



AN T-OGLÁC

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Contents.

Vol. IV.—No. 2.

January 23, 1926

The Defence of the Dublin G.P.O. in 1916

FROM THE

Narratives of those who
Garrisoned the Building.



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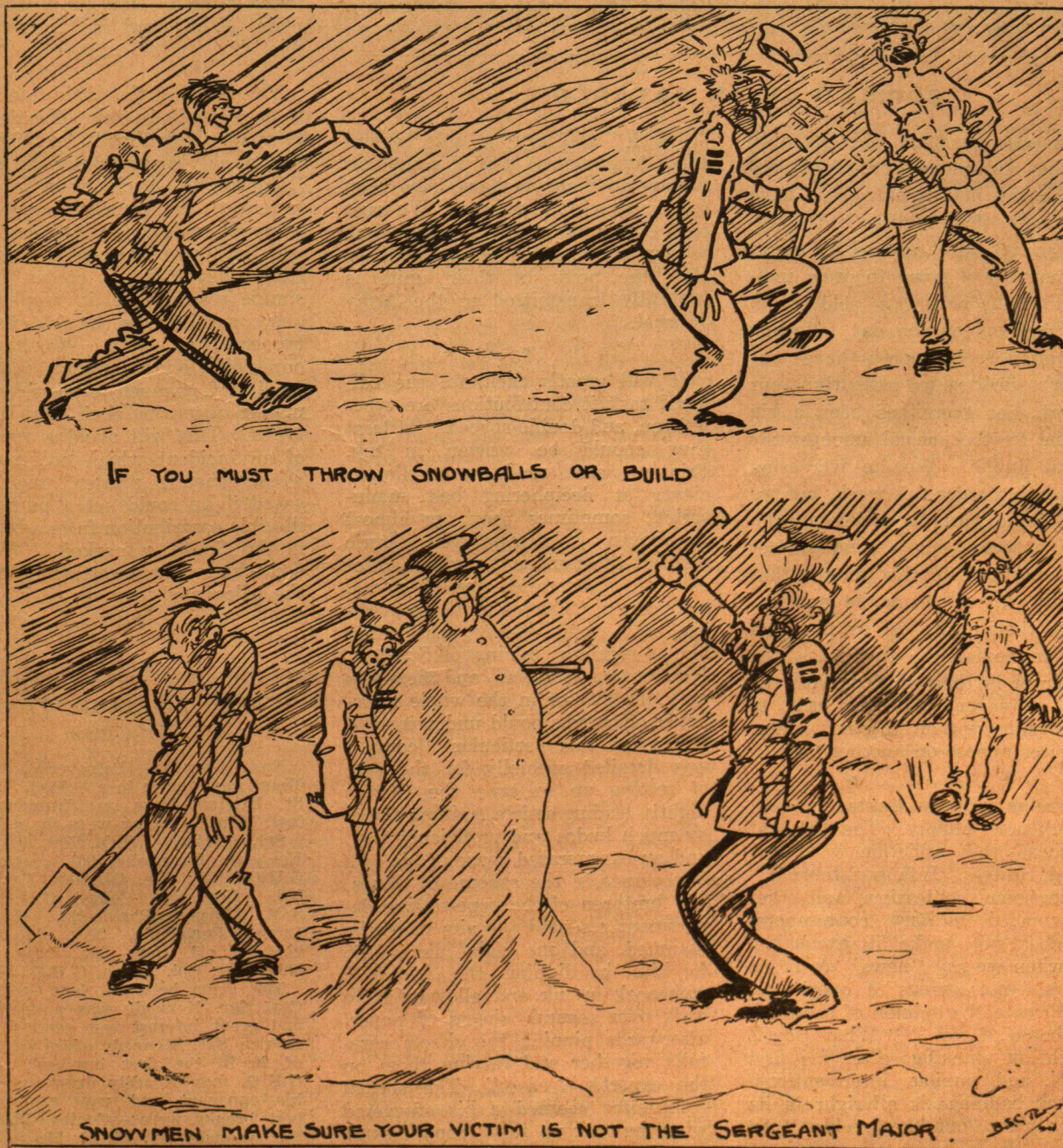


An t-Ógláic

Vol. IV. No. 2

JANUARY 23, 1926.

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Óglaigh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

An t-Oglach

JANUARY 23, 1926.

Managing Editor : Comdt. W. J. Brennan-Whitmore.

Literary Editor : Captain J. A. Power.

Editorial Offices : G.H.Q., Parkgate, Dublin.

Literary contributions are requested from all Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men. Contributions should be written on one side of the paper only ; and whilst every reasonable care will be taken of MS., no responsibility is accepted. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the MS. is desired. Reports of the doings of Units are particularly requested from all Commands. These should reach the Editorial Office not later than the Saturday previous to the date of publication.

CÓMHRÁD AS AN EASARÉDÓIR.

IT is pleasant to be able to state that our anticipations of a record sale for the first weekly issue have been more than realised. The reports which have reached us up to the moment of going to press indicate that the paper was sold out in most districts on the day following publication. Not only have our soldier readers rallied gallantly to our support, but there has been a big demand for the journal amongst the general public. We are increasing our printing order this week, but we would again warn those who are desirous of possessing a complete set of the numbers in this volume that the only way to ensure the gratification of their desire is to place an order immediately either with the distributor in their unit, or with the local newsagent. Better still, to send a subscription to this office. Our rates appear on another page.

There is still a shortage in our military news supply. The fact that we share this affliction with the United States "Infantry Journal" (on its own confession) and other distinguished military contemporaries does not make it excusable. And when we say "news" we mean "news," not strings of queries as to "Private X's opinion of the clink as a home of rest," "What Boy Z thought of smoking after his first pipe," and similar interrogations. Barrack badinage is all right in its proper place, but the weekly "An

t-Oglach" will not be able to find space for it unless it is of a superior vintage to that which we have been receiving up to the present. We trust that Commanding Officers will come to our help in this matter and see that the news of their units is promptly transmitted to the Army Journal.

It will greatly facilitate the editorial task if contributions are type-written, and double-spaced. At least they should be written in ink. Printers are really marvellously clever at deciphering bad manuscript; sometimes they are almost too clever, as witness the historic story of the famous American editor of a bygone generation and his special compositor. The editor's handwriting, at a casual glance, was rather like a careless mixing of Sanscrit, Hebrew and Egyptian, and there was only one printer in the whole newspaper office who could understand it. Wherefore this particular "comp." was detailed specially for the task of setting up in type the Chief's nightly leading article, gaining thereby much kudos and proficiency pay, and an exaggerated sense of his own importance in the scheme of things. His brethren of the type-setting department resented the airs which he assumed, and one night laid a trap for him, by dipping the feet of a gamecock in ink and allowing it to walk over several sheets of paper, afterwards pinning the sheets carefully together and leaving them on the expert's "case." The special compositor seemed a bit staggered when he took up the "copy" some

time later, but he doffed his coat and attacked it manfully. At last he came to a spot where the fowl had brooded somewhat, and the weird hieroglyphics proved too much for him. After a desperate effort to decipher it he was compelled to take the manuscript in to the erratic Chief and to confess that he could not make out what the word was. The Editor looked at the "manuscript" for a moment as if trying to recollect when he had written it. Then he handed it back. "Confound it, man," said he, "it is quite plain. The word is 'incontrovertible.'"

The moral of this little tale is that it is not safe to take liberties with printers. Now that "An t-Oglach" is a weekly journal the staff will be "fighting the clock" more than ever to ensure its punctual appearance every Thursday, and bad manuscript will have to be rejected, no matter from what source it comes, for the simple reason that it would mean delay, and increase the risk of serious typographical errors. We think that our soldier correspondents should be facilitated as much as possible in the matter of getting their contributions typed. This will avoid a repetition of an incident which occurred this week, when a printer, upon being asked if he could set a particularly illegible contribution from a battalion in the South, remarked, "Well, I don't know about setting it, but, as the fellow said long ago, if I had my fiddle here I believe I could play it."

G.H.Q. BILLIARD TEAM'S SUCCESS.

No. 4 Group (Portobello) Billiard Team went under to a G.H.Q. Team at St. Brice's Mess on Thursday 14th inst. The following were the scores:—

Sgt. Coates, G.H.Q., 500; Coy. Sgt. Kennedy, Portobello, 361. Sgt. Harte, G.H.Q., 200; Pte. O'Brien, Portobello, 188. Coy. Sgt. Coffey, G.H.Q., 200; S/M. Murphy, Portobello, 141. Sgt. Doyle, Portobello, 200; Sgt. Ryan, G.H.Q., 143. Coy. Sgt. Daly, Portobello, 200; Cpl. Lynch, G.H.Q. 163.

The game between Sgt. Coates and Coy. Sgt. Kennedy was a special one and great interest was centred in the result. Sgt. Kennedy obtained a lead of 20 in the first hundred, but the G.H.Q. man steadily drew away from his opponent and won easily. The best breaks were:—Coates, 52, 42, 28, 25. Kennedy, 41, 28, 20, 21.

THE DEFENCE OF THE G.P.O.

HOW THE IRISH TROOPS HELD THE POSITION
AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS FROM EASTER MONDAY, 1916,
UNTIL THE NIGHT OF THE FOLLOWING FRIDAY.

FROM THE NARRATIVES OF
M. J. STAINES and M. W. O'REILLY.

(Being the Second Chapter of the History of the Anglo-Irish War.)

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In the first rush and bustle of the occupation of the G.P.O. not much thought was given to the upper range of offices, the chief anxiety being to put the place in a state of defence against a sudden assault. It was not until the occupation was an accomplished fact that The O'Rahilly drew General Pearse's attention to the desirability of carrying out the occupation to the upper storeys.

Turning to Mr. Staines, who at that time occupied a very responsible post in connection with the Quartermaster's Department, Pearse directed him to have the upper offices cleared, and put into a state of defence. He also cautioned him to be prepared for opposition. With six or seven men, all armed with automatics or revolvers, Mr. Staines began to ascend the stairs, and met a number of telegraph girls coming down. The majority of them made no concealment of their hostility, but one who knew the men's leader called out cheerily:

"Hello, Micheál! That's the stuff to give them!"

Arrived on the landing, opposite to the Telegraph Office the little band suddenly discovered that they were menaced from the rear, and whirling round found themselves covered by seven rifles in the hands of British soldiers. Instantly firing off a volley from their small arms, the Irish Republican troops called upon their opponents to put up their hands.

The Sergeant in charge of the party of British troops fell, and rather to the surprise of the attackers, his comrades instead of replying to the fire, promptly put up their hands. Staines on demanding their ammunition was astonished to be told that they had none.

The British troops were fully accounted for, but a careful search established beyond all doubt the fact that they had not a single round of ammunition between them! Yet they were the guard upon the Telegraph Office in the G.P.O., at the time when Europe was resounding with the rumble and turmoil of the World War.

Going to the assistance of the wounded Sergeant, who proved to be a Scotsman, it was found that he was not seriously wounded, having only had his forehead grazed by a bullet.

The Scots Sergeant.

Two men were told off to take him to Jervis Street Hospital for treatment, but the Sergeant absolutely declined to leave his post. He declared with emphasis that he was on guard on the G.P.O. until six o'clock that evening and could not leave his post until he was properly relieved! He was eventually taken to the hospital, and the authorities were requested to detain him there, but after his wound had been dressed the Sergeant insisted on returning to his guard duty at the G.P.O.

This N.C.O. gave further expression of his erratic ideas later on after his return. The prisoners were not rigidly confined, but were allowed the freedom of the upper offices. The Scots Sergeant was standing looking out at one of the windows when he observed a priest trying to get the crowds to disperse. Totally misunderstanding this spectacle, he exclaimed:

"I'm no religion no more! Look at the people of Dublin coming to rescue me and the priest is pushing them back!"

The lady in charge of the Telegraph Office—also a native of Scotland—refused to leave her post. She was then instructed that she was not to approach any of the instruments. It was believed and with good reason that her anxiety was to send out telegraphic news to the British troops. After some time she asked permission to send out some telegrams announcing deaths which had been received before the occupation. On being told that these would be sent out by the telegraphists of the Volunteers she realized the futility of remaining any longer and took her departure.

TUESDAY was a day of comparative quiet in the G.P.O. Early in the forenoon M. W. O'Reilly and Pat McCrea took a motor to 46 Parnell

Square, where they seized the store of rifles and ammunition belonging to the National Volunteers and removed them to the G.P.O.

Numbers of the Cumann na mBan were engaged carrying arms from various dumps in different parts of the city and depositing them in the G.P.O. This increased the labour of Quartermastering, as the supplies had to be graded and taken to the various sections of the great building.

Foreign Comrades.

Reinforcements were steadily trickling in, and these had necessarily to be checked, identified and posted to Sections. Amongst these were two seafaring men—a Finn and a Swede—who did not know very much English. Under cross-examination they explained with difficulty but obvious earnestness that "they had small nationalities and didn't like England." Their *bona fides* were obvious and so they were given rifles and actually fought on the roof of the G.P.O.

The Commissariat had to be organized, and cooks selected, as well as food supplies procured. Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, now Minister of External Affairs, had charge of this vital task.

Large rolls of newsprint were seized in a printing stores in Lr. Abbey Street and trundled across O'Connell Street for the fortification of the G.P.O., a fact which proves how slow the British were in grappling with the situation. Cumann na mBan despatch carriers were extremely active all day visiting practically all posts and commands in the city. Towards evening a batch of prisoners were brought in under escort from the Fairview side.

Perhaps the most important work begun on Tuesday was the manufacture of additional supplies of bombs, and the filling of shot-gun cartridges with buckshot. There were already large supplies of these, but it was felt that there could not be too much, and as there was a large quantity of raw material a squad of men under an officer of the Citizen Army was set at the work straight away.

Despite the confusion and disorder

inevitable in such circumstances, even amongst seasoned and disciplined troops, very strict discipline was maintained. Rigid orders were enforced regarding alcoholic drink. The vast majority of the men fully realised the dangers that would result from intemperance at such a time, as exemplified by Irish history, and were very much against taking any liquor. There were, however weaker brethren here and there amongst the garrison.

Stern Measures.

