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THE WILD GOOSE: A MANUSCRIPT CONVICT NEWSPAPER

THIS PAPER HAD ITS GENESIS in a kind of commemoration. 1990 is the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of the Fenian poet, novelist and journalist John Boyle O'Reilly. With this centenary in mind I felt it would be appropriate to offer a paper to the Society on some aspect of O'Reilly's life and work. 1990 also marks of course the three-hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Boyne which is a not unrelated anniversary.

When it was suggested that I might be interested in editing a nineteenth-century work of Australian fiction for the University of New South Wales Press Colonial Text Series I suggested O'Reilly's *Moondyne* (1879) for two reasons. One was parochial. As a Western Australian I felt that the series ought to include works not only from the eastern seaboard, and O'Reilly's text is the first work of fiction set in Western Australia. The second had to do with the cultural interest of the book: its canvassing of questions of Irish and Australian nationalism; its links with broader European political and cultural movements such as Fenianism and Chartism; its dwelling on such notions as the social nature of crime; and its use of proto-socialist and utopian rhetoric in O'Reilly's presentation of his social vision.

My work up to now has been largely taken up with sorting out the problematic American, Australian and British publishing history of the novel. I have also been interested in placing O'Reilly as a journalist, poet and novelist in the context of Irish and Catholic publishing in New England, and as an activist and spokesman for Irish nationalism and racial and religious tolerance in his adopted homeland, the United States. He is a figure who enters the literary and political dynamic of three nations in search of nationhood: Ireland, Australia and the United States of America.

It was this editorial interest which brought me to *The Wild Goose*: the manuscript newspaper produced by O'Reilly and his fellow Fenian prisoners on board the *Hougoumont*, on its voyage to the Penal Colony in Western Australia. The *Hougoumont* was the last convict ship sent to Australia. Initially I approached the journal from two perspectives: the historical and the bibliophilic, and the editorial. As a literary editor I was keen to pick up some clues as to O'Reilly's practice as a composer and reviser of his work. There is no extant manuscript of *Moondyne*. James Jeffrey Roche, his friend and biographer, who succeeded O'Reilly as editor of the Boston *Pilot*, spoke of O'Reilly as being temperamentally disinclined to revision. As a writer of articles and leaders for *The Pilot* and for the instalments of *Moondyne*, which

first appeared as a serial in the paper, O'Reilly is said to have frequently composed as the press stood waiting. *The Wild Goose* contains several poems by O'Reilly. Some later underwent minor revision for his published collections. I was also hoping that some of *The Wild Goose* leaders might prefigure later political statements in *The Pilot*. With regards to the first question I must admit that this line of enquiry has not proved very fruitful. However, from a historical and bibliographical perspective *The Wild Goose* is a very interesting document indeed.

In design and layout it deliberately and self-consciously imitates a printed journal of its day. As an example of a hand-written newspaper *The Wild Goose* is not unique. Ross Harvey of the Graduate Department of Librarianship, Archives and Records at Monash University has recently drawn my attention to some other Antipodean examples. The reasons for producing a manuscript newspaper are as one might expect either economic—in the case of journals with a small circulation—or, as in the case of the *Hougoumont* Fenians, lack of a printing press. For the ship-bound political prisoners there was also an element of morale boosting in play in this literary activity. It brought the men together and kept up their spirits. In his diary, one of the three journals by *Hougoumont* Fenians to have survived, Denis Cashman wrote of his work on the paper: 'This occupation pleases me very much—it passes the time and takes me from my thoughts which at times are rather gloomy'. And in a dedication to a poem written for his friend John Flood, O'Reilly spoke openly of the cementing of affection between the Fenians involved in the journalistic enterprise: 'Hereafter, when our exile is ended [these lines] may recall to memory, the beginning of our friendship, and the many pleasant (and busy!) days we spent together over our little "Wild Goose".'¹

At this point I ought to fill in a little of the historical background concerning O'Reilly and the *Hougoumont* Fenians. *The Wild Goose* constitutes, if you like, a bibliographical 'moment' in the political and religious history of Ireland and Australia. The Fenian movement grew out of the remnants of the unsuccessful nationalist uprising of 1848—the 'Young Ireland' movement—and the impetus of Irish-Americans who had participated in the American Civil War. The movement, which had both American and Irish wings, was founded in Dublin on St Patrick's Day, 1858, by exiled 'Young Irelander' rebels—two in particular, James Stephens and John O'Mahony. In 1858, O'Mahony persuaded Stephens, who had returned to Ireland, to set up a clandestine organization which would be financed by Irish-American support.² This was the beginning of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, later the Irish Republican Brotherhood (the IRB). It was headed by Stephens,³ and during the 1860s it spread to incorporate most of the Irish counties. Unlike the 'United Irishmen' of 1798—with their primarily Protestant and aristocratic or middle-class leaders—and the middle-class and cultured revolutionaries of the Young Irelanders, Fenianism drew most of its support from poorer Catholics, largely from Munster and counties close to Dublin. The risings of the 1860s, however, were largely forwarded by the impetus of Irish veterans of the American Civil War, who brought military expertise and an energy devoted to the cause of action for Irish nationalism.

Fenian organization utilized a network of regional units called circles. It was a form of organization well known in Ireland and the Continent and was designed to guard the secrecy of the movement. Ideally individual agents would have only a limited

knowledge of the complete membership of the organization. Each circle had its own leader known as the 'centre'. Fenian recruits such as the *Hougoumont* convicts took oaths to obey their leaders and to guard the secrecy of the movement, and were pledged to the establishment of an independent and democratic republic.⁴ The name 'Fenians' was coined for the more visible American wing of the movement. The 'Fenian Brotherhood' was named by O'Mahony, a Gaelic scholar, taking his inspiration from the 'Fianna', the legendary warrior heroes of the mediaeval Irish Romance Cycle, who were seen by these nineteenth-century republican patriots as an emblem of a glorious Celtic and independent past.

