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Mí na Nollag (DECEMBER.) 1910.

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## The Faery Musician.

[A legend of Finn mac Cumall, the great chief of the Fianna Éireann, who lived in the second and third centuries A.D.]

IN the south of Ireland there is a famous mountain of the Sidhe, called Slieve-na-man, and one day Finn mac Cumall, thinking he would have good hunting there, called some of his men together, and with their hounds they set off for the faery hill. They had no horses with them, for they intended to hunt on foot. Very often, indeed, Finn had himself hunted on foot through three counties in one day; and when he was a boy it was one of his joys to race and run down the fleet deer, swift though it was.

The sun was nearly setting when they reached Slieve-na-man, and Finn, with Caeilté and one or two others, sat on the hillside while his men prepared supper. He was silent, half listening to the songs the blackbirds and thrushes sang, and half dreaming of the Ever-Living Ones who dwell in a beautiful home in the heart of the hill. He remembered he was akin to them too, for his mother belonged to the ancient Tuatha de Danann race. Then suddenly a most sweet and perfect music sounded through the air, and almost lulled them to sleep. But Finn roused himself, and looked round.

"Hear you that, Caeilté," said Finn. "Seek the minstrel and bring him to me, for certainly we have none who can play the harp like that."

Caeilté rose to his feet, and gazed down the hill, and up the hill.

"The music must be made by invisible hands, O Finn," he said. "Now it sounds here, and now it sounds there, and again it encircles us, but still I do not see the minstrel. Perhaps it is Angus Og playing on his lyre in the heart of the mountain, or some other great harper of the Sidhe."

A little laugh echoed from behind Finn's back, and he turned sharply round. There,

standing a short distance from him, was a very small man, so small that he did not reach up to Finn's knee. He stood leaning on his little harp, which was almost as big as himself, and smiled up into Finn's face. Long bright yellow hair he had, and his eyes were blue as a cloudless summer sky.

"Who are you, little man," asked Finn, "and where did you come from?"

"Cnu Deireoil, or the Little Nut of Melody, is my name," he answered, "and out of Slieve-na-man I come. From a place of the Sidhe I come to you; a place where there is great plenty of ale and mead, and abundance of food, for what is eaten one day is there the next, as though it had never been touched."

"A fair and wonderful place you come from," said Finn, "but if you will leave it and stay with me many precious things shall be yours—and my friendship too, for well I like your playing. It recalls to me the dreams of my boyhood, and strengthens all the noble thoughts of my heart."

Then Cnu Deireoil placed his little hand in Finn's, and said he would go with him till the end of his days.

"Tell me now," said Finn, "what ancient harper of the Deathless Ones instructed you in your art, and whose son are you?"

"I am the son of Lu Lam-Fada," said the little man. "After the battle of Moytura, when Balor of the Evil Eye and his people were conquered by the Tuatha de Danann, Lu played to his people—a most marvellous strain of joy and beauty and gladness—and out of the music he played I was born. Whoever listens to my harping too will have gladness and beauty around them, and no evil will come near them."

Finn listened to his words and wondered,



then suddenly he jumped to his feet, for it seemed to him that the little man had become transformed into a very beautiful and gigantic figure, with a face that shone like the sun, and opalescent colours gleamed round him. Then the music sounded again through the quiet evening air, and Finn saw that Cnu Deireoil was still before him. But ever after that Finn believed that the little harper was one of the children of Dana, and that for some purpose of his own he had chosen to show himself to Finn, and become one of his men.

In a few days the Fians returned to their home on the Hill of Allen, and Cnu Deireoil accompanied them. Nor would Finn ever make any journey afterwards without his little harper, and in stormy weather, or when Cnu Deireoil grew tired, Finn would pick him up and carry him under his mantle, for the chief of the Fians possessed a very noble and kindly heart, and always showed a great gentleness and courtesy to anyone smaller and weaker than himself.

The little harper was a great wonder to the giant warriors of Finn, who had never seen anyone so small before ; but when he played they did not remember his smallness, they listened only to his music, for such sweet harping had never been heard by them hitherto. All the musicians of the Fianna came to him then to be instructed, and he taught them gentle faery melodies, and in the whole of Ireland there were no minstrels, except those of the Fianna, who could play such music.