The looters had pillaged a public-house opposite the G.P.O. in Henry Street, and a woman offered the Volunteers some bottles of stout. These were refused by all except one man, who took a bottle and had it to his lips when an officer appeared on the scene and dashed it to pieces. Having referred to the order on the subject announced that the next man found taking a drink without permission would be shot without warning. Such measures had their effect.

So darkness fell on a day of comparative quiet, undisputed possession, and steady preparation. The news coming in from the other Commands was cheering; and only the reports from the country were discouraging. Rumour was a busy jade during the day: the Germans had landed; submarines had ringed round the Irish coast; the Grand German Fleet was on the high seas, and aid was hastening from America. These were some of the fantastic tales that sprang from no one knew where, and were almost promptly forgotten in the glamour of some still more outlandish fiction. He who succeeds in discovering some effective means of killing off Dame Rumour during war will confer a great blessing upon the arms engaged.

Tuesday night passed off without incident. The garrison had been told off into reliefs, and well earned rest was obtained by all.

WEDNESDAY dawned and broadened without any definite hostile acts towards our Field Headquarters. As the morning wore on sniping began from the Northern corner of the G.P.O. towards Amlens Street station, and later towards Parnell Street and Findlater's Place. These bursts of musketry were directed more against movements of the enemy troops coming into position than as an exchange of fire.

In the afternoon the sniping increased, and now was also directed towards the Custom House and Westmoreland Street and the Rotunda. Enemy snipers apparently in observation posts sent back an occasional shot in reply. These exchanges, however, were brief, and with comparatively long intervals between, and, on the whole, the day passed off without any undue excitement. The middle of the memorable week had been reached without any reverse or casualties to the arms of the young Republic whilst the enemy had suffered in killed, wounded and prisoners.

The first serious blow our garrison received was when General Connolly was wounded. He was despatching a squad to Abbey Street and went boldly out into O'Connell Street and was almost at once picked off by a sniper. He was essentially a man of action, great personal daring and quick decision. Despite the seriousness of his wound he insisted on being brought round from point to point on a stretcher to superintend operations and to help in every way he could.

Wednesday night was ominously calm. Scarcely a sound was to be heard outside the garrison. It was indeed the calm before the storm.

FIERCE ATTACK LAUNCHED.

BY Thursday morning the enemy had come into effective strength in College Street, Trinity College, Tara Street, the Custom House, Liberty Hall, Amlens Street, and by Parnell Street to Findlater's Place. Shortly after dawn bursts of machine-gun fire were directed against the G.P.O. from all these points. The garrison in the G.P.O. and its adjoining posts hotly returned the fire, and the engagement was fully on.

As the morning wore on the engagement grew in intensity, until at times the din was terrific. A perfect hail of bullets swept around three sides of the G.P.O. The fire from the garrison, however, never slackened, and therefore an assault in any form was out of the question for the enemy.

The duties of the snipers behind the parapets of the roofs were threefold. They had to locate enemy machine-gun posts, and by concentrating fire upon them put them out of action, or compel them to shift to some other point. They had to locate enemy snipers—a really difficult task—concentrate their fire on them, and knock them out, or compel them to evacuate. Enemy snipers never began until they had discovered a really advantageous point to fire from, and it was essential to shift each sniper with the utmost speed. Finally the Irish snipers had to watch enemy movements in the streets. Observation of such movements was usually only momentary whilst the enemy was rushing across the narrow end of a street, and unless he was spotted instantly he could not be caught with our fire.

Our snipers acquitted themselves with great credit in this work, as many generous spirits amongst the enemy freely admitted in friendly conversations after the surrender. For this form of fighting the "Howth Rifle," as it is popularly called, was a really excellent weapon.

Towards noon there was a sudden ominous boom and a terrific explosion.

A tense, excited phrase ran through the garrison:

"The enemy is beginning to shell us!"

He was; and his first shell, of a highly incendiary type, struck the offices of the *Freeman's Journal* in Prince's Street, the building at once bursting into flames. This was taken by the garrison as a good omen, for in the pre-

Rising days that journal had been a strong opponent of the Irish Volunteers.

The First Shelling.

As a matter of fact, however, the first shelling took place about 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning and was directed against Liberty Hall. The enemy was under the impression that the building was strongly held (as a matter of fact it was deserted) and the Admiralty steamer, "Helga," was brought up the Liffey to train her guns on the Hall. This bombardment, however had passed practically unnoticed by the majority of the garrison in the G.P.O.

The posts which had been established at Kelly's Corner at the O'Connell Street end of Bachelor's Walk (where Kapp & Peterson's shop now stands) and in the premises of Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins, jewellers, at the corner of Eden Quay and O'Connell Street began to concentrate their fire on the river, with the result that the "Helga," having reduced the empty Liberty Hall to a state of "submission," was unable to approach closer.

As a result of this check the British began to press up from Great Brunswick Street (now Pearse Street) through D'Olier Street to the quays. The scout of this party of British troops was shot by a sniper from Kelly's corner, and the advance from this quarter was also checked. The little garrison in Kelly's was strengthened by a machine-gun, which had a good field of fire both in an easterly and southern direction.

The British next brought a nine-pounder gun into position at Trinity College, facing D'Olier Street, and the direct bombardment of our Field Headquarters and the adjacent posts had begun. It took several shots before the gunners got the range on Kelly's Corner, but when they succeeded the effect was instantaneous, as they were firing incendiary shells. Flames broke out in various parts of the building and the garrison had to evacuate it at once and fall back towards the G.P.O., which they succeeded in gaining.

A remarkable incident which occurred during this bombardment was observed when all was over. One of the shells struck an electric light standard and bored a hole clean through it without bringing the standard down.

The firing of Kelly's shop was the signal for an intensification of the fight all round. Every machine-gun within range began to pour in a fierce fire upon the area, and every soldier, including the British snipers, joined in with rapid rifle fire. The torrent of bullets on and around our Field Headquarters could only be compared to a violent hailstorm. But the garrison, raw as they were, stood up to the ordeal magnificently. Every post was fully manned and a hot fire was poured out in return.

It was believed that another piece of artillery had been brought into position on the North side, somewhere in the vicinity of Parnell Square. The swiftly recurring boom of guns, the screech and

explosion of shells, raised the general din to pandemonium.

One of the shells damaged the figures over the porch of the G.P.O., but the gunner registered no direct hit on the building throughout Thursday, which

rapidly gained the adjacent buildings and the garrisons in the North Earl Street area and in the corner of Lower Abbey Street—the last-named being commanded by Capt. T. Wafer—were compelled to evacuate their posts.

his rush. He had merely slipped on a piece of glass, and the whole party, so far as we could see, got across without casualty.

The heat from the burning block opposite the G.P.O. was beyond belief. Despite the great width of O'Connell Street the sacks, etc., in the windows began to scorch and show signs of smouldering. Batches of men had to be hastily formed to continually drench the window fortifications with water.

Dense volumes of acrid smoke, myriads of sparks and splints of falling debris were being blown towards the G.P.O. by a strong north-easterly wind. Lurid flames leaped skyward, and the spectacle in the gathering darkness could be likened only to Dante's *Inferno*.

The intensity of the heat grew steadily worse, and the water being poured from buckets and hoses was converted into steam as it touched the fortifications. There had to be a withdrawal from the front of the building of all save those who were combating the risk of a conflagration in the Post Office itself. Our struggle with this new danger seemed to go on for interminable hours. The men were soot-stained, steam-scalded and fire-scorched, sweating, weary and parched.

At last the terrific intensity of the heat died down, the smoke lessened somewhat, and although the fire smouldered and burned for some days longer the danger had definitely passed.

The rest of the night passed in peace and quiet, the big guns were silent, and except for an occasional shot from an alert sniper the rifle men and machine-gunners seemed to have gone to sleep.

The grave danger which the Volunteers and Citizen Army ran in evacuating the North Earl Street area and Lower Abbey Street in the open and in full sight of the enemy brought out the advisability of having tunnels or trenches made for purposes of evacuation or communication.

To this end, during the night of Thursday parties were put to the work of attempting to tunnel under Henry Street, but the attempt was not very successful.

It was then decided to break into the Coliseum Picture Theatre, which was immediately behind the G.P.O. in Henry Street. There were several reasons for this. The enemy had established himself along Parnell Street, towards Capel Street, and commanded the G.P.O. from a flank. It was necessary to oppose him in that direction. Casualties, too, were growing, and it was intended to work up towards Liffey Street and then run the gauntlet to Jervis Street Hospital.

At daybreak on Friday the fight broke out with renewed venom. The enemy's artillery came into action shortly after dawn to the accompaniment of continuous bursts of machine-gun fire. The artillery only fired at intervals, obviously seeking the range, and a hard job it seemed to be.

POBLACHT NA H EIREANN, THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

Having organised and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organisations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment, and, supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory.

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty, six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades-in-arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations.

The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women, the Provisional Government, hereby constituted, will administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people.

We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God. Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonour it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valour and discipline and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on Behalf of the Provisional Government,

THOMAS J. CLARKE,

SEAN Mac DIARMADA,

P. H. PEARSE,

JAMES CONNOLLY.

THOMAS MacDONAGH,

EAMONN CEANNT,

JOSEPH PLUNKETT.

passed in a fierce and hotly contested engagement.

O'Connell Street in Flames.

Towards dusk one of the incendiary shells struck Hoyte's drug store, at the corner of Nelson Lane, and a terrific conflagration at once ensued. The fire

Captain Wafer's party retired upon the G.P.O. At the time a torrent of machine-gun fire was sweeping O'Connell Street, and the front of the G.P.O. The party came on in rushes of little groups. One fell, and believing he was shot we began to pray for his soul, but he suddenly jumped up and continued

G.P.O. Takes Fire.

It was not until noon, or shortly after it, that the first shell took effect on the G.P.O. It was not very effective, and the fire it started was quickly got under control.

The first shell to cause serious damage exploded, in the neighbourhood of 3 p.m. over the portico. Fire extinguishers were promptly brought to bear upon the place, but without any great effect, beyond localizing it somewhat for a time. Eventually the fire caught a lift shaft and despite herculean efforts the flames crept steadily and inexorably down to the cellars. It was possible to keep it from spreading over the floors and through the roofs, but no human efforts seemed capable of staying its downward course.

The artillery having now got the range incendiary shells begun to pour into the building, and serious fires broke out in various sections. Mr. M. W. O'Reilly and Liam Cullen took up posts near the glass roof, at the rear of the main building, with large hoses, which they kept playing on the fires for hours. Smaller hoses, fire-extinguishers and buckets of water were also utilised in fighting the flames.

When one fire had been somewhat subdued a fresh shell would start another at a different point, and by evening the building had caught beyond all hope in various departments.

Whilst this attempt to fight the fires was being maintained a party of men were engaged removing the bombs, etc., downstairs to the courtyard. The majority of the garrison were standing at their posts at the windows, behind the parapets, and at innumerable loopholes, steadily returning the enemy's fire.

Towards dusk the building was alight in every quarter and the front apartments were nothing short of a roaring furnace. The position had become utterly untenable and a general mobilization was ordered to take place in the large sorting rooms at the rear.

THE EVACUATION.

That mobilization took place amidst a scene calculated to unnerve the most seasoned war veteran around us. Shells were screaming and exploding with periodic regularity, the ear was assailed with the roar of machine-guns in full action; the incessant pattering and zip-ping of bullets; the crash of falling beams and tumbling masonry, and a circle of blazing fires menaced them yet all the men were wonderfully calm and filed in with steady tread.

The actual evacuation began about 8 o'clock on Friday night from the Henry Street side door. General Pearse stood near the door until the last of the contingent passed safely through. He then went back into the blazing building and made a hasty search through the rooms and apartments to assure himself that no one, wounded or otherwise, was left behind in the doomed structure.

After what seemed an interminable time to the agonized watchers at the

An biað-nó an coislað.

Níl veiread leis na sgealta éagsaíla a bhíonn 'á n-innsint uínn as sna doctúirí na laeanta so—'o'phonn iongnat croíde do cur órainn, is dóca.

Seo anois, tuine aca, agus leictir aise 'sna páipéirí 'á ráto linn gur cábaictaíse a'bhao uínn coislað ná biað, agus cé nac leór tuinn an biað san an coislað 'na éannnta, mar sin féin, nac beas mar éaca an coislað i-n ionat an bíó !

Óar fiað, sé mo éairim-se, gur beas tuine a éagsaíla an doctúir uasal so leóðta, a beirí toiltéanac ar gneas coislað 'o' s'laacá i-n ionat a gcuit uínnéir.

"Is maíe an t-annlann an coislað," ars an sean-focal, aet mar is amlaíó i-n a lán des na sean foela, níl ann aet a leat de'n fírinne.

An t-é a bairipió "béic" as an leigheas so, is uócaíse go n-éireadta sé as a laeairt coislað agus a ocras gur air. Is soscac é an suanán, aet nac líonann sé sin an bóis ! Cé an maíteas cluasós 'o' éabairt 'o'n bpean mboet gcíocrae ? ní h-í an cluasós aet an eireós a éas-tuigheann uair-sin !

Cuirimíó ceist ar an doctúir eólae so. má's amlaíó gur fóir óó gur fearr an coislað ná an breicéasta, conus a éar-luigheann gurab iao-san is mó a 'iteann is mó a coislað ? Tá 's as an doimán gur fóir san. Leannan an támán ar an uínnéar gac óé doimnais i-n a lán tíghe ar pur an doimán.

Tá craosairí ann, nac b'féirí uóib blúire bíó 'o' cáiteann san éiríse 'na gcoislað uíreac 'na uiaíó ; agus veir doctúir eile linn go bpaca sé an fear a 'éiríse 'na coislað 'oir gac éursa 'o'á uínnéar.

An fear reimeac spairteamail a cáiteann lón maíe agus uínnéar níos fearr airís 'na uiaíó, sé is truíme a coislað. Aet an fear canaíde teirc-feólae, nac n-iteann aet fóir-beagán ní éas-tuigheann uair-sin, ve gñac, aet fóir-beagán coislað.

Is eagal liom, a doctúir, nac b'féirí 'o'n teóir seo seasam ar a uá cois. Teas-tuigheann biað agus coitúsaí maíe uairí uíreac mar a éas-tuigheann an biað uainn féin uilís !

