

AN T-ÓSLÁC

[REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEW]

Vol. IV. No. 12 (New Series).

AUGUST 26, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

The Dead Chief

It is difficult to write calmly of an event that moves such deep emotions as the death of our Commander-in-Chief, Micheal O Coileain, but it is no exaggeration, no impulsive or emotional declaration, to say that his death is the greatest blow that Ireland has sustained in all her sad history. This is only the more reason why we who knew and loved Micheal, who understood what he meant to Ireland, should not lose our heads at the present juncture, but should endeavour to carry on the work just as he would have wished it done, patiently, courageously, energetically, until Ireland of the Sorrows has attained that peace and freedom which he gave his life's best effort to secure.

To those of us who were privileged by intimacy with Micheal during the time when the agents of the Terror were raking up Dublin for him, he will always be "the Big Man." It was our favourite nickname for him, and no name was ever more obviously appropriate. He was big in body, big in mind and big in heart. There was no room in his large, expansive nature for small passions, narrow prejudices, petty vanities and selfishnesses such as have caused misguided men to turn our Ireland into a land of blood, ashes and tears. Where they thought of their petty jealousies and vanities, their formulas and face-saving, he thought of Ireland. He knew and loved the plain people of Ireland; he was at home with the coalheaver of the Coombe and the Carbery fisherman, for he knew that these men were Ireland. No army ever had a chief who had so fine an appreciation of the men under his command. In one of my last interviews with him, his conversation, cheery and confident as ever, turned on the soldiers of the National Army. "Aren't the boys great?" he said. Both in this fight and in the fighting with the British he always loved to note and chronicle any act of heroism, any clever stroke by any man or men in the Army. It will cheer the men and officers of the National Army in this hour of sorrow to hear the verdict of the dead Commander-in-Chief on the way they fought—"The boys are wonderful!"

As one of the founders of the Volunteers, as the officer with longest service in the whole Army, as one who served on G.H.Q. for four years with Micheal, I have no hesitation in endorsing the

tribute of President Griffith to him—"the man who won the war." Himself a miracle of energy and efficiency, he had the power of inspiring energy and efficiency in others. He would be the first to admit that success was rendered possible by the loyalty, courage and efficiency of others—and he would particularly insist on the credit due to those who served in an humble capacity—but it is none the less true that all who served from the highest to the lowest felt the inspiration of his energy and courage. To-day many feel in the mood interpreted by Davis in his "Lament for Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill":—"Sure we never won a battle; 'twas Eoghan won them all."

It is hard to believe that the inspiration he gave us will die with himself. For all the officers and men of the National Army in the midst of their grief at this tragic blow there is one thing to do. Let them banish from their minds all hate and bitterness, all futile recriminations and passions, and say only to themselves in a spirit of high and holy resolve:—"May I give just such loyal service to Ireland as the 'Big Man' would wish. May I, in my small way, be as faithful, as unflinching, as energetic, and as generous as himself." If they find it hard to say this—and human nature being what it is, it is hard not to feel bitterness against the misguided men who are seeking to engulf Ireland in ruin to satisfy their feeble vanity—I will give them these words from a private letter of Micheal's, written to a dear personal friend, only a few days before his death, which I am permitted to publish:—"Anybody who is out for blood or scalps is of little use to the country; equally, of course, the real issue cannot be departed from."

This was typical of the brave and generous spirit of our late Commander-in-Chief. "The real issue cannot be departed from." The real issue is whether the Irish people are to be masters in their own house or not. Micheal was not the man to shrink from stern measures when necessary. He stood for things during the late war for which others, now opposed to us, shrunk from accepting responsibility. He would have preferred to see the will of the people prevail without bloodshed. If that were impossible he preferred a minimum of bloodshed. But whatever happened he was determined that the will of the Irish people would prevail, and in his own words, that "Ireland would get a chance." It is for us all, acting in the spirit of his noble, manly and generous career to ensure that Ireland gets a chance. The officers and men of the National Army will do their best, as far as is possible, to carry out the task entrusted to them, just as their beloved Commander-in-Chief would have wished it done. "The boys are wonderful!"

PIARAS BEASLAI.

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AUGUST 26, 1922.

The Army's Great Loss

General Michael Collins, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, has died as he lived—a brave and dauntless soldier.

His life was an inspiration and sustaining force to Irish soldiers during the dark days of the terror.

His bravery in death leaves a memory that will long be cherished in the hearts of every true Irish soldier.

Brave, gallant, gayest of Irish soldiers, he faced death, as he faced duty, unflinchingly, and with a courage born of unwavering faith in the high cause he espoused.

While we mourn deeply the loss of our greatest soldier and leader, we are proud of the splendid and heroic gesture with which he yielded up his fearless soul to its Maker.

Ireland has already appraised his life and work at its real worth.

The completion of the great task he had in hand falls to the Army of to-day. He championed the rule of the people over and above all. He gave his life that this sacred and immortal principle should be safeguarded in our own land and amongst our own people.

To the Army of to-day falls the duty of bringing the hopes and aspirations of General Michael Collins to fruition.

This will be our greatest and most enduring tribute to the memory of the dead chief.

In the creation of the young and resurgent Gaelic nation he visualised we perpetuate his work.

In the emulation of his fine soldierly qualities, and the prosecution of his noble purpose, we carry on the traditions he has left to the Army of which he more than any other, was the founder, architect, and most heroic soldier.

More "Chivalry"

A DESPICABLE ACT.

The Irregulars must be hard set for good opinions when they print a testimonial to their chivalry from Mr. Erskine Childers.

A farm-looter's ideas of chivalry differ so radically from those of the average "materialist" that we shall not be surprised if one of these days he treats us to a eulogy of the creatures who did Lieut. Commandant Cregan to death in exceptionally barbarous circumstances on Sunday last.

The deceased officer, with a party of seven men, were ambushed near Liscarroll by a force of sixty Irregulars. At the first volley Commandant Cregan was badly wounded, but his men leaped from the car to engage their assailants, the driver remaining behind with the wounded officer.

The troops were compelled to retreat before superior numbers; and the Irregulars coming up, took the driver prisoner, and then set the car on fire while Commandant Cregan was still in it.

Later the driver succeeded in escaping from his captors, and made his way back to the scene of the ambush. Rescuing the dying officer from the burning car, he laid him by the roadside, where in a few moments he expired.

Mr. Childers may be able to find yet another high-sounding word in his remarkable vocabulary to gild this exploit; we, in our hopeless lack of idealism, can only call it fiendish.

Unnatural Exultation

The most astounding feature of the present campaign against the liberties of the Irish people is the news-sheet published by the Irregulars. That any body of Irishmen could endure to have its policy promulgated and its actions chronicled by a paper which so openly glories—nay, delights—in the slaughter of fellow-Irishmen, seems absolutely incredible.

It is a sad feature of our history that Irishmen have often had to take violently opposite standpoints over their national affairs, and sometimes even have had to shed each other's blood. But hitherto it has been regarded as a most painful necessity, and no side has ever found in it any cause for jubilation.

We did not give way to unmanly exultation over the deaths of members of the British forces who fell fighting against our freedom.

To-day we feel nothing but sorrow for those who have lost their lives in their misguided action against their country.

The Irregulars' sheet, however, cannot contain its glee when it has National Army casualties to report.

The brave soldiers who are fighting for the supremacy of Dail Eireann and the Irish people are referred to as "the enemy," and every loss they suffer is recorded with unmixed satisfaction.

We are at a loss to understand this unholy gloating over the shedding of Irish blood. Can it be that the editor of the sheet in question is a member of the race that has already spilt it so freely? or is he an Irishman who has dipped his pen in gall to prove us mistaken in releasing him as harmless?

The Irregulars' Aims

Mr. Ernest O'Malley's recent letter to the "Independent" contains certain definite statements which can be categorically contradicted.

(1) "The Irregulars are engaged in a 'just and holy' war 'in defence of the Republic.'" This is a mis-statement. The Parliament of the Republic ratified a Treaty with Great Britain, and the Irregulars have gone into insurrection against its authority.

(2) "At the recent elections the people voted for the pact and peace, not for the Treaty." This is false. The people voted, not for the pact, but for the Treaty, as is proved by the fact that in nearly all the contested constituencies the anti-Treaty candidates lost their seats to Independent candidates.

(3) "The Dail was not consulted before this war was launched." Quite true. The Irregular leaders did not consult An Dail before they seized Irish public buildings, looted Irish property, kidnapped an Irish General, and notified England that the Truce made with her by An Dail was at an end.

(4) "The people who accepted the Treaty did so because they thought it would give peace." This statement is inconsistent with point 2. But it is true, and merely serves to demonstrate the wickedness of the Irregulars' action. They admit the people want peace, and they therefore give them war.

(5) "The Irregulars are not taking any measures not recognised in war." Is it a war measure to attempt to starve the civil population by such means as were employed recently in the Dublin area? Or to cut off the water supplies of towns and cities as planned by Mr. Enright? Or to fire on the Red Cross and dress up soldiers as Red Cross nurses?

This point also mentions that the Irregulars are serving without pay. What then has become of the thousands of pounds looted from banks, and the goods looted from shops? It is now a notorious fact that many Irregulars have retired into private life as wealthy citizens.

The letter, as it appeared in the "Independent," had been blue-pencilled by the editor. Mr. Childers' propaganda sheet now supplies the blanks, which are nothing less than a threat of assassination against the editor and proprietors of the journal. Would this be called a "war-measure" by the new idealists?

Summary of Events

AUGUST 14th TO AUGUST 20th, 1922.

The past week has been marked by an exceptional number of important events. In the numerous engagements that have been fought, the National Troops have been almost invariably successful; the Irregulars have nowhere made any determined stand; and their one counter-attack, though temporarily it achieved its object, was quickly turned to disaster. Every day has produced fresh evidence that the Irregulars' policy of destruction has forfeited any sympathy they may have anywhere enjoyed; and, wherever the Troops have gone, they have been overwhelmed by demonstrations of popular enthusiasm. Nor are signs lacking that the people are determined that they will no longer be passive onlookers at the destruction of their property; and in many places they have already taken successful action to prevent it. The growing demoralisation of the Irregulars, resulting from their recurring defeats and from their sense that the people are against them, is well illustrated by a letter written on Saturday by some of the lesser "officers" imprisoned in Customs Barracks, who recognise the criminality and futility of their recent action, and denounce the political and military folly of those who led them into it.

The outstanding feature of the week has been the sweeping success of the Munster drive. Town after town has fallen, and the only serious obstacle to the troops has been the destruction of roads by the retreating mutineers. In a few cases, notably at Killarney, there has been some outpost skirmishing, always with the same result. In this way Buttevant, Charleville, Killarney, Cahir and Fethard have fallen; Macroom was taken owing to a dispute among the Irregulars leading to the disbandment of the garrison; and Kenmare fell to a surprise attack from the sea, the leader of the mutineers being made prisoner. The greatest success of all came at the end of the week, Fermoy, Mallow, Mitchelstown, Newmarket, and Kanturk being captured on the same day. Minor incidents worthy of mention in this area were the discovery by the National Troops, in a raid in Cork City, of some artillery in course of manufacture by the Irregulars; the capture of large quantities of arms, ammunition and armoured cars nearby; the failure of an ambush near Tralee, and the wreck of a goods train near Killurin, owing to the removal of a rail by the Irregulars.

On the 15th the Irregulars recommenced action against Leinster by a sudden swoop on Dundalk. The garrison of National Troops, taken by surprise, fought hard, but eventually were overwhelmed by numbers and forced to surrender. A few who still held out in the gaol were induced to capitulate by a device which reflects little credit on the humanity of the Irregulars. The National soldiers wounded

in the fight (some score in number) were lying in agony on the street, and the Irregular leader refused to allow them to be removed to hospital until he had received the surrender of their comrades. Dundalk secured, the Irregulars advanced on Dunleer, whence the National garrison retired on Drogheda. The success of the mutineers was short-lived. Next day the National Forces advanced from Drogheda in strength, drove the Irregulars before them and re-entered Dundalk, taking eighty prisoners.

Dublin was comparatively quiet this week. Only a couple of small ambushes broke the calm, the sufferers in each case being civilians, chiefly women. A melancholy feature of the streets all through this period has been the constant stream of funerals bearing the bodies of our fallen soldiers to Glasnevin.

Wednesday week saw what was probably the most impressive funeral pageant in our history, when the mortal remains of President Griffith were carried to their last resting-place amid the sorrow of the whole nation.

The Wexford County Council's peace resolution received a stiff reply from Professor MacNeill on the 16th inst. Dealing with their suggestions categorically, he pointed out that the initiative in this struggle lay with the Irregulars, whose deliberate attempt to paralyse the economic life of the country and to make government impossible had made forcible action by the Government inevitable. A meeting of the Dail would not help the chance of peace. Had the County Council any guarantee that it would not be used by the minority to further their policy of paralysing Dail Eireann? It was vain to discuss peace until the policy of paralysing the country was clearly and completely renounced and abandoned.

Force was given to this answer by the simultaneous publication of some documents captured at Kinvara on Mr. Enright, "Chief Field Engineering Inspector" of the Irregulars. These revealed plans for intensive war on the civil population by the destruction of water, gas and electricity supplies, in addition to such things as military necessity might possibly justify.

The week was brought to a close by the capture of Midleton and Bantry. The existing military situation is reviewed by the Army Publicity Department as follows:—

"A glance at the map is sufficient to indicate that the towns which have been described by the Irregulars as their special strongholds, upon which they were retiring according to plan, and where their forces were to concentrate and put up a powerful stand against the troops, have one by one been abandoned. The area in occupation of the Irregulars has grown appreciably smaller, and within this area there is no town or point of strategic importance held by them. Simultaneously with the advance of the troops in the Northern sector, the force which landed at Youghal,

Micheal O Coileain

Tá leomhan an airm ar lár. I gcómharsanacht a pharóiste dúthchais féin, ag bun "Bán chnoc Éireann," i gCorcaigh a ghrádh, do thuit sé.

Bhí na cnuic seo ar an gcéad radharc ar ar fhéach súile a naoidheachta. Ar na cnocaibh seo ba ghnáth leis dul ag aeridheacht ag lorg aoibhnis agus draoidheachta na tuaithe tráth bhí sé na gharsún óg agus an croí lán de dhóchas na hóige. Chun na gcnoc so do theitheadh smaointe an deóruí le mian agus le dúil ag lorg an sámh shóláis abhí le fagháil 'na measg i gcómhnuí. Agus 'na luidhe imeasg na gcnoc so thug sé a fhéachaint deireannach ar na spéirthibh, na sléibhte agus na coillte do ghrádhúigh sé le fíor ghrádh an Ghael; agus, do deargadh glas an fhéir taobh leis le fuil te an chroidhe mhóir. Bímís cinnte gur minic 'na sheasamh dó ar an mbáil so do deineadh an sean thaidhbhreamh úd do, Gaeil ag troid i gcoinne námhad na Fódla, i gcath na saoirse ar na cnocaibh agus is na gleanntaibh mór thimcheall. Nárbh uasal glórmhar an rud é bás dfhagháil i dtroid den tsórt san. Agus bás i dtroid ar mhaoilinn an chnuic a bhí indán dó. Lag an coinne abhí ag aoinne, ámh, gur ab iad Gael a "Corcaighe Cáidhe" d'imreóchadh an bás úd air. Mo léan géar, sin domblas agus seirbhe an sgéil agus 'sí an fhirinne ghránda úd is mo ghoilleann ar chroí trom na tíre indiu. Ní gall ná eachtranach do sgaoil an urchar marbhthach; do fágadh an bheart úd fé dhuine da chine féin, agus mar bhárr ar an gcineamhaint muna mbeadh misneach agus árd shaothar Mhíchíl sé is dóichíghé ná beadh i gcumas an duine úd urchar do chaitheamh anois. Sin do dheineann a bhás chomh do fhulangthach.

D'éag sé shar a raibh sé d' uain aige críoch ceart do chur ar mór obair na tíre. Tá uairim ag cách dá thaisbáint dá ainm indiu. Más mian linn fíor onóir do thabhairt dá chuimhne ní mór dúinn leanúint do'n obair. Críochnú na hoibre sin an leacht is fearr féadfaí thógaint dá chuimhne.

Passage West and Union Hall has been adequately reinforced by fresh troops and material, and has been steadily pushing northwards, harassing the Irregulars on the way and driving them in disorderly retreat to the hills. Two weeks ago the Irregulars held a definite line in the South-west; that line, however, has been pierced at several points and the holders broken up into bands, who have retired to the mountains, from whence at intervals they launch predatory raids on the civilian population of adjacent villages. In Limerick, Tipperary, and Waterford counties every town of importance is controlled by the troops, whilst only a few posts on the seaboard of Kerry are held by the Irregulars. In Cork County they still hold a few towns, but here the Irregular communications are rapidly being cut off, and their positions must soon become untenable."

On the same day that saw the fall of Midleton and Bantry, President Griffith's last message was made known to the Irish people. "Let the people stand firm by the Free State," were his words; "it is their national need and economic salvation."

DUBLIN, 6.
TEL: 975499

WAR SPECIAL

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REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

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AUGUST 19, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

The "Chivalry" of the Irregulars

"Patrick Nolan (30), a soldier of the National Army, was shot and seriously wounded when returning from a visit to his family at 12 Cullen's Cottages, Dean's Grange, shortly after ten o'clock last night. Nolan, who was unarmed, was proceeding from the direction of Cornelscourt, and was wheeling his bicycle, when a motor car containing four civilians passed him. The men looked towards Nolan, and the car stopped a few yards ahead. One of the men got out and asked Nolan if he were armed. Nolan replied that he was

Economic Slavery

Irregular political philosophers profess to despise economic (or, as they call them, "materialist") arguments. The Republic, they declare, is a purely spiritual issue, and must be won regardless of "material" cost.

A recent statement by Mr. George Russell should open their eyes. The present struggle, he points out, has already cost so much that Ireland will be compelled to borrow.

In her present state of confusion and impoverishment she can scarcely borrow at home. They must, therefore, borrow abroad. And when a small country borrows abroad, conditions are always demanded.

The lending Power, or Powers, wants to safeguard its money, and, with some justice, requires a voice in the spending policy of the borrower.

Foreign control of money means foreign control of everything else. Remember that, ye idealists, and realise this:

If the Irregulars beat the National Army, and then, after yet another costly struggle, beat the British Empire, they **must**, in order to reconstruct the country, **borrow money.**

They may borrow it in America, in Europe, or in England; it matters little; whoever lends will rule Ireland.

The South American States are all Republics, and nominally free. But all are in debt to foreign countries, who exercise, unseen, a control over their policy such as Great Britain can never claim over an economically independent Free State.

What interest had any of them in the war against Germany? Yet they were drawn into it as surely as if they were the subjects of an Empire.

It is very doubtful if any South American State feels that the spiritual purity of its Republicanism is any compensation for its material subjection.

Which is Which?

MR. MURPHY'S LITTLE INDISCRETION.

"He (Mr. Collins) says that De Valera and his friends seek to bring back the British."

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"The Britishers in this country are 'digging in again' to a greater extent than ever before; and it is the **Republican Army** alone that stands between Ireland and abject surrender to them, such as Michael Collins would have us make."

—An Irregular propagandist sheet, 14/8/22.

"If an English destroyer or sloop comes within rifle shot of your shore snipe it, and, if possible, have a rifle grenade dropped on deck. Possibly then they may shell the coast or make a landing—the very thing which we want them to do. Then we have the old enemy back, and that will clear the whole aspect of the present war."

(Signed),

A. O. MURCHADHA,
O.C., Kerry No. 1
Brigade.

July 10, 1922.

—Extract from document captured from Irregulars.

not. A shot was then fired, and a bullet lodged in Nolan's breast. The civilian immediately ran back and entered the car, which quickly started away, leaving the wounded soldier lying on the ground. . . ." (Evening paper, 15:8:22).

Mr. Erskine Childers, writing in his propaganda sheet of the same date, thus describes the men who, time and again, have been guilty of acts such as this:—

"They are patriots in thought, deed, and word, not mercenaries and terrorists, fighting as fairly as they fight bravely, living temperately, and conducting themselves as honourable soldiers."

When the ostrich wants to outwit an enemy, it hides its head in the sand and hopes for the best. Mr. Childers takes after the ostrich. He considers himself so expert in propaganda that he thinks he has only to say a thing and it is so. Let him try his description of the Irregulars on the districts which have experience of them! Not mercenaries or terrorists! Chivalrous! Why, everywhere the National Troops have penetrated, they have been received as saviours by the people, and as rescuers from as vengeful a tyranny as ever afflicted town or countryside. The people are the judges of the Irregulars, and as judges they have unmistakably given their verdict.



WAR SPECIAL

AN T-OGLAĆ

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

Day by Day

AUGUST 25.—During a round-up by the Troops at Limerick, 7 prominent local Irregulars were captured. The leader of the party, Harry Brazier, attacked the officer in charge and attempted to disarm him. In the firing that ensued, Brazier was mortally wounded and died on his way to hospital.

Whilst assisting Captain Rattigan, who was wounded in an ambush at Glasson, near Athlone, Commandant McCormack, of the Brigade Staff, Castle Barracks, Athlone, was shot dead by Irregulars. A civilian named Murtagh who was in the vicinity at the time was also killed.

A party of Guards under General Lynch were ambushed at Glenflesk, whilst proceeding from Killarney to Kilgarvan. The Troops replied to the fire of the Irregulars and succeeded in repelling the attack. Continuing their journey they were again attacked by a large party of Irregulars close to Loo station and subjected to heavy rifle and machine-gun fire. Fighting continued for an hour and a half when the Irregulars retreated. The Troops had 8 men wounded. It is not known what the casualties of the Irregulars were.

AUGUST 26.—A small party of Troops attacked a house held by Irregulars between Claremorris and Balla. After a brief engagement the occupants surrendered. 15 Irregulars were captured with their arms, which included 18 Lee-Enfield rifles, 4 Mauser rifles, 1 Thompson machine-gun and a large quantity of bombs and .303 rifle ammunition.

Thomas Keating, Bernard Lowe, and Willie O'Connor, three Irregulars were captured at Kilcarroll. A revolver and Irregular propaganda literature were found on O'Connor.

At Eskeragh heavy rifle and machine-gun fire was opened on a patrol of troops proceeding from Tobercurry to Curry. One of the Troops was wounded. The Irregulars had one casualty.

Brize House, Claremorris, strongly held by Irregulars, was successfully assaulted and captured by the Troops. 13 Irregulars were captured together with a quantity of arms, ammunition and a Thompson gun.

An attack on the Commercial Hotel, the Headquarters of the Troops at Claremorris, was repulsed and the Irregulars driven to the woods. Two prominent Irregulars, O'Malley and Flaherty were arrested by the Troops at Galway. At Kilconnell, a "Quartermaster" named Crowe and a man named Donnelly were also taken prisoners.

AUGUST 27.—The Irregulars were driven from Waterville, Co. Kerry, by the troops who now hold the Cable Station. The cables damaged by the Irregulars are being repaired.

Troops of the 1st Western Division forced their way into a lodge near Lord Clonbrock's Castle, Ahascragh, and captured 2 Irregulars with 3 rifles, 2 Webleys and a quantity of ammunition. In another round-up, Hawe, Hynes, and Kelly, Irregular leaders in that area, and Ward, a motor-despatch rider were captured.

A patrol of troops was ambushed near Newport (Mayo) when Volunteer Charles Sullivan was killed and two of the Troops slightly wounded.

AUGUST 28.—A column of Troops operating between Killorglin and Tralee was ambushed by Irregulars near Killorglin. The attackers were beaten off and the troops captured 4 Irregulars, a Lewis gun and a quantity of material. The party was again attacked near Castlemaine, and Captain Burke, who was on horseback, was killed early in the engagement.

A big round-up of Irregulars was carried out by the Troops at Farranfore. In all 140 arrests were made.

AUGUST 29. A small party of troops in a Ford car were ambushed at Bonaterran near Tullamore, by a strong force of Irregulars. The Troops sustained two casualties, Lieut. Cullen being killed and Lieut. Leahy wounded.

A boat arrived in Valencia harbour and the Irregular occupants proceeded to cut the Transatlantic Cables. They succeeded in cutting one when the Troops arrived and the cable-cutters retreated. Mr. Childers was in charge of the Irregulars and directed their activities.

As the result of the discovery of a tunnel in Maryborough prison through which three prisoners were found attempting to escape, disciplinary measures were enforced by the authorities. An "ultimatum" was sent by the leader of the Irregular prisoners to the Governor in which it was stated that they would go on hunger strike at noon. The prisoners did not carry out this decision, but later each prisoner set fire to his mattress and bedclothing and rushed into the compound. 5 prisoners were wounded in the disturbance which followed. The fire was speedily extinguished and no prisoners escaped.

30 Irregulars with their arms were captured in the vicinity of Silvermines.

Troops operating from Pallas swept up the area as far as Emly. En-route they surprised a party of Irregulars burning a goods train. The Troops took 27 prisoners.

A Lancia car containing Troops was fired on whilst passing through Clonakilty. Captain Hugh Thornton who was in command of the party was killed and another soldier wounded.

A section of Troops travelling between Tipperary and Cashel were ambushed from the adjacent hills by a party of Irregulars. The Troops

Taking Tone's Name in Vain

An Irregular sheet of recent date takes to itself the motto of Tone: "To break the connection with England."

Characteristically it ignores the rest of the passage, which shows the spirit of Tone and that of the Irregulars are not only different but opposite.

Tone proclaimed the breaking of the connection with England as his **end**; and as his **means** "to unite the whole people of Ireland, and to substitute for the names of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter the common name of Irishmen."

He would have had no use for such means as the overthrow of a Government established by the almost unanimous suffrage of the Irish people, the shooting down of the soldiers of an Irish National Army, the plundering, bullying, and murdering of Irish citizens, the alienation of immense numbers of Irish Protestants, and the permanent estrangement of the people of half a province—to say nothing of deliberate attempts to bring about a fresh invasion of the British forces.

We regarded it as a kind of blasphemy when the British tried to lure Irishmen into their army by quoting words torn from the context of Mitchel.

The Irregulars quoting Tone are not more repugnant to our ears.

Put Tone's end and means side by side with theirs, and compare them:

TO BREAK THE CONNECTION WITH ENGLAND; AND FOR THIS END TO UNITE THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.	THE IRREGULARS.
TO BRING BACK THE ARMY OF ENGLAND; AND FOR THIS END TO BREAK THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND,	

and you tear from the Irregular propagandists the last shreds of the pretence that their action is a sequence in the national tradition.

An Englishman leading the destroying bands in their ruthless attacks on Irish property; an Englishman glorying in the shedding of Irish blood; an Englishman vilifying the chosen leaders of the Irish people—the Irregulars may have been wise in their generation to employ him so far; but they should have kept his hands from tampering with the text of Tone.

took up positions and engaged the Irregulars, capturing three prisoners armed with rifles.

On the return journey from Cashel the same party of Troops were again ambushed at a point near to Cashel. The Troops again engaged the Irregulars, and succeeded in encircling the Irregular column, which was captured with all arms and equipment, including a Lewis gun, a Thompson gun, and two valuable looted touring cars.

AUGUST 30.—A prisoner named R. Monks was shot dead while attempting to escape from the Curragh Camp. He refused to halt when challenged by a sentry.

AUGUST 31.—A party of four officers were attacked by Irregulars at Cuffe Street, Stephen's Green, Dublin. The officers pursued the Irregulars, but they got away. One Irregular was wounded.

WAR SPECIAL

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

Worthy of the Name

After the Troops had effected a landing at Passage West, Co. Cork, during recent operations, a detachment went in the direction of Rochestown. Nearing this place, heavy machine-gun and rifle fire was opened on the Troops by Irregulars occupying positions above the roadway. In face of the strong fire of the Irregulars, Michael Collins, a young Dundalk Volunteer of fine stature, crossed a stone wall, charged up a field to the Irregulars' machine-gun post, and captured their Thompson gun. This brave act turned the tide of battle in favour of the troops, and some minutes later the Irregulars retreated. In the charge Volunteer Collins was wounded by revolver fire in the leg, and was later taken to a Cork City hospital, where he is at present doing well.

No Surrender.

Col.-Comdt. McGrath and 28 of his men from the 1st Western Division were surrounded by a party of Irregulars over 200 strong, with three Thompson guns in a Kerry district. The Irregulars, who were led by one Humphrey Murphy, called on the small band to surrender, but they replied: "The 1st Western Division never surrender," and engaged in a fight against great odds, which lasted until all but Comdt. McGrath and another had exhausted their ammunition. At this critical juncture Col.-Comdt. Michael Hogan came to the relief of the gallant invincibles to find Commandant McGrath and his friends holding the line, the others with nothing to fire resting, and one of their number sitting in the middle of the road playing a melodeon. There were two killed and four wounded amongst the Westerns. The Irregulars had two killed and six wounded.

His Little Outing.

An Irregular engaged recently in the blowing up of a bridge between Rosslare and Wexford informed a civilian who came upon the scene of operations that he had lived all his life in England, had fought in the European war with the Gloucester Regiment, and had only been in Ireland four months with the Irregulars "just for the fun of the thing."

Part of the "fun" includes the shooting of Irish National soldiers, many of whom took an active part in the war against England, or in the event of an Irregular defeat, surrendering with hands up and crying, "Mercy! I'm an Irishman." This, some of the Irregulars would have their followers believe, is the way to Irish Independence.

Items of the Campaign.

Three soldiers ambushed by a party of over twenty Irregulars at Barefield (1st Western Division) fought for half-an-hour, when two of the three were knocked out. The third got away with his rifle and ammunition.

Volunteer Doyle, who was killed recently in an ambush in the South, lost his father in 1916. Both father and son gave their lives for the one cause—the liberty of the people.

Before the Irregulars left Youghal, on the arrival of the Troops, they destroyed the printing presses and the technical school. Thus the cause of liberty and civilisation is advanced.

Capt. Ed. Lynch serves with the Troops in Clare. His father was slain by the Black and Tans. His home at Miltown-Malbay, occupied by his brother Charles, has been burned down by the Irregulars because he served with the National Army. The minds and methods of militarists and despots are the same the world over.

Simon McInerney, an Irregular leader, ordered his followers to destroy Kilrush Coastguard Station and Barrack, and then retired on Kilkee, where he issued a similar order. He was found by the Troops "dug in" under a publichouse counter, and is now resting from his labours at Limerick Jail.

Lillis, another Irregular leader in this area, boldly delivered himself and his arms into the hands of the Troops near Lissycasey. He has sent a solemn injunction to his followers to fight on.

Sergeant McCabe, who was killed at Carrickmacross during the attack on the barracks on Tuesday morning, had a splendid record in the fight against the British prior to the Truce. In those days he was actually one of a party who attacked Carrickmacross Barracks when the building was occupied by the R.I.C.

MICHEAL O COILEAIN.

Rugged example to the nation's youth,
Of purpose, never swerving from the line,
Of high ideals, kept all unsoiled and fine—
Integrity, a stainless honour, truth;
A sympathy that reached forth tender hands;
A pity, quick to feel another's hurt;
A steady, seeing mind, a wit alert;
A single justice to all life's demands.
Great in small things as well as great in great;
Who took a soldier's death as recompense
For duty done as leader of the State.
His heritage, the love a nation gives,
An honoured memory while honour lives.

A. W. C.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Staff Captain Corri, O.C., Portobello Barracks, has been appointed Vice-Commandant, Gormanstown Camp.
Staff Captain P. Dalton has been appointed O.C., Portobello Barracks.
Staff Captain Hegarty has been transferred from General Headquarters to Newbridge, where he has been appointed O.C., Troops.

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WAR SPECIAL

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THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

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SEPTEMBER 16, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

The Military Situation

Reviewed by Minister for Defence

At Tuesday's meeting of Dail Eireann, General Mulcahy (Minister of Defence) said he disliked going back into past history, particularly in view of the fact that the different groups in the House had very definitely given assurances that they were going to see that the Treaty was secured, and that on that particular point that Parliament, as fully representing the people, was simply one great group (hear, hear). It was worth going back a little, although they had to get forward, realising that they were in a very dangerous situation. It was worth saying what the policy of the Government was with regard to the Army after the passing of the Treaty and after setting up a Ministry committed to seeing that Treaty through. Differences arose in the Army. Hot-headed men wanted to pull one way, and others another. The position was that the English were clearing out of the country; they were evacuating their barracks, and they had an opportunity of coming from these camps in the country and little corners on the hills where during the period after the Truce they trained for any danger that might come again for their country. They had the chance of coming into proper military barracks, and of strengthening themselves in a very much better military equipment and organisation than they were in at any time.

TO AVOID SPLIT.

Appeal to Army to Wait for Definite Issue.

The Army was appealed to not to raise questions upon which they could split in this particular atmosphere, to wait until there was something definite to decide for or against, to wait until the Constitution was definitely produced, as it would be in three or four or six months, and when they saw the actual effect of the Constitution, then they would have before them something upon which they could say: "We will not take this, or, in all the circumstances, we will take it."

Continuing, General Mulcahy said they would then be able to arrive at a decision with greater strength. Heads would be clearer, and if there were a number of heads clear enough, and a number of hearts strong enough, and if there were elements of dishonour to this country in the Constitution, then they would have at any rate as much military strength as they would be able to gather in the country; and if there was a voice able and strong enough to speak to the country, they would have weapons to get the answer they wanted.

THE CORRECT POLICY.

He felt absolutely assured that the policy put before the Army was correct. If men left the Army it was men who took up a different attitude. The point had been raised as to the conversations which had taken place between different sections of the Army, and what transpired at these conversations. Conversations did take place. The President, in his statement yesterday, read a document worth reading again in this connection. It was the final vote on which these negotiations broke down; and the memorandum was handed in on June 25 by Rory O'Connor and Ernest O'Malley. The question then arose, he continued, what was the general position on the day that notice was served? Generally the position with regard to the Army and the result of the efforts to bring about unification were that five members of the agreed Army Council of seven were in favour of unification on the lines indicated in the following memorandum:—

UNIFICATION.

Scheme Agreed to by Army Council.

(1) All ranks and positions to be as on 1st December, 1921, except where objection is held to any appointment on the grounds of—

(a) Inefficiency.

(b) The officer being so unacceptable to his command that he cannot reasonably be expected to make a success of it.

(c) Re-organisation proposals.

Special cases and appeals to be gone into by the Director of Organisation and recommendations submitted to the Staff.

(2) Ex-soldiers of other armies to be employed ordinarily only in the training or advisory capacity; only those whose record and character stand scrutiny to be so employed (this rule not to apply to men who fought with us).

(3) Re-organisation Staff to be appointed under L.L. as D.C.S. to re-organise the Army, with instructions that all inefficient officers be dispensed with.

(4) Divisions shall be recruited and controlled locally.

(5) Appointments.—Promotions shall be based on war record, personal character and ability, and individual records be compiled forthwith under a scheme to be outlined by G.H.Q. Staff.

(6) No man to be victimised because of honest political views.

(7) The Army ideal to be looked for shall be the training militarily of the youth of Ireland. All men of military age to have an opportunity to be trained as soldiers. The standing Army to be as small as possible.

(8) The training syllabus shall be drafted as such with a view to giving men a Gaelic outlook as to making them efficient soldiers. A mercenary army must be avoided.

(9) Members of the Army shall not ordinarily be concerned with the maintenance of law and order except in so far as all good citizens should be.

(10) The Committee engaged in finding a settlement basis must take cognisance of the fact that as extremely bitter feeling obtains between both sides in many areas, and that it may be found impossible to get either side to work under the command of officers from the other side, this may be got over by drafting in officers native to the area, who are at present serving in other districts.

(11) In some of the much-disturbed districts there seems to be no Volunteer organisation. An effort should be made at once to get a number of men from these districts into barracks for a severe course of training. Those elements which make disorder might, if properly handled, develop into first-class Volunteers.

GENERAL PROPOSALS.

"These," said General Mulcahy, "as I say, were the general points on agreement, and they indicated something of what was in the minds of both sides. The next are general Army proposals submitted to us by the Four Courts people. They are:—

(1) With regard to the Army a periodical Convention to elect an Army Council of say 7.

(2) Both the Minister for Defence, who shall be appointed in the ordinary way by the Government, and the Chief of Staff, who shall be appointed by the Minister for Defence, shall require the approval by a majority vote of the Army Council.

(3) Each member of the Army Council to be full-time senior military appointments attached to G.H.Q. Staff or to be O/C's of a division.

(4) After a certain period when our Military Schools of Instruction have been properly set up, no person to be eligible for election to a membership of the Army Council without possession of certain defined military and general educational qualifications.

(5) All appointments to commissioned ranks shall be recommended by the Chief of Staff and confirmed by the Minister for Defence.

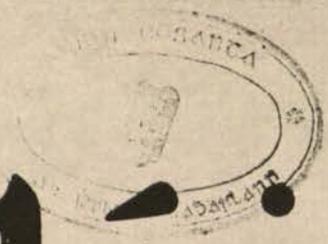
(6) Divisional areas to be enlarged and number of divisions reduced. Both troops in barracks and ordinary Volunteer units to come under the Divisional Command, with the exception of the Curragh training establishment, or any of its adjuncts.

ARMY CONTROL.

Appointment of Temporary Council.

The immediate proposals with regard to the control of the Army, Mr. Mulcahy continued, were an agreed Army Council, to be composed of R. J. Mulcahy, E. O'Duffy, G. O'Sullivan, F. O'Donoghue, Liam Lynch, Sean Moylan, Liam Mellowes, and Rory O'Connor.

That was to be a temporary Council. The chief Executive officers of G.H.Q. Staff were:—Chief of Staff—Eoin O'Duffy. Deputy Chief of Staff in Charge of the Special Reorganisation—Liam Lynch. Deputy



AN T-ÓZLÁC

REGISTERED] THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY. [NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 16 (New Series) SEPTEMBER 30, 1922. PRICE TWOPENCE.

News of the Week

(From "Iris an Airm.")

GALLANT GLENDALOUGH DEFENCE. THE SPIRIT THAT WINS THROUGH.

A detachment of troops, belonging to the 2nd Eastern Division, operating around Glendalough, found a large party of Irregulars attacking the National post there. The troops opened fire on the attackers, who withdrew after an exchange of fire lasting fifteen minutes, leaving a rearguard to cover their retreat. Two of these were wounded and three made prisoners with arms and equipment.

The following arms and ammunition were captured by the troops:—

- 7 short Lee-Enfield rifles.
- 1 Ross rifle.
- 1 Parabellum.
- 1 Colt revolver.
- 340 rounds of .303 ammunition.
- 20 rounds of .45 auto. ammunition.
- 1 Box Irish Cheddar.
- 1 Exploder and a quantity of cable.
- 1 Ford van.

It was learned that the retreating Irregulars had four wounded, one in the chest, two in the arms and one in the legs. The attack on Glendalough lasted from 3 a.m. until the arrival of the troops shortly before 6 a.m. The garrison left the building, and, taking up positions on the roadway around, held the attackers at bay until the reinforcements arrived. Lieut. Cullen was wounded during the engagement.

A Model Officer.

The Officer in charge of the reinforcements, in a report to General Headquarters, says:—

"I would like particularly to mention the gallant conduct of the officer and 12 men in the Glendalough post. The attack was opened on them by about 30 Irregulars at 3 a.m., and continued for three hours. Lieut. Cullen, the officer in charge of the post, was wounded seriously in the first volley, and, despite this, fought for an hour and a half before he collapsed. At 4 a.m., owing to the terrific firing, the post became untenable, and the little garrison turned out and fought in the open street for two hours, attired only in their shirts and trousers, until the arrival of reinforcements from Rathdrum and Dublin at 6 a.m. By this time their ammunition was almost exhausted."

Irregular Column Captured.

An Irregular column was captured at Foynes by a detachment of troops of the 1st Western Division. The prisoners include an Irregular "Brigade Adjutant and "Quartermaster." Amongst the arms and equipment captured are:—

- 22 Lee-Enfield rifles.
- 1,500 rounds .303 ammunition.
- 7 Webley revolvers.
- 1 Parabellum automatic revolver.

Four Irregulars were captured in Knocklong with arms and equipment.

War on the Press.

Documents captured from the Irregulars in South Wexford contain, amongst other things, an order for the wholesale destruction of newspapers, and an advice to continue sniping. A document headed, "Operation Order No. 1," directed to "O.C. 3rd Battalion," reads:—

"1. You will see that all hostile newspapers which circulate in your area are destroyed. This order to be rigidly enforced henceforth.

"2. *Re Raids on Post Office—Cash and Stamps.* It is not deemed wise to seize on Post Office cash and stamps, and you will see that no such raids are carried out in your area.

"3. *Sniping Operations.* You should aim at having every Free State post sniped at every night. Keep them constantly on the jump. But be very careful getting into sniping positions, as after a short while the enemy will be in waiting."

In a second document headed "Enemy Propaganda," "hostile newspapers" are interpreted to be "the entire press of the country."

Caught in the Cupboard.

Mr. Tom Brady, who held the rank of "Brigadier" in the Irregulars, was captured hiding in a cupboard on the 25th inst. He had been in charge of several attacks on the troops. On the night of the 25th inst. a bomb was thrown at Captain Purcell, Abbeyleix, but failed to do any damage.

2nd EASTERN DIVISION.

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES FROM 1st AUGUST TO 20th SEPTEMBER.

No. of Raids—276.

	Results:—
Prisoners	258
Revolvers and pistols	60
Rifles and shot guns	48
Bombs	58
Shells	7
Ammunition (assorted)	2,500 rounds
Mines	5
Lathes	9
Wooden rifles	59
Machine guns	1
Wireless sets	1
Motors	12
Field and opera glasses	20
Printing machines	2
Typewriters	12
Explosives	5 tons
Large quantities of equipment.	
Large quantities of engineering apparatus.	

Ambushes or Attempted Ambushes—32.

Attacks on Posts—58.	
Irregulars reported killed	12
" wounded	12
National soldiers killed	2
" " wounded	16
Civilians killed	2
" wounded	10

(Continued on page 2).

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News of the Week

(From "Iris an Airm.")

CAUGHT IN A HAY LOFT.

In a recent issue of an Irregular sheet, reference was made to the ambush in Blessington Street. It was stated that "two of the attackers were captured while bravely defending the retreat of their comrades." The facts are that they were caught in a hay loft, under a pile of hay. Their two revolvers (fully loaded) were found in the hay, and if they had any serious intention of making a fight they could, owing to their position in the loft, have shot down, with perfect safety, the two men who captured them.

IRREGULARS ATTACK CAVAN POST.

A determined effort to capture the Military Barrack here was made on the morning of the 2nd inst., about 6.30 a.m. by a party of Irregulars, numbering between 70 and 100. The main gate was blown in by a mine. At the same time heavy rifle fire was opened from three different positions around the barrack. The guard, although badly shaken by the explosion, rushed to their positions, and opened fire on the gateway. The leader of the Irregulars could be heard calling on his men to "come on and rush it," but he called in vain.

The Irregulars' fire was intense, but about 7.30 a.m. the firing slackened and gradually died away. On a search of the locality being made, the following articles were found:—Two abandoned trench coats, 2 Webley revolvers, 50 rounds .303, 25 rounds .455 ammunition, 4 petrol tins full of Cheddar with detonators and electric cable attached, all in position against the barrack wall. Apparently the mine at the gate was prematurely exploded, as the cables on the other four mines were still in coil. There were no casualties among the troops.

WEXFORD OFFICER SHOT DEAD.

On the evening of the 2nd inst., an unknown person called on a priest at Newtownbarry and informed him that a man was shot at Glaslacken. On the local garrison hearing of the affair, troops proceeded to Glaslacken, and found the lifeless body of Lieut. Ignatius Redmond with bullet wounds in the head, chest and wrist.

This Officer was attached to the Newtownbarry Garrison, and on the evening in question was seen at 3 p.m. proceeding towards Glaslacken. The body was conveyed to Newtownbarry Barracks to await an inquest.

THE DEFENCE OF KILLORGLIN.

A first-hand account of the defence of Killorglin is

given in the following report received from a Kerry Officer:—

At 6 a.m. on Wednesday morning (September 27) one of the most formidable attacks yet made on the National posts in Kerry was launched against the garrison of sixty to seventy men under Captain Lehane in Killorglin. The troops, who were all belonging to the 1st Western Division, held five separate posts in the village. The attack had been anticipated; it was known that the Irregulars had been concentrating in strong force in the hilly country about Killorglin. Consequently, for two days and two nights before the attack the garrison had been standing to. The assault opened with concentrated and rapid machine-gun and rifle fire on the main Barrack occupied by the Troops. This was apparently kept up to cover the noise of boring operations being carried out by the Irregulars throughout the houses adjoining the Barrack. With the exception of the five posts held by the Troops, every house in the village seemed to be filled with Irregulars, who spoke across to each other during the engagement. In numbers the attacking party is estimated at over 300. The greater part of the people had fled to the country before the fight begun. Those left behind took refuge in basements and cellars. On one side of the barrack the Irregulars bored through to the fire-place. When it had been knocked in, the Troops bombed their assailants, several of whom were wounded. The remainder retreated, and no further attempt was made to enter the Barrack on this side.

"No Surrender."

In a business premises adjacent to the Barrack a mine was exploded. The business premises was wrecked and the windows of the barrack blown in. A Lewis gunner was wounded by splinters while the attack on the main Barrack was in progress; the remaining four posts were strongly besieged. Eight Irregulars rushed a post held by three soldiers near the Railway Station on Wednesday night. They were driven off by the rapid fire of the small garrison, and the next morning three Irregulars were found dead near the post. The ground was marked with blood, and a cap was picked up with a bullet hole through it. Occasionally during a lull in the fighting the Irregulars called out to the Troops, "Will you surrender?" The reply was usually, "Up, Clare," and "Up the 1st Western Division." During one of those exchanges Capt. Lehane replied, "We'll surrender only when our ammunition is spent." Capt. Lehane set a splendid example to his men, all of whom had been three days and three nights without sleep and 29 hours fighting. All during the fight their only refreshment was black tea. The bakeries had closed down, and the women and children in the village were in a pitiable plight, as they could get neither bread, eggs, nor milk. Early in the fight Capt. Lehane was wounded in the head. He was absolutely

(Continued on page 2).

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

The Bishops' Voice

HIERARCHY'S PASTORAL LETTER.

"A section of the community, refusing to acknowledge the Government set up by the nation, have chosen to attack their own country as if she were a foreign Power.

"Forgetting apparently that a dead nation cannot be free, they have deliberately set out to make our motherland, as far as they could, a heap of ruins.

"They have wrecked Ireland from end to end, burning and destroying national property of enormous value, breaking roads, bridges, and railways, seeking by this insensate blockade to starve the people or bury them in social stagnation.

"They have caused more damage to Ireland in three months than could be laid to the charge of British rule in so many decades.

"They carry on what they call a war, but which, in the absence of any legitimate authority to justify it, is morally only a system of murder and assassination of the National forces, for it must not be forgotten that killing in an unjust war is as much murder before God as if there were no war.

"They ambush military lorries in the crowded streets, thereby killing and wounding not only the soldiers of the nation, but peaceful citizens.

"They have, to our horror, shot bands of these troops on their way to Mass on Sunday, and set mine traps on the public road and blown to fragments some of the bravest Irishmen that ever lived.

"Side by side with this woeful destruction of life and property there is running a campaign of plunder, raiding banks and private houses, seizing the lands and property of others, burning mansions and country houses, destroying demesnes and slaying cattle.

(Extract from Pastoral Letter issued by the Irish Hierarchy at Maynooth).

The Irish and the Normans

"The Normans of the 12th century were exceedingly formidable adversaries.

"The service of the Knight in the feudal system had the military merit of opening a career to talent—the better soldier a man was the more quickly he advanced in repute and power. The fact that higher military command was confined to men of gentle birth was inseparable from the social conditions of the time. In respect to the technical military side the Normans had profited by their very varied experience of war against

all sorts of opponents—English, Franks, Greeks, and Saracens, assimilating the best points of each and working all into a system suitable to their own conditions.

"A Norman army had as its nucleus a relatively small number of heavy cavalry, knights, esquires, and men-at-arms—man and horse both in full suit of chain-mail. The rider wore shirt, hood, sleeves breeches, hose, and sabayons with helmet and shield.

"In the broader aspect of the art of war as practised by the Normans the system of castles was the outstanding feature: a conquered territory was occupied and held by the building of these. We have seen how in a less developed age Brian Boru had pursued a policy very similar. But with the Normans the system reached perfection; a castle secured every point of strategic or tactical or economic importance. Every useful passage over an obstacle was closed and every town dominated by one of them. The size and strength of the castle was proportionate to the importance of the place—indeed, some of those in Ireland were merely exceptionally powerful earthworks. These castles belonged to the king and were merely held from him—they were *not* private possessions, though in course of time a large number fell into private ownership. Each castle served as a defence to halt the march of an army, as a base where supplies could be collected and whence raids could start, and as a refuge when the foragers were compelled to retreat. In this way a territory was dominated by a system of powerful fortified posts with relatively small garrisons—200 men was a very strong garrison. Individually each castle was a very tough nut to crack, and to reduce the entire number was a task practically beyond a feudal army; they would be able to hold out longer than the besiegers could hold together. Sieges, however frequently took place, and for this purpose the Normans employed the engines formerly used for this purpose by the Romans—battering rams, movable towers, catapults, and ballistas.

"Now, it will be quite clear from the foregoing that the Normans as far as warlike science and organisation went were a long way ahead of the Irish. The latter had in this respect practically stood still—they were at the same stage of military development as a century and a half before; from the Danes they had acquired a partiality for the battleaxe as a weapon and much expertness in its use, but that was all. But while in the Danes they had contended with an enemy of more or less the same degree of military development, in their new opponents they faced an enemy representing the best military methods of that day. Could the levy of clansmen be expected to stand the charge of the mailed knights where the latter could ride home? Could they close 200 yards on expert archers unless the archers were unsteadied for some reason? Could they be expected to carry a 70-foot wall by storm? They could not. Only skilful choice of ground, surprise, greatly superior numbers, or the like could be expected to give them victory over the Normans."

[Extracts from "The Irish Wars," (Martin Lester, Limited, Dublin), by Lieutenant General O'Connell.]



AN T-ÓZLAC

[REGISTERED]

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[NEWSPAPER.]

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

News of the Week

There has been a decided decrease in Irregular activity during the past week as compared with the previous week. The attacks on our troops have been less in number, and the captures by the troops of prisoners, arms and ammunition show a great increase. Furthermore, a large number of Irregulars have taken advantage of the Government offer of amnesty and have handed in their arms and ammunition to the authorities. Statistics on this matter are not yet available. It is reported, however, that, in addition to those who have handed their weapons up directly, many others have surrendered their arms to clergymen, or destroyed them. The following figures, compiled from authentic sources, show results for the week:—

Prisoners captured	297
Firearms	68
Ammunition	1,227 rounds
Bombs	7
Mines	7
Attacks on Troops	19

Cursai Cogaidh

Caitheadh urchair leis an dTaoiseach Peadar Ó Dughaill an t-seachtain seo ghaibh tharainn, agus é ag teacht abhaile ó'n tseipéal in Inis Corthaigh in einfhacht le h-oifigeach eile. Gonadh go mór é, i dtreo go bhfuair sé bás Dia Ceudaoin. Gonadh an t-oifigeach eile leis, darbh ainm an Capt. Seán Ó Dughaill, ach tá sé ag deunamh go maith. Oidheche dhorchá a bhí ann nuair a thuit an tubaiste amach, agus ní raibh gunna ag aoinne de'n bheirt. Tháinig na trúpaí tamall ina dhiaidh san, agus caitheadh leotha freisin. Níor fhreagadar, ámhthach, mar do bhí mór-chuid daoine ag gabhailt timcheall na sráide.

An Troid i Luimneach.

Trúpaí a bhí ag teacht ó Mhainistir na Féile chuadar fé dhéin dhá thig i gCnoc na gCaiseal chun iad do chuardach. Nuair a bhíodar 800 slat ó cheann des na tightheibh thosnuigh Nea-Rialtacha ag lámhach. D'fhreagair na saidhdiúirí go láidir. Tár éis cúpla nóimeat d'fhág cúigear Nea-Rialtacha deug an tig agus shiubhail leo ag druideamhaint siar. Bhítheas ag troid ar feadh trí h-uaire, agus deirtear gur marbhuidheach duine des na Nea-Rialtachaibh. Do theith an namha sa deire, ach fuair na trúpaí beirt acu. Fuair eadh cara "Ford," dhá ghunna, agus 10 phleur leis.

Obair Mhaith i gCorcaigh.

Do bhuail fórsaí Náisiúnta a bhí ar stáisiúin i Rath Cormaic le Nea-Rialtachaibh ag Carraig na bhFear, timcheall le h-ocht míle ó Chorcaigh. Bhí an dhá thaobh ag caitheamh le níos mó ná uair, agus chuaidh na Nea-Rialtacha ar geúl annsan. Chuaidh na trúpaí ina ndiaidh agus thógadar cuid mhaith díobh ina bpríosúnachaibh. Fuair eadh gunnaí, gunna "Lewis," piostail, roinnt "A.S.A.," gluaisteán, laraí Ford, agus a lán d'earraibh de gach áon tsaghas. Marbhuidh Nea-Rialtach darbh ainm Ua Buachalla. Eadaigh na bhFórsaí Náisiúnta a bhí air. Bhí Tomás de Barra ar na príosúnachaibh a tógadh. Fuair eadh páipéirí tábhachta air.

"Uisce Fe Thalamh."

Ar an dtríomhadh lá deug den mhí seo fuair lucht ceannuis Beairic Wellington go raibh toll dá dheunamh san talamh ag na príosúnaigh i Halla na gCleaslúth. Bhí leithead trí troighthe de pholl géarrtha amach san úrlár agus bhí an talamh tollta síos go doimhneacht ceithre troighthe go dtí gur shrois sé an bun-fhala in aice leis an gCánúlach Mór. Is amhlaidh a dhein na príosúnaigh an cré a bhaineadar den pholl do shádh isteach i n-a mataí leaptan agus flochus na mataí do sgaipeadh ar fuaid an úrláir. I lár buill Halla na gCleaslúth fuair eadh 218 de phleuraibh i geóir gunnaí i bpoll eile.

Size of Ireland

"Ireland is not a very large country—the longest land line that can be drawn in it measures about 300 miles. This longest line is the long diagonal of a rough lozenge and extends from Fair Head in the North-East to Mizen Head in the South-West. Along the short diagonal from North-West to South-East the distance is about 200 miles. Now, the size of a country has a certain significance. For one thing, it has a certain influence upon the amount of population. But—still more important—the defensive capacity of a large country is greater than that of a small one. For instance, Belgium is so small as to be easily overrun, while the Boer Republics, though of quite feeble numerical power, were enabled by their extensive territory to make a protracted resistance to the English. Of course, the factor of size may be, and often is, offset by other considerations, but none the less it has its importance."

"In the case of Ireland, the fact of the country's being an island was one of those considerations calculated to offset the matter of its size. The country could not be suddenly marched across and overwhelmed by an invader in greatly superior force. Its insular character, as we shall see later, gave choice of several lines of attack, but most of these lines were only secondary."—Lieut.-Gen. O'Connell.



AN T-ÓZLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

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OCTOBER 28, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

Cursai Cogaidh

Trúpaí a bhí ar stáisiún i gCaisleán Gleannbhuidhe i dTírchonaill, fuairadar gléas gan srang i mbothán i "Churchill." Do thóg Nea-Rialtaigh an gléas roimhe sin ó'n stáisiún i mBuan Bheag. Bhí luach £2,000 sa mhéid a tógadh. Cuireadh saighdiúirí ag faire an ghléasa. I rith na h-oidhche do braitheadh beirt fhear ag gluaiseacht timcheall na h-áite. D'órduigh an gárda dóibh trí h-uaire stadadh, ach níor stadadar. Do caitheadh leo annsan, agus do gonadh duine aca go h-olc. Pádraig Frieze do b'ainm dó. Chuaidh an fear eile saor.

BUMBA I SIOPA.

Caitheadh bumba le larai i Sráid Phódraig i gCorcaigh Dia Máirt. Níor gortuigheadh aoinne sa larai, ach do léim an bumba isteach i siopa ar an dtaobh eile den tsráid. Do phléasg sé annsan, ach níor gonadh aoinne, ar ádhmharaighe an t-saoghail.

NEA-RIALTAIGH CÚRAMACHA.

Caitheadh le Saighdiúirí Náisiúnta a bhí ag dul síos an Grand Parade i gCorcaigh. Bhí na Nea-Rialtaigh scaipithe imeasg na ndaoine sa tsráid. D'órduigh an taoiseach dos na saighdiúiribh cúpla pleur a scaoileadh san aer. Do theich na daoine as an tsráid, agus d'imthigh na Nea-Rialtaigh nuair ná raibh fothaint aca. Bhí na saighdiúirí go léir slán, ach gonadh gearrchaile sa ghlúin.

TAOISEACH TÓGTHA.

Thóg na trúpaí cúigear ina bpríosúnachaibh ag Coill na Carraige Dia Domhnaigh. Bhí an stábla ina fuaircadh na Nea-Rialtaigh mar oifig aca, mar tógadh a lán chóir scríbhthe ann. Bhí gunnaí agus pleuracha san áit leis. Tomás Ó Dugáin is ainm do dhuine des na príosúnachaibh. Deirtear gur taoiseach Nea-Rialtach prinsípálta i nGaillimh é. Nuair a bhí na saighdiúirí ag tógaint na bpríosúnach tar ais go Gaillimh tugadh futha, ach cuireadar scaipeadh ar an namhaid.

OIFIGIGH CRÓDHA.

Nuair a bhí trúpaí ag teacht in gaire Caisleáin an Róistigh cúpla lá ó shoin fuairadar amach go raibh ana-chuid Nea-Rialtach istigh sa bhaile. Do mhúcadar na soillse ar an gCarra "Lancia" a bhí aca, agus d'éaluigheadar isteach i gan fhios don dhream istigh. Nuair a bhíodar in aice an dhroichid sa bhaile do stad an mótor, agus do léim na saighdiúirí amach. Do ghlaodh beart oifigeach ar triúr a bhí sa tsráid, is d'órduigheadar dóibh a lámha a chur suas. Caitheadh leo annsan as gunna Thompson, agus do rith duine des na hoifigeachaibh tar ais go dtí an carra, is d'fhreagair sé le gunna Lewis. Do leag sé beirt fhear deug, triúr marbh ortha. Is ar éigin a dh'éirigh leis an oifigeach eile a shlighe a dheunamh tar ais, agus an méid pleur a caitheadh leis, ach tháinig sé slán sa deire.

Patriotism and Discipline

"To what heights the sons of a proud and devout nation can rise when they are facing a common danger, strong in that absence of dissent which is born of discipline, raised by a beloved leader to his own level of moral grandeur, conscious of fighting for a righteous cause."

A NON-COM.

"The sergeant of my squad had fought in seven wars.

"All that he knew—and he was a well-informed man—he had taught himself.

"The range of his accomplishments was astounding. He could cook like a French chef, make clothes like a tailor, mend boots like a cobbler, bind up a wound and set a broken limb like a surgeon. He was the best shot of the battalion. In the erection of earth works he was the equal of trained engineers. He could lead a squad, a company, a battalion, as well as any Lieutenant, Captain or Major could, and in emergencies had done so. He could set sentries, pitch camp, throw out skirmishes, effect a retreat, form a square like a Prussian Commander.

"With all this he was respectful, polite, and grave. He was cool and brave in action, never lost his head, never lost his temper.

"His readiness and resource was wonderful. He had a way out of every difficulty, a remedy for every evil.

"The manner in which he managed the sometimes terribly difficult question of supplies was admirable. To the men he was considerate, but would not overlook an offence or relax discipline. They had the good sense of what immense value he was to the squad, and liked, not only for that, but also for his integrity and sense of justice."

(Captain F. Wilhelm Von Herbert:
"The Defence of Peevna.")

A National Soldier

The qualifications of the German soldier are unique.

He was a man of some character when he came to the Army. In the home circle out of which he stepped into the ranks he was no black sheep.

He has a local opinion to live up to. His comrades around him are of his neighbourhood, and will speak of him either to his credit or the reverse.

He is a sober fellow, who knows nothing of dissipation.

His nerves have their tone unimpaired by any excesses.

He has a man's education, yet something of the simplicity of a child.

He glows with a belief in the Fatherland.

His military instruction has been moral as well as mechanical.

In fine, he is a soldier citizen and a citizen-soldier.

(Forbes: Barracks, Bivouacks and Battles).

MILITARY ARCHIVES
CATHAL BRUGHA BARRACKS
RATHMINES,
DUBLIN, 6.
TEL: 97549



AN t-ÓSLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

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NOVEMBER 4, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

Who Carries the Gun?

Who carries the gun?

A soldier, cool and keen,
Who learned his trade when men were made
"Way back in grand "sixteen";
Though now we boast, a gallant host,
The van to Dublin's son—
Heart of the fray, of the I.R.A.—
'Tis he that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?

One from the banks of Lee;
Ah, sure the sod Mick Collins trod
Could not but cradle thee!
And Cork will guard the hallowed sward
Where calm in freedom's sun
Her deathless dead, sleep 'neath his tread—
The lad that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?

He's Kerry bred, I ween;
From "Beauty's Home" its pick has come
To don the jacket green;
In corner fight or long-drawn fight,
For land or love or fun,
I'd freely bide with him beside—
The lad that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?

God save you, "Gallant Clare"!
Did motherland e'er need your hand,
And found it wanting there;
As waves that beat at Moher's feet
Obey the moon each one,
In rise and fall, so you Her call:
Up Clare and carry the gun!

Who carries the gun?

From Midlands, North or West,
Of gentle blood, or lineage rude,
We own you're Ireland's best;
The "Wild-Goose" strain long dormant lain,
Yet passed from sire to son,
Once more's afield, our pride, our shield—
The lad that carries the gun.

N. K.

Cursai Cogaidh

Do thug daoine armtha fé saighdiúiribh Náisiúnta i gClár Cloinne Mhuiris oidhche Dé Sathairn. Bhí cuid aca ag gabháilt dos na fearaibh a bhí ar gárda nuair a bhí an chuid eile ag tabhairt fé's na trupaibh i dTigh na mBocht, ina bhfuil na saighdiúirí ar stáisiún. Bris-eadh fuinneóga is do rinneadh a lán díoghbhála ar fuaid an bhaile. Gonadh saighdiúir darbh ainm O Daimhín.

Is amhlaidh a chuaidh beirt fhear suas chuige. Do thógadar piostáil amach go hobann agus do scaoil duine aca leis. Cuireadh ruaig ar na nea-rialtachaibh tar éis tamaillín.

BUMBA I gCORCAIGH.

Bhítheas ag caitheamh bumba go tréan i gCorcaigh Dia Luain, agus sé an díoghbháil a rinneadh ná scannradh do chur ar na daoineibh ins na sráideannaibh. Is iongantach conus a tháinig cuid aca slán as. Ar a 12.15 p.m. caitheadh dhá bhumba le gluasteán príomháideach a bhí ag dul síos Sráid Phádraig. Do thuit ceann díobh ar tram agus do phléas sé. Ba dhóbhair dos na daoineibh istigh ach níor gonadh éinne ach amháin bean a thuit i laige. Bean eile a bhí na seasamh sa tsráid sciobadh sál a bróige uathí le píosa an bhumba. Ar a 6 p.m. caitheadh bumba eile le laraf ag cúinne Cnuic Phádraig agus tá an sgéal ceudna le hinnsint, gan éinne a bheith gortuighthe ach an gheit a baineadh asta.

TEIPEADH.

Caitheadh leis na trupaibh sa champa i dTamhleacht ar a 9 a clog oidhche Dé Sathairn. Tamall ina dhiaidh sin bhí triúr oifigeach ag teacht tar ais go dtí an campa é Chluain Dealgáin. Ar an slighe doibh do bhuaill fir óga is gunnaí aca umpa. Do ghlaoigh na fir óga ar na hoifigeachaibh stad, agus a lámha do chur suas. Do stad na saighdiúirí, agus do ghluais duine aca annsan i ngoire an dhreama eile agus piostál 'na lámh aige Tháinig fear chun é chuardach. Nuair a bhí an fear suas leis do chaith sé an piostal ina chorp agus dhein sé príosúnach de. Do theich na fir eile trí na páirceannaibh agus na saighdiúirí ina ndiaidh, ach bhí an oidhche ró-dhorecha chun iad a dhfhághailt.

NI RABHADAR REIDH.

Nuair a bhí 20 saighdiúir ar rotharaibh ag gabháilt an bhóthair in aice Chill Orglain tháingadar go hobann ar nea-rialtaigh a bhí ag leigint a sgíthe ar thaobh an bhóthair. D'imthigh na nea-rialtaigh chó tapaidd agus do bhéidir leo nuair a chonnacadar na trupaf. Do lean na saighdiúirí iad, agus marbhuidheadh duine agus gonadh beirt des na nea-rialtachaibh. Do theich an chuid eile, agus do thógadar na fir gonta in éinfheacht leo. Fuaireadh mála saighdiúirí agus gléas eile ar chorp an fhir mhairbh. Tógadh dhá ghunna is ceud piléar leis. Níor gortuightheadh éinne des na saighdiúiribh.

AN RUD A BHI UATHA.

I lár na hoidhche tháinig triúr fear go dtí Fionn Ghlaise an tseachtmhain seo ghaibh tharainn. Do stadadar ar an dtaobh amuich de shiopa le Mac Uí Mhurthuile. Do bhuaileadar ar an ndoras agus d'iarradar teacht isteach. Ní bhfuaireadar aon fhreagra is do thosnuigheadar annsan ar an doras do bhreiseadh. Tháinig an siopadóir annsan agus do leig sé isteach iad. D'fhan duine aca ag an ndoras an fhaid is a bhí an bheirt eile istigh. D'fhuair an siopadóir díobh ead a bhí uatha. Dubhradar go raibh biotáille uatha. Fuaireadar buidéal agus d'imthigheadar sásta.



AN T-ÓZLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

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NOVEMBER 11, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

To Our latest Volunteer

Some hint you're not a gentleman,
And scream you are no saint;
I've heard you called "a charlatan
Venerated in cheap green paint."
The colour of the coat you wear
Offends—being "dull" in shade;
The gun that in your hands you bear,
Hurts—being not "home-made."

'Tis urged by more, with certain heat,
Your leaders lack in "tone"—
A thing quite cheap in Grafton Street,
From four each afternoon.
But, what from critics cultured sense
For most invectives call,
Is, that you now, in self-defence
Strike back—or strike at all.

My lad! heed not each raucous sound
Assails your list'ning ear,
In Heaven itself were queer ones found
Disgruntled with things there;
They, being too intellectual
To serve, went to—don't mind—
Their exit warning was and shall
E'er be to all their kind.

That ever canonized you'll be,
Some doubts perturb my mind,
Yet, from the coat you've donned I see
You're surely well inclined;
Perfection travels hand in hand
With duty's humble call—
Do yours! and yet may be attained
Home-made gun, tone and all.

And meanwhile give receptive ear
And look with seeing eye,
Far, far beyond that ribald sneer
Insulting God's clean sky;
A voice above that mawkish wrath
Is ringing out "Be true."
'Tis Ireland's—she for life or death
Has pinned her faith to you.

N.K.

Cursai Cogaidh

Maidin Dé Sathairn bhí Seumas O Caoimh, bainisteoir Baine Phortlaighise, ag dul i mótór go dtí Sráid Baile in éinfeacht le beirt saighdiúir agus eléir-each. Ar an mbóthar dóibh do dhein fir armtha iarracht ar an gluisteán do chos. Do thúrling na saighdiúirí, agus bhí na pleuracha ag ciceall idir an dá dhream le tamall. Sa deire bhí a ndóthaint ag na nearialtachaibh agus do thosnuigheadar ar cur díobh

treasna na genoc. Deirtear gur gonadh duine aca. Gonadh saighdiúir darbh ainm Pádraig O Faoileáin sa phluc, ach is beag suim a chuir sé ann, mar chuid sé go dtí Sráid Baile de shiubhail a chos ar lorg doch-túra.

IONNSUIDHE IN ATH CLIATH.

