

Vol. IV. No. 22.

June 12th, 1926.

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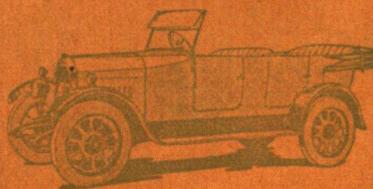
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Óglaigh
 na hÉireann
 DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

An t-Ógláic

Vol. IV. No. 22

JUNE 12, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE.



G.A.

Military Terms Illustrated : No. 2
CHANGING THE GUARD.

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Oglagh
na hEireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

An t-Oglach

JUNE 12, 1926.

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.

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

CÓMHRÁD AS AN EASARÉDÓIR.

"THE SWORD OF O'MALLEY."

OUR serial story, "Clementina," is now nearing its conclusion. It has proved one of our most popular features, and deservedly so. It is a moving and dramatic depiction of some of the most daring military characters of their times. Chevalier Wogan and his companions made history in their time, and are, unfortunately, not as well known by their fellow-countrymen as their deeds entitled them to be. However, the publication of their deeds in "An t-Oglach" will help to bring home to the young Irish soldiers of to-day the glorious traditions of Irish soldiers of the past, and give them a new source of inspiration for the future.

* * *

TO COMMANDING OFFICERS.

We have made special arrangements with the Talbot Press Ltd., whereby we will shortly be able to begin the serial publication of an even more dramatic story than our present serial, namely: "The Sword of O'Malley," by Justin Mitchell. It is essentially a soldier's story, and for dramatic power and realism is without equal.

We know of no better method of inculcating a sound spirit of morale into troops than the reading of military novels having a sound and reliable historical basis—a basis of truth and fact with the least modicum of the frills of the novelist

added on. Such a story is "The Sword of O'Malley." We take the liberty of impressing these facts upon the notice of Commanding Officers; and we trust that they will use all their influence and good offices to ensure that this new serial will be read extensively by the troops of the Commands. The reading of such a story is worth hours of lecturing on morale or esprit-de-corps.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE G.A.A.?

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

A Chara,—On your June 5th issue I read and digested our friend, "Chicago's" letter.

"Chicago" says France's recent selection against the Free State were not of the picking of the country. Well may be not, but France could not field a stronger team, and Cannon did guard the Free State's gap on the occasion, and right well.

If our friend, "Chicago," saw Bohemians beat Blackburn Rovers here in Dublin a season ago, and St. Mirren a few weeks ago, his remarks about an English pick showing us football as it should be played, would not have been made when I know that Blackburn Rovers the season they came over here were as good as any other of the English 1st Division teams, and St. Mirren were just after winning the Scottish Cup (Senior). And let "Chicago" not forget that in practically every English team of note to-day there are Irishmen playing in every position, and men like Scott of Liverpool, Muldoon of Aston Villa, etc., won fame at Gaelic.

His remark about the other writers—"Jackeen," etc.—being ex-British soldiers is uncalled for. They're Irish, but broadminded, that's what matters.

I will conclude by saying that sport and politics never blended, and "Chicago" won't ever make them so, his arguments are long-winded and narrow-minded, with too much personalities to prove ridiculous points. The ban is doing no good, and never will.

I beg to remain, "TICH."



[Photo Shakespeare.]

The Feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated at the Curragh Training Camp on Tuesday, by an imposing military ceremony. The procession was preceded by Rev. Father D. Ryan, Head Chaplain, who carried the Blessed Sacrament, the canopy-bearers being:—Chief of Staff, Assistant Chief of Staff, Master-General and G.O.C. Eastern Command. Senior Officers carrying swords formed a Guard of Honour. The President and Minister for Defence attended the ceremonies.

EASTER WEEK, 1916.

The Defence of the South Dublin Union.

Conquering Blood. A Remarkable Achievement.

By MAJOR J. V. JOYCE, General Staff.

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

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

Mobilising.

One had very little time to think on Easter Monday morning; it was all hustle. The eagerly awaited mobilization order reached me about 9.15 a.m., and if I had calmly considered how I was to dress, breakfast, fully equip myself as ordered, mobilize about 35 men living in the Terenure, Harold's Cross, Rathmines district to parade at Emerald Square, Dolphin's Barn, at 10 a.m., I am sure I should have given it up as a bad job. The thing had to be done, however, and if the terms of the order to parade at 10 o'clock were not actually complied with this particular section of "C" Coy. made a good show when the 4th Battalion under Commandant Eamonn Ceannt moved off about 11.30 a.m. to occupy its allotted positions. I was nearly the last to arrive, for my bicycle being in bad humour and refusing to associate with its chain compelled me to take the tram, on which I passed the Kinnage Garrison as they marched towards the G.P.O. headed by George Plunket and armed with pikes and other miscellaneous weapons. I have still a vivid recollection of that gallant little company marching cheerfully along Harold's Cross Road ready for anything and with determination written on every man's countenance.

Taking Over the S.D.U.

The march from Emerald Square to the South Dublin Union was uneventful and we all found it hard to realise that we were on active service. The few police who followed up took a great interest in our movements, and when "A" Coy., under Seamus Murphy, turned into Marrowbone Lane Distillery it was apparent that there was serious business afoot. When we reached James's Street a party was detailed to take over Rowe's Distillery and the remainder of the Battalion, about 70 in all marched into the Union precisely at noon, much, I might say, to the surprise of the

officials, none of whom displayed any apparent enthusiasm at our arrival, and one even threatened to summon the police!

"The Military are Coming."

As there was no time to lose parties were immediately detailed to hold different points in the grounds of the huge institution and I found myself one of an advanced party of five under the command of Lieut. Liam O'Brian located behind a wall on Mount Brown in the direction of Richmond Barracks. During the few minutes we had to wait some of the ladies from the locality told us in plain language what they thought about us and strongly advised us to join their kinsmen in France. It was almost with relief we heard the shout "the military are coming," and sure enough we saw the troops approach us from Kilmainham. It was then 12.40 exactly. They halted about 200 yards from our position, and after a brief delay, during which Lieut. O'Brian gave us our final instructions, their advanced guard, about 30 strong, moved towards us. When they were immediately in front of us—not more than 6 yards away—a shot rang out from the Union buildings and then we all opened up and inflicted heavy losses—we could not very well miss at such a short range—on the enemy, who retired in disorder without returning our fire. First blood to us!

The British Attack.

The enemy, however, rallied his forces and soon we found ourselves under heavy machine-gun and rifle fire from the Royal Hospital and other points. When our positions became untenable in the open we fell back on the buildings, unfortunately not without casualties, three of our men being killed in the field and several wounded. We found that headquarters had been established in the Nurses' Home, a strong building on the right-hand side of the courtyard inside

the main entrance which commanded the Royal Hospital, Mount Brown, and the adjacent open country practically over the Rialto Bridge. This building was put in a state of defence and it was here that the majority of the garrison spent the remainder of the week.

An Ugly Situation.

While we had inflicted heavy losses on the enemy we had not escaped unscathed, but considering the intensity of the fighting our casualties were remarkably small. The enemy had entered the institution from the Rialto side and had captured one of our picquets, which, surrounded and hopelessly outnumbered, was compelled to surrender. With our men scattered all over the place and with the enemy literally in our midst, the situation was an ugly one. It was like hide and seek and many encounters took place at point blank range. The poor nurses, patients and inmates had a trying time, for fighting actually took place in the wards and it is miraculous how they escaped so well. A word of praise and gratitude is here due to the Chaplain, Father Gerhard, who rendered spiritual assistance to our men under the most trying circumstances and whose constant visits and ministrations were a source of great comfort to all of us during the entire week.

Commander's Cheerful Words.

Sniping and numerous minor encounters continued all through the afternoon and evening and positions were captured and recaptured practically by hand to hand fighting. As dusk approached all our men were recalled to Headquarters with the object of consolidating our position there. After a meal of corned beef and tea had been eagerly partaken of Comdt. Ceannt addressed us and explained the situation, telling us that the G.P.O. and other important places had been taken over and that the fight

everywhere. The majority of us had been so busy all through the day that no news had reached us—in fact we had no time to think of what anybody else was doing—and we were wonderfully elated as a result of our Commander's cheerful words. Guards were detailed for the night, and after prayers had been recited all available men were ordered to rest, which was gladly availed of. Although after a strenuous day I don't think anybody slept very much that night. Excitement, occasional shots, and lack of beds rendered slumber a somewhat remote prospect.

Tragedy.

Tuesday morning was heralded by the sharp crackle of rifle fire, which, however, soon died away without anything in the nature of an attack developing. Vigorous sniping was kept up on both sides, and the morning had not far advanced when a great sorrow befell us. One of the bravest and best of our little garrison, Frank Burke, brother of Miss Joan Burke, and stepbrother to President (then Lieutenant) Cosgrave, who was with us in the Nurses' Home, was mortally wounded while endeavouring to locate an enemy sniper and succumbed immediately. He had taken a very active part in the first day's fighting and was possibly over-zealous, but he died as he would have chosen—in his green uniform. His death cast a gloom over everybody, for he was extremely popular and his courage and cheerfulness had been an example to the rest of us. So ended a promising career and within a stone's throw of the house in which he had lived.

Nurses' Garments in Defence.

Beyond some desultory sniping nothing particular happened on Tuesday and the work of fortifying our position was continued with vigour. All windows were barricaded and not only were the orthodox sandbags used for this purpose, but also wearing apparel of every description found in abundance in the Nurses' Home. I often wondered what the dear ladies said when after our evacuation they found their various garments filled with clay! A powerful barricade was also erected in the main hall, and this proved to be our salvation, when later in the week the enemy actually succeeded in forcing their way into the building. All foodstuffs were collected and handed over to our very capable Quartermaster, Peadar Doyle, who, despite his restricted larder, looked after us well during the week. Everything capable of holding water, too, was filled lest the supply should be cut off and as a safeguard against fire.

Barbed wire was placed around the little plot in rear of the premises.

The Flag and its Hoisting.

The situation had developed so rapidly on Monday that practically all our supplies had been cut off from us and steps had to be taken immediately to recover them. In the meantime we had no flag and Comdt. Ceannt felt that some emblem should be hoisted at once. This was easier said than done, as nothing resembling a national flag could be found. Eventually a small tin of green paint was located and when an emerald harp had been painted on a yellow window blind nailed to a long



Commandant Eamonn Ceannt,
Officer Commanding 4th Batt.
Dublin Brigade.

pole it was duly announced that the "flag" would be hoisted at 12 noon. At the appointed hour this strange looking ensign was flown from a top window, the garrison lustily singing "A Nation Once Again," to which the enemy replied with a sharp burst of rifle and machine-gun fire. I might add here that to the relief of everybody it was possible to substitute a proper flag on the following day.

Lines of Communication.

The task of opening up communications with the other Battalion posts was a difficult one in view of the fact that we were more or less surrounded in the Nurses' Home. We were not even in touch with a party of our own men who were located in the Boardroom over the main entrance. The task of breaking through the intervening

buildings was begun forthwith and it was not until the following day (Wednesday) that we succeeded in linking up with them. This was a great asset to us, for not only were the fourteen extra men who held the Boardroom of great numerical assistance, but also the position itself commanded James's Street and enfiladed the courtyard in front of the Nurses' Home. We had now all told 41 officers and men in the Union, eight of our men having been killed, about a dozen wounded, and a number captured. The enemy, I am reliably informed, estimated our number at 200, and this no doubt accounted for the respect he showed us in refusing to attack us except in strength. I might say that we expected reinforcements, but these did not arrive.

A Seven Hours Bombardment.

The work of consolidation and fortification was continued throughout Tuesday and Wednesday, and sniping was freely indulged in. About 3 p.m. on Wednesday a terrific bombardment was directed on our position. Everybody immediately took post, expecting a big attack, but after an hour the firing ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Some hitch had evidently taken place in the plan of campaign and the operation was postponed until the morrow. A great quantity of plaster had been removed from the walls, making our quarter very uncomfortable, but we were fortunate enough to have acquired a dormitory when breaking through to the Boardroom and here the majority of the garrison got a good sleep on Wednesday night.

Thursday morning broke calm and beautiful and even the enemy appeared to harmonise with the weather, for not a shot was fired and we could see for the first time little groups of people chatting on the streets and everything appeared extraordinarily peaceful. Yes, it verily was the calm before the storm for ere the day had ended one of the fiercest encounters of the whole Rising had taken place.

Everybody was in good humour and a razor having been procured from somewhere we all availed of the opportunity of a shave and a general clean up after the three hard days which preceded. A despatch, too—the last—had been received from the G.P.O. and the news sounded good. The despatch carrier, however, reported that he had great difficulty in making his way to us and so no written reply was sent—merely a verbal report which probably never reached its destination. We all took things easy and those not on guard or other duty enjoyed a "laise" in the beautiful sunshine in the little garden in rear.

Our respite was short lived, for at the same time as on the preceding day, about 3 o'clock, a terrific volume of fire was opened on us from all sides. We immediately rushed to our posts, and before long, under covering fire from the Royal Hospital, where in addition to machine-guns special marksmen were posted, we saw large numbers of troops in open order advancing towards us in the fields extended in front of us.

to the South Circular Road. Included in the attack were a small number of R.I.C. men who, I understand, had volunteered specially for the job. The volume of fire was intense and only very occasionally did we reply to it, husbanding, as we were, our ammunition for the late stages of the attack. The Vice-Commandant, Cathal Brugha, who was in charge during Eamonn Ceannt's temporary absence in the Boardroom, was astute enough to realise that an attempt would be made to rush our position from some other quarter, and consequently when a party of troops broke cover and charged across the Union square in front of the Nurses' Home we were ready to repulse them with heavy losses. Time and again they charged, but on each occasion they were compelled to retreat. One particularly daring squad of four did actually reach the Bakehouse, which was situated on our left and between us and the Boardroom, but one fell dead on the doorstep, one died inside, and the other two, who must have been scared to death, were taken away in coffins under our very eyes on the following day. As the Red Cross was prominently displayed during this operation we were not allowed to molest them.

Cathal Brugha a Mass of Wounds.

The attack continuing with unabating fury I found my supply of ammunition running short and when I went to replenish it I was amazed to find nobody else on the upper storeys. Proceeding cautiously downstairs I heard movements in the front hall and immediately afterwards a loud demand to surrender. The enemy had gained access to the house next door on our right and had broken through, but he had still our barricade to contend with. I rushed into the kitchen, where I saw Cathal Brugha lying on the floor in a pool of blood. He asked me for a drink and told me the others had retired towards the Boardroom and instructed me to join them. This I felt reluctant to do, but when he instructed me to report to Comdt. Ceannt and tell him there was still a chance of holding on and that he would cover the barricade with his Mauser automatic I hastened to obey. I found the others had fallen back on the dormitory where we had slept the previous night and where preparations were now being made for a last stand. I told Comdt. Ceannt what the position was and he seemed to regard it as more or less hopeless to return.