Tá 's as an doimán gur gñacac a bhíonn níos mó coislað i-n easnam ar an bpean a bpuil goile maíe aise ná ar an bpean nac bpuil aet measara 'o' uiaíó bíó.

Ruó eile 'na éannnta sin, is namaito 'o'n gcoislað an t-ocras ; agus táto doctúirí ann a molann uínn béilín beas 'o' cáiteann uíreac roimí uol a coislað astoíde uínn, 'o'n méiró sin uínn, go mór-mór, gur beas má étrialann coislað na h-oiríde orainn riám.

side door, who were awaiting the return of their well-beloved leader, Pearse returned, begrimed with soot and dust, his face and eyes swollen with the heat, and passed through to Henry Street.

The defence of the G.P.O., our first Field General Headquarters, was at an end.

[Next week—THE OCCUPATION OF THE NORTH EARL STREET AREA.]

Óa mb'fíor go b'féarad an coislað cúis 'o' éanam uínn san an biað, ba buige-de a'bhao an saogal asainn. Is saoráídeac go maíe an coislað ; tráe ná beaó blúire sa tíg le h-ágarí breicéasta, agus sinn-ne sínte socair réir sa leabair, a ráto nac mbeaó orainn aet ágarí 'o' éabairt ar an b'alla airís agus néal beas eile coislað 'o' cur uínn ! Ó, nár b'aoibinn uínné ! nac breáe a laeóócaó na billí sa tíg, nac beas beann asainn ar na lón-éannntaí !

San uáde, 'o' éireadta an sgeal bun os cionn anois is airís. Mac ós látoir, cuir ! gac, a mbeaó goile mic óis aise, mar ba ual uó, as teacé isteac ó clúide peile, as brae ar lán a builís 'oir biað agus uóde 'o' féicsint ar an mbóro roimis. Nár breáe a ráto leis nac raib taca le pasáil aise, aet uol suas uá seómra agus gneas coislað 'o' cur 'o' 'na ionat ! Cuir ! gac airís, cat saigíuiri a beaó 'o' éis sluas-síubail paos 'o' cur uíóib, agus ar a uéacé isteac sa bearaic uóib, go raíao an soláeiruie ós a gcoimair agus go uóeacáó sé leóðta nac raib an uínnéar le pasáil aca, aet gur leór uóib san bacáó leis an ocras 'o' áasam, aet éiríse 'na gcoislað agus go mbéiríse ceare go leór ! Ambasa, níor maíe liom-sa ar m'anam, beir im' soláeiruie 'o'n cat uó !

Uabairt tuine eólae éigin—ní cumhinn liom anois a ainm—gur "príom-éitúsaíó pléiré na beaóó an coislað."

Ní cuirpinn a lán spéise 'na éainnt, ní raib ann aet pile, agus sé mó éairim látoir, aet mbeaó ponm ar an b'pile uó an t-ocras 'o' baínt ve féin, agus uá gcuirí roimis leaba uó i-n ionat b'uiró bíó go mbeaó ruó éigin le ráto as an b'pile seacás a buíreacás 'o' éabairt.

Ní éreiríó mise, ar aon éuma, gur bun-clóc na beaóó an coislað. B'féirí gur b'eaó, aet is mór le ráto mar bríce inntí an bric aráin freisin !

seósam ó paírise.

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Car capable of doing 250 miles to one quart of oil, and has been repeatedly tested to do 28 miles per gal. of petrol on rough country roads.

—Box 345

THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY CAPTAIN J. JOHNSTON.

In this issue, Arithmetic, Section I., is continued, and students studying this course are recommended to obtain the text books known as "The Right Road Arithmetic." These books are issued in six Standards, by the Educational Company of Ireland, Ltd., Talbot Street, Dublin, and Patrick Street, Cork, and can be obtained either direct from them or through Eason's, Ltd., by students at the Curragh Training Camp. They are very cheap, Standards I. and II. costing 2d. each, Standards III. and IV. 4d. each, and Standards V. and VI. 6d. each. These books contain many exercises and examples which will be helpful to students in addition to those given in these lessons.

The first lesson in History also appears in this issue. In dealing with History, it is the intention to first outline broadly and briefly the History of the World and the countries and peoples that go to make it up. To show the sizes, populations, races, and products of countries and areas and their relative importance towards one another both in ancient and modern times. This should enable the student to obtain a grasp of Historical incidents in correct perspective and to study their relative importance and effect on the World or a particular part of the world, both at the time they happened and in subsequent years. When this broad outline is completed the History of Ireland will be given in detail, and also the History of other adjacent or interesting countries.

A point I wish to stress heavily with all student beginners, and perhaps some of the older ones as well, is the absolute necessity for **careful and intelligent reading**. Many people read books and papers on various subjects, but they often fail to increase their knowledge by their reading. They do not observe the spelling of words, and when they meet a difficult or unusual word they do not trouble to find out its meaning. To read in such a way is sheer waste of time. Students should observe the following rules, both in reading these lessons and in everything else they read:—

- (1) Read carefully and slowly.
- (2) Never pass over a word or sentence, or a paragraph, until you are satisfied that you thoroughly understand it.
- (3) If you do not know the meaning of a word or phrase, or paragraph, ask one of your N.C.O.'s or Officers, or the Chaplain, to explain it to you.
- (4) Take nothing for granted—there is a reason for everything—seek it.

By observing the above rules as far as possible you will begin to learn.

ARITHMETIC.

SECTION I.—(Continued).

ADDITION.

13. Addition is the process of finding a number that is equal to two or more numbers taken together. The sign of

addition is $+$. It is read **plus**. Thus $6 + 7$ is read 6 plus 7 and means that 6 and 7 are to be added together.

Only things of a like nature can be added together. Thus 5 inches can be added to 6 inches and the sum will be 11 inches, but 5 inches cannot be added to 7 pounds.

Students are advised to memorise the addition tables which will be found in the Arithmetic Text Books mentioned in this article.

14. The sign of equality is $=$. It is read **equals**, or **is equal to**. Thus $8 + 9 = 17$ may be read, 8 plus 9 equals 17.

15. The following is the rule for Addition:

"Place the numbers to be added directly under one another, taking care to place units **under** units, tens **under** tens, hundreds **under** hundreds, and so on. Begin at the right hand, or units column, and add each column separately, and write the sum, if it is only one figure, under the column added. If the sum consists of two or more figures, put the right hand figure of the sum under that column and add the remaining figure or figures to the next column. The following example shows how this is done.

Example: Find the sum of 123, 32, 131, 3 and 102

Solution:	123
	32
	131
	3
	102
Sum	391 Ans.

Explanation: The numbers are placed under one another as given in the rule above. You then begin at the bottom of the units column and add the figures in the column mentally finding the different sums. Thus, two, five, six, eight, eleven, the sum of the numbers in the units column. As the sum of the column contains two figures, the right hand one will be placed **under** the column and the other figure added to the tens column. Since 0 has no value 1 and 0 is 1. Thus, the tens column adds, one, four, seven, nine, the sum of the tens column. The sum being one figure, there is nothing to carry to the hundreds column, which adds one, two, three the sum of the hundreds column. The total sum of the numbers given in the example is 391 which is your answer.

Students should practise addition continuously until they are able to add quickly and accurately.

SUBTRACTION.

16. Subtraction is the process of finding by how much one number is greater than another. Certain terms are used in Subtraction which must be committed to memory, namely:—

The greater of the two numbers is called the **minuend**.

The smaller of two numbers is called the **subtrahend**.

The number left after subtracting the **subtrahend** from the **minuend** is called the **difference** or **remainder**.

The sign of Subtraction is $-$. It is read **minus**, and means **less**. Thus, $18 - 4$ is read 18 minus 4, and means that 4 is to be taken from 18.

Example: From 6789 take 2345.

Solution:

Minuend	6789
Subtrahend	2345
Remainder	4444

Explanation: Begin at the right hand or units column and subtract in succession each figure in the subtrahend from the one directly above it in the minuend, and write the remainders below the line. The result of this process is the remainder or difference.

To overcome the difficulty that arises when some figures in the minuend are less than the figures directly under them in the subtrahend, proceed as follows:—

Example:

Minuend	6532
Subtrahend	955
Remainder	5577

Explanation: Begin at the units column and subtract. As 5 cannot be taken from 2 it is necessary to borrow from the tens column one ten. Call it ten units and add it to the 2 units that you already have. This makes 12 units. Then 5 from 12 leaves 7, which 7 will be placed under the line in the units column. Now proceed to the tens column and as you have borrowed one ten you will now pay it back, thus you have 6 in the subtrahend to be taken from 3 in the minuend. The figure in the minuend being less than the figure in the subtrahend you will again have to borrow, and this process is performed by mentally placing 1 before the figure on the right of that from which the one is borrowed, thus, you will mentally have 13 in the minuend and 6 in the subtrahend. 6 from 13 leaves 7 therefore 7 will be placed under the line in the tens column. Now proceed to the hundreds column and here you have 9. As you borrowed one in the last operation you will now pay it back, thus you will mentally have 10 in the subtrahend. Since 10 is greater than the 5 above it in the minuend, you will again have to borrow by mentally placing 1 in front of the 5 as before. You will then mentally have 15 in the minuend and 10 in the subtrahend, the remainder being 5 which will be placed under the line in the hundreds column. Now proceed to the thousands column. Here we have no figure in the subtrahend, but as you borrowed one in the previous operation you will now mentally place that one in the thousands column of the subtrahend and subtract it from 6 in the minuend, leaving a remainder of 5 which will be placed under the line in the thousands column. The total remainder will therefore be 5577 which is your answer.

Subtraction may be proved by adding the **remainder** to the **subtrahend**. The sum should be equal to the **minuend**. If not, your work is wrong. A further example is given below to show the operation when the **minuend** is an even number of hundreds, thousands, or millions, &c.

Example : Find the difference between 10,000 and 7,642.

Solution :

Minuend	10,000
Subtrahend	7,642

Remainder 2,358 Ans.

Explanation : Here when the figure in the minuend is a nought you mentally place 1 before it, thus making it 10 and subtract the figure in the subtrahend from it, paying back each 1 as you proceed, as shewn in previous example.



HISTORY.

SECTION I.

The word History conjures up in the mind of many people a rather painful recollection of an effort to memorise a more or less uninspiring list of names of Kings and Presidents, dates of battles and catastrophes, etc., all vaguely jumbled up together with perhaps very little connection or living interest in the whole partially forgotten mass.

Many people whose school days were perhaps all too brief never had the opportunity of learning any history, except a slight smattering of the history of their own country and perhaps one or two others adjacent to it. But with the extraordinary enlargement of men's ideas about the world in which they live which has taken place within the last few hundred years such a smattering of history as might have served our grandfathers is totally insufficient to enable the man of to-day to take an intelligent interest in current affairs. When reading of current events such questions as the following will surely arise in the enquiring mind :—

What sort of a country is Japan and how within about half a century has it changed from a mediæval and almost legendary country to one of the most powerful and up-to-date states? What converted Germany from a diversity of small states into a great and powerful Empire? How was the French Republic created? What caused the decline and fall of the great Roman Empire? What are Empires and how did they begin? What is a Republic and how was it first conceived? These, and all other such questions, can only be answered by a study of World History and it is the intention of these articles to give the student a broad survey of all matters of general interest in World History and a more detailed history of our own and adjacent countries.

Before beginning the history of life and peoples it will be well for the student to make a brief survey of the world, which forms the stage on which the drama of human history unfolds.

To the savage or totally uneducated person the world seems to be just a flat floor to the universe over which the sun, moon and stars appear to pass at periodical intervals more or less for

his convenience. It is a surprising fact that even up to the 17th century the generally accepted belief was that the earth was flat and was the centre of the universe.

It was indeed only with the development of the Telescope in the 17th century that man began to have any definite idea of the universe, of which this world is a relatively very small member.

For our present-day knowledge of the universe all credit is due to the science of Astronomy, that is the study of what are commonly called the Stars—and this science of sheer necessity remained in a more or less undeveloped state until the Telescope had reached a fairly high state of development about 300 years ago. However, we are concerned in this lesson only with the history of the Earth and its people, so we must leave the interesting and speculative story of the Stars to some other time.

The age of the earth is a matter of much speculation, and up to comparatively recently about 6,000 years was the generally accepted belief. But our latest scientific research seems to show that the age of the earth is not less than twenty million years, while it is probably much older. This does not mean, of course, that man has existed for twenty million years, his tenancy of the earth seems to be much shorter than that. Exactly how and when man came to inhabit the earth is lost in the mists of obscurity and may never be brought to light. Our ignorance of the very early history of mankind is understandable when one considers that to enable any history to be recorded one must first possess the power of speech, and secondly, the ability to write. The first of these accomplishments must at the best have been primitive in early man, if it existed at all, while the second was almost entirely unknown less than 3,000 years ago and was a laborious process confined to very few people until the invention of the first printing machine about 1475 or less than 400 years ago. However, it is variously estimated that man must have inhabited the earth for at least 50,000 years, while recorded history only extends for four to five thousand years of this vast period of time.

The exact birthplace of mankind is unknown and no reliable record of the habits or lives of these primitive people is obtainable, but it is fairly safe to assume that primitive men early acquired the habit of forming themselves into tribes or families mostly for protection against wild beasts and that they inhabited caves or formed some primitive sort of camps in the vicinity of their water and food supply. Certainly men in those times could not have been settled or tied to any particular place, for a little reflection will show that as they had no knowledge of cultivating the soil or producing crops, they must have been entirely dependent for their food on the hunting of small animals and such fruit and vegetables as grew wild. They would necessarily be confined to the hunting of small

animals, as it is extremely unlikely that they had any weapons with which they might tackle the larger ones. They would therefore be continually compelled to move from place to place in search of food or in chase of game, and in the winter time early man must have led a very hard life indeed. It was only when he learned to cultivate the land and produce crops that a more or less settled mode of life became possible. In fact, man must have existed on the earth for many thousands of years under exceedingly harsh conditions, and it is only some four or five thousand years ago that we begin to obtain any really authentic record of a civilisation or culture approximating in any way to the conditions existing to-day. It is interesting to speculate on how early man lived in those far distant days when there were no houses, no tools or implements of any kind, no pots or pans, and when the lighting of a fire presented a very serious and sometimes impossible problem indeed the manner in which early man managed to light a fire at all can only be guessed at.