Nuair a bhí dhá laraí agus carra armtha ag dul tré Sráid an Ainséaraigh oidhche Dé Luain caitheadh dhá bhumba leis na saighdiúiribh ó chúinne Sráid an Long-phuirt. Níor bhuail na bumbaí na laraí, ach do phleuscadar ar an mbóthar agus do chuireadar scaip-eadh ar na daoineibh a bhí ag gabháil thairis. Do stad na saighdiúirí, agus do thosnuigheadar ar chaitheamh leis an áit ón a dtáinig na bumbaí. Níor fhreagair éinne, agus cuireadh cose le glór na bpleur annsan. Fuair eadh amach ina dhiaidh san go raibh beirt fhear gonta i Sráid an Ainséaraigh. Ruiséal dob ainm do dhuine aca, agus tógadh go dtí Ospidéal Mercer é. Ní thabharfadh an fear eile a ainm uaidh, agus bhí sé ábalta ar imtheacht gan congnamh.

COISIR GAN MEIDHIR.

Fuair beirt shaighdiúir cuireadh go dtí cóisir maidin Dé Luain, agus chuadar ó Bhaile an Róba go dtí Anfield. Nuair a bhíodar inathighthe tháinig sé in aigne na dtrúpaí i mBaile an Róba go mbéidir go ndeun-fadh na nearialtaigh iarracht ar an mbeirt do ghlac-adh ina bpríosúnachaibh. Mar sin chuaidh gasra láidir go dtí Anfield ag feuchaint an raibh a geáirde slán. Ba mhaith an cuimhneamh dóibh dul ann mar nuair a bhuaileadar Anfield bhí an tigh trí na chéile, bhí an bhean nua-phósta gonta sa cheann, agus bhí an bheirt tógtha as radharc. Chuaidh na saighdiúirí ar lorg na nearialtach agus tháingadar suas leo ag Sgárdán. Tógadh seacht nduine deug aca ina bpríosúnachaibh, agus saoradh an bheirt.

On Guard

Guard is not to be thought of merely in terms of the Guardroom.

A good soldier must be always on guard, or he will fail at the crucial moment.

From reveille to the last post he must be alert and vigilant.

He must be on guard against the slightest laxity in the discharge of every duty, no matter how insignificant it may appear to him.

On guard lest he bring the smallest discredit on his company, on his brigade.

On jealous guard over the honour of the Army.

On guard over the people.

The National Army is the people's army and the people of Ireland look to their Army to follow the tradition of unselfish loyalty, stern discipline and orderly self-respect created by its founders.



AN t-OGLACH

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 23 (New Series). NOVEMBER 18, 1922. PRICE TWOPENCE.

An t-Oglach

A HISTORY-MAKING JOURNAL.

(Continued.)

The continued appearance and circulation of "An t-Oglach," despite all efforts of the British to discover how, where, and by whom it was produced, made a strong impression on many people. There were many speculations as to the mystery attending this journal on the part of Pressmen. A few trusted newspaper men, Irish and American, met the editor daily, and as each issue of the secret journal appeared copies were handed to them. The Pressmen carefully concealed them in their socks, their boots, or inside their vests before leaving the editor, for British foot patrol searches were the order of the day, and the penalty for possessing a copy of "An t-Oglach" was in many cases penal servitude.

A dishonest and unscrupulous American journalist called Hayden Talbot has published in the "New York American" (with much other fiction, falsely attributed to the late General Collins) what purports to be the secret history of "An t-Oglach." Lest copies of the matter referred to should reach the readers of this paper, it may be mentioned here that every statement in Talbot's article about "An t-Oglach" is untrue and drawn from his imagination, and that his alleged interview with the editor is a bogus one. The editor never met Talbot in his life.

The Printing Office.

In addition to Mr. Joe Cullen, the compositor, and Mr. Walker, the printer, mention should be also made of Mr. Pat Caldwell, now stationed in Gormanstown, who was at this time in charge of the arrangements *re* publishing, distribution, etc. The little room at the back of the tobacconist's shop in Aungier Street was pretty well crowded between the manager, printer, compositor, platen machine, founts of type, stacks of paper, and other accessories—all in a room where there was hardly "room to swing a cat in." It was found necessary to introduce electric light, and an arrangement was made with the tabacconist to have this credited to his account by the Corporation. Copy and proofs were brought backwards and forwards between the editor and printers by Mr. Cullen or Mr. Caldwell, and later by the editor's typist, now employed in Portobello.

An Electric Motor.

As the paper was now being run off weekly, it was decided to purchase an electric motor to work the machine. After some negotiation, the editor purchased an electric motor, and this was worked from the electric light current. The noise of the motor made the occupants nervous of discovery, and it was found necessary to make a concrete foundation under it, after which it worked smoothly and comparatively noiselessly.

It was feared that the huge increase in the tobacconists's consumption of electric light would awaken

the suspicions of the Corporation inspector, and it was decided that the shopkeeper should apply for permission to use an electric cooker in order to cover this up. Capt. Sean MacGarry, as an electrician and a member of the Corporation, undertook to see to this, and the matter was still in hands when the Truce arrived. The working of the electric light current caused other troubles which would only interest experts. Despite all difficulties, the paper was run off regularly and with expedition.

A Curious Incident.

During this period a curious incident took place in which Mr. Erskine Childers, now of "Irregular" fame, was concerned. This man, as Dail Publicity Director, used to meet the editor daily and receive from him such information on military affairs as was thought suitable for the "Irish Bulletin." On one occasion an ambush of British troops took place in Merrion Square, and one of the ambushers, when retreating, noticed a piece of typewritten paper lying on the ground and picked it up. When he got to a place of safety he examined it, and was amazed to find it contained summarised accounts of a number of military operations by the I.R.A. in Dublin and the Provinces. He handed it to his Company Commander, it reached the Brigadier, and was by him forwarded to G.H.Q. The Chief of Staff could make nothing of it; the Adjutant General reported that it seemed based on reports which reached his department, but varied in wording and in detail. After it had passed through several departments, somebody observed that it was identical with matter which appeared in the current issue of "An t-Oglach," and it was sent to the editor for his comments. The editor at once recognised it as a paper he had handed to Mr. Childers on the morning of the ambush, and which that prudent gentleman had apparently crammed loosely in his pocket and dropped in Merrion Square when cycling across town. It even contained a mark which Mr. Childers had made in the editor's presence.

(To be continued).

THE IRISH IN ENGLISH ARMIES.

The foreign military achievements of the Irish began on their own account. They conquered and colonised Scotland, frequently overran England during and after the Roman dominion there, and more than once penetrated into Gaul. During the time of the Danish invasion they had enough to do at home. The progress of the English conquest brought them again to battle on foreign ground. It is a melancholy fact that in the brigades wherewith Edward I. ravaged Scotland, there were numbers of Irish and Welsh. Yet Scotland may be content; Wales and Ireland suffered from the same baseness. The sacred heights of Snowdon (the Parnassus of Wales) were first forced by Gascon mountaineers whose independence had perished; and the Scotch did no small share of blood-work for England here, from the time of Monro's defeats in the seventeenth century to the Fencible victories over drunken peasants in 1798.—Thomas Davis.



AN t-ÓGLACH

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An t-Oglach

A HISTORY-MAKING JOURNAL.

(Continued.)

During the last few months of the war the circulation of "An t-Oglach" was greatly increased, a much larger number of copies being printed weekly. Each of the heads of the departments of G.H.Q. had an office of his own in a different part of the city, all these departments being kept in touch with one another by orderlies, who delivered messages. These orderlies took terrible risks in bringing despatches daily between the different offices, in view of the activities of search patrols of British, and their coolness and daring contributed largely to the successful organisation of G.H.Q. Some of these messengers now hold important positions in the National Army.

A Narrow Shave.

The editor's office, as has been stated before, was situated in North Great George's Street, while the printing office was situated in Aungier Street, and bringing copy and proofs between one and the other was a risky proceeding; but the work proceeded without a mishap. The editor also spent a considerable time daily in the Dublin Brigade Headquarters, La Plaza, Gardiner's Row, where he received reports and where also he kept in touch with Lieut.-Genl. O'Connell, at that time one of the principal contributors to the journal. A chemist's shop in the neighbourhood served the editor as a "dump" for his papers when he was leaving for the night. One morning this chemist's shop was raided by British forces. Fortunately, the lady of the house was able to conceal on her person the few I.R.A. documents which were in the place, and no discovery was made. After this warning the use of the "dump" was discontinued, and the editorial documents were taken home by the typist nightly. Six weeks or so had gone by with this arrangement working, when, one night after the typist had left the office, the editor received a big parcel, containing about 100 documents—statements of interest smuggled out of Ballykinlar. As it was impossible to leave them in the office (which was used as a dancing-class room at night) he had no resource but to dump them at the friendly chemist's, who received them with his usual cheerfulness. By an extraordinary coincidence the chemist's shop was raided that very night; but, still stranger, though the house was carefully searched, the British troops never thought of examining the innocent-looking brown paper parcel which was lying on a shelf in the shop. But it was a narrow shave.

Friendly Pressmen.

The editor used to meet certain Pressmen daily at one or other of three hotels in the neighbourhood—one of them being the very one from which he had had such a thrilling escape on November 20th, 1920. Two representatives of the American Press, both Irishmen, Mr. Denis O'Connell, of the Hearst Newspapers, and Mr. P. J. Kelly, of the "New York World," were trusted friends of the cause and gave valuable

assistance. A "Freeman" reporter, Mr. Pemrose, who also kept in constant touch with the editor for publicity purposes, is now serving in the National Army. On the day of the burning of the Custom House, the editor had an appointment made with certain Press representatives, and was the first to inform them of the event, having been watching the proceedings from the outside.

The Truce.

The coming of the Truce placed AN tOGLACH in a difficult position. It was necessary to continue to produce it by the same means, and consequently in the same form under the same secrecy in view of a possible resumption of hostilities; but the range of subjects that could be treated of became severely limited, and the uncertainties of the political situation made all editorial comment a very delicate and doubtful business. The leading articles could only dwell on the necessity of discipline and of being prepared for all contingencies, while the other contents were chiefly articles on training. When the Treaty brought evacuation and the Irish troops took over Beggar's Bush, the platen machine and fount of type were transferred to that place. It was felt, however, that there was no longer any necessity for bringing out AN tOGLACH by such a primitive method, and the printing of it was placed in the capable hands of Mr. Patrick Mahon, who has produced it for us ever since. The type and platen machine were employed for printing Army passes, forms, letter-headings, etc. They remained in Beggar's Bush until recently when they were transferred to Portobello.

This concludes the history of AN tOGLACH up to date, the story of a journal which played a big part in Ireland's fight for freedom and whose name will figure in the history of Ireland when the story of those wonderful years comes to be written.

GOOD MEN.

"In war it is not the number of men but the number of good men that gives the advantage."—
CYRUS THE GREAT.

THE SOLDIER.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor,
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth his honour.
The poor brave soldier ne'er despise
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

—BURNS.

COURAGE.

Say not the struggle nought availeth
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.
If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
It may be, in you smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase even now the fiers,
And, but for you, possess the field.



AN T-ÓZLAC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

Cursai Cogaidh

Bhítheas ag caitheamh go tréan oidhche Dé Sathairn i bPortlárge. Nea-rialtaigh a bhí ar na enochaibh a thosnuigh an lámhach. Dfhreagair na trupaí ach níor goineadh éinne. Cuireadh deire leis ar a 11. Nuair a bhí saighdiúirí ag dul i larai ó Chill Mhic Thomáis go Portlárge rinneadh laoiachán ortha in aice Croise Chearbhaill. Bhí an lucht fogha ar ardán in aice na háite. Níor stad an larai ach as go bráth leis agus near-ghluaiseacht fé. Bhí na pleuracha ag tuitim ar gach taobh, ach d'éirigh leis an mótor teacht slán tríd an lámhach. Gonadh duine sa lámh agus b'ín a raibh ann de ghontaibh.

Tógadh Micheál Mac Giolla Ruaidh ina phríosúnach an tseachtmhain seo ghaibh tharainn. Is amhlaidh dhág na trupaí Caisleán an Bhanaigh chun fogha a dheunamh ar Newport. Chuadar ann agus chuireadar futha tar éis beagáin troda. An uair cheudna chuaidh dream eile ó Chathair na Mart. Nuair a bhí an dream seo ag deunamh ar Newport tugadh fé agus marbhíodh an Captaoin Ó Rodaighe is gonadh cúpla saighdiúr. Bhí scata eile fé cheannas oifigiúil ag iarraidh an baile do shroisint freisin. Ag teacht go barr chnuic dóibh chonchadar roinnt nearialtach ag druideamhaint siar. Chaith na trupaí leo is thuit nearialtach. Micheál Mac Giolla Ruaidh a bhí ann. Bhí sé gonta sa ghualainn, ach níl baoghal air.

CUAIRD TORTHAMHAIL.

De réir fógra oifigiúla chuaidh na trupaí isteach i dtigh an Count Pluincéad istoidhche Dé Máirt is ní gan toradh a bhí a gcuard. Fuair eadar ann 6 línte de srangaibh gotháin, 10 línte de srangaibh teintrighe, 10 batteries teintrighe, 4 mianaigh, sliogán trom, lán-líonta; bosca adhbhair pleurach, 2 dynamos, 2 tuath, 1 sgian-ghunna, bosca gléis inneolteorachta, gléas teintrighe gan srang, 100 detonators, agus a lán gléas eile.

Chuaidh saighdiúirí go dtí Slighe na nGarrdhaí in Glas Naoidhean agus fuair eadar na rudaí seo i mbosea: 11 bumbai, 15 detonators, bosca gléis detonators, 28 batai gelignite.

Ag cuardach dos na trupaibh Dia Lutain in aice Chorchaiigh fuair eadar 250 de phleurachaibh "Peter the Painter," 600 de cheannaibh ghunna mheasín, 300 de cheannaibh .45, 700 de cheannaibh .303, 6 muscaedí, 12 boscaí gléis phleusca, 50 claidhimh, 2 chearcal "Sam Brown," gléas teintrighe agus gléas eile den tsórt san.

LAOICHAN I gCORCHAIGH.

Bhí saighdiúirí ag dul ó Chorchaiigh go dtí Droichead na Banndan Dia Lutain nuair thug mór-chuid de nearialtachaibh fútha ag Crois Barra. Bhí na nearialtachaibh i gelúdach i dtighthibh timcheall na háite agus nuair a chonchadar na trupaí scaoileadar leo le muscaedibh is le gunnaibh mheasín. Dfhreagair na saighdiúirí, is dhian cuid aca ag lámhach an fhaid is a chuaidh an chuid eile ar lorg congnaimh. Bhí an troid á dheunamh ar feadh uaire go leith agus theich na nearialtachaibh annsan go dtí na enochaibh. Chuaidh na trupaí isteach annsan i gceann des na tighthibh agus thógadar triúir 'na bpríosúnachaibh. Bhí rianacha fola ar na fallaibh is ar an úrlár is timcheall an tige. Deirtear go raibh Tomás de Barra mar thaoiseach ar na nearialtachaibh.

The Guardian of Our Homes

"The soldier stands as the highest value which we place upon our country and her institutions. He says to all: 'My country is worth dying for.' In our thoughtless way we take liberty, security of life and property, the blessings of religion and safeguards of law and all the beauty and amenity of our civilization as a matter of course. Without the soldier all these goods would perish. It is war that preserves and protects peace. The soldier is the guardian of our homes. Honour him; make peaceful and happy his declining years. Thank God with David for preparing our hands for the sword, before whose blinding ray, in the hands of the hero, domestic treason and foreign conspiracy sink into their dens. Bless God for making us a nation of soldiers, as well as of citizens. The war proved that the American soldier, North and South, is without a peer in bravery, in discipline, in self-control.

"Soldiers, there is another battle, another field, a greater Captain than even the archangel who led the embattled seraphim to war. You divine my meaning. Be soldiers of the cross! Fight the good fight. Be sober, pure, charitable. The laurel that binds the warrior's brow on earth soon fades. The flowers of Decoration Day droop with the setting sun. But the Divine Captain of our salvation will place upon your brow, if you are faithful to the end, a crown that fadeth not away, a wreath which you will receive amid the shout of the heavenly armies."—REV. J. V. O'CONNOR, PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4TH, 1897.

As You Were!

One of the worst features in the development of modern journalism is the "scare-head." Incidents are magnified in order to justify huge headed captions, which produce excitement in the minds of the weaker elements in the country. In reality the vast majority of the people live their lives, here as well as in every other country, calmly and peacefully, going about their business in the usual hum-drum fashion.

When a man is killed in Ireland, the press "features" it, and ignorant people feel that a war is in progress, when, in truth, the total number of fatalities here this year was far less than occurred in Great Britain in the single industry of coal-mining.

If we are to make good at all, we must accustom ourselves to contradict this press-manufactured hysteria. We must concentrate on an atmosphere of normality. The order: "As you were," has gone out to the Nation, so to speak.

Brilliance, erratic brilliancy, is not half so valuable a quality to the Nation as steadiness or reliability. The average man, not the wonderful hero, is the cement of nationality, the man, that is, who quietly and without fuss, does his own job well. In other words, the man who "minds his own business."



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PRICE TWOPENCE.

Old and New

There are two things which every member of the National Army should realise, viz:—

First, that we are not a brand-new Army suddenly sprung up like mushrooms, but the legitimate heirs and successors of the Irish Volunteers of 1913 and 1916 and the I.R.A. of 1919-21.

Secondly, that while we are heirs and successors of the soldiers who served Ireland in those past years, while most of the men in control of our Army are men who served their military apprenticeships in the ranks of the Volunteers and I.R.A., yet we are facing totally new conditions and cannot deal with them in the same way as in the past.

In other words we *have* a tradition, and it is a fine and glorious one—but we must not be hidebound by a tradition created under totally different circumstances from those which we are now facing.

We are no longer Volunteers or guerillas: we are a regular Army, the Army of the established Government of the country *de jure* and *de facto*. The wisdom of the Volunteer and the wisdom of the guerilla may be the folly of the regular soldier.

We wish to preserve our historic continuity, to recognise that the force established in 1913 "to safeguard the rights and liberties common to the people of Ireland" has continued in existence ever since and is now the National Army. We wish the spirit of the brave men of 1916, of 1920 and 1921 to inspire us. But, just as the Volunteers adapted themselves to altered circumstances and became guerillas, and in doing so created new conditions, so we to-day are adapting ourselves to altered circumstances, and in doing so are creating a new tradition. It is for us to make our tradition as a National Army dealing with internal turmoil as glorious as our former traditions as Volunteers and guerillas—and in keeping with them.

We want to keep all that is best in our old tradition and to break with what is no longer useful or expedient to us.

The American Civil War

On the twelfth day of April, 1861, the first shot fired upon Fort Sumter formally inaugurated the civil war in the United States. On the ninth of April, 1865, Grant and Lee were the principals in the historic meeting at Appomattox Court House, by which hostilities were virtually terminated. The interval between these two memorable dates presents the greatest ordeal in the history of the Republic.

As a result of these four momentous years of conflict the nation was deprived by death and disease of one million men. The total number of enlisted soldiers in the Union Army during the whole of the war amounted to 2,688,523. As many of these men were mustered in twice, and as a certain percentage deserted, it is reasonable to estimate that 1,500,000 men were actively engaged in the Northern armies.

Of this number 56,000 died on the field of battle, 35,000 expired in hospital from the effects of wounds received in action, and 184,000 perished by disease. It is probable that those who died of disease after their discharge from the army would swell the total to 300,000. If inferior hospital service and poor sanitary arrangements are added to the other results of war, it is safe to assume that the loss of the South was greater than that of the North. But, considering the Southern loss equal to that of the North, the aggregate is 600,000. Add to this 400,000 men crippled or permanently disabled by disease, and

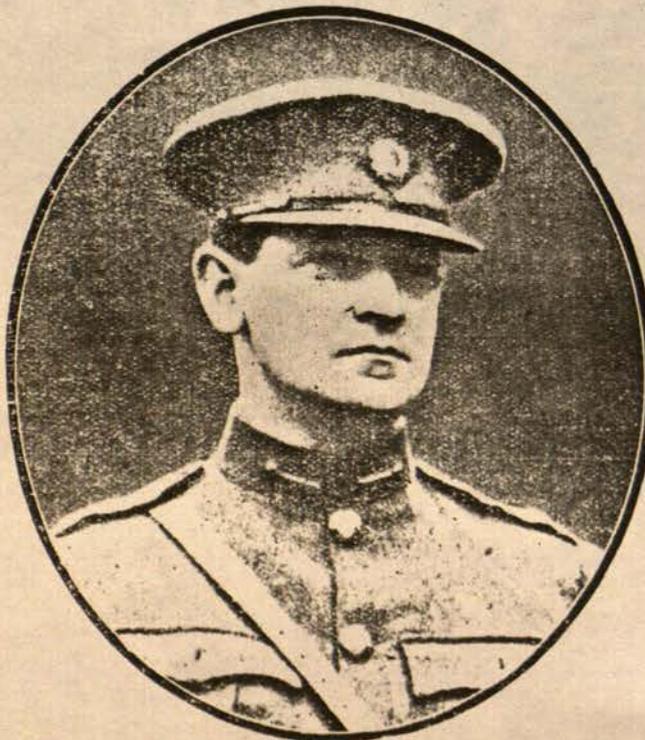
the total subtraction from the productive force of the nation reaches the stupendous total of 1,000,000 men. These figures seem almost incredible, but they come from what, in this particular at least, must be regarded as a trustworthy source.

CHEERFULNESS.

O why the deuce should I repine,
Or be an ill foreboder,

I'm twenty-three and five foot nine,
I'll go and be a soldier.

BURNS.





AN t-ÓGLACH

[REGISTERED]

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[NEWSPAPER.]

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

Sean Hales

Brigadier Seán Hales, T.D., one of the bravest and most loyal soldiers of the Army of Ireland, died on Thursday week, foully slain by the bullets of assassins. It is an appalling event that this honest and fearless servant of the Irish people, who had risked his life a hundred times in the war for Irish freedom, should perish by the hands of his own countrymen. Seán Hales was brave and efficient; he was also one of the most lovable of men. No man loved the people of Ireland more devotedly; no man desired more ardently or worked more strenuously to bring peace to our distracted country. His loss will be mourned by every soldier of the Army of Ireland, by every man and woman who loves our country. The most fitting tribute we can pay his memory is to follow the example of his life, to give the same fearless and devoted service to Ireland as he gave. The bitterness of our bereavement will not stir up any spirit of mere vindictiveness against the misguided men who are doing their utmost to destroy their country. Stern measures are necessary if Ireland is to be saved, but we will carry on the work inspired by only one passion—the desire to save Ireland, the Ireland for which the brave, warm-hearted Seán Hales laid down his life.

An Exile's Advice

To the Editor, "An t-Oglach," Dublin.

Dear Sir,—From far away west of the Mississippi, an exile cannot refrain giving expression to some of the feelings which, though often in rush and bustle of life—and more especially life in Yankeeland—are apparently dormant, are nevertheless keenly existent, and await but a seemingly trifling circumstance to call them into evidence.

Some days ago a friend sent me a copy of your journal; needless to say, I read it, and it put me thinking. 'Tis but as yesterday when I was watching the fortunes of the "Old Land" in her final tussle with her ancient enemy. I knew something of England's wealth and power; I knew much more about Ireland's weakness and poverty, and I drew my own conclusions as to what the outcome of the struggle must inevitably be.

Well, God does not always fight on the side with the big battalions, and Ireland won. Judging from what I have just read in your weekly paper, you seem to have got some move on since then—a National Army, Commander-in-Chief, Generals, aeroplanes, artillery, and, above all, a national uniform. Well, I am proud of Ireland and her army. However, if I may, I shall make one suggestion, namely, with all possible speed have that army speaking the Irish language. John Bull truly preached that "Trade follows the Flag." I can as truly say nationality follows the tongue. We, Irish, are numerous even this far west; hourly one meets individuals with the typical "map-of-Ireland" face, but that is all there is Irish about

them. Were we Irish speakers, we should have a common bond of brotherhood, and could, at least in spirit, get straight away back to the Old Land, and discuss it in the language of its past, and, please God, its future greatness. You are moving fast, but a hint from an exile may do no harm—in the matter of the language make the fastest movement of all. You will have a big returning of your wandering kinsmen before long. Everything out here is on the big scale—rivers running thousands of miles, lakes spreading like oceans, and all the rest. For me the Liffey is quite long enough, and Lough Leane quite satisfactory in point of extent and beauty.

With an exile's best wishes for the old country's prosperity in its new-born freedom.

I am, Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

J. J. O'SHEA.

Irish Titles

At the request of a correspondent we again publish a list of Irish equivalents of English titles and ranks in the Army, which have been officially adopted:—

General Headquarters	Ard-Oifig An Airm
Staff	Fuireann.
Chief of Staff	Ceann Fuirinne (An Airm)
Adjutant General	Ard-Chongantóir
Captain	Captaen
Quartermaster General	Ard-Sholáthraidhe
Assistant Chief of Staff	Ceann Conganta na Fuirinne
Director of Training	Stiúrthóir Arm-Theagaise
Director of Intelligence	Stiúrthóir Feasa
Director of Aviation	Stiúrthóir Eitill
Director of Military Statistics	Stiúrthóir Arm-Eolais
Director of Medical Service	Stiúrthóir Dochtúireachta
Director of Organisation	Stiúrthóir Timthreacht
Director of Chemicals	Stiúrthóir Ceimiceán
Director of Munitions	Stiúrthóir Muinisin
Director of Purchases	Stiúrthóir Ceannaigh
Director of Engineering	Stiúrthóir Inniltéoraic
General	Ard-Taoiseach
Lieutenant General	Ard-Taoiseach Ionaid
Major General	Maor-Thaoiseach
Commandant General	Taoiseach
Colonel Commandant	Ceannphort
Lieutenant Commandant	Ceannphort Ionaid
Divisional Commander	Ceann Roinne
Divisional Headquarters	Ard-Oifig na Roinne
Division	Roinn
Divisional Adjutant	Congantóir Roinne
Brigadier	Briogáidóir
Brigade Headquarters	Ard-Oifig na Briogáide
Commandant (Battn.)	Ceann Catha
Vice-Commandant	Leas-Ceann Catha
Quartermaster	Soláthraidhe
Sergeant	Sáirsint
Corporal	Corporál
Commander-in-Chief	Ceann an Airm
Intelligence Officer	Oifigeach Feasa
Department	Riar



AN T-OÍSLAC

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

A Soldier's Dream

(Adapted from the German of Heine).

The sound of a bugle wakes me,
I peer through the window glass,
I see the dawn in the barrack square,
And I think of my little lass.

My poor little loving maiden
With her roguish-simple smile,
And her talk and her sweet caresses
And each innocent winsome wile.

Far, far from me she is lying
In sleep by her sister's side,
And I wish that my spirit unfettered
From here to her room could glide.

To gaze on her gentle slumber,
Beside her to bend my knee,
To pray that her dreams were blissful,
To hope she would dream of me.

To see her smile through her dreaming
To press on her lips a kiss,
To feel in my glowing bosom
A thrill of passionate bliss.

I hear the sound of the bugle,
It shatters my dream of joy,
My Motherland chides my longing—
Ah! Mother, forgive your boy!

B.

Irish in Foreign Armies

It was not alone in the French service that our military exiles won renown.

The O'Donnells, O'Neills and O'Reillys, with the relics of the Ulster clans, preferred to fight under the Spanish flag; and in the war of the "Spanish Succession" Spain had five Irish regiments in her Army, whose commanders were O'Reillys, O'Garas, Laeys, Magans, and Lawlesses.

For several generations a succession of Irish soldiers of rank and distinction were always to be found under the Spanish standard; and in that kingdom those who had been chiefs in their own land were always recognised as "grandees," the equals of the proudest nobles of Castile. Hence the many noble families of Irish race and name still to be found in Spain at this day. The Peninsular War, in the beginning of the last century, found a Blake generalissimo of the Spanish armies, while an O'Neill commanded the troops of Arragon; and O'Donnells and O'Reillys held high grades as general officers.

Saluting the Flag

The soldierly spirit, with its patriotism and love of country, which impels a man to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellow countrymen, may be developed by ceremonial parades, on the occasion of national festivals, and on anniversaries of great events, such as the victories by which the nation asserted its rights.

On these occasions soldiers may be addressed with regard to the influence upon history of the events they commemorate and the example of the men they meet to honour. The grave and responsible duty which the volunteer is training himself for should constantly be impressed upon his mind by the simple ceremony of saluting his country's flag. To prevent this ceremony becoming a meaningless formality through constant repetition, the significance of his act must be made clear to the soldier, and always remembered by him.

The flag is the emblem of self-sacrifice for the country in the past. It is the emblem of duty to the country in the present. It is the emblem of hope for the country in the future. When the soldier salutes the flag he salutes the Dead whose blood consecrates it, and he consecrates himself to the service of the cause for which they died.

Manly Conduct

Soldiers must be made to understand that the manly virtues which are developed in them by their military training, because they are essential for military efficiency, cannot be strongly built into their character unless they are constantly practised by every individual of his own accord in all his dealings as a private citizen. They are taught, for instance, that scrupulous cleanliness of body, clothing and surroundings is essential for the health of the troops in barracks, in training camps, or in the field. They must therefore be clean, smart and tidy as a matter of habit at all times. Moreover, they must be respectful and obedient to those in positions of civil as well as military authority and they must be considerate and courteous not only to their comrades but to all well-behaved citizens.

Military Training and Civil Life

The qualities of spirit, mind, character and physique which are developed in soldiers by their military training as essential for their military efficiency are equally essential for success in various civil occupations, whether they are industrial, commercial or professional. Good character, health and strength, together with qualities, such as sense of duty, discipline, intelligence, initiative and the power to co-operate with others for common ends, are as essential for success in civil occupations as they are for success in battle. Military training, therefore, lays the foundation not only of national power but of national wealth, by fitting boys in many important respects for commercial and industrial efficiency.



AN t-ÓGLACH

REGISTERED]

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[NEWSPAPER.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

"Private Murphy's Questions"

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

A Chára.—A fortnight ago you published a contribution from "Liam" under the above heading. Whether Private Murphy is a real character or not I do not know, but I should like to believe that there are many such intelligent men, with as good records and ideals among the rank and file of the Army. Private Murphy certainly asked some very pertinent questions. I agree that it is desirable that soldiers should aim at a higher standard in regard to Irish-Ireland ideals. I agree with his points as to music-hall songs, Irish language, temperance, etc. But there is one point of his on which I wish to make special comment. He asks, or "Liam" asks for him:—

"Whether it is essential that an Irish soldier should smoke English cigarettes, and consistently refuse those made in Ireland."

Now, the answer to this question is not so simple as it looks. I myself have for years endeavoured, as far as possible, to smoke only Irish cigarettes. There are a large and increasing number of men (including, I know, many soldiers and officers) who do the same; and what is our reward? That the Irish tobacco manufacturer attempts to profiteer at our expense by putting inferior stuff in his cigarettes. When an Irish manufacturer puts a new brand of cigarettes on the market, he generally keeps it up to a certain standard for a while; but when he has established it on the market he trusts to the predilection of many for an Irish-made cigarette and produces an inferior article. No serious effort is made to keep a fixed and permanent standard of well-known brands, as is done in England and elsewhere; and the supporter of Irish manufactures who is a heavy smoker has often to make a considerable sacrifice for his principles.

I am aware that there is a good deal of ignorant prejudice against Irish cigarettes, and persons who would hardly know the difference between Irish and foreign cigarettes, if not told, depreciate the former continually and unfairly; but I think that the facts I have mentioned help to explain this. The average soldier does not give thought to the matter; he smokes to enjoy himself; and after some disappointing experiences gives up all further thought of supporting Irish manufactures as far as cigarettes are concerned. This is, no doubt, wrong, but it is human nature.

There was another question that Private Murphy might well have asked—whether it would not be better if our soldiers did not smoke so many cigarettes (whether Irish or foreign), and particularly did not inhale. A little instruction on the deleterious effects on the health of inhaling and excessive cigarette-smoking might be useful.

Mise,

OIFIGEACH.

A Soldier's Parting

(Adapted from the German of Heine).

The Guards are leaving the village,
I leave you at duty's call.
I see you, dear, in the window,
You wave me your hand so small.

You smiled when the lads came here, dear,
You sigh as the lorries start,
How many a lad found a billet
Within your fickle heart!

B.

"Doped Whiskey"

AN IRREGULAR PLOT.

The following facts deserve the attention of all officers and soldiers. In a certain prison in Donegal a bottle of whiskey was found under the pillow of a prisoner and promptly confiscated. How it had reached the prisoner could not be ascertained. The bottle aroused suspicions. It was sent to a public analyst, when it was discovered that the whiskey was drugged with a substance which sent the consumer to sleep, and taken in large quantities might have had fatal effects. It was evidently the intention of the prisoner to offer the bottle to his guards, and, when it had deprived them of consciousness, to effect his escape. It is only necessary to state these facts to impress upon all the necessity of guarding against such dangerous schemes.

INSPIRATION.

There is an inspiration arising from each field of native victory, and a call that is obeyed from each well-told song or story of national honour.—DAVIS.

WHINING AND WORKING.

'Tis not for us to whine after what has been refused, but to turn all that has been extorted to good account.—DAVIS.

YOUTH IN WAR.

"You say I am very young; but we age quickly on the battle field."—GENERAL BONAPARTE.

FREEDOM AND STRENGTH.

"If we attempt to govern ourselves without statesmanship—to be a Nation without a knowledge of the country's history, and of the propensities to good and ill of the people—or to fight without generalship, we will fail in policy, society and war. These—all these things—we people of Ireland must know if we would be a free, strong Nation."—DAVIS.



AN t-ÓGLACH

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JANUARY 6, 1923.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

"Private Murphy's Questions"

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

A Chara,—In your last issue appears a letter signed "Oifigeach," in which, I think, a wholly unfair attack is made on Irish cigarettes and Irish tobacco manufacturers. "Oifigeach" merely repeats the cheap depreciations to which I have been listening for many a long day—ever since I made up my mind to support Irish manufacture. I have heard the same kind of talk about other articles besides cigarettes; but apropos of the latter I am tempted to tell a story for the benefit of "Oifigeach."

In the mess in our barracks only Irish-made cigarettes are supplied, and this has occasioned much grumbling on the part of certain officers. One of them, speaking much in the strain of "Oifigeach," but much more strongly, distinguished himself by his denunciation of our native-made cigarettes. Every time an Irish cigarette was offered he took the occasion, in refusing it, to utter some words of contempt or depreciation.

Determined to give him no further opportunity of depreciation, I one day produced in the mess a large box of Player's cigarettes and passed them round. The enemies of the Irish cigarettes seized on them with avidity, while my friend, the denouncer, congratulated me on my improved taste, as he sucked a cigarette with gusto.

"Do you really mean to say," I asked, "that you notice any difference?"

"Of course I can," he declared emphatically. "I could tell them from each other blindfolded. One whiff would be enough."

"But where exactly does the difference come in?" I asked. "How would you define it?"

"Well," he said, "it is difficult to explain to a man who has no natural taste in the matter, but this cigarette I am smoking has a flavour which no Irish cigarette possesses."

"Are you sure you are not deceiving yourself in the matter?" I asked modestly. "Imagination, based on prejudice, sometimes plays strange tricks on one."

"Deceiving myself?" he cried, contemptuously. "Ah! Talk sense, man. Here, give me another Player."

I extended the box and he helped himself again and lit it with an air of satisfaction. By this time some of the others had discovered the trick that I was playing. The cigarettes were Irish-made, but enclosed in a Player's box. A laugh went round, and our friend, the judge of cigarettes, shamed and made ridiculous, has never quite forgiven me for the trick.

Yes, as "Oifigeach" says, there is a great deal of ignorant prejudice in the matter.—Mise,

A.J.K.

AN ORDER.

"Do not fire until the enemy comes to the edge of the ditch; then defend yourselves to the last drop of your blood."—ORDER OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN AT THE DEFENCE OF PENAMONDER.

Foreboding

(Adapted from the German of Heine.)

On a Sunday near Rathfarnham,
Is the evening sweet and shining,
As I walk beside my colleen
With my arms about her twining.

And the air is fresh and fragrant
And the sky is of the clearest,
And my heart awhile is hopeful
As I gaze upon my dearest.

But I hear a boding murmur
Through the pines come sobbing, sighing,
And a mist comes down the mountain
And I feel my bright hopes dying.

"Ah! my colleen, fate may part us.
They are sending me to Kerry,
And on Sunday near Rathfarnham
Shall we ever more make merry?"

B.

The Bird

I was crossing a big square in Portobello Barracks on the first day of the year 1923, ploughing my way through puddles and layers of mud churned up by the constant transit of heavy lorries. Rain was coming down heavily. It was nearly five o'clock in the evening and dusk was falling. Near me bare trees raised their desolate branches against a leaden sky; beneath them was a wilderness of mud. Altogether the prospect was as dreary and depressing as one as the most devoted disciple of what is called "realism" would wish to depict.

Suddenly to my amazement I heard a bird singing ever so sweetly from one of the bare trees. I am not a naturalist but I believe it is a most unusual phenomenon for a wild bird to sing amid rain and twilight on the first of January. But this bird amid all the ugliness, gloom and desolation sounded a note of joy and hope. He seemed to me to prophesy the coming spring; his song brought before me visions of green buds and April skies and blessed baths of sunshine.

"Here," thought I, "is a good omen for the New Year. This infant year is born amid gloom and desolation; but the bird sings amid the gloom, feeling instinctively that spring is coming. Yes, the spring of nature is coming and Ireland's spring is coming. The gloom and desolation will pass away and the sun of peace and freedom will shine again on the land. It was appropriate that that message should come to us here in a barracks of the Army of Ireland whose work it is to conquer the forces of darkness and desolation and bring back spring and sunshine to the land.

CORMAC.

CATHAL BUGHUA BARRACKS,
RATHMINES,
DUBLIN, 6.
TEL: 975499



AN t-OGLACH

REGISTERED] THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY. [NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 31 (New Series). JANUARY 13, 1923. PRICE TWOPENCE.

“Private Murphy’s Questions”

To the Editor of “An t-Oglach.”

Sir,—The letter by “A.J.K.” in reply to “Oifigeach” with regard to the question of Irish-made cigarettes in barracks has tempted me to say a few words on a kindred subject. I do not mind so much about cigarettes; they are a luxury. If a man cannot get the particular brand that he likes, and is so fastidious that he will smoke no other, why, let him do without it. Personally I never smoke cigarettes, and suffer no sense of deprivation thereby. But fires are a necessity; and much as I desire to support Irish manufacture, I submit it is pushing the thing too far when Irish coal (which is totally unsuited for house fires, but only for furnaces) is used exclusively, as is the case in our barracks. It is pathetic to see men hanging over a fire which only shows a little faint red glow in the midst of surrounding blackness, and obstinately refuses, after an hour’s coaxing, to give out any appreciable heat. Surely this is carrying the support of Irish manufacture beyond reasonable bounds. Having no other way of ventilating a grievance which a great many others share with me, I resort to the hospitable columns of our Army journal, and trust you will give the letter insertion.

—Yours truly,
T.P.

WHAT WE WANT.

We want to make AN t-OGLACH fully representative of the mentality and outlook of the best elements in the National Army. We want to give the National soldier the reading matter he wants. We want the National soldier to tell us what he wants. Suggestions and criticisms from members of the National Army will be welcomed. Letters and contributions on topics of interest to the soldier will be welcomed. Inquiries from soldiers will be welcomed. AN t-OGLACH is for the Army, for the Irish soldier and not for any superior persons. Stories, sketches, rhymes, letters, complaints, inquiries, will all receive proper consideration. AN t-OGLACH, which in the past was so intimately associated with the mind and outlook of the Irish soldier of freedom, should to-day be as effective in making the mind of the National Army articulate.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Soldiers or officers or would-be recruits requiring information on any matters in regard to the Army of personal concern—organisation, conditions of enlistment, pay, leave, examinations, disciplinary regulations, conditions of service, etc., are invited to address their queries to the Editor of AN t-OGLACH. The required information will be given in these columns. Furthermore, members of the Army who desire information on matters of a general nature—historical, social, financial, medical, legal, educational, etc., may address their queries to this journal. A column of “Answers to Correspondents” will henceforth be a regular feature of AN t-OGLACH.

“The Poor Old Divel!”

I remember several times when Michael Collins, the “Big Fella,” was talking of some of the men who had done brave work for him when there were few to do it, the plain, uncultured men of the people who did the dangerous jobs and risked their lives and suffered for Ireland, he would ejaculate, with a smile of wonderful tenderness and pity: “The poor old divel!”

To-day when I look on the National soldier I feel just that way. “The poor old divel!”

I look at the lad in the green coat shouldering his rifle, facing storm, rain and cold, danger of death, the abuse and obloquy of some of his fellow-countrymen, and I see him cheerful, courageous, taking it all in the day’s work, and I take off my hat to him.

He goes round on his lorry in his green coat, a target for any silly youngster who thinks it fun to throw a bomb and run; he goes round in his green coat a target for the criticism of all and sundry. If he blows his nose too loudly or spits, somebody will say: “There’s your National soldier for you!”

Somehow everybody expects a higher standard from our soldiers than from any other soldiers whatever. This ought not to annoy us but to make us proud. The criticism may irritate us sometimes, but it all has its origin in something which is felt at the back of all our minds—that our Army ought to be the best in the world—that Ireland expects great things of us.

“The poor old divel!” He is just a plain man of the people, but he is serving Ireland well. The legislators, the writers, the orators, the thinkers, the business men, the educationists, each is doing his work in the building up of Ireland, each is necessary. But the plain green-coated lad with the gun who waits patiently outside, guarding the lives and liberties of the people, is necessary too; is playing an honourable part in the great work of making Ireland a Nation.

CIVILIAN.

SOLDIER CHUMS.

(Adapted from the German of Umland).

I had a gallant comrade,
A lad that knew no fear,
Mid rain and stormy weather
We marched and fought together
Like two old comrades dear.

A bomb was flung between us,
It stretched him at my foot,
I saw him bleeding, lying,
I knew that he was dying,
And I—I had to shoot.

He stretched his hand to grasp me,
The firing would not cease
—Alas! I could not seize it,
His dying hand and squeeze it
—God rest his soul in peace.

B.

FIERY WARRIORS.

Some heroes so eager for strife
Went to burn a T.D.’s house and wife,
They got there in the dark
But the dog gave a bark,
And each hero just ran for his life.



AN T-OISLAC

REGISTERED)

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.]

Vol. IV. No. 32 (New Series).

JANUARY 20, 1923.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

April 20, 1864

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.*

Three years ago to-day
We raised our hands to Heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
Our names were thirty-seven;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
And we took the oath of service
With our right hands raised to Heaven.

Oh, 'twas a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless Heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
Two hundred marked to-day!
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
And hundreds in Maryland clay;
And other hundreds, less happy, drag
Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessed-sleep
Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords—one night, a week ago,
The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around a banqueting board
With seats for thirty-seven.
There were two limped in on crutches,
And two had each but a hand
To pour the wine and raise the cup,
As we toasted "Our flag and land."

And the room seemed filled with whispers
As we looked at the vacant seats,
And, with choking throats, we pushed aside
The rich but untasted meats;
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
And we rose up—just eleven,
And bowed as we drank to the loved and the dead
Who had made us thirty-seven!

*Lieut.-Col. C. G. Halpine, of the famous Irish-American "69th" Regiment—a native of Dublin.

"HIS OWN PETARD."

Some youths who no danger did bode
Tried to lay a land-mine on a road,
But before they could fly
They all went sky high,
For an accident made it explode.

"Fighting on Petrol"

RAPID TRANSPORT ESSENTIAL.

Modern warfare has shown in no unmistakable manner that transport by mechanical means is not only absolutely essential, but more reliable and rapid than any of the older methods employed. As an army fights on its stomach, the question of supplies is of vital importance, and the more rapidly and effectively supplies can be rushed from a base to a fighting front the greater the possibility of success.

While the motor-car was still in the process of evolution the question of the supply of draught horses and remounts came to be a sore problem with the armies of Europe, for as the self-propelled vehicle became more common on the streets, the inducement for horse-breeding became less and less. Thus the problem of transport for troops, and storage and haulage power for big guns became a vexed question.

Modern Improvements.

The problem has now, however, been solved. The internal combustion engine, until quite recently a noisy, cumbersome, piece of mechanism, has forcibly shown to the whole world that it can perform the work of an untold number of horses, and in a sanitary, effective, fast, untiring manner. Again, the amount of space taken up by such a machine is microscopic compared to the equivalent number of beasts required to produce the same power; the supplies, compared to forage, etc., needed by horse-transport, are very small, are more conveniently handled, and there is an infinitely less wastage. For example, take the amount of fuel which is consumed by a motor engine, something in the vicinity of three-quarters of a pint per horse-power per hour; or looking at the matter in another light, a lorry propelled, say, ten miles upon a fuel consumption of less than 8 lbs. It must be remembered that, in addition, a mechanically-propelled vehicle costs nothing, and requires little or no attention when standing idle, and, with a few minor risks, can be left standing anywhere until required.

Importance of Speed.

During the Black-and-Tan regime the enemy authorities recognised the immense value of being able to move bodies of men rapidly from place to place with a minimum of noise. In less than ten minutes a Crossley car could be brought from Beggar's Bush Barracks to Parnell Square if occasion or a "stunt" demanded. The Irregulars at present take risks in order to seize motor cars, for they realise that these mean food and rapid retreat—the most essential consideration in their plan of campaign.

That the Great War was fought and finished on petrol is hardly an exaggerated statement. The supply could not meet the demand, and every motorist will remember that petrol was the most precious commodity during the two later years of the four years' conflict.



AN t-OGLACH

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER

Vol. IV. No. 33 (New Series).

JANUARY 27, 1923.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

Information Wanted

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All queries should be addressed to the Editor of "An t-Oglach," G.H.Q., Portobello Barracks, Dublin, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, which will not be made public unless desired].

3rd Southern Division,
Tipperary, 17/1/23.

A Chara,—I was delighted to see in your issue of January that you are giving a column to "Answers to Correspondents," and I would like if you would give me some light on the following:—

- (1) When is a soldier entitled to a free travelling voucher when going on leave, and what service does he require?
- (2) Are the Army Medical Corps entitled to more pay than the ordinary Infantry man?
- (3) What leave is a soldier entitled to in the year?
- (4) Was "An t-Oglach" ever printed in Kerry.

Mise,

VOLUNTEER.

(1) A soldier requires six months' service before he can be granted leave. He is granted a free travelling voucher when going on leave only once in six months.

(2) No standard salary has yet been fixed for the Army Medical Corps. The Pay Commission are now sitting, and this, among other matters, will come under their consideration.

(3) A soldier, strictly speaking, is not "entitled" to any leave. Leave is a privilege, not a right. He may be granted leave once in six months, as stated above.

(4) "An t-Oglach" was never printed in Kerry, nor in any other place except Dublin since its establishment in 1918.—Editor of "An t-Oglach."

20/1/23.

Sir,—I would be thankful, if you would supply me with information in regard to getting my Dependents' money. I joined the Army on March 1st, 1922, and it is now January, 1923. During that time my people have not received any allowance. Previous to joining the Army my people received from me £2 10s. per week. Thanking you in anticipation of a reply *re* above.—Yours, etc.,

A NATIONAL SERGEANT.

[Our correspondent should apply to the Pay Office for the necessary form to fill up, giving details with regard to his dependents. This form must be certified as correct by an officer, clergyman, or other responsible person acquainted with the facts, and must be endorsed by the O.C. of the camp or post where he is stationed, and then returned to the Pay Office.—Editor of "An t-Oglach."]

"Officers' Training Corps"

SOME FURTHER OPINIONS.

To the Editor of AN t-OGLACH.

Sir.—It was with great interest I read the letter of "A Willing Recruit" concerning the O.T.C. of the Irish Free State in the *Irish Independent*. I was pleased to observe that this letter did not pass unnoticed, seeing same in your issue of AN t-OGLACH dated January 13th, 1923.

I should be glad to know if any steps have been taken to organise such a corps. If so would you kindly furnish me with further particulars either privately or through the medium of your paper. The latter for preference so that the "Willing Recruit" and others may also be enlightened on same.

I have already drawn the attention of many of my pals to this matter, who are awaiting with keen interest further developments.

Trusting to hear soon.

"WILLING RECRUIT II."

[The matter is receiving the attention of the authorities, but no definite steps have yet been taken in regard to it. If it is decided to start such a scheme, full information will be at once made public.—Editor AN t-OGLACH.]

To the Editor of AN t-OGLACH.

Sir.—In your edition of January 13th, 1923, a letter appeared with the signature "A Willing Recruit," asking for an Officers' Training Corps.

I willingly approve of that suggestion, but hope old volunteers may have a certain number of marks allotted at the competitive examination, which would include Irish.

I hope also that the Army Headquarters get up this corps at once.—Is mise,

D.T.

D'Eagarthóir AN t-OGLACH.

A chara.—Bhí áthas mór orm nuair a chonnaic mé an litir i dtaobh "O.T.C." ins AN t-OGLACH an tseachtmhain seo caithte. Tá spéis mhór agam ann. Is dócha go bhfuil an Riaghlachas ag ullmhughadh sluaigh-bhuidhean ar nós an "O.T.C." Má bhíonn na téarmaí fabhrach ceangalochaidh mé mé féin leis an sluaigh-bhuidhean sin.—Mise,

SCOLAIRE.

DAVIS'S OUTLOOK.

On an equality with England and out of the reach of her rapacity, there is nothing in the privilege of the monarch to which Ireland could be averse. The respective advantages of each country would compel from them mutual respect, and the throne would ever be the honourable medium of adjusting international differences. What could lead to separation? Injustice, treachery, crime on either part!—Thomas Davis.

CATHAL BRIGADA BARRACKS
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TEL: 975499



AN T-ÓGLACH

REGISTERED] THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY. [NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 34 (New Series). FEBRUARY 3, 1923. PRICE TWOPENCE.

The Cannon

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

Air—" Barrack Hill."

We are a loving company
Of soldiers brave and hearty;
We never fought for golden fee,
For faction, or for party;
The will to make old Ireland free
That set each dauntless man on,
Which banished us beyond the sea,
With our brave iron cannon.

And here's the gallant company
That fought by Boyne and Shannon,
That never feared an enemy,
With our brave iron cannon!

Come, fill me up a pint of wine,
Until 'tis brimming o'er, boys;
Our gun is set in proper line,
And we have balls galore, boys.
Now here's a health to good Lord Clare,
Who'll lead us on to-morrow,
When through the foe our balls will tear,
And work them death and sorrow!

And here's the gallant company, &c.

I've brought a wreath of shamrocks here,
In memory of our own land—
'Tis withered like that Island drear,
That sorrowful and lone land;
I'll hang it nigh our cannon's mouth,
To whet our memories fairly,
And there's no flower in all the south
Could deck that gun so rarely!

And here's the gallant company, &c.

At Limerick how it made them run,
The Dutchman and his crew, boys!
'Twas then I made this gallant gun
To plough them through and through, boys
And since that day in foreign lands
It roared triumphant ever—
It blazed away, yet here it stands
Where foeman's foot shall never!

And here's the gallant company, &c.

'Tis dinted well from mouth to breech
With many a battle furrow;
A fitting Sermon it will preach
At Fontenoy to-morrow,
Then never let your spirits sink.
But stand around, each man on
This foreign slope, and we will drink
One brave health to our cannon!

And here's the gallant company, &c.

Foot Patrols

"THE USUAL COURTESY."

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

Sir,—I was rather surprised to read a letter signed "Koo" under the above heading in your issue of January 27th. The writer says he was only searched twice, and on his experience on one of these occasions he bases a charge of discourtesy and negligence against the average foot patrol.

As to the first charge let me relate my experience. I find it necessary to be out of barracks frequently in civilian clothes, and I have been searched by patrols of our troops, not twice, but nearly fifty times. In all my experience I never have had to complain of any discourtesy on the part of the searchers. Surely, if discourtesy were not the exception and courtesy not the rule, I could not have been so fortunate as to meet courteous soldiers "every whole time."

As to the other point—the effectiveness and thorough nature of the search—I am afraid "Koo" is right. British patrols certainly carried out their searches more thoroughly and efficiently than our troops. That is not saying that our men are negligent or inefficient in the matter, but many of them have a lot of wrinkles to learn in the art of searching civilians. Those of us who have experienced the business "from the other end" during the British occupation have a fair idea of the tricks and stratagems to which Irregulars can resort on these occasions. It would be well if a soldier's course of training included some detailed and explicit instructions in the gentle art of searching.—Yours, etc.,

ROGAIRE.

Re-naming of Barracks SOME SUGGESTIONS.

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

Dear Sir,—I am very thankful to Mr. George Lyons, T.C., for his suggestion as to re-naming the barracks. It brought to my mind some few years ago when we worked together for the "Wolfe Tone Memorial" Sub-Committee. Here, indeed, is a befitting memorial to the men of '98, whose memory was an inspiration to the Fenians; and surely it was their memory which made 1916, and brought us what freedom we have to-day.

Yes, let it be "Tone Barracks," in memory of the gallant men of '98.

Let Richmond Barracks be "1916 Barracks" to the memory of our heroes who were executed there. And surely Michael Collins is entitled to the principal barracks in Ireland, as Mr. Lyons rightly remarks, it being his G.H.Q.—Sincerely yours,

BRIDGET MARIE.

[The men of 1916 were not executed in Richmond Barracks but in Kilmainham Prison.—Editor of "An t-Oglach."]

AN T-OZLAĆ

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

[NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 5 (New Series).

JUNE 24, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

NOTES

Restoring Order.

For some months past armed gangs have been taking advantage of the transition stage in Irish affairs to enrich themselves at the expense of their country. Their activities have been facilitated by those who are attempting to oppose by force the right of the people to express themselves as to their future form of government. In many instances the responsibility for the cowardly and reprehensible campaign being waged against minority groups in Ireland may also be traced to those modern liberators who expound democracy through the medium of an automatic. However, the tide seems to have turned against the bank robbers, who are surely being run to earth by the Criminal Investigation Department, and in due course the nation will be rid of this pest. It is the duty of all soldiers and citizens to co-operate in this endeavour to restore the good name which Ireland has always retained as the most crimeless country in the world, and to bring about conditions of order and security for all citizens.

The third Dáil has just been elected. The voice of the sovereign people has spoken on the issues which have agitated the nation for many months past. The result is an endorsement of the attitude which the vast majority of Irish soldiers have adopted in continuing to stand by G.H.Q. and function under Dáil Eireann. Apart from all purely political controversies, the Election provided the country with an opportunity of making its opinion known in regard to the Army position. It has done so in no uncertain fashion. The return of the Minister for Defence, the Chief of Staff, the Adjutant-

General, Major-General McKeon and other G.H.Q. Officers leave no room for doubt as to the measure of the country's gratitude to the Irish Army, and its appreciation of the policy which recognises in the Army the servant and not the dictator of the people.

Lamentable Accidents.

During the past week there has been an unusually large number of motor and other accidents, resulting in an increasingly heavy mortality list amongst

cycle and a tender belonging to the Criminal Investigation Department. The deceased left a wife and four children to mourn his loss. On Saturday morning a party of troops returning by motor from Drogheda to Navan crashed into a wall at Slane, as a result of which several of the party were seriously injured. Subsequently Adjutant P. Mooney (18), Kilbeg, Co. Meath, succumbed to injuries received. The tragic occurrence was caused by a dislocation of the steering gear of the lorry. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a n-anamna.



Retreat at the Curragh.

The troops in training at the Curragh were afforded a new and beneficial experience last week, when a retreat was conducted by the Jesuit Fathers within the Camp itself. Rev. Fr. Garahy, S.J.; Rev. Fr. Devane, S.J., of the House of Retreats, Rathfarnham Castle, and Rev. Fr. Flinn, S.J., conducted the exercises of the Retreat, which opened on Sunday, 11th inst., and closed on Sunday last. Each morning Masses, following by a short instruction, were celebrated at 7 and 8 o'clock in St. Brigid's Church, troops being paraded at each Mass. In the evening the fine wooden church, capable of accommodating about 1,500, was completely filled for Rosary, Sermon and Benediction. Confessions were heard daily, special facilities being given for each of the seven barracks. Notwithstanding the difficulties attendant upon the organisation of this new training centre of the Army, and the departures and arrivals of troops, the Retreat was a decided success, and was much appreciated by the men. A number of officers set an excellent example to the men by their regular attendance at the exercises. The Cadets stationed in the Camp were also zealous in promoting the welfare of the Mission. As a result of the Retreat, the movement for the spread of temperance in the Army has been considerably advanced, a

regular troops. The matter is becoming one of grave concern, and should engage the attention of all officers holding commands. Every precaution must be taken to avoid unnecessary and indeed regrettable loss of life. Private William Murphy, a soldier with a very creditable war record, and attached to Portobello Barracks, died as a result of injuries received recently, consequent upon a collision between his motor

AN T-OISLAC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

[NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 7 (New Series).

JULY 22, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

FICTION AND FACT.

During the early days of the fighting in Dublin it was sought to strengthen the morale of the Irregulars by the daily publication of Irregular "victories" and "advances" in the Provinces. Since the re-establishment of communications with many parts of the country, and the unrestricted circulation of newspapers in Dublin, there has been a decided falling off in the circulation of this type of "news."

A brief review of the war reports circulated by the Irregulars early in the present month, and the military situation in the country as it exists to-day, provides an interesting and instructive contrast.

July 2: The Irregulars' News Sheet (No. 6) reported that "the forces operating in Dublin have been reinforced with both men and material. For military reasons no further information can be given on this subject at the present time."

On the same date (July 2nd) the Irregulars' News Sheet announced to all and sundry that the troops in Galway were "appealing for reinforcements to G.H.Q.," as they are being strongly pressed by our troops (the Irregulars) and cannot hold out much longer. The West's awake!"

Under date July 3rd (No. 7) the Irregulars' News Sheet says: "The Republican plan of campaign is developing exactly as intended. The defence of the Four Courts enabled all the manoeuvres to be carried out whilst the whole of the Free State Army was concentrated upon the attack."

In one of the early "News" sheets published by the Irregulars, it was announced that the post occupied by troops in Listowel had been captured, and that the troops had thrown in their lot with the Irregulars. This mythical "victory" was too good to be lost sight of, and accordingly, on July 14th, the Irregular propagandists again declared that "the capture of Listowel was followed by a union of the two forces."

The facts are the Irregulars were not reinforced by either men or material in Dublin. All posts held in the city were surrendered or evacuated, many of the Irregulars retreating to the country.

After seventeen days have elapsed the troops are still holding out in Galway. In fact, they have occupied Renmore Barracks in Galway city, and other posts in the county from which the Irregulars have retreated. The ways of Irregular propagandists are strange.

The plan of campaign has developed exactly to the extent that the Irregulars now hold no posts in Dublin city or county, and that the Army controls the entire Eastern and Midland Counties. At the moment the troops are operating successfully against the Irregular strongholds in the extreme South and West.

Capt. O'Grady, one of the officers stationed in Listowel, and now serving with the Army in Limerick, has reported the facts of this case to Field General Headquarters. The barrack was attacked by a strong force of Irregulars drawn from a wide area. For four hours the garrison held out, during which they had one killed and one wounded. The Irregulars had two killed during the fight and several wounded. **There was no "union" with the Irregulars after the surrender. The truth is, Capt. O'Grady, with close upon one hundred of his men, are now serving with the Army in Limerick, while another party of the troops from Listowel are fighting with their comrades in Clare. So much for the Listowel fable.**

Desecration.

Reverence and respect for the dead is one of the most sacred and honoured observances of Christian and civilised nations. War even does not rid us of this obligation. To dishonour the dead, to desecrate the remains of one whose soul has winged its flight back to the presence of its Creator, is a crime heinous and terrible. When a people cease to reverence and respect their dead they have lost every vestige of Christianity: they are returning not to Paganism but to barbarism. The foul deed perpetrated by a party of Irregulars in Galway during the week has sent a thrill of horror through the people. It has covered the Nation with shame and humiliation. The remains of Volunteer Patrick Greaney (21), who was killed at Gort by a bomb thrown by Irregulars, left Gort for Spiddal on Monday. The father and mother of the deceased Irish soldier, a priest and eight unarmed comrades made up the funeral party. At Craughwell Brigadier Callinan, Batta. Comdt. Rooney and two soldiers joined the cortege. Near Coshla, Athenry, the party were ambushed from both sides of the road and Comdt. Rooney, an Irish soldier with a splendid fighting record in the Liberation War, shot dead.

There have been many wicked and cruel things done in Ireland during the past few months, but none so shameful and ignominious as this.

The desecration of our dead is the blackest crime of all.

LATEST WAR NEWS.

2 a.m.

July 21, 1922.

Reports from the South show that the forces operating in the Waterford area are making a steady advance. The troops are now in Waterford City, and have already taken about 50 prisoners. The Irregulars have retreated from the Infantry and Cavalry barracks and the Post Office in the City, all of which are now in our hands.

The Irregulars are now retreating southwards. A number who were leaving the city in four lorries were surprised by troops at one point. They abandoned the lorries and fled towards the country.

"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-OISLAC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 10 (New Series)

AUGUST 12, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

Dublin Honours the Brave

Nine gallant Irishmen carried to their last resting-place, and half the population of Dublin crowding to do them honour.

What are these latter thinking as they march behind that solemn procession, or stand bare-headed in the street to see it pass, or wait in the rain by the open grave?

"They have died for Ireland—but, oh, the pity of it! for they might have lived.

"They have not fallen in battle against the ancient enemy, but at the hands of brother Irishmen.

"They who fought and suffered for freedom are cut down just as it dawned, a sacrifice of the mad folly of a few of their comrades.

"To that obstinacy in folly yet more young lives must be sacrificed, more homes must be desolated, more territory laid waste.

"And to what end? Where do these people think they are leading us? What purpose do they expect to achieve? What cause to serve?

"Our lives, our homes, our pride, our possessions, our happiness, our achievement, our hope—all laid waste—and for what?"

Questions these that cry for an answer; and who of those who have taken up arms against their country can answer them—except with phrases?

Blood and tears against formulas. How long will the Irregulars cling to their sterile choice?

The Famine-makers

The frustrated coup of the Irregulars against the communications round Dublin was only one of many acts directed solely against the civilian population.

But, had it succeeded, it would have been the most effective.

Its object was to starve the city and those large areas of Leinster and Connacht for which the city is the distributing centre.

Had the plan succeeded, distress would already be acute. Babies, in particular, would be on the verge of starvation—those very babies who, according to the intelligent forecasting of the Irregular politicians, are to win through "some day" when this generation is wiped out.

The men engaged in carrying out this dastardly outrage against their countrymen all surrendered without firing a shot.

And, no doubt, are already demanding to be treated as prisoners of war.

Doubtless, too, when they have grown accustomed to the routine of Irregular prison warfare, these famine-makers will have the walls of the city plastered with complaints about the manner in which their food is served.

Abolishing Civilians

While Mr. Aylward's "order," authorising his followers to slaughter any civilian who refuses to assist these desperadoes to destroy their country, is still fresh in our minds, the circular read at the Labour Congress comes to clinch that threat of intensive action against the Irish people.

We were to have been shot for refusing to work for the Irregulars; now we are to be shot for working for our own elected Government.

We were to have been shot for refusing to starve ourselves by destroying our railways; now we are to be shot for attempting to feed ourselves by rebuilding our railways.

What it comes to is that civilians are abolished. Everyone who refuses to co-operate with the Irregulars is to be shot. Everyone who co-operates with the Government is to be shot. In short, the whole Irish Nation is liable to be shot.

The only people who are not to be shot are the Irregulars.

They are to have the exclusive right to surrender. They are then to be comfortably housed in internment camps, fed like fighting cocks, given parole (but not expected to keep it), and on no account to be stopped by violent methods if they attempt to escape.

The Irregulars have been losing steadily. They have lost the elections; they have lost the battle; they have lost all public regard; they have lost honour; they have lost all sense of humanity; and now they have lost the last shreds of what remained of their sense of humour.

Any Soldier in the National Army to Any Old Comrade in the Irregulars

COMRADE,

The defeat of the Army would not give you a Republic.

It would plunge you into a fresh war with England.

You are not fighting the Irish soldiers of to-day for complete Independence.

The death of every National Soldier in arms would only bring you nearer to slavery.

The loss of every young Irishman in arms to-day is a gain to the nation's enemies—no one else.

Your warfare will pauperise the nation for years to come.

Day by day you are assisting in the creation of a huge national debt.

The money that should be spent on better housing, the development of national industries, the drainage and irrigation of Irish soil, the provision of improved transport systems, will all be monopolised to repair the destruction and havoc you have caused.

AN T-OGLÁC

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

Vol. IV. No. 3 (New Series).

JUNE 10, 1922.

[Price Twopence.]

NOTES

Within the past few weeks, demobilised members of the British forces, residing in certain districts throughout the country, have received threatening notices ordering them to leave the localities in which they are at present living. In every case the ukase has been issued by individuals who do not belong to the Regular troops of the I.R.A. It is difficult to see what national advantage it is hoped to achieve by this cowardly campaign. No doubt, it supplies good material to enemy propagandists who are endeavouring to convince the world that the Ireland of to-day is peopled by a race of irresponsibles, who are incapable of conducting the business of national government. Surely, this cannot be the aim of the promoters?

The element of personal revenge is certainly the driving force, in many instances, behind this village terrorism. Under the guise of patriotism, and in the name of Irish freedom, the irresponsibles who employ these methods would attempt to avenge their grievances by adopting the unsoldierly weapon of reprisals initiated in this country by enemy forces during the late war. This is not patriotism; for patriotism puts the interest of the nation before the grievances, real or imaginary, of the individual. The campaign cannot tend towards enhanced national freedom, which guarantees and is founded upon true personal liberty. It is not even in consonance with the ethics of civilised warfare, because a general amnesty has been proclaimed under the authority of Dail Eireann.

Army Athletics.

Athletics and lovers of sport generally in the Army will welcome the inception of an Association created especially for their needs. The recent meeting at General Headquarters marks, one may confidently hope, the opening of a new and important development in the life of the Army. Since the formation of the Regular units, and the occupation of many important military centres, the work of organisation, training and equipping our forces has monopolised so much time that attention to

presided over by the Chief of Staff, and those in attendance included the Minister for Defence, who was entirely sympathetic to the scheme, and the Adjutant-General. The general tenour of the proceedings showed that a very real interest in the promotion of athletics exists in our ranks. This is a healthy and laudable sign. When the rank and file begin to estimate truly the value of athletics in an army, we are proceeding along the right lines towards making our men vigorous, manly, and self-respecting soldiers.

"I am certain that when it comes to a question of Ireland winning battles, her main reliance must be on her hurlers. To your camans, O boys of Banba!"

—Padraic Pearse.

athletics was necessarily meagre and uncertain. A big advance towards remedying this defect has now been made, and in the near future ample facilities will be provided for sport amongst the troops.

The meeting held on the 2nd inst., at which the project of an All-Ireland Army Athletic Association was discussed, was

be sufficient that they eschew foreign games and play Irish ones; they must also be the worthiest exponents of these national games. Pearse seldom wrote of Irish games and their practice amongst boys without betraying some of the enthusiasm, they evoked from him. "Nothing," he writes in the days of St. Enda's, "has given me greater pleasure during

The first Our Gaelic Commander-in-Heritage. Chief of the Irish Army—Padraic Pearse—realised fully the worth of our games as a force in the national life. He saw in their practice and development one of the greatest means towards retaining the Gaelic tradition amongst the manhood of the nation. When he founded a school in which he could mould the character of Irish boys and relate them to their Irish motherland, language and games were to him first essentials. "What I mean," he wrote, "by an Irish school is a school that takes Ireland for granted. You need not praise the Irish language—simply speak it; you need not denounce English games—play Irish ones. . ."

An Irish Army must also of necessity be an Army that takes Ireland for granted. This being so, it follows that the games and pastimes of our soldiers must be Gaelic in character. But it will not

AN T-ÓGLÁC

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FEBRUARY 3 1922.

[Price Twopence

SOCIAL ORDER.

During the recent war we had occasion frequently to impress upon the Army of Ireland the vital importance to the nation of the work they were called upon to do. We pointed out that the safety of the nation depended upon the discipline and efficiency of the soldiers of Ireland. Not even during the war was the necessity of preserving that order and discipline greater or more essential to the national safety than at the present time. A period of transition like this, with enemy forces evacuating the country and stable authority in civil matters still in the making—a period of unrest when acute political controversy adds to the uncertainty and instability—is naturally one of which disorderly and criminal elements which exist in every community will strive to take advantage. Crimes of violence are unfortunately all too rife in certain parts of the country and it will require the sternest efforts of the soldiers and officers of the Irish Army to stamp out the activities of the lawless offenders.