Victory for a Song.

The little garrison waited patiently for what everybody expected to be the end, when suddenly we heard the explosions of bombs and the bark of a Mauser from the Nurses' Home, and rising above the din we heard Cathal Brugha singing "God Save Ireland"! The effect was electric. Led by our Commandant and other officers we all rushed back, and very soon the Nurses' Home was cleared of the enemy. Cathal Brugha alone had saved the situation. Lying there on the kitchen floor, badly wounded, he had prevented the enemy from crossing

the barricades and his song had inspired the defenders to come back and repel the Saxon. It was typical of this brave man, who was absolutely fearless and who would—and ultimately did—prefer to die rather than to surrender. He was literally a mass of wounds and his recovery was nothing short of a miracle.

British Counter-Attack Fails.

We were congratulating ourselves on our success when a bomb, followed in quick succession by several others, exploded in the back hall and the enemy made another determined effort to rush the barricade and supported by a strong counter attack from the rear. The din and noise and smoke and dust was terrible, but this time we were ready for them and the men posted on the stairs almost annihilated the storming party, who after several fruitless attempts finally withdrew, leaving behind a number of dead, dying and wounded.

A Remarkable Achievement.

We had only one further casualty, Douglas Ffrench-Mullen, who got a splinter of a bomb in the leg while crossing the back hall. The shooting continued until dark, when under cover of the night the enemy finally evacuated the Union buildings. The Nurses' Home was in a deplorable condition, everything broken, all the plaster off the walls and ceilings, floors ripped up, electric light shattered, and generally the place was rendered unfit for occupation. However, we had held on to it, and it gave us intense satisfaction to think that we had repelled such an overwhelming force, for undoubtedly two thousand troops must have been engaged against us for almost seven hours, and while admittedly we occupied a strong position and probably had a little more than our share of luck that day it was a remarkable achievement. I might say that in his advance across the fields the enemy also came under fire from Marrowbone Lane Distillery and his casualties in the open were very high if one could judge by the constant visits of the ambulances.

Strong guards were posted for the night, but quietness reigned, the only excitement being the wonderful glow over the city, which some optimist assured us was the result of the burning of the Linen Hall Barracks. We got very little rest, for though we were all exhausted after such a strenuous encounter it was impossible to sleep owing to the state of the place, and when daylight came we at once began the work of making it habitable again and of strengthening our defences which had suffered in the previous day's attack. There was no sign of the enemy and even sniping was hardly indulged in.

Cathal Brugha Removed to Hospital.

It was considered necessary to remove our wounded Vice-Commandant to hospital and this was done with the assistance of the Chaplain and some of the officials. Ffrench-Mullen, on the other hand was not seriously wounded and would not hear of leaving us. We all got a good rest on Friday night, and Saturday was a more or less lazy day.

Beyond having an occasional shot at the enemy, who had apparently entrenched himself in the fields at Mount Brown, or at our friends in the Royal Hospital, everything appeared peaceful.

The General Surrender.

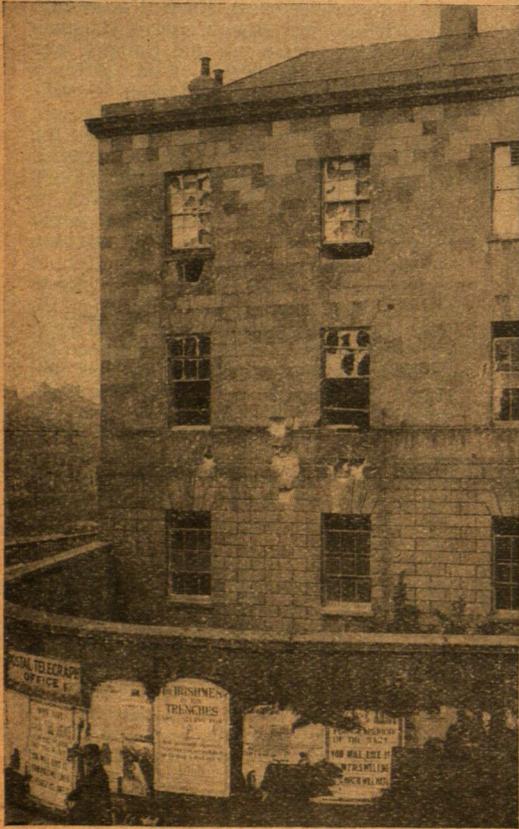
No news had reached us from Headquarters or elsewhere since Wednesday, and when we saw General Thomas MacDonagh drive up on Sunday our optimism got the better of us. After a long consultation with Comdt Ceannt and other officers he drove away and then our hopes were shattered when for the first time we heard of the General Surrender. Every man was summoned and Commandant Ceannt addressed us and told us that although we would have to hand up our arms that evening we had struck a great blow for Ireland which would have far-reaching effects on the destinies of the country. He also told us that while he believed some of the leaders would pay the penalty, he thought the rank and file had nothing much to worry about. Commandant Ceannt was a far-seeing man and a leader of great ability and determination. His courage and resource inspired all who served under him and his subsequent execution robbed Ireland of one of the noblest and best of her sons.

At 3 p.m., accompanied by a British officer, who walked in front with our Commander, we marched out of the South Dublin Union with bayonets fixed en route to Bride Street, being joined on the way by the garrison from Marrowbone Lane Distillery, who brought up our rear. Thousands of people had collected and followed us, cheering wildly as if victory had been ours. Reaching Bride Street we got the order "Ground Arms" from our Commandant, and this, I think, was the greatest sacrifice the men were called on to make, for every man regarded his weapon as something sacred. However, it had to be done and when the men who held Jacob's Factory joined us we were marched, under an immense escort, to Richmond (now Keogh) Barracks and the receptions we got at different points of the route contrasted very strangely with that accorded to us a few hours previously. As we approached Richmond Barracks we saw another batch of prisoners, amongst whom we recognised many familiar faces, being escorted to the boat, which two days afterwards carried away to Knutsford and elsewhere those of us who were considered more or less harmless.

So finishes a personal narrative, for the foregoing cannot be regarded as a complete record of the happenings in the South Dublin Union during Easter Week. The writer, who served in a subordinate capacity, has just given an account of things as he saw them, briefly and without embellishment of any sort. Perhaps at his leisure President Cosgrave, who served on Eamonn Ceannt's staff, and who consequently was in touch with everything that happened, may find time to chronicle his version of one of the most interesting and varied chapters of the whole Insurrection.

THE FIGHTING AT THE FOUR COURTS.—AN INGENUOUS INCENDIARY MISSILE.

The ingenuity displayed by a Volunteer to set fire to a British post is related in the following interesting letter, for which we are indebted to Mr. Stephen Pollard, of 5 Capel St., Dublin:—



Corner of Four Courts and Chancery Place, showing injury by shell and rifle fire.

]NOTE.—The story of the Fighting in the Four Courts Area has appeared in "An t-Oglach," Nos. 18, 19 and 20.—ED.]

To the Editor, "An t-Oglach."
A Chara,—Apropos of the story of the fight in the Four Courts, 1916, the following incident may be of interest:—

On Wednesday of that eventful week, some Volunteers were barricading the windows of the Law Library to protect themselves from the fire of the military who had taken refuge in the Medical Mission Building opposite, when a Volunteer named Murphy, a carpenter by trade, found a piece of ash from which he made

a bow and arrow; some petrol and rags were then obtained. The rags were soaked in petrol, ignited and shot from the bow through a window of the Mission Buildings, with the idea of setting fire to the place. Unfortunately, the effort was not a success, as the rags failed to ignite the flooring, and there was nothing at hand to make more arrows from. This man Murphy only joined us on the Monday, and was afterwards wounded doing duty at a barricade in Church Street.

T. J. Bevan was the Officer in charge of the Law Library at this time.



The Four Courts.

[Keogh Bros. & T. W. Murphy.]

ARMY SWIMMING CLUB.

Last Wednesday the membership roll of the Club was further increased by the advent of a contingent from the Army School of Music, which had just re-opened after the annual leave.

The Chaplain (Rev. Father McLoughlin) accompanied the party of boys who "attested" for service with the Army Swimming Club, while Lieut. J. F. Flynn (the School Q.M.) was in charge of the new members, whom he had recruited from the N.C.O.'s and men of the No. 1 Band, and School Staff. We extend a hearty welcome to our new colleagues.

In honour of the occasion the weekly competition on that day took the form of a One-Length Race (Scratch) confined to the boys, for which two prizes were offered. There were nine competitors, and amidst tumultuous excitement on the part of the embryo bandmen spectators, a well-contested race resulted as follows:—

Boy J. Rochford, 1; Boy N. Mooney, 2. Time, 17 secs. Won by $\frac{1}{2}$ length.

Then came an example of those perplexing problems which we must face from time to time during life. The youthful prize-winners, unexpectedly finding themselves the happy possessors of prize orders to the value of several weeks' pay in terms of Army School of Music boys' rates, were unable to decide what to purchase with their booty. Several more or less—mostly less—valuable suggestions were, of course, forthcoming from the other lads, but, as far as one could gather, unlimited supplies of ice cream seems to be the highest ambition of the majority of the boys just at present. It is safe, however, to presume that our future bandmen express more worthy ambitions when back at work in the School. Father McLoughlin eventually volunteered paternal advice to his proteges to assist them in their dilemma, and the Club Committee feel confident that they will not be called upon to settle an account for "one ton of ice-cream, complete with flavours," as a result.

EX-ARMY SWIMMING CHAMPION.

This week we have to chronicle, with sincere regret, the return to civil life of Sergt. F. Flood—our Hon. Treasurer, and ex-Army Champion. Sergt. Flood has, all along, been one of the stalwarts of the Army Club, both within the Service and in competition in civilian circles. A thorough sportsman, he was ever ready to impart his knowledge and experience of swimming to all who were anxious to learn, and his loss will be felt very much. "Fergie" carries with him good wishes for his future success in his new sphere, from every member of the Army Swimming Club.

"Many privates only know their officers as men who award them punishment, and although they know they are always treated with justice, such a condition of affairs must ever be prejudicial to the interests of our service."—Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley.

= WIRELESS NOTES =

CONDUCTED BY
Commandant J. SMYTH
ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

OSCILLATION.

At the request of a number of readers, I propose to again deal with oscillation.

Most receiving sets employ reaction of one type or another in order to increase the strength of signals. Reaction, when properly adjusted, does not cause any disturbance to neighbouring sets except during the search for distant stations.

The following points should receive first consideration by every listener.

1. When you hear a carrier-wave your set is transmitting a similar noise to all listeners within a radius of from 1 to 5 miles, and sometimes to greater distances.

2. When your set is oscillating, and no carrier-wave is heard, other listeners searching for a station will detect your carrier-wave and mistake it for a distant station. When they try to tune in you will hear them and there is likely to be some cross play. Both may be trying to tune in to one another, thus adding to the disturbance which may be affecting several sets in the neighbourhood.

3. If your set is oscillating you generally get louder signals but invariably bad distortion.

4. Some sets, owing to inductive and capacity effects between the wiring, oscillate on all adjustments. In such cases try a smaller value of reaction coil, and if this does not cure the trouble reduce the high tension voltage. If the set still oscillates try a re-arrangement of the wiring, taking care to cross all wires as far as possible at right angles to one another.

5. When you swing the condenser or variometer right around the dial and hear, say, some half-dozen or more carrier-waves, you have interrupted every listener in the neighbourhood whose set was tuned to one or other of the stations associated with these carrier-waves.

6. Oscillating sets do not comply with the Postmaster-General's Regulations. Licenses for such sets may be withdrawn.

7. Give your neighbour the consideration you would like to get yourself.

Correct Method of Tuning.

The one-valve set with reaction coupled:—

1. Set condenser and ATI to approximate value of station you require.

2. Move the reaction coil to its greatest distance from the coil to which it is coupled.

3. Gradually close up the reaction coil until you hear a slight muffled click or

buzz in the 'phones. The set is now oscillating.

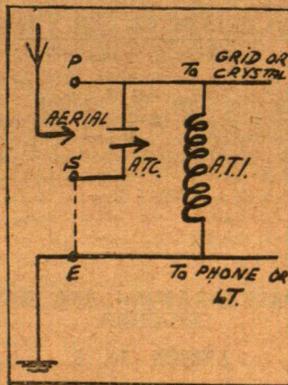
4. Withdraw the reaction coil slightly until oscillation ceases.

5. Tune in to signals by slight variations of the condenser.

6. If signals too weak close up reaction coil slightly, but not sufficient to cause oscillation. If you overstep the mark, withdraw the coil just clear of the oscillation point. Loudest signals are always received just off the point of oscillation.

7. If doubtful as to whether the set is oscillating, tap the aerial terminal with the finger. If a distinct click is heard it is oscillating.

8. If whilst off the point of oscillation you hear a note like a carrier-wave, swing your condenser over a few degrees. If the note is unaltered in pitch it is a disturbance from one of your neighbours. The loudness of the note gives an approximation of the distance. You must grin



and bear this interruption until your neighbour learns better radio manners.

9. It is possible to definitely locate interrupters by direction finding apparatus, but unfortunately the system is an expensive and troublesome one where a multitude of sets are interrupting at the same time.

The above instructions also apply to the one-valve set with one or more stages of low-frequency amplification.

The Tuned Anode Set.

1. Set the aerial tuning coil and condenser, also the tuned anode coil and condenser to approximate value of station to which you wish to tune.

2. Adjust reaction coil as in the case of the one-valve set.

3. If necessary to bring in carrier-wave, immediately you have located it move re-

action coil beyond oscillation point and tune in for loudest signals on both the aerial and tuned anode condensers. After a little experience both these condensers may be tuned simultaneously.

In tuned anode sets employing reaction between the detecting valve and the ATI there is violent radiation and relatively loud interruption to other sets. When the reaction coil is coupled to the tuned anode coil the interruption is not quite so great.

A further type of tuned anode set employing reaction between all three coils oscillates violently.

This set will be described in a future article.



Editor, "An t-Oglach."

A Chara,—In reference to your notes of last issue regarding the "best position for the aerial tuning condenser," I am sending you a diagram of a three terminal or parallel series arrangement which some of your readers might wish to build into their sets. The following must be borne in mind. If the aerial lead-in is connected to the parallel terminal (P), the series terminal (S) must be connected to the earth terminal (E); this can be done above panel. If the lead-in is connected to the series terminal (S), the parallel terminal (P) is left unconnected.

