

AN T-ÓGLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 9 (New Series).

AUGUST 5, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

"Limited Liability" Warfare

The sheet circulated by the Irregulars has attempted to put a heroic gloss on their policy of destruction and ambushing by calling it guerilla warfare, and comparing it to the war recently waged against England.

Nothing could be more absurd or more unfair.

Those who waged guerilla war against England carried their lives in their hands. They knew that if taken prisoners they would be shot out of hand, if not clubbed to death or tortured for information.

They shot to win, not to kill. If the ambush failed to take the enemy by surprise, they knew that they would have a tough fight if they were to get away with their lives.

Not so with the Irregulars. They know that the National troops are sparing of Irish blood. They know that their risks are small. They know that if they surrender they will be comfortably lodged in what can scarcely be called a prison.

"There are worse things than to die or to kill. 'Tis better to slay a man than to let him dishonour virtue, destroy the rights of property, crush liberty. Avoid putting him to death if moral force can stay his crimes, but save your hearth, your altar, and your freedom, even though he dies for it."—Thomas Davis.

So they shoot to kill, knowing that they cannot win, and then come tumbling over each other with hands above their heads to surrender.

The English editor of the Irregulars' sheet made a ghastly attempt to excuse the Athenry funeral ambush: but even his facile journalese will be unable to make anything heroic out of the Leix outrage.

"Guerilla warfare with limited liability, and martyrdom in comfort," seems to be the Irregular ideal. It reminds us of the banditti in Gilbert's opera who sang:—

**"Our motto is Revenge without Anxiety,
That is without unnecessary risk."**

When shall we have Peace ?

When the will of the Irish people is supreme in their own land.

When security to life and property is restored.

When armed bullies can no longer seize the people's goods with impunity.

When the reign of the terrorist is at an end.

When gun force gives place to moral force.

When the people without guns, the farmers, the shopkeepers, the workers—in short, those who are the wealth of the nation—are its real governing force.

When it is no longer possible to defy the People's Government and masquerade as a patriot.

When the taking of human life, without the moral sanction and authority of the State, is regarded by every Irish citizen as murder.

When the wholesale seizure of the people's property by irresponsible parties of armed men, amenable to no authority, is regarded as robbery.

When the people actively co-operate with the Army and the Government in removing this menace to their lives and liberties.

When the people will not be side-tracked into a peace based on compromise and surrender of their rights and privileges to any armed party.

When they insist that their will—democratically expressed—must prevail.

When the career of the destructionist is ended.

When it is no longer possible to wreck Irish factories, Irish railroads, and transport systems without paying the penalty the laws of every civilised community prescribe for such depredations.

When every Irishman's home is sacred.

When the greatest factors in the nation's life are the people without 45's and Peter the Painters.

When the Irregulars realise the National shame and degradation of the present conflict.

When those in armed revolt against the Irish Government realise that the fruits of their victory would not be complete independence—but a fresh war with England.

When the only citizens at liberty to bear arms are those subject to the control of the Civil Government.

Then, and not till then, shall we hear from me enduring peace in Ireland.

SEAN.

AN T-OGLÁC

AUGUST 5, 1922.

The Real Democrats

The Irregulars and their propagandists have recently developed a sudden and inordinate zeal and respect for the will of the people.

This volte face from swashbuckling and revolver-twirling terrorists to pious and zealous democrats is surpassingly strange. But the hasty transition will deceive nobody.

Dail Eireann by a majority accepted the Treaty on last January.

That the Deputies who voted then in favour of this measure of freedom were acting in accordance with the wishes of the vast majority of the Irish people has since been abundantly proved in the last election.

By every democratic process by which a people can express their will, the people of Ireland have declared in favour of the form of government embodied in the Treaty.

The Army, as the servant of the people, bowed to that sovereign will, and is now in arms to uphold it.

In truth and in deed the Army gave its implicit obedience and loyalty to An Dail as the Civil Government of the Nation.

How have the Irregulars, whose propagandists now show such remarkable zeal for the authority of An Dail, acted during the past few months?

When An Dail approved of the action of its plenipotentiaries, and endorsed the Treaty, a small section of the Army mutinied, and proposed to set up an armed body in the country amenable to no control.