The movement was active not only in Ireland and the United States, but also in those parts of Britain with significant Irish populations. O'Reilly seems to have become exposed to Fenian ideology during his four-year stay in Lancashire in the Catholic 'little Ireland' enclave of Preston, where he worked on the *Guardian*, first as a printer's devil and later as a reporter.

John Boyle O'Reilly was born in the Boyne valley, at Dowth "Castle" near Drogheda, on 28 June, 1844. "Castle" is a somewhat grandiose title for this modest Anglo-Norman building. O'Reilly's father, William David, was the Master of the National School established there in the nineteenth century. His mother's family, the Boyles, were connected with prominent participants in the 1798 rebellion. John, who was the second son, was apprenticed at the age of eleven to the printing house of the Drogheda *Argus*, to supply the place of his elder brother, who had become debilitated by ill-health. This substitution was made largely in order that the family not lose the premium they had paid for the apprenticeship. At age fifteen the death of the proprietor of the *Argus* led to the discharge of his indentures, and in September 1859 he left for Preston, where he had relatives, and secured an apprenticeship with the *Guardian*. On his return to Ireland in 1863, he enlisted in the 10th Hussars and became involved in Fenian activities,⁵ primarily subversion of the Irish contingent of the Army, which at that time comprised approximately one third of the total forces. This final statistic accounts for the interest of the IRB in this large potential fifth column.

The Fenian conspiracy was to suffer through the activities of police spies and informants. Information given by captured Fenians led to the arrests of many of the leaders of the underground movement during 1865-6. O'Reilly was arrested during the Dublin police sweep of February 1866. He was court-martialled, convicted of mutinous conduct, and sentenced to death. The sentence was later commuted to life and later again to twenty years servitude. After a short period of detention at Mountjoy prison in Dublin, he was transferred to England, to Millbank, where he served six months solitary confinement. An habitual would-be escaper, he progressed from Chatham to Portsmouth, and finally to Dartmoor. This formidable prison, with its harsh conditions and bleak location, was the final reward for incorrigible prisoners. O'Reilly was among the sixty-two Fenians selected for transportation to Western Australia in 1867, and in early October of that year he embarked on the convict ship *Hougoumont*.

To follow O'Reilly's fortunes to their end: he remained just a year in the penal colony. Early in 1869, with the aid of Catholic clergy and sympathetic colonists, he managed to escape, took passage on an American vessel, the *Gazelle*, and made good

his escape to the United States of America, where he immediately became a citizen. He reached Boston in January 1870, where he settled, becoming a journalist.

Later he was to become the editor and part-owner of the Boston *Pilot*, the leading Irish-American paper of its day.⁶ O'Reilly remained editor of *The Pilot* until his death of a drug overdose in 1890. A prominent orator and man of letters, O'Reilly is also credited with helping to plan the *Catalpa* rescue, the daring land and sea operation which brought about the rescue of six remaining Fenian prisoners from Western Australia in 1876.

To examine the physical and sociological conditions under which the newspaper was produced we need to consider the organization of the *Hougoumont* and its demography. When the vessel embarked for Western Australia in October 1867, it carried 280 non-Fenian convicts, largely hardened offenders, and sixty-two political Fenians, of whom seventeen were former soldiers in the British Army. These, O'Reilly included, had the most severe sentences. They were considered to be guilty of double treason and were quartered with the non-Fenian convicts in the lower deck amid-ships. As O'Reilly describes it, they were particularly apprehensive about their incarceration amid a violent and unrestrained criminal population:

As I stood in that hatchway, looking at the wretches glaring out, I realized more than ever before the terrible truth that a convict ship is a floating hell. The forward hold was dark, save the yellow light of a few ship's lamps. There were 320 criminal convicts in there, and the sickening thought occurred to us, are our friends in there among them? There swelled up a hideous diapason from that crowd of wretches; the usual prison restraint was removed, and the reaction was at its fiercest pitch.

Such a din of diabolical sounds no man ever heard. We hesitated before entering the low-barred door to the hold, unwilling to plunge into the seething den. As we stood thus, a tall gaunt man pushed his way through the criminal crowd to the door. He stood within, and, stretching out his arms, said: 'Come, we are waiting for you'. I did not know the face; I knew the voice. It was my old friend and comrade, Keating.⁷

The civilian Fenians, who enjoyed an unofficial political status, were housed in separate quarters, astern. The Fenians, civilian and military, were permitted to meet on the deck during the day, but were usually returned to their own quarters at night. Roche reports that an exception was always made for O'Reilly, who was on good terms with the crew. However, there seems to have been some general flexibility in this regulation.⁸ According to Cashman's diary, concerts were held regularly, every second or third evening for the greater part of the voyage. Cashman, in fact, was the primary organizer of these events. The soldier Fenians are recorded as having participated. They must therefore have been allowed to share the civilian quarters on concert evenings.

The element of performance was a crucial mainstay of Fenian solidarity, Cashman putting together programmes of songs, prose and verse, recitals from Shakespeare and Dickens, readings by O'Reilly and others of their own poetry.⁹ Once *The Wild Goose*

began production, weekly readings of the newspaper, often by O'Reilly, took the place of some concert performances.