The constructor will see from the diagram that the aerial tuning condenser may be placed in either the position of C1 or C2 of your Fig. 2 of 29th May, 1926, by this simple three terminal arrangement.

Yours faithfully,

R. P. KEARNEY.

A Scotsman once bought a threepenny ticket in a raffle. He gained the first prize, which was a pony and trap. Every one of his friends imagined that he would be delighted, but he looked very black as he eyed his prize.

"Anything wrong?" queried one of the people present.

"Anything wrong," he growled; "why the thing's a fraud; they've done me out of the whip."

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THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

ARITHMETIC.

SOLUTIONS.

The following are the solutions to the test paper on Fractions given in the issue of 5th inst.

1. Simplify—

$$\frac{3\frac{1}{2} - \frac{2}{3} \text{ of } 1\frac{7}{8}}{3(1\frac{1}{2} + 2\frac{1}{2}) \div 7\frac{1}{3}} \div \frac{\frac{7}{15} \text{ of } 2\frac{2}{3} \div 1\frac{5}{6}}{(4\frac{1}{2} + 6\frac{1}{4}) \div 3\frac{8}{9}} \times \frac{1}{1\frac{1}{5}}$$

Solution—

$$a \quad \frac{13}{4} - \frac{\frac{2}{3}}{1} \times \frac{\frac{5}{8}}{4} = \frac{13}{4} - \frac{5}{4} = \frac{8}{4} = 2$$

$$3\left(\frac{7}{6} + \frac{5}{2}\right) \div \frac{22}{3} = 3\left(\frac{7+15}{6}\right) \times \frac{3}{22}$$

$$= \frac{8^2}{\frac{3^1}{1} \times \frac{22^1}{6} \times \frac{3}{22^1}} = \frac{2}{3} = \frac{2}{3} \times \frac{2}{3} = \frac{4}{3} = a.$$

$$b \quad \frac{1}{\frac{7}{16}} \times \frac{\frac{8}{3}}{1} \times \frac{\frac{3}{14}}{\frac{2}{1}} = \frac{3}{4}$$

$$\frac{\left(\frac{40}{9} + \frac{25}{4}\right) \times \frac{9}{35}}{\frac{3}{4}} = \frac{160 + 225}{36} \times \frac{9}{35} = \frac{11}{4} = \frac{3}{4} \times \frac{1}{11} = \frac{3}{11} = b$$

$$c \quad \frac{1}{\frac{4}{5}} = \frac{1}{\frac{4}{6}} = \frac{1}{\frac{4}{2}} \times \frac{3}{11} = \frac{3}{22} = c.$$

∴ Expression is reduced to

$$\frac{4}{3} \div \frac{3}{11} \times \frac{3}{22} = \frac{4}{3} \times \frac{11}{3} \times \frac{3}{22} = \frac{4}{6} = \frac{2}{3} = \text{Ans.}$$

2. First pipe fills tank in 12 minutes or $\frac{1}{12}$ of tank in 1 minute. Second pipe empties tank in 15 minutes or $\frac{1}{15}$ of tank in 1 minute. Since $\frac{1}{12}$ is filled and $\frac{1}{15}$ emptied in a minute the difference between $\frac{1}{12}$ and $\frac{1}{15}$ gives the fraction actually filled when both pipes are open.

$$\frac{1}{12} - \frac{1}{15} = \frac{5}{60} - \frac{4}{60} = \frac{1}{60}$$

Fraction filled in 1 minute.

∴ $\frac{3}{8}$ or entire tank will be filled in 60 minutes or 1 hour.

Answer—1 hour.

3. Since $\frac{2}{3}$ are Class II. privates and $\frac{1}{3}$ are Class III. privates $\frac{2}{3} + \frac{1}{3}$ or $\frac{3}{3}$ of battalion are privates.

If we take away the number of privates from the total strength we get the number of N.C.O's.

If $\frac{3}{5}$ are privates then

$$\frac{3}{5} (\text{total strength}) - \frac{3}{5} = \frac{6}{5} = \text{strength of N.C.O's.}$$

$$\frac{6}{5} = 66.$$

$$\frac{1}{35} = 11.$$

$$\frac{3}{5} \text{ or total strength} = 35 \times 11 =$$

$$385 = \text{Answer.}$$

4. At 45s. per ton, 1 cwt. costs $\frac{45}{20}$ or $2\frac{1}{4}$ shillings or 2s. 3d.

∴ 2 cwt. costs 4s. 6d.

Hence $\frac{3}{15}$ of man's money = 4s. 6d.

$$\frac{1}{15} = 1s. 6d.$$

$\frac{1}{15}$ or entire amount = 15 times 1s. 6d. = 22s. 6d.

Since he has spent 4s. 6d. the amount left is 22s. 6d. — 4s. 6d. or 18s. = Answer.

$$5. \quad \frac{2\frac{1}{2} \text{ times } 3s. 6d.}{£1} = \frac{2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}}{20}$$

$$= \frac{5}{2} \times \frac{7}{2} \div \frac{20}{1} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{7}{2} \div \frac{1}{20} = \frac{7}{16}$$

$$\text{Answer } £\frac{7}{16}$$

SCALE DRAWING AND MAP READING.

LESSON No. 6.

Map Drawing to Scale.

In drawing plans or maps of small areas we may be able to draw them to such scales as "1 inch to 100 feet," "1 inch to 100 yards," "1 inch to 200 yards," etc. Thus an inch on the map may represent 100 feet, 100 yards, or 200 yards ground distance.

Where, however, areas of 10 square miles and upwards are to be mapped, the student will easily understand that the proportion of map distance to ground distance will be considerably greater, or, in other words, we must draw to a smaller scale. The scale in such cases is generally expressed in terms of inches (map distance) to miles (ground distance). We thus get scales where 1 inch map distance may represent 1, 2, 3 or any number of miles ground distance, or where 1 mile ground distance may be represented by 1, 2 or more inches map distance.

The Irish Ordnance Survey maps are generally drawn either to the scale of "1

inch to 1 mile" or "1 inch to 2 miles" (i.e., $\frac{1}{2}$ inch to 1 mile). The large sized schoolroom map of Ireland is generally drawn to a scale of 1 inch to $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, while the small atlas map in your atlas is drawn to a scale of 1 inch to 40 miles.

We see, therefore, that we have a great variety of scales, and unless the scale is specially specified the student is at liberty to adopt any scale suitable for his purpose.

In determining the scale to which a plan or map is to be drawn, we must always consider the following:—

(1) Size of area to be mapped, i.e., greatest length and greatest breadth.

(2) Size of map desired, always allowing for a suitable margin of paper.

If for instance we are required to draw a map of an area 40 miles long by 20 miles wide on a sheet of paper 10 inches long and 7 inches wide, we must first determine the amount of paper which we can allow to the actual map. Allowing for a margin of one inch all round we reduce the size of our paper for mapping purposes to a length of 8 inches and a width of 5 inches. Now on a length of 8 inches we are to represent a ground distance of 40 miles. Therefore 1 inch distance on our map will represent a ground distance of 5 miles. Hence a scale of 1 inch to 5 miles will suit and our map will be 8 inches long by 4 inches wide.

Representative Fraction.

In addition to indicating scale in words as outlined in the foregoing (e.g. "Scale of 1 inch to 1 mile," etc.), we also indicate it in the form of a fraction known as the **Representative Fraction** or R.F. (abb.), as it is generally written. The R.F. has for numerator "map distance" and for denominator "ground distance" represented.

$$\text{Thus R.F.} = \frac{\text{map distance}}{\text{ground distance.}}$$

Example (1)—Scale of 1 inch to 400 feet. Find R.F.

$$\text{R.F.} = \frac{\text{map distance}}{\text{ground distance}} = \frac{1 \text{ inch}}{400 \text{ feet}}$$

Reducing both numerator and denominator to the same name, i.e., inches, we get

$$\frac{1 \text{ inch}}{400 \text{ feet}} = \frac{1}{400 \times 12} = \frac{1}{4,800} = \text{R.F.}$$

NOTE.—Always reduce the terms of the fraction to the same name. R.F. itself will not be named.

Example (ii).—Find the R.F. of the scale 1 inch to 500 yards.

$$\text{R.F.} = \frac{\text{map distance}}{\text{ground distance}} = \frac{1 \text{ inch}}{500 \text{ yards}} = \frac{1}{500 \times 3 \times 12} = \frac{1}{18,000} = \text{Answer.}$$

Example (iii).—Find R.F. of scale 1 inch to 1 mile.

$$\text{R.F.} = \frac{\text{map}}{\text{ground}} = \frac{1 \text{ inch}}{1 \text{ mile}} = \frac{1}{63,360} = \text{Answer.}$$

(the number of inches in a mile—63,360—should be committed to memory).

Example (iv).—A map is drawn to the scale of 4 inches to 1 mile; what is the R.F.?

$$\text{R.F.} = \frac{\text{map}}{\text{ground}} = \frac{4 \text{ inches}}{1 \text{ mile}} = \frac{4}{63,360} = \frac{1}{15,840} = \text{Answer.}$$

(If the student is not familiar with the reductions of fractions to their lowest terms he should study the Arithmetic lessons in fractions which appeared in back numbers of this Journal).

Example (v).—If a distance of 5 inches on a map represents a ground distance of 3 miles, what is the R.F. of the map?

$$\begin{aligned} \text{R.F.} &= \frac{\text{map}}{\text{ground}} = \frac{5 \text{ inches}}{3 \text{ miles}} = \frac{5}{33360} \times 3 \\ &= \frac{1}{38,016} = \text{Answer.} \end{aligned}$$

GEOGRAPHY.

LESSON No. 17.

Ireland—Sub-divisions.

Ireland was originally sub-divided into five provinces or kingdoms, viz., Ulster, Munster, Connaught, Leinster and Meath. Ultimately, however, the province of Meath became part of the province of Leinster.

Each province is sub-divided into counties as follows:—

Ulster (nine counties).—Donegal, Derry, Antrim, Down, Armagh, Monaghan, Cavan, Fermanagh and Tyrone.

Leinster (twelve counties).—Louth, Meath, Dublin, Wicklow, Wexford, Carlow, Kilkenny, Kildare, Offaly, Leix, Westmeath and Longford.

Munster (six counties).—Waterford, Cork, Kerry, Clare, Limerick and Tipperary.

Connaught (five counties).—Galway, Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim and Roscommon.

Of the nine Ulster counties the following:—Derry, Down, Antrim, Armagh, Fermanagh and Tyrone form what is known as Northern Ireland.

The Ulster Counties, Donegal, Cavan, and Monaghan, are in Saorstát Éireann.

The counties of Offaly and Leix were, in the days of British occupation, known as King's County and Queen's County, respectively.

The four largest counties in Ireland are Cork, Galway, Mayo and Donegal; the four smallest counties are Louth, Carlow, Dublin and Longford.

The student should be able to name the Provinces and Counties both in Irish and English. In your Atlas you will find a Map of Ireland entirely in Irish. Get a friend with a knowledge of Irish to read over the names with you. Repeat each name several times until you are thoroughly familiar with the pronunciation. When this is done practise writing the names.

"That's a bit of a racing car if you like. What's the most you get out of it?"

"Oh, about every other turning."

OUTLINES OF IRISH MILITARY HISTORY.

The history of military service in Ireland can be traced plainly enough. It begins with the times we read about in the grand heroic legends, going back centuries before Saint Patrick. In Ireland, as in all the free nations of antiquity, every freeman was trained to the use of arms. Young man and soldier meant the same thing. There were no standing armies. In time of war every freeman of military age was called out. The country was divided into a number of small states. Each of these states was called a triucha céad, that is, a "thirty hundred," because it was estimated that each state should be able to put 3,000 men in the field under arms. Each of these states had at its head a king, who was also its military commander. Each force of 3,000 men was called a cath. This word cath, in its meaning of a military force, is often represented by "battalion" in the English translations, but the cath was really a small army under its own commander.

Not much is known about the details of army organisation at this time, but the old tradition set a high value on military smartness and efficiency. The most famous of our ancient tales tells of the "thirty hundred" of the Gaians of Leinster in the war of the Brown Bull: "They are splendid soldiers. When the rest are beginning to make their enclosures and pitch their camps, the Gaians have already finished setting up their booths and huts. When the rest are still building booths and huts, the Gaians have finished preparing their food and drink. While the others are getting ready their food and drink, the Gaians have done eating and feasting, and their harps are playing for them. When all the others have finished eating and feasting, by that time the Gaians are asleep. And even as their serving men are distinguished above the serving men of the Men of Ireland, so shall their heroes and champions be distinguished above the heroes and champions of the Men of Ireland on this expedition." It is folly then for the rest to go, for the Gaians will enjoy the victory." There is meaning in these words.

ORIGIN OF THE FIANNA.

We come next to the time when the Romans, with the finest military organisation perhaps that ever existed, had conquered all this part of the world except Ireland and the north of Scotland. The Irish imitated the Romans. They formed standing armies. Soldiering for the first time became a profession. That was the origin of the Fianna. The chiefs of the Fianna soon became a law to themselves. Then they went to war with each other. At last, in the battle of Gabhair, near Tara, about A.D. 300, they encountered the King of Ireland Cairbre Lifeachar. Cairbre fell, but the Fianna were destroyed. Still, for more than 300 years afterwards, bodies of Fianna were organised and kept on foot, probably because during all that time the Germanic invasions went on in Britain and France. The Fianna were stationed in camps and garrisons, and some of the great earthworks of antiquity belong to their time. When there was no fighting on hand they were kept in training by hunting deer and wild boars, which then abounded in the forests.

After A.D. 600 the Fianna disappeared, and the old system of freeman levies prevailed. From then till about a century after the Norman invasion, Ireland had no standing armies or professional soldiers. Men of letters, including all who went to school, and the clergy of all grades, were not allowed to carry arms, and the tenants of the numerous church estates were exempt from military service under the kings. Perhaps mainly for these reasons, a local king's force was now reckoned at only 700 men. The age for military service began at 17; its other limit is not definite. The education of a young freeman consisted of the practice of arms, horsemanship, swimming, and chess-playing; and when there was fighting to be done, it was men so prepared who had to do it. Each force appears to have been arranged in companies of 100 and sections of 10. Each man had to bring his own spear, javelin for throwing, sword and shield. To keep the men in training, and also to keep down the wolves, then numerous and destructive, wolf-hunts were regularly organised, for which each man had to turn out. Practically all the fighting men were engaged in agriculture. Except to repel invasion, they could not be called out during seed-time or harvest. Each man could be required to serve in the field for six weeks in each year.