The so-called "Executive" set out to overthrow An Dail, for which the Irregulars now affect so much concern.

Let there be no doubt about it, this vaunted respect for the will of the people and An Dail by the pen-warriors of the Irregulars is the merest hypocrisy and cant.

They have adopted this new posture since their armed followers were broken in their attempt to over-ride the people's will.

Those who spoke with great solemnity and emphasis of An Dail as "the Sovereign Assembly of the Nation" are now in armed revolt against its authority.

The leader of the Irregulars, in a Press interview on March 22nd, declared that himself and his associates had seceded from the Dail, and would not obey

either the President or the Minister for Defence appointed by that sovereign body.

"Is there any Government in Ireland to-day to which your Army gives allegiance?" asked an amazed party of journalists.

"No," answered the leader of the Irregulars emphatically.

"And if the Dail Government is the lawful Government, you will be in revolt?" they asked.

"If," the Irregulars' leader replied, "you call us mutineers, we don't object to the term at all."

This is the gospel of militarism which inspired the present revolt against the National Government.

And any hypocritical protestations of respect for the authority of An Dail expressed now by Irregular propagandists should be read in the light of these utterances.

With those statements in mind, it is not difficult to determine who are the real enemies of democratic government—of rule by the majority—in Ireland.

The Army of to-day, and those who stand by the National Government, are proving themselves the real democrats.

Gleo an Choga

CAINT AN TAOISIGH O DUBHTHAIGH.

Deir an Taoiseach go bhfuil sé lán tsásta le cúrsa an choga sa roinn so. Tá Luimneach thoir is thiar glanta anois ón Máig go dtí teora Tiobruid Árann. Ar an dtaobh thoir de táid Caisleán Ó gConaing, an Ceapach Mór, Pailís Gréine, Ubhla, Imleach, agus Cnoc Luing ón Sionainn go teorainn Co. Corcaighe i seilbh na bhfórsaí Náisiúnta. Ar an taobh thiar táid ag cur díobh go buach ag tarraingt ar Ráth Luirc. Do gabhad Crom, Brugh agus Brugh Ríogh. Beidh smacht aca ón mbaile seo ar Chill Moicheallóg agus ceaptar nách fada go mbeidh siad i seilbh an bhaile úd leis.

AN GABHAILÍN.

Baile beag é seo ar an dtaobh thiar theas de Chaiseal Mumhan. Táid na nea-Rialtaigh neaduithe go daingean sa Chaiseal agus bhí gairisúin aca i Gabhailín. Chuir na fórsaí Náisiúnta ruaig ortha so agus glacadar seilbh an bhaile. Thug na nea-Rialtaigh ón gCaiseal fútha ach do briseadh an cath ortha agus d'fhágadar cárr armtha i seilbh na bhfórsaí Náisiúnta. Marbhuíodh beirt aca agus deineadh príosúnaigh de 26 eile aca.

SA LAOIGHIS.

Marbhuíodh an tóglaigh Grás agus gonadh an Briogadair De Grae agus an Captaon Paol i gcomhgar do Phort Laoighise Dia hAoine. Is amhla do tharla an cárr 'na rabhadar ar mhianach bothair. Do ghluais pairtí amach ag cabhrú leo ó Phort Laoighise ach tugadh fútha so ó folach leis. Marbhuíodh na cinn catha Mac Cuirtín agus Mac Colla. Gonadh triúr eile. Tháinig lucht a n-ionnsuithe amach annsin, na lámha in áirde aca agus ghéilleadar. Le piléirí dum dum do marbhuíodh na fir tréana so.

Letters of a Guardsman

A Thomáis, a chara,

Delighted to receive letter. 'Twas real good. So ye got through it all right. I saw in the papers where ye gave our boys a hearty welcome. Yes, 'tis a pity I wasn't there. By the way, 'tis a good job you didn't come up on excursion that Sunday. You'd probably be here yet. Anyway, we were all down in Bodenstown—a great turn out. But eadrainn féin not caring for any more just yet. Marched the whole way to and from. Got back—all that was left of me—at 3 a.m. on Monday morning.