In the great task of preserving social order and preventing crime all men of good will can co-operate. The actual work of enforcing this object in the common interest falls upon the officers and men of the Irish Army. It has been found necessary in some districts to proclaim martial law, and in others to take special measures to deal with the disturbers of the social order and the common weal. We feel sure that all Volunteers will show the same zeal and enthusiasm in the cause of preserving "the rights and liberties of all the citizens of Ireland" against lawless violence, intimidation and crime as they have shown in the past in their struggle for national freedom.

HOW TO TEST A COMPASS.

The Compass used by an Officer must be a good prismatic instrument, or its equivalent, in accuracy. The best of Compasses are, however, liable to possess errors, and it is well that these errors should be known.

The errors of any particular Compass, (i.e. the difference which the Compass reading is above or below the actual magnetic bearing of any given direction),

is not necessarily constant for all parts of the scale. For example, the actual magnetic bearings of 0° , 90° , 180° , and 270° , the Compass might read 359° , 90° , 180.5° , and 269.5° respectively. Thus the corrections to be applied to the Compass readings would be, plus 1° , 0° , -0.5° , and plus 0.5° respectively.

Compasses are tested by most good Optical Instrument firms for about 3/6d, and the Compass is returned with a slip showing the corrections to be applied at the four cardinal points.

For reference the following addresses are given:—

- Messrs. Cahill, Wellington Quay.
- " Dixon & Hempenstall, Suffolk St.,
- " Mason, Dame Street.
- " Yeates, Grafton Street.
- " Pollock, Wicklow Street.

A method of testing a Compass on the ground with the aid of a map is given below. This will give the variation on the map with reference to the grid north on the map. The procedure is as follows:—

- (1) Decide on a point on the ground, the position of which you can mark with certainty on the map.
- (2) Select an object which you can see from the above point, and which is marked on the map. This object should be as far away from the above point as possible, as errors in obtaining angles are easily made if it is too close.
- (3) On the map draw a line through the point parallel to the grid north lines. With a protractor measure the grid bearing of the object from this point.
- (4) On the ground take the Compass bearing on the object from the selected point. (It is best to take the mean of three readings to 10 minutes, if possible.)
- (5) The difference between the mean of the Compass readings and the grid bearing will be the variation of your Compass with reference to the grid lines on the particular map you have used, the locality in which you are situated, and that part of the Compass scale which you have used.

NOTES: In order to ascertain the variation of your Compass at different parts of the scale. Repeat the above procedure on different objects.

(Continued on page 4)



AN T-OGLACH

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

Vol. IV. No. 2 (New Series).

JUNE 3, 1922.

[Price Twopence.]

NOTES

With military honours the Anniversary of the taking of the Custom House was celebrated in the Irish capital on Thursday, May 25th. Thousands of Irish soldiers attended Mass in St. Agatha's Church and the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, for those of their comrades who lost their lives in this, the last big engagement of the Liberation War. With the exception of a Mass attended by Irish Volunteers on the St. Patrick's Day preceding the Rising of 1916, this was the first occasion upon which the soldiers of an Irish Army were present at such a Church function in Dublin. It was perhaps fitting that they should be present to pay a tribute to the memory of those who by their heroism have made the Ireland of to-day possible. After the Requiem Masses the Irish troops marched past the Custom House and saluted the scene of a military operation which shall live in Irish history and be an inspiration to the army of Ireland in the days to come.

Every nation cherishes the memory and commemorates the heroic deeds of those who helped to bring honour and respect to her Flag. Ireland can look back through the centuries upon many of her sons who have striven and suffered for her sake. For Ireland, to quote Canon Sheehan, "with all her weight of woes upon her had yet the power to sway the mightiest minds to which she had given birth, even though of alien and hostile blood, and to inspire poet, orator and patriot with such a love for her, that they walked to the scaffold as if to a bridal altar; and gave up their lives as calmly as Isaac bent beneath the sacrificial knife of his father." All those are honoured in the tributes paid to the men of our generation who, though they have fallen, have yet been victorious. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a n-anam.

Ireland at present is slowly recovering from the effects of war. It is a transition period and consequently executive authority has not yet been fully stabilised. Lawless gangs are taking advantage of the prevailing condition of affairs to attack life and property and so jeopardise the future of our nation. Outrages of this type have been comparatively few amongst us; but, nevertheless, some have occurred and it is necessary that steps should be immediately taken to prevent their recurrence. Members

of the British forces have been murdered in Dublin and throughout the land, and robberies with violence have taken place. Nothing can excuse these crimes. They tend to produce chaos within the Nation and to destroy its good name and credit abroad. The duty of the I.R.A. is plain in the matter and Irish soldiers must fight this criminal campaign as relentlessly as they fought the enemy during the war. Tyranny was not dethroned in order that anarchy should take its place.

From the 1st Western Division comes the news that athletic competitions are being organised between the different units in the area. In the near future inter-Company contests in football, hurling, handball, etc., should be well under way and later Battalion, Brigade and Divisional teams could be selected with a view to having all-Ireland Gaelic athletic contests within the Army. If other areas follow the example of the 1st Western, as no doubt they will, there seems to be no reason why this should not be. At any rate, soldiers could devote some time to athletics with advantage; and should national championship games for Irish troops result they would, amongst other things, bring men in the Army into contact with each other and serve as a sort of link between soldiers from different parts of the country which could not fail to strengthen existing ties.

It was pointed out in the preceding number that it was proposed to chronicle matters of general Army interest in *An t-Oglach* each week. It must be apparent to the readers of the journal that this entails the co-operation and assistance of Officers throughout the country. A news-service is necessary to provide the material and a great deal remains to be done if the Volunteer organ is to be made a Journal which every Irish soldier shall look forward to receiving each weekend. At best, an editorial staff can only present news in an attractive way. But to do this it is necessary that the news matter should be available. If, therefore, Officers would arrange that happenings in their respective areas should be immediately transmitted to the Editor, even if time does not permit to furnish an elaborate and finished account, the task of rendering the Army organ interesting as well as instructive would be considerably lessened. It is to be hoped that all those who are desirous of seeing *An t-Oglach* become a real force in the Army will lend their services in this direction.

Army News in Brief.

A detachment of the 3rd Battn., Dublin Brigade, have left Wellington Barracks for Tallaght, where they enter upon a course of training.

Major-Genl. Dalton, Chief Evacuation Officer, has resumed duty as Director of Training, and will proceed shortly to the Curragh, to direct the work of his department there.

The Deputy Director of Training has been transferred from Beggar's Bush Barracks to the Curragh Camp.

The first plane to be used in an Irish Air Service arrived in Dublin on Monday. It is a five-seater passenger machine, and will be utilised by the Civil Department. The machine has been taken to Baldonnell Aerodrome, the centre at present for Army and Civil Aviation.

The 1st Western Division are giving attention to athletics in the Army. Already a senior and junior hurling team and a senior football team have been formed at Ennis, the players being selected from the Ennis No. 1 Company.

The promoters of the Army games in this Division include Col.-Comdt. T. McGrath, well-known in G.A.A. circles in Clare, and Captains Gillece and Burke.

This would be one of the most interesting columns in our journal if Divisional and Brigade Adjutants would only realise that news items of interest in their areas do not reach the Editor by inspiration. The hearty co-operation of the Divisional and Brigade Adjutants is necessary to the success of the news side of "An t-Oglach." We believe that co-operation shall be forthcoming.

Officers of the 1st Northern Division have been entertaining Continental visitors this week. While the gunboat "Helga," used by the British in 1916 to shell Liberty Hall, and now the property of the Fisheries' Board, was patrolling the Gal coast, it came upon a French fishing boat within the three-mile limit. The captain and crew were taken to the coast and detained as "visitors" by I.R.A. troops for a brief period. On payment of fine of £10, the French crew were permitted to return to their own country.

MILITARY ARCHIVES
CATHAL BRUGHNA BARRACKS
RATHMINES,
DUBLIN 6
TEL: 975499

AN t-ÓGLACH

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

Vol. IV. No. 1 (New Series).

MAY 27, 1922.

[Price Twopence]

NOTES

The present issue of "An t-Oglach" marks the beginning of a new series, in which it is proposed to render the official organ of the Irish Volunteers still more worthy of the attention and support of every Irish soldier. The old edition of "An t-Oglach," which the present number replaces, was a war-time production, and its format and contents were largely determined by the exigencies of the military situation. Now that the obstacles, which the war-time organ was designed to overcome, have been removed, it is proposed to take advantage of the new condition of affairs in order to make "An t-Oglach" a source of interest and instruction to all ranks in the National Army.

* * *

In succeeding numbers interesting articles will appear dealing with all branches of modern warfare. These contributions will be designed to awaken intelligent inquiry into the various departments of modern military science, and to direct the attention of Volunteers to matters upon which they can easily become more informed by utilising the military school and the barrack library. In addition, articles of national and cultural value shall also be a feature of the journal, and, with the co-operation of the Divisional and Brigade Officers, it is proposed to chronicle matters of general army interest, such as promotions, field manoeuvres, social and athletic events.

* * *

During the past week several former British strongholds in Ireland have been occupied by soldiers of the I.R.A. These include the immense military establishment on the Curragh, Portobello Barracks, Dublin, the important Southern infantry and cavalry depots—Victoria Barracks, Cork, and Ballincollig Barracks. The full significance of these events cannot be appreciated at the moment. Perhaps it was not altogether without reason, from their point of view, that some of the evacuating forces should have destroyed the flagstaves from which their flag—the flag of another nation—had been hauled down for ever. To-day the Irish Tricolour retains its place. Irish soldiers now hold for Ireland these fortresses, formerly the bases

from which were directed the alien forces who held us in slavery.

* * *

It may not be out of place to recall here the impressions gathered by the late Senor Bulfin when he passed through the Curragh some years ago. It was summer, and a large British force was stationed on the plains of Kildare. "A roll of kettle drums broke on my ear," says Bulfin. "For the Curragh has certain grim realities to throw at you as you cross it from Newbridge towards Kildare, or from Kildare towards Newbridge. There are huge barracks and acres of white tents to the eastward where the Army of Occupation is encamped. The green turf by the roadside is webbed by the tracks of the manoeuvring batteries of field artillery in yesterday's exercises. There are signal stations, flagstaves, cavalry pickets, sentinels posted here and there in heavy marching order, long lines of stables, band stands, rifle ranges, and all the many appurtenances of a great military camp."

The Ultimate Achievement, MEANING OF AN IRISH ARMY.

"Ireland armed will obtain, ultimately, just as much freedom as she wants."

PADRAIC PEARSE.

"The Camp dominates the Curragh," he continues, "and, indeed, the rest of Ireland. . . . It is in existence mainly because of the sins of omission committed by the people of Ireland in different epochs, and its mission is to expound the peaceful lessons of conquest by the moral force of steel and gunpowder." Such was the picture which confronted the tourist of yesterday as he traversed the Curragh's plain. To-day the scene is changed. Green-coated Irish soldiers have displaced the forces of England, not alone on the Curragh, but almost everywhere throughout the land, to take up the high duty of guarding and consolidating the liberty of our nation. In the near future scenes of military activity may, doubtless, again impress themselves upon the mind of the visitor to the Curragh, but they shall be an indication of national independence and a guarantee of the efficiency of its defenders.

Army News in Brief

The death is announced at Clonsilla Military Hospital of S/Capt. Paddy Rooney, 5th Northern Division, I.R.A. Ar dheis Deo raibh a anam.

Capt. P. Griffin who had been Vice O/C Beggars' Bush Barrack has been appointed O/C Portobello Barrack.

S/Capt. W. Corri, Adjutant to O/C Beggars' Bush has been transferred to Portobello.

Lieut. Hegarty who had been attached to the Training Staff G.H.Q., has been appointed Adjutant to the O/C Beggars' Bush.

Lieut. J. Gilhooley assistant barrack O.M. Beggars' Bush has been appointed Barrack Quartermaster.

Lieut. O'Rourke has been appointed O/C Wellington Barrack.

Amongst Volunteers who have been given Commissions in the 1st Western Division appears the name of Frank Teeling, the young Dublin Volunteer, who made a sensational escape from Kilmajinham Prison where he had been under sentence of death for his part in the Mount Street battle.

Special Requiem Masses are being celebrated in St. Agatha's Church, North William Street, at 10 a.m. and in the Pro Cathedral at 11.30 a.m. on Thursday, May 25th, the anniversary of the taking of the Custom House, for the members of the Guards and other Irish soldiers who lost their lives in that engagement. Special seats will be reserved for relatives of those who fell and detachments of Irish troops will be present in the sanctuary of the Churches. The ceremony will be conducted with full military honours.

Clonsilla Castle which had been the headquarters of the 2nd Dublin Brigade Eastern Division of the I.R.A. has vacated. Some of the troops have gone to the Curragh and the remainder to the I.R.A. Station, Dun Laoghaire.

The Commanding Officer and O.C. of the 2nd Eastern Division are giving a dinner in Portobello Barrack on Thursday to celebrate the anniversary of the taking of the Custom House.

AN T-ÓZLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

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DECEMBER 2, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

Cursai Cogaidh

Bhítheas ag caitheamh go tréan oidhche Dé Sathairn i bPortláirge. Nea-rialtaigh a bhí ar na enochaibh a thosnuigh an lámhach. Dfhreagair na trupaí ach níor goineadh éinne. Cuireadh deire leis ar a 11. Nuair a bhí saighdiúirí ag dul i larai ó Chill Mhic Thomáis go Portláirge rinneadh laochán ortha in aice Croise Chearbhaill. Bhí an lucht fogha ar ardán in aice na háite. Níor stad an larai ach as go bráth leis agus mear-ghluaiseacht fé. Bhí na pleuracha ag tuitim ar gach taobh, ach d'éirigh leis an mótor teacht slán tríd an lámhach. Gonadh duine sa lámh agus b'in a raibh ann de ghontaibh.

Tógadh Micheál Mac Giolla Ruaidh ina phríosúnach an tseachtmhain seo ghaibh tharainn. Is amhlaidh dhfág na trupaí Caisleán an Bhanaigh chun fogha a dheunamh ar Newport. Chuadar ann agus chuireadar futha tar éis beagáin troda. An uair cheudna chuaidh dream eile ó Chathair na Mart. Nuair a bhí an dream seo ag deunamh ar Newport tugadh fé agus marbhíodh an Captain Ó Rodaighe is gonadh cúpla saighdiúr. Bhí scata eile fé cheannus oifigiúil ad iarraidh an baile do shroisint freisin. Ag teacht go barr ehuic dóibh chonnehadar roinnt nea-rialtach ag druideamhaint siar. Chaith na trupaí leo is thuit nea-rialtach. Micheál Mac Giolla Ruaidh a bhí ann. Bhí sé gonta sa ghualainn, ach níl baoghal air.

CUAIRD TORTHAMHAIL.

De réir fógra oifigiúla chuaidh na trupaí isteach i dtigh an Count Pluineád istoidhche Dé Máirt is ní gan toradh a bhí a geuaird. Fuairadar ann 6 línte de srangaibh gotháin, 10 línte de srangaibh teintrighe, 10 batteries teintrighe, 4 mianaigh, sliogán trom, lán-lionta; bosca adhbhair pleurach, 2 dynamos, 2 tuath, 1 sgian-ghunna, bosca gléis inneolteorachta, gléas teintrighe gan srang, 100 detonators, agus a lán gléas eile.

Chuaidh saighdiúirí go dtí Slighe na nGarrdhaí in Glas Naoidhean agus fuairadar na rudaí seo i mbosca: 11 bumbai, 15 detonators, bosca gléis detonators, 28 batai gelignite.

Ag cuardach dos na trupaibh Dia Luain in aice Chorcaigh fuairadh 250 de phleurachaibh "Peter the Painter," 600 de cheannaibh ghunna mheaisín, 300 de cheannaibh .45, 700 de cheannaibh .303, 6 muscaedí, 12 boscaí gléis phleusca, 50 claidhimh, 2 cheareal "Sam Brown," gléas teintrighe agus gléas eile den tsórt san.

LAOICHAN I gCORCHAIGH.

Bhí saighdiúirí ag dul ó Chorcaigh go dtí Droichead na Bannan Dia Luain nuair thug mór-chuid de nea-rialtachaibh fútha ag Crois Barra. Bhí na nea-rialtaigh i gclúdach i dtightheibh timcheall na háite agus nuair a chonnehadar na trupaí scaoileadar leo le muscaedibh is le gunnaibh mheasín. Dfhreagair na saighdiúirí, is dhlán cuid aca ag lámhach an fhaid is a chuaidh an chuid eile ar lorg congnaimh. Bhí an troid á dheunamh ar feadh uaire go leith agus theich na nea-rialtaigh annsan go dtí na enochaibh. Chuaidh na trupaí isteach annsan i geeann des na tightheibh agus thógadar triúir 'na bpríosúnachaibh. Bhí rianacha fola ar na fallaibh is ar an úrlár is timcheall an tigh. Deirtear go raibh Tomás de Barra mar thaoiseach ar na nea-rialtachaibh.

The Guardian of Our Homes

"The soldier stands as the highest value which we place upon our country and her institutions. He says to all: 'My country is worth dying for.' In our thoughtless way we take liberty, security of life and property, the blessings of religion and safeguards of law and all the beauty and amenity of our civilization as a matter of course. Without the soldier all these goods would perish. It is war that preserves and protects peace. The soldier is the guardian of our homes. Honour him; make peaceful and happy his declining years. Thank God with David for preparing our hands for the sword, before whose blinding ray, in the hands of the hero, domestic treason and foreign conspiracy sink into their dens. Bless God for making us a nation of soldiers, as well as of citizens. The war proved that the American soldier, North and South, is without a peer in bravery, in discipline, in self-control.

"Soldiers, there is another battle, another field, a greater Captain than even the archangel who led the embattled seraphim to war. You divine my meaning. Be soldiers of the cross! Fight the good fight. Be sober, pure, charitable. The laurel that binds the warrior's brow on earth soon fades. The flowers of Decoration Day droop with the setting sun. But the Divine Captain of our salvation will place upon your brow, if you are faithful to the end, a crown that fadeth not away, a wreath which you will receive amid the shout of the heavenly armies."—REV. J. V. O'CONNOR, PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4TH, 1897.

As You Were!

One of the worst features in the development of modern journalism is the "scare-head." Incidents are magnified in order to justify huge headed captions, which produce excitement in the minds of the weaker elements in the country. In reality the vast majority of the people live their lives, here as well as in every other country, calmly and peacefully, going about their business in the usual hum-drum fashion.

When a man is killed in Ireland, the press "features" it, and ignorant people feel that a war is in progress, when, in truth, the total number of fatalities here this year was far less than occurred in Great Britain in the single industry of coal-mining.

If we are to make good at all, we must accustom ourselves to contradict this press-manufactured hysteria. We must concentrate on an atmosphere of normality. The order: "As you were," has gone out to the Nation, so to speak.

Brilliance, erratic brilliancy, is not half so valuable a quality to the Nation as steadiness or reliability. The average man, not the wonderful hero, is the cement of nationality, the man, that is, who quietly and without fuss, does his own job well. In other words, the man who "minds his own business."

ΑΝ Τ-ΟΪΛΑΪ

DECEMBER 2, 1922.

Advance

"The Army had passed through a very difficult situation during the past six months. So far as the Treaty position was concerned the country had been saved. The Army could not have done its work as it had been done were it an undisciplined body." These words of the Minister of Defence in the Dail debate on the Army Estimates are an effective reply to the pessimists and the carping critics who, ignoring the many difficulties with which the National Army was faced and the splendid way in which those difficulties were dealt with, expect instant perfection in our infant organisation. It is doubtful if any country in the world, with only a nucleus of imperfectly trained Volunteers to begin with, could, during a time of actual civil conflict, succeed in raising so fine a force and creating such elaborate organisation in so short a period. The Army is fighting for the nation's life; our troops are risking their lives daily in defence of the people's rights and liberties; and in face of enormous difficulties they have done their work well. Already there are the most unmistakable signs of rapid improvement in organisation and discipline, of a smoother working of machinery, and of a gradual elimination of anomalies and causes of complaint which were inevitable under the exceptional circumstances created by the action of an armed minority. The protection of the people is safe in the hands of the people's Army.

An Ill-Fated Siege

The only thing left to Charles XII. of Sweden to complete his first campaign was to march against his rival for glory, Peter Alexiowitz. He was the more angry with him because there were at Stockholm three ambassadors who had just sworn to an inviolable peace: he who prided himself on his probity could not understand how a legislator like the Czar could make light of what should be held sacred. The young and honourable Prince never dreamed that there might be one code of morality for princes and another for private individuals. The Russian Emperor published a manifesto which he had much better have suppressed; he gave as reason for war that he had not been sufficiently honoured when he passed incognito to Riga, and also that provisions were sold too dear to his ambassadors. These were the grievances for which he ravaged Ingria with 80,000 men.

It was on the 1st of October, a month in which the weather is more severe in that climate than in January in Paris, that he appeared before Narva. The Czar, who in such weather would often ride 400 leagues to see a mine or a canal, spared his men no more than himself. Besides, he knew that the Swedes, ever since the time of Gustavus Adolphus, fought in the depth of winter as well as in summer, and he wanted to accustom his Russians not to care about the seasons, so that some day they might at least equal the Swedes. So at a time when frost and snow force nations in temperate climates to suspend hostilities, Peter was besieging Narva, thirty degrees from the Pole, and Charles was advancing to its relief. The Czar had no sooner arrived before the place than he hastened to put into practice all that he had lately learned on his travels: he drew out his camp, fortified it on all sides, built walls at intervals, and opened the trench with his own hands. He had given command of the army to the Duke of Croy, a German, and a clever General, who got little support from the Russian officers.

A Great Example.

The Czar himself had only the ordinary rank of lieutenant in his own army. He thought it necessary to give an example of military obedience to his nobility, who up till then had been undisciplined and accustomed to lead bands of ill-armed slaves without experience or order. There is nothing surprising in the fact that he who at Amsterdam turned carpenter to procure fleets for himself should at Narva turn lieutenant in order to teach his people the art of war.

The Russians are strong and indefatigable, and perhaps as brave as the Swedes, but it requires time to make veterans, and discipline to make them invincible. The only fairly reliable regiments were commanded by German officers, but there were very few of them; the rest were savages torn from their forests, clothed in the skins of wild beasts, some armed with arrows and others with clubs. Few had muskets; none had seen a regular siege; there was not one good gunner in the whole army.

A hundred and fifty cannon, which ought to have reduced the little town of Narva to ashes, hardly made a breach, while every moment the artillery of the town were destroying whole lines at work in the trenches. Narva was practically unfortified, and Count Horn, who was in command, had not a thousand regular troops, and yet this immense army was not able to reduce it in ten weeks.

On the 15th of November the Czar heard that the King of Sweden had crossed the sea with 200 transports, and was on his way to the relief of Narva. There were not more than 20,000 Swedes, but superiority of numbers was the Czar's only advantage. He was far, therefore, from despising his enemy, and used all his skill to crush him; and not content with 100,000 men, he levied another army to oppose him and harass him in his advance. He had already sent for 30,000 men, who were advancing from Plescow by forced marches. He then took a step which would render him contemptible if so great a legislator could be so. He left his camp, where his presence was necessary, to go to meet these reinforcements, which could quite well reach the camp without his aid; this step made it appear that he was afraid of fighting, in an entrenched camp, a young and inexperienced prince, who might attack him.

The Opposing Force.

However that may be, his plan was to hem in the King between two armies. Nor was this all: a detachment of 30,000 men from the camp before Narva was posted at a league's distance from the town, on the King of Sweden's route; 20,000 Strelitz were further off on the same route, and 5,000 others formed an advance guard. Charles would have to force his way through all these troops before he could reach the camp, which was fortified by a rampart and a double ditch. The King of Sweden had landed at Pernaw, on the Gulf of Riga, with about 15,000 foot and more than 4,000 horse. From Pernaw he made a forced march to Revel, followed by all his horse and only 4,000 of his foot. He continually advanced without waiting for the rest of his troops.

Soon he found himself, with only 8,000 men, in presence of the enemy's outposts. He did not hesitate to attack them one after the other, without giving them time to find out with how small a number they had to contend. The Russians, when they saw the Swedes advancing against them, took it for granted that they had a whole army to encounter, and the advance guard of 5,000 men, who were holding a pass between the hills, where 100 men of courage might have barred the passage of a whole army, fled at the first approach of the Swedes. The 20,000 men behind them, terrified at the flight of their countrymen, were overcome by fear and caused panic in the camp to which they fled. All the posts were carried in three days and a half, and what would have been on other occasions three distinct victories did not delay the King an hour. At last he appeared with his 8,000 men, wearied with the fatigues of so long a march, before a camp of 80,000 Russians, protected by 150 cannon. He hardly allowed them time for rest before he gave orders for an instant attack.

The Spirit of Victory.

The signal was two musket-shots, and the password in German, "With God's help." A general officer pointed out to him the greatness of the danger. "Surely you have no doubt," he replied, "but that I, with my 8,000 brave Swedes, shall trample down 80,000 Russians!" Then a moment after, fearing that his speech was boastful, he ran after the officer. "Do you not agree with me," he said, "that I have a double advantage over the enemy? First because their horse will be useless to them, and secondly because, as the position is cramped, their numbers will only incommode them, so that I shall really possess the advantage." The officer thought it best not to differ from him, so they attacked the Russians about noon, on the 30th November.

As soon as the cannon of the Swedes had made a breach in the entrenchments, they advanced with fixed bayonets, having the snow, which drove full in the face of the enemy, behind them. The Russians stood the fire for half-an-hour without quitting their posts. The King attacked the Czar's quarters, on the other side of the camp, and hoped to meet him in person, for he was ignorant of the fact that he had gone to meet his 40,000 reinforcements, who were expected shortly. At the first discharge, the King received a ball in the shoulder; but it was a spent ball which rested in the folds of his black cravat and did him no harm.

A Complete Rout.

His horse was killed under him, and it is said that the King leapt nimbly on another, exclaiming, "These fellows make me take exercise." Then he continued to advance, and gave orders with the same presence of mind as before. Within three hours the entrenchments were carried on all sides: the King chased the enemy's right as far as the river Narva with his left, if one may speak of "chasing" when 4,000 men are in pursuit of nearly 50,000. The bridge broke under them as they fled; in a moment the river was full of dead bodies; the rest in despair returned to their camps without knowing the direction in which they were going. They found some huts behind in which they stationed themselves; there they defended themselves for a time because they had no means of escape; but finally their Generals, Dolgoronky, Golofkin and Federowitz surrendered to the King, and laid down their arms at his feet. Just then the Duke of Croy arrived to surrender with thirty officers.

Charles received all these prisoners with as charming and engaging a manner as if he were féting them in his own Court. He only put the general officers under a guard; all the under officers and soldiers were disarmed and taken to the river Narva, where they were provided with boats to convey them to their own country. In the meantime night came on, and the right wing of the Russian force was still fighting. The Swedes had not lost 1,500 men; 18,000 Russians had been killed in their entrenchments, many had been drowned, many had crossed the river; but still there remained enough to entirely exterminate the Swedes. But it is not the number lost, but the panic of survivors which spells defeat in war. The King made haste to seize the enemy's artillery before night-fall. He took up an advantageous position between their camp and the town, and there got some sleep on the ground, wrapped in his cloak, waiting till at daybreak he could fall upon the enemy's left wing, which was not yet completely routed.

At two o'clock in the morning General Wade, who was in command of that wing, having heard of the King's gracious reception of the other generals and his sending home of the subalterns and soldiers, asked the same favour of him. The conqueror sent him word that he need only approach at the head of his troops and surrender his arms and standards. Soon the General appeared with his Russians, to the number of about 30,000. Soldiers and officers marched bare-headed in front of less than 7,000 Swedes. As the soldiers passed before him, they threw down their muskets and swords; the officers surrendered their ensigns and colours.

The Death of Owen Roe O'Neill

In 1649, the country being exhausted, Owen Roe O'Neil made a truce with Monk, Coote and the Independents—a truce observed on both sides, though Monk was severely censured by the English Parliament for observing it. On its expiration, O'Neil concluded a treaty with Ormond, 12th October, 1649; and so eager was he for it that ere it was signed he sent over 3,000 men, under Major General O'Ferral, to join Ormond (which they did on October 25th). Owen himself strove with all haste to follow, to encounter Cromwell, who had marched south after the sack of Drogheda. But fate and an unscrupulous foe forbade. Poison, it is believed, had been given him either at Derry or shortly after. His constitution struggled with it for some time: slowly and sinking, he marched through Tyrone and Monaghan into Cavan, and— anxiously looked for by Ormond, O'Ferral, and the southern corps and army—lingered till the 6th November, (St. Leonard's Feast), when he died at Clough Oughter Castle, then the seat of Maelmora O'Reilly, situated on Lough Oughter, some six miles west of Cavan.

"He was buried," says Carte, "in Cavar Abbey," but report says his tomb was concealed, lest it should be violated.

The news reached Ormond's camp when he was preparing to fight Cromwell—when O'Neil's generalship and soldiers were most needed. All writers, even to the sceptical Dr. O'Connor of Stowe, admit that had O'Neil lived, he would have saved Ireland. His gallantry, his genius, his influence, his soldiers all combine to render it probable.

The rashness with which the stout bishop, Ebber MacMahon, led 4,000 of Owen's veterans to death at Letterkenny the year after, and the way in which Ormond frittered away O'Ferral's division (though 1,200 of them slew 2,000 of Cromwell's men in the breach at Clonmel) and the utter prostration which followed, showed Ireland how great was her loss when Owen died.

A Famous Address

The National Cemetery at Gettysburg was dedicated in November, 1863. The oration was by Edward Everett. On this occasion President Lincoln made the famous address that will never die. It was as follows:—

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it never can forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion. That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—George Barton.

He let the whole band across the river without keeping one single prisoner. Had he put them under guard the number of prisoners would have been at least five times that of the conquerors.—From Voltaire's *Life of Charles XII. of Sweden.*

Battle of Thrasimene

"And such was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake, which overthrew in great part many of the cities of Italy, which turned the course of rapid streams, poured back the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the very mountains, was not felt by one of the combatants." Such is the description of Livy. It may be doubted whether modern tactics would admit of such an abstraction.

The site of the battle of Thrasimene is not to be mistaken. The traveller from the village under Cortona to Casa di Plano, the next stage on the way to Rome, has for the first two or three miles, around him, but more particularly to the right, that flat land which Hannibal laid waste in order to induce the Consul Flaminius to move from Arezzo. On his left, and in front of him, is a ridge of hills bending down towards the lake of Thrasimene, called by Livy "montes Cortonenses," and now named the Gualandra. These hills he approaches at Ossaja, a village which the itineraries pretend to have been so denominated from the bones found there: but there have been no bones found there, and the battle was fought on the other side of the hill. From Ossaja the road begins to rise a little, but does not pass into the roots of the mountains until the sixty-seventh milestone from Florence. The ascent thence is not steep but perpetual, and continues for twenty minutes. The lake is soon seen below on the right, with Borghetto, a round tower, close upon the water; and the undulating hills partially covered with wood, amongst which the road winds, sink by degrees into the marshes near to this tower.

The Scene of the Battle.

Lower than the road, down to the right amongst these woody hillocks, Hannibal placed his horse, in the jaws of, or rather above the pass, which was between the lake and the present road, and most probably close to Borghetto, just under the lowest of the tumuli. On the summit to the left above the road, is an old circular ruin, which the peasants call "the tower of Hannibal the Carthaginian." Arrived at the highest point of the road, the traveller has a partial view of the fatal plain, which opens fully upon him as he descends the Gualandra. He soon finds himself in a vale enclosed to the left, and in front, and behind him by the Gualandra hills, bending round in a segment larger than a semicircle, and running down at each end to the lake, which obliques to the right and forms the chord of this mountain arc. The position cannot be guessed at from the plains of Cortona, nor appears to be so completely enclosed unless to one who is fairly within the hills. If then, indeed, appears "a place made as it were on purpose for a snare," *locus insidius natus*. "Borghetto is then found to stand in a narrow marshy pass close to the hill, and to the lake, whilst there is no other outlet at the opposite turn of the mountains than through the little town of Passignano, which is pushed into the water by the foot of a high rocky acclivity."

Where an Ambush Was Laid.

There is a woody eminence branching down from the mountains into the upper end of the plain nearer to the side of Passignano, and on this stands a white village called Torre. Polybius seems to allude to this eminence as the one on which Hannibal encamped, and drew out his heavy-armed Africans and Spaniards in a conspicuous position. From this spot he despatched his Balearic and light-armed troops round through the Gualandra heights to the right, so as to arrive unseen and form an ambush amongst the broken acclivities which the road now passes, and to be ready to act upon the left flank and above the enemy, whilst the horse shot up the path behind.

Flaminius came to the lake near Borghetto at sunset; and, without sending any spies before him, marched through the pass the next morning before the day had quite broken, so that he perceived nothing of the horse and light troops above and about him, and saw only the heavy-armed Carthaginians in front on the hill of Torre.

Into the Trap.

The consul began to draw out his army in the flat, and in the meantime the horse in ambush occupied the pass behind him, at Borghetto. Thus the Romans were completely enclosed, having the lake on the right, the main army on the hill of Torre in front, the Gualandra hills filled with the light-armed on their left flank, and being prevented from receiving by the cavalry, who, the further they advanced, stopped up all the outlets in the rear. A fog rising from the lake now spread itself over the army of the Consul, but the high lands were in the sunshine, and all the different corps in ambush looked towards the hill of Torre for the order of attack. Hannibal gave the signal, and moved down from his post on the height. At the same moment all his troops on the eminences behind and in the flank of Flaminius rushed forward as it were with one accord into the plain. The Romans, who were forming their array in the mist, suddenly heard the shouts of the enemy in front of them, on every side, and before they could fall into their ranks, or draw their swords, or see by whom they were attacked, felt at once that they were surrounded and lost.

There are two little rivulets which run from the Gualandra into the lake. The traveller crosses the first of these at about a mile after he comes into the plain, and this divides the Tuscan from the Papal territories. The second, about a quarter of a mile further on, is called "the bloody rivulet"; and the peasants point out an open spot to the left between the "Sanguinetto" and the hills, which, they say, was the principal scene of slaughter.

The Actual Site.

The other part of the plain is covered with thick-set olive trees in corn grounds, and is nowhere quite level except near the edge of the lake. It is, indeed, most probable that the battle was fought near this end of the valley, for the six thousand Romans, who, at the beginning of the action, broke through the enemy, escaped to the summit of an eminence which must have been in this quarter, otherwise they would have had to traverse the whole plain, and to pierce through the main army of Hannibal.

The Romans fought desperately for three hours; but the death of Flaminius was the signal for a general dispersion. The Carthaginian horse then burst in upon the fugitives, and the lake, the marsh about Borghetto, but chiefly the plain of the Sanguinetto, and the passes of the Gualandra, were strewed with dead. Near some old walls on a bleak ridge to the left above the rivulet, many human bones have been repeatedly found, and this has confirmed the pretensions and the name of "the stream of blood."

Every district in Italy has its hero. In the north some painter is the usual genius of the place, and the foreign Julio Romano more than divides Mantua with her native Virgil. To the south we hear of Roman names. Near Thrasimene tradition is still faithful to the fame of an enemy, and Hannibal the Carthaginian is the only ancient name remembered on the banks of the Perugian lake. Flaminius is unknown, but the postilions on that road have been taught to show the very spot where the Roman Consul was slain. Of all who fought and fell in the battle of Thrasimene, the historian himself has, decided the Generals, and Maharbal, preserved indeed only a single name. You overtake the Carthaginian again on the same road to Rome. The antiquary, that is, the hostler of the post-house at Spoleto, tells you that his town repulsed the victorious enemy, and shows you the gate, still called the Gate of Hannibal. It is hardly worth while to remark that a French novel-writer, well-known by the name of the President Dupaty, saw Thrasimene in the lake of Bolsena, which lay conveniently on his way from Sienna to Rome.—Byron.

LEARNING FROM AN ENEMY.

"I know the Swedes will beat us for long, but in the end they will teach us to beat them."—Peter the Great of Russia.



AN T-OZLAC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

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Old and New

There are two things which every member of the National Army should realise, viz:—

First, that we are not a brand-new Army suddenly sprung up like mushrooms, but the legitimate heirs and successors of the Irish Volunteers of 1913 and 1916 and the I.R.A. of 1919-21.

Secondly, that while we are heirs and successors of the soldiers who served Ireland in those past years, while most of the men in control of our Army are men who served their military apprenticeships in the ranks of the Volunteers and I.R.A., yet we are facing totally new conditions and cannot deal with them in the same way as in the past.

In other words we *have* a tradition, and it is a fine and glorious one—but we must not be hidebound by a tradition created under totally different circumstances from those which we are now facing.

We are no longer Volunteers or guerillas; we are a regular Army, the Army of the established Government of the country *de jure* and *de facto*. The wisdom of the Volunteer and the wisdom of the guerilla may be the folly of the regular soldier.

We wish to preserve our historic continuity, to recognise that the force established in 1913 "to safeguard the rights and liberties common to the people of Ireland" has continued in existence ever since and is now the National Army. We wish the spirit of the brave men of 1916, of 1920 and 1921 to inspire us. But, just as the Volunteers adapted themselves to altered circumstances and became guerillas, and in doing so created new conditions, so we to-day are adapting ourselves to altered circumstances, and in doing so are creating a new tradition. It is for us to make our tradition as a National Army dealing with internal turmoil as glorious as our former traditions as Volunteers and guerillas—and in keeping with them.

We want to keep all that is best in our old tradition and to break with what is no longer useful or expedient to us.

The American Civil War

On the twelfth day of April, 1861, the first shot fired upon Fort Sumter formally inaugurated the civil war in the United States. On the ninth of April, 1865, Grant and Lee were the principals in the historic meeting at Appomattox Court House, by which hostilities were virtually terminated. The interval between these two memorable dates presents the greatest ordeal in the history of the Republic.

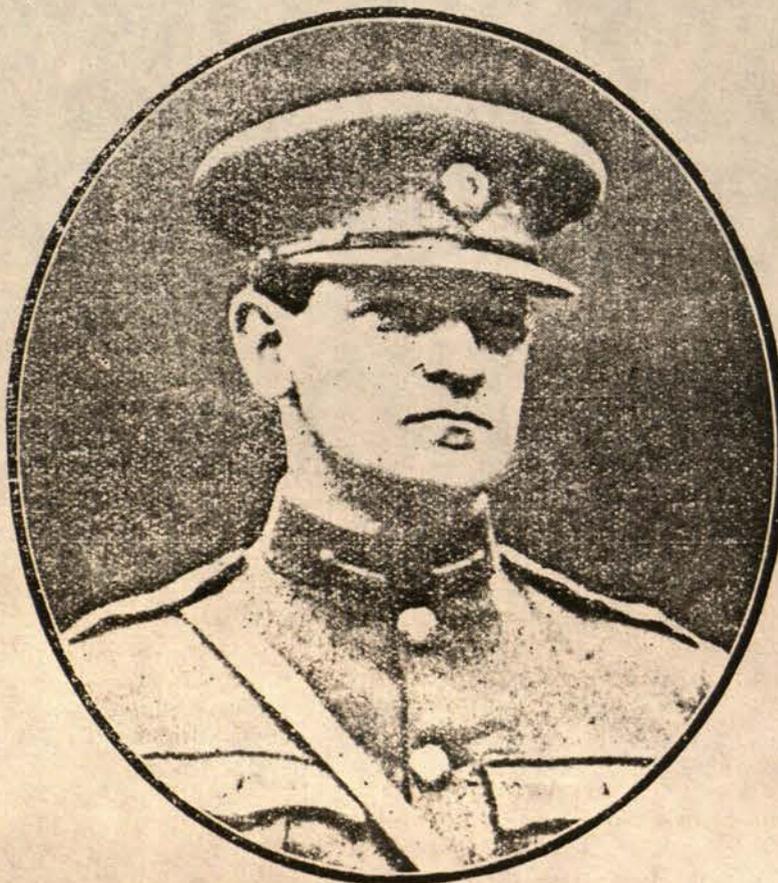
As a result of these four momentous years of conflict the nation was deprived by death and disease of one million men. The total number of enlisted soldiers in the Union Army during the whole of the war amounted to 2,688,523. As many of these men were mustered in twice, and as a certain percentage deserted, it is reasonable to estimate that 1,500,000 men were actively engaged in the Northern armies.

Of this number 56,000 died on the field of battle, 35,000 expired in hospital from the effects of wounds received in action, and 184,000 perished by disease. It is probable that those who died of disease after their discharge from the army would swell the total to 300,000. If inferior hospital service and poor sanitary arrangements are added to the other results of war, it is safe to assume that the loss of the South was greater than that of the North. But, considering the Southern loss equal to that of the North, the aggregate is 600,000. Add to this 400,000 men crippled or permanently disabled by disease, and

the total subtraction from the productive force of the nation reaches the stupendous total of 1,000,000 men. These figures seem almost incredible, but they come from what, in this particular at least, must be regarded as a trustworthy source.

CHEERFULNESS.

O why the deuce should I repine,
Or be an ill foreboder,
I'm twenty-three and five foot nine,
I'll go and be a soldier. BURNS.



The Yellow Ford

In the year 1597 the warfare which for a couple of years Hugh O'Neill had been waging against the English had taken a turn very favourable to him. So much was this the case, indeed, that the English authorities entered into negotiations with him. O'Neill, however, had his own views on the value of negotiations to a victorious General—he merely sought time to consolidate his success and achieve a conclusive triumph. With this end in view, he strengthened his affiliations with the other insurgent leaders in the South, and was well circumstanced when operations began afresh, after a winter spent by both sides in preparing for a decisive encounter. In July, 1598, O'Neill arranged with Felim O'Byrne—Teagh had been killed in an encounter—that the latter should raid the Pale, while O'Neill took the field in the North.

It was the object of the latter leader to root out the English definitely from Ulster, and with that object he delivered a determined attack on the fort of Portmore on the Blackwater.

The Position in Ulster.

On the eastern flank the English had two lines of advance into Ulster: one from Newry to Armagh, and the other from Dundalk through what is now Monaghan to Armagh. The first was in direct touch by sea with England; the second could be easily reached from Dublin and the Pale. Armagh was an advance garrison of the English, and the strong castle of Portmore was a powerful outpost on the very frontier of O'Neill's territory, threatening Dungannon, the chief's residence, which, as a matter of fact, O'Neill would never have defended if the general military position did not fit in with such a course.

Preliminary Operations.

Portmore was a place of considerable strength, and was resolutely held by Captain Williams and a strong English garrison. O'Neill, as we have said, made a fierce attempt to storm the post and carry it by escalade, as he had no artillery at all. The attempt was repulsed with heavy loss, and O'Neill proceeded to invest the place and reduce it by starvation. At the same time he also invested Armagh, and took post himself at Mullaghbane between Armagh and Newry to cover the sieges.

In the meantime Ormond had taken the field in the South to counter the insurgent attacks in that quarter, and the Marshal Sir Henry Bagenal advanced into Ulster against O'Neill. Newry was the rendezvous point of Bagenal's army, which consisted of six regiments of infantry, some 4,000 men, and 350 horse, besides some field pieces. Two thousand of the infantry were veteran troops, who had seen service in Brittany. Bagenal's advance was rapid, and he forced O'Neill from Mullaghbane, relieved Armagh, and quartered himself there. O'Neill was joined by O'Donnell, who had come rapidly to him, in answer to an urgent summons.

Opposite Forces and the Ground.

O'Neill had a slight numerical superiority, counting some 4,500 foot and 600 horse. He had no artillery, and in equipment his troops were much behind their opponents.

For the kind of fighting most suitable to the conditions in Ireland, they were much better trained, however. They were swifter-marching, were of better physique, and had more skill-at-arms; they knew the ground better, and had a far more accurate conception of how to use it. For the duties of light infantry, in short, they were better fitted, and light infantry were the kind of troops most suited to Irish conditions, as indeed has always been the case, and is still. O'Neill took position covering the siege of Portmore, about a mile from that place, and facing Armagh. The country between Portmore and Armagh was a succession of wooded hills, none of them of great

height, divided by marshy hollows, through which flowed a muddy stream draining the bogs. Hence the names, "Beal-an-atha-buidhe"—"The mouth of the Yellow Ford." O'Neill had drawn up his main battle line in rear of this pass on the plain behind. He had neglected no precautions calculated to strengthen the position; it was entrenched, and in front were dug pitfalls, covered over with sods resting on branches. Into the woods flanking the approach through the pass he had thrown forward 500 kerne armed with muskets, as skirmishers.

The Battle.

Early on the morning of August 10th, Bagenal started from Armagh in three divisions, commanding the first in person; Cosby and Wingfield, two excellent soldiers, commanded the second; Coyne and Billing led the rearguard, and Brook, Montacute and Fleming the cavalry. The advance guard was heavily fired into by O'Neill's skirmishers and suffered considerable losses, but, pushing forward resolutely, cleared the woods, and drove out the light troops, who fell back into the plain. The English horsemen followed them up closely, and the leading infantry—veterans in the campaigns in Brittany—came on in support. The cavalry charged up the entrenchments, but falling into the pitfalls were thrown into disorder. Before they could recover, Maguire with the Irish Horse fell upon them and routed them.

The Irish Foot now fell upon the English advanced troops, overwhelmed them before they could be supported, and drove them back on the main body before the latter could deploy. To add to the misfortune of the English, their cannon stuck fast in the boggy ground, and a powder-cart blew up. A stray shot killed Bagenal himself, and then the entire force fell into confusion and suffered terrible slaughter. Small bodies of men escaped, but even these were followed up and harassed by O'Neill's light troops. The English lost about 1,700 men, besides artillery, baggage and colours, and the remnant sought refuge in Armagh, the cavalry riding for Dundalk. Portmore and Armagh surrendered forthwith, and Ulster was cleared of the enemy. Ormond in the South fell back into Kilkenny. Tyrrell in Munster forced the Lord President to shut himself up in Cork, and O'Donnell at Ballymote had complete control of Connacht.

Comments.

O'Neill's selection of position was excellent; his method of defending a pass on the open ground in rear was the proper system with approximately equal forces, and his posting of his light troops was also a well-taken measure.

His careful preparation of the ground was very commendable, in view of his decision to fight a defensive battle. Another result of O'Neill's taking post on his own side of the defile instead of in it was that the English, forced to retreat into it instead of out of it, fell into utter disarray—hence the completeness of the victory. O'Neill's vigorous counterstroke on the disordered foe, his energetic pursuit and following up of the victory, are further points to be noted. Bagenal on his side had taken good precautions on the march; his force was well divided and safe from surprise. His action in vigorously clearing out O'Neill's skirmishers in the opening operations was a good model for such operations. Only the advanced guard was engaged, and the remainder held in good order and readiness. His subsequent violent attack on O'Neill's strong position in the plain beyond was an error; it would have been much sounder to use his advance guard merely to cover the deployment of the rest, and then make a general attack on the position.—Lieut.-General O'Connell.

COUNTER-ATTACK.

"The attacking party has an impetus which mere defenders cannot have. Waiting for the enemy in one's lines is often a confession of inferiority."—History of Charles XII.

A Story of Napoleon

Captain Kelly was a great admirer of Napoleon. He had read a number of books about the great little Corsican, and insisted on entertaining us at the mess with accounts of Napoleon's battles, his strategy, the discipline he imposed in his army, and the wonderful devotion he inspired among his soldiers. There was an undercurrent of suggestion that Captain Kelly by his study of the Napoleonic strategy was qualifying himself for a future generalship, and was modelling himself on the great French Emperor. Some of the boys nicknamed him "Napoleon Kelly." We had all decided that his stories about Napoleon were becoming a bit of a bore.

After I had endured in silence an hour's long conversation on Napoleon one night I determined on revenge. I remembered a joke of my boyhood's days and determined to work it on Captain Kelly.

Next day when I strolled into the mess the other officers had been carefully primed beforehand in my tactics, and were prepared to co-operate. I took a seat beside Captain Kelly and waited my opportunity.

It came soon enough. The magic word "Napoleon" came from Captain Kelly's lips.

"Do you know," I said, "that I have just discovered a most interesting book on Napoleon. I was reading it last night."

"Who was the author?" asked Captain Kelly, looking interested. He prided himself on a thorough acquaintance with Napoleonic literature.

"It is a book published in Paris in 1820, and long out of print," I said, "by a French officer named Leblanc, who served under Napoleon. You have heard of the book, of course?"

"Of course, of course," said Captain Kelly, hastily. (This was rather odd, as I had made up the name myself; so far as I knew, no such book was in existence).

"It contains some extraordinary anecdotes showing the personal devotion which Napoleon inspired in his followers," I remarked.

"Yes, he said, 'you know the story of how he mounted guard over a sleeping sentry—'"

"Yes, yes," I said hastily, fearing a repetition of the yarn I had heard fifty times. "You have often told us that. But there was one anecdote which struck me very much—quite an extraordinary incident—which I never heard you mention. You don't seem to have heard of it."

"I'm sure I must have," he said, highly nettled. "Just repeat it and I'll tell you if I have heard it before."

All the officers listened silently to my remarkable anecdote.

"Well," I said, "Leblanc relates that Napoleon was visiting wounded soldiers in a hospital when he encountered a one-armed man.

"Where did you lose your arm?" he asked.

"At Austerlitz, sire," said the man, saluting.

"Then doubtless you curse the Emperor who was the cause of your losing your arm," said Napoleon.

"No, sire. For his sake I would willingly sacrifice the other arm also."

"I can scarcely believe it."

The man looked grieved and indignant.

"Sire, he said, 'if you bade me cut off my arm I would do it.'

"I will take you at your word," said Napoleon. "Let us see you do it."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the man snatched up a sword, and at one stroke severed his arm from his body. The tears streamed down Napoleon's cheeks at the sight."

A moment's silence succeeded the story. Then Captain Kelly walked right into the trap.

"Oh, yes!" he said, "I think I have heard that story before. It sounds incredible, but I believe it is quite true."

"What!" ejaculated another officer. "You mean to say you believe such a thing could happen?"

"I do," said Kelly, stoutly. "You have no idea of the mad, fanatical devotion which Napoleon inspired among his troops. There were other in-

Private Murphy's Questions

Private Murphy joined the Irish Volunteers early in 1914. He stuck to them after the split. He was "out" Easter Week and afterwards played a humble part in the war with the Black and Tans. Naturally when our Army became a regular one and his services were required in the work of safeguarding the rights and liberties of the plain people of Ireland, of whom he was a very humble member, he "joined up." He is still a "full private" for he has no desire for titles or honours; all he wishes is to serve Ireland as best he can. He is a very humble and modest individual—perhaps some people would call him simple with an idea that the adjective had a derogatory sense—but he thinks a lot. In a recent conversation with me he propounded certain problems which were perplexing him in connection with some of his comrades. He put them in his own plain language; I would prefer to put them into "Parliamentary" form. He wanted to know:—

Whether it was desirable that a soldier fighting for his country should cheer his comrades at the task by singing silly English music-hall songs instead of the songs of Ireland?

Whether it was essential that an Irish soldier should smoke English cigarettes and consistently refuse those made in Ireland?

Whether all the Irish an Irish soldier need know was "Slan leat" and "Go raibh maith agat?"

Whether a regular soldier should not have an even higher standard, if possible, than a Volunteer in regard to discipline, temperance and orderliness?

Whether those like himself who belong to the "Old Guard" of pioneer days should not do more to make their influence felt among their young comrades in the direction of Irish-Ireland ideas?

I was unable to answer Private Murphy's questionings very effectively. I wonder whether the editor of AN T-OGLACH would consider the advisability of inviting the opinions of other privates on the correct answer to these questions.

LIAM.

"INTELLIGENT PATRIOTISM."

John Bull's patriotism is intelligent. In the year 1878, at the time when England and Russia were shaking their fists at each other, I read in a newspaper that a Russian coachman, discovering one day that he was driving an Englishman fare, politely begged him to alight and indignantly refused the money that was offered to him. Now that is not patriotism as John Bull understands it. A London cabman under similar circumstances would have accepted the fare and doubled or trebled his charge.—*Max O'Rell.*

stances just as extraordinary. You must lend me that book, Tom. I'd like to read it."

"But, look here, Kelly," observed another officer. "There's just one thing that puzzles me about Tom's yarn."

"What is that?" asked Kelly.

"When the soldier cut off his arm, in which hand did he hold the sword—the one he cut off or the one he hadn't got?"

There was a moment's silence, and then a perfect roar of laughter as Kelly, realising the trick played on him, coloured to the roots of his hair. After a while he accepted the joke in good part, and joined in the laugh; but from that day to this he has never mentioned the name of Napoleon at the mess.

TOMAS.

AN T-ÓSLÁC

DECEMBER 9, 1922.

An Saorstát

Tá toradh na troda fada againn fé dheireadh. Tar éis ar fhuingeamair d'anró is de chruatan, tar éis ar dheineamair de dhian-obair agus de chruadh-chomhrae tá substaint na saoirse againn fé dheireadh. Tá an tír fúinn féin le cimeád is le cosaint ar chúch. Ar na hOgláigh atá sé de chúram é chosaint; ortha atá sé an tsaoirse a chimeád is a chaomhnadh ar gach namhaid sa mbaile nó tar lear. Ní miste don Arm a bheith mórálach as an gcúram do cuireadh ortha agus as a fheabhus a chólionadar an dualgus a bhí ortha. Dheineadar a ndícheal go díleas dúthraachtach agus tá an tír buidheach díbh dá bhárr. Tá tuilleadh le deunamh aca fós ach ní baoghal ná go ndéunfaid siad é chó maith eudna.

Tá an Saorstát ann agus tá an tArm ann. Níl san Saorstát ach toil muintir na hÉireann curtha i bhfeidhm politicigh agus níl san Arm ach gleus chun toil muintir na hÉireann do chosaint. Tuigean lucht an Airm é sin go cruinn is go breágh. Déunfaid siad beart dá réir. Tá an Náisiún muinghíneach asta as ní chaillfid siad ar an Náisiún.

Dia libh a laochra Gaoidheal
Ná cluintear claoiteacht oraibh
Riamh níor thuilleabhair masla
I n-am catha ná cogaidh.

Past and Future

The work, the struggle, and the sacrifices of the past six years have now borne fruit. Ireland is now in our own hands, and the Irish Free State is internationally recognised. On the Army of Ireland lies the duty of safeguarding and protecting our hard-won liberties against all foes, foreign or domestic. The Free State is simply the will of the people of Ireland expressed in visible form in the political sphere, and the Army is simply an instrument to enforce and protect the will of the people. The Army is of the people and for the people. It consists just of the plain people, the armed manhood of Ireland enlisted to defend "the rights and liberties common to all the people of Ireland." It stands for law against anarchy, order against chaos, peace against turmoil, government against murder. It had a great duty to perform to the nation. It did that duty nobly, and the nation is grateful to it. There remains more work for the Army, but the nation has learned to rely with confidence on the Army performing its work bravely and efficiently. On this occasion of triumph our thoughts turn back to the struggle of previous years, and to those brave men of the Irish Volunteers, of whom the National Army are the legitimate heirs and successors. It is good to feel that those who control the National Army are men who served their apprenticeship in the ranks of the Irish Volunteers. The history of Ireland for the past nine years has largely been a history of the young men of Ireland. The young men have acquired that discipline and self-reliance whose absence Davis deplored seventy years ago. To-day Ireland faces the future full of hope and confidence. There were many dark clouds on the horizon, but they are steadily vanishing, and the sky grows clearer and brighter daily. There is a glorious future in store for Ireland, as the result of the work and sacrifices of the young manhood of Ireland. That there is also a glorious future in store for the Army of Ireland is our confident prophecy.

Washington's Ghost

A DIALOGUE IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

Scene—The Elysian Fields. A magnificent prospect of grassy heights and hollows, variegated by a bewildering array of the choicest flowers, interspersed with groves of lovely trees, the whole a dazzling variety of colours bathed in immortal sunshine.

George Washington is seen sitting under a palm-tree sipping nectar. His uniform is spotless, his wig freshly powdered. He looks out on the prospect benevolently. An Irish National Officer, killed in the present struggle, goes by slowly with a wondering stare. He has not yet had time to get accustomed to the Elysian Fields.

General Washington (politely)—Good evening, sir! You are a stranger, I think. Welcome to the Fields. I shall be charmed to give you any guidance in your new home. Be seated.

National Officer (bashfully)—Thank you. (He sits down).

General Washington.—I gather from your appearance that you are an officer, but I must confess that your uniform is quite strange to me.

Officer—I belonged to the Irish National Army.

Washington—Ah! That is interesting! I remember having heard from some newcomer to the Fields that Ireland, after a long and heroic struggle, had now, like ourselves, achieved the evacuation of the country by British forces and possessed an Army of her own.

Officer—It is true, sir.

Washington.—Perhaps you do not know me. I am General Washington, the Father of his Country, the Man who could not Tell a Lie. (National Officer, very much awed, bows humbly. Washington wishing to put him at his ease continues pleasantly)—Have a drink, old man. (Pours out nectar). Say when.

National Officer (quite flurried at the distinguished company he finds himself in)—That will do, General. Thanks. That's enough.

Washington (benignly)—Do not fear the nectar. It is delicious, but quite harmless, unlike the beverages of the mortal world.

Officer (sipping)—It is, indeed, delicious.

Washington—And now tell me of your country's fight for freedom. I gather from your appearance that you died in battle.

Officer—No, I was blown up by a land mine.

Washington—O yes, I have heard of these things. I try to keep myself in touch with the latest developments of the military science by chatting with new military arrivals like yourself. And who laid this land mine for you—the British?

Officer—No, our own countrymen. The British have signed a Treaty with us and are gone.

Washington—Ah! Now I understand. You are up against the same difficulties we were up against after our War of Independence—internal dissension, revolt, mutiny, disorder—

Officer (sadly)—I fear you exaggerate when you compare our case to yours. The American nation enjoyed their liberty and proved themselves worthy of it. They obeyed their lawful Government, kept the law, and settled their political differences by lawful means.

Washington—H'm! H'm!

Officer—In our country there are people who, because they find themselves in a political minority, go out with bombs and guns and land-mines to kill those who serve the Government. Furthermore, we have every turbulent element in the country taking advantage of the absence of the British and our difficulties to break the law. It seems as though some would prefer the British occupation to submitting to the rule of their own countrymen. You had nothing like that in America.

Washington—H'm! H'm!

Officer—Is not that so?

Washington (cautiously)—As you may have heard, I cannot tell a lie, a fact which I found a great disadvantage which I was President of the Republic. Hence, despite my services to the nation, I can assure

"You I was anything but popular in my lifetime. A President of a Republic who cannot tell a lie seems an anomaly. I would just love to deceive you, but I cannot. Things were not as you imagine in America after the British cleared out.

Officer—Is that so?

Washington—Do you know that I once declared that the American people had shown themselves unfit for freedom.

Officer—You amaze me.

Washington—It was many years after the British left before we secured stable conditions, recognition of our Government and acceptance of our Constitution by all the States.

Officer—Astonishing!

Washington—Do you know that we had a mutiny in our Army and the mutinous troop marched on the capital, Washington, and Congress had to fly before the revolt was crushed.

Officer—But I never heard of these facts before.

Washington—No, histories generally slur over these unfortunate occurrences. You see only the fact—a great free nation—and nobody remembers the throes and convulsions it suffered in the making. You see, we had worse difficulties than you to contend with, and we got through them all right. It is a phenomenon liable to happen in any country untrained in self-government when it suddenly achieves its freedom.

Officer—You encourage me greatly.

Washington—And now what of your Army? It is still an Army in the making, I suppose.

Officer—Largely so. In our Irish lads we have the finest raw material in the world, and our organisation is making rapid strides, but it will be a considerable time before we can hope for the perfect organisation of an old-established army.

Washington—You are fortunate in having such fine material to work on. We had to build up a new Army out of persons many of whom were mighty poor material; and yet we whipped the British.

Officer—I thought your Army was made up of the pick of the nation.

Washington—We had many fine men in it, but some of them were the greatest lot of scallywags and ruffians in the world. You never read the scathing things I said of them?

Officer—No.

Washington—They are on record. But we licked these men into shape. If we could make an army out of material, some of which was so poor, what could you not make out of the fine material you say you possess.

Officer—I believe you are right. I believe our Army is going to be the finest Army in the world.

Washington—Yes, I know what the Irish soldier is like. A very big proportion of the soldiers who won our Independence were Irishmen—and fine soldiers they made.

National Officer—You have put cheer into my heart. Here in the Elysian Fields I will rest content, satisfied that I will receive news of my country's steady progress on the paths to peace and freedom.

Washington (pouring out more nectar)—I have a toast to propose. (Raising his glass). To the Irish Army!

National Officer (raising his glass)—The Army!

(Both rise and drink the toast with enthusiasm. Scene closes).

PUNCAÑACH.

NATIONAL ARMIES.

"It must not be forgotten that the tactical methods of an army must conform to the physical and moral characteristics of the soldiers that compose it. The great strategical or tactical principles of war are the same for all armies; but in the details of execution, the procedure must vary according to the morale, the temperament, and the mentality of the men to whom they are applied. A Russian is different from a Japanese, a Turk from an Italian. It is therefore natural that regulations should differ in one army from another."—Major de Pardieu.

Davis on Unity and Order

A few extracts taken here and there from the works of Thomas Davis give a fair indication of how he would have regarded the present state of affairs.

"Perfect order, silence, obedience, alacrity and courage make an assembly formidable and respectable. We want law and order—we are seriously injured by every scene or act of violence, no matter how transient."

"Union amongst Irishmen would make this country comparatively a paradise."

"Let them enter their chapels, and from every altar they will hear their beloved priests solemnly warning them that the forms of the Church are as fiery coals on the heads of the blood-stained. Let them look upon Government, and they will find a potent code—a disciplined army—all just citizens."

"Once more we ask the people—the guiltless, the suffering, the noble, the brave people of Munster—by their patience, by their courage, by their hopes for Ireland, by their love to God, to put down these. We implore them to put down these assassins." [Davis is here referring to the authors of agrarian outrages in the South.]

Irish Soldiers in the American Civil War

"The first regiment to respond to President Lincoln's initial call for troops was the Sixty-ninth New York. It was mainly Irish and Catholic. Within 48 hours it was on its way to the front. New York, pre-eminently an Irish State, furnished one-seventh of the military forces in the war for the Union."

"Patriotism is at once a natural and a civic virtue. That it may be supernaturalised is evident from the words of St. Paul, bidding us obey the higher powers for conscience sake. *The country had to face a condition, not a theory, and whatever abstract reasoning has to say about State rights, the will of the majority of the people, which is the supreme law in a republic, decided for the maintenance of the Federal Union.*"

"The seven successive stormings of the heights of Fredericksburgh by the Irish Brigade has long passed into history as surpassing Alma and the Sedan. Keenan's cavalry charge at Chancellorsville saved the Union army at the cost of 300 lives. The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava was described by a French officer as magnificent but unmilitary—'C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.' But Keenan's charge was both glorious and strategic. His troops rushed like a whirlwind upon 20,000 Confederates. His men were shot down or sabred in the saddle. The steeds maddened by wounds and uncontrolled by their dead riders plunged into the thick of the Confederate ranks, and so disconcerted and appalled them that the main army of the Union had time to save itself from otherwise inevitable destruction.

"Perhaps the most critical point of the war was the success or failure of Sheridan's devastation of the Shenandoah Valley, which was the great base of supplies for the South. Sheridan's historic ride, which saved the day at Winchester, was the exploit of a Catholic. The Republic subsequently conferred on this son of the Church one of the highest and most responsible positions in her keeping, the generalship of her armies."—*Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor of Philadelphia.*

"THE MILITARY ART."

"The military art demands continual study if one wishes to attain a thorough mastery of it. I am far from flattering myself that I have exhausted it. I am even of opinion that a human lifetime is not long enough in order to pursue it to the very end."—Frederick the Great.

The Last Loaf

Don Garcia sat in a chamber of his castle at Ureña, dejected and hopeless. Outside he heard the tramp of armed men going to relieve the sentinels. He looked out through the narrow, arched window at the tents of the Moorish Army. His castle was built upon steep crags and surrounded by a deep moat; and with his gallant hundred cavaliers he well might deem the place impregnable. The Moors had sat around the castle seven months in the hope of starving the garrison out; but the fortress was wondrously well stored with provisions, and the men's faces and forms bore no mark of privation.

Yet Don Garcia remained sad and musing, hardly noticing his wife and children. For some time a habitual melancholy had grown upon him, and none could divine the cause. He had won great glory by his successful defence of that important stronghold of Ureña for his King and nation; and men hoped every day for relief, deeming that, being hard-pressed elsewhere, the Moors would be compelled to raise the siege. When they spoke of this to Don Garcia, he would smile sadly, and reply, "Ay! ay! even so."

A dark-haired, cheerful-looking young man, accoutred in mail, entered the chamber and saluted the commander. It was Don Manuel, the second in command, whom Don Garcia loved and trusted. The blockade of the castle had been dreary and uneventful, for the Moors had long lost hope of taking the fortress by assault. Occasional sorties of the defenders alone broke the monotony, and the inhabitants of the Castle of Ureña were soon on very familiar terms with one another. Manuel took Garcia's youngest boy on his knee, while he remarked:—

"The Moors grow bolder every day in approaching within bow-shot. They know we are husbanding our arrows, and now they even dare to come to the brink of the moat and jeer at us."

"It matters little," said Garcia scornfully. "That is all they can do. Their only friend is time."

"But we shall surely soon be relieved," said Donna Camilla eagerly. "Perchance even now the King marches to our relief with all the powers of Castile."

"We cannot build too much on that," said Manuel. "The last message we got from outside was nearly two months ago, and the bearer lost his life in the delivery. We learned then that the King's Army was dispersed, and had taken to the mountains for the winter. But we have stout hearts and vigilant eyes; and, at worst, 'tis but a few months till they will have an army on foot again to relieve us."

"A few months! Ay! a few months may bring many changes," said Don Garcia, moodily. "Let us go and walk on the battlements, Manuel; I have something to say to you."

When Garcia had got his lieutenant in a spot on the wall out of hearing of the sentinels, he pointed to the Moorish tents on the plain beneath, and said bitterly: "Manuel, all is lost. We cannot hold out until the King comes."

"What do you say," cried Manuel, turning and looking at him sharply. "Why cannot we hold out?"

"Because," said Garcia with a fierce smile, "no man can live without food for three months. See what I have beneath my cloak," and he drew forth a hard wheat cake. "That is the last loaf left within the castle."

"Heavens!" said Manuel in astonishment. "No one dreamed of this."

"Ay! no one dreamed of it," said Garcia. "I hid from everyone the knowledge of our stores, and they all believed there were plenty of provisions in the locked chambers of the castle. We lost much of our wheat in the fire the last time the Moors pressed the siege. The time has come at last when all is exhausted; and it is useless to hope for relief. We must face our fate like men."

Don Manuel remained staring helplessly at the wheat loaf which his chief had placed on the wall beside him. At this unforeseen juncture his ideas deserted him. He could see no resource, no escape;

and his imagination recoiled at the prospect before him.

"Manuel," went on Garcia, laying his hand gently on the young man's shoulder. "Thou seest our evil fate; I conceal nought from thee. My men know nothing of this; my wife and children are happy in their ignorance. I thought it better that they should be so, and not taste their coming miseries by anticipation. Now, we must starve here in the castle, and defend it with shrunken limbs till we are too weak to lift our arms. What is in store for us then? Not even death, but slavery for infidel masters in the land of the Moors! My wife perchance to be made the slave of some paynim chief! My children, whom I hoped to see noble knights and ladies, to fall into the hands of these black villains! The best we can hope for is death, and for us death with sword in hand."

"Then let us die so," said Manuel, whose face had paled at the words of Garcia. "Let us all gather together and place Donna Camilla and your children in our midst; and let us make a sortie from the castle, and all die together if we cannot break through the heathen dogs. Ay," he went on, firing as he spoke, "let us burn the castle when we leave it rather than let it fall into their hands. Perchance some of us will break through their camp, and bear report to the King of how we have discharged our trust."

Garcia seemed somewhat affected by his companion's enthusiasm. He wrung his hand warmly and said: "Thou hast spoken well, Manuel, and like a gallant youth. But it behoves me to think whether that course accords best with my duty. It is a point of honour for me to hold this castle as long as possible, trusting for relief, or to tire the enemy out; and we have not yet felt the pangs of hunger. It is a hard choice, but we may not desert the castle yet."

"Now," went on Garcia, with a sad smile, "the time has come to reveal all to the men. Tell me, Manuel, how I can divide this loaf between the inhabitants of the castle."