FABLE OF INTERNECINE WARS.

The "constant internecine wars" of ancient Ireland that we read of in some books are a fable. Ancient Ireland, until the Norsemen (or Danes, as they are often called) and after them the Norman-French-Welsh-English invaders came in, had less war than most countries. When kings had a dispute and could not settle it otherwise they fought a battle, much as other men might fight a duel, and that was the end of it. A prolonged campaign, except against foreigners, or a succession of battles in one dispute, is seldom heard of.

Without any standing armies, Ireland and the Irish colony in Scotland put up a more successful resistance to the Norse invasions than the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks were able to do. From the Norsemen the Irish learned the use of the broad-edged battle-axe.

The Normans, when they came to Ireland, were masters of the art of fortification and of shock tactics. They seized on the stone-built monasteries or converted ancient sepulchral mounds into stockaded moats. Their forces were moving fortifications of spearmen, bowmen, and armoured men at arms on heavy Norman chargers. Though the bow was known to the Irish, for some reason they never took kindly to it. Body armour they despised—"fine linen tunics on the race of Conn, and the Foreigners in one sheet of iron!" When they attacked a fortified position, the Norman bowmen awaited the time to break their ranks with a volley of arrows, and the charge of the men at arms completed the disorder. Even with superior numbers the Irish at first suffered heavy defeats. Before long they learned to adapt their tactics, and the enemy historian, Giraldus Cambrensis, bears witness

(Continued on Page 15).



Clementina

BY

A.E.W. Mason

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CHAPTER XXIV.—continued.

"What should I say if I went with you?" she asked suddenly, as though she had expected his visit.

"You should say why the King lingers in Spain."

Maria Vittoria gave a startled look at Wogan.

"Do you know why?"

"You told me yesterday."

"Not in words?"

"There are other ways of speech."

That one smile of triumph had assured Wogan that the King's delay was her doing and a condition of their parting.

"How will my story, though I told it, help?" asked Mdle. de Caprara. Wogan had no doubts upon that score. The story of the Chevalier and Maria Vittoria had a strong parallel in Clementina's own history. Circumstance and duty held them apart as it held apart Clementina and Wogan himself. In hearing Maria Vittoria's story Clementina would hear her own; she must be moved to sympathy with it; she would regard with her own generous eyes those who played unhappy parts in its development; she could have no word of censure, no opportunity for scorn.

"Tell the story," said Wogan; "I will warrant the result."

"No, I will not go," said she; and again Wogan left the house. And again he came the next morning.

"Why should I go?" said Maria Vittoria rebelliously. "Say what you have said to me to her. Speak to her of the ignominy which will befall the King. Tell her how his cause will totter. Why talk of this to me? If she loves the King your words will persuade her. For on my life they have nearly persuaded me."

"If she loves the King!" said Wogan quietly; and Maria Vittoria stared at him. Here was something she had not conjectured before.

"Oh, she does not love him!" she said in wonderment. Her wonderment swiftly changed to contempt. "The fool! Let her go on her knees and pray for a modest heart. There's my message to her. Who is she that she should not love him?" But the knowledge nevertheless altered a trifle pleasantly Maria Vittoria's view of the

position. It was pain to her to contemplate the Chevalier's message—a deep, gnawing, rancorous pain—but the pain was less once she could believe he was to marry a woman who did not love him. She despised the woman for her stupidity; none the less that was the wife she would choose if she must needs choose another than herself. "I have a mind to see this fool-woman of yours," she said doubtfully. "Why does she not love the King?"

Wogan could have answered that she had never seen him. He thought silence, however, was the more expressive. The silence led Maria Vittoria to conjecture.

"Is there another picture at her heart?" she asked; and again Wogan was silent. "Whose, then? You will not tell me."

It might have been something in Wogan's attitude or face which revealed the truth to her; it might have been her recollection of what the King had said concerning Wogan's enthusiasm; it might have been merely her woman's instinct. But she started and took a step towards Wogan. Her eyes certainly softened. "Oh," said she, and was silent. "Ah," said she, and was silent again. "After all, I am a woman; I have a woman's curiosity; I have a woman's right to change my mind. I will go with you to Bologna," she said; and that afternoon with the smallest equipment she started from Rome. Wogan had ridden alone from Bologna to Rome in four days; he had spent three days in Rome; he now took six days to return in company with Mdle. de Caprara and her few servants. He thus arrived in Bologna on the eve of that day when he was to act as the King's proxy in the marriage.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when the tiny cavalcade clattered through the Porta Castiglione. Wogan led the way to the Pilgrim Inn, where he left Maria Vittoria, saying that he would return at nightfall. He then went on foot to O'Toole's lodging. O'Toole, however, had no news for him.

"There has been no mysterious visitor," said he.

"There will be one to-night," answered Wogan. "I shall need you."

"I am ready," said O'Toole.

The two friends went back to the Pilgrim Inn. They were joined by Maria

Vittoria, and they then proceeded to the little house among the trees. Outside the door in the garden wall Wogan posted O'Toole.

"Let no one pass," said he, "till we return."

He knocked on the door, and after a little delay, for the night had fallen and there was no longer a porter at the gate, a hatch was opened and a servant inquired his business.

"I come with a message of the utmost importance," said Wogan. "I beg you to inform her Highness that the Chevalier Wogan prays for two words with her."

The hatch was closed, and the servant's footsteps were heard to retreat. Wogan's anxieties had been increasing with every mile of that homeward journey. On his ride to Rome he had been sensible of but one obstacle—the difficulty of persuading Maria Vittoria to return with him. But once that had been removed others sprang to view, and each hour enlarged them. There was but this one night—this one interview! Upon the upshot of it depended whether a woman, destined by nature for a queen, should set her foot upon the throne-steps; whether a cause should suffer its worst of many eclipses; whether Europe should laugh or applaud. These five minutes, while he waited outside the door, threw him into a fever. "You will be friendly," he implored Mdle de Caprara. "Oh, you cannot but be! She must marry the King. I plead for him—not the least bit in the world for her. For his sake she must complete the work she has begun. She is not obstinate; she has her pride as a woman should. You will tell her just the truth—of the King's loyalty and yours. Hearts cannot be commanded. Alas, Mademoiselle, it is a hard world at the end of it. It is mortised with the blood of broken hearts. But duty, madam, duty, a consciousness of rectitude—these are very noble qualities. It will be a high consolation, madam, one of these days, when the King sits upon his throne in England, to think that your self-sacrifice had set him there." And Mr. Wogan hopped from one leg to the other, twittering irreproachable sentiments until the garden door was opened.

Beyond the door stretched a level space of grass interspersed with a

path. Along this path the servant led Wogan and his companion into the house. There were lights in the windows on the upper floor, and a small lamp illuminated the hall; but the lower rooms were dark. The servant mounted the stairs, and opening the door of a little library announced the Chevalier Wogan. Wogan led his companion by the hand.

"Your Highness," said he, "I have the honour to present to you the Princess Maria Vittoria Caprara." He left the two women standing opposite to and measuring each other silently; he closed the door and went downstairs into the hall. A door in the hall opened on to a small parlour with windows to the garden. There, once before, Lady Featherstone and Harry Whittington had spoken of Wogan's love for the Princess Clementina and speculated upon its consequences. Now Wogan sat there alone in the dark, listening to the women's voices overhead. He had come to the end of his efforts and could only wait. At all events, the women were talking—that was something; if he could only hear them weeping! The sound of tears would have been very comforting to Wogan at that moment, but he only heard the low voices talking—talking. He assured himself over and over again that this meeting could not fail of its due result. That Maria Vittoria had exacted some promise which held his King in Spain he was now aware. She would say what that promise was, the condition of their parting. She had come prepared to say it; and the thread of Wogan's reasonings was abruptly cut short. It seemed to him that he heard something more than the night breeze through the trees—a sound of feet upon the gravel path, a whispering of voices.

The windows were closed but not shuttered. Wogan pressed his eyes to the pane and looked out. The night was dark and the sky overclouded. But he had been sitting for some minutes in the darkness, and his eyes were able to prove that his ears had not deceived him. For he saw the dim figures of two men standing on the lawn before the window. They appeared to be looking at the lighted windows on the upper floor; then one of them waved to his companion to stand still, and himself walked towards the door. Wogan noticed that he made no attempt at secrecy; he walked with a firm tread, careless whether he set his foot on gravel or on grass. As this man approached the door Wogan slipped into the hall and opened it. But he blocked the doorway, wondering whether these men had climbed the wall or whether O'Toole had deserted his post.

O'Toole had not deserted his post, but he had none the less admitted these two men. For Wogan and Maria Vittoria had barely been ten minutes within the house when O'Toole heard the sound of horses' hoofs in the entrance of the alley. They stopped just within the entrance. O'Toole distinguished three horses; he saw the three riders dismount, and while one of the three held the horses the other

two walked on foot towards the postern-door.

O'Toole eased his sword in its scabbard.

"The little fellows thought to catch Charles Wogan napping," he said to himself with a smile, and he let them come quite close to him. He was standing motionless in the embrasure of the door, nor did he move when the two men stopped and whispered together, nor when they advanced again one behind the other. But he remarked that they held their cloaks to their faces. At last they came to a halt just in front of O'Toole. The leader produced a key.

"You stand in my way, my friend," said he pleasantly, and he pushed by O'Toole to the lock of the door. O'Toole put out a hand, caught him by

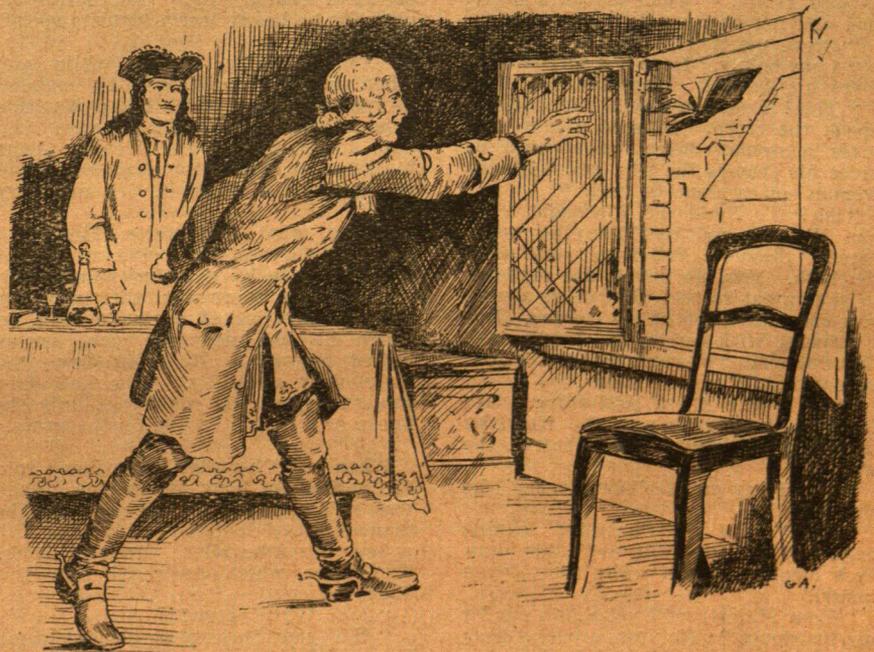
"Murus?" asked O'Toole. He shook his head in refusal.

"And by what right do you refuse me?"

O'Toole had an inspiration. He swept his arm proudly round and gave the reason of his refusal. "*Balbus edificabat murum*," said he; and a voice that made O'Toole start cried, "Enough of this. Stand aside, whoever you may be."

It was the second of the two men who spoke, and he dropped the cloak from his face. "The King!" exclaimed O'Toole, and he stood aside. The two men passed into the garden, and Wogan saw them from the window.

Just as O'Toole had blocked the King's entrance into the garden, so did Wogan bar his way into the house.



"And here's to the devil with the Latin grammar."

(See No. 21, Chap. XXIII.)

the shoulder, and sent him spinning into the road. The man came back, however, and, though out of breath, spoke no less pleasantly than before.

"I wish to enter," said he. "I have important business."

O'Toole bowed with the utmost dignity.

"*Romanus civis sum*," said he. "*Sum senator, too. Dic Latinam linguam, amicus meus.*"

O'Toole drew a breath; he could not but feel that he had acquitted himself with credit. He half begun to regret that there was to be a learned professor to act as proxy on that famous day at the Capitol. His antagonist drew back a little and spoke no longer pleasantly.

"Here's tomfoolery that would be as seasonable at a funeral," said he; and he advanced again, still hiding his face. "Sir, you are blocking my way. I have authority to pass through that door in the wall."

"Who, in Heaven's name, are you?" cried the Chevalier.

"Nay, there's a question for me to ask," said Wogan.

"Wogan!" cried the Chevalier, and "The King!" cried Wogan, in one breath.

Wogan fell back; the Chevalier pushed into the hall and turned.

"So it is true. I could not, did not, believe it. I came from Spain to prove it false. I find it true," he said in a low voice. "You whom I so trusted! God help me. Where shall I look for honour?"

"Here, your Majesty," answered Wogan, without an instant's hesitation—"here, in this hall. There, in the rooms above. Not outside on the lawn."

He had seized the truth in the same second when he recognized his King, and the King's first words had left him in no doubt. He knew now why he had never found Harry W

corner of Bologna. Harry Whittington had been riding to Spain with certain stories for the King's ear.

The Chevalier laughed harshly.

"Sir, I suspect honour which needs such barriers to protect it. You are here, in this house, at this hour, with a sentinel to forbid intrusion at the garden door. Explain me this honourably."

"I had the honour to escort a visitor to her Highness, and I wait until the visit is at an end."

"What? Can you not better that excuse?" said the Chevalier. "A visitor! We will make acquaintance, Mr. Wogan, with your visitor, unless you have another sentinel to bar my way." And he put his foot upon the step of the stairs.

"I beg your Majesty to pause," said Wogan firmly. "Your thoughts wrong me, and not only me."

"Prove me that!"

"I say boldly, 'Here is a servant who loves his Queen! What then?'"

"This! That you should say, did you speak the truth, 'Here is a man who loves a woman—loves her so well he gives his friends the slip, and with the woman comes alone to Peri.'"

"Ah! To Peri! So I thought," began Wogan; and the Chevalier whispered, 'Silence! You raise your voice too high. You, no doubt, are anxious, in your great respect, that there should be some intimation of my coming. But I dispense with ceremony. I will meet this fine visitor of yours at once.' And he ran lightly up the stairs.