The Fenians as a group were highly literate, largely lower-middle to working-class town-dwellers. Among the group were former clerks, school teachers, journalists and printers. In his obituary for O'Reilly Cashman records a scheme eagerly endorsed by O'Reilly to capture the ship. Presumably this was discussed towards the end of October, when a change of direction could have brought the ship to the United States without too much trouble. The Fenians with shorter sentences or with families left behind may have rejected the consequences of permanent exile, or they may have been deterred by the logistics of controlling both the ship's authorities and close to 300 criminal convicts.¹⁰

In any case, the plan was not pursued, and by the beginning of November, a new project was at hand to boost morale. Meetings were held with the purpose of organizing the production of a regular newspaper: *The Wild Goose: Or A Collection Of Ocean Waifs*. John Flood editor, O'Reilly the sub-editor, and John Edward Kelly was appointed manager.¹¹ Flood was the son of a Dublin ship-owning family. His contribution to Fenian activity had included smuggling both arms and Fenian agents. Kelly was an Irish-American formerly of Kinsale, County Cork, and one of the two Protestant Fenians among the *Hougoumont* contingent. It was Kelly who suggested the journal's title. The 'Wild Geese', 'the soldiers of Sarsfield', were in common parlance the exiled Irish soldiers of a former conflict who took service in the French and foreign armies following the collapse of 'their country's struggle for liberty'.¹²

Other Fenians closely associated with the project included Cornelius O'Mahony, former secretary to the IRB leader James Stephens and organizer of the movement's newspaper, the *Irish People*; Thomas Duggan, a National School teacher from Ballincollig, County Cork; John Sarsfield Casey, Mitchelstown, County Cork; Denis Cashman, a former clerk, and 'centre' of the Fenian circle at Waterford; Michael Cody, the 'centre' from Callan, County Kilkenny; Joseph Noonan from Killarney, County Kerry; and Eugene Lombard, from Cork City. Lombard, who acted as 'copyist' or 'copy-boy', wrote home to his parents that publication of the journal had been 'the greatest joy and relaxation of the 62 Fenians on board the Ship'.¹³

Publication was made possible by Father Delany, the Catholic chaplain, who provided paper, pens and ink and was himself a contributor to some of the later issues.¹⁴ Saturday was publication day at the 'Printing Office', which, as the colophon to the first issue announces, was at No 6 Mess, in the Civilian Fenian Quarters: 'Printed and published, at the Office, No 6 Mess, Intermediate Cabin, Ship "Hougoumont", for the editors, Messrs John Flood and J.B. O'Reilly, by J.E.K. (Kelly) Registered for transmission abroad.'

The first issue was produced on Saturday, 7 November 1867. It was made up of four sheets, eight pages of double-column layout. The paper is foolscap, unlined, though in later issues, where the paper quality is better, one can still see the fine ruled pencil lines used for guiding the writing. The titles were the work of Denis Cashman. The main title, 'The Wild Goose', is centred, in heavily inked blocked capitals surrounded by a fine-filigree of tiny shamrocks: 'a wreath of shamrocks with the name peeping thro

it' is Cashman's own description.¹⁵ The sub-title, 'A Collection of Ocean Waifs', is in a decorated gothic. The title-design remains constant until the last, the Christmas edition. Here the words 'Christmas Number' appear in a bow display, the letters formed like bonbons surrounded by a tracery of stems of holly. On the main title page sequence, two rules, approximately 85mm. down the page, enclose the issue number and a statement of date and place of publication, inscribed in a fine copperplate hand. Underneath this comes the main body of the text, in two columns. Caption titles are usually in a copperplate hand, while the running head throughout, 'The Wild Goose', is in heavily-inked italic capitals.

There are at least two hands apparent in the main body of the text of the paper. The front page of Issue No.1 is written in a round, display cursive, with something of the evenness of a good copperplate hand. A more squashed and less even hand can be seen in the inner pages, utilizing more swirls on the letters, especially the initial capitals (this is most apparent with the capital Ts and Bs), which generally join differently to the following lower-case letters. If more than one copy of each issue was made — and we have virtually no evidence about how many copies were able to be produced — no doubt the copying for each section was shared about.

The first issue opened with an address by John Flood, headed 'To Our Readers', where The Wild Goose personified explained its objects and aims. Cashman's opinion was that it was 'beautifully done'. This was followed by the first instalment of a serialized tale by Thomas Duggan, 'Queen Cliodhna and the Flower of Erin: A Tale of our Pagan Ancestors'. Page 3 contained a 'News' column. Clearly little fresh news was available to the ship-bound population, so the Fenians composed their news section of mock-Olympian nonsense about the doings of the Gods of 'Earth, Sky and Sea'. This section is verbally embellished with the characteristic *Wild Goose* extravaganza of bad puns: for example 'Marine Regions: Nov.9th. — Squall's ahead. Neptune thinks he has enough of finny uns in his dominions, and is incensed at the thought of a fresh influx of those turbulent beings.' This news is followed by a section headed 'The Markets', which consists primarily of a witty disparagement of the ship's food: 'Pork rather higher than usual, and still advancing. — Biscuit getting livelier. Chocolate a drug in the market. — Tea rather flat. — Oatmeal steady.'

These examples give some idea of the tone of the 'editorial' matter, which is largely that of the *jeu d'esprit*. Habitual self-conscious reference is made to the normal demands of print-house operation, composition and the exigencies of production and layout. For example, in the snippet of text at the foot of the second column of page 3 (Number 1): 'Our entire staff, "devil" and all, have been fairly driven to their wits ends to concoct something to fill up this little corner, and have utterly failed.' Much reference is made to the shortage of paper and writing implements, usually in the 'notes' and humorous 'want ads' in the final column of each issue — for example: 'Wanted, by the Editor, several reams of foolscap, together with a corresponding quantity of black ink and steel pens, for which goose quills will be exchanged' (No 2) and 'Wanted, A few black lead pencils that were originally made to write, not to sell'.

In total, seven weekly issues of *The Wild Goose* were produced, the last being a double-sized Christmas edition. The organization of the journal is constant throughout the run: an opening address, followed by a fiction section (the folk-serial ran for most

of the issues). This was followed by the news section and 'Answers to Correspondents', maintaining the humorous punning style.