He bent his head, and as he did so an arrow whistled past it. He started and looked over the wall. Close by the brink of the moat stood a Moorish striking with a bow in his hand and a jeering smile on his face.

"By Saint James, this is too much," said Garcia, enraged. "The rascals know our trouble and mock us," and with an instinctive movement of anger he snatched the loaf that he had laid on the wall, and hurled it with all his force at the Moorish lad.

The aim was good and the cake was hard and stale. It struck the lad full in the face and split the skin. He flung himself on the ground, and then, finding himself not seriously injured, he examined the missile. Then, snatching it up, he turned and fled.

The Moorish chief was dining in his tent when his young son sprang into him, his face stained with blood.

"May Allah save thee, Muley! What is this?" cried the father in alarm.

"Do not fear, father," said the lad proudly. "It is but a trifle. To-day I stole up with my bow and arrow to the Castle, to try my hand. I found Don Garcia and his lieutenant on the walls; I knew their appearance well."

"Brave boy!" said Muza proudly, looking to his companions for approval.

"I drew my bow on him," went on Muley with gratified vanity. "I would have struck him, but just then he stooped."

All the auditors listened with deep interest.

"Then he hurled something at me," went on Muley. "It cut my face open, but I brought it with me. This is it!"

"Let me see," said one of the chiefs springing forward as Muley held out the article. "Bismillah! It is a loaf."

Muley uttered a sharp cry of rage and astonishment.

"Now by Eblis and Ahriman and all the dark Powers, this is too much!" he cried, glaring round at the other leaders. "Seven months have we sat around their castle, hoping to starve them out before the spring. I deemed that all their stores were exhausted

The Siege of Clonmel

A BRAVE IRISH DEFENCE.

In January, 1650, Cromwell had received a letter from the Council of State, desiring his presence in London. The position in Scotland was becoming dangerous; there were Royalist movements again threatening in various parts of England. Fairfax, Cromwell's senior General, was a Presbyterian, and he could not be trusted by the Independents to command the projected invasion of Scotland. Cromwell had, in consequence, been summoned home, but before quitting Ireland he attempted the reduction of Kilkenny. And still he lingered to capture Clonmel as a crowning triumph to his career in Ireland. On the 27th April he appeared in person before that town, but his army had invested it some weeks earlier. The sense of desertion and betrayal which the treason of the Cork garrison had spread through Ormond's army had not affected the Irish troops in Clonmel. They were old soldiers of O'Neill's army, veterans of the victory of Benburb, heroes of that sole unconquered force which their great dead leader had raised disciplined and maintained for seven years against immense odds.

The "O.C."

Hugh O'Neill, Owen Roe's nephew, was in command. The garrison numbered about 1,500 men; the townspeople were of good heart, and the Mayor had joined O'Neill in "solemn protestation and oath of union for God, King and Country," swearing also "to defend the town to the utmost of their power." They sent a message to Ormond telling him that "on Clonmel the safety of the kingdom now chiefly depended," and they urged him to hasten to their relief, "to prevent any bloody tragedy being enacted there, as in other places, for want of timely succour. The plague was raging within the town. Succour could not be given. Clonmel was left to its fate. O'Neill was equal to the task.

The Defence.

He made daily and nightly sallies. When the great guns opened fire, and their shot made breaches in the single wall, he repaired the damage, and loopholed the neighbouring houses for musketry.

"He did set all men and maids to work," says a contemporary writer, townsmen and soldiers to draw dunghills, mortar, stones, and timber, and make a long lane about a man's height, and about eighty yards length on both sides up from the breach, and he caused to be placed engines on both sides of the lane and the guns at the end of it, invisible, opposite the breach, and so ordered all things against storm. He entrusted the defence of this inner retrenchment or lane to a body of volunteers armed with swords, scythes and pikes. "Musket ammunition was scarce, and to a picked body of good shots this

long ago. And now—they mock us! They hurl their loaves as missiles against us. Surely that Garcia deals with magic and has some hidden way of feeding his men. It is useless hoping to starve them out. They will surely hold out till the spring, if their food is so plentiful. I stay here no longer! We will return to the South to-night."

The chiefs heard him with darkened faces; all had lost heart. The command was rapidly conveyed throughout the camp, and all prepared to depart secretly by night. They were weary of the inactive and fruitless blockade and welcomed its termination.

On the following morning, the first gleam of light found Don Garcia on the battlements. He gazed forth gloomily, but wonder grew on him as he discerned no sign of the Moorish besiegers around the castle. When his amazement had passed and he was certain of his good fortune, he sank on his knees and offered thanks to Heaven. It was a day of joy in the castle such as it had seldom known; and the name of Don Garcia went down to posterity for his bravery and good fortune in holding Ureña Castle against the Moors.

GARSON.

precious store was distributed; they were placed in the loopholed houses," which commanded this lane. The storm began early on the morning of the 10th May. Cromwell's columns advanced to the breach singing a hymn. No opposition was made until the leading troops had entered well within the walls. Few people or soldiers were to be seen, and the column pressed forward up the long line, anticipating an easy victory. "The lane," says the same old account, "was crammed full of men, armed with helmets, backs, breasts, swords, muskets and pistols." When those in front seeing themselves in a pound, and they could make their way no further, they began crying out, 'Halt, halt.' On which those entering behind thought by these words the garrison was running away, and cried out, 'Advance, advance!' as fast as those before cried, 'Halt, halt!' and so advanced till they thrust those before them till the pound of lane was full and could hold no more. Then suddenly rushes a resolute party of pikes and musketeers (along the wall) to the breach, and scoured off or knocked back those entering, at which O'Neill's men fell on those in the pound with shots, pikes and scythes, stones, and then two guns firing at them from the end of the pound, slaughtering by the middle or knees with chained bullet, that in less than an hour's time about a thousand men were killed there, being atop of one another."

Cromwell.

"At this time Cromwell was on horseback with his guard at the gate, expecting the gate to be opened by those who had entered, until he saw those at the breach beaten back and heard the cannon going off within. Then he fell off (retired) as much vexed as ever he was since he first put on a helmet against the King, for such a repulse he did not usually meet with." Cromwell ordered a second assault, but his foot had suffered so severely that they refused to advance. He then called upon his cavalry. A second storming party was formed of dismounted troopers. Again the breach was gained, and again the murderous fire smote the column, the hinder ranks pushing on those ahead, but to no purpose. After four hours of desperate fighting the survivors of the assailants retreated, leaving, according to the best authorities, more than 2,000 dead in that terrible cul-de-sac. O'Neill was left in full possession of the breach, but he had fired his last cartridge. The siege and the plague had cost him dear. An hour after nightfall he withdrew his troops across the river Suir, and marched towards Waterford.

Cromwell's Blunder.

Before leaving, he told the Mayor to send at midnight to Cromwell, saying he was ready to surrender the town, in the name of the townspeople. This was done. Cromwell, in ignorance of the withdrawal of the garrison, was glad to get this stubbornly held place on any terms, and he guaranteed the citizens their lives and estates.

He was enraged next day to discover when he entered the town that O'Neill and his garrison had got away. Pursuit was ordered, but only a couple of hundred stragglers were overtaken, and these—most of whom were wounded, or women—were killed. "Cromwell," says Whitelock, "found in Clonmel the stoutest enemy his army had ever met in Ireland, and never was seen so hot a storm for so long a continuance, nor so gallantly defended, neither in England nor in Ireland."

Ten days later Cromwell embarked at Youghal for England.

OFFICERS.

"The Germans count absolutely upon the bravery and devotion to duty of their officers; they are right. More and more will warfare in the present age become a war of leaders; more and more will it be necessary to have sterling officers in whom can be placed absolute confidence."—Major de Pardieu in "A Critical Study of German Tactics."

Taillefer

(As beailit Ghearmáinise do cheap Uhländ).

B'é Liam, rí Normanach, labhair le cóip a thighe
 " Cé hé an giolla so chanan an ceól chó binn
 Ag gabháil na laoihe ó mhaidin go neóin de shíor
 Le gleó 'gus binneas do mhealan mo mheón 's mo
 chroidhe?"

" Sin Taillefer cliste do chanan amháin le fonn
 Nuair a théidhean go dtí an tobar chun uisce do sho-
 láthar dúinn
 Nó ag adhaint na teine dhó ar lie an teinteáin go
 subhach
 Ag luighe dhó ar leabaidh nó ar maidin go sámh ag
 siubhal."

Do labhair an curadh: "Tá preabaire fóna im
 bhuidhin
 Taillefer, taca chun freastail i n-órbhrug rí
 Chun adhairt na teine, chun uisce do thóbhairt chun
 tighe
 Is chun ceól do chanadh thug misneach go mór dom
 chroidhe."

Sé dubhairt an giolla: "Dá bhfeicinn an tsaoirse lá
 Do dheunfainn tuille idir freastal is laoihe ghabháil.
 Dob fheárr leat mise let choisaibh ar chaoil-each breágh
 Dob fheárr leat binneas mo ghotha 'gus claidheamh im
 láimh."

Ba gheárr gur thaistil an giolla 's é ar chaoil-each mear
 Thar túr san mhachaire maidin is claidheamh na ghlaic
 Dreifiúr Rí Normanach, chonnaic sé an griobh ón dteach
 Sé dubhairt: "Ar mh'anam, sin preabaire gníomhaich
 pras!"

'S le linn a thaistil ba leathan a chaoil-ghuth árd
 Tráth n-a stuirm 's na shiolla beag gaoithe tráth
 "Mo ghrá-sa a sheinnm," ar sise, "nach binn an
 gháir!
 Tá an túr so ar creathadh is ní taise don chroidhe seo im
 lár

Liam Rí Normanach, do ghluais sé thar lán-mhuir
 cubhair
 Ag triall ar Shasana is a arm ba shás i bpunne.
 Ar theacht dó ar dtalamh do thuit sé fén mbán ar dtúis
 Sé dubhairt: "Taoi agamsa, a Shasana im láimh go
 dlúth."

'S nuair a bhí an camtha chun taistil i dteanntaibh áir
 Os comhair an taoisigh seadh tháinig an erobhaire
 bheágh
 "Is fada d'adhnas an teine 'gus ghabhas ambráin
 Is fada chanas na laoihe 'gus lann im láimh.

" 'S is eol duit a fheabhus do dheineas mo shaothar
 treall
 Ar dtúis im ghiolla's im ridire saor na dheabhaidh
 Luach mo shaothair do thuilleas uait féin gan doibat
 Cead bheith ar thosach na druinge chun béim do
 thabhairt."

Do ghluais mo Taillefer ar thosach an díorma i n-ár
 Ar chaoil-each tapaidh go meidbreach is claidheamh n-a
 láimh
 Thar bántaibh Hastings ba leathan a bhinn-ghuth árd
 Ag gabháil Laoi Roland is ag tagairt do ghníorthaibh
 áigh.

Laoithe gaisge nuair d'airigh na tréinfhir ghroidhe
 Do suathadh bratacha 's lasadh an spréach n-a geroidhe
 Ghaibh fonn gach ridire is giolla chun éacht san
 bhrughin

Sé Taillefer d'aduigh an teine le tréan-ghuth binn.

Do phreab sé fé dhéin a namhad is a ghae n-a láimh
 Is do leng sé ridire Saesanaich tréith ar an mbán
 Do tharraig a chlaidheamh is do thug an chéad bhéim
 san ár
 Is d'fhóg ar ridire Saesanaich céula a láimh.

Nuair a chonnaic an drong é níor fhanadar seal na
 dhiaidh

Siúd ar aghaidh iad ag liúirigh 's ag greadadh sgiath,
 Ag caitheamh na saighead is ag treasgairt na bhfear go
 dian

Gur thuit Rí Harald 's gur ruaigeadhlucht Saesan siar.

Do shoerúigh Rí Liam a bhratach ar pháirc an ghleóidh
 I lár na georpán do tógadh a chábán mór
 Do shuidh sé chun búird is corn n-a láimh is é ag ól
 Is e'róinn Rí Shasana ar a bhathus go sásta sóghach.

"A Taillefer ghasta, is mithid do shláinte d'ól!
 Ba bhinn na laoihe do chanaic gan smál fad ó,
 Ach anois ar Hastings do rugais an bárr let cheól
 Is beidh fuaim do sheinnme im chluasaibh go bráth na
 dheóidh."

B.

To Our Army

Wealth waits in our soil, round our silvery shore
 There is work for our workless and gold for our poor;
 No longer our children in search of a home,
 Nor our brothers for bread o'er the ocean must roam;
 Dark, dark was the night, long and weary the road
 That, bleeding and bruised, yet unconquered we trod,
 Night's shadows still lower, obscuring the view
 Of the new-risen sun—but our trust is in you.

Like eagles unloosed from captivity's chain,
 To that isle in the Old World's western main,
 Our exiles are preening for flight—home once more!
 To dream spots nestling by Liffey, Shannon or Nore;
 We called them, not vainly, when terrors oppressed,
 They lavished their gold at our every request,
 But they're yearning for home—aye and welcome will
 give
 That old homeland, which, after God, through you
 shall live.

Wanting anchorage for her long voyaging keel,
 A pilot to guide her, a hand on the wheel,
 Shall the ship that has weathered rock, tempest and
 wave,

Sink inside of the bar to a dishonoured grave?
 With the hopes, with the life of our nation on board,
 Our ransom from slavery, won through the word
 And the blood of our dead—all should perish were you
 To your country, your calling, your manhood untrue.

Shall the bards of the future still mournfully plead
 For an Erin, by faithless sons once more betrayed?
 Shall Faith's lamp be extinguished, Faith's white
 ensign furled

In a land whose refulgence lit up half the world?
 Shall a race that waxed virile 'neath tyranny's heel
 Endure not the short pangs of freedom's travail?—
 The moment were pregnant with danger, had you
 Not been tried in the fire, and found gold through and
 through.

Yes! Ireland will live, and the cot of the poor
 And the wealthy man's mansion, with wide-open door,
 Unafraid, unmolested, night's shadows will greet.
 And for terrors they've known hear the rhythmical beat
 Of their guardians in green, on their rounds as they
 swing
 With a pride that but manhood and righteousness
 bring.

With a fearlessness foes emulate while they shun,
 With a confidence born of victory won.

N.K.

SELF-RELIANCE.

"Acting with self-reliance in the sense and spirit
 of General Headquarters and of the uniform plan of
 battle known to us is the decisive factor in modern
 battle."—General Bernhardi.

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AN t-OGLACH

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

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DECEMBER 16, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

Sean Hales

Brigadier Seán Hales, T.D., one of the bravest and most loyal soldiers of the Army of Ireland, died on Thursday week, foully slain by the bullets of assassins. It is an appalling event that this honest and fearless servant of the Irish people, who had risked his life a hundred times in the war for Irish freedom, should perish by the hands of his own countrymen. Seán Hales was brave and efficient; he was also one of the most lovable of men. No man loved the people of Ireland more devotedly; no man desired more ardently or worked more strenuously to bring peace to our distracted country. His loss will be mourned by every soldier of the Army of Ireland, by every man and woman who loves our country. The most fitting tribute we can pay his memory is to follow the example of his life, to give the same fearless and devoted service to Ireland as he gave. The bitterness of our bereavement will not stir up any spirit of mere vindictiveness against the misguided men who are doing their utmost to destroy their country. Stern measures are necessary if Ireland is to be saved, but we will carry on the work inspired by only one passion—the desire to save Ireland, the Ireland for which the brave, warm-hearted Seán Hales laid down his life.

An Exile's Advice

To the Editor, "An t-Oglach," Dublin.

Dear Sir,—From far away west of the Mississippi, an exile cannot refrain giving expression to some of the feelings which, though often in rush and bustle of life—and more especially life in Yankeeland—are apparently dormant, are nevertheless keenly existent, and await but a seemingly trifling circumstance to call them into evidence.

Some days ago a friend sent me a copy of your journal; needless to say, I read it, and it put me thinking. 'Tis but as yesterday when I was watching the fortunes of the "Old Land" in her final tussle with her ancient enemy. I knew something of England's wealth and power; I knew much more about Ireland's weakness and poverty, and I drew my own conclusions as to what the outcome of the struggle must inevitably be.

Well, God does not always fight on the side with the big battalions, and Ireland won. Judging from what I have just read in your weekly paper, you seem to have got some move on since then—a National Army, Commander-in-Chief, Generals, aeroplanes, artillery, and, above all, a national uniform. Well, I am proud of Ireland and her army. However, if I may, I shall make one suggestion, namely, with all possible speed have that army speaking the Irish language. John Bull truly preached that "Trade follows the Flag." I can as truly say nationality follows the tongue. We, Irish, are numerous even this far west; hourly one meets individuals with the typical "map-of-Ireland" face, but that is all there is Irish about

them. Were we Irish speakers, we should have a common bond of brotherhood, and could, at least in spirit, get straight away back to the Old Land, and discuss it in the language of its past, and, please God, its future greatness. You are moving fast, but a hint from an exile may do no harm—in the matter of the language make the fastest movement of all. You will have a big returning of your wandering kinsmen before long. Everything out here is on the big scale—rivers running thousands of miles, lakes spreading like oceans, and all the rest. For me the Liffey is quite long enough, and Lough Leane quite satisfactory in point of extent and beauty.

With an exile's best wishes for the old country's prosperity in its new-born freedom.

I am, Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

J. J. O'SHEA.

Irish Titles

At the request of a correspondent we again publish a list of Irish equivalents of English titles and ranks in the Army, which have been officially adopted:—

General Headquarters	Ard-Oifig An Airm
Staff	Fuireann.
Chief of Staff	Ceann Fuirinne (An Airm)
Adjutant General	Ard-Chongantóir
Captain	Captaen
Quartermaster General	Ard-Sholáthraidhe
Assistant Chief of Staff... ..	Ceann Conganta na Fuirinne
Director of Training	Stiúrthóir Arm-Theagaise
Director of Intelligence	Stiúrthóir Feasa
Director of Aviation	Stiúrthóir Eitill
Director of Military Statistics... ..	Stiúrthóir Arm-Eolais
Director of Medical Service... ..	Stiúrthóir Dochtúireachta
Director of Organisation	Stiúrthóir Timthreacht
Director of Chemicals	Stiúrthóir Ceimiceán
Director of Munitions	Stiúrthóir Muinisin
Director of Purchases	Stiúrthóir Ceannaigh
Director of Engineering	Stiúrthóir Inniltiorachta
General	Ard-Taoiseach
Lieutenant General	Ard-Taoiseach Ionaid
Major General	Maor-Thaoiseach
Commandant General	Taoiseach
Colonel Commandant	Ceannphort
Lieutenant Commandant	Ceannphort Ionaid
Divisional Commander	Ceann Roinne
Divisional Headquarters	Ard-Oifig na Roinne
Division	Roinn
Divisional Adjutant	Congantóir Roinne
Brigadier	Briogadóir
Brigade Headquarters	Ard-Oifig na Briogáide
Commandant (Battn.)	Ceann Catha
Vice-Commandant	Leas-Cheann Catha
Quartermaster	Soláthraidhe
Sergeant	Sáirsint
Corporal	Corporál
Commander-in-Chief	Ceann an Airm
Intelligence Officer	Oifigeach Feasa
Department	Riar

AN T-ÓSLÁC

DECEMBER 16, 1922.

Ar Aghaidh

Tá Saorstát Eireann i bhfeidhm de thoradh saothair an Airm agus ní miste don Arm bheith morálach as saothar agus as toradh a saothair. Ach ní healadha dhóibh suidhe ar a suaineas, agus maoidheamh as a ngaisge. Tá obair chruaidh le deunamh againn fós chun an náisiún do chur ar a bhonnaibh arís. Tá de chúram ar an Arm an tsíocháin agus ceart agus cothrom dlí agus saoirse do chách do chur in áirithe do mhuintir na hEireann. Tá nithe againn le deunamh ná taitnean linn ach caithfar iad a dheunamh má's mian linn saoirse agus ceart do bhuanú in Eirinn. Ní baol go stríochfaidh lucht an Airm ón ndualgus atá ortha. Leanfaid siad leó ar aghaidh chun glóire Dé agus onóra na hEireann.

Army Morale

The passing of Oglai na hEireann from a small poorly equipped and more or less imperfectly organised—in the military sense—body of Volunteers to that of a Regular National Army provides an opportune occasion for considering the morale of that Army, now and in the future: for the standards set up to-day are going to influence, if indeed they do not definitely fix, the position the Army will hold within the National polity in coming years.

Naturally the position ought to be a great, a respected and a proud position. It ought to be great through recognition of the ideal—the old ideal—the defence of the rights and liberties of the people of Ireland against all enemies—foreign and domestic; respected, because of the way in which that ideal is served—unremitting toil, soldierly restraint and fine efficiency; proud, because of the opportunity afforded of being at all times the spear point on which the Nation, in the last resort, will always depend.

Are these three great points being sufficiently well visualised and upheld? In a sense they are. It is certain that the people's rights—freedom of choice, of functioning, and of developing and progressing, must, at all hazards and against all enemies, be maintained. As this feeling develops and deepens, the worth of the Army will grow and as the worth grows the confidence of the people in the Army will grow. Unmistakable signs are already evident that the people are beginning to look to the Army with confidence: that, in fine, they have come to regard it as their shield. And, having regard to all the difficulties which had to be faced—the difficulty of growth and expansion and the still greater difficulty of internal trouble—it is an undoubted achievement that such a position should have already been won.

It may also be fairly claimed that respect for the Army is growing—it is not yet so wide-spread nor so deep as might be wished; but if it is recognised within the Army and in all ranks—from the ordinary Volunteer up to that of the most highly-placed Officer—that arduous labour, restraint and efficiency should govern the soldier in all his duties, it is reasonably certain that the Army will in time win that respect which, as a National Army, it should enjoy.

It is suggested that the position of the Army should be a proud position. That position has, perhaps, yet to be won. It will come, and surely come, in proportion as the other two great aims are attained. It will most certainly be won if the feeling prevailing right through the whole Army is that the uniform is the symbol of splendid service to the nation, and that service is best summed up in the words chosen by the Four Masters, when they set out on their great task of recording the Annals of Ireland:

“Do chun glóire Dé agus onóra na hEireann.”
OIFIGEACH.

The Siege of Limerick

A GALLANT DEFENCE.

On the 9th July William left Dublin on his march to the South. Wexford, Clonmel and Kilkenny were abandoned, and Waterford and Duncannon Fort surrendered with the honours of war. General Douglas, however, whom he had despatched to besiege Athlone, the key to Connaught, was repulsed, and came to join his master, who awaited him at Cahirculish, a few miles from Limerick. The old town was then the second city in point of extent and population. The Shannon, navigable at that point, divided it into two distinct segments. The older, known as the English town, containing the cathedral, and most of the principal buildings, occupied the southern and more elevated portion of an island some two miles in circumference, low lying in the Shannon. Thomond Bridge, a narrow stone structure, some eighty yards long, linked this King's island to the County Clare. It was connected by Ball's Bridge, spanning the narrower, eastern arm of the river, with the Irish town upon the County Limerick bank. Both towns were fortified after a fashion, which the French officers, trained in the new school of Vaulean, scoffed at, as they had at the walls of Derry. The English town was defended by a wall, strongest on the north-east face, which commanded the lower ground of the island, mostly a swampy tract, which was surrounded by a strong line of circumvallation.

The Old City.

Just below Thomond Bridge, King John's Castle stood, on the island at the water's edge. The walls of the Irish town, being unprotected by the river, were stronger, being double, and containing five bastions and some towers. Beyond these, to the North-East, the Irish had erected some outworks, and from the south gate, where, on a spur, the heaviest guns were planted, a covered way ran beside the wall to St. John's Gate. Near this was a battery of three guns, called from its colour the black battery. This north-eastern side bore the brunt of the Williamite attack. It had already begun. On the 9th August the King himself appeared before the town. The Irish skirmishers retired to the walls, and William, pitching his camp at Singland, with the river on his right, summoned the city to surrender.

Old Boisseleau, whom Tyrconnell had appointed Governor, replied that he preferred to merit the esteem of the Prince of Orange by making a stout defence. Tyrconnell now marched off to join Lauzun, having left 8,000 regular but ill-armed troops for the defence. The cavalry, however, returned to the neighbourhood of the city, and a little later a strange figure, one Baldearg O'Donnell, entered with some 7,000 Rapparees, who had rallied round him, because there was an Irish prophecy that “an O'Donnell with a red spot would free his country,” and he fulfilled this essential condition. Thus the defending force amounted to nearly 20,000 men, against which William had an army estimated by Williamite authorities at from 20,000 to 38,000.

But for siege operations, of course, this disparity of numbers gave him no preponderance.

The Attackers.

William, like James at Derry, confident that the city would surrender at his approach, had brought only a field train. His battering train of guns, stores and pontoons, was now on the way from Dublin, escorted by two troops of Viller's Horse. A French deserter had brought word of this to the Irish, and on the 11th August a country gentleman reported to the Williamites that the previous night Sarsfield with a party of horse had crossed the Shannon at Killaloe. At first they were not inclined to believe him, but he was brought before the King, who at once called a council of war, and Sir John Lanier, with 500 horse, went out that night to meet the guns. Sarsfield was not sleeping. He had ridden out of Limerick the previous evening with 600 picked horsemen.

" Galloping Hogan."

" Galloping Hogan," a hard-riding chief of Rapparees, who knew every inch of the country, was with him. The column marched to Killaloe. Here, passing at the back of the town, they crossed a ford above the bridge, between the Pier-head and Ballyvalley, and their long night-ride ended at Keeper Hill. Tradition has enshrined every detail. All next day Sarsfield and his men lurked among the mountains.

His scouts reported that William's convoy had lain at Cashel on Sunday, and marched beyond Cullen to Ballyneety or Whitestown, fourteen miles from Limerick. The unsuspecting escort turned most of their tired horses to grass, made their dispositions carelessly, and, posting a slender guard, fell to sleep, little dreaming of danger from a beaten enemy, so near their own camp. Fortune had given Sarsfield an additional chance of success. One of his horsemen, it is said, found out the English password from the wife of a Williamite soldier who had lost her way. Curiously enough, it was the name of the Irish leader. When the moon rose, like the spring clouds which favoured them, Sarsfield's Horse moved down cautiously upon the doomed convoy. To an outpost's challenge they gave the reply, and, quickening their stride, bore down upon the camp. Again a sentinel's call rang out, and this time the Irish reply was, " Sarsfield is the word "—and as the sentinel went down before a sabre-stroke—" Sarsfield is the man." Then, with a mighty shout the six hundred swept down upon the Williamites. A bugle shrieked the alarm, " To horse."

A Triumph.

It was too late. The dragoons were upon them, riding them down, sabring and pistolling them as they started from their sleep. A few made a hopeless effort to defend themselves, for in that wild onset the vengeful Irish gave little quarter. The rest fled.

Little time was there now to complete the work, for Lanier's escort was upon the road.

The spoil to be got rid of consisted of six twenty-four pounder cannon, two eighteen-pounders, five mortars, 153 wagons of stores, 18 pontoons, 12 casks of biscuits, and 400 draught horses.

The Irish troopers worked with a will. They smashed the boats, drew the guns together, crammed them with powder, and plunged the muzzles into the ground, dragged the ammunition carts around them, and, scattering the Williamite powder over the great heap, laid a train to a safe distance and withdrew. Then from the darkness came a dazzling flash, and a mighty roar woke the echoes of the hills. The dull rumble reached even William's camp. Lanier heard it, too. He saw the great brightness as of dawn, and galloped madly forward.

Results.

When he came up the debris of the convoy was burning furiously. Only two of the guns remained undamaged. The 400 draught horses and 100 troop horses were gone. Lanier caught a glimpse of Sarsfield's rearguard, and instantly wheeled to the left to cut him off from the Shannon, but he made a great détour to Banagher, crossed the river, and returned to Limerick in triumph. The moral effect of the achievement was immense. The delay to the operations eventually proved the most serious consequence. Some days passed before the two great guns and a mortar were brought from Waterford.

The loss of the cannon was not so annoying as the loss of the horses and ammunition, and, without the pontoons, guns could not be brought to the Clare side. Though a sustained artillery duel went on, there was a lull in active operations until the 17th, when the trenches were opened.

The Siege.

From this onward the siege was pressed with great energy. William, from forty pieces, poured shot and shell and red-hot balls into the city, whose guns vigorously replied. After fierce assaults and sallies, several of the outworks were captured. On the 25th, under the fire of a new battery raised within sixty yards of the walls, a breach yawned. The Irish brought up woolsacks to it, and the English brought

up drink to the gunners, " which," says Story, " made them ply their work very heartily, and for all the woolsacks the walls began to fly again." All day on the 26th the fire of a score of great guns was concentrated upon the breach, and through the anxious night fire-balls, bombs and " carcasses " rained upon the city, for William had at last decided to deliver the assault. The breach was now twelve yards wide in the wall near St. John's Gate, and over the Black Battery. On the 27th August, all the Grenadiers in the Army, over 500 strong, were marched into the advanced trenches. The regiments of Douglas, Stuart, Meath, Lisburn, and the Brandenburgers were formed up behind; on the right was a battalion of Blue Dutch; on the left the Danes. General Douglas commanded. The forenoon was passed in getting the troops on both sides into position, and it was half-past three when, as William took his stand at Cromwell's Fort to witness the capture of the city, the hush of that sweltering summer's day was broken by the booming of three guns from the camp.

The Grenadiers.

Upon the signal the waiting Grenadiers—strange figures in their uniforms of piebald yellow and red, their cope-crowned, furred caps, with jangling bells hanging from their belts—leapt from the trenches, and ran towards the counter-scarp, firing their pieces and throwing their new-fangled missiles. They were greeted with a deadly fusillade from the walls, but pushed steadily on, drove the Irish from the counter-scarp, and entered pell-mell with them. Some of them succeeded in pressing into the town, while their supports rushed forward to hold the counterscarp. This they clung to doggedly, but could make no further headway, for behind the breach a masked battery of three guns now opened upon them with " cartridge shot," and prevented them from aiding the Grenadiers, who were soon slowly forced back through the breach. They had been roughly handled during their brief visit to Limerick. " Some were shot, some were taken, and the rest came out again, but very few without being wounded."

The Irish Stand.

The Irish rallying, manned the breach anew, and for three hours a desperate struggle raged in that narrow way. Once more William's veterans fought their way into the streets, and Boisseleau called up his last reserves. From the side-streets the citizens, seizing the readiest implements, rushed out to aid their hard-pressed soldiers.

They turned the tide. Fighting stubbornly, the Williamites were driven back, foot by foot, and hurled out through the breach. The King flung forward his reserves. In vain, plied with unceasing cannon-shot and musketry, they could not cross that deadly zone.

Missiles of every kind were rained upon them. McMahon's regiment having no weapons, cast down stones upon the assailants, and the very women, says the Williamite historian, hurling stones and broken bottles, " boldly stood in the breach, and were nearer our men than their own." While the fight was hottest, the Brandenburgers swarmed up the Black Battery, and a yellow glare shot through the dust clouds, and a louder crash rang out above the general uproar, as a quantity of powder was fired beneath them with deadly effect.

William's Retreat.

Lord Talbot's dragoons sallied out through St. John's Gate, and took the soamers in flank, and then the Irish swept down irresistibly, and beat them back to their trenches. It was after seven o'clock in the evening, and a great cloud of battle-smoke trailed away from the city to the top of Keeper mountain. The assault had cost William some 2,000 men in killed and wounded. The loss of the defenders was, of course, much less severe. Yet it had been heavy, and among the dead and dying on the streets and in the breach lay not a few of the humble heroines of the city. But, like their sisters in Derry, they had baffled a King. For William, on the 30th August, after blowing up some of his stores and firing his camp, marched his army into winter quarters, and withdrew himself to England.

"The Capture of the Cannon"

The young author of the following remarkable poem has been ranked by some critics as a balladist with Scott, Swinburne and Davis. Note the swing of the metre to correspond with the gallop of the cavalry. Sarsfield army answered then to the National Army of to-day:—

All on a starless August morn,
Ere yet the first cock crew,
Brave Sarsfield took, from Limerick town,
The Road to Killaloe.
He gave the word, then fleetly spurred,
By darkened vale and fen,
And he sang this song, as he rode along
At the head of five hundred men:

"The Dutch steal down from Cashel town
With powder and ball and cannon,
And flat tin-boats to use as floats
In the marshes of the Shannon;
But their guns we'll thieve, and their guns
we'll leave,
Their mouths the brown earth under,
Pile powder and ball, tin-boats and all,
And we'll blow the heap asunder."

They rode to do! They rode to die!
They rode more fleetly than the wind,
Till a castle towered before them lowered,
And Limerick town lay far behind.
To Ballyneety's towers they came
Ere two of the clock had chimed,
And they spake no words, but they loosed
their swords,
And rode with their muskets primed.

And Sarsfield halted his cavalcade
All in the tree-lined road;
In the saddle he turned, and his bright eyes
burned,
Like discs of fire they glowed;
And he drew his sword, then he gave the word,
And they swept on their enemy,
And as muskets crashed, and sabres flashed,
They thundered right merrilie:

"Ho! ho! you're down from Cashel town
With powder and ball and cannon,
And your flat tin-boats to use as floats,
And ferry ye o'er the Shannon;
But your guns we'll take, and your guns
we'll stake,
Their mouths the brown earth under,
Pile powder and ball, tin-boats and all,
And we'll blow the heap asunder."

No man they spared when their swords they
bared
Till the ground was strewn with dead,
Till like stark hosts of dawn-caught ghosts
The Dutchmen broke and fled.
And when his band at his stern command
Back in from their routine rode,
Brave Sarsfield's eyes in the darkness burned,
Like discs of fire they glowed.

Quoth he: "Well done! Well fought and won!
Now carry ye out my plan,
For "Sarsfield" is the word, my men,
And Sarsfield is the man!"
Ere the order slipped from his lips they gripped
The cannon and dragged them forth,
They loaded them well with powder and shell
And jammed their mouths in the earth.

And Sarsfield smiled as his soldiers piled
On top of the loaded cannon,
The flat tin-boats to be used as floats
In the marshes of the Shannon.

And over the plain they laid a train
Of powder, then rode away,
O'er dying and dead the cavalcade sped
Ere the east 'gan growing grey.

Then anon came a flash, a quivering flash,
And a bright white blinding flare!
It seemed as though Heaven asunder was
riven,
For a crash rent the morning air,
That rumbled the ground for leagues around
And shuddered the hills of Clare!

And Sarsfield halted his cavalcade
All in the tree-lined road,
In the saddle he turned, and his bright eyes
burned,
Like discs of fire they glowed.
And he sheathed his sword, then fleetly spurred
By brightening hill and down,
And he sang this song, as he rode along
To the gates of Limerick town:

"The Dutch crept down from Cashel town
With powder and ball and cannon,
And their flat tin-boats to use as floats
In the marshes of the Shannon;
But their ranks we cleft, and their guns we left
Their mouths the brown earth under,
Piled powder and ball, tin boats and all,
And we blew the heap asunder.

PADRIC GREGORY.

Leim an tSeabhaic

(As dán Beurla do cheap Kingsley).

Tá uachtarlámh ag an namhaid san ár
Tá geata an chaisleáin dá dhógh
Beirtear chugham cáirt den fhíon is fearr
Is ní ólfad na dheáidh níos mó.

Faigh m'arm is méide, a ghiolla na n-ac
Is mo chapall-sa gléas in chóir,
Go dtabharfaimíd léim i ndeire na tréimhse
A chuirfidh gach n-aon chun sgeóin.

Sin caitte mo ré, sin deire na n-eucht
Sin beannacht le taosgadh cáirt
Ach nil ridire treun i mbaile ná i géin
Bhain sult as a shaol níos fearr.

Cuirfad i gcéill don ghramaraise chlaein
An chríoch dom leithéid ba chuibhe
Ma thagaid fé dhéin neid seabhaic le héigean
Preaofaidh san aer ón mbuidhin.

Do choirigh é féin is n-arm 's i n-éidé
Is do phreab ar a chael-each luath
Is cana do thaosg den dearg-fhíon treun
Do spriocfadh chun sgléipe slua.

Do bhrostuig sé an t-each le spora is le lasg
Gur léim se thar fala an chaisleáin
An gearriag amach is breis is ceud slat
De thitim ar fad go bán.

Nuair fuaradh san ghleann an ridire teann
Ba bhrúsgar a chabhail 's a chnámha
Mo bheannacht le fonn is paidir na dheabhaidh
Mo hanam an tSeabhaic go bráth.

A NATION'S LANGUAGE.

"A people without a language of its own is only half a nation. A nation should guard its language more than its territories—'tis a surer barrier, and more important frontier, than fortress or river."—DAVIS.

AN T-ÓSLÁC



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PRICE TWOPENCE.

A Soldier's Dream

(Adapted from the German of Heine).

The sound of a bugle wakes me,
I peer through the window glass,
I see the dawn in the barrack square,
And I think of my little lass.

My poor little loving maiden
With her roguish-simple smile,
And her talk and her sweet caresses
And each innocent winsome wile.

Far, far from me she is lying
In sleep by her sister's side,
And I wish that my spirit unfettered
From here to her room could glide.

To gaze on her gentle slumber,
Beside her to bend my knee,
To pray that her dreams were blissful,
To hope she would dream of me.

To see her smile through her dreaming
To press on her lips a kiss,
To feel in my glowing bosom
A thrill of passionate bliss.

I hear the sound of the bugle,
It shatters my dream of joy,
My Motherland chides my longing—
Ah! Mother, forgive your boy!

B.

Irish in Foreign Armies

It was not alone in the French service that our military exiles won renown.

The O'Donnells, O'Neills and O'Reillys, with the relics of the Ulster clans, preferred to fight under the Spanish flag; and in the war of the "Spanish Succession" Spain had five Irish regiments in her Army, whose commanders were O'Reillys, O'Garas, Lacys, Magans, and Lawlesses.

For several generations a succession of Irish soldiers of rank and distinction were always to be found under the Spanish standard; and in that kingdom those who had been chiefs in their own land were always recognised as "grandees," the equals of the proudest nobles of Castile. Hence the many noble families of Irish race and name still to be found in Spain at this day. The Peninsular War, in the beginning of the last century, found a Blake a generalissimo of the Spanish armies, while an O'Neill commanded the troops of Arragon; and O'Donnells and O'Reillys held high grades as general officers.

Saluting the Flag

The soldierly spirit, with its patriotism and love of country, which impels a man to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellow countrymen, may be developed by ceremonial parades, on the occasion of national festivals, and on anniversaries of great events, such as the victories by which the nation asserted its rights.

On these occasions soldiers may be addressed with regard to the influence upon history of the events they commemorate and the example of the men they meet to honour. The grave and responsible duty which the volunteer is training himself for should constantly be impressed upon his mind by the simple ceremony of saluting his country's flag. To prevent this ceremony becoming a meaningless formality through constant repetition, the significance of his act must be made clear to the soldier, and always remembered by him.

The flag is the emblem of self-sacrifice for the country in the past. It is the emblem of duty to the country in the present. It is the emblem of hope for the country in the future. When the soldier salutes the flag he salutes the Dead whose blood consecrates it, and he consecrates himself to the service of the cause for which they died.

Manly Conduct

Soldiers must be made to understand that the manly virtues which are developed in them by their military training, because they are essential for military efficiency, cannot be strongly built into their character unless they are constantly practised by every individual of his own accord in all his dealings as a private citizen. They are taught, for instance, that scrupulous cleanliness of body, clothing and surroundings is essential for the health of the troops in barracks, in training camps, or in the field. They must therefore be clean, smart and tidy as a matter of habit at all times. Moreover, they must be respectful and obedient to those in positions of civil as well as military authority and they must be considerate and courteous not only to their comrades but to all well-behaved citizens.

Military Training and Civil Life

The qualities of spirit, mind, character and physique which are developed in soldiers by their military training as essential for their military efficiency are equally essential for success in various civil occupations, whether they are industrial, commercial or professional. Good character, health and strength, together with qualities, such as sense of duty, discipline, intelligence, initiative and the power to co-operate with others for common ends, are as essential for success in civil occupations as they are for success in battle. Military training, therefore, lays the foundation not only of national power but of national wealth, by fitting boys in many important respects for commercial and industrial efficiency.

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DECEMBER 23, 1922.

Christmas, 1922

To the Army of Ireland, as much as to the plain people of Ireland, it is a matter of deep regret that this Christmas in Ireland is not, in the fullest sense, a season of peace and good-will. That it is not so is no fault of theirs. The Army has done heroic work in the effort to restore peace and order in Ireland, and to give the plain people the power of enjoying freedom and happiness uninterrupted by the sight or sound of guns. That conditions now are so much more peaceful and settled than they were a few months ago is due to the splendid work of the Army of Ireland. To-day the Irish Free State is established and internationally recognised; there is no foreign soldier within Free State territory which is now guarded only by the green-clad National Army; our Senate, our Parliament are functioning; our courts and our police are operating through most of the country. Generally speaking, the rule of the gun has given way to the rule of ordered and lawful government. Considering the difficulties of the task entrusted to the Army of Ireland, the rapid success which has attended its efforts is surprising. A country entirely unpractised in self-government which has attained its freedom by a violent revolution after a period of foreign anarchy and chaotic conditions, a country in which political differences at this critical time were deliberately fostered by politicians and deliberately introduced into such partially-controlled armed forces as the country possessed, was bound to present a difficult problem to its first native Government. After a year of turmoil and struggle the main objective has been achieved; our country is now in the hands of the people of Ireland to do what they like with; our Government is fully established and recognised by the nations of the world; the national tricolour floats over every former British stronghold in Saorstát Eireann. This success is a triumph of the plain people of Ireland; the success of the Army is the success of the young men of Ireland, representative of the plain people, the citizens of good-will, the forces working for order, discipline and the common good, which are far stronger in Ireland than the forces working for chaos and confusion. The work of the Army is not yet completed, but the greatest part of its work has been done. A small handful of misguided men incite their unfortunate tools to assassination and incendiarism rather than accept the national will, but the will of the people will prevail. It is well for us at the present time to recall the famous oration of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg during the American Civil War: "We here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that **the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.**"

In this Christmas season we think of these things, but without bitterness or hatred, with only a stern resolve to do our duty for Ireland. To all the officers and men of the Army of Ireland this resolve will cheer a Christmas which men who have done such sterling work for Ireland deserve to enjoy in happiness.

OBJECTIVE OF ATTACK.

The *objective* of the attack must be *determined* beforehand. Taking the same things into consideration, namely, the space to be covered under enemy fire and the superior efficiency which has to be produced and maintained on the selected point of attack, we are led to the following conclusion: the first objective selected must be that point occupied by the enemy which is nearest to us, and on which we may apply a numerical superiority which should guarantee superior efficiency.—*Foch.*

Battle of Koniggratz

JULY 3rd, 1866.

CROWN PRINCE'S STORY.

The following is a narrative of the Battle of Königgrätz in the Austro-German War of 1866, taken from the diary of the Crown Prince, afterwards Emperor Frederick of Germany:—

July 3, 1866.—It had been a very rainy night. The orders I had sent out to the various corps by break of day enjoined them to march about half-past eight. At this hour I joined the bulk (gros) of the Guards Corps, and accompanied them on their exceedingly arduous march along the steep banks of the Elbe and hills behind. The state of the roads was a frightful hindrance to the advance of all arms, and rendered their progress most difficult. I could scarcely bring myself to think of the possibility of any engagement on a large scale, not believing that the Austrians would accept battle with their backs to the Elbe.

Ever and anon, however, we heard far-off cannon-shots, and at last we reached the most elevated point of our march, in the region where we had reconnoitred the day before. Then it became clear that a considerable artillery fight was in progress, it being possible to detect the separate cannon-shots and to distinguish the enemy's position from ours. Up on the sodden soil of the plateau our march was terribly difficult.

"More Lively."

Then came the intelligence that Lieutenant-General von Fransecky, with his 7th Division, was abutting on our right flank, who sent word that he was hard beset, and begged for artillery reinforcements.

From the village of Zizeloves the van of the Guards Corps moved forward in the direction of Masloved, and in about three-quarters of an hour later its battery opened fire from a position on this side of the place. It seemed as if the fire on our right flank began to grow more lively, but also that the forward movements on our side were going on.

About a couple of miles right in front of us, on the heights above the village of Horenoves, stood (what seemed to be) a solitary and colossal tree, which I signified to the Corps would be our main objective, for here the foe appeared to have planted guns with considerable effect, the position curving out towards the First Army. Anon its fire would subside, but then grow more intense. . . . Slowly followed the bulk of the Guards Corps, especially its 2nd Division—for all the troops marched by one road instead of in several columns, in order to save time and space. Slowly advanced the vanguard, but yet it decidedly gained ground, while the artillery fire on our right flank receded ever further. Once the battery by the big tree pounded violently, and then all firing ceased, which made us conclude that the enemy must now be feeling us on his left flank.

Question of Time.

On reaching the plateau, and especially when halting at Zizeloves, I perceived that what I had to do was to fasten on the foe's right flank and roll him up here. This I cried out to the separate columns as they defiled past me, and many a tart and pithy response from the ranks showed that I had been understood.

Towards 1 o'clock it appeared that General von Nuntius with a portion of the 6th Corps must have caught the rear of the enemy's right flank, for on moving further on in the direction of the tall (solitary) tree I could see nothing of this corps, and yet I heard firing on the left flank. The ground was in a frightful state, preventing all quick movement, and even pulling the very horses' shoes off. Nowhere could a favourable point of view be obtained, and the damp, rainy air deceived us so much in judging distances that the big tree seemed as if it never would let us reach it.

The wounded now began to be carried past; the dead were lying about; several villages on our right were all ablaze, but cannon continued to thunder.

there all the same. Often and often did we look back for the coming of the 1st Army Corps, which had a march of about ten miles to do, but ought, we thought, to reach the scene of action by 2 o'clock. Major von der Burg had fallen in with it; but only brought word back that General von Hartmann, with the Cavalry Division, was standing behind the corps, and could not budge an inch on account of the columns. At last the heads of the infantry columns came up, and thus my army was all together.

General von Steinmetz, whom I directed to follow with his 5th Corps as a reserve, had orders to join the 6th Corps, whose infantry and cavalry columns I encountered, and they greeted me with lively cheers when, alluding to the seriousness of the work before us, I told him that our King himself was present, and commanded the army.

The Decisive Battle.

As soon as we had perceived the heavy artillery fire, General Blumenthal remarked to me, "That is the decisive battle," and with the lapse of each quarter of an hour this became all the more plain to us. The action of my army had made the enemy give way on his right flank, and furnished the 1st Army with an opportunity of assuming the offensive. Ever since we reached the battle field the advance had been resumed, after a rumour had been current that shortly before our arrival the order to retreat had been given, as an engagement with the 1st Army had been making no progress for hours.

When at last we did reach the famous tree—which we found to consist of two colossal lindens flanking a gigantic crucifix—some further heights in front of us again prevented us from taking a survey of the battle that was raging in front. Just when we were standing near two battalions of the Queen Elizabeth Grenadier Regiment of the Guards, some routed Austrian cavalry came galloping towards us, and were shot down one after the other by a section (of infantry) posted a good way off, so that the horses raced about riderless. Seeing this from a distance, some hussars of the guard galloped up and captured the horses, and after this a considerably stronger body of cavalry began to bear down upon us. Impossible to tell from their white tunics whether they were cuirassiers or dragoons, I was going to ride inside one of our battalions in case they formed square; but this was not necessary, for here again our needle-guns were plied with destructive effect, and secured us from danger.

Obernitz.

Arrived on the heights of Masloved, where dead Austrians of all arms lay stretched beside the severely wounded, word came to me that Colonel von Obernitz was lying at a farm hard by with a wound in the head. I at once repaired to him, and found that—as good luck would have it—his head had only been grazed by a bullet; but near him lay Lieutenant von Strantz, of the 1st Foot Guards, with several fingers of his right hand shot away. In the farmyard wounded men belonging to us and the Austrians were lying in heaps, but stay we neither could nor durst, having to fix all our thoughts on the foe. Obernitz thought he was in danger of being captured by the enemy.

Several shells burst near us. It must be admitted that the Austrian artillery aimed well, their shells almost always hitting the same spot where they first struck.

"Cheers and Firing."

About a mile from us, on the extreme height, lay the village of Chlum, where independent musketry fire, cheers, and volley-firing alternated, which made it clear to us that the battle there must be of an exceedingly bitter nature. The Guards were engaged there, and although not yet informed of the fact, I could not but assume that the 2nd Division of the Guards had already come round by Masloved. But at this moment the vanguard of the other Army Corps, consisting of my East Prussian Grenadier Regiment and the 5th East Prussian Regiment No. 41, came up in time to help the Guards at Chlum; and it was high time, too, for the Guards

had a hard time of it. I sent Eulenburg to the vanguard to indicate to them the exact direction of their advance.

Lieut-General von Boyen came galloping up from His Majesty at Sadowa, having made a round-about ride of more than two miles, to impress upon me the necessity of keeping a hold of Chlum, of which, as it seemed to me, we no longer had possession, and just arrived in time to witness our final conquest of this village. At the same time, also, came Major von Grävenitz, of the 8th Hussars, Adjutant of the 1st Army Corps, with word that Chlum was occupied by the van of the 1st Corps. . . . But now the bulk of the 1st Corps had at last come up; their long march in such weather and many other impediments having prevented them from advancing so straight on Chlum as they had been directed to do.

To the 1st Corps I now rode up myself, and gave the flanking battalion the direction to advance, and, while shells were falling thick close by, welcomed the troops of our East Prussian Province—an elevating moment!

The Whole Battlefield.

From here I rode past a freshly-constructed Austrian gun-pit (near it being two Prussian 4-pounders, which had been abandoned); up the steep heights of Chlum, whence, standing beside a battery still in action, in the midst of men belonging to my East Prussian Regiment, I could survey the whole battlefield, extending over a line of more than a dozen miles, and perceive with certainty that the victory was ours, and the enemy in full retreat.

Such moments must be experienced; it is impossible to describe them! Ardent prayers of gratitude ascended—I might almost say were sighed forth—to God; then one was compelled to absorb oneself again in the situation, to look about everywhere, to concentrate one's attention, so that one could scarcely examine the field, strewn as it was with the dead and wounded, where old acquaintances lay stretched who had been seen but a short time before marching joyously to battle. At our feet the battle was raging round Rosberitz, but it had already developed most distinctly into a rear-guard fight, in which Boyen was still actively engaged with the 6th Army Corps on my left flank, which lay nearest Königgrätz; the guns of the fort also began to come into action.

Frederick Charles.

The sky began to clear up and rays of sunshine were falling on the bloody scene of contest. Just as the news of the heroic death of Lieutenant-General von Hiller and his second aide-de-camp, the promising Lieutenant Theissen, of the 4th Foot Guards, was reported to me, and a feeling of pain at so many losses began to come over me, I heard the sound of cheering. This made us think the King was coming, but it was only Fritz Karl (Frederick Charles).

We waved our caps to one another from afar, and then fell into one another's arms amid the cheering of the troops of my extreme right and his extreme left wing, with whom I led an enthusiastic cheer for our King. Such greetings as these must also be personally experienced; two years ago I embraced him as victor before Düppel; to-day we were both victors, for after the stubborn stand of his troops I had decided the day with my army.

(To be continued).

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

The personal influence and example of the officers are the most available factors of character training, as well as of discipline and efficiency. In order to have this effect, officers must make it their business to know and understand their men personally, and they must try to gain their confidence through sympathy and tact. Officers can only win and retain the confidence of their men, and so be able to influence them if they are themselves efficient and of good character. The efficiency and discipline of a unit largely depends upon the confidence of the men in their leaders.

An Geilleadh

29 ABRÁN, 1916.

Bhí deire le Comhairle na nOifigeach. Ba léir dúinn go rabhamair i geruachás. Níorbh eól dúinn cad do bhí ar siubhal isna háiteannaibh eile san chathair. Ní raibh éin sgeula aguinn ó Oifig an Phuist le dhá lá. Isé an nídh ar ar chinneamair ná fanamhaint go dtí an oidheche agus ionnsuidhe dheunamh ar an namhaid le linn doir-cheachta. Do chuireamair buachaill óg glic amach—máirneulach ab eadh é ná raibh puinn aithne air i mBaile Ath Cliath—feuchaint an mbeadh éin bhreith aige ar dhul go dtí Oifig an Phuist agus órdú fhagháil ó Sheumas Ó Conghaile.

Fuaireas rud éigin le n-ithe, mar bhíos lag de cheal bídh. Anson do chuas isteach san seomra ar leihligh a bhí ann i dtómus na n-árdoifigeach, agus do shíneas ar an úrlár d'fhonn greas codlata dheunamh sar a mbeurfhadh an doircheacht, aimsir na nguaisbheart, orainn.

Bhí deire le gleó na ngunnaí. Ní raibh fiú urchair le cloisint, agus ba ghreannmhar liom an ciúneas. Is beag a thuigeas cad ba thrúig leis.

Do thit tromchodla orm mar bhíos tuirseach tráighte tar éis éirigh an lae. Dar liom ná rabhas ach nómaít im chodla (cé gur dócha go rabhas ann le tréimhse fada) nuair do sgiúird Eamonn Ó Dúgáin isteach chugham, do rug ar ghualainn orm agus do dhúisigh mé.

"Tá Séamus Ó Conghaile tar éis géilleadh gan coinghiallacha!" ar seisean.

Do phreabas im sheasamh agus do ritheas amach ón seomra agus meascán mearaí orm. Níor thuigeas ó thalamh an domhain cad do bhí titihte amach. Ba mhóide mo mhearathal an codla 's an tuirse a bheith ag cur orm fós.

Dá dtagadh aingeal anuas ó Neamh chugham i dtosach na seachtaine dá innsint dom go dtoileochadh Seumas Ó Conghaile chun géilleadh ní chreidfinn uaidh é. Géilleadh! Sin rud nár chuimhníos riamh air, rud ná raibh éin phioc coinne agam leis. Dá mhínicí dheineas machtnamh ar cad do bhí i ndán dúinn dá mhínicí dh'fhiarfúigheas díom fhéin cad í an chríoch do bheadh ar an obair seo, níor rith sé riamh chun m'aigne go ngéillfimis. Bhí an buadh nó an bás i ndán dúinn de réir dheallraimh, agus ba threise ar an mbás ná ar an mbuadh é; nó b'éidir go n-éireochadh le cuid aguinn brise amach tré shluaigh na nGall agus eulódh ón geathair; ach an rud ná raibh éan choinne agam leis, siné an rud ba chríoch don sgeul.

Bhí mearathal is measgán mearaidhe orm, mar adubhart cheana, nuair do ritheas as an seomra. Phreabas amach san chlós. Chonnae sgata desna buachaillí i lár an chlóis agus iad ag feuchaint i dtreo an gheata mar a raibh oifig an telegraph.

"Cé innis an sgeul so dhuit?" arsa mise le hEamonn Ó Dúgáin a bhí tar éis me leanamhaint.

"Sagart do chuir an toifigeach Gallda annso d'innis dúinn é," ar seisean. "Tá Eamonn Ó Dála imighthe chun cainte leis an oifigeach Gallda."

"Feuch!" arsa duine desna buachaillí. "Tá an Ceann Catha tar éis a chlaidheamh do thabhairt uaidh! Tá sé na phríosúnach."

"Agus tá na saighdiúirí ag díriú a ngunnaí air," arsa duine eile. "Dírighmis ár ngunnaí ortha súd."

Do chuir Próinsias Scólda agus fear eile a ngunnaí i geoinnibh a ngualann. Do phreabas amach agus d'fheuchas i dtreo an gheata. Bhí sluagh do shaighdiúirí Gallda ar an dtaobh thall den gheata agus cuid dár mbuachaillí féin i naice leis. Bhí saighdiúirí sínte ar díon tighe ar an dtaobh thall den tsráid agus a ngunnaí dírichthe aca ar ár mbuachaillí. Bhí Próinsias agus an t-óglách eile ag díriú a ngunnaí ar na saighdiúirí úd.

Chonnae sagart Capuisíneach ag rith fé dhéin na beirte. "Cuiridh uaibh bhur ngunnaí!" ar seisean. "Tá sos cogaidh ann."

"Cuiridís na saighdiúirí úd a ngunnaí uatha ar dtúis," arsa Próinsias go ciúin. "Má chaithid siad urchar le nár mbuachaillí, marbhóchaimid iad."

Anson do chonnae Eamonn Ó Dála ag teacht ón ngeata féin dhéin, go mall, ríghin, go tuirseach tnáitthe, mar a bheadh scanduine. Ní raibh a chlaidheamh i na thruaill. Do bhagair sé a shúil orm agus do phreabas fé na dhéin.

"Tá an t-ordú fachtá agam ón bPíarsach," seisean, agus do shín sé páipeur chugham. Do léigheas go laireach é.

Ní raibh a thuille mearathail san sgeul. Bhí orainn géilleadh!

(Ní Críoch).

Fight On

When all seems lost, when, one by one,
The rounds have dead against you gone,
And hope of vict'ry fades from sight,
Then is a soldier's time to fight,
Then is the hour the prize is won.

When dark your sky, and friends fail fast
As withered leaves at winter's blast
Desert the stem on which so long
They lived—the realms of life and song—
Then nail your colours to the mast.

And brave the storm that growls amain
As that lone stem the hurricane;
Nor sigh waste for fairweather friends
That leaf-like serve calm Summer's ends,
But in the storm augment its strain.

E'en when life's lamp is burning low,
Your dim eyes peer with glassy glow,
At the grim champion waiting nigh
His turn to claim—though you must die—
Contest each inch as out you go.

Spent as a babe, with but a sob
Or tear to foil the fatal stab
Of Death's cold knife within your heart,
It cutting from your soul apart—
Fight on! and him of triumph rob.

For He, of the oppressed the Friend,
Is unpire here, and will extend
To His exhausted knight His aid,
And whisper "son be not dismayed"
'Tis I, not death your sword demand."

N.K.

Pride of Corps

Soldiers should be inspired from the commencement of their training with a spirit of pride in the battalion or brigade to which they belong, which forbids them to bring discredit on it and their comrades either by neglect of duty, or lapses from good conduct in their private lives. Knowledge of the brave actions of men of the brigade to which volunteers belong or to which they are affiliated will help to give them pride of corps and make them realize that their uniform carries with it strict obligations of honour and chivalry, and imposes on them a high standard of conduct to which they cannot attain unless they are animated with a true soldierly spirit.

Athletic Games

Officers should encourage the regular practice of athletic games. These games induce men and boys to keep themselves physically fit for amusement in their leisure time as well as for their military duties. They also conduce to manly ideals, moral lives, regular habits, and moderation with regard to eating and drinking. By engendering respect and care for the body they help to counteract self-indulgence, excess and bad habits, which are destructive alike to character, body and mind.



AN t-ÓGLACH

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

"Private Murphy's Questions"

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

A Chara,—A fortnight ago you published a contribution from "Liam" under the above heading. Whether Private Murphy is a real character or not I do not know, but I should like to believe that there are many such intelligent men, with as good records and ideals among the rank and file of the Army. Private Murphy certainly asked some very pertinent questions. I agree that it is desirable that soldiers should aim at a higher standard in regard to Irish-Ireland ideals. I agree with his points as to music-hall songs, Irish language, temperance, etc. But there is one point of his on which I wish to make special comment. He asks, or "Liam" asks for him:—

"Whether it is essential that an Irish soldier should smoke English cigarettes, and consistently refuse those made in Ireland."

Now, the answer to this question is not so simple as it looks. I myself have for years endeavoured, as far as possible, to smoke only Irish cigarettes. There are a large and increasing number of men (including, I know, many soldiers and officers) who do the same; and what is our reward? That the Irish tobacco manufacturer attempts to profiteer at our expense by putting inferior stuff in his cigarettes. When an Irish manufacturer puts a new brand of cigarettes on the market, he generally keeps it up to a certain standard for a while; but when he has established it on the market he trusts to the predilection of many for an Irish-made cigarette and produces an inferior article. No serious effort is made to keep a fixed and permanent standard of well-known brands, as is done in England and elsewhere; and the supporter of Irish manufactures who is a heavy smoker has often to make a considerable sacrifice for his principles.

I am aware that there is a good deal of ignorant prejudice against Irish cigarettes, and persons who would hardly know the difference between Irish and foreign cigarettes, if not told, depreciate the former continually and unfairly; but I think that the facts I have mentioned help to explain this. The average soldier does not give thought to the matter; he smokes to enjoy himself; and after some disappointing experiences gives up all further thought of supporting Irish manufactures as far as cigarettes are concerned. This is, no doubt, wrong, but it is human nature.

There was another question that Private Murphy might well have asked—whether it would not be better if our soldiers did not smoke so many cigarettes (whether Irish or foreign), and particularly did not inhale. A little instruction on the deleterious effects on the health of inhaling and excessive cigarette-smoking might be useful.

Mise,

OIFIGEACH.

A Soldier's Parting

(Adapted from the German of Heine).

The Guards are leaving the village,
I leave you at duty's call.
I see you, dear, in the window,
You wave me your hand so small.

You smiled when the lads came here, dear,
You sigh as the lorries start,
How many a lad found a billet
Within your fickle heart!

B.

"Doped Whiskey"

AN IRREGULAR PLOT.

The following facts deserve the attention of all officers and soldiers. In a certain prison in Donegal a bottle of whiskey was found under the pillow of a prisoner and promptly confiscated. How it had reached the prisoner could not be ascertained. The bottle aroused suspicions. It was sent to a public analyst, when it was discovered that the whiskey was drugged with a substance which sent the consumer to sleep, and taken in large quantities might have had fatal effects. It was evidently the intention of the prisoner to offer the bottle to his guards, and, when it had deprived them of consciousness, to effect his escape. It is only necessary to state these facts to impress upon all the necessity of guarding against such dangerous schemes.

INSPIRATION.

There is an inspiration arising from each field of native victory, and a call that is obeyed from each well-told song or story of national honour.—Davis.

WHINING AND WORKING.

'Tis not for us to whine after what has been refused, but to turn all that has been extorted to good account.—Davis.

YOUTH IN WAR.

"You say I am very young; but we age quickly on the battle field."—GENERAL BONAPARTE.

FREEDOM AND STRENGTH.

"If we attempt to govern ourselves without statesmanship—to be a Nation without a knowledge of the country's history, and of the propensities to good and ill of the people—or to fight without generalship, we will fail in policy, society and war. These—all these things—we people of Ireland must know if we would be a free, strong Nation."—DAVIS.

Α η τ - ὀ ζ ι ᾶ ῥ

DECEMBER 30, 1922.

The New Year

A remarkable year in the history of Ireland draws to a close. Twelve months ago to-day our country was held by the armed forces of England. To-day the tricolour floats over every military stronghold and centre of Government in the Irish Free State, and there is not a single soldier or armed servant of England in our territory. The Irish Free State is fully established, fully functioning and internationally recognised; and we face the New Year full of hope and confidence. The year 1923 will surely witness the complete culmination of the great work of the past eight years and the opening out of new and dazzling possibilities of national progress before the Irish Nation. The infant State has been up against rude storms, but it has weathered them successfully and is well on its way to that peace and prosperity which all who love Ireland so ardently desire for her. That this is so is largely due to the splendid work of the National Army. In the future the name of the Army of Ireland will rank high not only in Irish history but in the records of national armies throughout the world. It is of the people and for the people of Ireland. To defame it is to defame the Irish Nation which it symbolises and for which it stands. The officers and men of the Army of Ireland have done well. The greatest part of their task is completed; what remains yet to be done will be carried out by them with the same courage and cheerfulness as hitherto. They face the dawning year with a quiet confidence that it will bring peace and prosperity to Ireland. To one another and to the people of Ireland they send a message of cheer, hope and encouragement for the New Year.

Our Dead Chief

CHRISTMAS, 1922.

The cost was great, a hero paid the debt,
To free our land from the oppressor's sway;
A valiant hero thro' the bitter fray;
A flower of youth—a soul without compeer,
Buoyant with hopes of a Nation's future years;
His all he gave her happiness to find,
He died a soldier, friend to all mankind,
Leaving behind him naught but words of cheer.

Would men could only keep their visions clear,
And sink vile passions for a patriot's light!
His lily soul that always guideth right,
Shall steer young Eire's barque through storm and spray,
He falls by visionaries of rapine and decay;
Brave dead! the glory now thy brow entwines,
Thy saintly spirit from the martyr's throne
Doth guide divine; marking a Nation's path thro'
winding tortuous ways.

J.W.L.

HEALTH.

"Health is indispensable in war and cannot be replaced by anything."—*Napoleon.*

DRINK WARM WATER.

A warm drink is much better for quenching thirst than a cold drink. It is not so pleasant to swallow, but it is much safer.

ACTION.

"In tactics, action is the governing rule of war."—*Foch.*

Battle of Koniggratz

JULY 3rd, 1866.

(Continued).

Following it up.

My thoughts were now with my wife, my children, my mother and sister. The thought of our little son Sigismund, who has gone to his rest, came into my mind, as if his death had been destined to be the precursor of a great event in my life. But victories do not compensate for the loss of a child; indeed, piercing grief only makes itself all the more terribly felt under the influence of such powerful impressions.

But I was obliged to remember that there was here no time to give way to feelings of any kind; that, on the contrary, all our thoughts must be solely directed towards the beaten enemy, and to the proper use to be made of the victory won. I therefore drew the attention of my aides-de-camp to the prime necessity of immediately pursuing the Austrians, and despatched Jasmund to Steinmetz with orders to undertake the pursuit of the enemy at once. I likewise ordered the 2nd Hussars, which had just arrived on the heights of Chlum, to join in the pursuit, and had this command repeated to General von Hartmann by Captain Count Rödern and also by Major-General von Borstell.

Dead and Wounded.

The artillery engagement still continued, but became more distant, and a slight pause now took place, during which we collected intelligence and were also able to collect the dead and wounded. Prince Anton of Hohenzollern was badly hit. Count Dohna, of the East Prussian Jäger Battalion, lay shot through the breast, a short distance from Theissen's body, whose scarf and chain we took from his neck to send to his relatives. Dohna was still able to send his father a greeting through me and to tell me that after a tremendous salvo from Austrian Jägers only two officers of the entire battalion remained unscathed. Lieutenant von Pape, of the 2nd Foot Guards, was carried by, hit by three balls. I had known him from a child, and embraced him in the name of his father, at the same time Lieutenant Lorus, of the 2nd Foot Guards, informing me that he had captured a gun.

Never shall I forget the serious expression on Kessel's countenance when we met as he was reforming the 1st Foot Guards at Chlum. From him I learnt the first exact details of the fight. To the right of us the 7th Division, but particularly the Magdeburg Regiments Nos. 26 and 27, must have had a frightfully hard time of it. Around us lay or hobbled about so many of the well-known figures of the Potsdam and Berlin garrisons. Every one had something to tell. A shocking appearance was presented by those who were using their rifles as crutches or were being led up the heights by some of their unwounded comrades. The most horrible spectacle, however, was that of an Austrian battery of which all the men and horses had been shot down. Thus the most varied impressions succeeded one another from moment to moment.

A Royal command now came that General von Herwarth was to pursue the enemy with the 7th Army Corps, while all the other troops were to bivouac on the field.

Sadowa.

After coming quite unexpectedly across the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin near Chlum, of whose presence with the army I was quite unaware, I rode through the villages in order to gather further information and to find the King. I spoke for some time with the men of the 27th Foot. They said as with one voice:—"That you were expected to arrive to-day we all knew; we had a hard struggle in the wood of Sadowa, until all at once word went round, 'There he comes, there he comes.' Then all was right again; but it was high time for you to come." This simple way of putting it made a deep impression on me.

In Rosberitz, where the fight must have been frightfully bitter, to judge from the masses of dead and wounded, and where farmhouses were still burn-

ing, I found Prince Anton of Hohenzollern, who had been hit in the legs by three balls. He was positively seaming, and at the same time touchingly naïve in his disregard for his wounds; he wished me luck, said that he had been with his men in the hottest of the fire, had ordered "schnell feuer," had then been wounded and already been made prisoner, his sword being taken from him notwithstanding his wounds, when our advance again set him free. He lay in a peasant's cottage among dying Austrians, but was immediately carried away in an ambulance wagon.

Horrors of War.

It is a shocking thing to ride over a battle-field, and it is impossible to describe the hideous mutilations which present themselves. War is really something frightful, and those who create it with a stroke of the pen, sitting at a green cloth table, little dream what horrors they are conjuring up.