Then Wogan did a bold thing. He followed, he sprang past the King, he turned at the stair-top and barred the way.

"Sir, I beg you to listen to me," he said quietly.

"Beg!" said the Chevalier, leaning back against the wall, with his dark eyes blazing from a white face—"you insist."

"Your Majesty will yet thank me for my insistence." He drew a pocket-book out of his coat. "At Peri in Italy we were attacked by five soldiers sent over the border by the Governor of Trent. Who guided those five soldiers? Your Majesty's confidant and friend who is now, I thank God, waiting in the garden. Here is the written confession of the leader of the five. I pray your Majesty to read it."

Wogan held out the paper. The Chevalier hesitated and took it. Then he read it once and glanced at it again. He passed his hand over his forehead. "Whom shall I trust?" said he in a voice of weariness.

"What honest errand was taking Whittington to Peri?" asked Wogan; and again the Chevalier read a piece here and there of the confession. Wogan pressed his advantage. "Whittington is not the only one of Walpole's men who has hoodwinked us the while he filled his pockets. There are others—one at all events—who did not need to travel to Spain for an ear to poison." And he leaned forward towards the Chevalier.

"What do you mean?" asked the Chevalier in a startled voice.

"Why, sir, that the same sort of venomous story breathed to you in Spain has been spoken here in Bologna, only with altered names. I told your Majesty I brought a visitor to this house to-night. I did. There was need I should, since the marriage is fixed for to-morrow. I brought my visitor all the way from Rome."

"From Rome!" exclaimed the Chevalier.

"Yes." And Wogan flung open the door of the library, and drawing himself up announced in his loudest voice, "The King!"

A loud cry came through the opening. It was not Clementina's voice which uttered it. The Chevalier recognized the cry. He stood for a moment or two looking at Wogan. Then he stepped over the threshold, and Wogan closed the door behind him. But before he closed it he heard Maria Vittoria speak. She said,—

"Your Majesty, a long while ago, when you bade me farewell, I demanded of you a promise, which I have but this moment explained to the Princess, who now deigns to call me friend. Your Majesty has broken the promise. I had no right to demand it. I am very glad."

Wogan went downstairs. He could leave the three of them shut up in that room to come by a fitting understanding. Besides, there was other work for him below—work of a simple kind, to which he had now for some weeks looked forward. He crept down the stairs very stealthily. The hall door was still open. He could see dimly the figure of a man standing on the grass.

* * * * *

When the Chevalier came down into the garden an hour afterwards a man was still standing on the grass. The man advanced to him. "Who is it?" asked the Chevalier, drawing back. The voice which answered him was Wogan's.

"And Whittington?"

"Will your Majesty be pleased to follow me?"

There was a gravity in Wogan's voice which chilled the Chevalier. He followed Wogan without a word over the open plot of grass before the windows. At the far side a little gravel path wound amongst bushes. Wogan led the way along it towards the bottom of the garden, and with every step the Chevalier's apprehensions grew.

"You have done him no hurt, Mr. Wogan," he said; and Wogan stepped from the gravel on to a small square of lawn hedged in with myrtle trees.

"I beg your Majesty to follow close in my steps," said he in a low voice.

The Chevalier had come straight from a lighted room. His eyes were as yet unaccustomed to the darkness. But it seemed to him that he saw something white lying on the ground at the opposite end of the lawn. He craned his head forward to see the more clearly, and stepped upon something which rolled under his foot and nearly threw him down.

"What is that?" he cried, starting back. What with Wogan's gravity and silence, his own apprehensions, and the

dark night, he was in a mood to be easily startled. He was not reassured by Wogan's answer. Wogan stooped to the ground and said,—

"It is a sword. True, I had forgotten it." And he picked up the sword and carried it under his arm. It was not his own sword, which swung in the scabbard at his side.

"I beg your Majesty to tread carefully," said he; and the sole of his boot rang upon metal.

"Another sword?" exclaimed the Chevalier. Wogan turned to him. "No, sir; this time it is a spade. I beg you to tread close upon my heels. For the spade has been used."

The Chevalier felt the hair lifting upon his scalp. Wogan turned towards the myrtle hedge and stopped, facing it, and almost touching it. The Chevalier stopped too.

"At your feet, sir," said Wogan, "underneath this hedge, lies an open grave."

"An empty grave," exclaimed the Chevalier.

"True, sir, open and empty." And the Chevalier drew a breath of relief, "But it will be neither for very long, if justice be done. The spade lies upon the grass, and underneath that tree, where the white shows, lies Whittington."

"Dead!"

"No, sir; merely stripped to his shirt for the convenience of fighting on a black night. I am in the like case." Wogan pulled aside his cloak, and, advancing to Whittington, stooped over him, took a handkerchief from his mouth, and cut a rope which bound his legs.

"Up with you!" said Wogan "here's your master, if not your King. Faith, you are stiff. It comes of lying in the dew. But there's a bed of clay handy for you under the myrtles."

"No," said the Chevalier; and laying a hand upon Wogan's shoulder he drew him away. Whittington stood up, and the Chevalier spoke to him shortly and to the point. He used no reproaches, no arguments. He said simply. "You will return to England, and by sea from the nearest port of Italy. One of my servants will set you on board the first ship that sails. It's a strange thing that the country where my enemies are safest is my own country of England, but it is so. Here, at all events, I have power to get treachery fitly punished. Return to France, to Italy; there's a prison waiting for you. See to him, Wogan." And the Chevalier turned on his heel and walked back towards the house.

Wogan loosened Whittington's hands and led him to the gate where O'Toole still stood on guard. Whittington made no resistance. He knew that the Chevalier need only lift a finger, and a prison would have him safe for all his life.

"Lucius," said Wogan, "here's the very worst kind of a traitor ever bred. Will you keep your eyes on him for to-night, if you please? Take him away with you to-morrow and ship him off to England. Don't let him out of your sight till he's on board, and the anchor dripping at the bows."

went back into the garden. The Chevalier was within the house, and Wogan waited for a little while upon the lawn, watching the lighted lamp in the room above until he came down with Maria Vittoria.

"Whittington?" said the Chevalier.

"He will not trouble your Majesty," said Wogan.

The Chevalier held out his hand to Wogan. "I have good reason to thank you," said he. The two men escorted the Princess Caprara to the Pilgrim Inn. She had spoken no word during the walk, but as she turned in the doorway of the inn the light struck upon her face and showed that her eyes glistened. To the Chevalier she said, "I wish you, my lord, all happiness and the boon of a great love. With all my heart I wish it." And as he bowed over her hand she looked across his shoulder to Wogan. "I will bid you farewell to-morrow," she said with a smile; and the Chevalier explained her saying afterwards as they accompanied him to his lodging.

"Mdlle de Caprara will honour us with her presence to-morrow. You will still act as my proxy, Wogan. I am not yet returned from Spain. I wish no question or talk about this evening's doings. Your big friend will remember that?"

"My friend, sir," said Wogan, "who was with me at Innspruck, is Captain Lucius O'Toole! of Dillon's regiment."

"*Et senator*, too," said the Chevalier with a laugh, and he added a friendly word or two which Wogan carried straightway to O'Toole's lodging. "And Whittington?" he asked when he had ended.

"I have him safe under lock and key and a closed carriage ordered for six in the morning."

Wogan rose and held out his hand.

"We will drink a glass together," said O'Toole, "for God knows when we speak together again. I go to Leghorn to-morrow, to Schlestadt afterwards."

"Ah, you go back," said Wogan. "Let us rouse Gaydon."

"Gaydon went three days ago."

"Ah! And Misset is with his wife. Here are we all once more scattered, and, as you say, God knows when we shall speak together again."

O'Toole remarked that his voice had a strange, sad note of melancholy.

"My friend," said he, "you have the black fit upon you; you are plainly discouraged. Yet to-night sees the labour of many months brought to its due close." And as he lit the candles on his chimney he was quite amazed by the white, tired face which the light showed to him. Wogan, indeed, harassed by misgivings and worn with many vigils, presented a sufficiently woe-begone picture. The effect was heightened by the disorder of his clothes, which were all daubed with clay in a manner quite surprising to O'Toole, who knew the ground to be dry underfoot.

"True," answered Wogan, "the work ends to-night. Months ago I rode down this street in the early morning, and with what high hopes! The work ends to-night, and may God forgive me for a meddlesome fellow! Cup and ball's a fine game, but it is ill playing it with

women's hearts." And he broke off suddenly. "I'll give you a toast, Lucius! 'Here's to the Princess Clementina.'" And draining his glass he stood for a while lost in the recollection of that flight from Innspruck; he was far away from Bologna, thundering down the Brenner through the night, with the sparks striking from the wheels of the berlin, and all about him a glimmering, shapeless waste of snow.

"To the Princess—no, to the Queen she was born to be," cried O'Toole; and Wogan sprang at him.

"You saw that!" he exclaimed, his eyes lighting, his face transfigured in the intensity of this moment's relief. "Ay, to love a nation, that is her high destiny. For others a husband, a man; for her a nation. And you saw it! It is evident, to be sure. Yet this or that thing she did, this or that word she spoke, assured you, eh? Tell me what proved to you here was no mere woman but a queen!"

The morning had dawned before Wogan had had his fill. O'Toole was very well content to see his friend's face once more quivering like a boy's with pleasure, to hear him laugh, to watch the despondency vanish from his aspect. "There's another piece of good news," he said at the end, "which I had almost forgotten to tell you. Jenny and the Princess's mother are happily set free. It seems Jenny swore from daybreak to daybreak, and the Pope used his kindest offices, and for those two reasons the Emperor was glad to let them go. But there's a question I would like to ask you. One little matter puzzles me."

"Ask your question," said Wogan.

"You have a deal of clay upon your clothes. Yet the night is fine, and the ground not miry."

"Ah," said Wogan, as he stood up, with a strange smile upon his lips, "I have a deal of clay upon my clothes. There was never a gravedigger but bore the signs of his trade."

O'Toole nodded his head wisely once or twice. "I am answered," he said. "Is it indeed so?" He understood, however, nothing except that the room had suddenly grown cold.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LAST.

AN account remains of the marriage ceremony, which took place the next morning in Cardinal Origo's palace. It was of the simplest kind and was witnessed by few: Murray, Misset and his wife, and Maria Vittoria de Caprara made the public part of the company; Wogan stood for the King, and the Marquis of Monti Boulorois for James Sobieski, the bride's father. Bride and bridegroom played their parts bravely and well, one must believe, for the chronicler speaks of their grace and modesty of bearing. Clementina rose at five in the morning, dressed herself in a robe of white, tied a white ribbon about her hair, and for her only ornament fixed a white collar of pearls about her neck. In this garb she went at once to the church of San Domenico, where she made her confession, and

from the church to the Cardinal's palace. There the Cardinal, with one Maas, an English priest from Rome, at his elbow, was already waiting for her in the Sala Farnese. Mr. Wogan thereupon read the procuration, for which he had ridden to Rome in haste so many months before, and pronounced the consent of the King, his master, to its terms. Origo asked the Princess whether she likewise consented, and the manner in which she spoke her one word, "yes," seems to have stirred the historian to pens. It seems that all the virtues launched that one little word and were clearly expressed in it. The graces, too, for once in a way, went hand in hand with the virtues. Never was a "yes" so sweetly spoken since the earth rose out of the sea. In a word, there was no ruffle of the great passion which these two, man and woman, had trodden beneath their feet. She did not hint of Iphigenia, he borrowed no plumes from Don Quixote. Nor need one fancy that their contentment was all counterfeit. They were neither of them grumblers, and "fate" and "destiny" were words seldom upon their lips.

One incident, indeed, is related which the chronicler thought to be curious, though he did not comprehend it. The Princess Clementina brought from her confessional box a wisp of straw which clung to her dress at the knee. Until Wogan had placed the King's ring upon her finger she did not apparently remark it, but no sooner had that office been performed than she stooped, and with a friendly smile at her makeshift bridegroom she plucked it from her skirt and let it fall beneath her foot.

And that was all. No words passed between them after the ceremony, for her Royal Highness went straight back to the little house in the garden, and that same forenoon set out for Rome.

She was not the only witness of the ceremony to take that road that day. For some three hours later—to be precise, at half-past two—Maria Vittoria stepped into her coach before the Pilgrim Inn. Wogan held the carriage door open for her. He was still in the bravery of his wedding clothes, and Maria Vittoria looked him over whimsically from the top of his peruke to his shoe-buckles.

"I came to see a fool-woman," said she, "and I saw a fool-man. Well, well!" And she suddenly lowered her voice to a passionate whisper. "Why, oh, why did you not take your fortunes in your hands at Peri?"

Wogan leaned forward to her. "Do you know so much?"

She answered him quickly. "I will never forgive you. Yes, I know." She forced her lips into a smile. "I suppose you are content. You have your black horse."

"You know of the horse, too," said Wogan, colouring to the edge of his peruke. "You know I have no further any use for it."

"Say that again, and I will beg it of you."

"Nay, it is yours, then. I will send him after you to Rome."

"Will you?" said Maria Vittoria.

"Why, then, I accept. There's my hand." And she thrust it through the window to him. "If ever you come to Rome, the Caprara Palace stands where it did your last visit. I do not say you will be welcome. No, I do not forgive you, but you may come. Having your horse, I could hardly bar the door against you. So you may come.

Wogan raised her hand to his lips.

"Ay," said she, with a touch of bitterness, "kiss my hand. You have had your way. Here are two people cross-mated, and two others not mated at all. You have made four people entirely unhappy, and a kiss on the glove sets all right."

"Nay, not four," protested Wogan.

"Your manners," she continued remorselessly, ticking off the names upon her fingers, "will hinder you from telling me to my face the King is happy. And the Princess?"

"She was born to be a queen," replied Wogan stubbornly. "Happiness, madam! It does not come by the striving after it. That's the royal road to miss it. You may build up your house of happiness with all your care through years, and you will find you have only built it up to draw down the blinds and hang out the hatchment above the door, for the tenant to inhabit it is dead."

Maria Vittoria listened very seriously till he came to the end. Then she made a pouting grimace. "That is very fine and moral and poetical. Your Princess was born to be a queen. But what if her throne is set up only in your city of dreams? Well, it is some consolation to know that you are one of the four."

"Nay, I will make a shift not to plague myself upon the way the world treats me."

"Ah, but because it treats you well," cried she, with a sudden envy. "There will be work for you, hurrying to and fro, the opportunities of excelling, nights in the saddle, and perhaps again the quick red life of battlefields. It is well with you; but what of me, Mr. Wogan? What of me? And she leaned back in her carriage and drove away. Wogan had no answer to that despairing question. He stood with his head bared till the carriage passed round a corner and disappeared, but the voice rang for a long while in his ears. And for a long while the dark eyes abrim with tears, and the tortured face, kept him company at nights. He walked slowly back to his lodging, and mounting a horse rode out of Bologna and towards the Apennines.