"Little Nut of Melody," said Finn to him one day, "you are far from your own people, and must often be very lonely. All my men have wives but you, and my wish is to find a fair and gentle woman for you."

"I do not want any wife at all," said the little man hastily. He was greatly alarmed lest Finn should bestow on him one of the big, tall women of the Fianna.

"I can tell you where there is a woman who would keep him good company," said one of the Fians. "She lives in a house of the Sidhe in Munster, and her name is Blaithnait. She is wise too, and is a revealer of the future."

Finn was delighted when he heard this, and said he would go to get her at once. So he gathered a good company of his men together,

and travelled straightway to the home of the Sidhe where Blaithnait lived. Cnu Deireoil went with him also—he did not object to a wife belonging to his own people—for Finn said that by his music he could weave spells round Blaithnait, and bring her forth. So one moonlit night, when everything was sleeping except the owls and bats, Cnu Deireoil sat on the faery mound and played a melody which had never been heard on earth before, and as the music sounded over the mountains and through the valleys a hidden door in the hillside opened, and a beautiful little faery maiden came forth and walked over the grass to Cnu Deireoil. Then she and the little man went down to the tents in the valley where the Fians were resting, and until the end of Finn's days they were both with him. When good was coming to the Fianna they would know and tell it, and when evil was coming they would not conceal it. But, at the death of Finn, Blaithnait and Cnu Deireoil returned to their own people ; and even now, all these centuries afterwards, if you are sitting on the side of Slieve-na-man in the twilight, you will hear a sweet and sorrowful strain coming from the hillside, where Cnu Deireoil still laments on his harp for the death of the most noble and generous chief of the Fianna.

V. RUSSELL.

### Distant Thunder.

Comrades, are you weary waiting  
For the fight to free our land ?  
Cease not hoping, cease not hating,  
Now the struggle is at hand ;  
Call her lovers swiftly singing—  
See, to battle bright she comes !  
Nearer now the blades are ringing,  
Hear the muffled roar of drums.

Now your weary watch is over,  
Earth is trembling 'neath their tread ;  
See, the herds, with Death their drover,  
Driven by approaching dread,  
Meet destruction, strewn asunder,  
When the tramp is heard afar—  
When the stroke of distant thunder  
Bursts the brazen gates of war !

AN CLÁIDHEAMH BEO.



## The Ethics of Anti-Enlisting.

So many of our young men have such a vague idea of the British army. They know that their father was a Fenian, a patriot and a hero, and that he was in the army, sent there to do national work. Other men they hear mentioned with respect and honour as having done the same thing, and as having suffered for doing so. They do not know that circumstances have changed, that with another generation of Nationalists a new policy has been evolved. They do not see how their enlisting can hurt their country, simply because they have never been told.

Then, too, Irishmen come of a fighting race, and it is a great temptation to our young men of strong vitality with their taste for roving and with the love of adventure in their hearts to join the Irish regiments, where they may even wear the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day and march to the tune of "A Nation Once Again," or "The Boys of Wexford." Can no one tell these young men that—putting aside the question of nationality—it is a low and ignoble thing to take money, to earn your living, by killing other men. England's army is the only army in the world where men are paid to kill—make a profession of killing. England's Empire has been built up by men paid to fight against weaker nations, to kill, torture, imprison, and carry on a policy of extermination till the weaker nation was reduced to a loyal British province.

Directly you join the English army you pledge yourself to kill for money any man or woman that your officers bid you kill. You are just as much a paid assassin as the hangman. You are a member of the one mercenary army that survived the dark ages, scorned and despised by the other nations, and though it is a fine and noble thing to fight for your country, though it is a man's duty to fight to free his country, to die to preserve her independence, yet the man who takes money to fight is but a paid assassin.

One can point to the miseries of the ex-soldier. One can say, who wants an army man in his employment? Who—even the bitterest Unionist—will not rather employ anyone else. The Government push some of them into the Post Offices and others into employment on railways,

or into the police. But, as a rule, no one wants a man who has spent years of his life in the ranks of an army composed of the ne'er-do-weels and disreputables of the four countries. You find these ex-soldiers in the workhouse and on the road. Tramping the long roads from north to south, from east to west, begging a penny to get drunk and drown their misery and degradation as soon as they can.