Picture a primitive camp beside a stream or river and a little group of people sitting about amidst a litter of fern. They may have had some rough clothing, probably made from the skins of animals. Some of the women and the children would be engaged in gathering wood and dried leaves for fuel, as in those times it was most important that the fire should be kept alight owing to the difficulty of relighting it. The oldest man, or father of the group, would very likely be engaged in hammering flint stones beside the fire and fashioning them into rude implements or weapons. Others of the women folk would probably be engaged in dressing skins of animals for use as clothing or to lie upon when the ground was damp and cold. The young men of the group would likely be away searching for food and snaring and trapping wild animals, but they would return to the fire at night for warmth and safety. In those times it must be remembered there were no laws, no safety for man or property save what safety lay in man's own skill, cunning or ability to fight or run away.

For the information of beginners the meanings of various words which are used in the text of the History lesson are given below :—

Meaning

- APPROXIMATING : Approaching closely or resembling.
 ADJACENT : Close to.
 AUTHENTIC : Genuine, trustworthy, fully authorised.
 ACCOMPLISHMENTS : The acquirement or cultivation of art or manners.
 CONCEIVED : To imagine; to think.
 DIVERSITY : Difference; dissimilar.
 IMMATURE : Not full grown or developed; not finished or perfected.
 LABORIOUS : Toilsome.
 LEGENDARY : Fabulous; subject of a fable or story.



- MEDIEVAL:** Relating to the Middle Ages (8th to 15th Centuries).
- PERIODICAL:** Pertaining to a period; occurring at regular intervals.
- PRIMITIVE:** Pertaining to the beginning; in its simplest form; without education or cultivation.
- REFLECTION:** Thought thrown back on the past; attentive consideration.
- RELATIVELY:** In relation to something else.
- SMATTERING:** To have a slight knowledge of.
- SPECULATIVE:** Theoretical; the outcome of a theory which is not altogether supported by fact.
- TENANCY:** The act of occupation.
- UNIVERSE:** The whole system of created things—the Sun, Moon, Stars, etc.

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

- Find the sum of: $104+203+613+214$.
- Find the sum of: $14,204+8,173+1,065+10,042$.
- From 53,714 take 25,824.
- From $(81,043+141)$ take 14,831.
- In a storm 15 trees were blown down in an orchard. If 25 pear trees and 67 apple trees still remained, how many trees did the orchard contain at first?
- A lady gave 48 shillings for silk for a dress, 26 shillings for trimmings, and 15 shillings for the making. How much did the dress cost her?
- There are 19 boys 23 girls, and 14 infants in a school. How many apples would be required to give one to each pupil?

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CONDUCTED BY
Commandant J. SMYTH.

Reception of Broadcasting.

The essentials for the reception of Broadcasting are as follows:—

- Good aerial and earth connection.
- Within 10 miles of the Broadcasting Station good signals will be received on a Crystal Set with headphones. Beyond this range a valve set is necessary. In the case of a very good aerial in a high position not screened by trees or buildings good Crystal reception can be got up to about double this range.

The high power station in Daventry can also be comfortably received on a Crystal Set provided that all conditions are perfect, i.e., aerial, earth, good crystal and good headphones.

III. Beyond the range of the Crystal Set one, two or three valves must be used, according to the distance. A Three Valve Set with good aerial will give good headphone signals anywhere in the Free State.

Loud Speaker.

IV. Satisfactory loud speaker results cannot be obtained on a Crystal Set no matter how near the Broadcasting Station. Within Crystal range a one-valve amplifier used in conjunction with a Crystal gives good loud speaker results, a two-valve amplifier will easily fill a large room, and a three-valve amplifier will fill a moderately sized hall.

Beyond the Crystal range a three-valve set will give good loud speaker results up to about 30 miles. Beyond the 30 miles range a four-valve set of good components should give loud speaker results anywhere in the Free State.

The Perfect Aerial.

The aerial is the first consideration of the amateur. The perfect aerial is:—

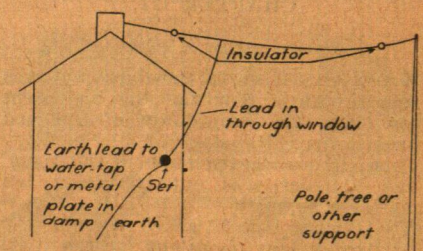
- High.
- Far away from galvanized or lead

roofs. (The effective height being the height above such roof).

(c) It should not be screened, i.e., it should not be surrounded by high trees or buildings.

(d) The earth connection should be good. The best earth connection is a waterpipe connected to the main water supply. Failing this, a metal plate buried a few feet in damp ground. An old biscuit tin or bucket serves the purpose. The earth lead should be short and of insulated wire. The shorter the lead the better the results.

The following sketch illustrates the ideal type of aerial for broadcast reception:—



Crystal Set.

This particular type of set can be procured so cheaply that few amateurs go to the trouble of building one.

The essentials for the Crystal Set are:—

- A coil of fine insulated wire.
 - A slider to make contact with the turns in the coil.
 - A Crystal.
 - A "catswhisker" contact, usually in the form of a spiral or fine springy wire which rests gently on the surface of the Crystal.
 - One or two pairs of headphones.
- The coil of wire with slider may be replaced by a fixed coil and condenser.

The measure by which we fall short of complete Independence is in accordance with our unfitness for complete Independence.—Michael Collins.

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Clementina

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CHAPTER III.

WOGAN MAKES A PROPOSAL.

WOGAN waked up in the dark and was seized with a fear that he had slept too long. He jumped out of bed and pushed open the door of his parlour. There was a lighted lamp in the room, and Marnier was quietly laying his master's supper.

"At what hour?" asked Wogan.

"Ten o'clock, monsieur, at the little postern in the garden wall."

"And the time now?"

"Nine."

Wogan dressed with some ceremony, supped, and at eight minutes to ten slipped down the stairs and out of doors. He had crushed his hat down upon his forehead, and he carried his handkerchief at his face. But the streets were dark and few people were abroad. At a little distance to his left he saw above the housetops a glow of light in the air which marked the Opera House. Wogan avoided it; he kept again to the alleys, and emerged before the Chevalier's lodging. This he passed, but a hundred yards farther on he turned down a side street and doubled back upon his steps along a little byway between small houses. The line of houses, however, at one point was broken by a garden wall. Under this wall Wogan waited until the clock struck ten, and while the clock was still striking he heard on the other side of the wall the brushing of footsteps amongst leaves and grass. Wogan tapped gently on a little door in the wall. It was opened no less gently, and Edgar the secretary admitted him, led him across the garden and up a narrow flight of stairs into a small lighted cabinet. Two men were waiting in that room. One of them wore the scarlet robe, an old man with white hair and a broad bucolic face, whom Wogan knew for the Pope's Legate, Cardinal Origo. The slender figure of the other, clad all in black but for the blue ribbon of the Garter across his breast, brought Wogan to his knee.

Wogan held out the Pope's procurator to the Chevalier, who took it and devoutly kissed the signature. Then he gave his hand to Wogan with a smile of friendliness.

"You have outspanned your time by two days, Mr. Wogan. That is unwise,

since it may lead us to expect again the impossible of you. But here, alas! your speed for once brings us no profit. You have heard, no doubt. Her Highness the Princess Clementina is held at Innspruck in prison."

Wogan rose to his feet.

"Prisons, sir," he said quietly, "have been broken before to-day. I myself was once put to that necessity." The words took the Chevalier completely by surprise. He leaned back in his chair and stared at Wogan.

"An army could not rescue her," he said.

"No, but one man might."

"You?" he exclaimed. He pressed down the shade of the lamp to throw the light fully upon Wogan's face. "It is impossible!"

"Then I beg your Majesty to expect the impossible again."

The Chevalier drew his hand across his eyes and stared afresh at Wogan. The audacity of the exploit and the imperturbable manner of its proposal caught his breath away. He rose from his chair and took a turn or two across the room.

Wogan watched his every gesture. It would be difficult he knew, to wring the permission he needed from his dejected master, and his unruffled demeanour was a calculated means of persuasion. An air of confidence was the first requisite. In reality, however, Wogan was not troubled at this moment by any thought of failure. It was not that he had any plan in his head, but he was fired with a conviction that somehow this chosen woman was not to be wasted—that some day, released by some means, in spite of all the pressure English Ministers could bring upon the Emperor, she would come riding into Bologna.

The Chevalier paused in his walk and looked towards the Cardinal.

"What does your Eminence say?"

"That to the old the impulsiveness of youth is eternally charming," said the Cardinal, with a foppish delicacy of speaking in an odd contrast to his person.

Mr. Wogan understood that he had a second antagonist.

"I am not a youth, your Eminence," he exclaimed with all the indignation of twenty-seven years. "I am a man."

"But an Irishman, and that spells

youth at any age. You write poetry, too, I believe, Mr. Wogan. It is a heady practice."

Wogan made no answer though the words stung. An argument with the Cardinal would be sure to ruin his chance of obtaining the Chevalier's consent. He merely bowed to the Cardinal and waited for the Chevalier to speak.

"Look you, Mr. Wogan; while the Emperor's at war with Spain, while England's fleet could strip him of Sicily, he's England's henchman. He dare not let the Princess go. We know it. General Heister, the Governor of Innspruck, is under pain of death to hold her safe."

"But, sir, would the world stop if General Heister died?"

"A German scaffold if you fail."

"In the matter of scaffolds I have no leaning towards any one nationality."

The Cardinal smiled. He liked a man of spirit, though he might think him absurd. The Chevalier resumed his restless pacing to and fro.

"It is impossible."

But he seemed to utter the phrase with less decision this second time. Wogan pressed his advantage at the expense of his modesty.

"Sir, will you allow me to tell you a story—a story of an impossible escape from Newgate, in the heart of London, by a man in fetters? There were nine grenadiers with loaded muskets standing over him. There were two court-yards to cross, two walls to climb, and beyond the walls the unfriendly streets. The man hoodwinked his sentries, climbed his two walls, crossed the unfriendly streets, and took refuge in a cellar, where he was discovered. From the cellar, in broad daylight, he fought his way to the roofs, and on the roofs he played such a game of hide-and-seek among the chimney-tops—" Wogan broke off from his story with a clear thrill of laughter; it was a laugh of enjoyment at a pleasing recollection. Then he suddenly flung himself down on his knee at the feet of his sovereign. "Give me leave, your Majesty," he cried passionately. "Let me go upon this errand. If I fail, if the scaffold's dressed for me, why, where's the harm? Your Majesty loses one servant out of his many. Whereas if I win"—and he drew a long breath—

"ay, and I shall win! There's the Princess, too, a prisoner. Sir, she has ventured much. I beg you give me leave."

The Chevalier laid his hand gently upon Wogan's shoulder, but he did not assent. He looked again doubtfully to the Cardinal, who said with his pleasant smile, "I will wager Mr. Wogan a box at the Opera, on the first night that he returns, that he will return empty-handed."

Wogan rose to his feet and replied good-humouredly: "It's a wage I take the more readily in that your Eminence cannot win, though you may lose. For if I return empty-handed, upon my honour I'll not return at all."

The Cardinal condescended to laugh; Mr. Wogan laughed too. He had good reason, for here was his Eminence in a kindly temper and the Chevalier warming out of his melancholy. And, indeed, while he was still laughing, the Chevalier caught him by the arm as a friend might do, and in an outburst of confidence, very rare with him, he said, "I would that I could laugh so. You and Whittington, I do envy you. An honest laugh—there's the purge for melancholy. But I cannot compass it." And he turned away.

"Sure, sir, you'll put us all to shame when I bring her Royal Highness out of Innsbruck."

"Oh, that!" said the Chevalier, as though for the moment he had forgotten. "It is impossible." And the phrase was spoken now in an accent of hesitation. Moreover, he sat down at a table, and drawing towards him a sheet of paper written over with memoranda, he began to read aloud, with a glance towards Wogan at the end of each sentence.

"The house stands in a *faubourg* of Innsbruck, close to the river. There is an avenue of trees in front of the house; on the opposite side of the avenue there is a tavern with the sign of 'The White Chamois.'"

Wogan committed the words to memory.

"The Princess and her mother," continued the Chevalier, "are imprisoned in the east side of the house."

"And how guarded, sir?" asked Wogan.

The Chevalier read again from his paper.

"A sentry at the door, a second beneath the prisoners' windows. They keep watch night and day. Besides, twice a day the magistrate visits the house."

"At what hours?"

"At ten in the morning. The same hour at night."

"And on each visit the magistrate sees the Princess?"

"Yes, though she lies abed."

Wogan stroked his chin. The Cardinal regarded him quizzically.

"I trust, Mr. Wogan, that we shall hear Farini. There is talk of his coming to Bologna."

Wogan did not answer. He was silent; he saw the two sentinels standing watchfully about the house; he heard them calling "All's well" each to

the other. Then he asked "Has the Princess her own servants to attend her?"

"Only M. Chateaudoux, her chamberlain."

"Ah!"

Wogan leaned forward with a question on his tongue he hardly dared to ask. So much hung upon the answer.

"And M. Chateaudoux is allowed to come and go?"

"In the daylight."

Wogan turned to the Cardinal. "The box will be the best box in the house," he suggested.

"O sir," replied the Cardinal, "you will offer me nothing less than the grand tier, to be sure."

Hogan turned back to the Chevalier.

"All that I need now is a letter from your Majesty to the King of Poland and a few rascally guineas. I can

'kings and queens.' And in that game the Princess was always chosen Queen of England."

The Chevalier started.