The authorities and the plight of the convicts came in for mild ridicule in this latter section. However, the attitude taken to the English Captain and crew was tolerant — for example: 'Curious wants to know why the upper deck is so constantly flooded. How can it be otherwise with SWELLS (from Aft) continually dashing along it'. The journal was nationalistic without attempting to initiate ill-will. 'Answers to Correspondents' was followed by a new gothic display title and date. Then followed the leader, usually of a philosophical nature, such as 'Home Thoughts'. These were by Flood, with contributions also by Father Delany. Next followed the poetry section, with an ornate decorative title. This section was entitled 'Emerald Spray', being modified to 'Christmas Garland' for the final issue. O'Reilly provided nine poems in all. Following the poetry came a section which might best be described as 'Irish Interest', either a personal memoir from one of the Fenians or an Irish travelogue. The first number contained a piece by Joseph Noonan, entitled 'A Leap for Liberty', which detailed his arrest in Kerry following the March rising and his subsequent train journey and escape. The numbers closed with a 'Notes and Correspondence' section and a final colophon.

All the writers used pen-names: Flood was 'Binn Eider', the name being taken from his birthplace, a peninsula north of Dublin Bay; O'Reilly was 'Boyne', though he usually signed his poems with his own name; Duggan was 'Mushra'; Kelly was 'Kappa' or 'Laoi' (in Gaelic lettering) and Father Delany was 'Beta' or 'Delta'.¹⁶

Copy would seem to have been composed on slates, owing to the scarcity of paper, and then transcribed for publication. Humorous reference to the ephemeral nature of such copy can be found in the journal; for example Issue No.1 laments that 'A great quantity of our manuscript has been obliterated, some careless person having sat on our slates. We have thus lost much interesting and valuable matter, for which mishap we intend to stop the grog of our "devil," which, we hope, will be satisfactory to the public.' And a later number announces: 'Any person found trespassing on the editor's slates, or in his offices will be prosecuted.'

Ink and paper quality vary. Sometimes the ink becomes quite thin, as if it were being watered down to increase the amount which could be written. Numbers 1-3 are produced on wove paper. Issues 4-7 utilize a finer quality laid paper.

English shipboard authorities seem to have encouraged and facilitated the production of the paper. The Christmas special impressed the Captain and his mates to such a degree that extra copies were requested by them, and the staff readily complied. In return for their industry, which was no doubt viewed as a pacifying occupation, the editors were granted extra rations, tobacco, and privileges. They were permitted to remain on deck until 7.30 p.m., and O'Reilly was permitted to move out of the main convict hold to join his fellows in Number 6 Mess.¹⁷

As was noted earlier, it is difficult to know how many copies of individual issues were produced. Certainly, because of the labour involved and the shortage of paper, there cannot have been many. On publication day the paper would be read below decks to the Fenians, maintaining the element of performance which was not, of course, unusual in the history of the consumption of news journals.

The last issue was produced on 21 December 1867. On 10 January, the convicts disembarked at Fremantle Wharf, and embarked on a new penal existence. John Flood held the only complete run of *The Wild Goose*. This was held to be his own property and was kept for him until his release. Upon gaining his freedom, Flood settled in Queensland. Following his death in 1909, the manuscript passed to his daughter, and then to a grand-daughter, who deposited it in the Mitchell Library in 1968: one hundred years subsequent to the arrival of the Fenians in Western Australia. It is there bound with Flood's Certificate of Pardon.

The manuscript journal, produced with such flair on 'the high Seas' by a group of Fenian political prisoners, is an item of interest for both Australian and Irish historians as well as bibliographers. In its conscious conformation to the design and layout of printed journals of its day and its literary and political focus, it constitutes a unique moment in the history of Church, State and books.

L.M. Rutherford,
University of New England.

NOTES

1. Denis B. Cashman, 'Diary, 15 October 1867-8 January 1868', p.15 (typescript copy, Battye Library of Western Australian History); John Flood, 'Notebook', cited in Keith Amos, *The Fenians in Australia* (Sydney: UNSW Press, 1988), p.117.
2. The amount was always well short of that needed to finance any serious subversive activities and was a constant source of worry and discontent within the movement.
3. Leadership quarrels dogged the movement from its beginning. Stephens was for the most part in control in Ireland while O'Mahony controlled the American branch.
4. E.R.R. Green, 'The Beginnings of Fenianism', in T.W. Moody, ed., *The Fenian Movement* (Cork: Mercier Press, 1968), p.16.
5. James Jeffrey Roche, *Life of John Boyle O'Reilly* (New York: Cassell, 1891), pp.3-9.
6. Coincidentally, *The Pilot* is still in operation, although it is no longer primarily an Irish paper. It belongs to the Catholic Archdiocese of Boston and is the oldest newspaper still being published in the United States.
7. Roche, *op.cit.*, p.66. On the organization of the *Hougoumont*, see also Amos, *op.cit.*, pp.100-121. John Sarsfield Casey, one of the non-military Fenians, also records in his diary his thanks that he and the other 'political' prisoners were not required to share quarters with the criminal element: 'Diary', p.4 (photocopy Mitchell Library, ML Doc 1447).
8. Amos, *op.cit.*, p.100.
9. That Cashman was of rather literary nature can be easily seen by a comparison of his diary with that of Casey. Casey's journal is a sequential narrative of events, in elliptical point-form prose. Cashman's is a highly polished narrative in complete and elegant sentences. The opening sequence in particular is a considered piece of prose, clearly written as an episode some time after the events which are narrated. The diary as a whole is a self-conscious piece of writing which deliberately takes an optimistic tone.
10. Boston *Herald*, 24 August 1890; cited in Amos, *op.cit.*, p.110.
11. Cashman, 'Diary', p.10.
12. Roche, *op.cit.*, p.67.
13. Cork *Evening Echo*, 21 May 1998, p.5.