But what is the good of talking like this to young people who are face to face with unemployment and misery. A hungry man, seeking employment day by day, will not look ahead ten years. He may know what will probably be his fate some years hence, but it seems so far away, and after all he may have luck, or he may be dead. Anyhow the future may take care of itself. The nights are getting longer and colder, the wind and rain more piercing. He watches his clothes growing shabbier, he feels them growing thinner. With holes in his boots, his coat dirty and torn what chance has he of getting a job? From the day he gave up his clean collar he looked lower for work—every day that went by he would have been content with a poorer job. He thinks of America, but he has no money for a ticket—work is not to be had, misery and starvation go with him. Every day they show him men of his own nation and of his own class, well dressed and well fed, swaggering through the streets. Vaguely, in the bottom of his own heart he has the instinct that this is not right, but too often in the end starvation and misery—England's ready allies—win, and he joins the ranks of the enemy.

The choice is no new one; it is but the old, old struggle between the needs of the body and the soul. It is not only to-day, or even in Ireland that men have had to decide between comfort and security, with a traitor's heart and perjured soul to keep you company along life's road, or the fate of a starved and homeless wanderer, despised and rejected. It is only a great love of country, a high sense of duty, and a great feeling of national responsibility that will make a man choose starvation and the workhouse to enlisting. But the man who, knowing what he does deliberately chooses hardship, starvation and the workhouse, to the comfort and security of



the British army has the soul of a hero, a spirit of renunciation and patriotism as great as a Tone or an Emmet.

But to look for a moment at the cheerful side of the question, I think that, considering the miserable economic conditions of the country, the love of battle that is in every Irishman's soul, and the denationalising education of our children, the proportion of Irishmen serving in the British army is small, and yearly diminishing. But we must not content ourselves with talking, writing, and bill sticking alone if we wish to really check the supply of men driven into the British army. We must study the economic questions of the country with a determination to help the workers all we can.

Undoubtedly many a man would not have enlisted, if his life had been a little less poverty stricken—a little brighter.

Men with decent jobs and understanding what nationality means will never enlist. Why should they?

It is very difficult to know how to help, especially if we have not much money. Perhaps the workers would show us? But we can all make up our minds to do one thing, and that is to spend what little money we have in Ireland, on Irish things, and to employ as many Irish people as we possibly can.

On the propoganda side of the movement, everyone can do a little, and workers are badly wanted.

Even if you can do no more than think of the English army as the army, and treat it as the army of our enemy, you have done something. Remember each time one of us tacitly accepts the army without protest, we are failing in our duty to our country.

It must be that we are ignorant of our country's history that we can take pleasure in seeing them march through our streets, or dance to the music of their bands. To a true Irishman the sound of their music should bring no thought but the memory of murders and assassinations, visions of smoking homes, of children tossed into the flames; of all the torture and misery that our race has suffered from them.

We who feel this a little, must teach our people what we know, and never tire of teaching, and of telling the truth about these

soldiers till doors are shut and blinds are drawn down when a regiment passes.

Till the people realise that the gaudy coats and gold lace, the blare of trumpets and the rattle of drums flaunting through our streets, are but the symbol of England's triumph, and our degradation and slavery.

Till every man and boy amongst us realises that if he swears loyalty to the King and the Empire, he is binding himself by oath to fight against Ireland—that he is pledging himself to fire on crowds of his own countrymen . . . to shoot down women and children, when England commands him.

Till our women realise the nameless torture, the undescribable horrors other Irishwomen have suffered at their hands. Till they feel that as well as the nation's wrongs, the woman's wrongs lie between them and the men in the British army. And that they, by associating themselves with soldiers that are betraying their country and their sex. All this we have to teach and much besides. Much we have to learn. We must grapple with the problems of the past, present, and future. We must try and understand the moral and physical, ethical and practical needs of our nation. Above all, we must learn self-sacrifice, for it is only by pain and self-sacrifice that a soul or a nation can rise great and immortal. Pain is the price we must pay for freedom, and it is only the petty, the selfish, the small-minded, who will stop to haggle over the price.

Nowadays there are many temptations. Nationality has grown such a safe and such a popular thing and so pleasant that it is easy to forget the really desperate struggle for existence that our nation is engaged in.