You want an account of the Dublin front. Have a heart, man. Think I'm one of the newspaper chaps, eh? You know I'm not much of a hand at that game; but as you sent me such a full account of things down there, I suppose I must try and give you some idea of the front here. You saw in that Tuesday's paper where "Rory's boys" had collared the assistant chief. I tell you, Bodenstown, swollen feet and aching corns were soon forgotten. Sensation! Don't be spaking, man. The prophets got to work at once, and bets were freely laid as to what the outcome of it all would be—lost half a dollar on it, by the way. The officers looked grave, and engaged here and there in earnest conversation. The sounding of officers' call about 3 p.m. put us all on the tip-toe of expectancy. It was obvious that a very serious view was taken of the situation, but not the slightest hint could be got. But we were confined to barracks. That much we knew. So there was nothing for it but wait developments. "Stand to your beds but don't undress," was the next order. Not much information in that, you'll admit. So we "stood to" and waited on. A summons to midnight tea was a welcome break in the monotony. I could fancy myself at one of our ceilidh teas, but the cailini—worse luck—were missing. After tea a general parade was held. That would be about 1.30 a.m., I think. Each company was drawn up outside its own quarters. Our officer addressed us in a few—very few—words. But no Cicero or Demosthenes ever received such attentive hearing. Every ear was strained. We were reminded that we were Irish soldiers of the Dublin Guards. We had a proud record, and it was the duty of each and every man to do all that in him lay to maintain that record. Their task that night might be one of danger, one to test the hearts and souls of men. Should it be so, he hoped the Guards would maintain their glorious record. Then a hastily uttered command, and we were moving, out through the open gates of Portobello, down through the deserted streets of the sleeping city. The stray wayfarer or the odd D.M.P. man encountered on the way paused in amazement to stare at our ghost-like march past. Silently we continued our way. The officers, earlier in the night, had been instructed as to routes to be taken and the positions to be occupied. At places companies branched off from the main body, taking other routes to the positions allotted them. At last we halted. I could not at first say where, but I felt we were somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Four Courts. We took up our position in a large building, fortified it as well as possible, and then calmly sat down to await the sequel. What would it be, peace or war? That was the question. The neighbouring clocks struck four. Nothing doing. Another ten minutes elapsed. The sharp crackle of rifle-fire broke the

Citizen Guards

Mayo has set an example which ought to be followed by every county in Ireland.

Until recently Mayo was in complete subjection to the Irregulars. The people were known to be loyal to the National Government, but they were helpless under the armed tyranny that seized their property and destroyed their buildings.

Now that the Irregulars have been compelled to withdraw before the advance of the National troops, the people of Mayo have taken steps to prevent a renewal of their depredations.

In some areas to which the troops had not penetrated the people have spontaneously arisen, formed a Volunteer Civilian Guard, and asked for arms.

The new force has set to work at once. A few arms have already been obtained, roads have been cleared of obstructions, and business is once more being transacted in safety. Notices were posted up informing the public of the changed conditions, and some Irregulars who attempted to tear them down were disarmed and taken into custody.

If the men of Ireland follow the example of the Mayo men, the present revolt against the National Government will not be of long duration.

In any town and village where the Army is not yet in control a committee of management should be formed, guards should be enrolled, and an immediate effort should be made to restore the normal life of the community.

The first care should be the protection of any important structures not yet injured; the next should be the restoration of communications. Roads, whether trenched or otherwise obstructed, can be cleared without much difficulty; and even bridges, unless utterly wrecked, can be temporarily repaired, for light traffic at any rate.

All roads, railways, and bridges should thereafter be patrolled night and day, and the patrols should have no hesitation in detaining anyone on reasonable suspicion.

The bill of costs for this unfortunate strife is already appallingly high. It is for the Irish people, who will themselves have to pay it, to minimise it by every means in their power.

Their duty is to co-operate both with troops and civilian guards by supplying information by which destruction may be prevented.