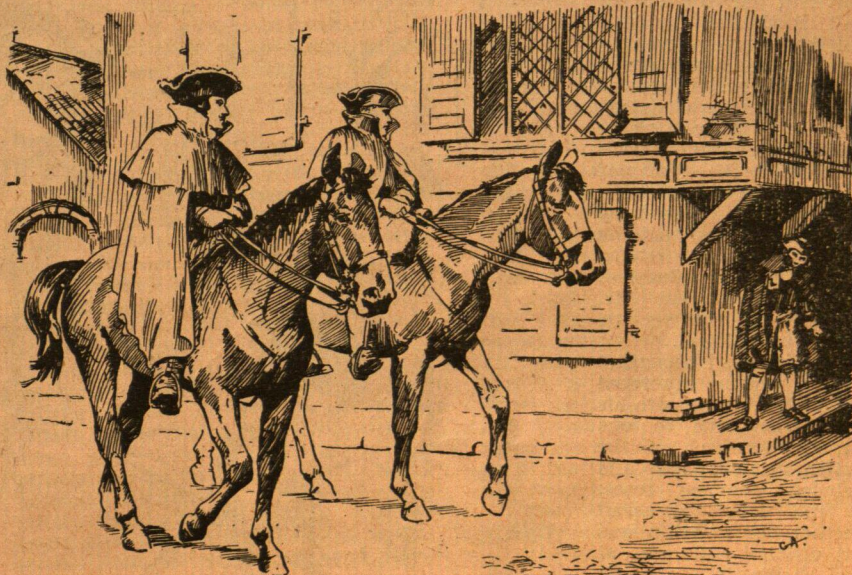
"Is that so?" And he gazed into Wogan's eyes, making sure that he spoke the truth.

"In very truth it is." And the two men stood looking each at the other and quite silent.

It was the truth, a mere coincidence if you will, but to both these men omens and auguries were the gravest matters. Arguments might be defeated by arguments, there were always discussions to discount encouragements, but here was destiny manifestly revealed before its time.

"There indeed is God's finger pointing," cried Wogan. "Sir, give me leave to follow it."

The Chevalier still stood looking at



"As they passed the mouth of an alley, a man came suddenly out and as suddenly drew back."

leave Bologna before a soul's astir in the morning. No one but Whittington saw me to-day, and a word will keep him silent. There will be secrecy—" But the Chevalier suddenly cut him short.

"No," said he, bringing the palm of his hand down upon the table. "Here's a blow that we must bend to! It's a dream this plan of yours."

"But a dream I'll dream so hard, sir, that I'll dream it true," cried Wogan in despair.

"No, no," said the Chevalier. "We'll talk no more of it. There's God's will evident in this arrest, and we must bend to it." And at once Wogan remembered his one crowning argument. It was so familiar to his thoughts; it had lain so close at his heart, that he had left it unspoken, taking it as it were for granted that others were as familiar with it as he.

"Sir," said he eagerly, "I have never told you, but the Princess Clementina when a child amongst her playmates had a favourite game. They called it

him in silence. Then he said suddenly, "Go, then, and God speed you! You are a gallant gentleman."

Thus was the great enterprise agreed upon. The Chevalier sat down thereupon and wrote a letter to the King of Poland asking him to entrust the rescue of his daughter into Wogan's hands. This letter Wogan took and money for his journey.

"You will have preparations to make," said the Chevalier. "I will not keep you. You have horses?"

Mr. Wogan had two in a stable at Bologna. "But," he added, "there is a horse I left this morning on the road, a black horse, and I would not lose it."

"Nor shall you," said the Chevalier.

Wogan crept back to his lodging as cautiously as he had left it. There was no light in any window but in his own, where his servant, Marnier, awaited him. Wogan opened the door softly and found the porter asleep in his chair. He stole upstairs and made his preparations. These, however, were of the simplest kind, and consisted of half

a dozen orders to Marnier and the getting into bed. In the morning he woke before daybreak and found Marnier already up. They went silently out of the house as the dawn was breaking. Marnier had the key to the stables, and they saddled the two horses and rode through the blind and silent streets with their faces muffled in their cloaks.

They met no one, however, until they were come to the outskirts of the town. But then, as they passed the mouth of an alley, a man came suddenly out and as suddenly drew back. The morning was chill and the man was closely wrapped.

Wogan could not distinguish his face or person, and looking down the alley he saw at the end of it only a garden wall, and over the top of the wall a thicket of trees and the chimney-tops of a low house embosomed amongst them. It seemed that the man was as anxious to avoid remark as he was himself, and he rode on secure in the secrecy of his desperate adventure.

But that same morning Mr. Whittington paid a visit to Wogan's lodging and asked to be admitted. He was told that Mr. Wogan had not yet returned to Bologna.

"So, indeed, I thought," said he, and he sauntered carelessly along, not to his own house, but to one smaller, situated at the bottom of a *cul-de-sac* and secluded amongst trees. At the door he asked whether her ladyship was yet visible, and was at once shown into a room with long windows which stood open to the garden. Her ladyship lay upon a sofa sipping her coffee and teasing a spaniel with the toe of her slipper.

"You are early," she said, with some surprise.

"And yet no earlier than your ladyship," said Whittington.

"I have to make obeisance to my King," said she, stifling a yawn.

"Could one, I ask you, sleep on so important a day?"

Mr. Whittington laughed genially. Then he opened the door and glanced along the passage. When he turned back into the room her ladyship had kicked the spaniel from the sofa and was sitting bolt upright with all her languor gone.

"Well?" she asked quickly.

Whittington took a seat on the sofa by her side.

"Charles Wogan left Bologna at daybreak. Moreover, I have had a message from the Chevalier bidding me not to mention that I saw him in Bologna yesterday. One could hazard a guess at the goal of so secret a journey."

"Ohlau!" exclaimed the lady in a whisper.

"Yes, Ohlau first, no doubt, then Innspruck," said Whittington. Then the lady nestled comfortably back upon the sofa and bit the fragment of lace she called her handkerchief.

"So there's an end of Mr. Wogan," she said pleasantly.

Whittington made no answer.

"For there's no chance that he'll succeed," she continued, with a touch of anxiety in her voice.



"As M. Chateaudoux stopped before the bench, there lay sketched at his feet the rude semblance of a crown."

Whittington neither agreed nor contradicted. He asked a riddle instead. "What is the sharpest spur a man can know? What is it that gives a man audacity to attempt and wit to accomplish the impossible?"

The lady smiled.

"The poets tell us love," said she demurely.

Whittington nodded his head.

"Wogan speaks very warmly of the Princess Clementina."

Her ladyship's red lips lost their curve. Her eyes became thoughtful, apprehensive.

"I wonder," she said slowly.

"Yes, I too wonder," said Whittington.

Outside the branches of the trees rustled in the wind and flung shadows, swift as ripples, across the sunlit grass. But within the little room there was a long silence.

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWS THAT THERE ARE BETTER HIDING-PLACES THAN A WINDOW-CURTAIN.

M. CHATEAUDOUX, the chamberlain, was a little portly person with a round, red face like a cherub's. He was a creature of the house, one that walked with delicate steps, a conductor of ceremonies, an expert in the subtleties of etiquette, and once he held his wand of office in his hand there was nowhere to be found a being so precise and consequential. But out of doors he had the timidity of a cat. He lived, however, by rule and rote, and since it had always been his habit to take the air between three and four of the afternoon, he was to be seen between those hours at Innspruck on any fine day mincing along the avenue of trees before the villa in which his mistress was held prisoner.

On one afternoon during the month of October he passed a hawker, who, tired with his day's tramp, was resting on a bench in the avenue, and who carried upon his arm a half-empty basket of cheap wares. The man was ragged, his toes were thrusting through his shoes; it was evident that he wore no linen, and a week's growth of beard dirtily stubbled his chin—in a word he was a man from whom M. Chateaudoux's prim soul positively shrank. M. Chateaudoux went quickly by, fearing to be pestered for alms. The hawker, however, remained seated upon the bench, drawing idle patterns upon the gravel with a hazel stick stolen from a hedgerow.

The next afternoon the hawker was in the avenue again, only this time on a bench at the opposite end; and again he paid no heed to M. Chateaudoux but sat moodily scraping the gravel with his stick.

On the third afternoon M. Chateaudoux found the hawker seated in the middle of the avenue and over against the door of the guarded villa. M. Chateaudoux, when his timidity slept, was capable of good nature. There was a soldier with a loaded musket in full view. The hawker, besides, had not pestered him. He determined to buy some small thing—a mirror, perhaps, which was always useful—and he approached the hawker, who for his part wearily flicked the gravel with his

stick and drew a curve here and a line there until, as M. Chateaudoux stopped before the bench, there lay sketched at his feet the rude semblance of a crown. The stick swept over it the next instant and left the gravel smooth.

But M. Chateaudoux had seen, and his heart fluttered and sank. For here were plots, possibly dangers, most certainly trepidations. He turned his back as though he had seen nothing, and constraining himself to a slow pace walked towards the door of the villa. But the hawker was now at his side whining in execrable German and a strong French accent the remarkable value of his wares. There were samplers most exquisitely worked, jewels for the most noble gentleman's honoured sweetheart, and purses which emperors would give a deal to buy. Chateaudoux was urged to take notice that emperors would give sums to lay a hand on the hawker's purses.

M. Chateaudoux pretended not to hear.

"I want nothing," he said, "nothing in the world;" and he repeated the statement in order to drown the other's voice.

"A purse, good gentleman," persisted the hawker, and he dangled one before Chateaudoux's eyes. Not for anything would Chateaudoux take that purse.

"Go away," he cried; "I have a sufficiency of purses, and I will not be plagued by you."

They were now at the steps of the villa, and the sentry, lifting the butt of his musket, roughly thrust the hawker back.

"What have you there? Bring your basket here," said he; and to Chateaudoux's consternation the hawker immediately offered the purse to the sentinel.

"It is only the poor who have kind hearts," he said; "here's the proper purse for a soldier. It is so hard to get the money out that a man is saved an ocean of drink."

The hawker's readiness destroyed any suspicions the sentinel may have felt.

"Go away," he said, "quick!"

"You will buy the purse?"

The sentinel raised his musket again. "Then the kind gentleman will," said the hawker; and he thrust the purse into M. Chateaudoux's reluctant hand. Chateaudoux could feel within the purse a folded paper. He was committed now without a doubt, and in an extreme alarm he flung a coin into the roadway and got him into the house. The sentinel carelessly dropped the butt of his musket on the coin.

"Go," said he; and with a sudden kick he lifted the hawker half across the road. The hawker happened to be Charles Wogan, who took a little matter like that with the necessary philosophy. He picked himself up and limped off.

Now the next day a remarkable thing happened. M. Chateaudoux swerved from the regularity of his habits. He walked along the avenue, it is true; but at the end of it he tripped down a street and turned out of that into another which brought him to the arcades. He did not appear to enjoy his walk;

indeed, any hurrying footsteps behind him startled him exceedingly, and made his face turn white and red and his body hot and cold. However, he proceeded along the arcades to the hofkirche, which he entered; and just as the clock struck half-past three, in a dark corner opposite to the third of the great statues, he drew his handkerchief from his pocket.

The handkerchief flipped out a letter which fell on to the ground. In the gloom it was barely visible, and M. Chateaudoux walked on, apparently unconscious of his loss. But a comfortable citizen in a snuff-coloured suit picked it up, and walked straight out of the cathedral to the Golden Fleece Inn in the Hochstrasse, where he lodged. He went up into his room and examined the letter. It was superscribed "To M. Chateaudoux," and the seal was broken. Nevertheless, the finder did not scruple to read it. It was a love letter to the little gentleman from one Friederika.

"I am heart-broken," wrote Friederika, "but my fidelity to my Chateaudoux has not faltered, nor will not whatever I may be called upon to endure. I cannot, however, be so undutiful as to accept my Chateaudoux's addresses without my father's consent; and my mother, who is of the same mind with me, insists that even with that consent a runaway marriage is not to be thought of unless my Chateaudoux can provide me with a suitable woman for an attendant."

These conditions fulfilled, Friederika was willing to follow her Chateaudoux to the world's end. The comfortable citizen in the snuff-coloured suit sat for some while over that letter with a strange light upon his face and a smile of great happiness. The comfortable citizen was Charles Wogan, and he could dissociate the obstructions of the mother from the willingness of the girl.

The October evening wove its veils from the mountain crests across the valleys; the sun and the daylight had gone from the room before Wogan tore that letter up and wrote another to the Chevalier at Bologna, telling him that the Princess Clementina would venture herself gladly if he could secure the consent of Prince Sobieski, her father. And the next morning he drove out in a carriage towards Ohlau in Silesia.

It was as the Chevalier Warner that he had first journeyed thither to solicit for his King the Princess Clementina's hand. Consequently he used the name again. Winter came upon him as he went, the snow gathered thick upon the hills and crept down into the valleys, encumbering his path. The cold nipped his bones, he drove beneath grey clouds and through a stinging air, but of these discomforts he was not sensible. For the mission he was set upon filled his thoughts and ran like a fever in his blood. He lay awake at nights inventing schemes of evasion, and each morning showed a flaw, and the schemes crumbled. Not that his faith faltered. At some one moment he felt sure the perfect plan, swift and secret, would be revealed to him, and he lived to seize

the moment. The people with whom he spoke became as shadows; the inns where he rested were confused into a common semblance. He was like a man in a trance, seeing ever before his eyes the guarded villa at Innspruck, and behind the walls, patient and watchful, the face of the chosen woman; so that it was almost with surprise that he looked down one afternoon from the brim of a pass in the hills, and saw beneath him, hooded with snow, the roofs and towers of Ohlau.

At Ohlau Wogan came to the end of his luck. From the moment when he presented his letter he was aware of it. The Prince was broken by his humiliation and the sufferings of his wife and daughter. He was even inclined to resent them at the expense of the Chevalier, for in his welcome to Wogan there was a measure of embarrassment. His shoulders, which had before been erect, now stooped. His eyes were veiled, the fire had burnt out in him; he was an old man visibly aging to his grave. He read the letter and re-read it.

"No," said he impatiently, "I must now think of my daughter. Her dignity and her birth forbid that she should run like a criminal in fear of capture and at the peril very likely of her life to a king who, after all, is as yet without a crown." And then seeing Wogan flush at the words he softened them. "I frankly say to you, Mr. Warner, that I know no one to whom I would sooner entrust my daughter than yourself, were I persuaded to this project. But it is doomed to fail. It would make us the laughing-stock of Europe, and I ask you to forget it. Do you fancy the Emperor guards my daughter so ill that you, single-handed, can take her from beneath his hand?"

"Your Highness, I shall choose some tried friends to help me."

"There is no single chance of success. I ask you to forget it and to pass your Christmas here as my very good friend. The sight is longer in age, Mr. Warner, than in youth, and I see far enough now to know that the days of Don Quixote are dead. Here is a matter where all Europe is ranged and alert on one side or the other. You cannot practise secrecy. At Ohlau your face is known, your incognito too. Mr. Warner came to Ohlau once before, and the business on which he came is common knowledge. The motive of your visit now, which I tell you openly is very grateful to me will surely be suspected."