We are all National. We grow tearful and sentimental over the sufferings of our heroes, sung or told to us at concerts or lectures. We attend our classes, organise industrial exhibitions or sports. We dress beautifully in Irish-made stuffs, and eat heartily of Irish foods. But where does the sacrifice come in? Where is the risk, and why are we giving so little of our time, so little of our energy to the one item in our programme that involves a little risk? Is the old fire that has kept Nationality alive dying in the hearts of this generation? This question of the British army must be tackled.



They first and foremost stand between us and liberty. The men of '98 faced them without fear or shrinking on the open field; the Fenians, just as fearless, just as self-sacrificing, faced death or a felon's cell in their vain efforts to glean an Irish army from its ranks. The utmost we have to brave to-day is a few months in an English jail. I don't think that for very shame we ought to consider this, when we are asking men to face unemployment and starvation for the same principle. If they can face the workhouse—we can face the jail.

SGÉAL DOO RUAD.

Innir an rsgéal ro do na páirtoib an mí seo.

Ói buacail ann fao ó dár b'ainm doo Ruad agus bí faicéor an domhain ar na Sapanais poime. Mar rin cuip ríad long móir as tiall go Dun-na-nGall, agus tubairt cairtín na luinge le doo go mbeirdeao gneann agus rporc móir aca, inr an luing. Annrin cuair doo ar boro, agus cuip cairtín an long faoi feol ar a bpuinte boire agus feoladar leo go Baile-Áta-Clia.

Cuipéao doo ircead i bpuirín, ra reomra beat uoréa, agus níor tugad do aet arán cuair agus gac cuile forc mar rin. Ói aré agus hanraoi ua héill, i naonpead leir. Agus faoi noolas fuair ríad rópa, agus o'eulug ríad tríd an bpuinneós. Rit ríad go tapais tuairim ré míle gur fpoiceadar Sliab Ruad. Ói an oirde an-fuar agus ní raib móran eadais ar na buacailib agus iad amuis fá ríoc agus fá rneadta agus cuair ré com dian roin orca gur cáil doo Ruad óróda na scor agus fuair aré Ó héill bap.

Aet táinís ríac Mac doo agus cuip ré doo Ruad as marcuigeaet ar capall móir breas laoir, agus hanraoi ar capall eile agus bí ríad ar rodar agus ar corináirde gur fpoic ríad an baile.

Adapted from STAIR-CEADTA.

NOTA

faicéor an domhain—The fear of the world, i.e., very much afraid.  
AR a bpuinte boisc—At once.  
cuair sé com dian sin orca—It went so hard with them.

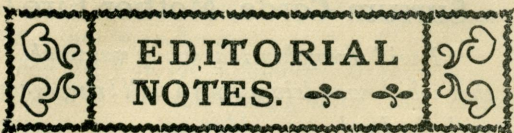
Sursum Corda, Mother Eire !

"I will strengthen that which was weak, and that which was driven away I will bring again," saith the Lord.