14. Roche, p.67. A complete index to *Wild Goose* was compiled by G.P. Fitzgerald in 1968; a typescript copy of this document is held in the Mitchell Library (ML Doc 1387).
15. 'Diary', p.11.
16. See the Fitzgerald *Index* cited previously.
17. Amos, *op.cit.*, p.115.

The following issue of *The Wild Goose* is reproduced here with the permission of the Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales. It is reproduced from the microfilm copy (ML Microfilm CY22) of the original manuscript (ML MS 1542).

THE WILD GOOSE

THE WILD GOOSE

A Collection of Ocean Waifs.

Vol. I.] General Ship "Hesperian," Saturday, November 9th 1867. [No. 1.

To Our Readers.

From the frozen north, past the ~~past the~~ smiling shores of the lakes, brilliant in silvery moonlight island of Goshly, where do yet I have lingered on lacustrous lakes, radiant in silver moonlight, slept on the bosoms of its singing rivers, and stricken in wild freedom o'er its verdant hills, — far o'er the ~~bucal~~ ~~mountain~~, on ~~adventurous~~ ~~mountain~~, — the leader of the flock, — I have flown, to ~~char~~ ~~your~~ your weary way with my homely notes. All natured people may incline to call this cackling; but I deem the intonation. Men the notes of a geese — a mere tame slave of a creature — saved the ~~capital~~ ~~of~~ mighty home, was that cackling? And ~~answer~~ ~~to~~ that I must to say that a wild geese was not a privilege to cackle sometimes, — for instance after having made a ~~lay~~, and on many other legitimate occasions, of all which I intend to avail myself.

I've dyed my wings in the emerald spray of Erid's waters, scanned the pathless Ocean ways on my way ~~westward~~ westward, and with utropicidic eye, have contemplated the land of pilgrimage and

pride of the "Wild Geese" of other days, — to bring you memories of home and friends, of wives and sweethearts, and of scenes and songs of fatherland, ever dear to the wanderer.

I will aim to console you for the past, to cheer you for the present, and to strengthen you for the future. But it becomes not so shy a bird to promise too much, nor must I flatter myself that I shall be so welcome to you as one of more melodious throat or gaudier plumage; yet welcome I trust I shall be here when all else is strange, and that each new weekly visitant may be still more welcome, — welcome not alone for the news it brings to keep your memories green, but also that it may prove of interest to all to watch the changing flight of the flocks, and read the mystic story they trace as they pass on their airy flight to the shores of this far, strange land of ~~undiscovered~~ ~~west~~.

The ~~man~~ ~~does~~, far from those ~~hills~~ ~~and~~ all his heart ~~hurtles~~ ~~dear~~,
 (H) pause, as he ~~con~~ ~~ward~~ ~~to~~ ~~check~~ the rising fear.

When thoughts of home and his ~~own~~ ~~legs~~ come ~~crunching~~ ~~over~~ his ~~brain~~,
 How sweet the ~~voice~~ ~~within~~, that says — ~~hope~~ ~~on~~, ~~with~~ ~~me~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~own~~ ~~eyes~~.

Queen Glodina and the Towers of Erin:

c. A.D. 1100. ~~by the author.~~

Chapter I.—Queen Glodina.

Who has not heard of the ancient fairy lore of Erin; of the pagan rites and incantations of the Druids, when every hill, rath, fountain and ruin of Erin's soil, had its own guardian genius; or which of us has not listened, with rapt attention, to the legendary traditions which we heard in our boyhood, of the of the adventurous deeds of Irish heroes, or of the no less exciting and marvellous records of enchantments and spells, performed by some diabolical witch, to cross the daring spirit of heroes, in their pursuit of love or war? How often around the quiet and happy homes of our childhood, have we been hushed to rest by beloved lips, perchance, ere now, for ever silent in death, singing to us evens and ballads of warriors and men long since departed. Amid the bustle and excitement of maturer years, these snatches of melody, and those tales of other days will sometimes come crawling along the fields of memory, bringing vividly to our recollection the calm and halcyon days of our parents' home-stays.

Before the benign influence of Christianity shed its halo of heavenly glory over the Island of Saints, or one perhaps, of the earliest searces, or gardens of Erin, received such way,

or was held in such dread, as Glodina, the Queen of the Hesperian fairies. Still round the borders of the green Isle, her name was celebrated as being possessed of more than mortal less power, and many a woe-bemired over her incantations, as the name of the clouded Queen was mentioned. From the enchanted shores of Lough Lene, would she be driven, to the farther borders of Thomond, or North Munster, were dared dispute her way, or enter the magical ring to compete with her, in a hurrying of supernatural skill. She is described by the poets and story-tellers of Ireland, as a young woman possessed of more than mortal charms; and, like some of the goddesses of Grecian mythology, she seems to have been passionately fond of earthly lovers; and her perils and occupations were, by means of her magical rites, to assume various disguises, and thus seduce young men from their collegian to their dear hearts. A single lovely daughter of Erin shook with dread, when she thought of the baleful influence of the all-powerful enchantress; and innumerable were the charms, and talismans employed, to counteract her diabolical arts. From the king's born, and proud daughter of the king, to the modest and beautiful maiden of the cottage, all, without any distinction, prayed for the preservation of lover or brother, from the inductions of the clouded enchantress. Others, were offerings, and dedicated fruits, to propitiate her good will; and though

THE WILD GOOSE

3.