Immediately afterwards I met wounded of the 51st Infantry Regiment, including Captain Hiebe, of the 11th Foot, formerly my subordinate, who was shot in the foot. A severely wounded grenadier of the 2nd Guards, called out to me, "Ach, lieber Herr Kronprinz, do have me carried away!" Major von Eckart, of the 2nd Guards, wounded hopelessly, it is said, was driven past us in an ambulance wagon. He was only able to reply in a weak voice to my inquiries. I then met the Kolberg Grenadier Regiment and the Blücher Hussars of my Pomeranian Army Corps, an unexpected pleasure to see them just here.

An Honour.

I also met uncle Charles and William Mecklenburg. The latter is said to have received a blow with the flat of a sabre in a cavalry engagement. At last, after long search and many inquiries, we found the King. I reported to him the presence of my army on the field of battle, and kissed his hand, upon which he embraced me. Neither of us was able to speak for a time. He was the first to find words, and then told me he was pleased that I had been successful, and had proved my capacity for command. He had awarded me, he said, the order "pour le mérite" for my previous victories, as I doubtless learnt from his telegram. That message, however, I had not received, and so my father and King handed me our highest military decoration on the field of battle where I had helped to win the victory. I was deeply affected by this, and the bystanders seemed also moved. The evening had turned out very beautiful, and just at the moment of our meeting the sun went down in all his glory. Bismarck, together with all the officers of the King's headquarters, as well as my entire staff were present. I saw Schweinitz and Reuss VIII. here again.

I now had a long conversation with the King, in which I commended to his particular favour Generals Blumenthal and von Steinmetz, these two distinguished officers having borne a most important share in all my dispositions. His majesty granted my request to award General von Steinmetz the Order of the Black Eagle for his services, and complied with my suggestion to give the battle the name of "Königgrätz." We now rode back by Chlum, to try and find quarters for the night in Horenowes, but the baggage which had been left behind in Königshof could not come up before to-morrow early. After much devious wandering, during which all the horrors of the battle-field followed us into the darkness, we reached the above-named place, where 3,000 Austrian prisoners had already been lodged.

After the Battle.

The troops bivouacked on all parts of the battle-field, but only a few had heart to sing. There is often but one step from the serious to the ridiculous, and this was the case here. Some foot soldiers were pursuing a domestic pig in order to prepare a toothsome "roast" at the bivouac fire. The hunt took various directions, until at last the revolver was brought into requisition; and close to this scene lay in heaps the corpses of the troopers who had fallen in the hot engagement that had taken place in the afternoon at the foot of Chlum, and in which the two regiments of

An Geilleadh

29 ABRÁN, 1916.

(Continued).

Do rug Eamonn ar uilinn orm agus do threorúigh leis isteach i seomra na nárdóifigeach mé. Cheapas go raibh rud éigin aige le rádh liom ach níor dhein sé ach súidhe ag an mbórd agus an t-órdú éachtach úd do leogadh os a chomhair amach.

"Táim tar éis mo chhlaidheamh do thabhairt uaim," ar seisean, agus anson do chroim sé ar ghol.

In thaobh-sa dhe d'fhanas im sheasamh gan hóm ná hám asam, mar a bheadh balbhán. Ní fheudfaim an sgeul a thuigsint i n-aon chor. Cad do bhí tar éis titim am ach? Raibh buaite glan orainn i mBaile Ath Cliath? Agus cad mar gheall ar an geuid eile dhen tír? Rabhthas ag troid i gCiarraidhe? Ar tháinig na Gearmáinigh? Nó an amhlaidh nár chuir na hOgláigh cor díobh i n-éan bhall taobh amuich de Bhaile Ath Cliath? Raibh amadám deunta dhinn ag ár lucht ceannais? Agus cad do thioctadh as an obair go léir? An raghadh sé i dtairbhthe d'Éirinn? Nó an amhla loitfadh sé an sgeul ar lucht lorg neamh-spleádhchuis na h-Éireann?

Bhí m'aighe chomh suaithte sin agasna ceisteanna úd, agus gan éin bhreith agam ar iad do réiteach ná fiú buille fé thuairim a thabhairt ortha, gur "fágadh mo cheann na bhlogán-béice." Bhí trua agam d'Eamonn, ach ní fheudfaim éinni a rádh chun mo smaointe chur i n-umhail do.

Ba gheár gur bhrúigh sé an racht guil fé agus do phreab na sheasamh arís. Do shiubhlamair amach ón seomra beag go dtí an halla mór, mar a raibh mórán desna hOgláigh.

Anson do thit rud áiféiseach amach—rud do bhainfadh gáire asam mara mbeadh an chráiteacht a bhí ar m'aighe. Bhí Próinsias Ó Fathaigh agus Eamonn Ó Dúgáin ag dul timcheall, dá innsint dosna fearaibh go raibh ortha a ngunnaí thabhairt uatha. Tháinig fear fé dhéin Phróinséis agus gunna aige.

"An geithfam géilleadh?" ar seisean.

"Caithfam," arsa Próinsias.

D'fheuch sé ar a chaptain go truanhéileach. "Seadh!" ar seisean. "Tá post breágh oibre cailte again! Ní ghlacfar thar n-ais me."

Cúis gháire le linn sochraide!

Bhí euid desna hOgláigh ar buile. Do dhearbhuigh-eadar na tabharfaidís a n-airm uatha ar éan chúinse. Ortha súd a bhí oifigeach óg a bhí ana-mhór leis an

Dragoon Guards, the 2nd Brandenburg Uhlans, and also the Zieten Hussars, had participated.

It was admirable to see how quickly our men managed to carry off their fallen comrades, so that the corpses of Prussian soldiers were much rarer than those of the Austrians. The stretcher-bearers also did excellent service.

Commissariat.

We put up in an entirely empty house with only straw and so forth, and after having subsisted the entire day through on only bread and cognac, made a supper off a rations loaf which we had managed to buy; "à la guerre comme à la guerre!" We ourselves had been in the saddle from eight in the morning until half-past nine at night, and therefore slept soundly, notwithstanding our very scant accommodation, and so far as the excitement of such an eventful day would allow of rest.

We were unable either to water or feed our poor horses, but on coming across baggage wagons I had pulled out a wisp of hay and given it with my own hand to my faithful chestnut Cairngorm, who had again behaved admirably.

I felt that this had been a most important day for Prussia, and prayed God to enlighten the King with his wisdom so that the right results might in future accrue for the weal of Prussia and Germany. In the night I dreamt vividly of my wife and children.

nDálach. Do sheasamh sé i lár an halla agus piostal mór na lámh aige. Bhí a dhreifuir ag truaiginteach air, ach níorbh éan chabhair di bheith leis. D'orduigh Próinsias Ó Fathaigh dó géilleadh, ach chuir sé i n-ainm an diabhal é.

"Ní tusa m'oiigeach feasta," ar seisean le Próinsias agus é ag suatha a phiostail. Bhí cuid eile desna hoifigigh ag gabháil páirte leis agus ba dhóbar go mbeadh droch-obair ann.

Anson do shiubhail an Dálach fé na dhéin agus d'fheuch idir an dá shúil air.

"A leithéid seo," ar seisean go daingean. "Má chaitheann tú urchar as an bpiostal son beidh ort é chaitheamh liomsa. Tá an t-órdú fachtá agam ón gCeann Urraidh géilleadh. Táim tar éis mo chlaidheamh agus m'fhocal a thabhairt don oiigeach Gallda ar bhur son go léir, agus ní raghaidh éinne siar air."

Níor mhór don oiigeach óg stríoca. "Bíodh sé mar sin!" ar seisean. "Ach ní thabharfad m'arm dosna saighdiúirí Gallda," agus do chrom sé ar a phiostal do bhual a gcoinnibh an úrláir d'fhonn é bhrise. Dhein na hoifigigh eile aithris air.

Le na linn sin tháinig an sagart fé nár ndéin. "A buachaillí mh'árann is mh'anama!" ar seisean. "Tá's agam gur deacair libh géilleadh, ach ní leigheas air. Iarrainse ortha é dheunamh ar bhur son féin, ar son bhur muinntire, ar son na hÉireann. Má chaitheann éinne agaibh urchar, marbhófar sibh go léir. Ní fhágfar mac máthar agaibh na bheathaidh—"

Do chas an Dálach ar a sháil go feargach agus do chuir cose leis.

"Ní beag son, a Athair!" ar seisean. "Is cuma linn san diabhal an méid sin; ach tá órdú fachtá agaim ón gCeann Urraidh géilleadh, agus deunfan rud air. Ní gádh dhuit a thuille a rádh."

Chuala Próinsias ag caint le hoifigeach Gallda a bhí na príosúnach aige go dtí son.

"Tá geallta agat dom go leigfar na mná abhaile," arsa Próinsias leis.

"Tá m'fhocal agat air," arsa an toifigeach (Lindsay dob ainm dó), "agus ní gnáth liom m'fhocal do bhrise."

Níor thúsge sinn inuise (mar a chuala ní ba dheun-aighe) nuair do dhein an toifigeach úd mionrabh dá "fhocal." Agus do spailp sé éitheach gan chuimse gan náire in choinnibh nuair a bhítheas ón "thriail."

Bhí na hoifigigh Ghallda go hana-bheusach an flaid is a bhí airm nár lámhaibh aguinn. Tháinig duine aca chughainn agus fothar-aga air.

"A dhaoine uaisle," ar seisean, "ar mhíde libh brostú oraibh. Dubhairt an Ceann Feadhna liom sibh a thabhairt chuige láithreach. Ní hamhla gur mhaith libh an Ceann Feadhna thabhairt anuas ar mhullach mo chinn orm." ("You wouldn't like to get me into a row with the General, would you?")

Is maith is cuimhin liom an oidheche úd agus sin ag gluaiseacht tré shráideanna Bhaile Atha Cliath, agus na saighdiúirí tímeheall orainn. I n-aice lesna Cheithre Chúirte bhí sgata ban bailiú—mná saighdiúirí—agus iad ag easguini is ag bagairt a ndorn orainn. Do ghóill son orainn ní ba mheasa ná éin nídh eile. Bhí 's agaim go maith caidé an sadhas daoine iad—lucht póite is drúise—ach na dhia son is uile, Éireannaigh ab ead iad; agus ní fheacamar éin Éireannaigh eile ach iad. Goill ab eadh na saighdiúirí beaga óga a bhí mar i bhfeidhil. Taobh amuich desna mná úd do luadhas ní fheacamar éinne san taisteal dúinn ach saighdiúirí. Bhí na sráideanna lán díobh. Bhí slua dhíobh ag gach cúinne agus a n-airm i geóir aca. Bhí deallramh chomh greannmhar, chomh neamh-choitianta son ar na sráideanna gur dheacair dom a aithint cá rabhas. Ba gheall le haisling dom é. Bhíos mar a bheadh duine go mbeadh tromluighe ag eur air. B'é mo Bhlá Cliath féin é; ach bhí an doireacht is an ciúneas ann, agus gan duine de ghuath-dhaoine na cathrach le feiscint, ach saighdiúirí agus mótoir cogaidh.

Bhíos ag siubhal le cois Eamonn Uí Dhála i geannas ar mbuidhne. Thaobh thiar diom bhí buachaill an-árd—fear fiadhain, pluid ar a ghuailnibh, agus é ag léimigh as a choiceann nach mór le h-éan chorp

buille is seirihín. Gach re neómait chuireadh sé sgréach as: "Eireochaimid aris! Eireochaimid aris!" Agus nuair a chfodh sé complacht saighdiúirí ag cúinne sráide deireadh sé i n-árd a chinn is a ghutha: "Lámhuighidh sinn! Lámhuighidh sinn! An amhla mbeasann sibh go bhfuil eagla orainn romhaibh?"

Do shroiseamair Sráid Uí Chonaill fé dheire agus do stadadh i n-aice le Leacht Pháirneall.

"Cé tá i bhfeidhil na bhfear so?" arsa sean-oifigeach a bhí na sheasamh i lár na sráide.

"Táimse na bhfeidhil," arsa an Dálach, ag siubhal fé na dhéin. "Nó bhíos, ba chóra dhom a rádh."

"Cad do chialluigheann an chainnt sin?" arsa an t-oifigeach, ad iarraidh é dh'aithint, mar bhí an oidheche ana-dhorecha agus bhí deallramh oifigigh Ghallda ar Eamonn. Nuair d'aithin sé gur Oglach a bhí ann, do sgreadh sé: "Téir thar nais imeasc na bpríosúnach go diair!"

Anson do thugas fé ndeara go raibh slua mór fear ar a dtuobh eile den tsráid agus saighdiúirí tímeheall ortha, fébh mar a bhíodar tímeheall orainn-na.

"An Ogláigh iadsan?" arsa duine taobh thiar diom.

Chuala duine desna hoifigigh Ghallda é. "Seadh," ar seisean go maoidhteach. "Tá sibh go léir idir lámhaibh agaim!" (We've bagged the whole lot of you!)

"Mhuise, mo ghráidh chroidhe sibh!" arsa mo chara. "Agus gan agaibh ach dachad i n-aghaidh an duine aguinn. Is éachtach an ghaisce é!"

"Ní le troid a fuairadar greim orainn!" arsa Ogláigh eile. "Mara a mbeadh an t-órdú fuairamair, ní ghéillfimis go deó."

Bhí na hairm bainte dhinn cheana. B'éigean dúinn anson gach sadhas gléasa nó córach a bhaineann le saighdiúiríocht do chaitheamh uainn. Anson do seoladh fé dhéin Sráide Pháirneall sinn, os comhair Osbuidéil an Rotunda.

Bhí oifigeach an-árd, ana-mhór anson, piostal mór na lámh aige. Do rug sé greim ar Eamonn Ó Dála agus do chuir saighdiúirí tímeheall air agus a mbeaignetí buailte na choinnibh nach mór.

"Tarraig amach an bheirt mhéirleach son," ar seisean, ag síne a mhéire chun Eamonn Uí Dhugáin agus Eamonn Uí Mhoreáin. Do cuireadh lucht na mbeaignetí tímeheall ortha son, leis.

"Sgríobhaidh, síos ainm agus seola gach duine desna méirigh úd," ar seisean leis na hoifigigh eile, ag labhairt i n-árd a chinn is a ghutha agus ag suatha a phiostail mar a bheadh fear buile. "Agus," ar seisean go bagarthach lesna hOgláigh, "má thugann sibh ainmneacha breugacha is díbh is measa."

Tháinig oifigeach beag ramhar chughamsa agus tuin ar a chaint do chuir déistean orm. B'fhuirist fear a chur orm an uair sin agus nuair do chrom sé ar m'ainm agus mo sheola do scrí, do labhras leis go feargach fíochmhar.

"A chladhaire! Má labhrann tú mar sin liom, buailfad tú," ar seisean, agus do bhagair sé a dhorn orm. Do rith an Bodach Mór chugham san an cheudna agus do bhagair a phiostal orm.

D'fheuchas ar an mbeirt agus do chromas ar gháirí. B'fhuirist duit é dheunamh," arsa mise, "mar ní aon arm agam. Tá an lámhuachtair agaibh anois."

Ní thuigeann tú do chás féin, do réir dheallramh," arsa an Bodach Mór. "Ní ionnat ach príosúnach—agus méirleach na theannta!"

D'fheuchas suas idir a dá shúil air. "Cad dubharta do chuir fearg ort?" arsa mise.

Do staon sé. "Nílim annso chun ceisteanna fhreagairt," ar seisean agus do chas ar a sháil. "Cuir comhartha fé leith le hainm an fhir sin," ar seisean leis an bhfear beag reamhair.

"Deunfad, a dhuine uasail," ar seisean. Dheineas gáire aris. D'iarr duine den chárde orm i geogair mo bheul d'éisteacht. "Ní uatha ach leathseul," ar seisean. "Ba mhaith leo sinn do ghriosa chun gleo do dheunamh, d'fhonn an slua dhinn do lámhach."

Dheineas rud air. Do treóruigeadh sinn isteach ar an bhfaibhe beag os comhair Ospuidéil an Rotunda. Do fágadh sínte ar an bhfear sinn, ar muin maire a chéile, mar a bheadh sgata beithíoch.

Anson iseadh thuigeas i gceart cad ba bhrigh le "géilleadh" agus "príosúnach."

AN T-OGLACH

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NOTES

The present issue of "An t-Oglach" marks the beginning of a new series, in which it is proposed to render the official organ of the Irish Volunteers still more worthy of the attention and support of every Irish soldier. The old edition of "An t-Oglach," which the present number replaces, was a war-time production, and its format and contents were largely determined by the exigencies of the military situation. Now that the obstacles, which the war-time organ was designed to overcome, have been removed, it is proposed to take advantage of the new condition of affairs in order to make "An t-Oglach" a source of interest and instruction to all ranks in the National Army.

In succeeding numbers interesting articles will appear dealing with all branches of modern warfare. These contributions will be designed to awaken intelligent inquiry into the various departments of modern military science, and to direct the attention of Volunteers to matters upon which they can easily become more informed by utilising the military school and the barrack library. In addition, articles of national and cultural value shall also be a feature of the journal, and, with the co-operation of the Divisional and Brigade Officers, it is proposed to chronicle matters of general army interest, such as promotions, field manoeuvres, social and athletic events.

During the past week several former British strongholds in Ireland have been occupied by soldiers of the I.R.A. These include the immense military establishment on the Curragh, Portobello Barracks, Dublin, the important Southern infantry and cavalry depots—Victoria Barracks, Cork, and Ballincollig Barracks. The full significance of these events cannot be appreciated at the moment. Perhaps it was not altogether without reason, from their point of view, that some of the evacuating forces should have destroyed the flagstaves from which their flag—the flag of another nation—had been hauled down for ever. To-day the Irish Tricolour stands in its place. Irish soldiers now hold for Ireland these fortresses, formerly the bases

from which were directed the alien forces who held us in slavery.

It may not be out of place to recall here the impressions gathered by the late Senor Bulfin when he passed through the Curragh some years ago. It was summer, and a large British force was stationed on the plains of Kildare. "A roll of kettle drums broke on my ear," says Bulfin. "For the Curragh has certain grim realities to throw at you as you cross it from Newbridge towards Kildare, or from Kildare towards Newbridge. There are huge barracks and acres of white tents to the eastward where the Army of Occupation is encamped. The green turf by the roadside is webbed by the tracks of the manoeuvring batteries of field artillery in yesterday's exercises. There are signal stations, flagstaves, cavalry pickets, sentinels posted here and there in heavy marching order, long lines of stables, band stands, rifle ranges, and all the many appurtenances of a great military camp."

The Ultimate Achievement, MEANING OF AN IRISH ARMY.

"Ireland armed will obtain,
ultimately, just as much freedom
as she wants."

PADRAIC PEARSE.

"The Camp dominates the Curragh," he continues, "and, indeed, the rest of Ireland. . . . It is in existence mainly because of the sins of omission committed by the people of Ireland in different epochs, and its mission is to expound the peaceful lessons of conquest by the moral force of steel and gunpowder." Such was the picture which confronted the tourist of yesterday as he traversed the Curragh's plain. To-day the scene is changed. Green-coated Irish soldiers have displaced the forces of England, not alone on the Curragh, but almost everywhere throughout the land, to take up the high duty of guarding and consolidating the liberty of our nation. In the near future scenes of military activity may, doubtless, again impress themselves upon the mind of the visitor to the Curragh, but they shall be an indication of national independence and a guarantee of the efficiency of its defenders.

Army News in Brief.

The death is announced at Clones Military Hospital of S/Capt. Paddy Rooney, 5th Northern Division, I.R.A. Ar dheis De go raibh a anam.

Capt. P. Griffin who had been Vice O/C. Beggars' Bush Barrack has been appointed O/C. Portobello Barrack.

S/Capt. W. Corri, Adjutant to O/C. Beggars' Bush has been transferred to Portobello.

Lieut. Hegarty who had been attached to the Training Staff G.H.Q., has been appointed Adjutant to the O/C. Beggars' Bush.

Lieut. J. Gilhooley assistant barrack O/C. Beggars' Bush has been appointed barrack Quartermaster.

Lieut. O'Rourke has been appointed O/C. Wellington Barrack.

Amongst Volunteers who have been given Commissions in the 1st Western Division appears the name of Frank Teeling, the young Dublin Volunteer, who made a sensational escape from Kilmainham Prison where he had been under sentence of death for his part in the Mount Street battle.

Special Requiem Masses are being celebrated in St. Agatha's Church, North William Street, at 10 a.m. and in the Pro Cathedral at 11.30 a.m. on Thursday, May 25th, the anniversary of the taking of the Custom House, for the members of the Guards and other Irish soldiers who lost their lives in that engagement. Special seats will be reserved for relatives of those who fell and detachments of Irish troops will be present in the sanctuary of the Churches. The ceremonies will be conducted with full military honour.

Clonskeagh Castle which had been the headquarters of the 2nd Dublin Brigade, Eastern Division of the I.R.A., has been vacated. Some of the troops have moved to the Curragh and the remainder has moved to the I.R.A. Station, Dun Laoghaire.

The Commanding Officer and O.C. of the 2nd Eastern Division are giving a dinner in Portobello Barrack on Thursday to celebrate the anniversary of the taking of the Custom House.

Health Chats

By an Army Medical Officer.

There is a popular belief that matters relating to the health and sanitation of the Army are the concern of the medical services only, and that it is their duty to see that these things are kept in order. No idea could be more fallacious. Medical officers in modern armies are there in the capacity of expert advisers. They can merely make recommendations, and if they have not the cordial co-operation of the officers and men of all services in carrying out these recommendations, they are helpless.

Every member of an army should have, at least, an elementary knowledge of Hygiene—the science of the preservation of health. He should also know that "prevention is better than cure," and that disease is far more dangerous to his life than the most well-equipped and efficient enemy.

It is with the hope of imparting some slight knowledge of hygiene and sanitation to the officers and men of all units of the Army that these notes are written. I intend to continue these series with others on similar subjects each week.

The Care of Barracks.

Knowledge of the management of barracks is especially important at the present time. We are occupying many surrendered buildings which are old and insanitary, hence we should be especially careful.

Cleanliness is the watchword in all matters relating to the care of barracks.

Billets should not be overcrowded. Each man should have 60 square feet of floor space, and 600 cubic feet of air space—that is the minimum; if he can have more, all the better.

All windows should be opened fully first thing in the morning, so that the night air is flushed out of the billet, and windows should be left sufficiently open at night to ventilate without causing a draught.

Floors of billets should be sprinkled with water and brushed daily. A cloud of dust should be avoided. No food should be kept in billets. Floors should be scrubbed clean once a week with long-handled scrubbers, and dried, not merely sluiced with water and mopped. On scrubbing day all bedding should be taken out in the air and beaten.

Spitting round billets, landings, and stairs should be severely punished.

Urine tubs for night use should be placed at a suitable height outside each billet in barracks where urinals are not provided.

Urine tubs should be emptied every morning and then washed out, with some disinfectant added to the water. Men engaged in such work should wash their hands thoroughly, and should not be permitted to do any work in the kitchens or food

The Enemy—Dirt.

Every man should know that dirt, whether animal, vegetable or

Aeronautics

TRAINING OF PILOTS.

Flying is more a question of temperament than physique, and whilst it is essential that a pilot should be healthy and that certain organs be perfect, it is on his mentality depends his flying ability.

The best age to train a pilot is between 18 and 22, and although he need not be of fine physique, it is necessary that his eyes, ears, nose, lungs and certain other organs be perfect. After his medical examination the prospective pilot is sent to a school of Aeronautics for his theoretical course. Here he learns everything in connection with aeroplanes except actual flying—he sees aeroplanes assembled and disassembled, and learns the theory of flight and how to true up a machine. He studies the different types of aero-engines and learns the running of them in the workshop, receiving a general course in petrol engines, lubrication systems, etc.

In his signalling course he learns wireless, lamp-signalling, and all the various methods of communicating with the ground from the air. In addition to all this, he studies various other aeronautical subjects, and does a thorough machine-gun course, comprising stripping, cleaning, the synchronising gear and the clearing of the various stoppages. The course, which lasts about two months, terminates with an examination, and if the pupil is successful he passes on to the school of Flying.

The First Flight.

The arrival at the school of Flying is an event in the life of the embryo pilot. Here for the first time he is in actual contact with flying, and looks forward with uncertainty to his first flight. On the first day he is given a "joy-ride" to give him a rough idea of what his future career will be like. There is a remarkable sameness about all first flights; and, looking back, his first flight is but a vague memory to the pilot. He gets into the machine and fastens the belt, the engine roars, and, before he realises what has happened, he sees houses, fields, cattle, everything far below and becoming smaller and smaller. After a few minutes he begins to get accustomed to the situation and bravely starts to look around. At this point,

mineral, are the breeding grounds or germs, and that germs cause disease. Heaps of refuse round a barrack square, even if they were not actually dangerous, are indications of inefficiency in that particular unit, and should never be countenanced. Arrangements should be made with the local sanitary authority for their removal or they should be destroyed in the barrack incinerators.

if the instructor is kind, he may be stunting, but if he is not, this will be the next few minutes, which will occupy the pupil's mind for many a day, and which, if not, instead of doing good, will do harm. Then comes the descent and landing, which the pupil gets out of the machine and, looking around him with an air of thankfulness not unmixed with pride, usually adopts an air of condescension to his fellows who have not yet been "up."

After the first day, with its varied sensations, the pupil settles down to routine and begins flying in earnest. Each day he is taken up by his instructor. In the beginning he is taught to fly straight, which is more difficult than it sounds, as the machine always wants to turn one way or the other, and, as a result of the pupil's trying to correct it, goes zig-zagging across the sky. When he has learned this and realised that the controls work better with gentle than sledge-hammer treatment, he is taught easy turns and figures of eight. After he has become fairly proficient in general flying, he comes to the hardest point of his training, namely, landing.

Learning to Land.

First of all the instructor does several landings whilst the pupil holds the control, and then the latter is taught to gauge his distance and to land correctly, the instructor correcting all mistakes and preventing the crashing of the machine. Teaching landings is one of the greatest strains on the flying instructor, but if he possesses a good vocabulary, he has a convenient outlet for his feelings.

The "Solo" Trip.

When the pupil has learned enough about landing to get him on to the ground with safety, he is taught how to do steep turns, side-slips, and all the various manoeuvres, and then, if the instructor thinks him fit, he is sent up by himself for the first time.

It is then that the mentality of the pupil shows itself. He has sufficient skill to fly by himself or the instructor would not send him up; but if he goes up thinking that he is incompetent and that he is going to crash, the odds are in favour of crashing. The following is perhaps the best method for sending a pupil up for his first "solo." The instructor, when he thinks his pupil competent, steps out of the machine and tells him to go up. The pupil thus has no time to worry, and, with average luck, usually makes a successful debut.

After the first solo, the pupil flies daily until he has done about 15 or 20 hours' flying. He is then taken up again by the instructor, and any bad habits he may have formed are eradicated. He is taught the various stunts, such as Immelmann turns, looping, rolling, etc., and is taught how to make a forced landing. After a brief course of instruction he flies solo again, performing the various tasks required for his graduation certificate, and concludes with six landings at night and a short night flight.

He is then ready for a Military Squadron and his Service training.

Impression of the I.R.A.

sometimes been accused in Ireland of being too insular in our outlook; too much wrapt up in our own national self-consciousness to visualise correctly our relation to the world of to-day. This is partly true. Up to recently, political and economic causes operated to shut us off from the world. The Insurrection of 1916 made the first big rent in the smoke screen of falsehood enshrouding us. The fight that followed concentrated the attention of all liberty-loving nations of our small island, and they followed the progress of our liberation war as closely and with as keen an interest as the many phases of the greater European engagement. American, French, Italian, and other Continental writers recorded the outstanding episodes in the six years' campaign, and pictured to their peoples the circumstances under which we fought. It is of interest to Volunteers to look back on that period of endurance and see themselves as others saw them. It will tend to broaden our outlook.

The Volunteer Captains.

In "L'Irlande Insurgée" Sylvain Briollay, a distinguished Frenchman, gives his impression of the Army during the war period, more particularly during the winter of 1920-21, when he contributed a series of articles to "Revue de Paris" and "Le Correspondent." Answering the query, "Where was this Army to find recruits?" M. Briollay replies, "A few everywhere—from workers, students, peasants, clerks." From Sir H. Lawson, an English Lieutenant-General, he goes on to quote the following: "The Captains of the Volunteers appear to have been almost always quite young men, farmers' sons for the most part, some of them schoolmasters, most with what for their class must be considered a good deal of education, ignorant, however, of the world and of many things, but as a class, transparently sincere and single-minded idealists, highly religious for the most part, and often with an almost mystical sense of their duty to their country. These men gave to the task organising their Volunteers their best in mind and spirit. . . . It is no exaggeration to say that, as a class, they represented all that was best in the countryside."

To Volunteers there is perhaps no prouder memory of the fight than the sense of responsibility, the fine spirit of discipline, shown by all ranks. The English General quoted by M. Briollay, describing this characteristic, says: "They (the Captains) and their Volunteers were trained to discipline, they imbibed the military spirit, the sense of military honour, etc., and then, as now, they looked upon their army as one in a very real sense an organisation demanding implicit obedience and self-abnegation from rank to rank." Later the same writer

Guerilla Tactics

The recent war for Freedom which has just been brought to a successful issue in this country has opened up new possibilities in the conduct of modern war which we must not fail to grasp.

Using purely guerilla tactics the I.R.A. were able to bring to a stand-still the military operations of one of the most highly trained armies of Europe, armed with the very latest weapons of modern science. We had to meet superior numbers, superior training and superior armament. The bitter handicap of lack of arms—of "stuff," is not likely to be soon forgotten.

But how would things have gone if we had had unlimited munitions of the latest kind, and if all our men had been highly trained in their use? It is not too bold a prophecy to say that under such circumstances very much more serious losses would have been inflicted upon the opposing forces. They would have been compelled to use a much greater army against us, and we would have been able to have cut, permanently and completely, many of their most important lines of communication and supply.

Factors Against the Army.

All this could have been done in a small country, much of whose area is quite unfitted for guerilla operations.

Consider the difficulties we had to face

states that "the Irish Republican Army seems to be particularly free from ruffians of the professional type."

Value of People's Support.

M. Briollay, discussing the effectiveness of our warfare, says: "These men (the I.R.A.) were evidently much less formidable on account of their weapons or their numbers than by reason of their moral exaltation, and the active sympathy in which the population, almost without exception, enveloped them. Behind their organisation there was the spirit of a nation," says General Lawson—"of a nation which was certainly not in favour of murder, but which, on the whole, sympathised with them, and believed that the members of the I.R.A. are fighting for the cause of the Irish people." Thanks to this support from the masses, there are few traitors, and these few are promptly unmasked and punished, while, on the other hand, there is an incomparable secret service, since a whole nation in sympathy gathers information for 'the boys,' and thwarts at every turn the crushing superiority of English power."

This testimony to the prowess of the Army from external sources should not pique our national vanity, but rather should point the moral that, linked with the people, we are well-nigh unconquerable; estranged from the people we are weak and vulnerable.

beyond the mere lack of munitions and supplies, such as the building up of our fighting organisation with the country firmly occupied, and the enemy, vigorously carrying on an intense offensive against us, backed up by that very efficient corps of Intelligence Agents and guides, the old R.I.C.

How much better off we would have been from a military point of view if we could have started with an efficient organisation, worked out to the last detail, and with our men highly trained and fully equipped; and how handicapped the British would have been if they had had to fight without guides and without local intelligence.

Under Other Conditions.

Surely under these circumstances even a small guerilla force would be sufficient to keep a very much larger number of an invading army fully occupied.

If, in addition to this guerilla campaign, the British had had to face an organised regular force somewhere in the country, and maintain a continuous battle-front against it, their position would have been even still more difficult.

A constant and unbroken stream of war supplies is a vital necessity for such a battle-front.

All this, however, is merely leading up to the main point. It is that in a war between modern civilised states, a regular army is opposed to a regular army. One of these armies gains initial successes, obtains the "Offensive" and proceeds to invade the territory of its opponent with the object of following and finally destroying the enemy forces.

A Defensive Campaign.

Now Ireland is a small country, comparatively thinly populated, and the armies of any possible future invader will probably be much larger than any organised force we could put into the field to oppose them. Provided this enemy is able to obtain a foothold in the country, we would almost certainly have to fall back and fight a defensive battle.

It is here that the possibilities of organised guerilla war come in. If a plan of campaign could be pursued in which the Regular Army would have the active support and co-operation of well-organised guerilla troops, the work of the invader would be considerably hampered, if not rendered impossible of achievement.

In a later number of AN t-OGLACH it is proposed to deal more fully with this subject of which a brief outline only has been given. Meantime the writer would welcome any comments from I.R.A. Officers or men on the matter.

Thawing of Explosives.

Don't use frozen or chilled explosive. It is dangerous and wasteful.

Don't use any arrangement for thawing dynamites other than those recommended.

Don't thaw dynamites on heated stoves, ovens, rocks, etc.

Don't thaw dynamites in front of, next to or over a steam boiler, forge, or fire of any kind.

On and Off Parade

Next to discipline and an efficient military training, our soldiers should direct their attention to dress and manners. A shabbily dressed officer or a negligently attired soldier is one of the most ungainly of sights. In every army in the world worthy of the name, due insistence is made upon the dress and manners of the officers and men.

When you appear on parade, you are careful to look neat and spruce. It is equally important that you should appear becomingly in public. A careless, badly attired, or slovenly soldier is a discredit to his Company, and unfitted to belong to the Irish Army. Ten chances to one the slovenly, untidy soldier is also slovenly in his habits, slovenly at his drill, slow and awkward in acquiring habits of discipline.

And if these faults are grave in the rank and file, they are much more so amongst Officers holding a Commission in the Army. An officer who does not pay attention to detail in his dress and appearance at all times, more especially in public, is unworthy of the service and an undoubted injury to his brother officers in the command.

There is little use for fops or tailors' dummies in an Irish Army, but we do require our soldiers to be tidy in dress, alert and soldierly in their bearing; and we also require that, while our officers should avoid all the affectation of foppery reminiscent of a foreign army, they should dress and carry themselves as officers worthy of the Army to which they belong.

This is a matter which deserves the thoughtful consideration of all officers and N.C.O.'s. The people, the nation, expect this from you. They will have scant respect for carelessly attired, badly groomed officers or soldiers, no matter how praiseworthy their ideals or courageous their fighting spirit. To dress neatly and properly is something every soldier owes not only to his position and to himself, but also to his comrades and the army in general.

But this attention to dress and appearance is a futile thing in itself if it is not accompanied by a courteous and chivalrous bearing towards others, more particularly towards civilians. In the street, in the train, on the tramcar, always remember the uniform you wear, and act only in a manner that will enhance the respect for that uniform amongst the people.

To bring discredit upon your uniform is equally as reprehensible as to bring dishonour or ignominy on the Flag under which you serve. Both should be sacred in your eyes. Remember you belong to the Irish Army of to-day.

Your sense of respect for the national honour is measured not in words but in this op.

Let us, therefore, be its most jealous guardians.

Principles of Warfare

According to Marshal Foch the principles of warfare are unchangeable. The progress of the world in the arts and sciences may alter the actual methods by which a modern military campaign is conducted. The European War fully demonstrates this fact. But the basic principles which are the secret of successful military leadership have remained largely as they were in the days of Napoleon.

This is the contention which Marshal, then Lt.-Col., Foch put forward in a series of lectures delivered to the French Staff College almost 20 years ago. When later circumstances entrusted him with the conduct of the greatest war the world has yet seen, Marshal Foch constructed all his strategy upon those principles which he conceived to be the permanent ones of all warfare. His undoubted success on the field is a sufficient justification for an examination of his underlying theories.

The Old Scientific Theory.

Marshal Foch states that according to the old theory of warfare military success depended upon superior numbers, better rifles, better guns and more skilfully-chosen positions. But the French Revolution and Napoleon above all "would have answered:

THOUGHT BEFORE ACTION.

"It is not some familiar spirit which suddenly and secretly discloses to me what I have to say or do in a case unexpected by others; it is reflexion, meditation."—NAPOLEON.

"We are not more numerous, we are not better armed; but we will beat you all the same, because, thanks to our plans, we will manage to have superiority in numbers at the decisive point; because by our energy, our instruction, the use of our arms, fire and bayonet, we will succeed in stimulating our own spirit to a maximum and in breaking yours."

The theories which men had believed to be accurate because entirely founded on certain definite mathematical data were, in fact, radically wrong; "for," says Marshal Foch, "they had left aside the most important factor of the problem, whether in command or execution, namely, that factor which animates the subject, which gives it life: man, with his moral, mental and physical faculties. They were further in error because they tended to make war an exact science, forgetting its true nature: that of a 'dreadful and impassioned drama.'"

The Human Factor.

One of the worst possible consequences of these theories was that the teaching in military schools was concentrated on the material side of the subject only. "Hence that exclusive study of ground, fortification, armament, organisation, administration, more or less cleverly situated bases,

a study touching but the art of war." As for the results from man's action treated as to be unintelligible, entirely ignored. Occasional ability was connected with luck getting a contempt for work from that intellectual culture counted for naught.

However, 1870 brought home to France the absurdity of this doctrine, for it gave her an enemy formed by the teaching of history—by the study of concrete facts. It was thus that Scharnhorst, Willisen and Clausewitz had from the beginning of the nineteenth century formed the Command of the Prussian Army. The Germans, in order to understand war, had not confined themselves to examining the instruments used in warfare, without taking man—who uses them—into account.

"In the book of History, carefully analysed, they had found the living Army, troops in movement and action with their human needs, passions and weaknesses, self denials, capacities of all sorts. . . . There lay the essence of the subject to be scrutinised, as well as the starting point of rational study."

Teaching War by War.

In the reaction from the too mathematical school of thought there arose another school which summarised its views in the axiom: **war can only be taught by war.** This particular school of warfare suffers from the disadvantage that it can neither be opened at will, nor kept going for the benefit of learning. Besides, the campaign would be over before the instruction had begun. "We need not go back to Marshal de Saxe's 'mules,'" says Foch, "in order to see that waging war without previous reflexion on its character does not indicate a clear perception of the principles which govern war, even when the question is merely how to establish a line of outposts, to defend a river or a frontier or to determine the mission of a vanguard.

"Situations, however grave, do not produce of themselves light and felicitous extemporisation. Generally speaking grave situations impair even a bright intellect. It is therefore with a fully equipped mind that one ought to start in order to make war and even to understand war.

"The truth is, no study is possible on the battlefield; one does there simply what one can in order to apply what one knows. Therefore in order to do even a little one has already to know a great deal and to know it well."

A System Based on Facts.

Between these two extreme theories, one of which would reduce war to a scientific theory and the other, which would teach warfare through action, no choice was possible, and both had to be rejected. "One had, therefore, to give up the attempt to construct a complete theory of war by abstract mental work and a mere process of reasoning. One had to create a new system by basing oneself on facts."

To do this it is necessary to examine the (Continued on page 5, col. 8).

Irish Military History

of military service in Ireland can be plainly enough. It begins with the 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 Galians 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 Galians have already finished setting up their booths and huts. When the rest are still building booths and huts, the Galians have finished preparing their food and drink. While the others are getting ready their food and drink, the Galians 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 Galians 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 Galians 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 every 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. 800, they encountered the King of Ireland, Cairbre Lifesachar. 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 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, Brefny, 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 Suibhne, Mac Cába, 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 galloglaich, who no doubt supplied the expert element. Irish soldiers 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. Out setbacks came from being behind-hand 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 poetssang 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, Toirdhealbhach Mac Suibhne, descendant of a line of galloglach ancestors, and his was the greater heroism.

PRINCIPLES OF WARFARE.

(Continued from page 4).

facts which history provides. One has to visualise the circumstances under which those facts arose and to endeavour to take the place of the actors with a view to realising the difficulties they had to conquer and how they overcame them. The decisions taken and the consequent results can be discussed and the whole action treated anew.

"The more an army is deficient in the experience of warfare," writes General de Peucker, "the more it behoves it to turn to the history of war, as a means of instruction and as a base for that instruction. Although the history of war cannot give acquired experience, it can nevertheless prepare for it. In peace-time, it becomes the true means of learning war and of determining the fixed principles of the art of war."

(To be continued).

Chemical Warfare

The importance of chemical warfare as an effective arm of the up-to-date military machine is one of the lessons which may be learned from the late world war. The facts concerning this aspect of modern warfare have probably received less attention than those of any other important development in military science. This is particularly true of countries outside Germany and, possibly, America. Yet the chemical aspect of national defence in the future is one which cannot afford to be overlooked.

The initiation of chemical warfare as a definite military weapon may be said to date from the poison gas attack launched by the Germans against the Allies at Ypres in April, 1915. Although this attack was conducted solely with gas, it would be incorrect to suppose that no other type of chemical was used as this branch of warfare developed. No doubt, the chemistry of war originated under the stress of the poison gas campaign, but after 1915 liquids and solids were utilised by both sides, and towards the conclusion of the war the tendency was to concentrate on substances which, if they did not appear on the field of battle as solids and liquids, were at least capable of being transported to the front and projected against the enemy as such. A large number of different chemicals became available for use in this way as the poison war developed. These can be classified either according to their tactical advantages or their effect on the human being. According to an English scientist who saw service during the campaign, the British, French, American, and German armies all tended to the final adoption of a tactical classification, but the French emphasised the physiological side.

The Element of Surprise.

The critical factor of surprise in war was never nearer decisive success than on April 22nd, 1915, when, following a heavy bombardment, the Germans released great volumes of poisonous gas against the French Division at Ypres. Thick clouds of yellow smoke issued from the German trenches and gradually enveloped the French troops. "What follows almost defies description," says the British official report. "The effect of these poisonous gases was so virulent as to render the whole of the line held by the French Division . . . practically incapable of action at all. . . . The smoke and gas hid everything from sight, and hundreds of men were thrown into a comatose condition, and within an hour the whole position had to be abandoned together with 50 guns."

The substance used by the Germans in this operation is a heavy greenish yellow gas known as Chlorine, which, if inhaled in any

quantity, causes acute lung trouble, and finally death from suffocation. Military experts hold that the Germans just missed colossal success, rendered possible by the use of an entirely new war method, by failing to exploit this attack to the full. Their failure to do so was due largely to the fact that the master mind behind this new form of warfare was that of a scientist and not of a soldier. The new weapon was largely the work of world-famed German chemists, and the Army had not yet realised its tremendous potentialities.

Even as early as 1887, Professor Baeyer, the renowned organic chemist of Munich, lecturing to advanced students referred to the military value of certain chemical compounds. This remark would seem not to have been lost on those who built up the chemical manufacturing industries for which Germany is famous. These industries are organised on a dual basis. In time of war the ordinary plant in the chemical factories easily lends itself to the production of deadly chemical compounds of immense value in warfare. The poison gas used with such deadly effect at Ypres was ordinarily produced for bleaching and other commercial purposes, and so was readily available when required for use in war. This was a factor of very great importance to Germany. For instance, the production of poison gas in England on a large scale entailed the erection and organisation of factories and the training of expert staffs, all of which had been already accomplished by Germany for her normal chemical industries.

Field Preparations.

Soon after the outbreak of the war in 1914 Germany set about organising special Gas Units. After an experimental period satisfactory appliances for the discharge of poison gas were adopted, and a number of officers and men thoroughly trained in their manipulation. In the beginning, gas attacks were conducted on the following lines:—The front line trench of the sector from which the gas attack was to be developed was inspected by Gas Officers. At carefully selected positions deep narrow trenches were dug below the surface of the main trench just underneath the parapet. The heavy gas cylinders, weighing as much as 90 lbs., were carried to the front line by infantry, the discharge valves being protected by domes which screwed into the cylinder. The cylinders were then introduced into the holes prepared for them, tops flush with the trench bottom, and covered by a board on which was placed a kind of long bag stuffed with peat moss or other suitable material chemically treated so as to absorb any slight gas leakages which might occur. Three further layers of sandbags were then piled above the cylinder so as to conceal it, protect it from shell fragments and provide a fire-step for the infantry.

On the favourable night the dome was removed and a lead pipe connected to the cylinder and directed over the parapet into "No Man's Land" with the nozzle weighed down by a sandbag. The pioneers stood by the batteries of 20 cylinders, and

An t-Síothchán na Dalá

An sgéal is fearr do thuit amach tsosa comhraic do tharla indiu. Is nua do bhí Eamon de Valera agus Mícheál Coileáin i gcomhairle a chéile ag léachaint a bhféadfaí aon rud do dhéanamh chun síothcháin do bhaint amach. Tá an síothcháin go ó gach éinne in Eirinn anois agus más rud é bhfuil an dá árd taoiseach sásta leis an réidhteach ba chóir go mbeadh an gnáth dhuine nó "an duine macánta" sásta leis. Do réir ár dtuairime beidh gach óglach in Eirinn ana shásta 'na aigne leis an síothcháin do deineadh. Bhí gach duine bréan de féin agus den chuma agus den chrot a bhí ar an dtír.

Ach, anois ó tharla go bhfuil an tsíothcháin ann, ba chóir go ndéanfadh gach óglach a bhfuil 'na chumas chun an tsíothcháin do bhuanú. Aondacht idir Gaelibh an úrlis is fearr atá againn chun saoirse na tíre do bhaint amach. Má bristear an aondacht úd beidh deire le cúis na nGael go deo na ndéor. Beimid i bhfad níos measa ná mar a bhíomar tar eis catha Chinn tSáile agus "Eiteall na nIarla." Tá ar gach duine againn a dhichead do dhéanamh d'fhonn an réidhteach agus an tsíothcháin do bhuanú.

AN CURRACH I SEILBH NA nGAEL.

Is minic do chúlas "i gCurrach Cille Dara do casadh liom gradh mo chléibh." Agus is 'mó Gael in Eirinn indiu a bhfuil seana thaghe aige ar an gCurrach chéadna. Ar feadh breis is bliain do bhíodar 'na bpriosúnaibh ann agus an Tommy ag bagairt ortha. Anois tá an Tommy ag imtheacht agus saighdiúirí na nGael ag dul isteach. An Currach an t-arm ionad ba mhó a bhí ag comhacht na Sasanach sa tír seo. Aon iarracht a dhein Eireannaigh riamh chun saoirse do bhaint amach ón gCurrach do bhriseadh é. Bhí iomlán neart na nGall ann.

Agus indiu tá brat na nGael ar seóladh ón túr uisce ann, á chur in iúl do chách go bhfuil deire le réim na nGall agus go bhfuil "Eire arís ag Cáit ní Dhuibhir."

PORTOBELLO LEIS.

Ar an 17adh lá de Bhealtaine do chuaidh Gárdaí Atha Cliath isteach i mBaraic Portobello, ceann des na baraicibh is 'mó sa chathair.

Táimid ag dul chun cinn go maith agus le congnamh Dé beidh gach aon rud all right, ach, Gael a bheith ar aon aigne. Sin an t-aon rud amháin a dhéanfaidh an tír do shábháil anois.

after a given signal released the poison gas. At this stage the infantry retired to leave the front line for the pioneers. When surprise was complete, artillery retaliation to the gas attack was very late in developing.

The evolution of chemical warfare, however, obviated much of the arduous and lengthy effort which marked the first stages of this new war method, as shall be shown in succeeding articles.

Army Orders

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S DEPT.,
16TH MAY, 1922.

Regulation No. 1.

EMERGENCY KIT (OFFICERS).

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 Auto. or Revolver | 2 Pair Drawers |
| 100 Rds. Ammunition | 2 Singlets |
| 1 Tunic | 2 Shirts |
| 1 Pair Breeches | |
| 1 " Slacks | 1 Mug (enamel) |
| 1 " Leggings | 1 Plate |
| 1 " Boots | 1 Knife |
| 1 Great Coat | 1 Fork |
| 1 Cap | 1 Spoon |
| 1 S.B. Belt | 1 Clothes Brush |
| 1 Holster | 1 Hair Brush |
| 2 Amm. Pouches | 1 Boot Brush |
| 3 Blankets | 1 Comb |
| 1 Ground Sheet | 1 Whistle |
| 2 Towels | 1 Electric Torch |
| 2 Pair Braces | 1 Kit Bag |
| 1 " Gloves | 1 Trench Coat |
| 1 Cardigan Jacket | 1 Cleaning Outfit (Arms) |
| 6 Handkerchiefs | |
| 3 Pair Socks | |

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S DEPT.,
16TH MAY, 1922.

Regulation No. 2.

EMERGENCY KIT (N.C.O.'S & PRIVATES).

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 Rifle | 3 Blankets |
| 100 Rds. Ammunition | 2 Pair Braces |
| 1 Tunic | 1 Ground Sheet |
| 1 Pair Breeches | 1 Pair Gloves |
| 1 " Leggings | 1 Cardigan Jacket |
| 1 " Boots | |
| 1 Great Coat | 1 Mug (enamel) |
| 2 Shirts | 1 Plate |
| 2 Singlets | 1 Knife |
| 2 Pair Drawers | 1 Fork |
| 3 " Socks | 1 Spoon |
| 1 Cap | 1 Clothes Brush |
| 6 Handkerchiefs | 1 Boot Brush |
| 1 Belt | 1 Comb |
| 1 Pair Shoulder Straps | 1 Kit Bag |
| 4 Amm. Pouches | 1 Cleaning Outfit (Arms) |
| 2 Towels | |

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S DEPT.,
16TH MAY, 1922.

Regulation No. 3.

MONTHLY ACCOUNTS.

On and after 1st June, 1922, no Accounts will be passed for payment, except for Materials supplied during the month preceeding that in which statements of Accounts are furnished.

All bills for Materials supplied up to the end of April should be in before 1st June, 1922. Any bills for Materials supplied before the end of April, arriving after 1st June, 1922, must be accompanied by an explanatory statement, otherwise they will be returned.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S DEPT.,
16TH MAY, 1922.

Regulation No. 4.

FOOD SUPPLIES.

Food Supplies for any Areas or Barracks in respect of which Accounts are submitted to this Department for payment, must not exceed the rations equivalent for the number of men in that Area or Barrack.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S DEPT.,
16TH MAY, 1922.

Regulation No. 5.

HIRING OF CARS, ETC.

All Transport required must be requisitioned from the District Transport Officer on or after 1st June, 1922. When cars are not available, hirage is allowed, but it must first receive sanction of the District Transport Officer, otherwise bills will not be passed for payment.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S DEPT.,
16TH MAY, 1922.

Regulation No. 6.

MATERIALS FOR MOTOR TRANSPORT.

All spare parts, petrol or other Materials for Motor Transport must be requisitioned from the District Transport Officer. No bills for Motor Transport Materials purchased on or after 1st June, 1922, will be allowed.

Regulation No. 7.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S DEPT.,
15TH MAY, 1922.

RATIONS OUTSIDE BARRACKS.

Bills for Meals or maintenance expenses incurred by officers and men away from Barracks on or after 1st June, 1922, will not be passed for payment.

All such expenses must be borne by the officers or men themselves and claims for refund should be made through their officers to the District Paymaster.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S DEPT.,
15TH MAY, 1922.

Regulation No. 8.

SUPPLY OF EQUIPMENT.

All Equipment required must be drawn from the District Supply Stores after 1st June, 1922. The Paymaster will not pass for payment debts incurred by Quartermasters or any other officers for Equipment purchased on or after the above date.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S DEPT.,
15TH MAY, 1922.

Regulation No. 9.

USE OF MOTOR CARS, ETC.

Motor Cars, Cycles, or any other army vehicles must not be used for any other purpose except for army work without permission in writing from the G.H.Q.'s Office, the Chief Transport Office, or the District Transport Office.

Officers issuing Permits for use of Cars, etc., etc., will be held responsible for any loss, damage, etc., and must pay for same.

This Order will be rigidly enforced and all breaches should be reported immediately.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S DEPT.,
15TH MAY, 1922.

Regulation No. 10.

CHARGES FOR EMPTIES.

Charges for returnable Empties will in future be struck off accounts. No packing cases, petrol tins, casks, etc., etc., will be paid for.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.

WATER DISCIPLINE.

Don't drink water when on the march if you can possibly avoid it. By practice it is quite easy to do without it. There are several things which increase thirst: (a) Smoking; (b) Breathing through the mouth and not the nose; (c) Chewing and spitting.

It is absolutely necessary to control the use of the water bottle and to keep it for positive need only. Cold tea is a good thirst quencher, and, if put in boiling, it acts as a disinfectant of the bottle. This cleaning of the bottle is a very necessary point to remember, but don't wash it out with stones or sand, they always contain more dirt.

NIGHT SCOUTING.

A scout has to be able to notice small details just as much by night as by day, and this he has to do chiefly by listening, occasionally by feeling or smelling.

In the stillness of the night sounds carry farther than by day. If you put your ear to the ground or place it against a stick, or especially against a drum, which is touching the ground, you will hear the shake of a horse's hoofs or the thud of a man's footfall a long way off. Another way is to open a knife with the blade at each end, stick one blade into the ground and hold the other between your teeth, and you will hear all the better.

The human voice, even though talking low, carries to a great distance, and is not likely to be mistaken for any other sound.

Appointments and Promotions

Quartermaster-General's Department.

Staff Routine Order No. 8.

FORMATION OF CORPS.

- The Department will be divided into the following Corps immediately:—
 - Army Ordnance Corps.
 - Army Supply Corps.
 - Army Transport Corps.
 - Army Pay Corps.
- Each Corps will have a Headquarters at Portobello and the country will be divided up into 6 Districts with a Headquarters for each district, viz.:—
 - Eastern district Headquarters—Welling-ton.
 - South Eastern district—Kilkenny.
 - South Western district—Ennis.
 - Mid. Western district—Athlone.
 - Southern district—(not yet fixed).
 - Northern district—(not yet fixed).
- District Quartermasters are appointed for the different district, and they will be directly responsible to this office for all administration in their areas:—
 - Eastern District—Q.M. Comdt. J. Dunne, Rank of Col. Comdt. on Staff.
 - Sth. Eastern District—Dist. Q.M. Col. Comdt. Cronin rank of Col. Comdt. on Staff.
 - Sth. Western District—Dist. Q.M. Col. Comdt. McGrath, rank of Col. Comdt. on Staff.
 - (e & f) Southern and Northern Districts—(not yet filled).

4. ORDNANCE CORPS.

The appointments in the Ordnance Corps are as follows:—

- Chief Ordnance Officer—Comdt. S. Quinn, rank of Col. Comdt. on Staff.
 Asst. Chief Ordnance Officer—Capt. B. McMahon, rank Batt. Comdt.
 Officer in charge of Depot, Portobello—Capt. P. MacMahon.
 Officer in charge of Eastern District—Capt. G. Hampton.
 Officer in charge of Eastern District Sub-Depot, Curragh—Capt. Harper.
 Officer in charge of Sth. Eastern District—(not filled).
 Officer in charge of Sth. Western District—Capt. L. Duffy.
 Officer in charge, of Mid. Western District—(not filled).
 Officer in charge of Southern District—(not filled).
 Officer in charge of Northern District—(not filled).
 The following will also be transferred to the Ordnance Corps:—
 J. Curran.
 Sergt. Lynch, Staff.
 Cadet Lane.
 Capt. B. McMahon's Staff from Marlboro' Hall.
 Ltn. J. Doyle, and other Armourers.

5. SUPPLY CORPS.

The appointments in the Supply Corps are as follows:—

- Chief Supply Officer Comdt. Gujffoye—Rank Col. Comdt. on Staff.
 Asst. Chief Supply Officer V. Comdt. Carney, Rank Batt. Comdt.
 Officer i/c Portobello Depot, Sergt. B. Fitzgerald—Rank 2nd Ltn.
 Officer i/c Eastern Dist.—Capt. T. Fitzgerald.
 Officer i/c Eastern Dist. Sub-Depot, Curragh—Capt. H. Byrne.
 Officer i/c Eastern Dist. Sub-Depot, Trim—Capt. McKenna.
 Officer i/c South Eastern District—Capt. Bennett, asstd. by Lt. Leigh.
 Officer i/c South Eastern Dist. Sub-Depot—Maryboro—Lt. Costello.
 Officer i/c South Western Dist.—(not filled).
 Officer i/c Mid. Western Dist.—(not filled).
 Officer i/c Southern District—(not filled).
 Officer i/c Northern District—(not filled).
 The following will also be transferred to Supply Corps:—
 Sergt. C. O'Reilly and Staff.
 Sergt. Fitzgerald's Staff.

6. TRANSPORT CORPS.

The appointments in the Transport Corps follows:—

- Chief-Transport Officer, V. Comdt. W. M.

Rank Col. Comdt. on Staff.
 Officer i/c Depot, Portobello—Lt. J. Keogh—Rank Captain.
 Officer i/c Depot, South Wall, Lt. W. Fitzgerald—Rank Capt., asst. by Lt. Murphy.
 Officer i/c Depot Eastern Dist.—Capt. W. Fegan.
 Officer i/c Depot, Eastern Dist. Sub. Depot, Curragh, Sergt. Coates—Rank 2nd Lieut.
 Officer i/c Depot Eastern Dist., Sub. Depot B. Bush, Sgt. Mullen—Rank 2nd Lieut.
 Officer i/c Sth. Eastern Dist., Lt. McLernon—Rank Captain.
 Officer i/c Sth. Western Dist.—Capt. B. O'Neill
 Officer i/c Mid. Western Dist., Lt. O'Reilly—Rank Captain.
 Officer i/c Southern Dist.—(not filled).
 Officer i/c Northern Dist.—(not filled).
 The following will be also transferred to the Transport Corps:—
 Lt. J. Dunne O/I/C Despatch Riders at Portobello.

All Transport men to be divided up between the different Districts.

7. PAY CORPS.

The appointments in the Pay Corps are as follows:—

Chief Pay Officer, V. Comdt. Ryan—Rank Col. Comdt. on Staff.

Asst. Chief Pay Officer, Cad. D. Colgen—Rank Captain.

Assisted by 1st Lt. J. Nolan—Rank Captain.

Eastern District, P. King—Rank Captain.

Sth. Eastern District, B. Young—Rank Captain.

Sth. Western District, Capt. Canavan—Rank Captain.

Mid. Western District, L. McDermot—Rank Captain.

Southern District—(not filled).

Northern District—(not filled).

All Accounts and Pay Staffs will also be attached to this Corps.

9. Salvage, Contracts, Records and Claims Sections to be attached to the Quartermaster General's Office and to continue work as at present.

9. A Canteen Board will be formed consisting of the following Officers: Capt. J. McCaffrey, Lt. Ryan, Lt. Kennedy, Lt. Luby, and another officer to be appointed who will take charge.

10. An Inspection Staff will be appointed for the purpose of organising and inspecting all branches of the Department and all Barracks work under a Chief Inspector.

11. The following shops will come under the Barrack Quartermaster in each Barrack:—

- Tailors' Shops.
- Bootmakers' Shops.
- Carpenters' Shops.
- Painters' Shops.
- Fittings' Shops.
- Barbers' Shops.
- Baths and Laundries.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.

15th May, 1922.

THE DUBLIN GUARDS BRIGADE.

The following further appointments and promotions on the completion of the organisation of the Dublin Guards' Brigade are announced:—

Comdt. P. O'Daly to be Brigadier. Brigadier O'Daly joined the Volunteers in 1913. In charge of party which captured Magazine Fort, 1916, and interned in England subsequently. Joined the Guards on formation, and was in charge of all operations carried out by this unit, including Ashtown, Mount Street, Abbattoir and Custom House. Captured in the latter part of 1920, interned in Ballykinlar, from which he was released in March, 1921. Given charge of Guards and A.S.U. in 1921, with rank of Captain. Promoted Commandant on formation of Guards Battalion.

Capt. M. Stephenson, promoted to be Brigade Adjutant, with rank of Lieut.-Comdt. Lieut.-Comdt. Stephenson joined Volunteers in September, 1916. Promoted Section-Commander to Section 4, C. Coy., April, 1917, and took part in any operations undertaken by his Company. Under the command of the late Comdt. Peadar O'Leary, Lieut.-Comdt. Stephenson was engaged in several operations in Dublin, including the raid on King's Inns. Attached to A.S.U. from its formation, and took part in all his engagements in his area. Wounded by machine-gun at Custom House, but escaped. Arrested a week later and sentenced to five years' penal servitude, seven months of which he completed in the General Amnesty.

1st BATTALION.

Lt. J. Leonard to be Commandant. Comdt. Leonard joined the Volunteers in 1916, and belonged to B Coy., 2nd Batt. He was one of the men chosen by the late Comdt. McKee to

form the Guards Unit on the 22nd Sept., 1919. Comdt. Leonard took part in the Ashtown ambush and every engagement carried out by the Unit up to the Truce, and entered Mountjoy Prison dressed as a British officer, when the attempt was made to release Major-General McKeon.

Capt. J. McGuinness to be Vice-Commandant. Vice-Commandant McGuinness joined F Coy., 4th Batt., in 1916, and later the A.S.U., with which he fought. He was commended for his gallant service in covering the retreat of A Coy., 1st Eastern Division, when the Company was surprised by enemy forces at Hazelhatch.

Lieut. McKenna joined Fianna Eireann in 1914, and transferred to the Volunteers in 1917. Joined the Guards in 1921 under Brigadier P. O'Daly, and took part in several operations, including the Abbattoir and Custom House, where he was captured and subsequently interned in Kilmainham Prison.

Lieut. W. Walsh to be Quartermaster. Lieut. Walsh belonged to E Coy., 2nd Batt., since 1914, and saw active service throughout the entire war, including 1916.

Sergt. J. Murtagh gazetted 2nd Lieut. Lieut. Murtagh joined the Volunteers in February, 1915, under the late Thomas McDonagh, and was attached to B Coy., 2nd Batt. Fought in several engagements around Dublin, including L. and N. R. Railway Hotel.

B COMPANY.

2nd Lieut. J. Dempsey promoted to be Captain. Capt. Dempsey joined the Volunteers, E Coy., 2nd Batt., in 1914, and fought at Magazine Fort under Brigadier P. O'Daly in 1916. Joined the Guards on formation.

Sergt. T. Drumm gazetted 2nd Lieut. Lieut. Drumm was an active Volunteer from 1914, and belonged to E Coy., 2nd Batt., taking part in several of the most important operations in which his Battalion was concerned.

C COMPANY.

1st Lieut. J. Byrne promoted to be Captain. Capt. Byrne joined Fianna Eireann in 1914 under Capt. Sean Heuston. Transferred to Volunteers, B Coy., 2nd Batt., 1920, and assisted the Guards in several engagements.

2nd Lieut. C. Downey promoted to be 1st Lieut. Lieut. Downey joined the Volunteers in 1916, B Coy., 3rd Batt. He took part in several day ambushes in Dublin.

Sergt. Kearney gazetted 2nd Lieut. Lieut. Kearney joined the Volunteers in 1913 under the late Padraic Pearse. He served until 1915, when he went to England, where he was employed until 1918. Rejoined Volunteers in 1918, and took part in all activities carried out by his Company.

2nd BATTALION.

Capt. P. O'Connor promoted to be Commandant of the 2nd Battn. Record published in last issue.

Capt. V. Byrne promoted to be Vice-Comdt. Vice-Comdt. Byrne joined the Volunteers in 1913, E Coy., 2nd Batt. Joined Guards on formation, and fought in all operations carried out by the Unit, including Ashtown, Mount Street, Mountjoy and Custom House, from which he escaped.

2nd Lieut. C. Fitzsimons to be Quartermaster, promoted 1st Lieut. Lieut. Fitzsimons has had a long record of service as a Volunteer. He fought in 1916, and as a member of F Coy., 2nd Batt., was associated with, amongst other engagements, the Custom House and Mount Street. He was a member of the A.S.U.

A COMPANY.

1st Lieut. W. McClean promoted to be Captain. Capt. McClean joined the Volunteers in 1917, E Coy., 3rd Batt. Took part in several operations in Dublin, including Mount Street, in which he was wounded.

2nd Lieut. Joe Byrne promoted to be 1st

Lieut. Lieut. Byrne joined the Volunteers in 1916, and fought in G.P.O. Joined the Guards on formation, and took part in several operations under Brigadier O'Daly, including Abbattoir and Custom House. He escaped from the latter.

Coy-Sergt. M. Nolan gazetted 1st Lieut. Lieut. Nolan joined the Volunteers in 1913 under the late Padraic Pearse. He served until 1915, when he went to England. On his return took part in all operations by his Coy. after 1920.

Sergt. P. Dalton gazetted 2nd Lieut. Lieut. Dalton joined the Volunteers in February, 1915, under Thomas McDonagh, and was attached to B Coy., 2nd Batt. Fought in several engagements around Dublin, including the L. and N.W. Railway Hotel.

G COMPANY.

1st Lieut. M. Dunne promoted to be Captain. Capt. Dunne joined Volunteers in 1916, and fought with distinction in A.S.U. around Dublin. He escaped from Custom House.

Sergt. M. White gazetted 1st Lieut. Lieut. White joined Volunteers in 1917 and saw service with his Company until attached to A.S.U. He was arrested at 100 Seville Place, and sentenced to five years, twelve months of which he had served in Dartmoor before the General Amnesty.

Sergt. E. Stapleton gazetted 2nd Lieut. Lieut. Stapleton joined the Volunteers in 1917, being attached to C Coy., 1st Batt., under Capt. Sean Flood. He was transferred to C Coy., 2nd Batt., in 1920, and was associated with several of the most important engagements of this Battalion, including the Custom House. He was arrested during an operation by his Battalion in the City in March, 1921.

D COMPANY.

P. Rigney gazetted 1st Lieut. Lieut. Rigney joined the Volunteers in 1916, C Coy., 4th Batt. Volunteered for A.S.U. on its formation, and fought with distinction in several Dublin engagements, including Camden Street, Half-way House, Ballyfermott and the Custom House. Was captured at Inchicore before the Truce, and sentenced to 12 years' imprisonment. Escaped after Truce from Mountjoy Prison dressed as an R.I.C. Auxiliary.

1st WESTERN DIVISION.

Comdt. M. Hogan to be Divisional Quartermaster. Fought during the war with flying columns in different parts of the South. Arrested in England in connection with the arms raid in Chelsea and Windsor. Recently released from Wormwood Scrubs Prison.

Capt. C. O'Halloran to be Assistant Divisional Adjutant. Capt. O'Halloran fought in Dublin in 1916. Subsequently he served with the mid-Clare Flying Column, and was arrested after an engagement in November, 1920, following which he was imprisoned for over a year. Capt. O'Halloran was a Battalion Quartermaster, and was attached to the 4th Brigade.

Frank Teeling gazetted 1st Lieut. Lieut. Teeling, who is a native of Dublin, belonged to E Coy. of the 2nd Battn. He was associated with all the leading engagements of the 2nd Batt., and took part in the Mount Street battle, when he was severely wounded. Lieut. Teeling was taken prisoner, courtmartialled, and sentenced to be hanged, but succeeded in escaping from Kilmainham Jail. He was attached to the Dublin Guard for a period before proceeding on service to Clare.

Sergt. M. Tuohy gazetted 2nd Lieut. Lieut. Tuohy served during the war with the East Clare Flying Column.

Eamonn Roche gazetted 2nd Lieut. Lieut. Roche saw active service during the war, being attached to the 4th Brigade as Intelligence Officer.

Sergt. G. Powell gazetted 2nd Lieut. Lieut. Powell belonged to the 4th Brigade, with which he fought all through the war.

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AN t-OGLACH

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NOTES

With military honours the Anniversary of the taking of the Custom House was celebrated in the Irish capital on Thursday, May 25th. Thousands of Irish soldiers attended Mass in St. Agatha's Church, and the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, for those of their comrades who lost their lives in this, the last big engagement of the Liberation War. With the exception of a Mass attended by Irish Volunteers on the St. Patrick's Day preceding the Rising of 1916, this was the first occasion upon which the soldiers of an Irish Army were present at such a Church function in Dublin. It was perhaps fitting that they should be present to pay a tribute to the memory of those who by their heroism have made the Ireland of to-day possible. After the Requiem Masses the Irish troops marched past the Custom House and saluted the scene of a military operation which shall live in Irish history and be an inspiration to the army of Ireland in the days to come.

Every nation cherishes the memory and commemorates the heroic deeds of those who helped to bring honour and respect to her Flag. Ireland can look back through the centuries upon many of her sons who have striven and suffered for her sake. For Ireland, to quote Canon Sheehan, "with all her weight of woes upon her had yet the power to sway the mightiest minds to which she had given birth, even though of alien and hostile blood, and to inspire poet, orator and patriot with such a love for her, that they walked to the scaffold as if to a bridal altar; and gave up their lives as calmly as Isaac bent beneath the sacrificial knife of his father." All those are honoured in the tributes paid to the men of our generation who, though they have fallen, have yet been victorious. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a n-anam.