AN, the days are long departed  
When our Eire was a Queen,  
Fairest princess 'mong the Nations  
In her robes of emerald sheen,  
And her days in peace and gladness  
Sped as if by magic art,  
And the laughter of her children  
Was the music of her heart.  
But, alas ! sweet Mother Eire,  
Where has all thy glory flown ?  
Why like Niobe thou wailest  
Childless, desolate, alone ?  
And that brow that in its beauty  
Thy fair diadem outshone—  
Why should it be crowned with sorrow—  
Where have thy loved children gone ?  
The cruel fiends of Greed and Might  
Have chained thy beauteous hands,  
Have seized by blood and treachery  
Thy fair and fertile lands,  
Have driven from their happy homes  
Thy children far away,  
But, oh, those weeping exiled ones  
Have hope for you to-day !  
For there's something in the atmosphere  
One cannot yet define  
Like the hovering of a spirit  
From some fair and mystic clime !  
As of old when prophet breathed  
On the bones upon the plain,  
There's the stir of life resurgent  
In our Nation's blood again.  
Strong and patient God of armies,  
Retribution is at hand !  
And the exile ones of Eire  
Thou wilt bring unto their land !  
Yes, our cruel nightmare's ending,  
And the bondage we have seen.  
Sursum Corda ! Mother Eire  
Thou shalt be what thou hast been !  
Soon those sunbursts on the hill top  
Will illume thy golden crown !  
And 'mid ringing harps and cymbals !  
Will the foeman's flag go down ! !  
Una Ni Concubair.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE idea of providing dinners for the school children has already taken practical form in one of the poorest quarters in Dublin. A committee has been formed of representatives of the three societies which are interested in this work, and the Lord Mayor has kindly consented to call a meeting of citizens in the Mansion House on December the 12th, in order to bring the public opinion of Dublin to bear on this most important question. It is impossible to expect that adequate funds will be provided by private charity, and it remains for the citizens of Dublin to insist on some public money being devoted to this work—whether it is provided by a local rate, or will come out of the British Treasury is a detail which can be discussed in the near future. In the meantime the School Dinner Committee have begun their work and two hundred and fifty children are provided with a good dinner of meat and vegetables every day at St. Audoen's Schools. There is no suggestion of charity about the scheme as far as the children are concerned. Those who can pay give one halfpenny, and those who cannot pay get their dinner free. There is no difference made between the children, and only those in charge know who pays and who do not pay. It is hoped that this school will serve as a model, and that in every parish in Dublin—and soon in the country, too—local committees will be formed who will carry out this work. In this city there are many hundreds of benevolent women who could spare one hour at mid-day, and who would be glad to work for the little ones if they only knew how. If any of our readers would like to help, or to form committees in their own parishes, the members of the School Dinner Committee will be glad to give them every information about organisation and routine. In our last and in our previous issues Madame Maud Gonne went deeply into this question, and showed the shocking effect the neglect of our children must eventually have on the national character. This is a question that women must deal with. We see the sad results of laws and social systems arranged and controlled exclusively by men, and it is

time for us women to insist that the children of this country have a fair chance of starting life unhampered by sickly bodies.

The serious and enthusiastic anti-enlisting propagandists evidently have their lighter moments. Some day since they provided a funny spectacle for afternoon strollers in Dublin when Lady Aberdeen's motor car displayed a neat green label, solemnly warning Irishmen not to enter the ranks of England's army, navy or police forces. We made discreet inquiries amongst our friends, and discovered with joy that the seditious humourist was a woman—but we might have known.

We have noticed several mysteriously brief little paragraphs in the pro-English dailies, headed "Nasik Conspiracy Case." Thirty-six Indians—"natives," as the English call them, are on trial, charged with belonging to "Seditious Secret Societies," whose proceedings culminated in the assassination of Mr. Jackson. This has a curiously Irish ring about it. Last month we celebrated the death of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, the Manchester martyrs, hung because they belonged to a secret seditious society one of whose members accidentally shot a policeman. It has never been proved who shot the policeman, but it was known that it must have been a Fenian. Eighty-three taken at Nozard in the scrimmage were actually hanged, two more were condemned to death, but the sentence was remitted, and twenty-two others were put on their trial for "Murder." Are the Indian trials being conducted as the Irish ones? England the judge, England the accuser, England the perjured, withers the police and the jury.

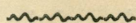
We Irish revolutionaries wish God speed to our Indian brothers in their hour of danger and suffering.

Outside the Recruiting Station in Great Brunswick Street a well-fed Recruiting Sergeant was dilating on the advantages of the army to two thinly-clad and starved-looking Irish lads. With hopeless, capitulating eyes, they looked at the Sergeant as he told of the hearty meals and convivial sprees to be obtained by enlisting. With a whirl of indignation a friend of ours was between the Sergeant and



his prey. She told the lads of their duty to Ireland, of the beauty of self-sacrifice, and painted in lurid colours the usual sodden wreck of humanity the army makes of a man. Then diving into a scantily-filled purse, she pressed a shilling into each lad's hand and hustled them off to "get a real good meal, and make up your minds to be good, brave Irishmen."

Our readers will be interested to hear that this lady was recently arrested in London in connection with the suffragist riots. We wish her luck, and hope she may live long to keep vigilant watch on busy Recruiting Sergeants.



### Na Fianna Éireann.

The "Manœuvres" at Mr. Jolly's farm, Scholarstown, were a great success. In spite of the bad weather over 70 members attended and thoroughly enjoyed the game. It is interesting and most encouraging to see how the physique of the boys is improving, and how their power of endurance is developing. At first some of the little lads would come home weary and footsore after a long march. Now even our youngest members march home after a long day's sports or manœuvres whistling "The Peeler and the Goat" as cheerfully as when they started.