Sligo is already following Mayo's example. The Irregular leaders may yet feel sorry that they likened the Irish people to a flock of sheep.

stillness, and then the terrific boom of the big gun shook the sleeping city. It was a kind of key-note. A deafening chorus of machine-gun, bomb, rifle, etc., followed immediately. Searchlights flashed from the besieged building. A hail of lead was directed against the position we held. Dropping to cover we replied. We were in action. Hostilities had opened on the Dublin front.

SEAN:

P.S.—Time is pressing. You will hear from me soon again.

The Way of Dishonour

It is now regarded as a point of honour amongst civilised nations that the use of expanding or explosive bullets is abhorrent and inhuman, and practiced only by savage or semi-barbaric peoples, who kill for the mere lust of killing. It has been left to those posing as high-souled idealists who make up the Irregular bodies to further add to their country's shame and degradation by the adoption of a mode of warfare—more adequately described as murder—upon the nation.

If we admit for the sake of argument that the Irregular campaign of plunder and killing is a just war, with the will of the people behind it, the Bashi-Bazouks of Ireland have put themselves outside the pale of civilised warfare by the use of weapons which, for viciousness and cruelty, make poison-gas and the flammenwerfer comparatively humane implements of war.

That expanding bullets have been used by the Irregulars there is now no doubt. But two recent inquests have brought more clearly to light the fact that the Irregulars have deliberately and diabolically murdered officers and men of the Army—their own fellow-countrymen, and not a foreign enemy—by the use of bullets, some home-made and some manufactured, to expand on striking their target.

The medical evidence given at the inquest on the victims of the Killurin train ambush disclosed that one of Corporal McMahon's injuries was inflicted "by a bullet of the expanding type." An expert in ordnance also deposed that one at least of the bullets used was for killing big game.

At the inquest into the deaths of Col.-Comdt. McCurtain, Col.-Comdt. Collison, and Volunteer Grace, who were ambushed near Abbeyleix, the evidence given was still more damning. The wounds on all three were inflicted by expanding bullets, the medical evidence declared. The four bullets produced at the inquest, it was subsequently proved, were thrown away by the leader of the ambushers prior to his capture. Describing the missiles, the ordnance specialist said that one was designed for use against big game. It would leave an exit wound in a human body three or four inches wide. A second was a Webley revolver bullet cut with a penknife to make four prongs. These would separate if the bullet struck a bone, and would leave four exit wounds. Two other deadly expanding bullets were described by the expert, and these were just as terrible as the first.

And yet the ambushers, after murdering three brave soldiers with similar bullets, as the medical

evidence amply proved, emerged from their lair, crying, "Mercy, we're Irish." How little mercy they showed to the soldiers of the nation they so callously murdered.

There was no hesitation or equivocation about the jury's attitude towards the culprits. "Wilful murder" was the verdict returned, with the addition of an emphatic condemnation of the use of expanding bullets as an inhuman act, contrary to the usages of civilisation.

The legitimate soldier's view of the ghastly business is summed up in the words of the Coroner, Dr. T. F. Higgins: "The murderous use of those expanding or soft-nosed bullets deprives users of them of ordinary belligerent rights, and reduces them to the degraded rank of savage malefactors."

Inishbofin

Sure, they're runnin' short in Galway, an' supplies
is small in Clifden,

An' what chance has Inishbofin to be gettin' food
at all?

For the few small shops is empty, an' the people's
goin' hungry,

An' the little childer's cryin', where the white birds
wheel an' call,

Where the say does be onaisy, an' 'tis fretted wid
the squall.

Whin min wreck a thrain in Galway, or the lines
torn up near Dublin,

Whin they blow a bridge to atoms, an' the goods
cannot get by,

Thin, away in Inishbofin, little childer must go
hungry,

Sure the mothers is torminted whin they hear the
crathurs cry,

An' they're lookin' to the mainland for the help
that should be nigh.

'Tis the way the wide world over, whin the people
do be fightin',

Whin the password is Destruction an' there's
bitterness an' hate,

Thin, in some far Inishbofin, there'll be little
gossoons starvin',

They'll be watchin' for the food-ship an' be
wonderin' why she's late.

'Tis the innocent will suffer, an' the weak must
bear the weight.

Printed for G.H.Q., Irish Republican Army, at Mahon's
Printing Works, Yarnhall Street, Dublin.