Ireland at present is slowly recovering from the effects of war. It is a transition period and consequently executive authority has not yet been fully stabilised. Lawless gangs are taking advantage of the prevailing condition of affairs to attack life and property and so jeopardise the future of our nation. Outrages of this type have been comparatively few amongst us; but, nevertheless, some have occurred and it is necessary that steps should be immediately taken to prevent their recurrence. Members

of the British forces have been murdered in Dublin and throughout the land, and robberies with violence have taken place. Nothing can excuse these crimes. They tend to produce chaos within the Nation and to destroy its good name and credit abroad. The duty of the I.R.A. is plain in the matter and Irish soldiers must fight this criminal campaign as relentlessly as they fought the enemy during the war. Tyranny was not dethroned in order that anarchy should take its place.

From the 1st Western Division comes the news that athletic competitions are being organised between the different units in the area. In the near future inter-Company contests in football, hurling, handball, etc., should be well under way and later Battalion, Brigade and Divisional teams could be selected with a view to having all-Ireland Gaelic athletic contests within the Army. If other areas follow the example of the 1st Western, as no doubt they will, there seems to be no reason why this should not be. At any rate, soldiers could devote some time to athletics with advantage; and should national championship games for Irish troops result they would, amongst other things, bring men in the Army into contact with each other and serve as a sort of link between soldiers from different parts of the country which could not fail to strengthen existing ties.

It was pointed out in the preceding number that it was proposed to chronicle matters of general Army interest in *An t-Oglach* each week. It must be apparent to the readers of the journal that this entails the co-operation and assistance of Officers throughout the country. A news-service is necessary to provide the material and a great deal remains to be done if the Volunteer organ is to be made a Journal which every Irish soldier shall look forward to receiving each weekend. At best, an editorial staff can only present news in an attractive way. But to do this it is necessary that the news matter should be available. If, therefore, Officers would arrange that happenings in their respective areas should be immediately transmitted to the Editor, even if time does not permit to furnish an elaborate and finished account, the task of rendering the Army organ interesting as well as instructive would be considerably lessened. It is to be hoped that all those who are desirous of seeing *An t-Oglach* become a real force in the Army will lend their services in this direction.

Army News in Brief.

A detachment of the 3rd Battn., Dublin Brigade, have left Wellington Barracks for Tallaght, where they enter upon a course of training.

Major-Genl. Dalton, Chief Evacuation Officer, has resumed duty as Director of Training, and will proceed shortly to the Curragh, to direct the work of his department there.

The Deputy Director of Training has been transferred from Beggar's Bush Barracks to the Curragh Camp.

The first plane to be used in an Irish Air Service arrived in Dublin on Monday. It is a five-seater passenger machine, and will be utilised by the Civil Department. The machine has been taken to Baldonnel Aerodrome, the centre at present for Army and Civil Aviation.

The 1st Western Division are giving attention to athletics in the Army. Already a senior and junior hurling team and a senior football team have been formed at Ennis, the players being selected from the Ennis No. 1 Company.

The promoters of the Army games in this Division include Col.-Comdt. T. McGrath, well-known in G.A.A. circles in Clare, and Captains Gilleece and Burke.

This would be one of the most interesting columns in our journal if Divisional and Brigade Adjutants would only realise that news items of interest in their areas do not reach the Editor by inspiration. The hearty co-operation of the Divisional and Brigade Adjutants is necessary to the success of the news side of "An t-Oglach." We believe that co-operation shall be forthcoming.

Officers of the 1st Northern Division have been entertaining Continental visitors this week. While the gunboat "Helga," used by the British in 1916 to shell Liberty Hall, and now the property of the Fisheries' Board, was patrolling the Gal coast, it came upon a French fish boat within the three-mile limit. The captain and crew were taken to the coast and detained as "visitors" by I.R. troops for a brief period. On payment of a fine of £10, the French crew were permitted to return to their own country.

Principles of Warfare

From the preceding article it appears that history provides the basis upon which a theory of warfare may be based. This theory according to Marshal Foch can be taught and it gives rise to a doctrine which can be practised. "What is meant by these words," says Foch, "is the conception and the practical application not of a science of war nor of some limited dogma composed of abstract truths outside which all would be heresy, but of a certain number of principles, the application of which though they will not be open to discussion once they shall have been established, must logically vary according to circumstances, while always tending towards the same goal . . ." The doctrine has thus the advantage of allowing a certain amount of individual freedom in application while at the same time providing a discipline of mind common to all who study it.

Science and Theory.

The following quotation from Dragomirow serves to make more precise the meaning of the foregoing: "First of all," he says, "science and theory are two different things, for every art may and must be in possession of its own theory but it would be preposterous to claim for it the name of a science . . . Nobody will venture to-day to assert that there could be a science of war . . . But it does not in the least follow that there should not be a theory of war just as there is one for each of the liberal and peaceful arts. It is not theory which makes a Raphael, a Beethoven or a Goethe, but the theory of their art placed at their disposal a technique without which they could not have risen to the summits they reached.

"The theory of the art of war does not lay claim to forming Napoleons, but it supplies a knowledge of troops and ground. It draws attention to the models, to the masterpieces achieved in the domain of war, and it smoothes thereby the path for those whom nature has endowed with military ability."

There is no set formula by which victories such as Austerlitz, Friedland or Wagram can be achieved nor by which Napoleonic campaigns can be conducted. These models are rather presented as types of study for the meditation of military men . . . "and this is not that they should imitate them in a servile way, but in order that they should imbue themselves with their spirit and derive from them their inspiration."

Fundamental Principles.

There is, therefore, such a thing as a theory of war. That theory is based on the following principles:

- Economy of Forces.
- Freedom of action.
- Free disposal of Forces.
- Security, etc., . . .

Some have questioned the existence of these principles and their foundation in reason. Napoleon writes: "The principles of war those which have directed the great Commanders whose great deeds have been handed

down to us by history." "For want of safe and fixed principles," says Lloyd, "one falls into continuous changes, whether it is a matter of organisation, formations or manoeuvres."

Again, Marshal Bugeaud: "There are few absolute principles, but still there are some. When you try to lay down a principle concerning war, at once a great number of officers, thinking they are solving the question exclaim: 'Everything depends upon circumstances, you must sail according to the wind.' But if you do not know beforehand what arrangement of sail agrees with what winds, and what courses, how can you sail 'according to the wind'?" "Sound theories founded on principles both true and justified by facts are, to our mind," says Jomini, "in addition to history the true training school of command. Of course they do not make a great man, for great men make themselves under circumstances favourable to their development; but they form leaders sufficiently skilful to play their part perfectly under the direction of great generals."

An Art of Execution.

From all this it is obvious that the art of war does possess its theory and its principles. But since "war is an art wholly of execution,"

PRIORITY OF FACTS IN WAR.

"In war, a fact has priority
over an idea, action over talk,
execution over theory."—Foch.

it follows that mere knowledge of principles without reference to their application is of little military value. The teaching of war must therefore concern itself not only with a study of principles but must also enforce their constant application which is alone capable of fostering judgment, will, the ability to act rationally and therefore efficiently. "Knowledge is far from achievement; but the leap does not start from ignorance. . . ." "When a fighting man," says General de Peucker, "has the intimate feeling of being enlightened, when he knows that the instruction he has acquired enables him to find his way easily in difficult circumstances, his will becomes more firm; he acquires the faculty of taking a clear resolution at the right time and of carrying it out in a practical way . . . This quality of will is, of course, the prime element in a fighting man, but where can energy lead to if one is not sufficiently educated to know what goal must be aimed at and what is the way to reach the goal?"

Training Judgment and Decision.

How judgment and decision may be trained in the military school is indicated by Marshal von Moltke: "The teaching of military knowledge," he writes, "has before all the object of bringing the student to utilise his intellectual equipment (i.e., the theory his master has taught him). Such a reciprocal and quickening action cannot be obtained when the master merely teaches and the student merely

listens. On the contrary it takes place quite naturally when the professor adds to his lessons some exercises in the course of which the matters taught are applied to some particular cases."

"Officers following a course of instruction," says de Peucker, "must be amply trained to act by themselves in order to develop their ability to utilise their theoretical knowledge in the practice of life . . . To grasp a scientific truth does not mean that one is able to find it again later on by means of reasoning. There is a long distance between an intellectual conception and that priceless faculty which allows a man to make acquired military knowledge the basis for his decisions in the field. Between these two terms scientific conception and the art of commanding there is a gulf which the method of teaching must bridge . . . Application must therefore be resorted to." This art of passing from the truth mastered and known to the practical application of that truth was accomplished by the Prussian School before 1870. Speaking of the Prussian vanguard Commanders of 1866 Foch says that although they had but recently left their school, they started the business of that campaign with a pluck, skill and therefore an efficiency hitherto thought to belong exclusively to men who had fought both often and well.

Practical military teaching is therefore the application to particular cases of fixed principles drawn from history in order (1) to prepare for experience; (2) to teach the art of commanding; (3) to impart the habit of acting correctly without having to reason.

(To be continued).

A CORRECTION.

Brigade Offices, Portobello,
29th May, '22.

To the Editor, "An t-Oglach."

As I had not an opportunity of examining my war record before it had been sent you for publication, some inaccuracies have crept into it which I wish to correct. It appears in your last issue that I was in command at the Mount Street and Custom House engagements. This is not so. Apparently what the writer intended to convey was, that I had been in charge of the Guards' Unit, while at liberty, during the war.

(Signed),
P. O DALAIGH, Brigadier.

COVER FROM AIRCRAFT.

Aeroplanes move very quickly and cannot search ground very thoroughly. But it is easy for them to discover objects on roads or anything which reflects or shows up by contrast to its surroundings. So, if you want to avoid being seen, move along the sides of the road and in the shade of hedges, or in woods, etc. You can get good cover from view for a considerable number of men under the shade of a tree.

If you lie down or stand still in the open you may not be discovered, provided you don't look up at the aeroplane. If you do that you are given away at once.

Men often have avoided discovery by forming into groups lying down and have been taken for haystacks, manure heaps, sheaves of corn, etc.



NIGHT FLYING.

Night flying, although always more difficult than day flying, has now-a-days become comparatively safe owing to improvements in machines and engines. Five or six years ago aero-engines could never be depended on to run perfectly for any length of time, and night flying imposed a great strain on the nerves of the pilot. Every pilot relies on the sound of his engine to tell him how it is running, and he becomes so sensitive that the slightest variation in the tune is immediately noticed. It is this listening that causes the strain, for in the day time if the engine fails it is pure bad luck if the pilot does not land his machine safely in a field; but at night the ground is invisible, and in a forced landing a pilot is lucky if he is not killed.

Landing by Night.

At night the aerodrome is marked out with small paraffin flares in the shape of the letter L, the path for landing and leaving the ground being on the right-hand side of long arm, towards the short arm. A small searchlight is frequently used for showing up the ground distinctly.

The pilot "taxies" his machine to the first flare, opens the engine out, and the machine travels down the line of flares and leaves the ground. Immediately on leaving the ground the pilot is absolutely blind, and on a dark night for nearly half a minute can see nothing. He has to fly his machine by feel, and on an unstable scout this is exceptionally tricky. His eyes then gradually become accustomed to the darkness, and he sees the horizon and can make out dark blurs underneath. So long as he can see the horizon, flying is simple enough, as he can keep the machine in equilibrium, but if through clouds or fog the horizon is invisible, flying becomes dangerous, and after a short time the machine is uncontrollable.

On a very hot day in summer there is usually a thick haze in the sky, and flying over the sea becomes very uncomfortable. The silvery appearance of the water and the white haze blend together, and, unless the pilot is very alert, he will lose his horizon and lose control of the machine for a few seconds.

When leaving the ground on his first night flight a pilot should watch his compass carefully, as the only marks to show him his position are the few flares on the aerodrome. As he leaves the ground he leaves the flares behind him, and is usually so occupied with his new situation that after a few minutes he is completely lost. However, if he has his compass bearing, and knows the wind drift, he can easily pick up his aerodrome again.

A Flight in the Moonlight.

On a moonlight night, an aeroplane flight is a delightful sensation. Fields, railways, and forests stand out distinctly, and rivers gleam like silver. The sea provides the finest sight of all, for all one can see is a tremendous expanse with a broad beam of light down the centre, on which ships can be observed quite clearly. Everything seems perfectly still, and there is a feeling of absolute loneliness. At 2,000 feet one can see almost as clearly as in the day time, and fields show quite distinctly for forced landing purposes. But there is a remarkable change on coming down to 500 feet. Everything is now buried in gloom and the field that one picked out for landing at 2,000 feet is now almost invisible.

One of the most uncomfortable sensations a pilot has to undergo at night is being picked up by searchlights. From the air the beams of light appear like gigantic walking-sticks fading away into the heavens as they move around backwards and forwards, trying to pick up the aeroplane, by the sound of its engine. Five or six lights will often search the sky for a quarter of an hour with no success, but as soon as one picks up the machine, they all immediately get on to it and escape is practically impossible.

At a height of 6,000 feet, the light is absolutely blinding, and it shines through the fabric of the wings, making the whole machine seem transparent. The revolving propeller catches the light and throws it back into the pilot's eyes, and he becomes dazzled, and his only hope of getting out of the concentrated beams is to throw the machine every way about the sky. Once out of the light he can shut off the engine for a short time, and then start off again in the hope of avoiding the lights.

From what has been said it will be seen that the two dangers to be encountered in night time are engine failure and losing one-self, for in the day time one can always land in a field, but at night time this becomes highly dangerous. For use in a forced landing at night, machines carry two kinds of flares. The first, the parachute flare, consists of a small bomb which is released at a height of about 2,000 feet. It falls for a short distance and then ignites, a parachute opening out at the same time. As it floats down it illumines the ground, and the pilot picks out the most suitable place for landing. As he nears the ground he makes use of his second flare. This is attached underneath the tip of the wing, and on ignition by an electric current gives a light of about 5,000 candle power, showing the ground quite distinctly. The disadvantages of flares is that if there is the slightest trace of ground mist, as usually happens at night, it shows under the light as a white blanket, and a pilot has a better chance of getting down safely without using his flares.

In conclusion, it might be of interest to describe an experiment made about five years ago by the writer, with others, in landing a scout machine on a dark night with no lights on the ground. The only

sceul na seachtaine

"Ba chas mór le Dia." B'in guí a lán Gael ar léimh doibh is na páipéir go raibh socrú agus réiteach déanta idir cinn náisiúin na hEireann agus go raibh, i ndeire na dála, coinne éigin go mbeadh—

"Clanna Gael guala le gualainn arís." Do thug an Ard-Fheis trí gairí ar chnoc indáiriribh nuair do cuireadh an dea-sgéal in iúl dos na Teachtaí. B'é "Debh" féin do thairg go nglacfaí leis an socrú agus b'é Mícheal féin do chuidigh leis. Ní gá a rá gur glacadh d'aon ghuth leis. Beidh áthas an domhain ar gach Gael mar gheall ar an sgéal maith seo. Tá súil le Dia ag cách go leanfar air.

Imshníomh na nGall.

Ach má tá áthas ar Ghael tá a mhalairt ar Ghall. D'eirigh an Gall abhas chun buile ar fad. Eireannaigh bheith ar aigne le céile; ní fheadfadh sé an miriúilt úd do thuigint in aon cor. Chionn sé uisge fé thalamh, feill-bheart, agus ní fios cad eile ann.

An fear bocht thall, tá sé ana-chorra thónach mar gheall air eagla na heagla, is dócha.

Ceacht Mhaith.

Tá ceacht le foghlaim againn as an obair seo go léir. Deirtear go dtuigeann fear léighinn leath-fhochal. Ba chóir go bhfuighimis ciall éigin do bhaint as an stealla cairíte seo go léir. "Nod don chapall."

Pé sgéal é tá na teachtaí ó gach taobh do chuir ainm leis an dTreataí i gcomhairle a chéile anois. Gura maith an mhaise dhóibh é. Ní beag sin fé láthair.

Beil Feirste.

Tá an raic is an-slada, marú, tóiteán, léir sgríos agus—. Teipeann orainn cúineamh, de sceimhle anois ar fhocalaibh a bheadh oiriúnach chun aon chur síos do dhéanamh ar an droch-obair atá ar siúl sa chathair úd. Ach an tuairisg a thagann chughainn ag deire na seachtaine seo, tá feabhas éigin ag dul ar an sgéal. B'féidir gur fearr sgéal thairis do dhéanamh de anois. Ní fuirist caint do dhéanamh mar gheall air.

An Taoiseach Mac Adam.

An Coiste Fhiafruithe, nó an Cumisiún do cruinnighe chun toigheadh do déanamh ar gach a bhain le marú an taoisigh Mac Adam do thánagadar i gceann a chéile i rith na seachtaine. Moladh é go hárd ó gach taobh mar gheall ar a chrógacht agus a chalmacht agus mar gheall ar an obair mhaith do dhein sé i gcoga na saoirse. Do chaill Eire mac dílis do réir finnéachta gach taobh
Beannacht dílis Dé le na anam.

indicator used was an ordinary hurricane lamp at each side of the aerodrome to mark the boundary. The method of landing was to glide down at between 40 and 45 miles per hour until the machine hit the ground. After the first bump, by proper use of the engine, the machine settled down. Despite some very bad jolts, out of three landings the only damage sustained was a burst tyre.

The First Essential

When the Nation was faced with a danger greater than any mere political division, namely a division within the Army itself, the Minister for Defence, in a letter written to the Chief of Staff, declared that the breach then created "does not, and must not, break to any degree the brotherhood of those who in the past have worked and borne responsibility together." Volunteers will admit that the Minister for Defence then spoke truly.

The Republican Army since 1916 down to the last days of the liberation war, was characterised by two qualities of supreme worth: the one its living and constant devotion to Irish Independence; the other the perfect comradeship existing between all Irish soldiers. To one who knew intimately the spirit that animated the Army from its inception, a lasting severance was impossible.

The men who were the life and strength of the national movement during the past few years have now, as then, acted in the clear realisation of the fact that the Nation is greater and beyond any single political issue. To Volunteers who toiled patiently in the earlier days of the campaign and who fought together afterwards, permanent disunion was unthinkable, and their good sense asserted itself over all bitternesses and divisions.

If a reunion of the national forces is now in sight it is due to the fact that there were in the country and in the Army such men as these, men of the highest physical and moral courage, and with a keen and sober judgment to perceive what was best for Ireland. That wonderful brotherhood, one of our greatest assets in the fight, and to use the Minister for Defence's words, the "true solidarity and the real framework" of the Army organisation, is asserting itself, and will surely, if anything can, bring the best workers together again.

It was a sad and a bitter thing to those who loved Ireland to see many of the best men of the Nation so divided. And it seemed as if through this division we would lose everything. Surely there is common ground for all in service and loyalty to Ireland.

But unification is only the solution of one problem. During the past two months the Nation has drifted further than we realise. And it will need great and continued effort to bring back the country to peace and strength. Shameful deeds are being done throughout the land daily. Families are being driven from their homes. General robberies are taking place, and only the other day father and son were dragged from their beds at the dead of night and shot. The Black and Tans are no longer here to do these deeds, and in the interests of the Nation and the national honour we must all take our part in bringing them to an end.

The advent of unity will not bring peace in a day. Order and peace will be restored only after days of patient and silent labour. It is necessary—vitaly necessary—that we have order in our midst, that we may face all other problems, with a full mobilisation of the national resources.

With an Irish Brigade in France

There are few Irish historical novels Volunteers can read with greater interest and profit than "The Graves at Kilmorna," by the late Canon Sheehan. In it the author has visualised and interpreted for us the spirit that has imbued our greatest Irish soldiers. He delineates with fidelity and sureness of touch those traits of high honour and chivalry that characterised Irish soldiers throughout our history. If we of the Irish Army of to-day would learn aright the tradition attaching to our arms, we must have knowledge not only of the facts history provides, but clothe and revitalise these facts from the stock our national poets and literateurs supply.

The pen picture of the Irish Brigade in France in the opening chapter of "The Graves at Kilmorna" is one of the finest things in modern Anglo-Irish literature. The setting is incomparable, and worthy of the artist's finest achievements. A party of Irish schoolboys, ardent, enthusiastic, generous, were grouped around their assistant teacher on the slope of a glen alongside a midland town. The sun was setting on this certain summer evening in the year 1866. The boys were fresh from their games; the teacher, who was afterwards to take part in the Fenian rising, had been reading in the shadow of the glen. He looked on the lovely scene in silence for a while. The boys were mute.

"It is beautiful," he said at length, "and ours is the most lovely country on the face of the earth. We ought to love every blade of grass in its fields, every stone in its hollows, every leaf on its trees, every stream that runs, every hill that begets the streams"—he lowered his voice—"every man that has shed his blood for Ireland."

The boys looked up in amazement. They had only known this teacher as a quiet, plodding, bookish pedant, who lived in a garret on about forty pounds a year.

How many of the greatest soldiers in our ranks have sprung from this class of worker, humble and unknown for the most part, but great in the hour of national tribulation. Through the medium of this character—modelled on a type drawn from actual life—Canon Sheehan depicts the Irish Brigade in France.

The teacher had been describing the position of the troops in one of the Anglo-French engagements to the boys.

"And just here behind us," he went on, "occupying the van and the post of danger, are the watch-fires and tents of the Irish Brigade."

"They have stolen away from Ireland," he narrates to the young patriots who hang on his every word. "They have been beaten—beaten before the walls of Limerick, beaten at the Boyne, beaten everywhere; but—conquered? Never! And now here they are to break a lance once more with their hereditary foes."

"The watch-fires are blazing all around, and the men, their arms piled near them, are sleeping around the watch fires. But the Captains are awake. They are seated, young and old, around the table in the mess-tent. The canvas is flapping above their heads, and underneath it is tugging away at the pegs. Their tunics are open. Their helmets are flung around the sides of the tent, their swords hanging beneath them."

In the picture that follows, based on Davis's ballad, Canon Sheehan gives us an historical cameo of colour and vitality.

"The President rises, and proposes the first toast. He is grey and grizzled, but the glass is steady in his iron fingers."

"Comrades! A health to the monarch of France!" They are in the French camp.

They have cast in their lot with France. France has sheltered them; and, therefore,

"With cheers and with bumpers, they've done as he bade,
For King Louis is loved by the Irish Brigade!"

"Now comes the second toast:

"Here's a health to King James; and they bent as they quaffed!"

"Mark that! No cheering now. For that was Shemus the Coward, who fled from the field of the Boyne, when the Irish soldiers shouted, 'Change Kings, and we'll fight you again.' . . ."

"The third toast:

"Here's to George the Elector! And fiercely they laughed!"

"Yes! They only hope that they shall meet and cross swords to-morrow with the deadly enemy of their country and their creed."

"The fourth toast:

"Good luck to the girls, whom we loved long ago!

Where the Shannon, and Barrow and Blackwater flow!"

"What are they doing now? Nothing! These Wild Geese have something else, besides girls, to think of to-night! But mark the fifth toast:

"God Prosper Old Ireland!"

"What are they doing now? Ah, boys, mark this! See how finely and dramatically Davis draws the picture. They set down their glasses, and became as white as a girl who had seen a ghost:

"You'd think them afraid,

So pale grew the chiefs of the Irish Brigade!"

"Yes! There's the finest touch in all ballad literature. The thought of the old motherland has paralysed them. They remember all—her mountains, her lakes, her valleys, her seas! They recall her long night of suffering, redressed only by her indomitable constancy. And they remember how near they were to victory. Oh! if they only hearkened to the voice of their Bishop and that Franciscan Friar who told them to hold out to the last! But it is of no use. They were misled and deceived; and their only hope is now to flesh their sabres to-morrow in the breasts of the Dutchmen! Poor fellows! Poor fellows!"

"For on far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,

Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade!"

"No matter! It is the field of honour."

If there is one characteristic more than another common to Irish soldiers all down the life of the nation, it is honour. Canon Sheehan has not unduly stressed that fact. The national honour, the honour of the Army, the honour of the individual soldier, were never lost sight of. No mean or cowardly act, no dishonourable thing in word or deed, no excesses tarnished the glorious record of our greatest warriors. Where this weakness existed, as in 1798, when the Irish troops at Tara were found drunk and massacred by the English yeomen, defeat and disgrace soiled our standard.

But the men of '67 and 1916 restored the tradition of chivalrous and unblemished soldiering to Ireland. They lived sober, steady lives, and fought a clean and courageous fight.

Ours is the duty to perpetuate that tradition.

AVIATION APPOINTMENT.

Coy.-Adjutant George Dowdall, A Coy., 2nd Battn., has been transferred to the Aviation Department, being gazetted as 1st Lieut. attached to Staff. Lieut. Dowdall joined the 2nd Battn. in 1918, and took part in, amongst other operations, the raid on the L. and N.W. Railway Hotel and the Custom House. He was captured at the Custom House, and interned in Kilmainham Prison.



DEVELOPMENT OF NEW WEAPON.

Following the Ypres gas attack, referred to in the preceding article, the Germans continued to develop the new weapon which the superior scientific ability of their nation had fashioned. On May 1st, 1915, an attack was launched on a large scale against the Allies in the region of "Hill 60," when "great volumes of asphyxiating gas" were released causing "nearly all the men along a front of 400 yards to be immediately struck down by its fumes." On May 5th a further and "more severe gas attack under more favourable weather conditions enabled the enemy to recapture this position. The enemy," says the British official report, "owes his success in this last attack entirely to the use of asphyxiating gas."

Chemical Shells.

These preliminary and, to some extent, experimental chemical activities seem to have convinced the German military chiefs of the effectiveness of chemistry in warfare. For a long period after May they confined their war chemical activities to the use of gas shell. The origin of this shell is dealt with in Schwarte's book: "The main idea which influenced the first construction of a German projectile containing chemicals," he says, "was that of adding to the charge an irritant substance which would overwhelm the enemy with dust." This cloud it was urged would hover in the air and have such an effect on the lungs, throat and breathing of the opposing forces that for some time at any rate they would be unable to fight in such an atmosphere. The first step in this direction was taken by altering the construction of shell for light field artillery. The bullets of the 10.5 c.m., shrapnel shell were embedded in a chemical substance, which by means of the propelling charge and the grinding of the bullets was converted into powder on explosion. This chemical powder produced sneezing and similar irritation and hampered the fighting efficiency of those forced to breathe the air in which it was suspended. The irritation caused was not very intense, lasted a brief period only and affected but a limited area. Consequently this particular type of shell was not of very much importance in the field but the initial step had been taken. Liquid irritants were soon adopted and during experiments gave such improved results in intensity, power of lasting and of affecting a large area, that practical results in the field were ensured.

Early German Gas Shells.

The use of liquids in projectiles was contrary to accepted scientific principles. "Specially arranged shoots were required to prove that the projectiles in use in the German Army could also be used . . . when filled with liquids." In this way the first effective German gas projectile, the T shell, for heavy field howitzers was evolved in January, 1915. The first important use of poison gas in German shells was that of

certain organic compounds which under suitable conditions evolved lethal gas. "The use of these projectiles," says Schwarte, "was continually hampered by lack of understanding on the part of the troops which was difficult to overcome. In the summer of 1915 it was practically in the Argonne alone that any considerable results were attained by the new projectiles."

According to Victor Lefebure the development of the gas shell, the use of which, generally speaking is independent of, but co-ordinated with wind direction may have received stimulus from the fact that the prevailing wind, so important for cloud gas, favoured the Allies. By August, 1915, certain rules were formulated and issued as Falkenhayn's orders for the use of gas shell. From these it would appear that the Germans divided gas shells into two classes:

(a) Persistent, for harassing purposes; (b) Non-persistent, used immediately before an attack. The number of gas shells to be used for a given task was defined. In this the Germans adhered too much to high explosive practice with the result that they failed to exploit the new war weapon to the fullest. "They attached insufficient importance to the value of surprise and highly concentrated shoots and had a mistaken idea of the actual specific aggressive value of their early types."

Tear Gas Projectiles.

As early as 1915 Germany commenced to manufacture chemical shells which on explosion caused serious inconvenience through temporary blindness arising out of their tearful effect on the eyes. These shells were used at Loos in 1915. "Batteries in the open under the crest near the Lens road," says Lefebure, "were in position so that the wind direction practically enfiladed them . . . Gas from German shell borne on the wind was continually enveloping the line of batteries, but they remained in action . . . These gas shells certainly did not achieve the results which the Germans expected although they were not without effect. Demolished villages the only shelter for troops in a desolate area have been rendered uninhabitable for days," by a concentrated gas shell attack of less than an hour. "Again walking into gas 'pockets' up a trench one has been stopped as by a fierce blow across the eyes, the . . . effect was so piercing and sudden."

The great inconvenience which was thus occasioned to parties engaged in the routine of trench warfare, on ration or engineering duties and the effect on movement in the rear after an assault, all taken together, represented a big military factor the importance of which no modern army can afford to ignore.

(To be continued).

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

An anniversary parade will be held at Meelick on Thursday, June 8, to honour the memory of Comdt. C. McCarthy, Capt. M. Gleeson, Capt. T. Healy, and Capt. P. White, who fell in action a year ago. Large contingents of the 1st Western Division of the I.R.A. will take part in the parade. The Chief of Staff, Gen. Eoin O'Duffy, has signified his intention of being present.

The Making of a Soldier

"The spirit of militancy is born in a man, but a soldier is made. Not, however, machine made, nor tailor-made, nor put together in twenty-four hours. A soldier cannot be created by a formula of speech nor by the vanity of valour. It takes not less than a dozen men six-and-thirty long months to hammer and temper him into the image of his maker, and fit him for the performance of his duties.

A man who enlists in an army has the right to demand that those who are his leaders shall know to the fullest extent the duties appertaining to their office. Lives unnumbered are placed in their hands, but they are offered upon the altar of their country and not to satisfy the vanity of individuals; they are in the field to fight the enemy, not disease; if they must perish let it be by the kindly singing bullets, and not by the ignorance of their commanders.

In civil life a butcher is not called upon to exercise the skill of an oculist, nor to remove a cataract from the dulled eye; barbers do not perform the operation of laparotomy; nor farmers navigate sea-going vessels; nor stone masons try cases at the bar; nor sailors determine the value of mines; nor clerks perform the functions of civil engineers. Yet, in the time of war in this Republic, these same men, together with all other varieties of humanity, go forth in their capacity of volunteer officers to be learned by the end of one-and-thirty days in the most varied of all sciences, the science of war.

The most promiscuous murderer in the world is an ignorant military officer. He slaughters his men by bullets, by disease, by neglect; he starves them, he makes cowards of them, and deserters and criminals. The dead are hecatombs of his ignorance; the survivors, melancholy spectres of his incompetence."—General Homer Lea, in "The Valour of Ignorance."

PASSING OF AN IRISH VOLUNTEER.

As we go to press the death of Mr. Joseph McGuinness, T.D., is announced. During the Rising of 1916 the deceased Teachta, who held the rank of Captain in the Irish Volunteers, fought in the Four Courts, where he proved himself an officer of outstanding courage and capacity. Subsequently he was sentenced to penal servitude, and was elected T.D. for South Longford while in jail. He took an active part in recent months in trying to bring about national unity. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam.

Short Contributions to "An t-Oglach" are invited from N.C.O.'s and men on matters of general army interest as affecting the rank and file. Contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Publicity Department, G.H.Q.



LAND MINES.

Land Mines are explosive charges laid in the ground with the object of delaying the advance of an enemy, by impairing his morale, destroying his personnel and transport, and interrupting his communications. Land Mines exploded beneath an attacking enemy go a long way to ensure the success of a counter-attack.

The quantity of explosive used will depend upon the purpose for which the mine is used; for instance, the amount of explosive necessary to destroy a tank will be much greater than that required to destroy the motor-lorry. High explosive shells and trench mortar bombs may often be suitably used for the charge in place of bulk high explosive.

Land Mines may be divided into three classes according to the methods by which they are exploded:—

- (a) Contact.
- (b) Observation.
- (c) Delay action.

(a) **Contact Mines.**—These consist of a small charge of explosive buried beneath the surface of the ground in a specially designed box, fitted with some sort of contact firing arrangement. This firing arrangement might function by percussion or friction; the release of a striker firing a percussion cap or igniting friction composition. Or it might operate electrically, the pressure on the surface closing a circuit and firing the charge.

If an advance in force of an attacking enemy is expected, extensive fields or belts of such mines may be laid, and there is much scope for the skilful selection of sites where traffic is likely to pass and yet where detection of mines is difficult. The mines should be so spaced as to render it practically impossible for a wheeled vehicle or tank to pass through the belt without exploding one of them.

It will often be found difficult to conceal mines, especially on a road. If a road is being metalled, a mine might be easily and successfully concealed beneath one of the sheets of metalling. Ruses, too, will have to be adopted to ensure that the transport for which the mine is laid travels over it. The great thing in the employment of ruses is to obliterate as far as possible, by the naturalness of the method employed, the idea of a trap.

(b) **Observation Mines** are mines which can be fired by electricity from a distance when the enemy is seen to pass over them. They may be laid in front of the defended position in

ground over which the enemy is likely to pass or mass for the attack. This class of mine was successfully used on several occasions during the late war; and, provided the operator can get near enough to work it, is undoubtedly the most satisfactory, especially for road mining, where the hostile forces is moving in column of route. In the contact system the first vehicle exploded the first mine, and the cars behind thus came off safe. In the electrically operated mine, it can be exploded beneath any cart the operator wishes. For road or railway transport, it can easily be seen that a mine so controlled is undoubtedly the most effective. Its use, however, owing to the fact that it requires an operator on the spot, is necessarily limited.

(c) **Delay Action Mines.**—These are operated by a Delay Action fuse, by means of which the time of explosion, after the charge has been laid, may be delayed for a period varying for a few hours to weeks or even months.

Delay Action Mines will, as a rule, consist of a large charge, laid at depths suitable to form large craters. They are specially suitable for laying in the permanent way of railway lines, bridge abutments, etc., with a view to causing intermittent interruption of road and rail communications, after the damage effected by ordinary demolitions has been repaired. They may also be laid with success in billets, dug-outs, etc., which the enemy is likely to occupy.

Traps.—Improvised contact mines and charges placed with the object of making buildings, etc., dangerous when abandoned to the enemy are known as "Traps." The atmosphere of uncertainty they produce has a considerable moral effect on an advancing enemy, and may deter him from using much valuable shelter.

In principle, their method of working is similar to land contact mines. Their design must be adapted to suit the local features of each particular case, and in general the more varied their forms the more difficult will be their detection. There is an ample field for cunning and ingenuity in constructing these devices.

Charges may be so made up that they are fired on the following actions:—

Opening of a door or window, press, cupboard, or drawer, switching on of an electric light, pressing the button of an electric bell, pulling the chain of a water-closet, and various other devices.

An attractive trinket may be so affixed to a charge that on its removal the charge will be exploded; a charge may be placed in a chimney and fired when a fire is lighted, or again a charge may be exploded when the notes of a piano, say, are struck. In this direction, during the European War, the Germans used many successful and ingenious devices.

General Remarks.—The making and lay-

Hand Grenades

Two hundred years ago the hand grenade was in universal use in the armies of Europe, whole regiments being armed with grenades and muskets. The grenade of those days was an iron ball filled with gunpowder and with a piece of time fuse attached, the fuse being ignited by means of a slow match which each grenadier carried. The principal use of the hand grenade was in siege of towns and fortified places. When a breach has been made by the artillery, the defenders usually massed there to repel any attempt to enter; the grenadiers then advanced and did great execution with their missiles amongst the closely-packed masses of the defenders.

During the recent European War, the grenade came into favour again. About the middle of 1915 it began to be recognised that the open-country operations and decisive engagements of previous wars were to be superseded by the new "trench warfare." Then came the hunt for weapons of offence suitable for the new order of things. The first hand grenades were very primitive affairs, being usually constructed locally from empty jam tins and other suitable vessels, filled with powder and perhaps a few old pieces of scrap, and with a piece of time fuse inserted; a touch of the lighted end of a cigarette and the grenade was ready. However, experience teaches, and it was often found that the length of fuse was so badly calculated that a bomb landing in the enemy trench could be picked up and thrown back before exploding.

The first hand grenade specially manufactured for the British Army was simply an elaboration of the "jam tin" bomb. It consisted of a cast-iron cylinder filled with high explosive; a narrow chamber ran down the centre close at one end. Into this chamber was fitted a detonator with a length of safety fuse inserted; at the end of the safety fuse was a striking apparatus which consisted of a composition very similar to that of the familiar safety match. This ignited by rubbing sharply on a prepared surface as on a safety match box, which was provided with strings to fit on the arm. The fuse was fastened to the body of the grenade with wire, to ensure that it did not fall off during the flight of the grenade through the air. The weight of this grenade was about one pound.

The Mills Bomb.

Towards the end of 1915 the now famous Mills grenade came into use. This grenade is now very familiar to most people, but a

ing of Land Mines and Traps is a dangerous operation, and should only be carried out by experts. Wherever they are to be used on an extensive scale a considered scheme is essential; careful records should be kept of all Mines and Traps laid, both as regards their position and nature.

short description of the mechanism may prove interesting. The bomb is oval shaped and the outside surface is divided by vertical and horizontal grooves into 64 segments. On detonation the case bursts into numerous fragments, and the damage caused in a crowded trench is enormous. Through the centre of the grenade from top to bottom runs a chamber known as the striker chamber, and from the base, which is closed by a screw-in plug, runs a smaller chamber, known as the detonator chamber. The detonator fits into this, and a length of fuse designed to burn for five seconds is connected to a percussion cap which fits in the striker chamber. The striker, the top of which protrudes over the top of the grenade, is encircled by a powerful spring, kept in compression by a lever which grips a flange on the top of the striker. This lever, in turn, is held to the side of the grenade by a split pin with a ring attached passing through holes in two protuberances on the outer case and over the lever.

When throwing, the bomb is held firmly in the right hand with the fingers closed tightly round the lever; the split pin is withdrawn and the bomb thrown. Immediately the bomb leaves the hand, the compression on the spring is relieved; the striker shoots down with considerable force, striking the cap and igniting the fuse. The fuse burns down to the detonator, which detonates, and in turn detonates the high explosive with which the bomb is filled. Various explosives are used in the filling of the bomb, the commonest being ammonal and amatol. Sabulite and roborite have also been used. It is interesting to note that this grenade was later adapted for use as a rifle grenade.

Chemical Grenades.

The latest type of hand grenade used in the British Army was that known as the "egg bomb." Though so called, it was really too long and narrow to be compared with an egg. This bomb, like the Mills, was fitted with a five-second fuse, but the method of igniting was different. The detonator was fitted with a fuse and striker cap, somewhat similar to the Mills, fitting into a central chamber, with a brass striker which was prevented from touching the striker cap by a split pin passing through the top of the striker chamber. When ready for throwing the pin was withdrawn, the striker was struck sharply against some hard surface, firing the cap, and the bomb was immediately thrown.

The grenades already described were all filled with high explosives, but there were numerous grenades in use known as chemical bombs. These were filled with various compositions, some with tear-gas liquid, some with a composition which, on explosion of the grenade, produced dense volumes of thick black smoke, but the most in use was the phosphorus bomb. This was simply a tin case filled with phosphorus and provided with an igniting apparatus similar to the egg bomb. The only difference was that the phosphorus bomb

Precautions to be observed in Explosive Store

Explosives.

Don't forget the nature of explosives, but remember that with proper care they can be handled with comparative safety.

Don't smoke when handling explosives, and don't handle them near an open flame.

Don't carry loose detonators in the clothing—keep them in their boxes.

Don't tap or attempt to open a blasting cap or electric detonator.

Don't try to draw wires from an electric detonator.

Don't attempt to take detonators from the box by inserting a wire, nail, or other sharp instrument.

Storing Explosives.

Don't store or transport detonators with high explosives.

Don't store fuse in a hot place, as this may dry it out so that uncoiling will break it.

Don't allow priming (the placing of detonator in charge) in store.

Don't leave explosives or detonators in a wet or damp place.

Keep in a suitable, dry place, under lock and key where children or irresponsible persons cannot get at them.

Do not allow dynamites to come in contact with hot steam, hot water, etc. They spoil it.

was a percussion bomb, that is, on being thrown, it did not explode until it struck the ground. To ensure that the bomb would fall on the striker, a steel rod was provided to screw into the base, and served to guide its flight through the air. When it was necessary to use the grenade as a rifle grenade, this rod was also used to fit down the muzzle of the rifle. The principal use of this bomb was to mark enemy positions, as it gave off clouds of white smoke on explosion; it also spattered burning phosphorus for a considerable distance around, setting fire to the clothes of persons near and inflicting severe burns.

A very important point to be noted about the phosphorus bomb is, that it should never be stored with ammunition. As anyone who has studied chemistry knows, phosphorus ignites at less than summer heat. Numerous accidents were caused during the European War through carelessness in leaving these bombs lying around uncovered, in the full glare of the sun. On one occasion a salvage dump, on which several of these bombs had been thrown amongst a miscellaneous collection of other ammunition, was partly blown up through the bomb igniting from the heat of the sun. Experts, who examined the scene later, declared that it was a mystery that the whole dump was not demolished.



As in the case of billets, which I dealt with briefly on last week, cleanliness is an absolute essential in a barrack cook-house. Dirty utensils or ill cooked food can cause most distressing diseases such as acute diarrhoea. A bad attack might mean putting all the men in the Barrack off duty for several days.

Barrack Kitchen.

The kitchen and its fittings should be as clean and bright and shining as a well kept engine-room in a war-ship. Personal cleanliness should be demanded of the cooks. They should be supplied with washable "overalls," soap, nail-brushes, sufficient kitchen clothes and a plentiful supply of hot water. No man who has recently suffered from typhoid fever, or has any sores or pimples on his body or face should be allowed handle or cook food. This point is important as some people who have recently had typhoid fever are seemingly quite well themselves, but still harbour the disease and spread it. They are known as typhoid carriers.

Food should not be stored in kitchens, but kept in clean, well ventilated store-rooms. Discretion should be used and goods which taint others (such as onions and cheese) should be stored separately. In summer-time a vigorous campaign for the extermination of flies should be pursued.

All cutlery, plates, cups, etc., should be washed in very hot water, preferably in a glazed trough under a hot water tap. This also applies to canteens, where all drinking vessels should receive individual washing under running water. The method of washing all drinking glasses used in a canteen during daily opening hours in a single bucket of water cannot be too strongly condemned.

Dining Rooms.

Dining rooms should be scrubbed daily—all tables should be kept spotlessly clean. The N.C.O. or senior soldier in charge of each table might remind the men (when necessary) that they are soldiers at mess, not soldiers making a mess of a clean room with good food.

Latrines.

These, if neglected, become centres of infection in a barracks, more especially in hot weather. Daily scrubbing with water to which disinfectant has been added is necessary for latrines: country troops should be instructed in the use of flush closets. If pails or buckets are used where the water supply is inefficient, they should be emptied daily and scrubbed out. The contents should be buried some 3 feet deep. Toilet paper of suitable size should be provided. Newspapers make most potent plugs for drains.

Army Orders

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 11.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.

The Quartermaster will inform himself as to what precautions have been taken and are necessary to take in regard to the protection from fire of storehouses, shops, and other buildings for which he is responsible, see that fire buckets are kept filled with water, and that chemical fire extinguishers are placed in places of easy access.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 12.

VENTILATION AND PLUMBING FIXTURES.

The Quartermaster of a post will have a knowledge of plumbing, the proper ventilation of traps, the arrangement of inlets and outlets for air to secure continual circulation. He should make frequent inspection of the plumbing fixtures and see that they are kept clean and effective.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 13.

RECEIPTS FOR ISSUES.

A Quartermaster cannot be too careful with the property for which he is responsible. If any of it is issued for the official use of an officer, non-commissioned officer, enlisted man, or Unit, he will obtain a memorandum receipt for the property at the time of issue. This is necessary for his protection, and he will find it easier to obtain a receipt then than afterwards.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 14.

SELECTION OF ASSISTANTS.

When it is impracticable for an officer to personally superintend his issues—as may be the case with one charged with disbursements or the care of depots—he should choose with great caution the agent to whom he entrusts the duty.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 15.

INSPECTION OF STORES.

All officers accountable for Quartermaster Supplies will make daily inspections of their storehouses; see that they are kept dry and well ventilated; that the stores are properly cared for; that barrels and buckets of water and other means of extinguishing fires are ready for use; and that all proper precautions are taken to guard against loss.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 16.

QUANTITIES AND CONDITIONS OF STORES.

Every officer accountable for Quartermaster supplies will keep himself accurately informed, by personal examination of the quantities and conditions of the property on hand, and will be held strictly responsible that they are accurately reported on his returns.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 17.

SUPERVISION OF POST QUARTE- MASTERS' WORK.

District Quartermasters will supervise carefully the duties of Quartermasters at their respective posts; and will not permit Quartermasters to devolve their duties in any degree upon the Quartermaster Sergeants or other non-commissioned officers.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 18.

MONTHLY REPORTS.

District Quartermasters will report monthly to the Quartermaster General, giving summary of any changes effected in his office in regard to methods, administration, or improvements in the service during his incumbency, with suggestions as to what should further be done in the way of improvements.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 19.

CAPACITY, ETC., OF STOREHOUSES.

District Quartermasters will keep themselves informed as to the character of storehouses at posts and report all cases of insufficient storage, and to this end Quartermasters at posts will promptly advise District Quartermasters of insufficient or unsatisfactory storage.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 20.

INVENTORY BOOK.

The District Quartermaster will keep in his office an inventory book of stores for each of the posts supervised by him. In these books he will cause to be entered the quantity of stores and the notations as shown by the requisitions for stores made by Quartermasters at posts.

With the aid of these inventory books the requisitions from the various posts are revised by him personally, care being taken not to allow quantities not justified by previous consumption unless satisfactory explanation is furnished by the Quartermaster submitting the requisition.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 21.

QUANTITIES AND CONDITIONS OF STORES AT BARRACKS.

District Quartermasters will be informed of the quantities and condition of stores at the posts in their District by means of prescribed monthly reports rendered to them.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 22.

DISTRICT QUARTEMASTER.

The District Quartermaster is a member of the Quartermaster General's Staff and as such is charged with the proper administration of affairs relating to the Quartermaster General's Department in the District.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 23.

DAMAGE TO MOTOR VEHICLES.

Whenever a motor vehicle is damaged by an accident, a report of the circumstances under which the damage took place will be furnished in duplicate to the Chief Transport Officer, General Headquarters, through the District Transport Officer, and in the care of General Headquarters Units; reports will be sent direct to the Chief Transport Officer, General Headquarters.

- On what duty the car was being used.
- On whom it is considered the responsibility for the damage and the cost of the repairs should fall.
- The name of the individual who was driving the car when the damage took place.
- The locality in which the accident occurred.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

Appointments and Promotions

Lieut. Gilhooly, Assistant Barrack Q.M., Beggar's Bush, has been promoted Captain on his appointment as Barrack Quartermaster. Capt. Gilhooly belonged to C Company, 2nd Battn., and saw service with the A.S.U., taking part in the principal engagements of this Unit. He was captured at the Custom House, and interned in Kilmainham Prison until the General Amnesty.

Sergt. P. Ryan has been appointed Assistant Barrack Q.M., Beggar's Bush, and gazetted 1st Lieut. Lieut. Ryan had been attached to the Quartermaster-General's Staff during the war, and was engaged on transport work during the most strenuous periods of the campaign.

Lieut. Geraghty has been appointed Quartermaster of the Dublin Guards Brigade with the rank of Lieut.-Comdt. Comdt. Geraghty was attached to the Staff of the Quartermaster-General early in 1920. Prior to that date he served with B Coy., 3rd Battn., taking part in several engagements in and about Dublin.

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 24.

BROKEN DOWN VEHICLES.

When a vehicle breaks down and has, in consequence, to be abandoned, it should be placed in charge of local authority. A report, giving full particulars of the exact situation of the vehicle, its regular number and the unit to which it belongs, will be rendered to the Transport Officer concerned, and in the case of General Headquarters units to the Chief Transport Officer, General Headquarters.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

Quartermaster General's Dept.,
29th May, 1922.
Regulation No. 25.

WASTE OF PETROL.

Owing to the considerable wastage of petrol which now takes place by, for example, allowing engines of lorries and motor cars to continue running while vehicles are waiting, etc., all ranks are directed to take care that the consumption of petrol is kept as low as possible.

In order that the consumption of petrol may be regulated and waste checked, records are to be kept, showing:—

Date.	Petrol received (gallons).	Mileage run.

These records, which are to be periodically inspected by all officers who have on charge lorries, cars and motor bicycles, will be kept as follows:—

- Mechanical Transport Units—By Sections.
- Cars, etc., not belonging to a Mechanical Transport Unit—By the Drivers.
- All motor cars—By the Drivers.
- Motor Cycles—Collectively in the case of Units; in all cases by the cyclists themselves.

Any instances of an excessive quantity of petrol being consumed should be carefully investigated.

QUARTEMASTER GENERAL.

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NOTES

Within the past few weeks, a National demobilised members of the Wrong. British forces, residing in certain districts throughout the country, have received threatening notices ordering them to leave the localities in which they are at present living. In every case the ukase has been issued by individuals who do not belong to the Regular troops of the I.R.A. It is difficult to see what national advantage it is hoped to achieve by this cowardly campaign. No doubt, it supplies good material to enemy propagandists who are endeavouring to convince the world that the Ireland of to-day is peopled by a race of irresponsibles, who are incapable of conducting the business of national government. Surely, this cannot be the aim of the promoters?

The element of personal revenge is certainly the driving force, in many instances, behind this village terrorism. Under the guise of patriotism, and in the name of Irish freedom, the irresponsibles who employ these methods would attempt to avenge their grievances by adopting the unsoldierly weapon of reprisals initiated in this country by enemy forces during the late war. This is not patriotism; for patriotism puts the interest of the nation before the grievances, real or imaginary, of the individual. The campaign cannot tend towards enhanced national freedom, which guarantees and is founded upon true personal liberty. It is not even in consonance with the ethics of civilised warfare, because a general amnesty has been proclaimed under the authority of Dail Eireann.

Athletics and lovers of sport generally in the Army will welcome the inception of an Association created especially for their needs. The recent meeting at General Headquarters marks, one may confidently hope, the opening of a new and important development in the life of the Army. Since the formation of the Regular units, and the occupation of many important military centres, the work of organisation, training and equipping our forces has monopolised so much time that attention to

presided over by the Chief of Staff, and those in attendance included the Minister for Defence, who was entirely sympathetic to the scheme, and the Adjutant-General. The general tenour of the proceedings showed that a very real interest in the promotion of athletics exists in our ranks. This is a healthy and laudable sign. When the rank and file begin to estimate truly the value of athletics in an army, we are proceeding along the right lines towards making our men vigorous, manly, and self-respecting soldiers.

"I am certain that when it comes to a question of Ireland winning battles, her main reliance must be on her hurlers. To your camans, O boys of Banba!"

—Padraic Pearse.

athletics was necessarily meagre and uncertain. A big advance towards remedying this defect has now been made, and in the near future ample facilities will be provided for sport amongst the troops.

The meeting held on the 2nd inst., at which the project of an All-Ireland Army Athletic Association was discussed, was

be sufficient that they eschew foreign games and play Irish ones; they must also be the worthiest exponents of these national games. Pearse seldom wrote of Irish games and their practice amongst boys without betraying some of the enthusiasm they evoked from him. "Nothing," he writes in the days of St. Enda's, "has given me greater pleasure during

The first Our Gaelic Commander-in-Heritage. Chief of the Irish Army—Padraic Pearse—realised fully the worth of our games as a force in the national life. He saw in their practice and development one of the greatest means towards retaining the Gaelic tradition amongst the manhood of the nation. When he founded a school in which he could mould the character of Irish boys and relate them to their Irish motherland, language and games were to him first essentials. "What I mean," he wrote, "by an Irish school is a school that takes Ireland for granted. You need not praise the Irish language—simply speak it; you need not denounce English games—play Irish ones."

An Irish Army must also of necessity be an Army that takes Ireland for granted. This being so, it follows that the games and pastimes of our soldiers must be Gaelic in character. But it will not

Principles of Warfare

It has been stated that the theory of warfare formulated by Marshal Foch enforces application of certain principles, already enunciated, to **particular cases**. Foch holds that in war there are none but particular cases; "everything has there an individual nature; nothing ever repeats itself." The terms of the military problem are but seldom certain; and they are never final. Everything is in a constant state of change and re-shaping. Hence, these terms do not possess an absolute mathematical value. For instance, where one company is observed, it is found, on attack, there is perhaps a battalion.

Particular Cases.

"One regiment of 3,000 rifles, if well cared for, represents, after a few days' campaigning, 2,800 rifles; less well managed it will no longer include more than 2,000. The variations in the moral are at least as ample. How then compare two regiments with each other? Under the same name they represent two utterly different quantities. Illness, hardships, bivouacing at night, react on the troops in various ways. Certain troops after such an ordeal are only a force in name. They are nothing but columns of hungry, exhausted, sick men. Or you may have a Division still called 'A Division,' though it shall have lost part of its batteries, etc. . . ."

This is also true, according to the same authority, in regard to the tactical situation, according as seen by one side or the other. "The interest of one of the adversaries is not the mere reverse of the interest of the other; so with their tactics." If one force has to escort a convoy while the other has to attack it, the manner of fighting cannot be the same on both sides. "The same regiment, the same brigade, will not fight in the same manner when they have to carry out the pursuit of a beaten enemy, and when they will have to meet a fresh adversary, although they will use in both cases the same men, the same rifles, the same numbers." Again as regards two advance-guard engagements; one can never be a mere repetition of the other, because, apart from variation in the ground, "they are both governed by similar differences other than those of time and space."

In consequence of all this, each case con-

the past session than to watch Sgoil Fanna developing as it has been doing on the athletic side. Our boys must now be amongst the best hurlers and footballers in Ireland. Wellington is credited with the dictum that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton. I am certain that when it comes to a question of Ireland winning battles, her main reliance must be on her hurlers. To your camáns, O boys of Banba!"

sidered is a particular one presenting itself under a system of special circumstances—ground, state of the troops, tactical situation . . . which must impress upon it an absolutely original stamp.

Futility of Formulæ.

This absence of similarity in military problems renders memory solutions useless; as it also emphasises the futility of invariable forms, "such as figures, geometrical drawings, plans, etc. . . ." There remains but one true solution: the **application, varying according to circumstances, of fixed principles**.

"Fixed principles," says Foch, "to be applied in a variable way, according to circumstances, to each case which is always a **particular** one and has to be considered in itself; such is our conclusive formula for the time being." This does not imply the intellectual anarchy which it was hoped to remedy by creating unity of doctrine and establishing a theory of warfare. It will be found on the contrary, that, on the application of fixed principles to various

THE LIMITS OF WARFARE.

"War is not a system, a closed doctrine. Every system, every doctrine, has the limitative nature of a synthesis. There is necessarily a contradiction between such a theory and war itself, for the practice of war extends itself in all directions to undetermined limits."—Clausewitz.

cases, concordance reappears as a consequence of a common way of facing the subject.

"From the same attitude towards things will first result a **same way of seeing them**, and from this common way of seeing, arises a **common way of acting**." The latter soon become **instinctive** and practically automatic.

Just as the aspect of a monument varies according to the position from which it is regarded and remains the same to all observers who approach it from the same side, so do military questions extract the same answer from all, when faced from the same point of view. "But there is in war only one manner of **approaching**, of facing the questions, namely, the **objective one**."

The military art is not an accomplishment to which a soldier may devote himself as he would to music or sport. War is not made without reason nor without an object. Everything in warfare is linked together, is mutually interdependent, and interpenetrating. War allows the soldier no power to act at random. Each military operation has an **object**. "That object, once determined, fixes the nature and the value of the means to be resorted to, as well as the use which ought to be made of the forces."

What is the Problem?

That object is, in each case, according to Marshal Foch, the very answer to the famous question Verdy du Vernois asked himself when he reached the battlefield of Nachod. Looking into his own memory for an instance or a doctrine which would enable him to surmount the difficulties which surrounded him by supplying a line of conduct, he could find none. "Let history and principles," he exclaimed, "go to the devil! After all, **what is the problem?**" Immediately his mind recovered its balance. Every military problem must be approached in this way.

This common attitude towards things, followed by a common way of seeing them, produces a common way of acting. Further, when the question is put in this way, the answer which comes is at once complete and **appropriate**, involving the **adaptation, without reserve, of the means to the end**. A rational conduct necessarily ensues when the soldier approaches the study of a military case by asking himself: **What is the problem?** "Once the habit has been acquired of studying and acting thus in numerous concrete cases, the work is done unconsciously, instinctively, automatically, so to speak, and this in consequence of the training the intellect has received. Verdy du Vernois is the proof of it. He sent history and principles to the devil, but he used the knowledge he possessed of them, for, without his possessing his subject, without the acquired habit of reflecting, discussing, deciding, he could not have acted in face of a difficult situation.

Such results are again illustrated by another and more commonplace instance. A wild fowl flies up in front of a sportsman; if it goes from right to left he fires in front and to the left; if from left to right he fires in front and to the right; if it comes on him he fires high; if away from him he fires low. In each instance he applies in a variable way the **fixed principle**: to get three points upon one straight line, his eye, the sight and the quarry, at the moment the shot takes effect. He has not time to discuss the problem with himself, but unconsciously derives his method of application from the sight of his object under the particular surrounding circumstances. "He has practised the art of acting rationally without reflecting."

The Objective of the Soldier.

The object of the soldier is the enemy on whom he wants to react in a given way according to the day, to the mission he has been given; it is necessary to make reconnaissance of the enemy, or to fix him or to delay him or to strike, etc.

"Thence—from the sole consideration of the object—must be derived, first by means of reasoning (when as in . . . [military] school we have to study), later in the field, automatically our whole conduct, our whole manner of acting."

However, such an application of principles, even in the case of a sportsman, implies that he is aware of the means, that

Army News in Brief.

It has been announced that Major General Seán McKeon, T.D., O.C. Western Command, will, on the 21st inst., be married to Miss Alice Cooney, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cooney, Gurteen, Killashee, Co. Longford. General McKeon by his prowess and chivalry has won a high place in the esteem of all Irish soldiers, who will receive the news of his forthcoming wedding with the most cordial wishes for the future happiness and welfare of the hero of Ballinalee and his bride-elect.

A second aeroplane for the Irish School of Aeronautics about to be established at Baldonnel aerodrome arrived in Dublin on Tuesday. The machine is an Avro and will be under the control of the Civil Dept. of the Irish Air Service.

The remains of the late Mr. J. McGuinness, T.D., were laid to rest in the Republican Plot, Glasnevin, on Friday, June 2. Full military honours were accorded to the dead Teachta, who proved a gallant soldier of Ireland during the Rising of 1916. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam.

Pte. Corry was accidentally killed in a motor accident near Corrafin. The deceased soldier who was only 21 belonged to D. Coy., 2nd Batt., 4th Brigade, 1st Western Division. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam.

Capt. S. O'Reilly and Pte. Monaghan who were dangerously wounded by irregular forces some time ago at Killimor barrack have returned to duty.

he knows how to use them, that these means are ready; his gun is in good condition, and loaded; his arm is active, his eye is well trained. This explains why, before coming to the combined use of troops of all arms, one has to know them and to be able to handle them. The same is true of the ground: "It is necessary to master everything it contains in order to be able to find in it what you will have made up your mind you must be looking for. So again with fortification, which is but a strengthening of ground with a view to the defensive."

This justifies the teaching of the technique of all these arms and the way of using them, in addition to general tactics. But teaching cannot stop at a definition of principles and the method of their application. The limits of the teaching of warfare are "determined at any moment only by the point which knowledge, acquired science, and the power of the applying brain, have for the moment reached."

(To be continued).

Rifle Grenades

As the development of "trench warfare" in the great European conflict led to the revival of an ancient weapon in the hand-grenade, so also was it responsible for the introduction of an entirely new and novel one—the rifle grenade. It is worthy of note that the first rifle-grenade, in direct contrast to the earliest hand-grenade, was a most elaborate contrivance and was considerably simplified in the later patterns.

The first rifle-grenade was known as the No. 20 and was a cylindrical body, serrated on the outer surface with a narrow brass cylinder at one end to which was fitted a rod about twelve inches in length. The detonator, enclosed in a brass case, was screwed in at the other end, one end of the case being pierced by a small hole, leaving the detonator exposed. The striker fell on this spot when the grenade struck the ground at the end of its flight. The striker was fitted to the end of a heavy brass weight, around the striker end of which was coiled a fine spring projecting forward about one and a half inches. This was known as a creep spring into which fitted two small bolts. Two small bolts fitting through holes in the brass cylinder, flush with the outer surface, held the striker away from the detonator. These bolts were kept in position by an outer brass jacket fitting over the cylinder; around this was a curious wheel-like contrivance, similar to that often seen outside a cycle agent's shop. Through the brass jacket was fitted a split pin as a safety device.

Method of Discharge.

The method of firing was as follows: The safety pin was withdrawn, the rod was dropped down the rifle barrel and the grenade was ready. When in flight the resistance of the wind acted on the wheel like a windmill causing it to revolve. As it did so, the brass jacket gradually slipped back along the cylinder until the two bolts were uncovered. These were shot out by centrifugal force from the grenade and now there was nothing to hold the striker off the detonator except the creep spring; however, this was useless against the terrific force of impact. Special rifle cartridges with no bullet were supplied for firing this grenade.

The next type of grenade was almost exactly similar to the No. 20 but without the wind vanes. The brass jacket was set back by the shock of discharge of the rifle and the centrifugal bolts being released, freed the striker for action. In all there were produced four different types of this grenade, differing only in trifling particulars, such as filling, casting of body, etc. The mechanism in each case was identical, so a detailed description is not necessary.

Another type of rifle grenade was that known as the "Pippin," the simplest of all. In appearance the grenade was like an elongated egg cut across the middle, grooved into segments, and with a long steel rod fitted to the narrow end. From the top a chamber

ran down into the body, into which fitted the detonator, which took the form of a rifle cartridge filled with a detonating composition. A sort of steel cap with four prongs fitted over the top, the prongs fastening to protuberances in the side of the body. Inside the cap and resting on the striker-cap of the detonator was fitted a short sharp spike or striker. Upon impact, the striker pierced the cap, exploded the striker, which in turn exploded the grenade.

Adaptation of Mills Bomb.

In a previous article I described the well-known Mills' grenade which proved so efficient as a hand grenade that the British Army authorities cast about for a means of utilizing it as a rifle grenade. Two types were evolved known respectively as the 26 and 36. The first mentioned was simply fitted with a special base plug into which could be screwed a steel rod, similar to that already in use in existing patterns of rifle grenades. However, as it was necessary to withdraw the safety pin before firing and as this safety pin, when withdrawn, released the lever and fired the fuse, it was necessary to evolve some contrivance which would hold the lever close to the side until the grenade was fired. This difficulty was surmounted by the introduction of a cup which fitted to the top of the rifle, and into which the grenade was carefully lowered when the pin was withdrawn. The side of the cup held down the lever until the firing of the rifle ejected the grenade when the firing mechanism functioned as in the case of the hand thrown missile.

The objections to the types of grenades already described were two in number. It was discovered that the rods destroyed the rifling in the barrel of the grenade-firing rifle, with the result that special rifles, usually those unfitted for ordinary use, were utilized; secondly, special cartridges were necessary for use with them. It was the aim of the British Army authorities to produce a rifle grenade which could be fired without a rod and with an ordinary bulleted round of rifle ammunition. The second condition was never complied with, but the No. 36 fulfilled the first. In this case a flat steel disc was screwed on the base plug of the grenade which fitted into a cup clamped to the top of the rifle as in the case of the No. 26. The side of the disc touched the sides of the cup, leaving space between. The pin, of course, was withdrawn before the grenade was placed in the cup. When the rifle was fired, the gas generated by the burning of the propellant forced its way up the barrel and forced the grenade out of the cup. A special cartridge of extra strength fitted with a propellant called ballistite was used for this type of grenade, which had a range of nearly half a mile. On account of the range a special fuze, burning for seven seconds was used. On this account, this type could only be used as a rifle grenade, unlike the 26 which might be used in either capacity.

"Generals, not soldiers, win battles; and a General who has been defeated is one who has not understood the task of leadership."
—Foch.

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JUNE 10, 1922.

To-Day's Task and Duty

THE present is a time of crisis in national affairs. The existence of Ireland as a Nation is threatened on every side. There are internal disorders, largely the outcome of irresponsible action; and the leaders of the people are also faced with external difficulties which will demand all their ability and resources to surmount. The gravity of the whole situation is such that it behoves all Irishmen—soldiers and citizens—to put forward their best efforts in an endeavour to bring about ordered government within our frontiers and thus aid in the establishing of friendly relations with outside Nations.

As a first step in this direction it is of vital importance that normal conditions should be restored, as far as possible, throughout the land. The promoters of internal strife and disorder are, wittingly or otherwise, the enemies of the people. For they aid those enemies of Ireland who are at present conducting a campaign which has for its object the vilification of the Irish people, as being unfitted to shoulder the responsibilities placed upon them by their newly-won freedom. Moreover, the task of those who are endeavouring to give expression to that freedom in a national government is rendered more difficult by all who lend countenance to this sinister campaign which tends to produce national chaos.

The Irish Volunteers led the van in the struggle for national independence. They must now lead the Nation in the task of establishing conditions of stability and order if their efforts in the field are not to be rendered worthless. It is a great thing to achieve a Nation's freedom; it is still greater to translate that freedom into national progress and development. This work of national reconstruction is an effort to undo the harm of seven hundred years of alien government. It is a mighty task which calls for all that is best in the intellectual and physical resources of the Nation. Those who impede its accomplishment invite stern suppression.

In the duty of leading the Nation along the difficult path before it, the Irish Volunteer must ever keep before him the high traditions associated with the Army to which he belongs. The eyes of the Nation are upon him. It is, therefore, essential that he should continue to display those qualities which, during time of war, won for him the love and respect of his countrymen. They are the qualities which Bishop Stock states characterised the French Army which Napoleon so frequently led to victory: "Intelligent activity, temperance, patience to a surprising degree together with the exactest obedience to discipline." By cultivating them to the fullest the Irish Volunteer will be enabled to adequately discharge the high duty reposed in him. It is to complete his work as a soldier by helping to make our country a place worthy of the citizens who so gallantly stood by the Irish Volunteer when the need was greatest.

"A Glorious Raid"

In "Rambles in Eirinn," by the late William Bulfin, the average Irish soldier will find much which cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive. He may learn, there, something of the men and women who shaped the national tradition, handed down to him; of the scenes which they immortalised by their deeds and of the hopes and aspirations which inspired them.

His description of the famous Ballyneety raid by Sarsfield, is but one of the many delightful penictures in which the genius of Bulfin recreates and breathes life into the episodes of a bygone Ireland.

"I crossed the Thomond Bridge to the Clare side of the river," writes Bulfin in his impression of Limerick, "and located as well as I could the encampment of Sarsfield's cavalry on that memorable Sunday evening in the August of 1690. I laid my bicycle against a wall, and leaning against the doorway of a roofless cabin I recalled the past into the present. It is one of the privileges of rambling.

The English Camp.

"There are 38,000 English, Dutch, and Anglo-Irish besiegers on the southern bank of the river, and they are confident of a speedy victory. Dutch William himself arrived from Caherconlish yesterday and opened the day marking out positions for his siege artillery. There is a leaden war cloud over Limerick and it appears to be only a question of hours when the storm will burst upon the beleaguered city and sweep its resistance away.

The Irish Defenders.

"There are scarcely 10,000 men to guard the defences and a great part of the war stores, arms and ammunition have been carted off to Galway by these carpet soldiers—Tyrconnel and Lauzun—who left the Irish lines confident that the walls could be battered down 'with roasted apples.' But Sarsfield and Berwick and De Boisseleau have decided to remain and defend the city, and the citizens—to their undying glory—have decided to stand by them, come what may.

"Even now they are out in their numbers, men and women of every rank and age, with their children, helping De Boisseleau's engineers to strengthen the defences.

Siege Train Expected.

"But there is a siege train coming to the English from Waterford with guns strong enough to lay the city in ruins and worse than all, there is a pontoon bridge coming, which if placed in position will allow William's forces to cross the Shannon and take the city in the rear. Guns, caissons, bridges and stores are all together in the hills to the southward marching steadily to join the besiegers.

"It is of this that Sarsfield has been thinking all day and all day yesterday, consulting with De Boisseleau, consulting with a few of

his officers, consulting also with a certain Rapparee leader who has ridden in from the mountains, keeping his thoughts to himself mostly, this noble Sarsfield, but planning and preparing one of the most effective and splendid cavalry raids recorded in history.

"Riding Into History."