Mr. Bulmer Hobson spoke to a large gathering of members on Wednesday last at Fianna Hall, 34 Camden Street. He began by pointing out to the boys what the rights of a nation are. He showed how the people of our enslaved nation suffer economically, educationally, and morally. He told how all Irish boys and girls were worse educated, and so less prepared to face the struggle for existence, than the boys and girls of free nations.

He talked of the duty that lay on them to cultivate all that was fine in their characters. "If we have not more men than England we must have better men." He urged his audience to prepare themselves. Strength, manliness, honour, discipline, self-control were what he spoke of.

"What you dare you will accomplish," he told them, and he finished a very fine address with the words, "Life is a battle; the Irish boy's battle should be for the nation."

Na Fianna Éireann have organised a Goose

Club. A large selection of delicious prizes are to be won by a threepenny ticket and good luck. Tickets or books of tickets (each containing one complimentary ticket) can be had from the Editor BEAN NA H-ÉIREANN at 6 Harcourt Street.

Several of the Sluaghte organised Ceilidh the during the past month, and everywhere among the boys great activity is being displayed.

A new Sluagh is in process of formation in Dundalk. At the close of an address given by the President to the Sinn Feiners of that town a number of lads expressed their intention of taking up the work, and we have heard since that 45 members are already enrolled.

### BELFAST.

The last time I wrote to BEAN NA H-ÉIREANN about the Fianna in Belfast was after the great Emmet Commemoration in March. At that time the grown buachalli took up the movement, but unfortunately they made no attempt to organise the younger boys. The work they left undone has now been taken in hands, and now two sluaghte are in working order in the city.

The first sluagh is Clann Ruaidhri, which meets in the Gaelic League rooms. It was established almost immediately after Craobh Ruadh, with a certain cailin as the moving spirit. At the very beginning some thirty boys were enrolled, and at every meeting since more than seventy boys have attended regularly. There is a great deal of enthusiasm and earnestness in this sluagh; competent instructors for physical exercises have been secured, and history and language classes are being formed. The boys come from all parts of the city—some come even from outside the city—and every week heartening progress is recorded.

Countess de Markievicz, president of the Fianna, lectured for Clann Ruaidhri on Wednesday, November 23rd. On her visit here the Countess spoke much about the Fianna, and now she has had a hearty welcome from the Belfast Fianna themselves for her more than ordinarily inspiring address. The lecture was given in Clonard Hall, Divis Street, and there was a great rally of Belfast Nationalists to hear the Chieftain of the Fianna address the Clann Ruaidhri.

The second Belfast sluagh takes its name



from Willie Nelson, of '98.

Cu Uladh, a vigorous and forcible speaker, lectured for Sluagh Willie Nelson in the Pipers' Hall on November 19th.

Both lectures will give a good send off to the national scout movement in Belfast.

Donnchadh Ua h-Annagan was in Belfast on a visit at the end of last month. During his stay he made several visits to both sluagh and was well pleased with the progress that is being made. He addressed the buachailli and his wise counsel and good wishes are much appreciated by the boys themselves and their organisers.

All Belfast readers of BEAN NA H-ÉIREANN can render good service by sending boys to join the sluagh, and attending the forthcoming lectures. Eithne ni Bhaoighil, Seaghan Mac Ateachlan, Larkin and Seosamh Robinson are working hard to forward the movement. Others can help, too, and I am sure financial assistance towards procuring costumes, etc., will be welcome.

The Fianna have come to stay, and on them in large measure will depend the national power of the men of the Gaedheal. Go n-Eirigh an t-adh leo !  
C U A S.

## Two Songs.

HEEDLESS he passed midst the world's great throng,  
Bearing within him the seed of song ;  
Mute till the lone flame leaped to life,  
Then his soul gave forth its song.

And passionate true, o'er the world's turmoil,  
The sweet song echoed in leisure and toil ;  
And men remembered fair dreams of old,  
When love seemed greater than fame or gold.

Thus it charmed awhile with its pathos and power,  
Then sank and died : it had lived its hour,  
And the soulful song and the singer  
The world forgot in a day.

A DREAMER he mingled amidst the throng—  
Genius was his and the gift of song,  
Tho' mute, till he saw, with a patriot's love,  
The land of his birth enslaved.