Wogan had reason that night to acknowledge the justice of the Prince's argument. He accepted his hospitality, thinking that with time he would persuade him to allow the attempt; and after supper, while making riddles in verse to amuse some of the ladies of the court, one of them, the Countess of Berg, came forward from a corner, where she had been busy with pencil and paper, and said, "It is our turn now. Here, Mr. Warner, is an acrostic which I ask you to solve for me." And with a smile which held a spice of malice she handed him the paper,

Upon it there were ten rhymed couplets. Wogan solved the first four, and found that the initial letters of the words were C, L, E, M. The answer to the acrostic was "Clementina." Wogan gave the paper back.

"I can make neither head nor tail of it," said he. "The attempt is beyond my powers."

"A," said she dryly, "you own as much? I would never have believed you would have owned it."

"But what is the answer?" asked a voice at which Wogan started.

"The answer," replied the Countess, "is Mary Queen of Scots, who was most unjustly imprisoned in Fotheringay." And she tore the paper into tiny pieces.

Wogan turned towards the voice which had so startled him, and saw the gossamer lady whom he had befriended on the road from Florence. At once he rose and bowed to her.

"I should have presented you before to my friend, Lady Featherstone," said the Countess, "but it seems you are already acquainted."

"Indeed, Mr. Warner did me a great service at a pinch," said Lady Featherstone. "He was my postillion, though I never paid him, as I do now in thanks."

"Your postillion!" cried one or two of the ladies, and they gathered about the great stove as Lady Featherstone told the story of Wogan's charioting.

"I bade him hurry," said she, "and he outsped my bidding. Never was there a postillion so considerably inconsiderate. I was tossed like a tennis ball. I was one black bruise. I bounced from cushion to cushion; and then he drew up with a jerk, sprang off his horse, panting and dishevelled, a twist of torn ribbons and lace, alone in my carriage in the streets of Bologna."

"Bologna! Ah!" said the Countess, with a smile of significance at Wogan.

Wogan was looking at Lady Featherstone. His curiosity thrust into the back of his mind by the more important matter of his mission, now revived. What had been this lady's business who travelled alone to Bologna and in such desperate haste?

"Your ladyship, I remember," he said, "gave me to understand that you were sorely put to it to reach Bologna?"

Her ladyship turned her blue eyes frankly upon Wogan. Then she lowered them.

"My brother," she explained, "lay at death's door in Venice. I had just landed at Leghorn, where I left my maid to recover from the sea, and hurrying across Italy as I did I still feared that I should not see him alive."

The explanation was made readily, in a low voice natural to one remembering a great distress, but without any affectation of gesture or so much as a glance sideways to note whether Wogan received it trustfully or not. Wogan, indeed, was reassured in a great measure. True, the Countess of Berg was now his declared enemy, but he need not join all her friends in that hostility.

(To be continued).

GOSSIP OF THE BARRACKS.

21st INFANTRY BATTALION (Collins' Barracks, Dublin).

Since our last issue Battalion changes have taken place, Capt. P. Kavanagh having left to take up duties vacated by Capt. Lawlor, 24th Battalion, whilst Capt. Lawlor has taken up the duties of Capt. Kavanagh with the 21st Battalion. Both have the good wishes of men in their new positions.

These changes will lend more than ordinary interest to the meeting of these Battalions on the Football and Hurling field during the coming season.

Congratulations and best wishes to Coy. Sgt. McCamley of B. Coy. on his recent marriage. We understand that another N.C.O. will approach the hymenal altar in February.

Our Sergeants' Mess caterer is making things look up. It is not the case with him of "Rice and Jam to-day, and Jam and Rice to-morrow." All concerned are pleased.

"Whist" and all other weekly indoor games continue in the Men's Recreation Room despite the fact that the "Loud Speaker" is ever at it. The latter, by the way, is now at its best, and the Committee and all responsible for the installation of same are to be congratulated. After daily duty the majority are Wireless struck.

The 21st Battalion in recent practice matches made a draw, and had a win to their credit. Many thanks to the representatives of the Dunshaughlin boys, as also the officers, N.C.O.'s and men at Baldonnel for their kind hospitality, which we hope to return in the near future.

The genial Paddy "Mack" is credited with the following recent utterances:—

"All right; I'll close the door, but it was not closed when I opened it."

"I learned football with the Head when I was a cub."

"Those players should be expended."

The Men's Billiard League is making good progress, and many fine games are being witnessed.

A section of A. Coy. are now in possession of a fine gramophone, so that the gramophone notes in "An t-Oglach" have now an added interest.

It is hoped that our respected Chaplain will soon be restored to complete health.

Many enquiries about the Boy Scouts' Troupe these times. The popular Scoutmaster was noticed taking deep interest in a Concert held in Barracks on 2nd inst. It is hoped that he will contribute himself to the next Concert.

What has happened the Barrack Cross-Country Team?

Hearty congratulations to Sgt. Lawless on his recent success in an examination for a new post.

"SCRAPS" FROM GORMANSTON.

"The" Dance has been definitely arranged and will take place in the Town Hall, Balbriggan, on Friday evening, the 29th January. The tickets are 15/- Double and 8/6 Single and can be had on application to the Dance Committee, M.T.D., Gormanston Camp. The music will be supplied by Mitchell's band of six performers and the catering is in very capable hands. Arrangements are being made to run charabancs from Dublin on the night of the Dance and enquiries are invited from Dubliners who are interested.

The Smoking Concert held by the N.C.O.'s on New Year's Night was a splendid affair. Capt. Hayes who opened the concert, complimented the N.C.O.'s on the unity which existed between them and wished them all a very happy and prosperous new year.

Two of the Woody Section (Body-makers) are contemplating entering for the Matrimonial Stakes.



4th INFANTRY BATTALION, CASTLEBAR.

Sport, we are told, coupled with obedience, is the making of a soldier. That is why the Battalion is so proud of its many athletic triumphs during 1925.

The annual general meeting of the Battalion Sports Council was held in the Barracks on the 9th inst., when the following were elected on the Committee for the forthcoming year:—President, Comdnt. J. Haughey; Vice-President, Captain J. J. Flynn; Hon. Sec., Lieut. J. Clancy; Treasurer, Lieut. H. Grier. One delegate will be elected by each Coy. to attend all meetings.

The following proposals were unanimously carried:—

- (1) That Hurling and Football Teams be selected to represent the Battalion in the Brigade League against 1st Battalion, to be played in Galway on the 17th inst.
- (2) That O/C's Companies get both their Football and Hurling Teams in training at once so as to have them fit for the coming Inter-Company Football Championship which will start on the 1st March, 1926.
- (3) That all Cups and Medals which were won by the Battalion Teams and individual (i.e., Cups 5, Medals 48) during the year 1925 be presented by the Commanding Officer (Commandant J. Haughey) to their owners on the 20th January, 1926.

SCHOOL OF MUSIC, BEGGARS' BUSH BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

The Pipers' School is now stationed at the Curragh and about 100 recruits are required for the formation of new bands, so all would-be Pipers should apply early.

The Billiard team of the Schools seeks a match with some other unit. Owing to the pre-historic table at "the Bush" it is desirable the match is played away from home.

We are also looking eagerly forward to Handball matches.

A Sports Committee has recently been formed in order to bring the School into line with the other units of the Army. Rev. J. McLaughlin, School Chaplain, was elected President; B.S.M. Cork, Secretary; Captain O'Donoghue, Vice-President and Treasurer. The Quartermaster, Lieut. Flynn, promised to give all the assistance possible. After the Chairman and Executive were duly elected a working Committee was formed as follows:—

School Staff—B.S.M. Cork.

No. 1 Band—Cpl. R. Davies.

Bandsmen in training—Cpl. J. Sheriff. Boys—Sergt. J. Bishop.

It was proposed seconded, and unanimously carried that the Secretary approach Colonel Brase and raise the question of Athletics, such as running, football, handball, and other kindred sports coming under the auspices of the Army Athletic Association.

The Secretary found Colonel Brase very sympathetic and anxious to fall in with the various suggestions put forward. He instanced a case where a member of his No. 1 Band was injured while playing football, and pointed out the risk attached to this and other strenuous games, especially as he owed a special duty to the Army authorities and the public, in that the instrumentation of his Bands should always be complete when giving public performances.

Colonel Brase's point could not be contradicted, as the genuineness of his concern was only too obvious. The Secretary was glad to report, however, that with the exception of hurling and boxing, all other games could be indulged in, with the result that a special effort is now being made to organize classes in all branches of Sport. Relative thereto, the following have been allocated the work of supervision in the various branches:—

Football—Corporal Sheriff.

Billiards—Corporal R. Davies.

Handball—Private Scanlon.

Running and Boxing (limited to personnel outside the Bands)—Private Cullen.

Field Events—Sergt. Bishop and Cpl. Davies.

Swimming—Corporal R. Burns.

Fr. McLaughlin takes charge of the boys, which responsibility is not all sunshine, as since taking on the job our Sporting Padre has cultivated the eye of a hawk—a necessary acquisition. Our Chaplain has endeared himself to all ranks, and his interest in the men

and boys is freely commented on. Through his good graces a three-valve wireless set has been installed in the Boys' Quarters and is greatly appreciated. A Library has also been opened, which contains some 100 volumes of more than passing interest. Quite a lot has been accomplished in a short time especially when we have to consider the various difficulties with which our path is strewn.

No. 3 Band has been posted to the Curragh, and No. 2 Band will probably go south in the near future, and No. 1 Band is commencing another short tour. This means occasional breaks in our routine of Sport and leaves us very often in a state of uncertainty.

No. 1 BAND RECITALS.

An official Recital was given at the Theatre Royal, Sunday, 10th January, to a very large audience, when Colonel Brase and the Band were, as usual, accorded a wonderful reception. The chief feature of the programme was Colonel Brase's Fourth Irish Fantasia, which "brought down the house." The gifted artist was several times called upon to bow his acknowledgments. He has certainly done wonderful work in the cause of our Irish music.

Arrangements have been made to tour some of the eastern seaboard towns, commencing 14th January. Included in itinerary are the following:—January 14th, Curragh; January 15th, Naas; January 17th, Dun Laoghaire; January 18th, Athy; January 19th, Carlow; January 20th, Enniscorthy; January 21st, New Ross; January 24th, Bre (Bray).

Recent tours have proved a wonderful success.

Congratulations are extended to Bandmaster Student Doyle who followed up his Vandeleur Scholarship by winning a further Scholarship and a first at the Royal Irish Academy of Music. His sister also won a Scholarship and four firsts. She is a very fine Soprano, and at a recent concert at Beggar's Bush delighted hundreds.

The improvements carried out in the appearance of Beggar's Bush Barracks reflect great credit on the artistry of Colonel Brase, who originated the scheme. A large rockery, profusely covered with shrubs, decorates the centre of the Officers' Square, and in the centre of the rockery, rising is a fine flag-pole, nearly 50 feet high. On each side of the Square is a beautiful lawn, which is enhanced by an avenue of shrubberies.

"MUSICA."

BERESFORD BARRACKS, CURRAGH CAMP.

His many friends in stations outside as well as in the Curragh will learn with regret of the bereavement sustained by Cpl. Doran, C.M.P. (Beresford), in the death of his brother, Mr. P. Doran as the result of a railway accident at Buffalo, U.S.A.

We regret also to have to announce the death of Pte. McInerney, Military Police, Curragh Camp, after a comparatively short illness.

The presence there of No. 1 Army Band drew a large and appreciative audience, both of military and civilians, to the Garrison Gymnasium on Thursday night of last week. Those who previously had not the pleasure of hearing the Band were obliged to agree with those who had, that the National Army's leading Band is an adjunct of which any nation might justly feel proud.

Preparations have begun in Beresford for the holding of a Concert and Variety Entertainment in the immediate future. Captain Harpur's interest in the project augurs well for its success.

Two of our Army boxers at present in Gough Barracks are to increase the matrimonial list at the end of this month or early next.



12th INFANTRY BATTALION, TEMPLEMORE.

The Dance held on Saturday night, 9th inst., was a great social and financial success, about three hundred dancers being present. Most of the officers attended at 10.30 and remained until midnight. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and very pretty lighting effects were obtained at intervals through the manipulation of the "Crystal" by Mr. Powell of Roscrea. The promoters have every reason to be satisfied with the result of the entertainment.

We are fortunate in having secured a new playing pitch and hope to have the old games going strong from this forward.

Several of our N.C.O.'s have left the camp for the Curragh for training courses.

ROSCAIRBRE.



NOTAÍ ón gcéad Cacht.

Ní féidir na notaí a cur siar níos mó as go amach agus dá bhrí sin ní mór dom tuarascáil ar gac mór suimiúl a tárluigeann ó am go ham, o'párait cóm luad agus is féidir liom, i dtreoir is go mbeir seans as an easaíocht, nuair a dté na catanna a cionneál "suas éin vata." Déinnimis cóimhárdeas leis an easaíocht pá 'n slige deas 'nar cuiread amaí an céad uimhir de'n easáin nua de "An t-Ógláic." Tá súil againn go léim go mbeir ana éileam ar an bpáipéir ins gac don áit, go speisialta, imeas na sáizíonú; mara mbeir, sinn péin a beir cionntaí, má easáin an laíu is luí ar luistad ar an áit. Éim a lán pí trío an fuinneós anois agus páipéir dearg ina lámhaib acu. Táir siar as siubail pé déin a gceatúra o'fonn suíós síos cois na teine go compórtad éin na bpáipéir sin (An t-Ógláic) do réin veallam) do léigam ar a suaimneas.



G.H.Q. COMMAND SPORTS COUNCIL.

Annual Meeting—New Scheme of Organisation.

Tá sé cóim maí agam mo chúit nótaí a scríobadh anois ar imleádaibh an Caite a rith na seachtmáine seo fáb éarainn:—

Tá cóimair urámuíochta curtha ar bun agáinn agus tá ádas mór orm go bfuil ag eiríse go maí léi—nár b'fada go mbeir uráma éigint á léiriú acu—ba éeart go líonadh gút látoir fearaímh an Paorais an amarcclann is mó sa tír seo. Beir á tuille le ráit agam feasta i n-ádaibh na h-iarraicta nua so, an t-seachtmáin seo éuáinn.