On one of the lower slopes he came upon a villa just beyond a curve of the road, and reined in his horse. The villa nestled on the hillside below him in a terraced garden of oleanders and magnolias, very pretty to the eye. Cypress hedges enclosed it, the spring had made it a bower of rose blossoms and depths of shade out of whose green darkness glowed here and there a red statue like a tutelary god. Wogan dismounted and led his horse down the

path to the door. He inquired for Lady Featherstone, and was shown into a room from the windows of which he looked down on Bologna, that city of colonnades. Lady Featherstone, however, had heard the tramp of his horse; she came running up from the garden, and without waiting to hear any particulars of her visitor burst eagerly into the room.

"Well?" she said, and stopped and swayed upon the threshold. Wogan turned from the window towards her.

"Your ladyship was wise, I think, to leave Bologna. The little house in the trees there had no such wide prospect as this."

He spoke rather to give her time than out of any sarcasm. She set a hand against the jamb of the door, and, even so, barely sustained her trifling weight. Her knees shook, her childlike face grew white as paper; a great terror glittered in her eyes.

"I am not the visitor whom you expect," continued Wogan, "nor do I bring the news which you would wish to hear." And at that she raised a trembling hand. "I beg you—a moment's silence. Then I will hear you, Mr. Warner." She made a sort of stumbling run and reached a couch. Wogan shut the door and waited. He was glad that she had used the name of Warner. It recalled to him that evening at Ohlau when she had stood behind the curtain with a stiletto in her hand, and the last three days of his perilous ride to Schlestadt. He needed his most vivid recollections to steel his heart against her, for he was beginning to think it was his weary lot to go up and down the world causing pain to women. After a while she said, "Now your news," and she held her hand tightly against her heart to await the blow.

"The King married this morning by proxy the Princess Clementina," said Wogan. Lady Featherstone did not move her hand; she still waited. It was just to hinder this marriage that she had come to Italy, but her failure was at this moment of no account. She heard of it with indifference; it had no meaning to her. She waited. Wogan's mere presence at the villa told her there was more to come. He continued,—

"Last night Mr. Whittington came with the King to Bologna; you understand, no doubt, why." And she nodded without moving her eyes from his face. She made no pretence as to the part she had played in the affair. All the world might know it. That was a matter at this moment of complete indifference. She waited.

"The King and Mr. Whittington came at nine of the night to the little house which you once occupied. I was there, but I was not there alone. Can your ladyship conjecture whom I brought there? Your ladyship, as I learned last night from Mr. Whittington's own lips, had paid a visit secretly, using a key which you had retained, on an excuse that you had left behind jewels of some value. You saw her

Highness the Princess. You told her a story of the King and Mdlle, de Caprara. I rode to Rome, and when the King came last night Mdlle. de Caprara was with the Princess. I had evidence against Mr. Whittington, a confession of one of the soldiers of the Governor of Trent, the leader of a party of five who attacked me at Peri. No doubt you know of that little matter too." And again Lady Featherstone nodded.

"Thus your double plot—to set the King against the Princess, and the Princess against the King—doubly failed."

"Go on," said Lady Featherstone, moistening her dry lips. Wogan told her how from the little sitting-room on the ground floor he had seen the King and Whittington cross the lawn; he described his interview with the King and how he had come quietly down the stairs.

"I went into the garden," he went on, "and touched Whittington on the elbow. I told him just what I have explained to you. I said, 'You are a coward, a liar, a slanderer of women,' and I beat him on the mouth."

Lady Featherstone uttered a cry and drew herself into an extraordinary crouching attitude, with her eyes blazing steadily at him. He thought she meant to spring at him; he looked at that hand upon her heart to see whether it held a weapon hidden in the fold of her bosom.

"Go on," she said; "and he?"

"He answered me in the strangest, quiet way imaginable. 'You insulted Lady Featherstone at Ohlau, Mr. Wogan,' said he, 'one evening when she hid behind your curtain. It was a delicate piece of drollery, no doubt. But I shall be glad to show you another view of it.' It is strange how that had rankled in his thoughts. I liked him for it, upon my soul I did, though it was the only thing I liked in him."

"Go on," said Lady Featherstone. Mr. Wogan's likes or dislikes were of no more interest to her than the failure of her effort to hinder the marriage.

"We went to the bottom of the garden where there is a little square of lawn hedged in with myrtle trees. The night was very dark, so we stripped to our shirts. From the waist upwards we were visible to each other as a vague glimmer of white; and thus we fought, foot to foot, among the myrtle trees. We could not see so much as our swords unless they clashed more than usually hard, and a spark struck from them. We fought by guesswork and feel, and in the end luck served me. I disarmed him. He ran in at once under my guard and grappled me about the waist. I could not, madam, but protect myself."

Lady Featherstone rose to her feet. She spoke no word, she uttered no cry; her face was white and terrible. She stood rigid like one paralyzed, then she said in a whisper, "You killed him!" and, swaying round, fell in a swoon upon the floor. And as she fell something bright slipped from her hand and dropped at Wogan's

up. It was a stiletto. He stood looking down at the childish figure with a queer compassionate smile upon his face. "She could love," said he—"yes, she could love." He sprinkled some water upon her face and lifted her on to a couch. In a moment or two she opened her eyes. "Killed him?" said Wogan, with a laugh. "No, nor indeed hurt him to any degree. The merest little tap upon the head with the hilt of my sword that dazed him while I made him fast. The King set him free an hour later on condition that he returned to England. He is already on his way to Leghorn with Captain O'Toole."

The colour came back into her face. She sat staring at Mr. Wogan. "To Leghorn," she said vaguely. "Ah, to Leghorn." She rose to her feet and stumbled to the door. "To Leghorn," she repeated, and went out. With each repetition of the phrase her voice had strengthened. It seemed the words were a sufficient remedy for her weakness, and as Wogan took up his hat he heard her up the stairs calling hurriedly for her maids.

He walked out of the house, led his horse back on to the road, and mounted it. The night was gathering; there were purple shadows upon the Apennines. Wogan rode away alone.

EPILOGUE.

SIR CHARLES WOGAN had opportunities enough to appreciate in later years the accuracy of Maria Vittoria's prophecy. "Here are two people cross-mated," said she; and events bore her out. The jealousies of courtiers no doubt had their share in the estrangement of that unhappy couple, but that was no consolation to Wogan, who saw, within so short a time of that journey into Italy, James separated from the chosen woman, and the chosen woman herself seeking the seclusion of a convent. As his reward he was made Governor of La Mancha in Spain, and no place could have been found with associations more suitable to this Irishman who turned his back upon his fortunes at Peri. At La Mancha he lived for many years, writing a deal of Latin verse, and corresponding with many distinguished men in England upon matters of the intellect. Matters of the heart he left alone and meddled with no more. Nor did any woman ever ride on his black horse into his city of dreams. He lived and died a bachelor. The memory of that week when he had rescued his Princess and carried her through the snows was to the last too vivid in his thoughts. The thunderous roll of the carriage down the slopes, the sparks striking from the wheels, the sound of Clementina's voice singing softly in the darkness of the carriage, the walk under the stars to Ala, the coming of the dawn about that lonely hut, high-placed amongst the pines—these recollections, one may think, bore him company through many a solitary evening. Somehow the world had gone awry. Clementina, withdrawn into her convent, was, after all, "wasted," as

OUTLINES OF IRISH MILITARY HISTORY

(Continued from Page 9).

that the invaders soon feared to meet the Irish battle-axes in the field, and had to rely on what he calls incastellation, that is, holding the country by means of castles and garrisons, which the Irish, with their annual short service system, could not easily reduce. Domhnall O Briain in Thomond, Cathal Croibhdhearg in Connacht, and Aodh O'Neill in Ulster, defied invasion, while they lived. Still, the plan of incastellation gradually crept on and threatened to complete the conquest as Giraldus advised.

PROFESSION OF ARMS.

Then a new element appeared. The Hebrides and Argyle had long been conquered and occupied by the Norsemen, but by degrees they became once more Gaelicised, and their connection with Norway grew weaker and weaker. At the same time they remained hostile to the kings of Scotland. So they came into close and friendly relations with the Irish of Tir Conaill and Tir Eoghain. Within a century of the Norman invasion of Ireland large bodies of men from Argyle and the Hebrides began to enter the service of the Northern Irish kings. They were called Gall-oglaich, that is, "foreign soldiers," "galloglasses" in Irish-English. These were professional fighting men, specially trained and armed, the first of the kind that appeared on the Irish side since the disappearance of the Fianna. By degrees they spread into Oriel, Breffny, Connacht, and Munster, always under Hebridean leaders. From the stock of these galloglach "constables" came the families of Mac Domhnaill, Mac Dubhghaill, Mac Ruaidhri, Mac Sithigh, Mac Suibne, Mac Caba, and others, in many parts of Ireland. The Irish in turn began to build castles or preserve the castles they captured, instead of destroying them, and to hold them with galloglach garrisons. Also, in imitation, a system of permanent military service, called buannacht, was adopted by the Irish themselves. The Irish professional or permanent soldier was called a buanna, not a galloglach.

Before this new means of defence, the power of the English Crown in Ireland rapidly diminished, and was at last confined to a few towns and fortresses and the Pale in the neighbourhood of Dublin. Among the Irish the system of standing forces did not displace the older system of freeman levies, but supplemented it. We learn from a proclamation of Aodh O'Neill, shortly before the year 1600, that each nominal "hundred," containing actually 84 men, was accompanied by a small number of galloglach, who no doubt supplied the expert element. Irish soldiers

he had sworn she should not be. James was fallen upon a deeper melancholy and diminished hopes. He himself was an exile alone in his white *patio* in Spain. In only one point was Maria Vittoria's prophecy at fault. She had spoken of two who were to find no mates, and one of the two was herself. She married five years later.

THE END.

often served for pay in other countries. It was they, in the main, who won the "great English victory" of Agincourt, over a French army many times their number. They were known in Germany, and readers may have seen copies of Albrecht Durer's engraving showing several types of Irish soldiers, with the inscription, "Here go the warmen of Ireland." Until firearms and artillery arrived to turn the scale, the warmen of Ireland were unexcelled.

THE LESSON FOR TO-DAY.

From this brief sketch of Irish military history down to the beginning of modern warfare, there are some practical lessons to be learned for our own time. The means and methods of warfare are always changing. They are changing at this moment. Valour and a certain facility in rapid organisation we always had. Discipline varied. Our setbacks came from being behindhand and in adopting or adapting them. We may have a little too much vanity and self-satisfaction. For several centuries, with nothing to prevent them, our ancestors failed to supply themselves with fire-arms, artillery, and gunpowder, while poets sang flattery. Are we still thinking about the last war—or the next one?

We are not men of bloodshed. Every day our country joins in the prayer: "Destroy not my life with men of bloodshed." *We arm only for defence and maintenance of our rights. There is no middle course between that and the heroism of the most world-renowned Irishman of our time—Toirdhealbhaich Mac Suibhne—descendant of a line of galloglach ancestors, and his was the greater heroism.*

CHANGES IN ARMY ATHLETIC FIXTURES.

G.H.Q. v. CURRAGH TRAINING CAMP.

In view of the Kildare Feis being held at Sallins on 27th inst., it has been decided to cancel the matches between G.H.Q. and Curragh Training Camp arranged for that date. The matches will be played at Croke Park on Wednesday, 30th June.

WINNERS OF EASTERN AND WESTERN v. SOUTHERN.

The hurling and football matches between the winners of the Eastern and Western Commands versus the Southern Command, arranged for Sunday, 20th June, have been changed to Friday, 18th June, at Croke Park. On that date the football match will commence at 6.30 p.m. and the hurling at 7.45 p.m.

Summer Girl (at little seaside village, scanning the ships on the horizon): "Why, my good man, are there birds flying round all the ships in sight except that one over there?"

Old Salt: "That, miss—that's a boat from Aberdeen."

"So all your daughters are married now?"

"Yes, the last one left us last week."

"It must be nice to get them all off your hands."

"Well, it's nice enough to get your daughters off your hands; but what we don't like is having to keep our sons-in-law on their feet."



ANNUAL SPORTS AT BERESFORD BARRACKS, CURRAGH.

Although the morning looked unpromising, the weather conditions in the afternoon of Wednesday, 26th ultimo, greatly favoured the Headquarters Annual Sports, held at Beresford Barracks' Grounds, by kind permission of Major-General McKeon, G.O.C. Curragh Camp. The large number of entries for the many events was highly pleasing, as was the all-round display of athletic ability. The attendance, which was of unusually large dimensions, included the G.O.C. and Mrs. McKeon, Colonel Brennan, Major and Mrs. Hunt, Comdt. and Mrs. Dunne, Comdt. and Mrs. Colgan and Miss Colgan, Comdt. and Mrs. Love, Capt. and Mrs. Harpur, Senator Cummins and party, Rev. Father Hughes, Rev. Mr. Madden and party, and Officers of the Camp, together with the student Officers of the A.S.I. The Sports Committee, of which the Camp Commandant (Comdt. B. Dunne) is president, Capt. Harpur, hon. sec.; Lieut. Begley, hon. treasurer, and Captains Clinton, Martin, Robinson, Lieuts. Sherlock, Heagerty, Murray, and B.S.M. Troy members, are worthy of the highest praise for the efficient manner in which they catered for the many requirements it took to make the first sports of the season the success they undoubtedly were. It was through their thoughtfulness too that the Officers and N.C.O.'s in separate marquees, were able to entertain their friends on the field—a feature which was much appreciated, especially by those who had travelled long distances.

Major McCabe (Camp Adjnt.), Major Hunt, Major Joseph Dunne, Capt. M. Stacey, and Capt. Carmichael acted as Judges, and in that capacity gave entire satisfaction. The same is true of the stewards and of Corporal F. O'Neill, who was in charge of field events, while the thanks and appreciation of the spectators must have gone out wholeheartedly to No. 3 Band, which, under the baton of Sergt.-Major Flahive, contributed a splendid musical selection right through the evening. With the arrival of the G.O.C. the band played the "Soldier's Song." All stood at the "Attention!"—civilians with hats removed, and for a minute everything was at a standstill.

At the conclusion of the events the G.O.C. distributed the prizes and congratulated the competitors on their success. Those to distinguish themselves most, however, in the respective events

were:—Capt. McKenna, Lieut. Woodlock, Cpl. Manning and Pte. Regan (7th Batt.).