Then thrilling and clear his song rang loud  
O'er the fallen land, where weak men bowed,  
And fondled the chains that had killed their souls,  
And made of their land a grave.

Yet many heard it who understood,  
And scorned their bondage as true men should—  
Taught by the lore of the gallant song,  
Led by the singer brave.

And whither the song on its mission went  
Men sang it and hailed it as heaven-sent ;  
And soon to its tune they rose and marched,  
Where freedom lighted the way !

Ah ! rugged the path where its bright rays led !  
With martyred blood was the fair land red  
Ere victory smiled on the dauntless ones  
Who answered the deathless song.

Then they sought the youth, who had led the way  
In the corse-strewn field where death held sway ;  
But the voice that had thrilled with its proud appeal  
Was stilled when the song was sung !

In the trampled corn, where a charge he led,  
They found the soldier-poet dead ;  
And the song and its fearless singer  
The people remembered for aye.

MAEÖB CAOMANAC.

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Limerick and Saxon treachery,' let them rush upon their enemies. They need not fear the Saxons. The Gaels will drive them into the sea, and then, and not till then, will prosperity dawn for Erin."

She ended. A mist appeared to rise from the lake and envelope her. From the mist I heard, "Remember. The only policy for Erin is the Direct Method." Then the lake took back its own and I was alone again.

Since then I have never forgotten that visitation. When I hear people say Irishmen ought to be patient, as the cruel Saxons are becoming less hostile and more friendly to the Gael every day, and that they soon will restore to us our freedom, I feel how true was the message of the spirit of the Ireland whom I saw in a vision at Lough Mask.

## Republicanism in Ireland.

### IV.

IN the last number of BEAN NA HÉIREANN it was pointed out that political freedom pays a nation, and that political serfdom was synonymous with economic ruin. This was proved by comparing the position of Ireland with that of Switzerland, and could be proved with equal ease by referring to a dozen other examples. Yet it is a fact that is quite unappreciated in this country.

When the argument that Ireland is too small or too poor to be an independent nation fails, the anti-republican usually falls back on the statement that the establishment of an Irish Republic is not possible. This is strange in a country where the impossible happens daily, and has happened at every epoch of our history. Look how often Ireland has been beaten—hopelessly beaten—never to rise again. Friend and foe agreed time after time that resurrection was impossible. When Shane O'Neill was killed Ireland was beaten. When the Earls fled from Lough Swilly in 1607 she was beaten again—all men said it was impossible that she should ever rise—yet in less than forty years her armies marched triumphant behind Owen Roe O'Neill. Owen was poisoned, and the flag of Ireland again went down never to be lifted, but for

the third time in that century it rose under Sarsfield. When Sarsfield sailed for France what hope was there for Ireland? Yet within a century the Volunteers had defied England, and after them the United Irishmen almost succeeded in smashing her power and in inaugurating a new republic. Ever since movement has succeeded movement, and every failure has had in it the seed of a fresh effort. The history of Ireland for seven hundred years has been the history of the impossible. When men speak now of the impossibility of establishing political independence in our country, theirs is a craven counsel; they do not understand the A B C of the development of men and of nations. Impossible is the coward's word: there is nothing impossible to a nation—no height to which it may not grow.

All that is needed in Ireland is the courage and the inflexible will, a strength of purpose that will not be turned aside. Before that inflexible will armies and navies melt away—empires with their thrones and dynasties decay and fall into ruin. There is no barrier can hold them if our people have the courage and the will to be free.

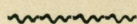
But then our sceptic replies that it is impossible to find that spirit of strength and courage among the people of Ireland. That indeed is doubtful—but if it is impossible to find it already existing it is not impossible to plant it—to foster it and to bring it to a full fruition. Whether we can fire this generation with a new hope and new courage or not, it is not impossible to fire the next generation with a spirit that will send Ireland bounding forward. The hope of our country lies in the children—in the young boys and girls—whose eyes have not been dimmed by the cloud of doubts and calculations that the political sceptic spreads over the land. Let us teach them to get away from politics—to the principles that underlie politics, and to steer clear of that whirlpool of intrigue mis-called politics in their long-suffering country. Let us teach them to shun the sceptic and all his tribe, and to know that what a nation dares it will accomplish. It is not impossible, nor indeed difficult at all, to teach them this, and when they have learned this the establishment of the independence of their country will be easy. Here is work for those who do