"He has given certain orders now, and five hundred chosen riders are standing, bridle in hand, awaiting the word to mount. It is dark and late when the Chief swings himself on horse-back, and sends his commands quietly down the line. There is no bugle call, no roll of drums, no hoarsely shouted order, flung from mouth to mouth by the squadron leaders. A half whispered phrase in Irish—for Sarsfield and his troopers are Irish speakers—a low thunder of hoofs and then, as silently as may be, they take themselves off into the darkness.

'They ford the Shannon at Ballivelly and the dawn of Monday morning finds them on the march through Tipperary. Beside the General rides a guide whose fame is to go down to posterity. He is the daring Rapparee horseman known as 'Gallop O'Hogan, who has the secret of every ravine in the Silvermines, and every glen of the Keepers, who knows every ford, and toger, and boreen by heart, and who will conduct the Irish horsemen into the midst of the English convoy, before a hoof stroke is heard and before a blow is struck.

"Silently as possible out of the mountain passes where a halt had been made to reconnoitre, silently as possible over the plains, quietly, steadily, surely, by wood and stream and hill, through the soft darkness the dauntless cavalcade is riding into history. The watchword of the English was learned hours ago as the darkness fell. By a strange coincidence it is 'Sarsfield.'

The Great Deed Accomplished.

"At three o'clock on Tuesday morning the great deed is done. The drowsy English sentry challenges and demands the countersign from the horsemen advancing over the picket line. It comes in a ringing voice and accompanied by a sabre cut: 'Sarsfield is the word and Sarsfield is the man.' Five hundred chargers leap in amongst the sleepers and five hundred thirsty sabres are at work amongst the panic-stricken soldiery who come hurrying from their tents.

"Through the camp and back again and once more from end to end sweep the riders of Limerick; and that is enough. The gunners are cut down, or flying, and the siege train is at Sarsfield's mercy. He has the guns filled with powder and their snouts buried in the ground. The pontoons are heaped upon the over-turned carriages and caissons. A train is fired, and the earth and sky for miles around are reddened with the flash with which the mass goes upward in scrap iron. The thunder of the explosion bellowed into the English trenches before Limerick and brought William from his slumbers. Too late.

"The sentry reports that just now the sky was ablaze like the noonday; and William knows that the big guns and bridges and his tons of powder and ball have been scooped up



THE FLAME PROJECTOR.

The increasing success which attended the poison gas campaign initiated by the Germans at Ypres led them to adopt a further device, possessing a considerable surprise value, against the Allies, in 1915. This was the flame projector or German flammenwerfer. The British Commander-in-Chief described the introduction of the new weapon as follows:—"Since my last despatch," he says, "a new device has been adopted by the enemy for driving burning liquid into our trenches with a strong jet. Thus supported, an attack was made on the trenches of the Second Army at Hooge, on the Menin Road, early on 30th July. Most of the Infantry occupying these trenches were driven back, but their retirement was due far more to the surprise and temporary confusion caused by the burning liquid than to the actual damage inflicted. Gallant endeavours were made by repeated counter-attacks to recapture the lost section of trenches. These, however, proving unsuccessful and costly, a new line of trenches was consolidated a short distance farther back."

Military Possibilities.

Although this new weapon continued in use until the end of the war, it does not appear to have been as effective as a first experience of it would lead one to conclude. At the same time, however, the flame projector was by no means a negligible factor. The big non-portable type of projector proved unsatisfactory, but the same could not be said of the small and highly efficient portable flame projector which was the form of instrument officially adopted by the German, and later by the French, armies. On many occasions the Germans obtained local successes "purely owing to the momentary surprise effect of the flame projector, and the French made some use of it for clearing

and destroyed. Five hundred men were despatched from William's camp last night to join the convoy; for some rumour that Sarsfield was abroad had been brought in. Two more bodies of horse are now sent forth to cut off the Irish cavalry on its return gallop. But the Rapparees are scouting along the hills, and O'Hogan himself is still with the squadrons of the victors. There are joyous cheers along the Shannon when evening comes, for all Limerick is out to welcome the heroes. The Irish guns beyond the river fronting the English batteries give tongue in a salute and the very echo in the staunch old city is roused by the cannonade and the cheering as the troopers from Ballyneety come totting in.

"It was a glorious raid. What would you not have given to take part in it?"

out captured trench systems over which successful waves of assault had passed. Further, the idea of flame projector is not without certain possibilities for war."

Developing Poison Gas Weapon.

The use of the flammenwerfer by no means indicated the abandonment, by Germany, of cloud gas. Her object was merely to regain what she had lost by the Ypres attacks, the poison gas initiative. German scientists had been experimenting with a gas called phosgene with a view to its employment in chemical warfare. This poison gas was remarkable for its peculiar "delayed" effect. "Relatively small quantities," says Victor Lefebure, "inhaled and followed by vigorous or even normal exercise, led to sudden collapse and fatal effects, sometimes, more than twenty-four hours after the attack." The case of a German prisoner in a First Army raid after a British gas attack is instanced by this writer: The prisoner passed through the various Intelligence Headquarters as far as the Army, explaining the feeble effect of the British gas and his own complete recovery. But he died from delayed action within twenty-four hours of his last interrogation. This effect imposed strict disciplinary conditions, and soldiers merely suspected of exposure to phosgene were compelled to report as serious casualties and carried as such even from the front line.

Attempt to Regain Initiative.

The successful development of the new poison gas cloud apparently arrived too late for the Ypres attacks, and its use was consequently deferred until such time as it might once again give Germany the initiative. "Accordingly," says Lefebure, "on December 19th, 1915, a formidable gas attack was made on the north-east of the Ypres salient, using a mixture of phosgene and chlorine in a very high concentration." But the British had by this time adopted a special anti-gas respirator, and consequently the Germans were incorrect when they reckoned on lack of protection amongst the opposing forces.

Major Barley, D.S.O., Chemical Adviser to the British Second Army, describes how the Allies first learned of the new cloud gas weapon. In November, 1915, the French captured a prisoner who had attended a gas school in one of the great German chemical factories. He revealed the fact that lecturers there had explained that a new gas was to be used against the British forces, which it was hoped would result in many casualties. An attack would follow, correcting the errors of the Ypres effort, and the capture of the Channel ports was assured. A Sergeant-Major captured on December 16th disclosed the date upon which the attack was to be launched, and the front where the cylinders had been installed. It was found that 35,000 British troops were in the direct line of the gas, but owing to the timely warning precautionary measures were adopted which completely upset the German calculations.

The Last Cloud Gas Attack.

The last German cloud attack on the British front took place on August 8th, 1916. The Germans were replacing the cloud method by other methods which they considered more suitable. Reference will be made to these in succeeding articles. Gas was also used by the Germans against the Russians on the Eastern front, and, according to Schwarte, "caused an unusual amount of damage to the enemy." "Had the nature of the Russian campaign been different, with a smaller front, and nearer critical objectives to the front of attack, we have no doubt," says Lefebure, "that gas would have assumed enormous importance in the East." Russia, badly organised for production, would have been at a tremendous disadvantage, both as regards protection and the retention of satisfactory morale by retaliation.

This period of surprise, during which the first big shock occurred, promised the Germans most success for further attempts, owing to the lack of adequate protection by the Allies. The period is described as "an example of brilliant chemical opportunism." Conditions for this experiment were ripe in Germany as they were in no other land. "Overcoming whatever prejudices may have existed, the German authorities realised this, seized the opportunity, and nearly succeeded."

(To be continued.)

Precautions to be observed in Explosive Store

- Do not throw down boxes of explosives violently, nor drag them along the floor.
- Do not open boxes of explosives in store.
- Do not have in or about the store loose cartridges, open boxes of explosives, loose powder.
- Do not make up primers in the store.
- Do not smoke, have matches, oil-burning lamps or lanterns, fire-arms or ammunition in or near the store. If artificial light be needed, use electric flash-lamps or electric light.
- Do not store caps or detonators with other explosives.
- Always use old stock of explosives first.
- Keep floor of store clean.
- Keep the ground around store clear of leaves, grass or inflammable material, to prevent fire from reaching it.
- Do not allow any shooting in neighbourhood of store.
- Keep the door locked.
- Do not admit any unauthorised person into the store.
- Do not keep steel or metallic tools in the store.
- See that store is well ventilated.

Art of Command.—The art of command is not that of thinking and deciding for one's subordinates as though one stood in their shoes.—Foch.



Last week we discussed the care of buildings. We have now to discuss something more important, i.e., the care of ourselves. As with barracks, so it is with men, cleanliness is essential to fitness. **A dirty soldier is a danger to the health of his comrades as well as being a disgrace to his unit.**

The Hair.

In hot weather, more especially, the hair should be cut closely, and brushed night and morning. The use of oils, greases or pomades is unnecessary. Hair brushes should be washed frequently in a basin of cold water in which a little washing soda is dissolved. They should then be twirled round at arm's length, and finally dried in the sun.

The teeth should be washed after every meal, if possible, but certainly every night before going to bed. A man's teeth can prove very good friends or very bad enemies in a campaign where food may be short or hard biscuits the "staff of life."

A man should have a couple of baths a week. In warm weather the feet, armpits and between the thighs should be sponged every night. O.C.'s of barracks should organise bathing parades to some suitable ^{stage} in summer time.

Clothing.

Every man should manage to have a change of underclothing. It is also ^{staple} that he should try to avoid sleeping in the same clothing which he has worn the day. If socks are changed morning and evening, a great deal of sore and blistered feet will be avoided. Despite the dictum of the world's greatest military genius that "an army marches on its stomach," actual observation has led us to conclude that most armies (who are not well provided with Crossley tenders) march on their feet. Hence feet require very special attention.

A well-kept and capable pair of feet may save a man's life. Every soldier should see that his boots are well-fitting and comfortable—not too large or too small. Socks also should be of sufficient size to prevent cramping of the toes. A badly-fitting sock can do as much harm as an ill-fitting boot.

If the feet are inclined to be "soft," and perspire freely, frequent washing in cold water, sponging them, when dry, with methylated spirit, and dusting the socks with boracic powder often effects a cure. An

Cumann um Cleas Luith na n-Oglach

New Army Athletic Association.

The Chief-of-Staff presided at a meeting held at G.H.Q. on Friday, 2nd inst., when proposals for the formation of an Army Athletic Association were discussed.

The Minister for Defence, the Adjutant-General, and representatives of the rank and file in the 2nd Eastern Division were in attendance.

While that meeting would only concern itself at the moment with a programme for the 2nd Eastern Division, it was proposed, the Chief of Staff stated, to extend the Association so as to embrace the whole Army. Gaelic sport of all kinds would be promoted, including hurling, football, handball and swimming. The new Association would become part of the Gaelic Athletic Association, the Central Council of which had presented two silver cups, one as a trophy for hurling, and the other for football. Mr. Michael Collins had also presented a cup for competition, and from patrons of sport outside the Army they had received two other cups and a shield value £100.

The Minister for Defence expressed his appreciation of the scheme in hand, and promised to secure all the support necessary from the Government.

Major-General O'Sullivan urged upon the promoters the need for interesting everyone in the Army in one form of sport or another. To adopt a policy of this kind would achieve more good than the mere specialised training of picked athletes.

After discussion the following appointments were made:—Honorary President: The Chief of Staff; President: Comdt.-Genl. T. Ennis; Secretary: Comdt. Coughlan; Treasurer: Staff Captain Griffin.

In addition to the officers mentioned the following were appointed: Staff Capt. Smith, Assistant Secretary; D. P. Walsh, Comdt. P. O'Connor (Dublin Guards); Representative of the 2nd Dublin Brigade; Sergt. Major Skelly; Comdt. O'Connor (Fingal Brigade), and Dr. John Ryan (M.O. 2nd Eastern Division).

old soldier's tip for "foot-comfort" on the march is to soap the inside of the sock in the morning; then to wash the feet and change socks when the day's work is done.

Toe nails should be kept properly cut, and men with "ingrowing toe-nails" should report to the M.O. The nails of the hands should also be kept pared and clean, as dirt can be conveyed to the mouth by dirty nails when eating. It is in this manner painters get "painter's collo"; they do not wash their hands properly before meals, and convey particles of lead to their mouth with their food. Men should wash their hands before every meal.

sceul na seachtaine

Aondacht arís. Bhí sgéal maith le hinnsint againn an tseachtain seo caithíte. Bhí réiteach déanta idir cinn poilítíochta an náisiúin.

Ach tá sgéal i bhfad níos fearr againn le hinnsint anois; sgéal a chuirfidh áthas croí ar Ghael agus do thabharfaidh sásamh aigne dá cháirde. Sé sin, go bhfuil arm na pobalacht guala le gualainn ag obair na láimh a chéile arís. Tagann maith le cáirde.

Crisis an Eadh? Bhí teachtaí na nGael i Lúndún arís an tseachtain seo caithíte, ag comhrá le teachtaí na nGall. Do réir na dtuairisc

atá faighte againn tá corrabhuais éigin ar Sheán. Is eagal leis go bhfuil iarracht dá dhéanamh ag Gaeil dul ó théarmaí an tréataí agus saoirse ná raibh ann in aon chor, dar le Seán, do bhaint amach as dóibh féin. Pé sgéal é, deirtear gurab é sin an chiall do bhain sé as an gcoinstitiúsun nua do leag na teachtaí fé na bhrád. Sgaradar gan aon sochrú do dhéanamh ach beid ag teacht i gceann a chéile arís.

Gruaim agus Drann. Tá ana ghruaim ar na páipéir thall. Cuid aca á rá go bhfuil deire leis an dtréataí. Cuid aca ag comharlú gur cheart

Eire d'iomdhúna leis an bhfíit; ceann eile aca á rá ná fuil indán do náisiún na hEireann ach dul in éag nó dul ar neamhní. Is dóigh linn gur léigheamar caint den t-saghas san agus gur chualamar drann den tsórt san in áit éigin cheana féin.

Ag Feitheamh go Foidhneach. Ní chuirfidh sé sin, ámh, aon iomshniomh ar arm na nGael. Tá sé dlúite, táite le céile arís, dílis do féin is do chúis na tíre. Go muiníneach as féin, tá sé ag feitheamh go foidhneach le pé torra a thiocfaidh as an gcaint seo go léir.

Cathair an Air. Níl aon sos, ná deabhramh sosa ar an bpogrom atá ar siúl i mBéil Féirste le fada an lá. In ionad aon fheabhas bheith ag dul ar an sgéal, fé mar síleadh an tseachtain so thorainn, is amhlaidh gur in olcas agus in uathbhasaí agus i mbarbaracht atá sé ag dul in aghaidh an lae.

An Bás ins an Spéir. Tá an bás ins an spéir, gan aon áidhbéil, 'sa chathair mí ámh-arach úd. Níl trua, taise ná trócaire le fagháil ag an

leanbh is óige, ná ag an mnaof is leicthe, laige ó mhloscais gráscáir rífineach an dreama bhuí. Tá droch bhearta á ndéanamh aca do chuirfeadh náire ar mhuintir oileán na gcanabalach. Marbhufotar daoine ar a dteinteán féin os chomhair súl a llongtíge; nó stractar as a dtithe iad chun bás gránda éigin d'imirt ortha. Cuirtear na tithe tré theine agus fágtar naoineáin óga, leanbhaí neaurchóideacha agus mná bochta, laga gan díon gan fásca.

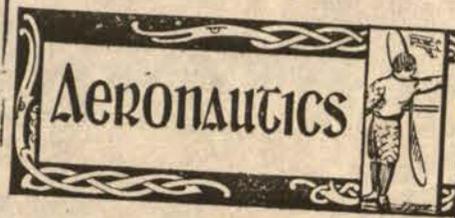
Ag Losga Ban. An lá fé dheire do rugadar ar mhnaoi bhoicht. Do léasadar agus do bhasgadar í. Ach, níor shásamh an méid sin fióch agus fala na ngaisgíoch so. Nuair a bí sí 'na lú i laige gan aithne gan urlabhra d'aim-síodar piotrol, chait siad ar a cuid éadaí é agus dhein siad í do chur tré theine. Tá an bhean bhoicht i mbéalaibh báis san osbuidéal anois. Do rugadar ar bhfear bhoicht eile agus do chaitheadar de dhruim drochaid é, dachad troigh síos isteach san uisge.

An Cosaint a Gheibhtear. Nuair ná bíonn lámh ag na "Specialtaigh" féin 'sa droch-obair seo, bíonn siad ag féachaint go neamashúil uirthé, gan fonn ortha aon chor do chuir díobh chun na daoine bochta ná a gcuid do shábháil ó fióch agus fraoch an ghráscáir. Ní mó ná go bhfuil aon iarracht á dheanamh ag arm na Sasanach ar chosg do chur leis an slada so.

Gníúlacht an Arm. Do chruithigh an t-arm 'sa choga, cheana féin nárbh aon dóithín iad i bh páirc an bhuaite. Tá siad á chruthú anois nách lughde a ngastacht ag cosaint cuid na ndaoine, agus ag cur deire le réim agus scóip lucht creachta bannc agus lucht robála siopa. Dia Sathairn seo caithte do chuaidh triúr fear isteach 'sa Bhannc Proibhinseal i dTeampall Mór. D'imir siad "lámha in áirde" ar mhuintir an bhannc agus d'arduio dar suas le £2,000 leó. Beag an mhóill, ámh, go raibh páirtaí ó gach taobh den arm ar thóir na ngadu. Leanadh ar a lorg le deich míle ar fhichid. Rugadh ortha i ndeire na dála agus fuarthas thar nais an tairgead go léir. Thug an gníúlacht so ana shásamh aigne do mhuintir na háite. Ní lughde an sásamh do thabhfad do mhuintir na tíre go léir ar léigheamh an tuairisc dóibh.

Leacht don Ard Easbog Cróc. Deineadh leacht do nochta i gcuimhne an Árd Easbuig Cróc i nDúrlas Eile an Domh-nach so thorainn. Do dhein an tÁrd-Easbog obair leomhain i gcúis athbheochaint cleas lúth na nGael. Agus an fhaid a bheidh liathróid dá bhuala nó camán, a bheartú in Eirinn leanfaidh a chuimhne úr i gcróithe na nGael.

Cleasa Lútha ins an Arm. Ba chuibhe an uain í don chruinniú do thánaig i gceann a chéile i mBaraic na Sgeiche d'fhonn cumann do chur ar bun chun cleasa lútha is cluichí na nGael do leathnú san arm. Bhí taoisigh agus árd oifigigh an airm láithreach ann. Is amhaidh bheidh an cumann nua ceangailte le C. na G.L. agus ní bheidh de chúram eile air ach spéis na bhfear i gcleasa a sinnsir do mhéadú. Do bhronn árd choisde an Ch. na G.L. dha chorn a luach £50 an ceann. Corn aca i gcóir iománufochta agus an ceann eile i gcóir peile. Do bhronn Mícheál Ó Coileáin corn eile agus do bronnadh n'éagmuis sin sgiath, £100 a luach. Deineadh bórd oifigeach agus coisde do cheapa. Go n-eirighe go geal leis an gcumann nua.



SOME FACTS ABOUT AEROPLANES.

As everyone knows the pulling force of an aeroplane is due to the action of the propeller which acts as a screw and burrows its way through the air. The resulting motion is met by a resistance from the air and the planes, elevators, etc., are so designed that this resistance is converted into a lifting force and the machine rises from the ground. Once off the ground all the controlled movements are due to the pressure exerted on parts of the machine by the air flow. For instance, if the rudder which is normally central, be turned to the left, it offers a big resistance to the air, which pushes the whole tail of the machine to the right, and the nose to the left. Similarly if the elevators be lifted, the air catches them and depresses the tail, and the machine climbs. From this it is obvious that a certain speed must be maintained in order that the air pressure will be high enough to keep the machine flying. On most aeroplanes the minimum speed is about 40 miles the hour.

Control During Descent.

Suppose an aeroplane is flying at 60 miles per hour. At this speed there is plenty of air resistance and the machine obeys the controls perfectly. But if the pilot throttles down his engine until the speed is only, say, 42 miles per hour, the machine now begins to fly sluggishly and will barely answer the controls and the elevator, rudder and ailerons having practically no effect. Suddenly the air pressure on the wing becomes too small to sustain the machine in flight and the nose drops and the machine falls towards the earth. This is called "stalling." As the machine falls the pilot has no control but it gathers speed due to gravity and when it again reaches about 45 miles per hour it becomes controllable.

Most machines become controllable after falling from 100 to 150 feet. Eighty per cent of fatal accidents to pupils learning to fly are due to stalling. The pupil, on leaving the ground perhaps climbs the machine too steeply and it loses speed and stalls. If this happens at 50 feet there is not enough height for the machine to recover itself and it crashes to the ground.

High Flying Safest.

There is a maxim which often puzzles the non-flying man that the higher one flies the safer. The reason for this is simple. Most modern aeroplanes are very stable and if the pilot gets into difficulties, will right themselves and fly on an even keel, if left alone. If the pilot gets into difficulties at 5,000 feet he has plenty of time while the machine is falling to master it again and if he shuts off the engine and centralizes all the controls, the average aeroplane will certainly right itself. But if he gets into difficulties at 300 feet he may crash into the ground before he realizes what has happened. Hence it is

that it is safer to fly high and pupils should always be made to fly at a height of at least 2,500 feet until experienced, and under no circumstances should they be allowed to start near the ground.

A great many people think that if the engine of an aeroplane goes wrong and stops, the machine is bound to fall. As has been said above an aeroplane must travel at a certain speed to keep flying. If the engine stops working, the pilot merely depresses the elevators and the machine starts to descend towards the earth. It is flying exactly the same as if the engine were running but it cannot fly level as it has to get its flying speed diving downwards. This was formerly termed volplaning but it is now called gliding. Of course, if the pilot, when the engine stops, does not depress the elevators and start to glide, the machine stalls.

Meaning of Air Speed.

When one speaks of an aeroplane travelling at 100 miles per hour one does not necessarily mean that it will cover a distance of 100 miles in an hour. The instrument which measures the speed of an aeroplane is called the Air Speed Indicator or usually the Pitot (pronounced peeto). As a machine rushes through the air it meets with great air resistance, and the pressure of the air affects the Pitot and registers the speed. Before getting into difficulties, it may be well to give a simple illustration. If a man walks at 2 miles per hour along the corridor of a train moving at 20 miles per hour in the same direction, he is travelling relative to the ground at 22 miles per hour. Similarly if he walks in the opposite direction he is travelling at 18 miles per hour.

If the Pitot of an aeroplane registers a speed of 100 miles per hour on a day when there is no wind, the machine is actually covering the ground at 100 m.p.h. But suppose there is a wind of 30 m.p.h. against the machine; it is obvious that if the machine were standing still, the Pitot, which works on air pressure against it, would show a speed of 30 m.p.h., even though the machine were stationary. Therefore if the Pitot showed a speed of 100 m.p.h. the machine would actually be covering the ground at 70 m.p.h.

Similarly if the 30 miles wind was behind the aeroplane it would actually be covering the ground at 130 m.p.h. A Pilot can therefore never tell his ground speed unless he knows the velocity of the wind in the direction he is going and adds to or subtracts this from the speed shown on his Air Speed Indicator.

Propeller Torque.

There is a tendency for an aeroplane to turn in the opposite direction to that in which the propeller revolves. Looking from the pilot's seat, if the propeller revolves clockwise, the machine tends to turn towards the left and if the pilot keeps his rudder central the machine will gradually swing to the left. This is due to propeller torque. The pilot has, therefore, always to correct the swing with his rudder. An inexperienced pilot making his first trip on a high powered machine always illustrates this. When the

The Use of Wireless

As an efficient means of communication in times of peace or war, more especially during war-time, wireless is of the utmost importance. The outstanding feature of wireless is the fact that communications can be maintained over areas where topographical or other considerations prohibit the use of the wired system.

The enormous value of wireless telegraphy as a means of communication was amply demonstrated during the late European war. Germany, although entirely isolated from the rest of the world, maintained, however, by wireless, communication with her Colonies, and units of her Army and Navy operating in zones as far away as the Falkland Islands and the Far East, while she also carried on a vigorous propaganda through her high-power wireless stations.

Wireless telegraphy is also invaluable as a means of communicating with aircraft, for the reception and distribution of International weather reports and time signals, and as an aid to the navigation of aircraft and shipping by use of the direction finder. In connection with military operations a network of Radiotelegraphy Stations constitutes by far the most certain means of communication.

The main points to be considered from a military standpoint as regards means of intercommunication are weight, compactness, reliability, simplicity, and economy in operation.

Military Value.

Wireless undoubtedly comes nearest to fulfilling all these essentials. Until about 1915 the "spark" method of wireless transmission was the only one in general use. Briefly, this method was the propulsion through the ether of series of wireless waves by means of an electric "spark" discharge. As these waves radiated in all directions from the apparatus, stations

machine starts to run along the ground, as the engine power increases the machine starts to swing and owing to the inexperience of the pilot usually does a half-circle before leaving the ground. If he corrects it jerkily, the result is a kind of zig-zag movement, and is sometimes disastrous.

Looping provides a good example of propeller torque. The pilot is flying straight and to keep straight has his rudder turned slightly to counteract the swing due to torque. When the machine starts to loop it loses speed, as it climbs and the torque is reduced. Finally when the machine is upside down the torque is so reduced that if the pilot does not alter his rudder, the machine will do a very bad loop and fall out partly sideways. As the machine climbs over on to its back the pilot should gradually take off the amount of rudder he had allowed to counteract the torque.

Appointments and Promotions

The following appointments and promotions are announced:—

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

Seán Golden, Deputy Director of Purchases, promoted to be Staff Commandant.

ARMoured CAR CORPS.

Pte. J. Beatty to be Coy. Sergt. Machine Gunners.
Pte. J. Hanlon to be Coy. Q.M. Sergt.

5th NORTHERN DIVISION.

V.C. Cooney, No. 2 Brigade, to be Brigade Commandant.

1st EASTERN DIVISION.

Vol. C. Lynam to be Vice-Comdt., No. 1 Brigade.

Vol. M. Kelly to be Vice-Comdt. 3rd Batt., No. 2 Brigade.

Vol. T. Reilly to be Capt. B Company, 3rd Batt., No. 2 Brigade.

Vol. R. Crosby to be 1st Lieut. ditto.

Lt. P. Keelan to be Capt. D Coy., 4th Batt., No. 2 Brigade.

Vol. M. Cahill to be Comdt. No. 3 Brigade.

Vol. E. Byrne to be Comdt. No. 4 Brigade.

Vol. J. Cahill to be Adj. ditto.

Vol. J. O'Reilly to be Comdt. Mullingar Brigade.

Vol. J. Fitzsimons to be Vice-Comdt. Mullingar Brigade.

Vol. T. Lennon to be Adj. Mullingar Brigade.

Vol. J. Earle to be Adj. Edenderry Brigade.

Vol. C. Brown to be 2nd Lieut. Timahoe Coy.

could not be established in close proximity to one another without running the risk of mutual interference. The introduction of the continuous wave system largely eliminated this difficulty ("jamming"), gave greater selectivity of signals, and an increased range for small power. In addition, such apparatus is much lighter and more compact.

In the late European War this system of wireless proved its value. It enabled units in the forward areas of the battlefields to keep in touch with their headquarters almost continuously. For example, with a 30-watt valve transmitter using aerials three feet high in the trenches and fifteen feet high at the Base, communication was maintained over distances up to 4,000 yards. Using aerials fifteen feet high at both points, ranges up to thirty miles were easily obtained. It must be remembered these ranges were obtained using valve amplifiers for reception.

The introduction of the Continuous Wave system greatly improved existing facilities for communication with aircraft. Before its introduction, the "spark" system was in use. The greatest drawback to this was the danger of fire. In addition, the apparatus used had to be small, and this resulted in very short ranges being secured. The C.W. system overcame these drawbacks. It will be easily understood how invaluable such installations are to aircraft engaged on reconnaissance work.

2nd EASTERN DIVISION.

Coy.-Sergt. Robert Daly, H. Coy., 2nd Batt., 1st Brigade and A.S.U., gazetted 2nd Lieut., H Coy.
Pte. John Caffrey gazetted 1st Lieut., Bk. Coy., Wellington.
Vol. S. Robinson gazetted 1st Lieut., No. 1 Coy., 1st Batt.

3rd EASTERN DIVISION.

Vol. L. H. Smyth to be Adj. N. Wexford Brigade.

Vol. P. Doyle to be Quartermaster N. Wexford Brigade.

Vol. J. Jordan to be Comdt. No. 1 Batt. ditto.

Vol. W. Quirke to be Comdt. No. 2 Batt. ditto.

Vol. D. Nolan to be Adj. No. 3 Batt. ditto.

Vol. J. J. Kavanagh to be T/Comdt. No. 4 Batt. ditto.

Vol. J. McCrea to be T/Adj. No. 4 Batt. ditto.

4th SOUTHERN DIVISION.

WEST LIMERICK BRIGADE.

Vol. T. MacDonagh to be Comdt. No. 1 Batt.

Vol. J. Fogarty to be Adj. No. 1 Batt.

Vol. J. O'Sullivan to be Comdt. No. 2 Batt.

Vol. P. Woulffe to be Adj. No. 2 Batt.

Vol. O. O'Sullivan to be Comdt. No. 3 Batt.

Vol. W. R. Aherne to be Adj. No. 3 Batt.

Vol. W. Fitzgerald to be Comdt. No. 4 Batt.

Vol. E. O'Keefe to be Adj. No. 4 Batt.

Vol. D. MacDonnell to be Comdt. No. 5 Batt.

Vol. M. Hishon to be Adj. No. 5 Batt.

1st WESTERN DIVISION.

3rd (EAST CLARE) BRIGADE.

Vol. H. Hehir to be Brigade Comdt.

Vol. F. Power to be Brigade Vice-Comdt.

Vol. T. Considine to be Brigade Q.M.

Vol. P. Clancy to be Brigade Adj.

Vol. M. McNamara to be Brigade Director of Training.

4th (MID. CLARE) BRIGADE.

Vol. M. Casey to be Brigade Q.M.

Vol. M. Frawley to be Comdt. 4th Batt.

5th (WEST CLARE) BRIGADE.

Vol. Liam Haugh to be Brigade Comdt.

Vol. W. Sheedy to be Brigade Vice-Comdt.

Vol. P. O'Dea to be Brigade Adj.

Vol. J. Daly to be Brigade Q.M.

Vol. A. Donnelly to be Brigade Director of Training.

Vol. J. Corbett to be O/C 1st (Cranny) Batt.

Vol. M. Breen to be Adj. 1st (Cranny) Batt.

Vol. T. Wright to be O/C 2nd (Knockerra) Batt.

Vol. M. Honan to be Adj. 2nd (Knockerra) Batt.

Vol. S. Moroney to be O/C 3rd Batt.

Vol. J. Morrissey to be Adj. 3rd Batt.

Vol. D. Gomery to be O/C 4th Batt.

Vol. J. Griffin to be Adj. 4th Batt.

Vol. J. Keane to be O/C 5th Batt.

Vol. T. Doherty to be Adj. 5th Batt.

6th (S.E. CONNEMARA) BRIGADE.

Brig. Adj. E. Breathnach to be Brigade Vice-Comdt.

Batt. V.C. M. Concannon to be Brigade Adj.

Trans. Officer M. Geoghan to be Brigade Q.M.

Batt.-Engineer E. Geoghan to be O/C 3rd (Moycullen) Batt.

7th (W. CONNEMARA) BRIGADE.

Comdt. P. O'Malley to be Brigade Comdt.

Comdt. J. P. Doherty to be Brigade Adj.

REGULAR UNITS.

Vol. T. Wall, Commandant 4th Batt., 3rd Brigade, has been appointed Captain C Coy., 1st Batt. Regular Army.

Cadet D. Martin, Commandant 3rd Batt. W. Clare Brigade during the war, has been gazetted 1st Lieut. in the Regular Army.

Lieut. Martin served in the West and East Clare Flying Columns.

AN T-ÓSLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

[NEWSPAPER.

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NOTES

Restoring Order. For some months past armed gangs have been taking advantage of the transition stage in Irish affairs to enrich themselves at the expense of their country. Their activities have been facilitated by those who are attempting to oppose by force the right of the people to express themselves as to their future form of government. In many instances the responsibility for the cowardly and reprehensible campaign being waged against minority groups in Ireland may also be traced to those modern liberators who expound democracy through the medium of an automatic. However, the tide seems to have turned against the bank robbers, who are surely being run to earth by the Criminal Investigation Department, and in due course the nation will be rid of this pest. It is the duty of all soldiers and citizens to cooperate in this endeavour to restore the good name which Ireland has always retained as the most crimeless country in the world, and to bring about conditions of order and security for all citizens.

The Third Dáil The Third Dáil has just been elected. The voice of the sovereign people has spoken on the issues which have agitated the nation for many months past. The result is an endorsement of the attitude which the vast majority of Irish soldiers have adopted in continuing to stand by G.H.Q. and function under Dáil Éireann. Apart from all purely political controversies, the Election provided the country with an opportunity of making its opinion known in regard to the Army position. It has done so in no uncertain fashion. The return of the Minister for Defence, the Chief of Staff, the Adjutant-

General, Major-General McKeon and other G.H.Q. Officers leave no room for doubt as to the measure of the country's gratitude to the Irish Army, and its appreciation of the policy which recognises in the Army the servant and not the dictator of the people.

Lamentable Accidents.

During the past week there has been an unusually large number of motor and other accidents, resulting in an increasingly heavy mortality list amongst

cycle and a tender belonging to the Criminal Investigation Department. The deceased left a wife and four children to mourn his loss. On Saturday morning a party of troops returning by motor from Drogheda to Navan crashed into a wall at Slane, as a result of which several of the party were seriously injured. Subsequently Adjutant P. Mooney (18), Kilbeg, Co. Meath, succumbed to injuries received. The tragic occurrence was caused by a dislocation of the steering gear of the lorry. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a n-anamna.



Retreat at the Curragh.

The troops in training at the Curragh were afforded a new and beneficial experience last week, when a retreat was conducted by the Jesuit Fathers within the Camp itself. Rev. Fr. Garahy, S.J.; Rev. Fr. Devane, S.J., of the House of Retreats, Rathfarnham Castle, and Rev. Fr. Flinn, S.J., conducted the exercises of the Retreat, which opened on Sunday, 11th inst., and closed on Sunday last. Each morning Masses, following by a short instruction, were celebrated at 7 and 8 o'clock in St. Brigid's Church, troops being paraded at each Mass. In the evening the fine wooden church, capable of accommodating about 1,500, was completely filled for Rosary, Sermon and Benediction. Confessions were heard daily, special facilities being given for each of the seven barracks. Notwithstanding the difficulties attendant upon the organisation of this new training centre of the Army, and the departures and arrivals of troops, the Retreat

was a decided success, and was much appreciated by the men. A number of officers set an excellent example to the men by their regular attendance at the exercises. The Cadets stationed in the Camp were also zealous in promoting the welfare of the Mission. As a result of the Retreat, the movement for the spread of temperance in the Army has been considerably advanced, a

regular troops. The matter is becoming one of grave concern, and should engage the attention of all officers holding commands. Every precaution must be taken to avoid unnecessary and indeed regrettable loss of life. Private William Murphy, a soldier with a very creditable war record, and attached to Portobello Barracks, died as a result of injuries received recently, consequent upon a collision between his motor

As a result of the Retreat, the movement for the spread of temperance in the Army has been considerably advanced, a

Characteristics of Modern War

It is necessary to the soldier that he should have a thorough and exact understanding of what is really meant by the term "war." It is, therefore, essential to fix definitely the general features of war, particularly its **object** and **means** and the goal which is to be aimed at, in his own country, so that the soldier may find in its study the basis of his tactics.

"War," says Clausewitz, "is produced by, and receives its form from, the ideas, feelings and relations which obtain at the moment it breaks out."

National Strategy.

It must be apparent that the strategy which would apply in any one country would be largely determined by a number of factors peculiar to that country. "Evidently enough," says Foch in his Lectures, "were I to speak about strategy and general tactics in Brussels instead of in Paris, my study would bear on a particular form of war. The situation of Belgium is known to you: a neutrality guaranteed by Europe, which is perhaps nothing more than a word, but has, in any case, hitherto (1903) guaranteed the existence of that little State; further, the immediate neighbourhood of two great Powers, Germany and France, from neither of which does any serious military obstacle separate that State, by either of which it might be easily conquered if the other neighbour, or Europe as a whole, did not intervene in the struggle.

"The special theory of war that would have to be presented to the Belgian Army would have a well-determined object, namely, that of delaying as much as possible the advance of the invading neighbour. The study would then consist in finding out how the Belgian Army can perform such a part, avoiding the **decision** by arms and **adjourning** the judgment by battle.

sodality having been formed towards this end. The pioneers, who are an appreciable body in the Camp, have banded themselves into a local group.

This venture, perhaps the first of its kind in the Regular Army, has demonstrated very clearly the value of religion as a factor in the building up of a sound and healthy tradition amongst the Regular forces. It is of inestimable worth in raising the tone and mental outlook of the rank and file, and in promoting that **esprit de corps** and comradeship we wish to see cultivated at our very inception. A high sense of honour and discipline are essential to the Army of to-day. Officers would do well, therefore, to utilise by example and otherwise the powerful means which Religion provides for the creation of this spirit.

"Such a conclusion would necessarily influence the whole military state of the nation: organisation, mobilisation, armament, fortification, as well as the instruction of the troops, not excluding the training of the company and the individual private."

Determining Factors.

As with Belgium, so with Ireland. A national system of defence must be devised here, which shall take account of the peculiar geographical features, the extent of the national resources and the form, which a hostile attack might be expected to assume.

A different situation presents itself in each country requiring a distinct handling. From this it would be an error to conclude that there is no such thing in warfare as an absolute theory, and that one has only to deal with **contingencies**. "Let us," says Foch, "simply and first be aware of the existence, in the study we are making, of the **concrete case**; in that concrete case, one of our data is evidently found in the geographical position of a State, from which

NECESSITY OF NATIONAL STRATEGY.

"Whoever writes on strategy and on tactics ought to confine himself to teaching **NATIONAL strategy and tactics only**, for no other can be profitable to the nation he is addressing."—Von der Goltz.

we must start in order to establish the theory which will allow us to reach a specifically national end. To such a geographical position we must add the political, financial, military state of the nation, also the shape of the territory, the situation of its neighbours, the nature of the rights to be defended or the claims to be asserted by it—all things which differentiate a given nation from all the other Powers."

Time is another factor which must be taken into account. Sometimes it suffices for a nation to require from her army only the means of supporting, if needs be, by some armed demonstration, "a cabinet policy, that is, a **diplomatic policy**" based on admitted international conventions. This restricted type of warfare, **diplomatic war**, which proves adequate at certain periods, also demands study and particular training of the army in order that it may be effectively conducted. In order to conquer, it is sufficient that one should be more ambitious and stronger than the adversary. "It is not necessary to be very ambitious and very strong if he has but little strength or ambition."

Progress Essential.

But such a theory of warfare would be no longer of service in face of an ambitious and powerful enemy. This fact, according

to Foch, explains the disastrous result, for France, of the campaign conducted against her by Prussia in 1870. During the period of European exhaustion which followed the Napoleonic campaigns, France was enabled to retain her status as a power by adopting the diplomatic weapon. It was because she had ignored the radical transformation in her neighbours which had been effected by 1870 that France then became its victim.

"To a people in arms," says Marshal Foch, "organised for conquest, invasion, a fight to a finish, we opposed a damaged tool, a reduced army, an army recruited amongst the poorest and least instructed part of the nation, as well as the processes of the eighteenth century . . . which could only do for a diplomatic war, for a war with a limited end. It is because the whole of Europe has now come back to the national thesis, and therefore to armed nations, that we stand compelled to-day to take up again the **absolute** concept of war, such as it results from history. . . . Our models and the facts upon which we will base a theory, we must seek in certain **definite** pages of history, namely, from that period of the French Revolution when the whole nation was arming itself for the defence of its dearest interests: Independence, Liberty. . . ."

Lesson for To-Day.

By this, it is not urged that one should follow a pre-conceived idea or fixed system. This is an age of railways and aircraft. Coaches were useful in their day. To-day the coach is not the means one should adopt to travel fast and well. This is emphasised in the explanation offered by Clausewitz of the causes which led to Napoleon's victories:

"Under the energetic leadership of Bonaparte, the French, treading underfoot the ancient **processes** of warfare, undertook the conquest of Europe with a wonderful and hitherto unexperienced success. Upsetting everything in their way, they sometimes, at their very first stroke, shook to its foundation the most powerful State." Looking to the future which might perhaps overlook the fundamental lessons of these wars, Clausewitz added:

"Who knows whether, within a few generations, people will not again take a fancy for the **old fencing and for the antiquated methods**; whether Bonaparte's fights and battles will not then be condemned as being acts of barbarity?"

"All the efforts of military writers must tend to warning against these dangerous errors. May Heaven grant our labours to extend wholesome influence over the minds of the men whom He has marked out for directing the Government and the affairs of our dear country!"

From that wish the Prussian General Staff was born. It arose, according to Foch, from the dropping of "the old fencing and antiquated methods"; from the conscientious study of Napoleon's

The Symbols of an Army

There is much beauty and significance in the symbols of an army. The salute, the presenting of arms, the Last Post, and the rest, common to all armies, have each a distinctive meaning. A salute means: I recognise your authority, I honour the commission you bear, I realise we are all bound together in fealty and service to the one Motherland. Arms presented, in which, as it were, the rifles are held not as ready to be fired, but as ready to be given to some one else, means: My arms belong to you, and though I wield a weapon of offence, I do not wield it for myself, but for you and for my country.

The Colours—What They Signify.

The colours are symbolic of the soul of the nation, if they be the national colours. If they are particular to a Brigade, they stand for the soul and traditions of the Brigade, and for that reason must not appear without an escort. The colours fly not only for the living, but for all in Division or Brigade who have died for Ireland; not only as an augury of battles to be won, but as a token of every victory in the past which has brought honour to the flag.

All bugle-calls, from the Reveille to the Last Post, denote that a soldier's life is a watch and a vigil. He does not go by the clock, or claim any time as his own, but gives obedience instant upon the demand of his superior. The note of the bugle is the call of the nation to men bearing arms.

Respect for the Uniform.

Honour is universally paid to the soldier in every democratic and normally-governed country in the world, because in putting off his own clothes, and putting on the uniform of the National Army, he gives up his own free will to be obedient to the country's will; he relinquishes his birthright of freedom, taking up voluntarily the yoke of sacrifice.

When a soldier dies, the tri-colour is laid on his body, as symbolic of the fact that he died in the service of his country. It is sweet to die for one's country, says the Latin poet, Horace. It is of greater moment still to die honourably in that

battles . . . as the only means of warfare in the truest sense of the word.

"Let us profit by this," he continues. "Let us begin . . . by setting aside the 'ancient processes,' the fancy for 'old fencing,' the 'antiquated methods' . . ." War to be successful must be national in principle and a matter of movement and shock in practice. All this is not without its lessons for the Irish army of to-day.

(To be continued).

SCEOLA NA SEACHTMAINE

CURSAI REATHA.

Do réir gach deallraimh do dheineadar na teachtaí, abhí le goirid i gcomhairle a chéile i Lúndun, na córáití do chur díobh go bog réidh; agus, murar éirigh leo gach aon cheist do réiteach, do tháineadar ar aon aigne um gach aon cheist tábhachtach.

An Bun Reacht Nua.

Bun Reacht nua na hEireann abhí á bplé aca, agus, gan ach puinntí beaga, deineadh socrú eatortha. Ach níltear réidh leis go fóill. Ní mór na fo cheisteanna úd do chur tré chéile d'fhonn gach taob aca do shásamh. Na dhiaidh san, cuirfear fé bhráid párlaiméid Seana Shasana féin é, agus déanfar iad do scrúdú go cruinn, baileach ag lorg lúb ar lár éigin ionnta. Agus, is dócha go ndéanfaidh an Dáil nua a sgaga go mion cruinn leis. Nílimid ag bacaint fe láthair le caint an fhir thall. 'Sí an cheist atá ar Ghaeil anois ná cad do dhéanfaidh an Dáil nua sa chúis. Sin í an fhadhb.

Dearbhú na Dála Nua.

Is iongantach an t-suim a chuireann cuid des na daoine thall 'nár gcúrsaí gnótha fós. Bhí ana bhuaireamh aigne ar dhuine bhocht aca mar gheall ar an ndearbhú a dhéinfear sa Dáil

sacred service, reflecting by one's death added lustre on the colours of the army and the nation. The reversal of arms at a funeral are an acknowledgment of the victory of the spiritual life over the mortal life of man. Death puts the rifle to shame, and the reversed arms are a fitting sign of reverence. It provides part of the atmosphere of military mourning.

The shots fired over the grave are the last salute from the comrades of the dead soldier to his soul passing on its way to Eternity.

The Last Post.

The Last Post, most solemn and beautiful of all calls, sounded when darkness has shrouded the earth with the pall of night, is the Nunc Dimittis of the dead soldier. It is the last bugle-call. As you stand in silent, impassive reverence about the newly-dug grave in which a dead comrade is lying, it seems as if in a sepulchral way he must also hear its solemn sad reverberations; the last voice, as it were, of all things earthly, persistently calling, and then faintly dying away.

It is the last call, but it gives promise of reveille, of the great reveille which Gabriel, the Trumpeter of the Heavens, will ultimately sound:

"From the hid battlements of Eternity."

The symbols of an army are equally as important to its life as the greater symbols of the Church are an essential of the Church's ritual. They ought to have an elevating and inspiring effect on its life, showing the Army at its highest and best.

nua. Do hinnseadh do ná beadh ar an Dáil aon sórt leabhair do thabhairt. Do bhain sé codladh na hoíche den chréatúr.

Breall ort a Mhic ó.

Chuaidh sé ag triall ar anam chara, Churchill. Mo léan géar, is suarach an sólás do fuair sé. Dubhairt Churchill go tur leis ná raibh an Saorstát ann in aon chor fós, agus, dá bhrí sin, ná raibh ceangailte ar an Dáil aon dearbú do dhéanamh. Thuit an lug ar an lag ar mo dhuine bhocht. Dubharthas gur éaluigh sé leis féin ag bog-chrónán.

"Ní coga 'tá nois uainn
Ach más gá dhúinn buala rís
Táid na fir againn is airgead
Gan tagairt do n-ár bhflit."

An Fhírinne in Uachtar da Sheirbhe í.

Ach, 'na choinne sin thall, ní misde cuid den chaint do dhein Commander Kenworthy, M.P., do sháthadh isteach anso leis. Ag caint i Chippenham do, dubhairt sé nár theasduigh ó mhuintir Shasna go ndeinfí aon iarracht ar Eirinn d'athghábhail. Is amhlaidh do bheidís go daingean láidir i gcoinne aon iarracht dá shaghas. 'Sa chéad dul síos ní raibh aon airgead aca chun a leithéid d'obair conaig, amadánta do chuir ar siúl. B'é a thuairimse, leis, gur cuireadh bárr ar an áiféis nuair deineadh ollfhórsaí na himpireachta do sheoladh i gcoinne gasra beag fear, ar luigh-ead arm teine, d'fhonn seilbh do thógaint i bpaistín beag tailimh sa tuaisceart thoir. Ba léir, adubhairt sé, go raibh daoine údarásacha Lúndun nó i mBéal Féirste agus ní raibh uatha ach guth an fhocail chun na gunnaí do chur ag pléascadh. Bhíodar san ag séideadh fé dhaoine eile d'fhonn iad do chuir i gcóchall a chéile.

Caint agus Cómhairle De Valera.

Ag tagairt don phacta do deineadh le déanaí idir an dá pháirtí sa Dáil, dubhairt de Valera, ag caint dó ag crúinniú a bhí i Magh Ealla, gó taobh aca ná Eire bheith chó saor le haon eanna áirithe, 'na thaobh san is uile, bhí a lán ceist eile agus bhíodar go léir ar aon aigne mar gheall ortha. Bhí fíor ghrá ag gach taobh aca da dtírín dílis féin. 'Sé a bhí ó gach taobh aca ná Eire bheith chó saor le haon náisiún eile ar dhuim talmhan. B'é mian gach Gael ná muintir na tíre d'feicsint fé rath, fé shonag agus fé shéan arís.

Udáras le Linn Cogaidh.

Mar gheall ar an gcoga agus an cuma abhí ar an tír le cúpla blian anuas, is minic dob' éigin do dhaoine nó do ghasra daoine neithe do dheanamh ar a gcomhairle féin 'na slí féin. Coga bheith ar siúl sa tír do thug an ceart san dóibh.

Níorb' fhluláir an ceart agus an árd chomhacht úd do thabhairt suas anois agus iad d'fhágaint fé udáras an rialtais do bhí toghtha ag an náisiún chun gnó an náisiún do stiúiriú. D'aon ghnó chun na neithe sin do thabhairt chun cinn agus d'fhonn riar, eagar agus órdú do chuir ar an dtír arís, seadh, do deineadh an réiteach.

SEÁN.

AN T-OGLACH

JUNE 24, 1922.

Our Future

In this, the first issue of AN T-OGLACH available to the general public, we may be pardoned for dwelling with some pride upon the services rendered to the cause of Irish freedom by the official organ of the Irish Republican Army. In a sense it can be said that AN T-OGLACH symbolised the Army, its fate and fortunes; like the Army it led a secret, furtive existence, successfully defying all enemy activities against it. It can also be claimed in a sense that AN T-OGLACH helped to make the Army what it was and to make the war. It developed the Volunteer mind and the Volunteer outlook; it made the officers and men of the Army realise more fully their duties and responsibilities; it pointed out the directions their activities should take; it gave useful instructions on military matters especially adapted to the needs and circumstances of the Irish Republican Army; it helped to keep the rank and file in touch with the ideas and outlook of those in control of the Army. It was in AN T-OGLACH that the idea of guerilla warfare was first adumbrated, and many articles appeared dealing with means and methods of carrying on this kind of operations. During the days of the Black and Tans there can be no doubt that the continued weekly appearance of AN T-OGLACH and the cheering news which it was able to impart contributed largely to keeping up the splendid morale of the fighting men of Ireland in that period of trial. One of the biggest compliments to the value of AN T-OGLACH was the fierce and incessant war waged upon it by the enemy. Savage sentences were imposed upon men found in possession of a copy, and the British went to the trouble of printing and distributing in the South of Ireland leaflets in which AN T-OGLACH was fiercely abused and its statements contradicted. Raids and sentences failed to locate the printing press of AN T-OGLACH. The history of AN T-OGLACH during those four years is dealt with in another column. Save for a very brief period of dislocation the writing, printing and distribution of AN T-OGLACH went on with weekly punctuality through the hottest period of the war, a source of encouragement and counsel to the fighting men.

AN T-OGLACH now appears under changed conditions and the task before it is a different one, not so onerous and important perhaps, but none the less an essential service. It is our ambition to make AN T-OGLACH in its new form a journal worthy of its traditions. Just as we wish our Army not to follow slavishly the traditions of a foreign army so we wish AN T-OGLACH not to follow slavishly the traditions of any other official periodical. We want to make it the guide, companion, friend and servant of the Irish soldier. We wish through it to foster a just pride in the glorious traditions of our Army, and an *esprit de corps* which will make the Irish soldier respected everywhere. We hope to use its columns in

A Heroic Episode in the Fight

Owing mainly to war conditions, reports of many engagements of outstanding merit did not receive the publicity they deserved. It is proposed, therefore, to republish, from time to time, accounts of engagements which appeared in the war issues of "An t-Oglach," and which of necessity had then a limited circulation. We have no doubt they will be read now by the rank and file and the general public with very real interest. Early in the present month over 1,000 Irish soldiers paid tribute to the memory of three comrades interred in Meelick Churchyard. In the issue of "An t-Oglach" dated July 22nd, 1921, an officer of the Brigade chronicles the engagement in which these brave Claremen took part, as follows:—

"On the 10th June a party of four Volunteers of the East Clare Brigade, while engaged in cutting wires on the railway at Meelick, were surprised by a party of thirty enemy military with two machine guns. Owing to an accidental shot being mistaken for the dismiss signal, all the outposts had withdrawn, and the enemy, travelling in a train with steam off and down-hill, swept round a turn on the four men without any warning. The train pulled up at once, and fire was opened by the enemy at close range. The O.C. of our men, who was up on a telegraph pole at the time, shouted a warning, and the other three dashed away, two to one side and one to the other, he himself only having time to jump behind a low bank beside the railway when fire opened. M. Gleeson and C. McCarthy got some distance up the

chronicling the many stirring and hitherto unpublished chapters in the history of the late war. We hope through it to brighten the life of the barracks, to stimulate an intelligent interest in matters that concern us all and to afford a means for the discussion of various matters that affect the Irish Army. We hope through it to encourage and assist the study and use of the Irish Language by officers and men. We hope to stimulate a lively interest in athletics, to the physical and mental benefit of all concerned. We hope too, through the medium of articles, to interest young officers in the higher branches of military studies. We hope, with the co-operation of officers and men, to make AN T-OGLACH the faithful chronicler of all Army news and gossip. Contributions and letters on topics of Army interest, when suitable, will find ready publication in our columns.

The intense interest shown by the people generally in our Army and the important part which it plays in our national life at the present time have induced us to make AN T-OGLACH accessible to the general public. We wish also to avail ourselves of the opportunity of giving the widest publicity to the many little known records of the late war.

field when McCarthy fell wounded. Gleeson went on, but on reaching a place of safety he found his companion missing, and on seeing him lying wounded in the field he immediately started back again.

Under Heavy Fire.

"A machine gun and about a dozen rifles were playing on the field about 100 yards range, while a party of five soldiers crossed up to cut off the retreat of the two men. It must have been as evident to Gleeson as it was to my informants, who were looking on, that no power on earth could have saved McCarthy, but apparently he preferred going back and dying with his comrade to leaving him. He raced down under a hail of bullets, lifted up McCarthy and brought him up across the field with his left arm around him, while he fired back at the pursuing soldiers with his revolver. A little further up Gleeson fell badly wounded and McCarthy struggled on. When the soldiers came up on him, this hero of 20 years of age, who was never before in action, lying wounded and dying on the ground, was still unconquered. In his last moments he fired his last cartridge, and, according to the British O.C. (a Lieut. Gordan, Royal Scots), he drew his last breath and pulled his trigger on an empty case together. He pulled again after his last shot, but his revolver was empty. The British Officer, who was through the European War, stated Gleeson was the bravest man he had ever seen.

A Subordinate's Bravery.

"At the other side of the railway another feat was performed. The O.C. had jumped down from the pole behind a low wall. While he remained flat he was under cover, but immediately he stirred he would be seen, as the train with the enemy in it was only a few feet from him. To get away he had to stand up and get over a thick fence of wire and hedge. His companion (1st Lieut. A. Coy., 2nd Battn.), got away on getting the first alarm, but on missing his O.C. he came back again. He sized up the situation immediately, seeing that if he could attract the attention of the enemy he might succeed in getting his O.C. away. He immediately opened fire with a Martini rifle, and hit one soldier twice when he attempted to get out of the carriage. One of the machine-guns and nine or ten rifles were trained on him, but he stood his ground behind a pier until his O.C. succeeded in getting to cover. His rifle jammed after a few shots, but when the enemy saw one of their comrades badly wounded no further diversion was needed to make them turn their attention to their own men."

Joseph de Maistre wrote: "A battle lost is a battle one thinks one has lost, for a battle cannot be lost physically." "Therefore, it can only be lost morally. But, then," says Foch, "it is morally also that a battle is won, and we may extend the aphorism by saying: A battle won is a battle in which one will not confess oneself beaten."

AN t-OGLACH
A JOURNAL WITH A HISTORY
SOME INTERESTING REVELATIONS

Any history of AN t-OGLACH would be incomplete without some reference to a journal which was in a sense its predecessor. The Volunteers from their inception in 1913 possessed an official organ known as *The Irish Volunteer* which after many vicissitudes came to an end in Easter Week, 1916. This paper undoubtedly did great and valuable service in the building up of an effective Volunteer Army and creating that outlook and mentality which displayed themselves so dramatically in the heroic deeds of Easter Week.

The Irish Volunteer was originally published by the proprietor of the *Enniscorthy Echo* who sought and obtained from the Provisional Committee who controlled the Volunteers, permission to describe it as the "Official Organ of the Irish Volunteers" on condition that all matter to be published in it be first submitted to a member of the Provisional Committee. On the writer of this article devolved the thankless duty of acting as censor. The first editor was Mr. Larry de Lacy, to be later known to fame as the first man "on the run" in our campaign. Mr. de Lacy threw himself into his work with characteristic energy and enthusiasm.

A Chequered Career.

The invasion of the Provisional Committee by Mr. Redmond's nominees rendered the position of the official organ a difficult and delicate one and the censor's work a troublesome task. From the outset the newcomers regarded *The Irish Volunteer* with suspicion and hostility and the outbreak of the European War brought matters to a head. *The Irish Volunteer* did not advocate recruiting for England; it told the people to concentrate their minds on Ireland instead of Belgium; and this was the subject of bitter complaint by Mr. Redmond's nominees. At a stormy meeting at the Dublin City Hall (at which these advocates of Constitutionalism attacked us with their fists and produced revolvers) a resolution was carried disestablishing the *Irish Volunteer* as official organ. The split in the Volunteers followed immediately after this; and the proprietor having discontinued the journal, it was decided to publish it in Dublin, under the editorship of Eoin Mac Neill.

Enemy Activities.

In course of time the paper aroused the wrath of the British Government whose method in Ireland at this time to suppress a journal was by striking at the printers and thus making other printers unwilling to risk the undertaking. By this means they obtained their object without the obloquy of a formal suppression. Mr. Patrick Mahon, the present printer of AN t-OGLACH, was victimised even in these early days for printing the *Irish Volunteer*, his machinery being dismantled and taken away, and for some time the paper had to be printed in Belfast, by an Orange firm whom the British Government were not

prepared to strike at. However, the paper continued to appear under the editorship of Eoin Mac Neill, though dwindling in size owing to the paper famine, up to the eve of the 1916 Insurrection. By that time it had shrunk to a small four-page sheet.

Birth of "An t-Oglach."

For over two years the Volunteers remained without an official organ. In July, 1918, at a time when the threat of Conscription by England had given a big stimulus to the recruiting for and organisation of the Irish Volunteers, the Executive that then controlled the Volunteers conceived the idea of printing and publishing secretly an official organ for circulation amongst the men. The project at the time was considered a daring and difficult one. Michael Collins, who then combined the positions of Adjutant General and Director of Organisation, interested himself actively in the project and all the details in connection with the printing and distribution of the organ were carried out by officials of his department. The writer, then "on the run," was appointed editor and has had the honour to hold that position ever since. On August 31st, 1918, the first issue of the familiar little four-page paper, so hated by the British, appeared.

"Hero-worship and comradeship, pride in one's nation, and equal pride in one's regiment, ideals as triumphant as the colours themselves, living interest and enthusiasm in all ranks—these are the true substitutes for fear and punishment and military law."—Stephen Graham.

Its Production.

The "make-up" consisted of an editorial, general notes, and a series of contributions from the various departments, and it may be remarked that in those early days about the most regular contributor of departmental notes was Michael Collins. At this time G.H.Q. used to meet weekly and it was usual for the editor to submit his leading articles and notes to the meetings so as to make sure that they accurately interpreted the mind of G.H.Q. It was published twice a month, on the fifteenth and last days of each month. It is no harm at this lapse of time to reveal that the paper was set by hand and printed at the Gaelic Press, Liffey Street for a considerable period. At a later date, as will be shown in due course, we set up a secret printing office of our own which escaped detection during the hottest periods of the Irish War.

The Gaelic Press was frequently raided and on one occasion at least matter for AN t-OGLACH set up in type was lying on a table when the place was invaded by police, but the intelligent detectives failed to identify it. Although unable to prove anything, it was evident that the British authorities all along suspected the Gaelic Press of printing AN t-OGLACH and this was the reason of their relentless persecution of Mr. Stanley, which ultimately compelled him to shut up shop.

Army Sport

A meeting was held at Headquarters, 1st Eastern Division, Trim, on Thursday, 15th June, to discuss the best method of fostering Gaelic games and athletics in the Division. Comdt. Gen. Seán Boylan presided, and there were also present the majority of the Divisional Staff and representatives of all Brigades and Companies of the Regular Army in the Division and O.C.'s and Staffs of Mullingar and Naas Military Barracks.

After a full discussion it was decided that Volunteer Brigades and Regular Army Units be treated as equal Units in competition. Comdt. Gen. Boylan proposed and Brigade Comdt. T. Lawler seconded that inter-Unit Football and Hurling Competitions be started for sets of medals. As a beginning one hurling and one football team is to be organised in each Unit, and the Brigades are to try and organise teams in Battalions and Companies and hold Brigade competitions.

The question of athletics was next discussed and it was decided that Athletic Clubs be formed in every Brigade and Barrack, and that training of likely men be taken up at once in all branches of athletics with a view to entering a Divisional Team for the Tailteann Games. Some O.C.'s reported that this was being done already and good progress being made in Boxing, Swimming, Running, Weight Throwing, etc. At the next meeting a Committee will be formed to govern all forms of athletics in the Division. It is intended to hold a Divisional Sports at intervals.

The Athletic Committee of the 2nd Eastern Division is pushing forward vigorously with the organisation of Army sports. Orders have been placed for equipment for several teams and a set of 15 gold and 18 silver medals have been presented for competition.

Its Effect.

The paper from the start met with a warm welcome from Volunteers and aroused the fury of the British Government. Men found in possession of a copy of AN t-OGLACH were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. This persecution only made people more anxious to secure a copy of the "secret" organ, and the encouragement, advice and instruction contained in its columns profoundly affected the outlook and mentality of the Volunteers throughout the country. During these early days the European War was in progress and AN t-OGLACH was able to publish a good deal of secret information with regard to the war which the British censorship had succeeded in suppressing. It could boast at that time of being the only uncensored paper in Ireland.

(To be continued).

Care of Marching Men

By an Army Medical Officer.

No more severe test can be imposed upon fresh and partly trained troops than prolonged marching. A man suffering from any disability should not be taken on the march, unless of course in the case of grave military necessity.

Preparations for the March.

The men should have as much rest as possible before "falling in." There should be no previous parades on that day. They should have a light breakfast. Clothing and equipment should be easy-fitting and clean. Boots and socks should be particularly watched, as even a pin-head blister can become rather mountainous after a few miles' marching. The choice of socks is quite as important as that of boots; they should be perfectly-fitting, smooth and clean. The feet themselves should also be clean. (Men on active duty should be made wash the feet twice daily).

Equipment should be comfortably adjusted and the water bottles filled. Tea, when cold, is a very good thirst quencher.

Length of March.

Of course, we are not considering "forced marches" or "competition marches," in which men may cover very great distances in one day, and require a week off duty afterwards. We are merely taking good average marching, which is about fifteen miles per day. This may seem small, but between halts for various reasons, directly connected with the comfort of the men, this is quite a sufficient distance to cover. A good deal more can be done, but when the objective is reached, the men are "played out." Of course, the smaller a formation is, the farther it can march in a day. Men marching on good roads in temperate weather can do more than, say, men marching through boggy plains in wet or very warm weather. A band is the greatest asset to a marching column. It keeps the men in step, encourages them to sing or whistle, thus employing their minds, and helping them to forget the weight of rifle and pack. It may look well to have men marching with every button in its place and every strap buckled, but it does not feel well for the men. They should be allowed loosen straps and tunics in warm weather, and carry the rifle in an easy position, and march in as open formation as possible. Straggling should be prevented—a few stragglers demoralise a battalion. Smoking or chewing tobacco on the march is not helpful. Marching is, more or less, an athletic feat, and there are very good reasons for, say, marathon runners not smoking in a twenty-mile race. In the first place, it leads to thirst, and consequent recourse to the water bottle; secondly, it does not help a man's heart.

ATHLETICS IN 2nd EASTERN DIVISION.

Considerable advance was made with regard to the organisation of Athletic Committees in the 2nd Eastern Division, at the meeting of the general Executive held at G.H.Q. on Wednesday, 14th inst. For one thing it was decided that each company in the Division should appoint its own Committee, to cater for the various forms of sport within its own unit. A general Executive, to whom each company will send one delegate, will look after the affairs of the Division as a whole. Possibly some members of the Executive with some of those chosen on the first Army Committee will go to form what may be termed a Divisional Board, which in turn will link up with an All-Ireland Army Athletic Executive. At all events the first step towards placing the organisation of sport in the Army on a proper basis has been taken. With a little more effort and good-will an effective machinery to control and direct sport activities should be in operation.

The question of procuring suitable outfits for teams—both hurling and football—will be one of the first concerns of the Company Committees. This is a matter requiring immediate attention, in order that our teams may get into training without delay. It was well, therefore, that the General Executive appointed a Purchases' Sub-Committee empowered to invite tenders and procure supplies for the entire Division. The personnel of the Committee are Comdt. Guilfoyle, S/Capt. Griffin, and Dr. Ryan. How soon our teams are ready to take the field will depend largely upon the expeditious work of this body.

The Dublin Guards are forging ahead with their preparations for a sports meeting to be held at Portobello on July 9th. Other Brigades would do well to follow their example. Not until trial events are run in each Brigade can the best material for the coming Army Sports be discovered. Dr. Ryan at the Executive Meeting rightly stressed the importance of holding trial sports events in

Halts.

All formation on the march should be halted soon after starting, and at intervals afterwards. Suitable halting places should be chosen, and the sanitary squad should take charge and see that no unnecessary fouling of the site takes place. On these halts men should not be allowed to drink any water from drains, wells, pumps, etc., until the source of the water and water are examined by the M.O. Water bottles should be kept perfectly clean and "scalded" with boiling water frequently.

When the column is large and the halt of some duration, proper field latrines and urine pits should be dug and filled in afterwards—turf being properly replaced. It may be well to reiterate that none but men in perfect health should be taken on the march. In marching it is certainly a case of the survival of the fittest, and the weakest are bound to go to the wall and lie down beside it.

Army News in Brief

A party of Engineers have left Tulla No. 2 Station, under Capt. A. Hannon, to undergo a further course of training at the Curragh Camp.

Regular troops have been transferred from Killaloe No. 1 Station to Connemara Training Centre. The party was in charge of Capt. McCarthy and Capt. Nugent.

Killaloe No. 1 Station has been occupied by Regular troops in charge of Capt. O'Dea, from Tulla No. 1 Station.

Dr. P. J. Duggan has been appointed eye specialist to the Army.

The party of Regular troops, until recently stationed in Ceanannus Mór on special duty, have been withdrawn.

Articles on Radiotelegraphy, Trench Mortar Bombs and T.N.T. are unavoidably held over.

MEATH SOLDIER'S TRAGIC END.

Private Patrick Mooney of the Permanent Guard at Divisional Headquarters, Trim, was fatally injured in a motor accident near Slane Castle, Co. Meath, on Saturday morning the 17th inst. Brigade Police Officer Hughes and Lieut. T. Lynch, Adjutant Trim Barrack, were seriously injured and are being treated at County Infirmary, Navan. Brigade-Adj. Coyle and the following men of the Trim Permanent Guard are in the County Hospital, Navan, being treated for various minor injuries: Sergt. MacManus, Driver Murphy, Privates Murphy, Brady and O'Neill. The deceased soldier who was only eighteen years of age, and was in the Army for the past four years, is deeply regretted by the Divisional Staff and his comrades, the Officers and men of Trim Barrack and the 3rd Meath Brigade. He always proved himself a brave, efficient and intelligent soldier and was specially marked for promotion at the time of his death. Solus na bhFlaitheas d'a anam.

At a Coroner's inquest in Navan on Saturday, 17th inst., a verdict of accidental death was returned and the jury found that no blame attached to anybody for the accident. There is conclusive evidence that the accident was unforeseen and unavoidable and that the driver did all that was humanly possible to avert it.

every barracks at the earliest moment. They are the best stimulus to athletic endeavour can be provided. The Executive have directed each Brigade to form a Sports Committee of its own to promote trial events in preparation for the coming Army Sports. It is up to every Brigade Staff, with the interests of their men at heart, to throw themselves with zest and enthusiasm into the work. On the efforts of the Brigade and Company Committees will depend the success of the entire athletic movement in the Division.

Meaning of an Irish Army

In Mount Jerome Cemetery, Dublin, lie the remains of a man to whom, perhaps, more than to any other, may be attributed the Ireland of to-day. He was Thomas Osborne Davis, who, in the short period during which he occupied the stage of Irish public affairs, did more than any of his contemporaries to forward the national position. His untimely death in September, 1845, resulted in the collapse of the great Repeal movement which he alone could have steered to success. "It was an ill-fate for Ireland that prevented him being the leader, as well as the teacher of his generation." It may not be amiss to draw the attention of Irish soldiers to the interpretation which this patriot put upon a national army such as is now being organised and perfected to defend Ireland's newly-won rights.