one seems never to have been regarded with veneration, yet, perhaps, she had more worshippers, than any of the other traditional divinities of Ireland. Her principal place of resort was Curragh, Bliadna, or the Rock of Bliadna, generally a picturesque and barren mass of stone, rising abruptly from the level land lying round. It is not necessary nowadays, to give the ancient Irish name of the district, in which this famous rock was situated. Numerous were the places, which claimed the honor of having it in its locality, and like to the Cities of ancient Greece, which severally claimed to be the birth-place of Homer; so, also, many places in Munster had its own Curragh Bliadna, which was looked to, with mingled feelings of awe and fear, by the neighbouring inhabitants. The place, which we will fix on for her residence in the following story, is that situated in the parish of Donoughmore, Barony of East Muskerry, County of Cork. It is a pile of grey massive rock, rising perpendicularly to the height of 20 or 30 feet above the surrounding country, and occupying an area of about an acre of land. The neighbouring district, ~~is~~ rather hilly and mountainous, particularly to the south and west, where the Boyra hills form a connecting link, between that the continuation of the Ranges, in Kerry, and the Ballyhoun and Nagle mountains, which are offshoots, from the Cordill, Galties. To the north, the rock looks down on the rock crag of the Blackwater, from which river it is distant, about six or seven miles, and the view extends far away over the wide champagne lands of Duhallow, when which there is not a fairer, or more fertile, or more beautiful and beloved island.

(To be continued.)

Tales of the

Earth, Sky, and Sea.

(General Telegraph Co. (Limited).)

From the Supernatural Stories, Nov. 1.

—El tremendo languet given to the Gods last night by Bacchus, which shows they allow in earthly festivals. Jupiter took soda-water and brandy this morning, and a similar report has been maliciously circulated concerning the original deity. Proclus quite choked; kicked Pluto out of the sky for breathing too heavily; indisposed towards evening, and retired to bed rather early.

Nov. 2. — Venus winked at the man in the Moon. Diana threatened to scratch her eyes out. Celestial Court greatly scandalized.

Marine Regions, Nov. 4th. — Squalls ahead.

Neptune thinks he has enough of penny uns in his dominions, and is incensed at the thought of a fresh influx of these turbid beings. When they reach the line he is determined to hark them, if they don't hark it.

Abyssynia, via Cape Verde, Nov. 9th.

It is generally believed, that the resistance of the Emperor Theodore is at an end, since the British troops have Gon-dar.

The Markets.

Tobacco not to be had at any price; holders unwilling to part with the commodity. — Great demand for preserved potatoes and plum-duff. — Water scarce, and of an inferior quality. — Potatoes rather higher than usual, and still advancing. — Rice not getting higher. — Chocolate a drug in the market. — Tea rather flat. — Oatmeal steady.

Our entire staff, "devil" and all, have been fairly driven to their wits' ends to concoct something to fill up this little corner, and have utterly failed.

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THE WILD GOOSE.



Answers to Correspondents.

"Gick."— It is spelled Caxovain not Cokkoken. Where did you go to school?

"One who fears rats."— Better deal with ^{the} rat than become acquainted with ^{the} cat.

"Peter."— Yes; all Silly people are English.

"Ignorance."— A latitudinarian is a man who finds the latitude at sea and elsewhere.

A Vegetarian is a man who grows vegetables. Why don't you buy a dictionary?

"Enquirer."— Very little is known of the first settlers of central Africa; but the supposition that it was colonized by an Irish chieftain named Jim Duetto, appears to us to be a popular error.

"no eyes to learn."— your question, to say the very least that can be said about it, is absurd, and betrays your confounded ignorance. However, we will endeavor to enlighten you. First, then, all so-called islands in the Red Sea, from which it is evident it takes its name, its inhabitants are of a light-Moroccan color, and not black as you supposed. They are a very industrious people, but they never work on holidays (of which they have 365 in the year.) On those sole days their dress is richer than usual, being composed of fine pieces of spectacles and a bludgeon; on all other days they vary their costume by examining the spectacles. Their government is a despotic anarchy, and they are very happy under it indeed. We cannot devote any more of our valuable space to you; but if you wish to become thoroughly acquainted with this subject, we advise you to study the London Directory; 1612.

It should be very sorry to inquire anyone, even unintentionally, and if we have done so, we will be willing to make reparation. Will "Early morn," kindly inform us in what way we have done this ill-will, that it should inflict on us such trash as is "plain to the Moon"?

"A constant Reader."— We don't believe it possible to cozen the burdains out of all the shanks made by the crew; neither do we think they would improve the soup.

The Wild Goose.

"They'll come again when south winds blow."

SATURDAY, NOV. 9th 1867.

Home Thoughts.

In our passage through this world we are taught wisdom by a stern monitor, — Experience. Pain, and sorrow, and suffering, take each their part in giving to us the golden lesson; and but for their powerful influence the end of our pilgrimage would often be dark and cheerless, although the path itself might have been lighted up by the false glare of excitement and pleasure. By their rude discipline our minds are prepared for the mild and soothing balm and consolation of religion, and rendered softer and better in our intercourse with our fellow-men. They tame the wayward heart of the thoughtless youth, and turn his phable mind to the true and more enduring pleasures of home with all its endearing ties of parental love and brotherly affection; and they tone down the stronger passions of maturer years, and guide the mind in that strict and oft-neglected way that alone leads to true and perfect happiness. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," wrote the poet; and in that brief sen-