Louvain, and also at Malines by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Mercier. The Cardinal complimented the Comte de Crémont on his devotion to Ireland and to the Faith of Ireland, and, in conclusion, blessed all present. The guests were then shown over the grounds of the episcopal palace, and immediately after lunch was served. Then the musicians present formed a semi-circle, with the harpist in the centre, and at the request of the Cardinal played a selection of Irish airs. His Eminence was delighted with the Irish music, and greatly admired the Irish flag which the members of the Association carried. The reception of the Irish delegates at the Brussels Exhibition is regarded as one of the pleasantest and most successful of its souvenirs.

Among those present at the general assembly were:—The Comtesse de Crémont, the Princess Odleschi, the Marquis de Carol, M. and Mme. Charles Alphand, etc. The proceedings terminated with a musical soiree, to which many distinguished Paris artists gave their services.

M. BARRY O'DELANY.



### Inghinidhe na hEireann.

THE history of the Inghinidhe na h-Eireann, its annual meeting, and Susan L. Mitchell's inspiring verse make interesting reading; but, what would be more interesting still, would be an account or outline of the history they decided to make during the coming year when gathered to take stock at the annual meeting. The past is always deserving of some thought, but for us who are units of an enslaved nation, the future and our plans for the future are paramount. It is a bit of a shock after all to realise that Inghinidhe is ten years in existence and has not branches in every village in the country. However there is nothing to be gained by deploring the fact or attempting to explain it away. The question to discuss is how branches can be started throughout the country. The following suggestions are therefore thrown out in the hope of forming a basis of organisation which can be amended to suit circumstances. The work for such branches need not be discussed for the present as all will admit that the more organization we have to meet the

highly organized tyranny we have to oppose the greater our chances of final success. Some years ago I remember reading in the *United Irishman* a scheme for the organisation of the women of Ireland on Irish-Ireland or national lines, and it appealed strongly to me every time I visited a country district. It would, perhaps, suit Inghinidhe and I will give what I remember of it, or may be it is my impression of it. Briefly it was suggested that girls should form branches and elect their own officers and so forth in the usual way, but instead of paying rent for a hall for meeting purposes they should meet in each others houses alternately.

If Inghinidhe na h-Eireann could spread their organisation thus—and I am convinced they could—there would be much more cause for rejoicing at the next annual meeting. Such a method of holding meetings and doing the ordinary branch work would shortly popularise the branch and increase its membership for, apart from its national work it would foster a spirit of comradeship and furnish amusement, both of which are often badly wanted in country districts. In the district where I am writing a branch of at least twenty could easily be started if there were some one to take the initiative and a knowledge that similar work were being done elsewhere.

Besides educating and encouraging each other to serve their country and shun its enemies, the girls would also educate each other to improve their methods of doing ordinary household work. One girl may have had more opportunities for learning to serve an ordinary tea attractively than her sisters, but all could learn when the meeting would be held at the fortunate girl's home. The same applies to other things, such as putting on one's dress so as to make it look neat; to keeping one's teeth clean and white, and many similar little things.

This may seem trifling, when looked at from a national standpoint, but it all has a direct bearing on the welfare of the nation. The neater and cleaner our homes are kept the more all—girls and boys—will become attached to them and hence will be slower to leave them. The neater the girl appears the greater her influence on her brothers and friends, and if a member of Inghinidhe, this in-



creased influence will be on Ireland's side. So that apart from carrying out the programme of Inghinidhe na h-Eireann, such meetings would be of themselves beneficial.

As the organisation would spread, BEAN NA H-EIREANN would also spread, and the principles it so boldly advocated would soon become more universally accepted. To work, therefore, sisters, and spread your influence. Don't dally discussing objections, but on, and objections and obstacles will soon vanish. Let us have Inghinidhe in every county and BEAN NA H-EIREANN double its size when the next annual meeting comes round. Let the following lines of Susan Mitchell constantly ring in our ears :—

Rise from your knees, O daughters, rise,  
Our mother still is young and fair.  
Let the world look into your eyes,  
And see her beauty shining there.  
Grant of thy beauty but one ray  
Heroes shall leap from every hill.  
To-day shall be as yesterday,  
The red blood burns in Ireland still !  
MARY A. M'LAREN.

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