The gymnastic display by the Curragh Gym. Staff attracted very keen interest and admiration.

The winners and runners-up were as follows:—

100 Yards—1, Cpl. Kelly, Police; 2, Lt. Woodlock.

220 Yards—1, Lieutenant Woodlock; 2, Cpl. Kelly.

440 Yards Open—1, Capt. P. McKenna, Beresford; 2, Sergt. Farrell, 8th Batt.

880 Yards Open—1, Pte. McKenny; 2, Pte. Lang.

56 lbs. Shot—1, Sergt. Fitzgerald; 2, Cpl. Fane.

880 Yards Cycle—1, Pte. McCormack, H.Q.; 2, Pte. McFadden.

Mile Open—1, Pte. McKenny; 2, Pte. O'Keefe.

Obstacle Race—1, Pte. Carroll; 2, Pte. Quinn.

Mile Cycle—1, Pte. Gough; 2, C.Q.M.S. Daly.

One Mile Relay—Beresford Team.

120 Yards Hurdles—1, Cpl. Manning; 2, Pte. Thornton.

Tug-of-War—1, 15th Batt.; 2, 8th Batt.

High Jump—1, Cpl. Manning; 2, Pte. Thornton.

Long Jump—1, Pte. Thornton; 2, Cpl. Manning.

Hop, Step, Jump—1, Pte. Thornton; 2, Cpl. Manning.

16 lbs. Shot—1, Capt. McKenna; 2, Cpl. Fane.

100 Yards (Officers)—1, Lieut. Woodlock; 2, Capt. Harpur.

3 Miles Flat—1, Pte. Reegan; 2, Pte. McKenny.

Pole Jump—1, Cpl. Manning; 2, Sergt. O'Rourke.

In celebration of the sports, smoking concerts were held in the Sergeants' Mess and Men's Recreation Hall on Wednesday and Thursday nights, and, like the sports themselves, both functions were decidedly successful, and for these latter successes thanks to Capt. Harpur, Capt. Clinton, B.S.M. Troy, B.Q.M.S. Birch, B.S.M. Cox, also No. 3 Band, which supplied the music.

2nd BATTALION.

Owing to the fact that "C" and "D" Companies are both on outpost duty, the nine-aside Hurling and Football Leagues are temporarily suspended.

There promises to be keen competition this year for the honour of representing the Battalion in hurling and football.

The Officers would like to know if any Battalion will put up a golf team of 10 Officers to play them. Our team travelled to Rosses Point on 30th ult. and gave a very creditable display against a veteran Club. The results were as under.

Rev. Fr. O'Harte	0	Supt. Muldoon	1
Comdt. P. P. Hyde	1	Mr. L. Gilligan	0
Capt. J. A. Smart	1	Mr. P. Nally	0
Capt. F. Magee	0	Mr. D. Hanly	1
Capt. M. Doyle	$\frac{1}{2}$	Mr. J. Togher	$\frac{1}{2}$
Lt. M. Higgins	0	Mr. J. Bourke	1
Lt. J. O'Neill	0	Mr. McLoughlin	1
Lt. A. Swan	1	Mr. O. Bradley	0
Lt. M. Connery	0	Mr. M. A. Downes	1

Totals $3\frac{1}{2}$ Totals $6\frac{1}{2}$

For the purpose of taking part in the County Donegal Championships and Leagues, a Club has been formed in the Camp. The membership is already 200, and it is confidently expected that it will reach 300 at least. With the existence of this Club and the new Brigade and Battalion Sports Committee, athletics will buzz in Finner this year.

The Brigade O.C.—Colonel S. Shiels—has generously presented a perpetual Challenge Cup and Gold Medal for the best rifle shot in the Brigade. Now let us hear from the snipers of the 2nd.

The 9th Battalion is now under canvas on the Camp grounds, for a month's collective training. Congratulations on the endurance displayed in completing a march of 80 miles from Bunrana to Finner in four days, with one day's rest about half way.

Commandant Bernard Sweeney, well known on hurling and football fields throughout the Western Command, has arrived in Finner as Brigade Adjutant. We extend to this fine Officer and Gael a hearty welcome.

KEEP YOUR COPIES OF

"An t-Ósliac"

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12th BATTALION, KILWORTH CAMP.

Our sojourn in Camp has brought us in daily contact with many old Army acquaintances whom we had soldiered with at one period or another in the past. Chief amongst these is Coy.-Sergt. Carton of the C.M.P., who was with us in McCann Barracks for a long time, and who, I imagine, still retains an old grádh for the Twelfth, and the Twelfth undoubtedly holds an old grádh for Victor.

We expect to have the services, in the near future, of Sergeant Dan Murphy and Cpl. Mick Kennedy, who are absent from the Battalion for some time back. They are temporarily transferred to No. 4 Bde. Headquarters, Limerick, representing that Brigade in hurling.

The charm of the Feis Ceoil brought me to Fermoy on Sunday (30/5/'26), where I was amply rewarded for my journey. The Feis Programme included competitions in Irish singing, dancing, storytelling and violin-playing, etc., etc.

The Feis serves a useful purpose in these days when, unfortunately, enthusiasm for things Gaelic cannot be said to be at anything approaching fever pitch.

During the past week some men from the Battalion have proceeded to McKee Barracks on a Signalling Course, in connection with the Autumn Manoeuvres of 1926.

Barber: "What way do you want your hair cut?"

Old Soldier: "Off."

The Kilkenny correspondent to this Journal mentioned some time ago that a football contest between Kilkenny Garrison and Templemore Garrison was to take place. The contest did not materialise, but, perhaps, it will take place when our period of Collective Training is at an end.

Coy. O.C. (during lecture): "What compliment would you pay when on sentry duty after Retreat?"

Pte. X.: "I'd give him the butt, sir."

We often hear it said that there's luck in odd numbers. No. 13, besides being an odd number is also reputed to be an unlucky one.

In issue No. 20 of "An t-Oglach" the number given for our Battalion was 13.

It is neither because 13 is an odd, and perhaps an unlucky number, that we complain.

We would still like to be known as the Twelfth.

Our men are now so accustomed to long route marches (even the doctors' sons—H.Q. Coy.), that the weekly route march takes no effect on them.

At the same time we are not over-anxious to walk from Kilworth to Templemore when our period of training finishes—whenever that may be.

"ROS-CAIRBRE."



"You must be intimate with your men before they will love you, and they must love you before you can hope to get the most out of them. You should study their prejudices, learn their individual characters, and by a knowledge of their respective sensitiveness, guard against wounding their feelings."—Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley.

3rd BATTALION, BOYLE.

The "Patres Conscripti" are returning to the land of their birth, and many carry with them the best wishes of their comrades in the 3rd. As men whom younger soldiers regarded with paternal feelings, the equals of Jimmy Doherty, the renowned Battalion butcher, etc., will be hard to meet for a long time, and in answer to cheers of good-bye rings the slogan of "John L.": "It is better to be a good old has-been than a never-waser."

The final stages of the preparation for the march to Finner are now being reached. Some say the road from Ballinacfad to Boyle is worse than the burning sands of Egypt or the rocks of Malta. Some even fell out to complete the comparison.

The football team is also in its final stages of preparation for meeting the winners of the match between the 2nd and 9th Battalions in the first round of the No. 1 Brigade League. "The team is well, and is trained well."

The many patronisers wish, through the medium of the Army Journal, to thank Cpl. McGee for the splendid way he handled the radiophone on the 2nd inst., especially when the Epsom chat was repeated from London. He is certainly deserving of his appointment of "Chief Engineer"; of course the earth wire, atmospherics, critics, etc., etc., give a considerable lot of trouble, but Cpl. McGee is capable of dealing with all these matters.

"BROADCASTER."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED

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SIGNAL COMPANY, ATHLONE.

We are all very sorry to lose our old friends, Frank Roche and Jim Mahon, who retired to civilian life. They both have our best wishes for their future success.

C.Q.M.S. Doherty is back with us once again, almost completely recovered from his recent illness. He is more than welcome, too.

We have now to send our congrats. to Thos. Kinsella, who was married last Wednesday, and who has our hearty wishes for his future success.

Since the 25th left, things are in a large mess.

How do the lads from the 1st like the new signalling course. (Quite well, of course).

A LINE FROM "ME LARRIE'S" BOOK.

And just like the 'Bello we've sportsmen here too,

Who can put up the score by the dozen, it's true,

Mechanic's is right, but the clerks of the Corps,

Be content with your "Ninepence" there ain't any more.

Yes: just like McKee, Custume's a fine station,

For breakfast we've "cha" with some fried egg's and bacon.

Potatoes, beef and cabbage is our menu for dinner,

And if you're not satisfied you can transfer to Finner.

J. W. S.

Old lady to soldier with steel hat on: "What's that big thick strap round your chin for, son?"

Old Soldier: "It's for restin' me ole jaw after I've answered silly questions, ma'am."

"GUNNER."

Mention "An t-Oglach" when dealing with our Advertisers.

PORTOBELLO BARRACKS.

The Minstrel and Dramatic Troupe gave performances on Sunday and Monday evenings, 30th and 31st May. Some very good numbers were rendered, the dancing being particularly interesting. The sketch, "Special Pleading," concluded both entertainments. Large and enthusiastic audiences attended both performances, and the various items were warmly applauded.

On Tuesday, 1st inst., there was a meeting of No. 4 Group, G.H.Q. Command A.A.A. Committee. Capt. P. J. Kelly presided, and delegates from all the Group Sections except Beggars' Bush, were present. The position of the Group appears to be very satisfactory, and it is hoped to have good representation in the various athletic events at the G.H.Q. Command Sports. We are told that the Group hope to furnish semi-finalists, at least, in Tennis, Handball and Swimming in the All-Army Championships.

In connection with tennis, I may mention that the preparation of the extra courts is coming on apace, and many thanks are due to the keen interest being taken in the matter by Col. J. H. McGuinness, O.C., 7th Brigade.

In the football field, on Wednesday, 2nd inst., No. 4 Group fielded a team picked from Transport, Records, and Engineers, and beat representatives from Islandbridge by 5 goals 3 points, to 4 points. "Tom" Hayes, G.H.Q., was in charge of the whistle. Lieut. Sean Kavanagh, Records; Barney Higgins, and "Nobby" Clarke, Transport, and O'Toole, Engineers, were prominent in the winning side, and Moran, Duff, and Murphy showed up well for Islandbridge.

On the same afternoon, at Croke Park, the 23rd Batt. gained a great victory over the 20th Batt., thereby qualifying to meet the 24th Batt. in the Command Final, on the 16th inst. Judging from the form of the 23rd Batt., and the result of the match between the 24th and 21st Battalions, in which the 24th emerged victors, a great game may be anticipated. The lads from the 23rd Batt. are in high fettle over their team's victory, and the celebrations of same were decidedly on the "large" side. However, good luck; and roll on the 16th inst.

At the same venue the 22nd Batt. went under to the 17th Batt. in the Hurling Semi-final, after a hard struggle. Never mind, lads, stick to your guns; you will have better luck next time. My tip for the double, though, has failed to come off.

"Rory" is to be congratulated on the potency of the "dope" he uses for embrocation, as undoubtedly it was the better staying power of the 23rd Batt. which enabled them to leave the field of play victors by such a convincing margin.

In spite of the fact that the weather was very fine on Thursday evening, 3rd inst., the usual weekly dance in the Gymnasium was carried out successfully, although the attendance was not up to the usual mark. However, such is only to be expected with the coming of Summer.

It has come to our notice that the Brigade Billiards Committee have undertaken to stage a further tournament in the near future. The final of the last tournament between Comdt. Devlin and Sergt. Morrissey is to be played off this week.

Which reminds me that a Tennis Tournament on the League system is to be run by No. 4 Group. From all reports, some "nippy" play will be witnessed. Sergt. Nugent, last year's winner, has almost regained his best form already, so now you budding "Lenglens" look out.

Your editorial remarks in No. 21 point to the fact that "Clementina" is drawing to a close. Shall we have the pleasure of another serial of a similar nature? Might I suggest the occasional publication of poems, such as Savage's "Shane's Head," which are assuredly not as well known as they should be.

"Mossy" Doyle and Myles McDonagh are to be congratulated on their wins on the 4th inst. at the G.H.Q. boxing tournament. Our own boy, "Morgan," of the 23rd Batt., is also to be warmly complimented on his victory over J. Tracey, late of the 22nd Batt., and now of St. Kevins B.C. Tracey is a hefty lad, and will beat more than will beat him, therefore Morgan's is by no means a mean achievement.

We noticed "Holly" and Christy putting them over at skittles the other evening. Yes, actually putting them over, and yet they say that the age of miracles is past.

We are expecting to hear from the Battalion Sports Committees very shortly as to the dates on which they have decided to hold their annual sports. Probably definite information will be to hand in time for the next issue.

23rd BATTALION

(Portobello Barracks, Dublin).

"The tumult and the shouting dies, the captains and the kings depart."

Wednesday, the 2nd inst., has come and gone, and happily sings the heart of the 23rd. For have we not been victorious? Yea, verily.

It would take a more facile pen than mine to describe such a match, and do it justice, for excitement never once waned during the whole game, and despite the high scoring, it was a splendid display between ourselves and the 20th.

The 20th Batt. were always dangerous, and view of the fact that they suffered a big handicap in the early stages of the game, being two goals down in the first ten minutes, they never admitted defeat until the final whistle sounded. The 23rd opened in characteristic style, and at once placed the Kilkenny men on the defensive. Following a nice bout of passing by Matthews, Ryan, and Tummon; Keogh, accepting a centre from Higgins, netted with a shot that gave the custodian no chance. Higgins repeated the performance a few minutes later. Nothing daunted, the 20th now took control and invaded the "road-makers" territory, and almost before anyone realised what was happening, had equalised. Play was now fast and furious, and the spectators had reached almost a frenzy of excitement; time and again each citadel was stormed, but the defence was sound. Lusk, at full back, being a tower of strength. Shortly before the half-time whistle, the 20th registered a minor.

The half-time scores were:—

20th Batt. 2 goals 1 point.
23rd Batt. 2 goals.

On resuming, the 23rd again attacked. Higgins equalising with a pretty kick over the bar. The 23rd now took control of the game, when McAllister, beating the goalie from far out, placed them a goal in lead. Kilkenny men were now playing like demons, nothing daunted, the "road-makers" pierced the defence time and again; Keogh, Ryan and Hig-

gins found the net in rapid succession. The final whistle sounded with the score:

23rd Batt. 7 goals 1 point.
20th Batt. 2 goals 1 point.

