of the Convicts were the greatest ruffians, and most notorious robbers in England - Of course we did not associate or scarcely speak to the unfortunates, altho I believe a portion of them had been very respectable & well educated - a good many of them had a great respect for our men - & endeavoured to shew it by several acts of good nature - & being most respectful in their department. Some of them were very notorious characters - viz The Scuttler of the Ship "Severn" - the owner appeared a gentlemanly sort of fellow - the great Jewel robbers - the Boy that stabbed his fellow apprentice - a cool murder, - A fellow who killed his mother, - in fact they were all an extremely proficient class at their business

Our food was pretty good i.e. biscuit & tea - with occasionally a change of chocolate for breakfast - pea soup, salt Horse (i.e. Beef) & preserved potatoes (like beans, in an unkooked state) for Dinner - instead of the soup we had plum duff 4 times a week - A glass of wine each at 2 O'C - and Skilly (i.e. gruel) at 4 O'C - this was our dietary scale - we did not have near sufficient to allay the appetite, - merely sufficient to support life. - Any of the Convicts who misconducted themselves were put in irons - that is - an iron ring was welded round each ankle, to each of which was attached a chain - so that their steps had to be measured by the length of the chain - it was awful to hear the unfortunates - with the chains clanking every where they went = there were so many of them in them (the chains) that the clank was continuous on deck & below - they had to bring them to bed with them - as they did not get them off till the Ship came to Anchor -

On prison life I could fill a volume - but of course this is not the place - I will merely give you what "Tom Bains" calls a "wrinkle" on Convicts

security. - In one of the yards of Millbank - I saw a Convict, aye with impunity, rob a gaolers pouche - the gaoler standing before him - facing him - and take all the tobacco in it - No more time - Goodbye

My Dr C -

56 On hearing some news in Millbank that the times were stirring at home. I wrote the following Lines to the Stirring air of Tramp! Tramp! It was sang frequently at our Evening Concerts on board - Denis

Air - "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the Boys are marching,

When Evening's shadows fall. And the earth is robed in gray.
And Hesper's silver glimmer greets the Moon;
Which in brightest lustre clad - sweetly pours a beaming ray;
Thro' my grated prison window's sombre gloom.

Chorus -

Then my days hard toil being o'er, - sitting in my dreary Cell;
Thoughts of Erin's wrongs, of Wife, and children dear,
Mould a tear - but not to fall; nor shall trickling moisture tell,
Of Celtic grief. No! proud! defiant! still appear.
My Comrades brave I greet with a pensive smile or sigh,
When to exercise our Jailer leads the way,
But I see the smouldring fire kindle in each glowing eye,
As the word is passed "The Ball is up" Hurrah!

Then each step elastic threads, and each hand is tight compressed,
Each bosom swells, and fire the eyes emit
Burning is each noble breast, to have Ireland's wrongs redressed,
And with vengeance feed the fire by Tyrants lit,

Then hurrah! for soon again in our Erins vernal weather,
We'll be fanned by gentle Zephyrs from the Sea;
Which kiss up the shamrocks fragrance, whispring softly thro' the heather
From our trans atlantic brothers. "Celts be Free."

Let no Swords bright sheen expire; no avenging arm tire!
Whilst a hated foe pollutes our sacred land,
Until Freedom reigns entire thrilling short the war-cry higher;
Until Victory Crowns our Gallant Fenian Band.

Chorus after each verse

Hurrah! Hurrah! the green flag is unfurled,
Brave Fenian hearts are thronging to the fight.
Whilst their Slogan loud and shrill, echoes back from hill to hill;
As with flashing Steel they're tramping quick, and light.

This is for Willy - his father

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