* * * * *

Tá sé ráite go minic ná fuil don nío cóim maí éun "Spioraio an Aontáin" a éoimeáio beo imeasas saigsiúirí ná caiteáim aimsire a beir acu istig sa beairic. Gluaiseáit ar ádaibh iseaó é, go h-áiríte, nuair veirtéar go bfuil an Ceannasaí éun Gléas Cianéisteáicta a páigáit le h-ádaibh na bpeár. Veirtéar, freis, ná cloistéar an aít-leagan ó'n Staisiún Craobhscaoil-eaéáin i mbaile áta Cliaé, ró-maí, i nGaillim. Níl a fíois agam i gceart faoi seo, ác ba éeart go mbainfíse trial as ar éuma ar bié. Caiteáir pleán a éeapáó ar ball éun 'cuile nua a véanaímh so-cloisté ar na Gléasanna Cianéisteáicta in iartár na h-éireann. Tá súil agam ar a éon san go n-éireódaí leis an gCeannasaí agus ná beirí don eagla air ná cloisipí é ná gceannódaó sé Gléas le h-ádaibh na bpeár. Sin a bfuil dá éosc is uóca, páitíois, ná h-éireódaó sé i gceart agus ná cloisipí é cóim maí agus ba maí linn é éloisint, uaireannca. Cuirimis an ráiméis seo ar leat taob agus bíotí ceann agus na fearaibh.

* * * * *

Ceisteanna San Réirteáic.

Cé h-é an saigsiúir a vubairt go raib sé "ar fáda" "amáireac"?

Agus, cao vubairt Oifigeac an lae leis?

Cé éio an "folca te" ó lais an áta?

Cé tá imigite 'na scáil ó beir 'á nige féin? agus,

An nveineann sé morán "Uíobáil" uó féin?

Cé éeap an focal "Tiomáint éist" ar cluicé cántaí?

Agus, cao é an bríg atá leis?

Bfuil an "Clár Traeneála" "tarrainngite suas ag an Oigce. Complaéct "O" pós le h-ádaibh na h-éaracá.

Agus, cé méio airgto a éarraing sé an t-Seachtmáin seo le na n-íocaó?

* * * * *

D'aistriúeáó an Captaen Míeál Ó Muiréiantaig Ó Ceann-Ceastrunab-Generála an tá pé veiré agus tá súil agáinn go vtaicniúeann an t-aistriú leis. Fáitce agus píce romat agus sláinte is fáo saogál éuáit a Captaen Uasail Ó Ríocht éiaruioe! Go caiteáibh áit-áaonseáct agus neamhéioicéiantaéit an Céat áta leat feasta.

KUNOVÁLÓS.

Only a country with the elements of greatness in it could surmount all the difficulties with which Ireland has been confronted.—P. S. O'Hegarty.

The annual Convention of the G.H.Q. Command took place at G.H.Q. on 8th inst., when the following were present: Major McGrath (Chairman); Comdt. P. Ennis, Treasurer; Lieut. C. S. Doyle, Secretary; and also as delegates:—No. 1 Group (Baldonnel), Lieut. Carroll S/Major Brophy; No. 2 (Gormanston), Cpls. Maguire and Gaffney; No. 3 (Artillery Corps), S/Major Cummins; No. 4 (Portobello), S/Major Woods; No. 5 (G.H.Q.), C.Q.M.S. P. J. Hodgins and Cpl. D. O'Neill.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Capt. Hawe, who had been acting Secretary during the absence of the Secretary for some time past, submitted the annual report. In it he stated that in reviewing the work of the Council since the last meeting it would be necessary to refer to the state of things existing at the inauguration of the present Council. Prior to that time there was no systematic control and consequently they were faced with serious difficulties which were not, however, insurmountable, and now the nucleus of an exemplary organisation has been definitely established. To establish a systematic control of all sports catered for by the Association the command area was sub-divided into 5 groups, and later Islandbridge was awarded the status of a group, making 6 groups in all. This group system worked out satisfactorily, the underlying principle being to preserve as far as possible equality in the various competitions. This principle the report stressed as a guide to the delegates in any question that might arise in connection with a suggested re-arrangement of the groups for the coming year. The ambition should be to create keen rivalry in all competitions and thus tend to better development.

The report went on to outline the various competitions organised.

The Hurling competitions were confined to Nos. 3, 4 and 5 groups and both competitions—Championship and League—were won by the latter.

All groups put forward teams in the Football competitions, and both Championship and League honours were won by No. 3 group.

The result of the Handball competitions was:—Doubles (Hard), Gormanston; Doubles (Soft), Portobello; Singles (Hard), Portobello; Singles (Soft), G.H.Q.

Inter-group competitions in Tennis and Golf were also successfully carried through.

Many athletic events were also carried out with success. The Command Sports held at Croke Park on July 4th were a marked success in every way. In catering for open events at these Sports it is considered that a two-fold advantage is gained in so far as this provision tends to augment the interest of the outside public and to effect direct touch with outside athletic organisations.

ALL-ARMY COMPETITIONS.

The progress achieved by the Command was nowhere more manifest than in the following successes:—The Command Hurling team won the All-Army Championship; the Football team were runners-up with Eastern Command in the All-Army Football Final, and further, G.H.Q. Command Handball team annexed the All-Army Handball Championships in Hard and Soft Ball Doubles.

STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION.

The Balance Sheet submitted presented a healthy position. The total receipts from all sources were £407 13s 2d., and the actual expenditure £289 3s. 11d., leaving a credit balance of £118 9s. 3d. The report embodied the suggestion of the desirability of reserving to the Command Council or a Special Committee the right to sanction the defrayal of charges exceeding a sum of £5.

The state of the Council financially was a glowing tribute to the resources of the Treasurer.

The report further stated that a feature of the year's undertakings which deserved special mention was the success which attended arrangements made by the Council for the running of excursion trains in conjunction with certain Command Championship and League fixtures. The procedure proved not only a financial success, but in addition, from the patronage accorded, disclosed great possibilities of creating a keen public interest in Army contests.

Concluding his report, Capt. Hawe stated that a review of the work accomplished during the past year must convince delegates that the organisation had been proceeding on progressive lines. The ambition of all the groups should be to concentrate their energies on the development of latent capabilities and to convert the experience gained to practical advantage.

Report Discussed.

The Chairman congratulated Capt. Hawe on the report presented. There was no doubt, he said, that excellent progress had been made during the year in the various competitions. The Command, in winning the All-Army Hurling Final, brought credit to the Council. It was strange, however, that the Cup for this important competition was not yet handed over by the Executive Council.

Secretary—There was no delay when the Southern Command won it.

It was decided to again approach the Executive Council on the matter.

The Chairman also referred to the success of excursion trains mentioned in the report and stated that by hard work on the part of the Secretary and Treasurer these were a distinct success, and had other groups as well as No. 5 given the support expected they would have been an even bigger success.



Cpl. Maguire (Gormanston) raised a point on the awarding of the Doubles (Soft) and Singles (Hard) in the Hand-ball competitions to Portobello. He held that there was a mistake somewhere, as Gormanston on the date fixed were present and should have been given a walk over, which, however, they did not want. It was decided to leave the matter over pending further investigations.

S/Major Brophy inquired if the Council had yet received the half gate receipts due the Council in respect of All-Army Hurling and Football Finals. The answer being in the negative it was decided to again approach the Executive Council in the matter.

The Secretary's report was adopted on the motion of S/Major Woods and seconded by Cpl. Maguire (the Hand-ball competitions portion excepted).

Treasurer's Report.

The adoption of the Treasurer's report (embodied in that of the Secretary) was proposed by Major T. McGrath and seconded by S/Major Cummins. Major McGrath in proposing said that great credit was due to Comdt. Ennis for the way he handled the Council's finance. It was entirely due to his efforts that they were in such a healthy position.

Election of Officers.

Before the election of officers took place the Chairman explained that a new scheme of organisation would shortly be before the Executive Council and pending the adoption or otherwise of the scheme the present election must of necessity be a temporary arrangement. It was held by the delegates that officials should be elected, as a Council was necessary to carry on the work.

CHAIRMAN—On the motion of Comdt. Ennis, seconded by S/Major Brophy, the outgoing Chairman, Major T. McGrath, was unanimously re-elected.

Major McGrath in returning thanks said that during his association with the A.A.A. and G.A.A. he had never met a better lot of sports than those associated with the Command.

VICE-CHAIRMAN—On the proposition of Comdt. Ennis, seconded by Major McGrath, Lieut. C. S. Doyle was unanimously elected to the position of Vice-Chairman. Lieut. Doyle at first explained that he feared he would not in future be able to pay the attention necessary either as Secretary or Vice-Chairman to the affairs of the Council. During the past year he received every courtesy and assistance from all the members of the Council, but now circumstances over which he had no control did not admit of his giving the time he wished to the services of the Command. Eventually Lieut. Doyle was prevailed upon to accept the position.

TREASURER—On the proposition of S/Major Brophy, Comdt. Ennis was re-elected. The proposer stated that it would be difficult to find one more capable of handling the finance of the Council than Comdt. Ennis.

Comdt. Ennis replied, thanking the proposer and seconder for their remarks.

SECRETARY—Capt. Hawe (who was unavoidably absent) was unanimously elected Secretary on the motion of Comdt. Ennis seconded by S/Major Brophy.

Important Motions Deferred.

There were several important motions from the different groups tabled for consideration, but the Chairman, as stated, pointed out that the new scheme of organisation would soon be discussed and pending the approval or otherwise of the scheme it would be useless for that meeting to deal with any of the motions.

The following were the motions:—

1. Gymnasium—(From No. 1 Group, Baldonnell). A motion standing in the name of Lieut. Carroll for equipment of a gymnasium at Baldonnell.

Lieut. Carroll pointed out that nothing had been done and wanted to know why. A short discussion took place on the subject, the Chairman remarking that it was decided long ago that a gymnasium be erected, one for each Brigade and one for each Command, but as in the case of Collins Barracks where both are combined, the one gymnasium would be sufficient. That, said the Chairman, was decided long ago, but apparently nothing has been done.

S/Major Brophy said that outside stations like Baldonnell were very badly handicapped.

Lieut. Carroll—All we want is the equipment; we can do the rest ourselves.

On the proposition of Lieut. Carroll, and seconded by Comdt. Ennis, it was decided to communicate with the Executive Council on the matter, the case of Hibernian Schools to be added to the list.

2. Rugby Football—(Baldonnell).

On the motion of Lieut. Carroll it was unanimously decided that the Convention should be asked to approach the Executive Council recommending the inclusion of Rugby Football in the programme of Sports to be catered for.

The motion, pending the new scheme, of organisation was not discussed.

G.H.Q. Group had also a motion relative to the playing of Rugby.

Motor Cycling—Baldonnell Group had also a motion urging that a definite programme be laid down for members.

Lieut. Carroll remarked that when he made inquiries from the Sub-Committee about the doings of the Club he was referred to the Executive Council. The subject then dropped.

MOTIONS FROM No. 5 GROUP (G.H.Q.).

There were three motions standing in the name of No. 5 Group. The first supported the claim of Beggar's Bush as a separate group. The second desired that McKee Barracks be retained in No. 5 Group. The third suggested that a Sports Field be secured for use of the Army in general.

Comdt. Ennis mentioned that the latter motion was at present well under weigh.

RE-GROUPING.

Owing to the position at present in connection with the new scheme of organisation it was decided not to proceed with the new grouping within the Command.

ARTILLERY CORPS' POSITION.

It was stated that under this new scheme Artillery Corps would likely become attached to the Curragh Command, which would mean that the Command trophies in the possession of that unit would be handed over to G.H.Q. Command.

VOTES OF THANKS.

Comdt. Ennis proposed a vote of thanks to Major McGrath as Chairman during the past year.

Lieut. Doyle, in seconding, said that from the beginning Major McGrath was the man who stood in the gap. He took the Council from the beginning out of chaos to its present position. The organisation at present was greatly due to his efforts and he hoped for the time to come they would all remain the same happy family.

Major McGrath in returning thanks said that his work required little thanks as he considered he was only doing his duty for sport in the Army. He had met many kind friends and associates during the old season and hoped to renew all those acquaintances in the new.

S/Major Brophy in proposing a vote of thanks to Comdt. Ennis said that the present healthy position of the finance of the Council was entirely due to his efforts. S/Major Woods seconded.

Comdt. Ennis in returning thanks said that the Committee and officials made his work a pleasure. He could never wish to be associated with finer sports than those connected with the Command.

Concluding the meeting the Chairman remarked that the progress of the Command and the satisfactory state of affairs was due to co-operation all round. He was satisfied that through those competitions in sport a good feeling of sportsmanship was engendered and so a better spirit of understanding between officers, N.C.O.'s and men.

The meeting thereupon concluded.

AN IRISH NATIONAL ANTHEM.

It is interesting to note how many of the world's national anthems are of direct military inspiration. The Russian national hymn was composed by Alexis Lvoy, an Army officer, in 1833, and the origin of the Marseillaise is known to everyone, but even where the composer was not a soldier it seems to have been always the Army which gave the creative impetus and furnished the motif.

The well-known Dublin musical critic, Mr. H. R. White, has some interesting



remarks on this subject in the "Irish Statesman." The editor had submitted to him for comment the words and music of a suggested national anthem, but Mr. White does not consider it either necessary or desirable to make any comment on the work.

I might criticise it as a work of art (he says), but as a national anthem the opinion of an expert critic of poetry or an expert musician would count for nothing. An army which marches to battle to the strains of "It's a long way to Tipperary," or one which hurls defiance at its foes in the music of "The Soldier's Song," is not going to accept a tune as a national anthem simply because it is dubbed a work of art by experts. No poet laureate can write a national anthem; not even Sir Edward Elgar can write one to order. A national song is a spontaneous growth and must reflect the temperament of a free people.

There are many who say that Rouget de Lisle did not write the music of *La Marseillaise* but culled it from some German music. De Lisle was a military officer on active service when he composed it. He was an amateur in music, and so far as we know never composed anything before. It is quite likely, therefore, that unconsciously he may have quoted scraps of melody from music he had previously heard; but to say that a tune so strongly characteristic of a dashing and vigorous people was German in origin is palpably absurd. The influence of the bugle calls on the field of battle is clearly defined in the music.