Mr. J. Fitzgerald refereed in his usual efficient manner. Little remains to be told, we are in the final, and peace and contentment reigns in the wig-wams of the 23rd. We are optimistic enough to fancy ourselves as an even-money shot for the Command Championship. I do not know much about those fearsome bookie's expressions, but I must ask "Rory."

Now, boys, what about the 16th inst. Will we? Can we? I know we can. If we fail it will not be your fault.

The 24th deserve a first-class reception on Wednesday, the 16th inst., for it may be fairly said that they are playing as good as any team in the Command. This they have proved by disposing of such fine teams as Command H.Q. Batt. and the 21st.

They have, rightly, an ambition to win the Command Championship, and the match on the 16th will prove if they are worthy or capable of it, for they are (it is not too much, we think, to say): "Up against the stiffest fence" they will have to jump for many a year, and when they meet the 23rd in the final they will prove whether or not they are able to surmount it. If they do, and thereby prove they are the better team, all honour to them; if they do not, they will have fought a great fight, and there will be hundreds of happy people in the ranks of the 23rd.

Our sympathy is extended to Sergt. "Bill" Grogan and Mrs. on the death of their baby boy, which occurred recently.

Before a large and appreciative audience, the Portobello Dixies gave a most enjoyable entertainment on Sunday and Monday night, the 30th and 31st May, 1926. As I believe my old friend, "Kay" is dealing with the subject on another page, I do not intend to wax eloquent.

The concert in Kilbride did not, I am sorry to say materialize, for good and sufficient reasons, which were quite beyond our control. We apologise to our friends, the 27th Batt., and hope to do ourselves the pleasure at a later date.

I am quite surprised at the scarcity of news from Baldonnell and Islandbridge. Now then, you "pen-pushers," what about it. Why not let us know what's doing, and who does it.

"COLLAR-BADGE."

The following hints will be found useful to Army Transport drivers:—

Most motorists will start quicker if the ignition switch is turned on. In case one of the cylinders is missing, a small ad. should be inserted in the "Lost" column of the local paper.

The principal function of the fly-wheel is to keep flies off the engine.

An effective method of discovering quickly whether the gas tank is empty or not is to drop a match or cigarette into it. If the match burns slowly the tank is empty.

DON'TS for Correspondents.

- DON'T** write if you can get it typewritten.
- DON'T** crowd the lines together.
- DON'T** write on both sides of the paper.
- DON'T** use a worn-out typewriter ribbon.
- DON'T** indulge in personal jokes.
- DON'T** write in pencil.
- DON'T** forget to mention dates.
- DON'T** send in your contribution later than the Saturday of the week before it is to appear.

BIG BOXING TOURNAMENT AT McKEE BARRACKS.

Gormanston Boxers' Great Performance.

By "FOAM."

The most successful indoor boxing tournament held in Dublin for some time was that which took place at the Riding School, McKee Barracks, on Friday, 4th June. The tournament was held under the auspices of the G.H.Q. Command Council of the A.A.A., and by kind permission of the G.O.C. Eastern Command. It was an unqualified success from every point of view, and the Dublin boxing public shall ever look forward to the efforts of this Council in their boxing tournaments. It was a triumph of the earnestness and untiring efforts of a small but willing band of workers. To Capt. J. P. Hawe, Sec.; Corporal F. V. Kelly, Assis. Sec., and a small committee, falls the honour of providing for 1,400 boxing fans a feast of boxing seldom witnessed at such moderate prices.

The M.C., Sergt.-Major Cork, at the opening paid a deserved tribute to the wholehearted support given by the sister Service—the Garda Síochána. In the matter of seating accommodation in particular special thanks is due the Garda for their courtesy and generosity.

The officials included Mr. T. P. Walsh, Hon. Secretary, I.A.B.A.; Mr. J. J. Healy (do.); Gardai Chase and Cooper, and Comdt. P. Ennis, Sec., A.A.A., and Capt. O'Brien, A.A.A. Sergt.-Major Cork proved an efficient M.C.

An innovation and a welcome one was the presence of the Army Band from the Army School of Music. Their selections throughout the night were enthusiastically applauded.

DETAILS.

Six two-minute round contests:—

Pte. Burns (G.H.Q.) k.o. Gunner Curtis (Artillery Corps).

Burns, a left-handed boxer, had Curtis guessing early, and, bringing a right swing well across to the head, ended the fight in the first round.

Pte. Cullen (School of Music) beat Pte. Leslie (A.A.A.) on points.

In the opening round Leslie jabbed well with his left, and had the better of the exchanges. Cullen used a good right to advantage in the next, shaking up his opponent. Early in the third round Cullen was cautioned for holding. Leslie improved, and a snappy left enabled him to share the round. In the fourth and fifth rounds there was plenty of in-fighting in which both men showed a good knowledge of the game. The final round was a gruelling affair, both mixing well, with Curtis holding a slight advantage to win him the fight. Leslie proved a good loser.

Pte. Morgan beat J. Treacy on points.—The ex-Army man appeared to give a lot of weight away. Treacy started well against a heavier opponent, landing some good blows to the ribs in the first round. Using plenty of ringcraft and making full use of his chances, Treacy continued to box well. In the fourth and fifth sessions Morgan's weight told, and he kept Treacy well in his own territory. Morgan sought a short way to victory in the last

meeting but Treacy ducked well and was little behind at the distance when Morgan got the verdict.

P. O'Brien (St. Andrews) beat W. McDermott (Phoenix). In the opening round O'Brien used both hands well, playing on McDermott's body. McDermott soon wiped off the arrears before the end of the round. McDermott carried the fight in the next rounds, using his left with effect. The final rounds saw a rare toe-to-toe struggle, with both boys giving of their best. There was an exciting finish in which O'Brien got home several jolts to his opponent's head, and earned a narrow victory.

BANTAMS BATTLE BRAVELY.

Cpl. McDonagh, the Irish Feather-weight and Army Bantam Champion, gained a meritorious victory over F. Traynor (St. Pauls), the Irish Bantam Champion. In the opening round, which consisted of in-fighting, McDonagh had a slight advantage. In the 2nd, Traynor sent across both lefts and rights which McDonagh cleverly evaded. Traynor opened the 3rd well, but at in-fighting McDonagh had again the better of matters. The fourth consisted of much holding, which spoiled the round. In the fifth Traynor was cautioned for holding, but afterwards fought well with both hands, scoring freely with the left. It was easily his round. There were rapid exchanges in the final round, both mixing it well. McDonagh forced the pace, and in a tough in-fighting round gained the verdict.

"MOSSEY" DOYLE'S STIFF TASK.

The principal fight of the night was that between the Irish Light-weight Champion—Pte. "Mossey" Doyle—and E. Cooper (Phoenix), the Irish Feather-weight Champion. Both fought at level weights and received a big ovation from the crowd.

Cooper carried the fight at the start, but Doyle crossed his right, to open a nasty cut under Cooper's eye. Continuing, Doyle easily won the round.

At the start of the 2nd, Doyle went down for a count of two. A rare slog developed, Cooper playing at will on his opponent's ribs. A good left from Doyle steadied Cooper, and the round ended with honours even. In the 3rd, Doyle connected well with both hands, and was superior at in-fighting in this and the subsequent round. In the fifth Cooper opened well, carrying the fight to Doyle. A left swing by Cooper caught Doyle, who fought back gamely, and showed plenty of ringcraft. Coming up for the final round, Doyle showed plenty of grit, and appeared very fresh in comparison with Cooper. It was a ding dong round, with Doyle doing most of the leading. The decision in favour of Doyle was a very popular one.

Pte. Devine (Athlone) beat T. Hickey (Phoenix) on points.

Devine, last year's light-weight champion of the Western Command, began slowly, Hickey doing most of the work

when winning the opening round. In the 2nd, Devine made good use of his right, leaving Hickey on the defensive throughout the round, and Devine had the better of an in-fighting third round. Hickey's left upset Devine in the next, and proved the stronger boxer. In the fifth and last Devine used both hands well, delivering several body-blows with effect, and he was the winner of the best bout of the evening.

THE NOVICE COMPETITIONS.

The Novice Command Competitions brought out several good lads, and Gormanston carried off most of the honours.

Flyweights (three two-minute rounds):—

Pte. Nolan (Gormanston) beat Pte. Coffey (McKee). Nolan started well, but Coffey got home a few telling blows to the body. Nolan came at a quick rate with both hands in the 2nd meeting, forcing Coffey to retire.

Bantam-weights, Semi-final:—

Pte. Markey (Gormanston) beat Pte. Murray (Artillery Corps).

After a rare slog the referee, in the first round, stopped the fight in favour of Markey.

Pte. Messitte (G.H.Q.) a bye.

Final—Markey beat Messitte.

Markey finished a shower of rights and lefts to the head, with a straight left to the point, putting Messitte out for the full count in the first round.

Feather-weights—Pte. Whelan (Gormanston) k.o. Pte. O'Donovan (School of Music).

The first round saw good boxing, with honours even. There was aimless boxing in the next, until Whelan caught his opponent with a right swing to the jaw to end the contest.

Light-weights—Pte. Hyland (Gormanston) beat Pte. McMahon (School of Music).

McMahon was down for a count of two in the opening round. The second meeting was a rugged and scrappy round, both boxing wildly. In the 3rd both seemed exhausted, and after a stiff opening the referee stopped the bout in favour of Hyland. (These lads had fought twice previously that evening in the qualifying bouts).

Pte. Barrett, G.H.Q., got a bye into the final.

Final—Hyland beat Barrett.

Barrett used both hands well at the start. Both tried to mix matters until Barrett retired in the first round.

Welter-weights—Pte. Walshe (G.H.Q.) k.o. Pte. Maguire (Portobello). Walshe, a much improved boxer, forced the fight from the start and won by the k.o. route in the first round.

Middle-weights:—

Pte. McGovern (G.H.Q.) beat Pte. Higgins (Gormanston) on points.

McGovern made a nervous start, but opened up the fight before the finish of the round. The second round was spoiled by holding. Higgins had the better of a tame round. In the final meeting McGovern, with a good left, earned the decision.

Heavy-weights:—

Cpl. Wall (Remounts) k.o. Pte. Walsh (G.H.Q.). A short-lived affair. Wall got home a succession of rights and lefts to the head, and a temple left sent his opponent to the boards for the full count.

Col. McGauran, Director of Training, kindly presented the

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"Laughter is the one gift that God has denied to beasts
and birds."—Pearse.

Orderly Officer: "Well, boy, sweeping
out the room?"

Room Orderly: "No, sir. Sweeping
out the dirt."—61042, Pte. Edward Mc-
Gowan, G.H.Q. Coy., Parkgate, Dublin,
to whom our prize of 2s. 6d. is awarded
this week.

Some people are so mean that they
won't laugh at a joke unless it's at some-
body else's expense.

Shy Young N.C.O.: "I wish to see—
that is, I'd like—er—er—I'd like—"
Jeweller's Assistant: "You'll find the
engagement rings, sir, on the other side
of the shop."

"Why does a milkman call out
'Milk-O?'"
"Silly! Where's your French? Isn't
'eau' water?"

Football is a fine exercise for the lungs
—of the spectators.

"Yes," said the earnest young Orderly
Room Clerk, "when I get interested in a
subject I never stop until I have embraced
it thoroughly."

"That's nice," said the pretty girl.
"Do—do you think I'm an interesting
subject?"

M.O.: "What precautions do you take
against microbes?"

"First, I boil the water—"

"Yes, and then?"

"Then I sterilise it—"

"That's right, and then?"

"I drink nothing but beer."

If you can't laugh now, just smile until
you can.

Judge (to prisoner, aged sixty): "The
sentence is twenty years' penal servitude."

Prisoner (in tears): "My lord, I shall
not live long enough to serve the sen-
tence."

Judge (in a kindly tone): "Don't
worry, do what you can."

Sergt.: "Now, you blighter, do your
bloomin' bootlace up at once."

Recruit (married and absent-minded):
"All right, darling."

Magistrate: "You have been sentenced
eight times, and this makes the ninth.
You ought to be thoroughly ashamed of
yourself."

Prisoner: "I say, gov'nor, no man
ought to be ashamed of his convictions."

When Sir Walter Scott was a schoolboy
his master once asked him what part of
speech was the word *with*. Scott reflected
a moment or two, and then said "A
noun." The master called the boy a
young idiot for making such a ridiculous
guess at the answer.

"But," queried Scott, "doesn't it say
in the Bible that they bound Samson *with*
withs?"

When a girl singles out a young man
it's very unlikely he'll be single much
longer.

Recently a soldier was discussing
politics in a Paris wineshop with two rubi-
cund workmen.

"Tell us," they asked him, "if one
day the downtrodden working-men were
to revolt, would you be one to fire on
them?"

"I? Never!"

"Bravo! You are a true comrade.
Here, master, bring us another bottle; we
must stand treat."

The wineshop-keeper quickly placed be-
fore them the required bottle, and fre-
quent toasts to each other's health en-
sued. Then one of the workmen put an-
other question to the brave soldier, the
friend of the people:

"How many men, brave fellows like
yourself, can we count on in the bar-
racks?" he asked.

"All the band; they will act as my-
self. I play on the big drum, you know,"
he casually remarked, as he finished the
contents of his glass.

Mr. Stiffly: "It's one of the first things
a man should learn—his station in life."

Mr. Humer: "So I think. There's no-
thing more exasperating than being carried
on to the one beyond."

"Is that right, that the convicts have
asked the governor to stop jazz-band con-
certs on Saturday evenings?"

"Yes; they say they were never stipu-
lated as part of their sentences."

Bertie called on his young lady and was
ushered into the drawing-room. While she
was putting the finishing touches to her
toilet her young brother was sent to keep
the young man company.

"I say, Tommy, if I give you sixpence
will you sneak into the room when Diana
is here and switch off all the lights but
that one near the door?" inquired Bertie.

"No fear," replied Tommy. "Sister
has offered me a bob if I knock against
the switchboard accidentally and turn
them all off."

He (dejectedly): "You've played the
deuce with my heart."

She (archly): "Well, didn't you play
the knave?"

Prominently displayed in a shop window
was a print of a well-known musician with
the usual flow of long hair.

"I say," drawled one of the knuts,
"doesn't long hair make a chap look in-
telligent?"

"Not always," replied the other. "My
girl found so long hair on my coat the
other night, and it made me look an
absolute fool."

"Women are a delusion," said a man
of sixty.

"Yes, but men are always hugging
some delusion or other," retorted Miss
Twenty.

Professor: "Are you familiar with
musical terms?"

Pupil: "Yes, I'm paying for a piano
on the instalment plan."

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