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tence is enclosed a truth worthy of deep Consideration. But Divine Wisdom has not ordained that sufferings and sorrows are the only beneficial influences that act upon us. It is not by adversity alone that we are rendered good and happy. There are certain powers or faculties of the mind which, if nourished and cultivated, will shed a mild and steady light on our path through life and will, ^{keep} the upper and better part of our nature green and vigorous. Best and foremost among these powers of the soul is that beautiful and mysterious feeling of love and reverence that attaches to the word "home." Dear is that word to our hearts at all times, — dear even in its most limited sense, and when we are enjoying its peace, its blessings, and its affections; but, oh! how inexpressibly dear is that little word to the weary wanderer! It has its significance is something — everything his heart yearns after — Open thy wife, child, mother, friend! all are enveloped in its magic charm; and, though wandering far, far, away from the scenes of his joyous youth and merry boyhood, the poorest part of his native

returns ^{to} the good and holy thoughts and memories that are stored up by the sense and the recollection of our childhood's home? If there ead such a king, let us speak of him in the words of our poet: —
 "Shame and desolation
 By his grave ever;
 Blessings shall hail him
 Never, oh! never."
 But why should we speak thus? Surely never, or rarely indeed, has our fair little County produced so degenerate a son. No, no! — wild, stable, strong, wise, with her cloud of want and misery or the cruel hand we may be called, — but that stigma is unscarred. We love the little vale that it pleased God to make our motherland. In her few smiles, in her many tears, and in her countless sufferings, we love her. The blessed hope of returning again

who, sleeping beside the bonfire fire, lives again his happiest years in the bright but visionary scenes of dreamland. They are dear to all, and are cherished by all; but deeper, purer, and stronger than the love of the emigrant, the sailor, or the soldier, is that changeful and undying devotion that lives within the heart of the exile. I think the word "home" has a holy significance, — a power that embodies within itself everything that man can cherish. It conjures up the spirits of the past from their shadowy dwellings, and paints with vivid pencil the features of the beloved dead. It carries him far away from the stern realities of the present; and, although in his retrospection, journey he may again behold many saddening scenes, and indulge in recollections of happy days for ever vanished, still he lingers fondly over the heart-cherished pictures, and loves it all the dearer for every pang it inflicts upon him. And is it not better thus? What language can express the fairness of the wretch who, through fear of causing pain to himself, would cast away and ignore forever the good and holy thoughts and memories that are stored up by the sense and the recollection of our childhood's home? If there ead such a king, let us speak of him in the words of our poet: —
 "Shame and desolation
 By his grave ever;
 Blessings shall hail him
 Never, oh! never."
 But why should we speak thus? Surely never, or rarely indeed, has our fair little County produced so degenerate a son. No, no! — wild, stable, strong, wise, with her cloud of want and misery or the cruel hand we may be called, — but that stigma is unscarred. We love the little vale that it pleased God to make our motherland. In her few smiles, in her many tears, and in her countless sufferings, we love her. The blessed hope of returning again

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to her genial soil, and to the dear ones we
left behind, will give us strength to bear
and brave the worst; and, until then, thro'
pain, and regret, and sorrow, we will
still look back and pray for her and
for them with the true, unswerving
love only known to Exiles.

Barab's Song

Farewell.

Farewell! Oh, how hard and how sad 'tis to speak
That last word at parting, — forever 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 regret,
The sad word must be spoken, and Memory's spell
Now steals o'er 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 Egypt's 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 can I destined to see;
Am the savage love home, but too crine to love thee.
God bless thee, dear Erin, my loved nursing own!
Oh! how hard 'tis those tendrils to break that have grown
Round my heart, — but too over, and Memory's spell
Now steals o'er me sadly. Farewell! Oh, Farewell!

— John B. Kelly.
"Hougumant," Oct. 12th, 1867.

Prison Thoughts.

Whilst to and fro my prison cell I trace
The drear elliptical course with constant feet,
Thought shuns restraint, and, eager to embrace
Loved friends and scenes, speeds far on airy flat:

Between the bars the golden sunbeams stray,
And whisper stories of the world outside;
And joyous swarms us twitter all the day,
As if my prison sorrows to deride.

Back in the past! I am again a child,
Kneeling at mother's side in earnest prayer
Before God's awful throne. In accents true
She prays the Lord her boy to make his care

To guide his steps, from sin to reap him good
Then teaches me the sacred Page to read
That I must bow to His all-wise decree,
And always praise, and fear, in love and awe

In childhood's cloudy hour, who soothes my weal
And kissed from off my cheek each falling tear,

And culled me to her breast in sweet repose:
Dear friend of earthly mould, my mother dear.

In her dead bosom lies her sacred dust;
Her sainted spirit dwells in realms of light.
Whilst I — my only hope that God is just
A living death must suffer for the right.

It thinks I breathe the hallowed atmosphere
Around that grave, and gain new strength
therefrom:

My heart her cenotaph contains — writ there
"Thy will, O God! be done. Thy kingdom come!"

L.A.O.

Hillbank, July, 1867.

THE WILD GOOSE

The Leap for Liberty.

I must die! After the
 late evening in Stoney, the
 winter of the following incident
 was compelled to fly from home
 in consequence of the rigid
 kept up by her majesty's troops,
 2,000 of whom had their canvas
 pitched, and their bivouac fires
 lights amongst the romantic
 mountains that lie to the west
 of the beautiful and far-famed
 Lakes of Killarney. This coach
 was kept up for more than a
 fortnight, during which time
 they climbed all the peaks and
 crags, and explored the beautiful
 valleys, before they were satisfied
 that the fierce rebels had retired to
 their homes and abandoned the revolutionary movement.