A country like America, with its international population can never produce a national anthem. To try and produce a national hymn by means of a prize competition is futile. I know of no instance where a folk tune has been adopted as a national anthem.

The national anthem may be the simple work of a great composer, as in the case of Haydn, or it may be the great work of a simple amateur, as in the case of de Lisle. It may come on the wings of the storm, or in the lull of peace. It may come as a celebration of some great national occasion such as the reunion of North and South; but its growth must be as natural and spontaneous as such an event must necessarily be.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

A Critic of the Critic.

Discord this week, in the form of a letter from a correspondent, who accuses me of having "boosted records

which did not deserve praise." His complaint would carry more weight if he had specified the records in question.

Musical criticism is a very uncertain quantity at all times. When John McCormack, Galli-Curei or Kreisler give a performance in a big city which abounds in "eminent critics" the cynic will always derive much amusement from comparing the *critiques* which follow. For one which exalts there is certain to be another which is devastating.

In the gramophone world it is even worse. Compton Mackenzie, for example, in that delightfully care-free manner of his, frequently takes a diametrically opposite view to that of his own critics in his own magazine. So much depends upon individual taste—and so much depends upon the gramophone.

The best record ever produced will not get a square deal on a bad gramophone. And the best gramophone ever made will not give of its best if it is handled as a machine and not as a musical instrument. I flatter myself that my H.M.V. instrument, with the "Lifebelt" attachment and proper attention to tension, needle track alignment, the needles used and the speed at which the records are played, will get the best possible results out of any record. If, at any time, my correspondent, whose Battalion is stationed many miles from Dublin, happens to be in the capital, I will be delighted if he will give me an opportunity of playing the disputed records for him on this instrument. And, unless it is a question of widely differing tastes, I think he will reconsider the harsh things he has written about me.

"Having it out" with Friend Critic has used up quite a lot of my space, and I wanted to talk at large about the mid-January H.M.V. issue with reference also to a couple of notable records just issued by the Vocalion people. There is a remarkably Gaelic flavour about them. Fully fifty per cent. of the H.M.V. new issue for the remainder of the month are Scottish, and include a number of traditional airs finely recorded. Here and there I find now and again a highbrow critic tilting against the new recording, but now that the emphasis on the sibilants has been eliminated I think we should congratulate ourselves and the Gramophone Company on a big stride towards the perfect record.

Well, I will have to postpone reference to most of these new records until next week but this number must not go to press without a word of thanks for the latest Kreisler disc (10-inch red label, 6/-). It is seldom that I find myself able to enthusiastically endorse

what the catalogues say about their records, but I think the H.M.V. folk are by no means overstating the fact when they say "Rarely has his magnificent tone been so faithfully reproduced." They think it is at its best in Cadman's "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water," but my verdict goes to the other side, "Aloha oe"—Farewell to Thee—(Lilino-kallini-Kreisler) although I have a predilection against double-bowing, which figures largely herein.

Once upon a time Herbert Hughes commandeered my bed in the old Coast-guard station at Cushendun in the glens of Antrim, what time I was searching the cliffs and caves at 2 a.m. for strayed playwrights of the Ulster Literary Theatre, and Francis Joseph Bigger found me sagging snoringly between two chairs, just when the smell of the breakfast was beginning to come up from the kitchen. But I have forgotten my stiff joints of that morning and have long since freely forgiven the bed-pincher, with the result that I can extend a wholehearted welcome to the De Reszke Male Quartet's very fine record of his very fine arrangement of two Ulster folk songs, "The Fanaid Grove" and "The next Market Day" (H.M.V., 10-inch, 4/6). Thank heaven they were recorded without an accompaniment. A piano would have been ruinous!

Owing largely, I suppose, to the character of the second-mentioned song—a rather breathless affair with all the clipped briskness of the North—I have not been able to get the words with any degree of distinctness, try how I may with all sorts of gadgets but every syllable of "The Fanaid Grove" comes to the ear with the clearness of "the singer in the room." The basso, to my mind, is wonderfully good in it, emphasising the motif to exactly the right degree.

But the Editor cries "Halt!" so just a few lines about records for a convivial evening. That Winner disc of "Just a little drink" is poignantly humorous for all who are not out-and-out prohibitionists. The Aco "Cohen Phones to the Builder" also is good, and the Vocalion "Kinky Kids' Parade" (10-inch), in addition to being a first-class Fox-trot, gives the best reproduction of the side drum that I have yet heard on any record. And I will defy the most staid N.C.O. to keep his feet still if they put on "Schehallion" (H.M.V. 12-inch, 4/6) in the Sergeants' Mess while he is there. Being Scotch (traditional at that) it is described as an "Eightsome Reel," but can be danced with impunity (so I am told) as an Irish "Eighthand Reel."

TONE ARM.

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ARMY CHESS PLAYERS.

Success in the Armstrong Cup Competition.

On Thursday, 14th inst., G.H.Q. Chess Club defeated University College in a close contest at the College headquarters. The score of 4½ games to 3½ in favour of the Army club was not flattering in view of the fact that Capt. Tuke, one of the strongest G.H.Q. players, was unable to be present and lost his game by default. A feature of the match was the success of Capt. Sean Neligan who was making his first appearance in the Armstrong Cup contest.

The scores were as follows:—

U.C.D.		G.H.Q.	
L. P. Younglao	0	Major Cotter	1
F. Nolan	½	Comdt. Egan	½
C. Roedler	0	Cdt. O'Donoghue	1
H. Barry	1	Comdt. Nolan	0
B. Dillon	1	Capt. Tuke (def.)	
H. Roedler	0	Lt. Steinmayer	1
B. Senior	1	Cpt. McGuinness	0
D. O'Duffy	0	Capt. Neligan	1
Total	3½	Total	4½

KEEP YOUR COPIES OF

“An t-Oglach.”

A.C.E., GRIFFITH BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

An inaugural dinner was held in the Officers' Mess, Griffith Barracks, on Thursday night, 7th inst., and proved a great success, and many officers who live out had the opportunity of coming together in a different atmosphere to that which surrounds the routine of daily work.

The toast of “Eire” having been duly honoured, the Commanding Officer, Major O'Connor, in a very appropriate speech wished all present a happy New Year. He hoped that during the coming year each officer would carry out to the best of his ability the duties allotted to him. In doing so they would help, each in his own way, those who were responsible for the government of the country.

The Commanding Officer took the opportunity on behalf of the officers to make a presentation to Captain D. J. Sheridan on the occasion of his recent marriage. Captain Sheridan suitably acknowledged the gift.

A game of Bridge brought a very enjoyable night to a close.

NEW ARMY HURLING AND FOOTBALL CLUBS.

At a special general meeting of the McKee Hurling and Football Clubs, Major-Gen. D. Hogan presiding, much enthusiasm was shown. Major Hogan was elected Chairman of the Special Committee, with Lieut. C. S. Doyle Vice-Chairman, and Capt. J. P. Hawe, Secretary and Treasurer. Capt. P. J. Tuite and Capt. J. P. Murphy were also elected on the committee, which will be augmented by the Captains of the hurling and football clubs. The transfer of players from outside clubs and financial business were discussed, and the meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to Major-Gen. D. Hogan for his valuable assistance.

Laughter is one gift which God denied to bird and beast. When Cuchulainn was dying at the pillar stone a raven came to suck his life's blood, and then Cuchulainn laughed louder than ever.—Pádraig Pearse.

Mention “An t-Oglach” when dealing with our Advertisers.

25th BATT.'S SPORTING SUCCESSES.

The first copy of the new issue of “An t-Oglach” has just reached us and is in great demand in Athlone. The first instalment of the inner history of the Anglo-Irish War is the big attraction. The editor and his assistants are to be congratulated in having made the Army Journal brighter and of more educational value.

Since our last Notes we have been very busy in the realm of Sport and we feel optimistic about 1926. Our boxers in the 2nd Brigade Championships lived up to the high reputation we hold in Army Boxing circles, and the Gymnasium in Custume Barracks was crowded on Wednesday and Thursday nights, the 13th and 14th inst., when the Tournament was held. To win four of the seven weights staged is no mean achievement for one Battalion. The Fly, Bantam, Feather and Light Weight titles of the 2nd Brigade are now held by the 25th Battalion and we—and a good many disinterested spectators—were very surprised at the decision in the semi-final of the Welter-Weight contest, when Private McEnery of the 4th Battalion was given the verdict over

our representative Pte. O'Halloran. But wait until the Command Championships come along.

The following are the winners from the 25th:—Fly Weight, Pte. Peter Harte, “C” Company; Bantam Weight, Cpl. Myles McDonagh, “D” Coy.; Feather Weight, Pte. William O'Shea; Light Weight, Pte. Edward Devlin, “B” Coy. Cpl. McDonagh and Pte. Harte had practically no opposition, much to their disappointment. Pte. O'Shea distinguished himself on Thursday night in the Final of the Feather Weight—in one of the finest bouts seen for a long time—his opponent, Pte. McNamara, of the 4th Battalion, showed he knew a lot about the game and had plenty of courage, but O'Shea out-boxed him all the time. The great crowd present gave both men an enthusiastic reception. The Final of the Light Weight, when Pte. Devlin opposed Pte. Ranger, 4th Battalion was a short but thrilling little bout—it only lasted half a minute, and when it was over Devlin was still there—his opponent asleep.

Our friend the Editor will hardly permit us to occupy all the space in

“An t-Oglach,” so we must cut short our congratulations to all our representatives. Suffice to say—those who lost as well as those who won upheld the best Boxing tradition of our unit.

On the 6th inst. the Battalion Cross-Country Running Championships were held, “C” Coy. coming out on top. The following represented “C” Company:—Lt. Coughlan, Pte. Doyle, Pte. McFarlane, Pte. Rooney, Pte. Power, Pte. O'Shea, Pte. Harte.

The Brigade Cross-Country Championship was held on the 12th inst. and although our team had to be content with second place, being beaten by the 4th Battalion by the narrow margin of 5 points, they ran very creditably and secured the honour of the 1st and 2nd places home—Lt. Coughlan and Pte. Doyle, respectively. We hope to do better in the Command Run very soon.

In the first round of the Brigade League Football and Hurling the 25th were opposed to the Command Headquarters Coy. The latter were unable to field a Hurling team, but the Football match proved very exciting and the 25th won a splendid game by 2 goals 1 point to 1 goal 1 point.

The New Year has opened well for the 25th. Keep up the pressure, boys.

“AN t-SIONNAIN.”



Our Information Bureau.

Back Pay.

"T. Matthews" (Ballymullen Barracks Tralee).—You should inform your Commanding Officer of your service prior to your present engagement with a view of having the matter referred to the officer in charge of Personnel for verification. The necessary adjustment in pay will be effected on the publication of the particulars through Orders.

Promotion.

"Tin Can" (Collins Barracks, Dublin).—On re-attestation you automati-

cally reverted to the rank of Private and unless your promotion to the rank of Sergeant was re-published in Orders subsequent to the date on which you re-attested you have no claim for pay in respect of N.C.O. rank.

"Siki" (Collins Barracks, Dublin).—All such appointments are governed solely by the recommendation of the Officer Commanding and the approval of the Adjutant-General.

Re-attestation.

"Cork" (Templemore).—It is a matter for your Commanding Officer.

Transfer.

"Hopeful" (Ballyshannon).—Apply for transfer in the usual manner through your Commanding Officer.

Clothing Allowance.

"B. Q. M. S." (Templemore).—The

governing date for the payment of the clothing grant of £10 to B.Q.M.Sgts. or B.S.M.'s is the anniversary of the date of promotion to the rank. The initial issue is immediately payable in all cases where the anniversary date is subsequent to 28/4/25. For appointments the anniversary of which is prior to that date the initial issue cannot be given effect to until the next anniversary date, e.g., an N.C.O. promoted to the rank of B.Q.M.S. on 21/4/23 would be entitled to his first grant on 21/4/26.

Railway Voucher.

"Rex" (Portobello Barracks, Dublin).—Your case is receiving attention.

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"Fair Play" (Curragh Camp).—The existing Pay regulations do not permit of the issue of additional pay in respect of your appointment.

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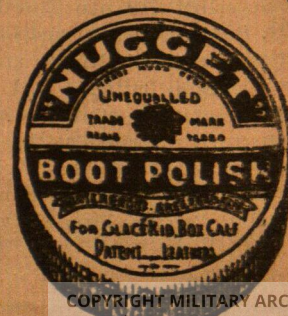
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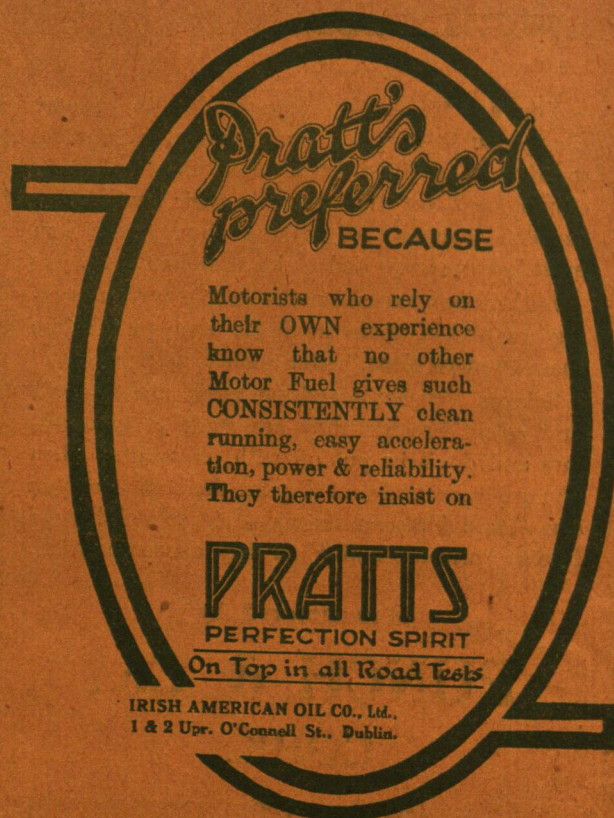
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