After many hair-breadth escapes and
 adventures for numerous trials, he
 succeeded in making my way to London,
 where I was enjoying myself in the society
 of some friends; but this was too bright a
 state of things to last, for even then the
 cunning detectives were on my track, and
 before a month was at an end, I was in
 their custody, with a pair of steel bracelets
 on my wrists, sitting between two of them
 in the coupe of a first class railway carriage
 bound for Ireland at the rate of fifty miles
 an hour. What various feelings assailed
 me as I started on that journey!—feelings
 that I now find utterly impossible to de-
 scribe, such as I had never before experienced
 in my life. My liberty was gone, and I
 felt it sorely; for a few weeks had only
 passed away since I was breathing the
 beautiful hills of Kerry, free as the eagle
 that soars over the steep crags from which
 they take their name. I thought of the
 adventures and hardships I had encountered
 to preserve that liberty; and, now that a
 foul hand was laid upon me, I fancied

could not beat the furies, and my heart
 throbbled with fierce and bitter feelings. I
 had not been five minutes seated in the train, when
 the thought of escape flashed through my brain, and all
 my energies were instantly at work. In a moment my
 plan was struck— I would induce my guards to
 remove my handcuffs, and then take a desperate
 leap for liberty, and was my pulse was beating
 quicker at the approach of danger. I knew I had
 risked my life in the attempt; but what was life without
 liberty. I was outside that carriage window, was
 free again— but I could not do that he accomplished,
 sitting between two armed policemen with my
 hands firmly bound, both doors of the compart-
 ment locked, and the train dashing along at lightning
 speed. The handcuffs were so tight that my wrists swelled.
 I complained of it; and my captors, after some hesitation,
 took them off. They had nothing to fear. The door was
 locked, and the train travelling at a furious rate. But
 they did not know how I had secured my liberty. I
 struck suddenly to my feet, and was heard
 to have found themselves unexpectedly on the floor of
 the carriage. I dashed open the window, placed my
 hands on the ledge, and sprang outside the carriage.
 I felt as if I was stumbling about in the air
 before I reached the ground. There all was blank.

My senses had left me, but again gradually
 revived, and I found myself sitting on the ground. Every-
 thing around me had a deathlike stillness. At first
 I was unconscious of what had occurred; but a picture
 of the scene, by degrees, came over my dizzy brain.
 I thought it was a dream, until I heard the hoarse puffing
 of the train gradually dying away in the distance, and
 felt my hands clutching the ground. I felt faint; but,
 with a strong effort, I struggled to my feet.

I was free again! but I am sorry to say it
 did not last long; for in five days after, I was in
 the same train, under a stronger escort, on my way
 to the old country, to stand my trial for treason, the
 of which I was found guilty and am now on
 board the "Hercules" bound for Western
 Australia.

J. N.

8.

THE WILD GOOSE.

Australia.

As our readers, we presume, would be grateful for a truthful account of the land to which they are going, and where they will probably sojourn for a lengthened period, we, of our great good nature, condescend to impart to them some interesting particulars concerning that vast island, the knowledge of which may exercise a beneficial influence on their future course of life. It is, perhaps, superfluous to say that our statement may be implicitly relied on. Australia is surrounded by water, and the sun is visible there during the day, when not obscured by clouds. Excellent authority informs us that that luminary is of material service to cooks, enabling them to dispense with the ordinary process of boiling and baking their meals over such earthly fires. Native animals of various kinds, which may or may not be different from any we have ever seen, abound there; those which are not domesticated, roaming about untamed, sustain my life by devouring what they eat. The chief productions of the soil are indigenous for which we know or care. The island is about as broad as it is long, and contains as many square miles as its average length multiplied by its average breadth will produce. The great continent of the south, having been discovered by some Dutch skipper and his crew, somewhere between the 1st and 17th centuries of the Christian Era, was in consequence taken possession of by the Government of Great Britain, in accordance with that just and equitable maxim, "What yours is mine; what's mine my own." That magnanimous government, in the kindly consideration of their feelings, have secured a large portion of that immense tract of country at our disposal, generously defraying all expenses incurred on our way to it, and providing retreats for us there to scale us from the incursions of the seasons and the numerous perambulations of the natives. Rather than in their forebodings as they we take thought of the morrow as to how we shall do the ourselves, or as to what we shall eat and drink, the inhabitants of Australia are chiefly content, and kangaroo, the student in ethnology may not be surprised to learn that all the males are sons of their mothers. Their chief employment is a very lowly occupation: the amusement is official. Their religious ceremonies are performed with a tediousness not unknown elsewhere. The form of government is popular, and

particularly gives satisfaction to high officers of state who secure to themselves £1,000 a year for life for obliging the people by undaring the fatigues of office for twelve months. As an evidence of the advanced state of civilization among the natives, the consumption of oysters and ale (from which the name of the country is derived) is so enormous, that we smother our lips at the bare idea, and rarely indulge in pleasing anticipations of the part we are destined to play in exterminating the molluscs of this vast seas, and draining the country of its genial solution. Gold was at one time so abundant, that the poor wore hair of that precious metal, but now it has become so scarce, that the Australians are reduced to the necessity of using "tin" as their medium of exchange.

I should an eager and intelligent public so far appreciate our labors as to demand a separate publication of this graphic and instructive sketch, our modesty may be so far overcome as to permit us to comply with their wishes; and we shall not only add copious notes, but employ the first artists to illustrate our work. Happa.

A great quantity of our manuscript has been abstracted some careless person having set on our dates. We have the lost much interesting and valuable matter, for which we had we intend to catch the grog of our "door," which we hope, will be satisfactory to the public.

We are happy to announce that a series of the popular evening concerts will be resumed on Monday, 14th inst. When an entirely new arrangement of the programme will be adopted.

The beautiful constellation of the Southern Cross is now visible nightly in the south — just above the horizon.

It is rumoured that five Messes will be allowed on deck in turn each morning at four o'clock, for purpose of bathing. We congratulate the public on this very necessary boon.

Wanted, a few Critics; none need apply except gentlemen of undisputed talent and experience. — Apply at this office.

Wanted, contributions of ice and cigars for use of editors and staff; all of which will be thankfully acknowledged.

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