An Armed Nation.

"To carry arms," he writes, "is the first right of man, for arms are the guardians of property, honour, and life. God gave weapons, as well as clothing, to the lion and the eagle; but to man he gave skill to furnish himself with all bodily comforts, and with weapons to defend them, and all his other rights, against every assault, be he the beast of the forest or the tyrant of society."

The Badge of Freeman.

"Disarmament and slavery were convertible terms in every age. The conquering barbarians forbade the Romans to bear arms; the Normans forbade the Saxons to carry arms; the Spaniards tore their arms from the Americans—the English took arms from Ireland whenever they dared. . . .

"Other institutions apart, nations have been externally secure, and internally free, in proportion as their citizens were trained to and possessed arms. And the laws of all nations pretending to freedom, from Athens to England, sanctified this right by special and solemn laws. Ireland in this, as in other things, has been treated by England, not as a nation, nor yet as a portion of herself, but as a rightless dependant—an injured slave, disarmed and disabled—starved, chained, darkened and prisoned—lest she should resume her rights or avenge her sufferings.

"A nominal independence might co-exist with disarmament. A Parliament might be suffered here without a militia, but it would be like that Senate which marked our slavery from the Treaty of Limerick (when our Regular Army capitulated), till 1782 brought us a Declaration of Rights, witness by 80,000 armed men."

"When the Irish read and reflect with Davis," says a distinguished Irishman of the present generation, "the day of their redemption will be at hand." This is sufficient in itself to commend the teachings

Poison Gas Weapons

THE LIVENS PROJECTOR.

The Somme offensive witnessed the employment by the British of a new gas weapon, which attained to great importance in the chemical campaign. This was the mortar known as the Livens Projector. It was the invention of a British engineer, Major (then Lieut.) Livens, D.S.O., M.C., of the Signal Corps. Realising the tactical weakness of the German method, as employed in the Ypres poison gas attack, apart from its vast initial possibilities of surprise, he set about devising an apparatus which would render the use of poison gas more effective as a military weapon. In a few months he had decided upon the general principles of his projector and a first crude specimen was produced.

First Crude Apparatus.

The gas organisation and the preparations for the Loos attack absorbed all his attention and energies for some time, and the consequent reorganisation found him developing a flammenwerfer and training a Company in its use. It was really the Somme battle which provided him with the first opportunity of carrying his idea into offensive practice. It was in front of High Wood, which was a veritable nest of German machine gunners in such a critical tactical position as to bar the advance of the British troops in that particular region. The huge stationary flame Projector had recently been used by Major Livens and his Company against a strong German position before Carnoy.

The effect of flame was even more limited there than that of cloud gas, by reason of its dependence on a fixed emplacement. It was, therefore, quickly grasped that the solution was to be sought in the application of the Projector principle to the use of oil for flame, and a crude projector was soon devised to meet the emergency. Oil cans were used as mortars. These were buried in the earth for two-thirds of their length, and water cans were utilised as bombs.

The Arras Attack.

When the possibilities of the weapon were seen its development was pressed. The usual Livens Projector consisted of a simple tube mortar closed at one end and fitted with a charge box upon which rested the projectile. By an electrical arrangement and suitable communications, large numbers, sometimes thousands, of these projectors could be discharged at a given moment. In this way quantities of gas, comparable with the huge tonnages employed in the normal stationary cloud attack, could be used as a cloud which

of Thomas Davis to Irish soldiers, who are now entrusted with the high duty of guarding the national independence which their heroism has won.

would originate as such, sometimes as much as a mile distant from the place of discharge.

This meant that the advantages of cloud gas attack could be secured with a much smaller dependence on wind direction, and with a much greater factor of local surprise. Thus, when the partly perfected weapon was used in large quantities during the British offensive at Arras in April, 1917, the German Army was thrown into great confusion. But for the fact that protective measures had been so widely developed on both sides, it is said that the Livens Projector would have gone a long way in deciding the war.

Deadly Form of Warfare.

With a view to illustrating the peculiar value of the new device, Victor Lefebvre quotes from a few of the many Intelligence reports collected by the British. From a captured document, dated July, 1917, belonging to the 111th German Division, and signed Von Busse, it appears: "The enemy has combined in this new process the advantages of gas clouds and gas shells. The density is equal to that of gas clouds, and the surprise effect of shell-fire is also obtained. For the bombardment, the latter part of the night is generally chosen in a calm or light wind (the direction of the latter is immaterial). The enemy aims essentially at surprise. Our losses have been serious up to now, as he has succeeded in the majority of cases in surprising us, and masks have often been put on too late. . . . As soon as a loud report like a mine is heard 1,000 to 1,500 metres away give the gas alarm. It does not matter if several false alarms are given. Masks must not be taken off without orders from an officer. Men affected, even if apparently only slightly, must be treated as serious cases . . . and taken back as soon as possible for medical treatment. Anti-gas Officers and Company Commanders will go through a fresh course of training on the above principles."

The importance attached to gas discipline may be learned from further documents captured by the British. In one of these it is stated that the Germans could only attempt to "reduce their losses to a minimum by the strictest gas discipline." Again it was learned from a German prisoner that "every time a battalion goes in to rest masks are inspected, and a lecture is delivered by the Gas Officer on British gas projectors, which are stated to be the most deadly form of warfare."

The German Press began to reflect the uneasiness which prevailed among the German troops at the front, as a result of the introduction of the Projector. An endeavour was made in several leading German papers to minimise the military effectiveness of the British poison gas campaign and the casualties for which it was responsible. However, this afforded but poor consolation to the German people for the tremendous losses which they suffered at this particular period.

(To be continued).

Appointments and Promotions

WESTERN COMMAND.

Comdt.-Genl. McKeon, O/C. 1st Midland Division, to Major-General, and O/C. Western Command.

Col.-Comdt. Lawlor, Adjutant 1st Midland Division, to Comdt.-Genl. and Adjutant, Western Command.

Col.-Comdt. E. J. Cooney, Q.M. 1st Midland Division, to Comdt.-Genl. and Q.M. Western Command.

Lt.-Comdt. Finnegan, Asst. Q.M. 1st Midland Division to Asst. Q.M. Western Command.

Lt.-Comdt. Cooney, Medical Officer, 1st Midland Division, to Medical Officer, Western Command.

MIDLAND DIVISION.

Comdt.-Genl. MacCurtain to be O/C.

Col.-Comdt. Jas. Farrelly to be Deputy O/C.

Col.-Comdt. Woods to be Div. Adjutant.

Col.-Comdt. F. Davis to be Div. Q.M.

MIDLAND DIVISION.

Comdt.-Genl. Simon to be Div. O/C.

Col.-Comdt. Sean Duffy to be Deputy Div. O/C.

Col.-Comdt. Patk. Madden to be Div. Adjutant.

No. 1 BRIGADE (SOUTH ROSCOMMON).

Brigadier Luke Duffy to be O/C.

Vice-Brigadier Henry Compton to be Deputy O/C.

Comdt. Thos. Kelly to be Adjutant.

Comdt. Denis Madden to be Q.M.

Capt. Thos. Simon to be A/C's and Records Officer.

No. 1 BRIGADE 2nd W. DIVISION

Comdt. Peter Collins to be O/C. Roscommon Battalion.

Capt. James McTiernan to be Adjutant, Roscommon Battalion.

Comdt. John Bannon to be O/C., Summerhill Battalion.

Capt. Thomas Kilroy to be Adjutant, Summerhill Battalion.

Comdt. Joseph Galvin to be O/C., Knockroghery Battalion.

Capt. James Cunnane to be Adjutant, Knockroghery Battalion.

Comdt. John Hegarty to be O/C., Cran Battalion.

Capt. James McGovern to be Adjutant, Cran Battalion.

No. 2 BRIGADE, 2nd W. DIVISION.

Brigadier Andrew Lohan to be O/C.

Comdt. Charles Dillon to be Adjutant.

Comdt. Sean Lohan to be O/C., Ballinamore Battalion.

Capt. Owen Devine to be Adjutant, Ballinamore Battalion.

Comdt. Patrick Reynolds to be O/C., Mountbellew Battalion.

Capt. Martin Leahy to be Adjutant, Mountbellew Battalion.

Comdt. William Dolly to be O/C., Monivea Battalion.

Capt. J. Byrnes to be Adjutant, Monivea Battalion.

Comdt. Sullivan to be O/C., Kilmajino Battalion.

Capt. Thomas Halloran to be Adjutant, Kilmajino Battalion.

3rd WESTERN DIVISION.

Col.-Comdt. M. F. Reynolds to be Deputy Div. O/C.

Col.-Comdt. Alec. McCabe to be Div. Adjutant.

Col.-Comdt. Fallon to be Div. Q.M.

No. 1 BRIGADE (ROSCOMMON).

Brigadier M. Dockery to be O/C.

Comdt. Hugh Lenihan to be Dep. O/C.

Comdt. Michael Duignan to be Adjutant.

Comdt. Mulcooly to be Q.M.

Capt. John Mulcahey to be D.T.

No. 2 BRIGADE (SLIGO).

Brigadier Jas. Hunt to be O/C.

Comdt. Finnegan to be Adjutant.

Comdt. O'Brien to be Q.M.

No. 3 BRIGADE (N. LEITRIM).

Comdt. Thos. MacGivney to be O/C.

Comdt. Jas. Traverst to be Dep. O/C.

Comdt. Patrick Carty to be Adjutant.

Comdt. Hugh MacHugh to be Q.M.

No. 4 BRIGADE (N. MAYO).

Brigadier Neary to be O.C.

Army Orders

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S DEPT.

The following orders were issued on June 13, 1922:—

Regulation No. 37.

NAMES ON VEHICLES.

Names, letters, or figures will not be allowed on any motor vehicles unless it is authorised by G.H.Q. All unauthorised names, etc., will immediately be erased.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL.

Regulation No. 38.

All invoices submitted to the Paymaster must contain information as to the Barracks to which goods thereon were supplied.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL.

Regulation No. 39.

All repairs to Boots, Uniforms, and all other equipment, must be carried out by the Barracks Workshop. Bills for repairs or alterations of above will not be passed for payment after the 17th June, 1922.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL.

Quartermaster-General's Dept.,
17th June, 1922.

Regulation No. 40.

TRANSPORT REQUISITION AND DUTY SHEET.

All Motor Vehicles required must be applied for on a Form as shown hereunder. When Cars are required, this Form must be filled in and handed to the Transport Officer, N.C.O., or man in charge of the cars, who will complete the filling up and hand it to the driver.

All drivers must carry this form properly filled up when on the road, and must produce it for inspection when stopped by a Transport Inspector or other Officer in authority.

In the case of a car which is attached to a Unit, and where there is no Transport Depot, the driver must fill up this form when going on duty and must carry it with him when on the road.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL.

TRANSPORT REQUISITION AND DUTY SHEET.

To be filled in by Officer requiring Car.		No.	
Officer requiring car
Dept.	Date
Destination	Business
Class of car	Time required
Time required	Approximate
time of return		
To be filled in by Transport Officer.			
Station	Car
Driver	Out
On whose authority given	In
Signed	Report of accident or untoward incident while on run
Inspector's signature and Rank		

No. 5 BRIGADE (E. MAYO).

Comdt. Murphy, Temporary O/C.

Comdt. A. Flatley, Temporary Adjutant.

Comdt. Brian MacTigue, Temporary Q.M.

Comdt. Thos. Ruane, Temporary Deputy O/C.

Capt. Flynn, Temporary Transport Officer.

Capt. John McHale to be Training Officer.

NORTH ROSCOMMON BRIGADE

(3rd WESTERN DIVISION).

Comdt. Joseph Brennan to be O/C., Boyle Battalion.

Capt. Michael Roche to be Adjutant, Boyle Battalion.

Comdt. Patk. Byrne to be O/C., Elphin Battalion.

Capt. Peter Leavy to be Adjutant, Elphin Battalion.

Comdt. John Leavy to be O/C., Strokestown Battalion.

Capt. Joseph Cox to be Adjutant, Strokestown Battalion.

Comdt. Jas. Doyle to be O/C., Kilmore Battalion.

Capt. Dan Leavy to be Adjutant, Kilmore Battalion.

Supremacy in the Air

According to Major G. P. Neumann of the German Air Force, it is in France, as contrasted with England and America, that the further development of aerial forces will almost certainly be brought about.

France, according to this authority, will build up a huge internal aerial armament with a view to keeping the Central Powers in permanent subjection to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. But should France desire to retain her position as a great power she will be inevitably compelled to compete with her present Allies in an extra-European scramble for supremacy on the sea, in the air and in colonial possessions. England and America will also be forced in the same direction. For to both of them, particularly England, it is necessary that their merchant seamen should have full freedom to navigate the world's seas. The protection which this demands can no longer be afforded by a great naval fleet alone. The immense sea armament for which Britain has become famed, was formerly a guarantee to her of commercial and colonial prosperity. Her dreadnoughts commanded the highways of the ocean and her merchant marine traded in all parts with security.

If this is to continue, if England is to retain possession of the Straits of Gibraltar, the English Channel and similar vital positions for world supremacy, she must also retain possession of the air above them and provide there a defensive force without which her naval supremacy may count for little.

Furthermore, the system of air communications encircling the globe which has been projected by England can only be brought into existence under the protection of a strong Air Force. America and Japan will of necessity follow the same lines in developing their air services.

In carrying out these projects for the economic exploitation of the air, one result is certain and that is war. The present Allied and Associated Powers realise this and naturally will in each case construct aircraft which can be easily utilised in warfare. The aeroplane and airship which can be developed for purely commercial purposes will be very much superior in their performances to armoured machines designed for the mounting of offensive weapons. "All nations," says Neumann, "which have to reckon with the fear of further inevitable hostilities in the sharing of the spoil won in a plundering peace, find themselves faced with this question: 'Is it better to construct commercial and industrial establishments underground, or so to develop air power that it becomes unnecessary to do so?'"

It is interesting to note these views of a German Air Officer, which are not without point for the organisers of Ireland's defence forces to-day.

AN T-ÓZLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

[NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 7 (New Series).

JULY 22, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

FICTION AND FACT.

During the early days of the fighting in Dublin it was sought to strengthen the morale of the Irregulars by the daily publication of Irregular "victories" and "advances" in the Provinces. Since the re-establishment of communications with many parts of the country, and the unrestricted circulation of newspapers in Dublin, there has been a decided falling off in the circulation of this type of "news."

A brief review of the war reports circulated by the Irregulars early in the present month, and the military situation in the country as it exists to-day, provides an interesting and instructive contrast.

July 2: The Irregulars' News Sheet (No. 6) reported that "the forces operating in Dublin have been reinforced with both men and material. For military reasons no further information can be given on this subject at the present time."

On the same date (July 2nd) the Irregulars' News Sheet announced to all and sundry that the troops in Galway were "appealing for reinforcements to G.H.Q.," as they are being strongly pressed by our troops (the Irregulars) and cannot hold out much longer. "The West's awake!"

Under date July 3rd (No. 7) the Irregulars' News Sheet says: "The Republican plan of campaign is developing exactly as intended. The defence of the Four Courts enabled all the manoeuvres to be carried out whilst the whole of the Free State Army was concentrated upon the attack."

In one of the early "News" sheets published by the Irregulars, it was announced that the post occupied by troops in Listowel had been captured, and that the troops had thrown in their lot with the Irregulars. This mythical "victory" was too good to be lost sight of, and accordingly, on July 14th, the Irregular propagandists again declared that "the capture of Listowel was followed by a union of the two forces."

The facts are the Irregulars were not reinforced by either men or material in Dublin. All posts held in the city were surrendered or evacuated, many of the Irregulars retreating to the country.

After seventeen days have elapsed the troops are still holding out in Galway. In fact, they have occupied Renmore Barracks in Galway city, and other posts in the county from which the Irregulars have retreated. The ways of Irregular propagandists are strange.

The plan of campaign has developed exactly to the extent that the Irregulars now hold no posts in Dublin city or county, and that the Army controls the entire Eastern and Midland Counties. At the moment the troops are operating successfully against the Irregular strongholds in the extreme South and West.

Capt. O'Grady, one of the officers stationed in Listowel, and now serving with the Army in Limerick, has reported the facts of this case to Field General Headquarters. The barrack was attacked by a strong force of Irregulars drawn from a wide area. For four hours the garrison held out, during which they had one killed and one wounded. The Irregulars had two killed during the fight and several wounded. **There was no "union" with the Irregulars after the surrender. The truth is, Capt. O'Grady, with close upon one hundred of his men, are now serving with the Army in Limerick, while another party of the troops from Listowel are fighting with their comrades in Clare. So much for the Listowel fable.**

Desecration.

Reverence and respect for the dead is one of the most sacred and honoured observances of Christian and civilised nations. War even does not rid us of this obligation. To dishonour the dead, to desecrate the remains of one whose soul has winged its flight back to the presence of its Creator, is a crime heinous and terrible. When a people cease to reverence and respect their dead they have lost every vestige of Christianity: they are returning not to Paganism but to barbarism. The foul deed perpetrated by a party of Irregulars in Galway during the week has sent a thrill of horror through the people. It has covered the Nation with shame and humiliation. The remains of Volunteer Patrick Greaney (21), who was killed at Gort by a bomb thrown by Irregulars, left Gort for Spiddal on Monday. The father and mother of the deceased Irish soldier, a priest and eight unarmed comrades made up the funeral party. At Craughwell Brigadier Callinan, Battn. Comdt. Rooney and two soldiers joined the cortege. Near Coshla, Athenry, the party were ambushed from both sides of the road and Comdt. Rooney, an Irish soldier with a splendid fighting record in the Liberation War, shot dead.

There have been many wicked and cruel things done in Ireland during the past few months, but none so shameful and ignominious as this.

The desecration of our dead is the blackest crime of all.

LATEST WAR NEWS.

2 a.m.

July 21, 1922.

Reports from the South show that the forces operating in the Waterford area are making a steady advance. The troops are now in Waterford City, and have already taken about 50 prisoners. The Irregulars have retreated from the Infantry and Cavalry barracks and the Post Office in the City, all of which are now in our hands.

The Irregulars are now retreating southwards. A number who were leaving the city in four lorries were surprised by troops at one point. They abandoned the lorries and fled towards the country.

The Deadly House-Fly

By an Army Medical Officer.

Under normal weather conditions we should now be approaching the time when that universal pest, the common house-fly, will make its unwelcome appearance. So far, no one seems to have satisfactorily demonstrated the use of this particular insect in the scheme of creation, except, perhaps, that it provides food for birds and fishes. Though the writer must admit that actual observation has led him to believe that the function of birds and fishes, especially when long defunct and unburied, is to provide food for flies. In fact, no filth is too dirty to provide a feeding ground for flies. The more mature and warm the manure heap, the better the fly likes it for a nesting and feeding place. It is in manure and garbage flies are born and bred.

If the little brutes confined their activities to this particular type of scenery, we would have no cause for complaint, but they do not. Fresh from their gambols in the gutter they invade our houses and wipe their feet on the nearest lump of sugar or loaf of bread. Now, when we consider that some millions of disease germs can fit on the head of a pin, and that all decaying matter is a mass of germs, we can readily understand what a vast amount of germs a fly can carry on its numerous feet, not to speak of its body and wings.

Furthermore, the fly always makes a point of giving itself a thorough "dry-scrubbing," even to the extent of washing its neck when resting on a piece of clean food, thus ensuring the distribution of any surplus germs he may be burthened with. The commonest diseases spread by flies are typhoid fever, diarrhoea, and cholera.

How to Eliminate the Fly.

To know how to deal with the fly we had better learn something of its life and habits. Briefly, flies live, or rather hibernate, in dark, warm places, such as cellars and old chimneys during the winter time (which fact does not seem to be known to the English, as they have some song or other on the question—the song is inconclusive). During the winter the insects are comatose, but revive rapidly in the heat of the summer, and leave the cellar for the nearest manure pit. Here they gorge themselves and lay their eggs. Then, refreshed and happy, they raid the nearest dwelling-house.

In Germany, where people are progressive, the municipal authorities fumigate every available cellar and likely winter quarters for flies in the early spring, thus killing the insects in great numbers. This is a practice which would be well worth being followed by our local authorities. It does not apply, only as part of a general scheme, to soldiers in barracks.

No collection of garbage or refuse of any sort should be allowed. All kitchen refuse

The Unerring Instinct

The men who rose in arms against the National Government relied mainly on one thing for success. This was the sympathy and support of the people.

They believed—or at least led those who followed them to believe—that the nation would rally to their side after the first few days' fighting.

To lend an air of justification to the enterprise, it was sought to establish an analogy between the Rising of 1916 against a foreign usurpation, and the attempt made to overthrow the native Government.

After events have shown the falsity and error of those beliefs.

The people have instinctively disapproved of the revolt, and both in Dublin and throughout the country have wholeheartedly supported the Army.

They are not deceived by the misuse of names and events sacred and dear to all Irishmen.

To ambush, to kill, and to maim Irish soldiers in the name of Liberty only renders the crime still more abhorrent.

The defeat of the National Army—were it possible—would have meant only one thing—the return of the British army of occupation.

This would have been achieved at the cost of countless Irish lives and treasure, and the frustration of the nation's hopes for centuries to come.

A country facing the future with youth and promise would have been driven back, weakened and debilitated, into the slavery from which it has just emerged.

The ruins in O'Connell Street in 1916 were a monument to a glorious National protest against foreign oppression, and a source of pride to the nation.

The ruins of to-day commemorate the folly of a small group of Irishmen, who sought in their blind egoism to over-ride the National will.

The people realise that there is no analogy between 1916 and to-day.

The one was a glorious achievement: the other an inglorious episode.

To be in arms against a foreign tyranny was an honourable thing; to bear arms against the people's government is to champion that tyrannical militarism which has just been overthrown.

The line between right and wrong, between Patriotism and Prussianism, is clearly drawn.

In this—now as ever—the people have manifest their unerring instinct.

should be stored in covered receptacles and disposed of either by burning or burying as soon as possible. Latrines should be kept perfectly clean and well disinfected.

In other words, no breeding ground for flies must be left in or about the barracks or camps. Food should be covered, either in fly-proof safes or under gauze.

An active campaign against the fly should be instituted immediately he appears. "Fly-flappers" should be provided for use in kitchens, food-stores and butchers' shops more especially. A "fly-flapper" is a flat piece of leather nailed to a short wooden handle, and used like a flail or whip.

Spraying the walls with a solution composed of one part creosol, five parts formalin, twenty parts paraffin oil, and sixty-four parts water keeps flies away. They do not relish the flavour of this solution.

An adhesive mixture both attractive and fatal to flies is made by boiling 7 parts resin with 26 parts castor oil, and adding 12 parts honey. The resulting stick compound can be spread on wires, which may be hung in parallel rows in kitchens or billets. When the wires are well covered with flies, they can be washed or burned clean, re-covered with a bait, and used again and again.

IRISHMEN ALL.

The Irregular Propagandists have made the allegation that the artillery used by the Army against the Four Courts was manned by British gunners. This is a deliberate lie, as those who wrote it know. The artillery of the Army, since it came into action, has been manned solely by Irish soldiers, drawn principally from the Curragh and Athlone. The Officer who had charge of the battery at the Four Courts has a fighting record dating back to before 1916.

A HUMOROUS INTERLUDE.

A writer in a propagandist sheet of the Irregulars has amused his readers recently with the statement that "what has happened since the Treaty was signed has but served to purge the Republican ranks of the weak elements which were a danger to it." The Dublin Guards and Volunteers of the Dublin Brigade will no doubt appreciate this humorous touch. If such "weak elements" as Comdt.-Gen. Tom Ennis, Col.-Comdt. Tom Kehoe, Brigadier O'Daly, Brigadier Slattery, and Comdts. Paddy O'Connor and Joe Leonard and their fellow soldiers in the Army to-day were absent from the fight in Dublin during 1921 and 1922 one wonders what "elements" would have been left.

The Big Advance

The initial successes of the Army in Dublin have been followed during the past ten days by many important achievements in the Provinces. In some instances whole counties like Wexford and Louth have been cleared of Irregulars during one week.

On the eastern sea-board the Army has established complete control. Louth, Meath, Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford being strongly held. A remarkable feature of the campaign in this area, has been the small resistance offered by Irregulars in centres such as Gorey, Enniscorthy, and Ballynaglass.

Early in the fight the Irregular leaders endeavoured to stimulate their followers with sweeping claims as to the extent of the territory held by them throughout the country. Wexford, Wicklow and South Co. Dublin, were areas mentioned. The Irregulars claims to territory are not unlike their claims to numbers. The "ninety per cent." party of Irregulars are certainly not making a gallant stand before the "ten per cent." forces of the Army wherever a fight has been waged. Those who have prated most of dying for Ireland during the past few months have found it much more convenient to fly a White Flag for Ireland, and clamour for comforts when they are taken prisoners. The rank and file of the Army who have left the monopoly of heroics and sabre-rattling to the Irregulars, have proved during the past few weeks that they were prepared and willing to fight and die in defence of the people's liberties when the necessity arose.

In the Midlands.

The situation in the Midlands is entirely reassuring. Here, as in the Eastern areas, those Irregulars who were not captured have found it more gallant to retreat southwards and westwards than attempt to withstand the advance of the troops. All the Midland counties, including Meath, Westmeath, Kildare, Longford, Leix and Offally are controlled by the Army. Birr and Tullamore are isolated posts held by the Irregulars in Offally, but at the time of writing it is reported that Birr is being evacuated.

In all the areas in which the Army is in control peace and security to life and property have been restored. Everywhere they have entered the Troops have been extended a warm welcome by the people. In word and indeed the troops have shown that they are the protectors, not the suppressors, of the people's rights and liberties.

Wexford, Enniscorthy, Dundalk rejoiced at the entry of the forces. The people in these towns realised that Irish soldiers were not braggarts and terrorists. They felt that the uniform of the Irish Army was their protection against plunder and looting in the name of "liberty," and tyranny and insolence in the name of "freedom." The people are now convinced that the best test of high ideals is the conduct of those who

AN t-OGLACH SOME INTERESTING REVELATIONS

(Continued).

During the period when AN t-OGLACH was being printed by the Gaelic Press and shortly before the suppression of that firm, the paper was very nearly captured on the presses during the course of its actual printing. A body of "G" division men arrived on their usual weekly inspection of the premises and found that the door of the printing works at Proby Lane was locked. They proceeded across the road to the offices and demanded admittance from Mr. Stanley. In view of the danger of the situation Mr. Stanley saw there was nothing for it but bluff. He stepped out on the street and commenced to abuse the detectives in a loud tone of voice with the result that a crowd quickly collected. The "G" men were somewhat intimidated by this and decided to retire and get reinforcements and sledge-hammers. Meanwhile the printed copies and the type of AN t-OGLACH were smuggled out through the back. Three quarters of an hour later six hackney car loads of police and a section of military police arrived and smashed their way in but found nothing.

Influence on Policy.

During this early period of the paper's existence Volunteers were mainly concerned

profess them towards their fellow-Irishmen. The plain people in those places may be pardoned now for discerning hypocrisy and cant amongst those champions of freedom, who flourish a revolver as their authority to seize the people's goods and deprive them of their means of livelihood.

From Tir Connill reports of further successes by the Army come to hand daily. Inch Island is the last post surrendered by the Irregulars to the Troops of the 1st Northern Division, while Glenveagh Castle has been evacuated. The area occupied by the Irregulars in Tir Connail has now become appreciably smaller.

The South and West.

In the extreme south and west large tracts of country are still held by Irregulars who have been strengthened by those who retreated from Dublin, the Midlands, and the Eastern counties. This area comprises the counties of Cork, Kerry, and Waterford, a large portion of Mayo, Tipperary, Limerick and portions of Galway and Sligo.

Along the Eastern border of the Irregular's area in the West, Roscommon and Leitrim are strongly held, while the capture of Colloney has made it possible to establish a stout line running from Sligo through Collooney, Ballymote, and Boyle to Carrick-on-Shannon.

From the Midlands, the Eastern Counties, Galway and Clare the Troops are now operating against the Irregulars in the South and West.

with preparations for resistance to Conscription by England. There was no idea of taking the field against England at that time except in self-defence. The heads of the Volunteers had definitely decided, if Conscription were enforced, to make war on England; but meanwhile their activities were confined to maintain the Volunteers in existence in defiance of enemy onslaughts and improving their organisation, equipment and training. The General Election and the establishment of Dáil Eireann created a new situation and the official organ reflected the changed outlook. The Volunteers now felt themselves the army of a nation and the servant of its Government and authorised to take whatever steps were necessary in vindication of the authority of the National Parliament. AN t-OGLACH pointed out that a state of war existed in which the Irish troops were like soldiers in the trenches; that the continued existence of the Irish Volunteers in spite of British efforts at suppression was in itself an important triumph; but that it was time for Volunteers to consider not merely defensive tactics but the possibility of taking offensive.

Guerilla Warfare.

The various stages in the development of the War, the advance in the outlook of the heads of the Army can be traced in an interesting manner in the columns of AN t-OGLACH and it will be seen that the journal played no small part in influencing the general policy of the Volunteers. It was in its columns that the plan of guerilla warfare was first adumbrated, and many articles dealing with this topic appeared from the pen of Lieutenant-General O'Connell whose name is now so prominently before the public. It can be said now that Lieutenant-General O'Connell was the most assiduous and valuable contributor the journal ever had and the great bulk of the articles dealing with actual war conditions, historic parallels, etc., were from his pen.

Printing Difficulties.

With the suppression of the Gaelic Press it was found necessary to get AN t-OGLACH printed by Mr. Patrick Mahon, its present printer. It was about this time that the idea was first suggested, at a meeting of G.H.Q. by Michael Collins (whose department was in charge of all the details of production and distribution), of purchasing a cheap second-hand platen machine and printing off the issue ourselves. The idea was approved and Collins was authorised to make the purchase. The machine secured was of that old-fashioned kind worked by a treadle, used chiefly for printing handbills. More will be said of this famous platen machine (now in G.H.Q., Beggar's Bush) in a later article.

Editorial Troubles.

In March, 1919, the editor was arrested. In his absence a single issue was brought out by Mr. Earnán de Blaghd, after which the editor escaped from Mountjoy in time to read the proofs of the next issue at a

A Heroic Fight

The following narrative, republished from the issue of "An t-Oglach," dated May 27th, 1921, is extracted from a report furnished by the Vice-Commandant of a West Munster Brigade, who was attached to a Flying Column:—

"It was six o'clock the following morning when we got to our billets. The O.C., Quartermaster, my own orderly and myself slept together. We dressed at 8.30 p.m., and when the O.C. went downstairs he was told by our hosts that there was firing going on about half a mile away. On getting out we located the direction of the firing, and soon found that three of our men were surrounded from three sides at the house where they were staying. They, however, only knew that they were attacked from two sides.

"The four of us were on the fourth side of their position, and did not know how the positions of the enemy were until I blew my whistle, and our three men, knowing the familiar sound, retreated in our direction, we at the same time firing at a line of the enemy who appeared just above us about fifty yards away. Neither we nor the three men whom we were assisting in getting out knew of the presence of the enemy at that side until the whistle was blown. The seven of us now together had three rifles, three revolvers, and one man with a useless rifle, and owing to the unexpectedness of the occasion we had only a small supply of ammunition. We retreated as best we could, but were hotly pursued by about fifteen Black and Tans. Three lorries moved along a road in the direction of our retreat, and dropped men at different points; one lorry went on quickly in front to let down a number of men to cut off our retreat. Every moment the pursuit grew hotter, and the enemy closed tighter on us. The ground was very bad for a retreat.

Overwhelming Odds.

"After about half an hour one of our men got badly wounded. He wanted to throw himself down and wait, but we encouraged him on. He struggled on with us to the end. For another hour we retreated and fought as best we could, using every possible means of dodging the foe, but we were getting exhausted. Their overwhelming number and their being able

private sitting of Dáil Eireann. Two more issues appeared and then the editor was recaptured by the British. In his absence no successor was appointed and for six months AN t-OGLACH failed to appear until the editor escaped a second time—on this occasion from Manchester Prison in October, 1919. This is the only big gap in the regular issue of AN t-OGLACH, although there was a delay in publication for a brief period towards the close of 1920.

(To be continued).

to choose their cover were having its effect upon us.

"We were now all together, and the enemy were quickly closing in on us. A Black and Tan was steadying his aim at me with his rifle, at the same time demanding in the usual language that I was to put up my hands. In another moment he was shot down by one of our rifles. We were now in a big field and had very little cover, but we had to stand firm together. I called out to the O.C. to fire one shot at a target near him which I indicated, and come away. When he was about twenty yards out from the fence he called out to us, 'Good-bye, lads, and good luck; I am done,' and fell.

"We were right up against it, thirty yards from the enemy. My Orderly had spent nearly all his ammunition, and as we had more rifle ammunition than revolver, I ordered him to take the O.C.'s rifle. He dashed forward in face of the enemy's fire instantly, and got it, the remainder of the time keeping the enemy at bay, and no one having any cover. My Orderly is barely 18 years of age. For his work on this occasion I have promoted him to the rank of Lieutenant.

Successful Retreat Effected.

"After this the enemy fire slackened, and we made good our retreat for about five hundred yards, but to our dismay found that there was a line of enemy about two hundred yards in front of us. Their scout saw us, but we saw him also. Almost in despair we retreated back in the direction of where the O.C. fell. We took cover in a lios and waited for about twenty minutes. One of our men succeeded in meeting a civilian who was in the neighbourhood, and from him we learned that one point was clear. We moved for this point, and got out about five hundred yards from the enemy position, and at last got safely away.

"The O.C. fought bravely; he seemed to die happily and quickly. He was at Confession and Communion with all our men three days before. The wounded man struggled on under very difficult circumstances. It was impossible to render first aid owing to the heavy fire of the enemy, so that he bled a great lot and became very weak. The Brigade Quartermaster displayed extraordinary coolness and daring throughout, and were it not for him and the O.C. we should surely perish, as we did not know our way in the district. The enemy had one killed and one wounded."

A STRANGE PLEA.

"Sean McKeon spared the Auxiliaries, surely you will spare me." This was the plea made to an officer by one of the Irregulars who surrendered at Collooney. In this engagement the Irregulars killed one of Major-General McKeon's bravest comrades, who fought throughout the war with him against the British. That those responsible for the loss to Ireland of a gallant soldier son should make such a plea to save their own lives is one of the ironies of fate.

Futility

It is clear by this time that the immediate policy of the Irregulars is simply one of destruction. Their track is everywhere marked by the burning and wrecking of public and private property.

Their ultimate object appears to be to bring the country to such a state of chaos and disorganisation as to reduce the Government—the chosen Government of the Irish people—to impotence.

And the eventual object of all is to compel the country, thus shattered and disorganised, to take up arms once more against the ordered and disciplined power of the British Empire.

The leaders—the inventors of this policy—can hardly be considered sane. The astonishing thing is that they have succeeded in inducing any sane man to follow them.

If the bulk of the Irregular rank and file were to give two minutes thought to the above propositions it would surely make them pause.

It is still in their power to do more damage—to inflict more and deeper wounds on their already stricken country.

But they can no longer achieve thereby even the insane object for which they set out. They can only make the work of reconstruction more difficult.

Is it worth it?

For an abstract political formula they are killing the living Ireland.

THEN AND NOW.

In January of the present year when the unity of the Army was intact, and attempts had not yet been made by mutinous elements to weaken the Army by a forced division within the ranks, the policy of those in command was indicated in AN t-OGLACH in the following terms:—

"Those responsible for the control of the Irish Volunteers will see to it that our Army can never become a menace to the Irish people never be used to intimidate or interfere with any section of our population in the lawful expression of their opinion The safety of the Nation as a whole depends upon the preservation intact and unimpaired of the united force of the Army to shield the rights and liberties of all. Any acts of indiscipline, any attempt by members of the Army to import political differences into the Army, to use any section of that Army to intimidate or to suppress freedom of opinion will be punished in the severest manner."

This spirit animated those who controlled the Army then. The same spirit lives in the Army of to-day. And it is because of their disagreement with the policy outlined above that the Irregulars of to-day sought to rend the Nation in twain.

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

AN T-ÓSLÁC

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 And yet March 22nd, declared that himself and his brave soldiers diated 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 O 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 carr armtha i seilbh na bhfórsaí Náisiúnta. Marbhúidh beirt aca agus deineadh príosúnaigh de 26 eile aca.

SA LAOIGHIS.

Marbhúidh an tóglach Grás agus gonadh an Briogadáir De Grae agus an Captaon Paol i gcomhgar do Phort Laoighise Dia hAoine. Is amhla do thárla an carr 'na rabhadar ar mhianach bothair. Do ghluais pairtí amach ag cabhrú leo ó Phort Laoighise ach tugadh fútha so ó folach leis. Marbhúidh 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 marbhúidh 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
bittherness 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.

AN T-ÓSLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

Dublin Honours the Brave

Nine gallant Irishmen carried to their last resting-place, and half the population of Dublin crowding to do them honour.

What are these latter thinking as they march behind that solemn procession, or stand bare-headed in the street to see it pass, or wait in the rain by the open grave?

"They have died for Ireland—but, oh, the pity of it! for they might have lived.

"They have not fallen in battle against the ancient enemy, but at the hands of brother Irishmen.

"They who fought and suffered for freedom are cut down just as it dawned, a sacrifice of the mad folly of a few of their comrades.

"To that obstinacy in folly yet more young lives must be sacrificed, more homes must be desolated, more territory laid waste.

"And to what end? Where do these people think they are leading us? What purpose do they expect to achieve? What cause to serve?

"Our lives, our homes, our pride, our possessions, our happiness, our achievement, our hope—all laid waste—and for what?"

Questions these that cry for an answer; and who of those who have taken up arms against their country can answer them—except with phrases?

Blood and tears against formulas. How long will the Irregulars cling to their sterile choice?

The Famine-makers

The frustrated coup of the Irregulars against the communications round Dublin was only one of many acts directed solely against the civilian population.

But, had it succeeded, it would have been the most effective.

Its object was to starve the city and those large areas of Leinster and Connacht for which the city is the distributing centre.

Had the plan succeeded, distress would already be acute. Babies, in particular, would be on the verge of starvation—those very babies who, according to the intelligent forecasting of the Irregular politicians, are to win through "some day" when this generation is wiped out.

The men engaged in carrying out this dastardly outrage against their countrymen all surrendered without firing a shot.

And, no doubt, are already demanding to be treated as prisoners of war.

Doubtless, too, when they have grown accustomed to the routine of Irregular prison warfare, these famine-makers will have the walls of the city plastered with complaints about the manner in which their food is served.

Abolishing Civilians

While Mr. Aylward's "order," authorising his followers to slaughter any civilian who refuses to assist these desperadoes to destroy their country, is still fresh in our minds, the circular read at the Labour Congress comes to clinch that threat of intensive action against the Irish people.

We were to have been shot for refusing to work for the Irregulars; now we are to be shot for working for our own elected Government.

We were to have been shot for refusing to starve ourselves by destroying our railways; now we are to be shot for attempting to feed ourselves by rebuilding our railways.

What it comes to is that civilians are abolished. Everyone who refuses to co-operate with the Irregulars is to be shot. Everyone who co-operates with the Government is to be shot. In short, the whole Irish Nation is liable to be shot.

The only people who are not to be shot are the Irregulars.

They are to have the exclusive right to surrender. They are then to be comfortably housed in internment camps, fed like fighting cocks, given parole (but not expected to keep it), and on no account to be stopped by violent methods if they attempt to escape.

The Irregulars have been losing steadily. They have lost the elections; they have lost the battle; they have lost all public regard; they have lost honour; they have lost all sense of humanity; and now they have lost the last shreds of what remained of their sense of humour.

Any Soldier in the National Army to Any Old Comrade in the Irregulars

COMRADE,

The defeat of the Army would not give you a Republic.

It would plunge you into a fresh war with England.

You are not fighting the Irish soldiers of to-day for complete Independence.

The death of every National Soldier in arms would only bring you nearer to slavery.

The loss of every young Irishman in arms to-day is a gain to the nation's enemies—no one else.

Your warfare will pauperise the nation for years to come.

Day by day you are assisting in the creation of a huge national debt.

The money that should be spent on better housing, the development of national industries, the drainage and irrigation of Irish soil, the provision of improved transport systems, will all be monopolised to repair the destruction and havoc you have caused.

An t-Oscláic

AUGUST 12, 1922.

The Challenge

By an overwhelming majority the people declared in favour of the measure of freedom embodied in the Treaty at the last election.

The Irregulars refused to abide by the popular verdict, and accordingly they set out to hamper the National Government.

Immediately following the result of the election, a party of Irregulars occupied a business concern in Dublin, and proceeded to seize property wholesale.

Their only authority was the guns they carried.

This was a direct challenge to the people's rights which no government could ignore.

For months previously they had been hampering the life of the nation.

They had occupied buildings, seized foodstuffs in large quantities without payment, robbed Irish banks on an extensive scale.

The Government refrained from taking precipitate action; rather it was sought to restore peace and order by negotiation and conference.

For many weary weeks the Army Chiefs conferred with the leaders of the Irregulars, in the hope of saving the country from the loss of life and bloodshed a conflict must entail.

The Irregulars maintained the pretence of negotiating, while they secretly made preparations for a coup d'état against their own Government.

If their scheme had succeeded we should now be in the midst of a ravaging war with England.

The will of the plain unarmed people counted for nothing with those men; the power of the gun was everything.

In these circumstances the Government's duty was clear.

With all the forces at its command, it was bound to protect the lives and property of the people, else it failed in its primary obligation and ceased to be a Government.

If the last soldier had to be sacrificed that the nation's will should be supreme, then that soldier must be given.

During the past eight weeks the Army has gone far to remove this menace to the personal liberty of Irish citizens. But this has not been achieved without a heavy cost.

Some of the bravest and best of our young manhood have gone down in the conflict.

Many of them had braved the dangers of the war against England, only to meet death at the hands of their misguided countrymen.

But the cause of Personal Liberty, equally with that of National Liberty, is sacred and supreme.

And any challenge to that liberty, be it from within or without the nation, must be contested.

The welfare of the people is the supreme law.

With General Prout's Army in the Field

The most effective propaganda for the cause of democratic government in Ireland is the Irregulars. Everywhere they go they leave behind dread of their return. Last week the inhabitants of a wide area in Southern Kilkenny gave me evidence of the deep sense of relief which the oncoming of the National troops had brought them.

These people had endured a long period of Irregular domination. They looked back to that time with horror of the license, disorder and anxiety of it all. In a small village a woman told me nine Irregulars entered where she and an aged servant and two small children occupied the house. They demanded food; they planted their rifles anywhere about the kitchen; one of them placed a bomb on the mantelpiece. Imagine the continued agony of that silent threat to these poor women. Many instances of indiscriminate quarterings on large families of poor people who had little prospect of more food reaching their district were told me. De Valera promised a wading through his countrymen's blood. These Irregular commandeering and quarterings were a wading through mothers' tears.

My mission was to visit a wounded officer of the National Army who had been in the advance guard as the Army drove the Irregulars from Waterford to Carrick. I was cycling from village to village several days after that victorious march. The Army's passage had been to the inhabitants like sunshine following shadow. The welcome the green uniform had received was manifest in the contrast of the stories related of the Irish soldiers, of their discipline and good order, and of the comforting assurance of success that characterised the National Army en route. In South Kilkenny you could conjure with the name of Commandant-General Prout.

I rode my bicycle along high roads and boreens; at any rate I rode between the trenches, broken culverts and felled trees—last evidences of the Irregulars' destructive hands, but too lasting hindrances to the industry and livelihoods of peaceable people. Bread and all provisions were scant on the route. The continuity of daily toil and commercial interchange had been broken, and scarcity, like a blight, threatened everywhere. But even in their rapid drive of the Irregulars, General Prout's troops had spared time, here and there, to assuage the wounded land—to fill in a trench, or turn aside a tree, to repair an arch; and the railway company, taking heart of grace from the presence of the Army, restored several bridges to traffic. These were tokens of hope, of peace re-awakening where so long fear and misery and almost despair had prevailed.

One of the meanest instances of trench-digging I came across was a big hole dug in the middle of a mountain breen, where scarcely any traffic passes but poor little pony and donkey carts of people bringing milk to the railway or creamery. This impressed me more than all that the best propaganda of the people's rights is Irregulars. I rode through and around an area of 160 square miles, and took note of what the people thought. They bless the arms of the men who are restoring the authority and law of An Dail and the Irish Government. On an evening I was in a village on the edge of the county

by the Suir when Commandant-General Prouf and Col.-Commandant Thornton passed. All the villagers turned out with joyous demonstrations, and so it was in all their way through and beyond Carrick.

I found my wounded officer in a pretty cottage with flower-laden garden, where he had been receiving the kind and assiduous care of a young married couple before removal to a Dublin hospital. Looking at him, I remembered how he had fought Ireland's enemy during the Black and Tan terror. But now, when at length his blood was shed for Ireland's sake, the spilling was done by an Irish hand at the bidding of men of ill mind, who waded in Irish blood to block the only way to Ireland's Freedom.

Riding back in the falling night I cycled by two armoured lorries filled with green-coated soldiers speeding to the battle-front beyond Carrick. The cars towered over me in the narrow breen, but I scarcely noticed the narrowness of the passage their wide breadth left me, for all the men were singing "The Soldier's Song"—singing it as they had sung it years before. I thought of the enemy ill-will had since raised against them and the land they sung. Some whom they were going to meet had sung that song with them in days gone by, and I prayed God to give us back the men of good will, that their eyes might be opened, and that, realising they had been misled, they would no longer try to cement broken idols with their fellow-countrymen's blood.

A Survey of the Situation

During the past week many successes have been won by the troops operating in Munster. Victory after victory comes to their arms, and with these victories the line held by the troops is daily being shortened, and the area occupied by the Irregulars rapidly diminishing.

In addition to many smaller Irregular strongholds in Limerick and Tipperary, positions like Kilmallock, Tipperary, and Newcastle West, which were said by the Irregulars to be impregnable, have been assaulted by the invincible troops of the people's army, and captured, sometimes after a fight, more often with comparative ease. And the story is the same in every case; the hasty and disorderly retreat of the Irregulars, and the warm welcome by the people of the troops as their deliverers.

Following close upon the successes in the Northern section came news of well executed landings of troops at Youghal, Passage West, and Unionhall, all three key-positions in the encircling movement now nearing completion. A ring of steel is gradually but surely being drawn round the Irregulars and their position within this ring must soon become untenable.

Briefly the strategical position is this: the right flank of the army rests on Tralee whence along a line running North-East to Kilmallock and thence South-East, the troops occupy Castleisland, Drumcollogher, Galbally, Cahir and Clonmel, the last addition to a long list of towns captured and which the left flank of the army occupies.

Besides a good portion of Kerry, all Limerick is held by the troops, whilst Waterford, with the exception of a few positions in the South-West of the County, is also in their hands.

From the three positions in Cork where the troops effected landings, they are steadily advancing northwards, and in their advance are driving back the Irregulars.

The Arrest of Mr. H. Boland, T.D.

During times of war and civil disturbance, persons in revolt against the Government, when once made prisoners by the military authorities, are liable to certain well-defined risks, where any effort is made to escape. When fully informed that they have been placed under arrest, these persons are legally in the custody of the military authorities, and any attempt to escape from their guards must always be accompanied by grave personal danger to the prisoners themselves. In every country in the world where the army of the nation is in arms to assert the authority of Parliament, persons taken prisoners are liable to identical risks, in the event of their trying to get away. The Irregular propagandists seem desirous, however, of creating a code of warfare entirely their own, under which an Irregular, once taken prisoner, has a right to escape, when and where he likes, without any danger to himself. If his guards endeavour to prevent his getting away, it is, according to their reasoning, a crime, and not a duty. An effort has been made recently, by a distortion of fact, to present the circumstances attending the arrest of the late Mr. H. Boland, T.D., in this light. It is of moment, therefore, to compare the actual facts of the occurrence, as reported by the officer who made the arrest, and the version circulated by the Irregulars for propagandist purposes.

The officer in charge of the party who arrested Mr. Boland reported as follows:—"At 1 a.m. on the morning of the 31st ult. I got information that Mr. H. Boland and a friend were at the Villa, attached to the Grand Hotel, Skerries. I took twelve men (Lancia and Ford) which I left outside the town. I surrounded the place and searched the Villa, but the men were not there. We then went to the Hotel. I went there with another officer, and found Mr. Boland and his friend occupying two different beds in a room. **We told them they were under arrest, and that the house was surrounded.** I asked them to dress and come along. Mr. Boland asked to be let have his sleep, and said he was willing to report at any place and time he was wanted. We told him we could not agree to that. Mr. Boland and his friend then got up and dressed very slowly. At this time only the other officer and myself were in the room; **the other men were outside the Hotel and around it back and front.** The second officer was going through some papers which he had taken from the pockets of Mr. Griffin's clothes, **when Mr. Boland sprang upon him and tried to wrest the revolver from his hand.** I fired two shots over Mr. Boland's head in the hope of inducing him to desist. He did not do so, but, showing the second officer to one side, dashed out on the corridor. Fire was opened down the corridor. Mr. Boland was five or six yards gone at the time. One bullet took effect and he fell. The only other officer, in the Hotel, who was stationed on the landing, came to Mr. Boland's assistance."

The officer then adds that Mr. Boland was taken back to bed and a priest and doctor summoned.

The following appeared in the sheet circulated by the Irregulars:—

"The official report issued by Free State G.H.Q. of the shooting of Commandant Harry Boland, T.D., in the Grand Hotel, Skerries, though carefully worded, is plainly a concoction. The hotel was surrounded by a large F.S. party reinforced from Balbriggan, and accompanied by an armoured car, but the official report speaks only of a small party of troops which entered the hotel. It goes on to say:—

"When accosted in his bedroom, he (Comdt. Boland) made an unsuccessful attempt to seize a gun from one of the troops, and then rushed out into the corridor. After firing two shots at random and calling on Mr. Boland to halt, it was found necessary to fire a third shot to prevent escape."

Analyse this. Mr. Boland was in his bedroom when the troops entered it. **All the troops were apparently also in the bedroom.** Yet, not only did they fail to overpower this unarmed man, but they made way for him to rush into the corridor. Then they fired "at random"—jostled troops crowded into a bedroom fired "at random." Afterwards they called on Mr. Boland to halt! Then he had to be shot "to prevent escape." But though the official report hides the fact, F.S. troops were also in the corridor, on the staircase, at all exits, and in a cordon outside, while at the main entrance was an armoured car. If Mr. Boland, unarmed and in his nightshirt, escaped from the corridor, a dozen enemy posts stood between him and the machine-guns outside. The raiders knew Mr. Boland was in the hotel; **they had sixty men;** does anybody believe that all precautions were not taken against his escape? The blunt truth is that the raid was a murder raid, and whoever drafted the official report knew it was."

It will be noted from the above report that there was no large party of troops, no armoured car, but a Lancia and Ford car, and further that "all the troops" were not in the bedroom at the time of the occurrence, only two officers being present when the arrest was made with one other officer on the Hotel landing. The remainder of the troops were stationed outside the building.

Letters of a Guardsman

Somewhere in Tipperary.

A Thomais, a Chara,

On the move again, you see. I'm now a kind of "Spailpin Fánach," or, like the hero of the folk tales, I'm under "geasa" not to sleep a second night in the same bed. Scenes are changing with such kaleidoscopic rapidity that it's impossible to keep pace with them. I think I promised in my last letter to give you some account of the Dublin front, and actually got as far as the opening of the ball. But "man proposes, etc." I was just settling down to enjoy things. I had, as a matter of fact, booked two seats for O'Mara's at the Gaiety—now don't be asking impertinent questions about that second seat. Well, just at the hour when I should be, according to programme, enjoying myself at the Gaiety, I, and hundreds of my companions, were being whirled rapidly southwards to an unknown destination. I must have dozed the best part of the journey, for I was dreaming of happy scenes that were almost heaven, when the sudden stopping of the train brought me back again to earth and the grim fact that the particular part of that earth was Templemore in our gallant Tipperary, with a war on.

Having rested a while here, we proceeded to Thurles, where we were joined by a body of Tipperary men under Commandant Ryan. We did not tarry long, though. On, on again, by train as far as we could, and then shanks' mare for it along the railway line till we struck Goid's Cross. Here we parted company with the Tipperary men, who proceeded due South with Golden as their objective. We, in the lingo of the football field, elected to play South-west against the wind, Tipperary town the goal-posts. 'Twas all O.K. to Dundrum, where we had dinner; then on to Donaskeigh, where, even better still, we rested for a while before entering on the last lap. You know the cross-roads near the village. Well, we divided our forces there. Our right moved along the Shanbally road, our centre along that of the Dundrum one, while our left proceeded along the main highway that led to the town. A screen of scouts was thrown out by each party on both flanks. So we were all in touch and moving on Tipperary on a four-mile front. I chanced to be on the right under Captain Dermot O'Sullivan. We were first to come in contact with the Irregulars. They occupied strong positions on the sand hills outside the town on the Kingswood road. We advanced in extended order to the attack. 'Twas an inspiring sight, and was witnessed from four miles around. From our vantage point on the heights we could see the other columns, who had again come together where the roads unite outside the town, and were now advancing steadily on our left. We could even hear their encouraging cheers as we formed up for the final assault. We won the hills after a sharp encounter, the Irregulars falling back to their fortified positions in the town. We consolidated our gains and waited developments on the other sections. These had now reached the town and were already in action. The centre, under Captain Joe Byrne and Lieutenant E. Flood, advanced as far as Spital Street. The extreme left, under Lieutenant Gaffney, swung first south across the Golden road; then, changing direction, they faced due west. Our encircling movement was succeeding beautifully. We, on our turn, had driven the enemy out of the Technical Schools and had occupied Bridge

Street at nightfall. The only positions held by the enemy were the Grammar School on the south of the town and the houses at the juncture of Church Street and Main Street on the east. At dawn on Sunday the attack was resumed. Our left had crossed the railway, and, taking the Grammar School in the rear, drove the enemy out. And then the final attack on their last position at the corner of Church Street began. We were north of them; our left was now south of them, while from the east along Main street our centre attacked from barricades hastily erected. We managed to work our way down by the back of Bridge Street, and occupied the houses directly fronting their position, which was now rendered untenable. The last stronghold of the Irregulars was occupied shortly after 12 o'clock on Sunday. Though Tipperary was a long, long way, we had got there. Three of our brave lads, though, never did. And whenever one of the Guards hears the word Tipperary 'twill serve to remind him of the brave companions who gave up their lives on the outskirts of that town. "Beannacht dílis Dé le na n-anamna," and may He comfort and console the parents and friends of those gallant soldiers. That, Tom, is a prayer that comes straight from the heart of

SEAN.

P.S.—Had a letter from Jim. He landed with the forces in Kerry. I enclose it.—S.

Suil Fheachaint ar Chursai an Choga

I LUIMNEACH.

Do ghabh na Fórsaí Náisiúnta thar an Máigh agus thomáineadar na nea-Rialtaigh rómpa amach as Áth Dara ar dtúis, annsin as Rath Gaola agus gan puinn moille as an gCaisleán Nua. Bhí ana chuíoscar anso agus do rinneadh árd chailliúintí idir marbh agus gonta ar na nea-Rialtaigh. Ar imeall bhórdaibh na Sionainne deineadh glan sguaba ortha ó Luimneach go fairrge. Ar an dtaobh thoir theas do ruaigeadh as Cill Moicheallóg iad. Ní fhágann san d' árus aca 'sa chonndae so anois ach Mainistir na Féile ar theorainn Chiarruidhe.

I gCIARRUIDHE.

'Sa chonndae so do cuireadh pairtí i dtír ón bhfairrge in aice Tráigh Lí agus pairtí eile thar Sionainn adtuaidh ón gClár. Táid ag cur díobh go buach siar ó dheas.

TIOBRUID ÁRAN.

Ach bailte Chluan Meala agus an chathair tá an conndae so sguabhtha glan anois. Togadh baile Tiobruid Áran agus deineadh an líne do cheangailt leis na díormaí i gConndae Luimnigh.

ATH CLIATH.

Do cheap na nea-Rialtaigh sa chathair árd coup do dhéanamh ist oíche Dé Sathairn. Sé bhí beartuithe aca ná na droichid agus na bóithre mórtimcheall na cathrach do phléasca agus do mhille. Bhí breall ortha, ámh. Tánghas ar chuid aca agus obair an sgríosta tosnuithe aca. Is amhlaidh bíothas ag an ionad choinne, gabhadh ar suas le dhá chéad aca agus tógadh seó d'arm agus d'uirlisí tochailte.

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AN T-ÓZLÁC

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

The "Chivalry" of the Irregulars

"Patrick Nolan (30), a soldier of the National Army, was shot and seriously wounded when returning from a visit to his family at 12 Cullen's Cottages, Dean's Grange, shortly after ten o'clock last night. Nolan, who was unarmed, was proceeding from the direction of Cornelscourt, and was wheeling his bicycle, when a motor car containing four civilians passed him. The men looked towards Nolan, and the car stopped a few yards ahead. One of the men got out and asked Nolan if he were armed. Nolan replied that he was

Which is Which?

MR. MURPHY'S LITTLE INDISCRETION.

"He (Mr. Collins) says that De Valera and his friends seek to bring back the British."

:: :: ::

"The Britishers in this country are 'digging in again' to a greater extent than ever before; and it is the Republican Army alone that stands between Ireland and abject surrender to them, such as Michael Collins would have us make."

—An Irregular propagandist sheet, 14/8/22.

"If an English destroyer or sloop comes within rifle shot of your shore snipe it, and, if possible, have a rifle grenade dropped on deck. Possibly then they may shell the coast or make a landing—the very thing which we want them to do. Then we have the old enemy back, and that will clear the whole aspect of the present war."

(Signed),
A. O. MURCHADHA,
O.C., Kerry No. 1
Brigade.

July 10, 1922.
—Extract from document captured from Irregulars.

not. A shot was then fired, and a bullet lodged in Nolan's breast. The civilian immediately ran back and entered the car, which quickly started away, leaving the wounded soldier lying on the ground. . . ." (Evening paper, 15:8:22).

Mr. Erskine Childers, writing in his propaganda sheet of the same date, thus describes the men who, time and again, have been guilty of acts such as this:—

"They are patriots in thought, deed, and word, not mercenaries and terrorists, fighting as fairly as they fight bravely, living temperately, and conducting themselves as honourable soldiers."

Economic Slavery

Irregular political philosophers profess to despise economic (or, as they call them, "materialist") arguments. The Republic, they declare, is a purely spiritual issue, and must be won regardless of "material" cost.

A recent statement by Mr. George Russell should open their eyes. The present struggle, he points out, has already cost so much that Ireland will be compelled to borrow.

In her present state of confusion and impoverishment she can scarcely borrow at home. They must, therefore, borrow abroad. And when a small country borrows abroad, conditions are always demanded.

The lending Power, or Powers, wants to safeguard its money, and, with some justice, requires a voice in the spending policy of the borrower.

Foreign control of money means foreign control of everything else. Remember that, ye idealists, and realise this:

If the Irregulars beat the National Army, and then, after yet another costly struggle, beat the British Empire, they **must**, in order to reconstruct the country, **borrow money.**

They may borrow it in America, in Europe, or in England; it matters little; whoever lends will rule Ireland.

The South American States are all Republics, and nominally free. But all are in debt to foreign countries, who exercise, unseen, a control over their policy such as Great Britain can never claim over an economically independent Free State.

What interest had any of them in the war against Germany? Yet they were drawn into it as surely as if they were the subjects of an Empire.

It is very doubtful if any South American State feels that the spiritual purity of its Republicanism is any compensation for its material subjection.

When the ostrich wants to outwit an enemy, it hides its head in the sand and hopes for the best. Mr. Childers takes after the ostrich. He considers himself so expert in propaganda that he thinks he has only to say a thing and it is so. Let him try his description of the Irregulars on the districts which have experience of them! Not mercenaries or terrorists! Chivalrous! Why, everywhere the National Troops have penetrated, they have been received as saviours by the people, and as rescuers from as vengeful a tyranny as ever afflicted town or countryside. The people are the judges of the Irregulars, and as judges they have unmistakably given their verdict.

AN T-OGLAC

AUGUST 19, 1922.

The Dead President

Amid all that has been said and written in praise of the late President Griffith, probably the most striking feature of his character has been the least noted. Perhaps the fact that he never aspired to play a soldier's part has been responsible for obscuring his possession of pre-eminent military virtues. His sense of duty was sublime; his courage enormous. Gifts such as his could have won him a career of distinction combined with ease in any country he chose; yet he preferred to toil for years, without recognition, facing poverty and imprisonment, in the service of his own. She, poor, downtrodden, enslaved, was incapable of giving reward; but Arthur Griffith was not thinking of reward or personal glory, but of his duty. The courage that in duty's name will endure prolonged adversity and disappointment is apt to be undervalued when compared with the more apparent courage of the battlefield; but it is really the higher of the two.

Patience and perseverance—these virtues were also his in the highest degree. Let the soldier annoyed by small discomforts, or wearied with long hours of guard duty, think of Arthur Griffith's lonely watch for the dawn,—of those twenty years in wilderness, when, buoyed up only by his own conviction of the truth of his gospel, he preached unheeded to his countrymen, and never despaired nor complained. Griffith was great in triumph; but greater in adversity.

Without a singularly hopeful disposition he could never have waited for success so long as he did. Let us take an example from him, and may his spirit still cheer us from beyond the grave. These are dark days for Ireland, but not so dark as those in which Griffith spent his young manhood. Death and destruction are not so chilling as apathy; and it was apathy that he had to face; and he faced it, we know, with unflinching cheerfulness and hope. His friends tell us that his spirits were almost too buoyant; nothing ever seemed capable of depressing them. Yet he was never rash. Political and military strategy are much akin. A clearly defined objective; a grasp of the realities and possibilities of the situation; a carefully planned line of advance unflinchingly followed—these are the essentials to political as to military success. By these means President Griffith led Ireland to her freedom.

Where They are Drifting

AN IRREGULAR'S VIEWPOINT.

The following statement was addressed to the Press on August 10 by Mr. H. Burke, an Irregular leader, who is now a prisoner in Custume Barracks, Athlone. Mr. Burke declares that the statement was written in consultation with a number of other Irregular leaders imprisoned there. It reads:—

“An old saying has it that ‘those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make blind.’ For the past six months it seems to me that we soldiers of the Executive Headquarters have become blind and more blind on the way of leading, not to a thriving Republic, but to utter and barren destruction. Up to the time of my capture a month ago I had been more extreme against the Treaty than any soldier in my Division. Since then I have had ample time to consider our position and to consider it carefully and unemotionally in all its aspects. The attitude we took up was wrong, militarily, politically and socially. Look at it from the military standpoint. It leads us inevitably to war—first with the Free State troops, then with the British Empire. The war with the Free State is being waged. Is there one single Executive soldier who can say that we have beaten them, or that we shall beat them? Before they answer, let them consider the military situation to-day as soldiers, and not as unseeing idealists. Even had we beaten them, there is yet the war with the forces of the English Empire.

“Would we, spent and worn out after one war, be able to undertake a fresh war against the forces of the greatest military Power on earth, and to undertake that war without the sympathy and help of our own people? What soldier says we would? We shall never win an independent Republic by force of arms alone. We shall win it by statesmanship and the threat of arms, and even then we must await patiently the appointed day. It will come, perhaps soon, perhaps late, but against that day of opportunity we must develop to the uttermost the strength of our country and of our arms, if we are to turn the opportunity to success. Are our actions of to-day adding strength to our arms or to our country?

Politically Senseless.

“From the political point of view our attitude was utterly senseless. We thought we were trudging along the hard, straight road to a Republic, whereas, in reality, we were wandering aimlessly through a maze of folly, with our blind Headquarters dangling a revolver before us, as one dangles a carrot before a winkered ass. They were not politicals, they said, they were soldiers. Soldiers—‘Sugan’ Napoleons, who committed to us an unnecessary civil war without arms, without money, without an atom of true intelligence about the army we were to fight, without the slightest sympathy or approval of the civil ‘flock of sheep.’ Men who did this were not soldiers. Their military policy showed them possessed of the mentality of a double-holstered Wild West cowboy. They thought, spoke and acted in terms of explosives, bullets and bombs.

“Owing to their unseeing folly the lives of young Irishmen, so necessary to Ireland now, are daily being quenched in the darkness of death, while priceless Irish blood is running to red waste among the fields of Ireland. Those responsible

care not one straw, but are squealing to the high heavens if their food is not served to them on china plates. With such a horrible responsibility, I do not know how they can sleep easy at night. One would think that the ghosts of those they have sent needlessly to their graves would haunt their pillows.

Pearse's Way.

"In 1912, at a monster Home Rule meeting in Dublin, Pearse spoke in Irish from one of the platforms. He said that he was out for a Republic, but that he would be a traitor to his people if he did not advise them to accept the Bill, so that they could strengthen themselves against the day of battle. Pearse saw clearly. Let us follow his advice. Let us take from England every bit of strength she gives us, so that later we can use it to further our cause. Actualities count in modern politics, not mirages, and any soldier will admit that two rifles are better than one. Though force alone will not gain our ends, if we want to see our cause progress in our generation, we must sooner or later co-operate with the Free State Government. If we do not, there is a danger of our cause being lost, perhaps for ever. As a weekly paper pointed out lately, our struggle for National Independence really begins with the material advancement of our country. Given the free chance of developing, Ireland will be one of the richest countries in Europe within a very short time. There is a danger that her national aspirations will be swallowed up in her prosperity. In guarding against that, lies our patriotic duty. That will be our field of battle. We must then watch and struggle to keep strong and firm within the hearts of our people the blood-stained ideal of our race.

Against the People's Will.

"From the social point of view our attitude was criminally wrong. Our Headquarters forced us into a war in direct opposition to the will and wishes of our people. We went to our people, and at the revolver point forced them to give us money, food and clothing. Was that just? We broke up their means of communication and brought our people to the verge of starvation. A very close friend of mine told me that while he was in charge of a certain Western area before his capture two countrywomen came to him one day begging him to try and get flour for them, as they had a handful of young children who were starving. Such incidents as these were sufficient to upset the morale of any officer, and to shake his faith in the course we were adopting if Irishmen could wage war when it entailed such sufferings on our own people. If we did not want the Treaty the only patriotic course open to us was to tell the people our reasons against it, and to have stood aside and let those who wished to, work it. Perhaps our Headquarters, stupid though they were, realise to-day how absolutely essential it is to have the co-operation of the people in war.

To the Rank and File.

"Were not the people, rather than the flying columns, the deciding factor in the war against England? Before our struggle develops into a series of ambushes and sniping skirmishes, I would ask the rank and file of our army to think well on what I have written, consider it from the common-sense practical viewpoint of a soldier. For the past eight months we have, unfortunately, left our thinking to men who have proved themselves useless as politicals, and still more useless as soldiers.

Dundalk

With the recapture of Dundalk by the Troops, details are now available as to the occupation of the town by the Irregulars. About 4 o'clock on the morning of August 14th a sentry inside the Main Gate of the Military Barrack heard a suspicious noise and had the Guard called out. The Orderly Officer on duty went to investigate and found a cable laid outside the Barrack. As he approached to cut it heavy fire was opened on him by a machine gun and he was obliged to take cover. Just as fire was opened on the Orderly Officer mines were exploded simultaneously at the following places: Barrack Gate, leading on to Point Road; the Barrack Hospital, a block containing Officers Quarters; 2 mines in block containing Headquarters' Offices; Orderly Office (destroying Guard Room). A mine was also exploded between the Ball Alley and Hospital. Two other mines—one underneath the Officers Mess and the Main Gate failed to explode. At the time of these extensive mine explosions there were close on 200 Irish soldiers in the Barrack. The Officers were all knocked out of action by the explosion, one mortally wounded, seven others less seriously wounded, and one buried in debris. The explosion at the gate on Point Road wrecked the gate and killed the sentry. The explosion in the billet between the Ball Alley and Hospital killed one man. The explosion in the Orderly Office stunned 3 of the Guard in the Guard Room. One soldier and one Irregular were shot dead at the Main Gate. The force of the explosions knocked out the sentry at the Transport Sheds. This soldier recovered and was about to fire when a machine gun was turned on him and he was badly wounded. The remainder of the Main Guard waged a fight against the Irregulars for over two hours, when they were obliged to yield. The Irregulars who took part in the attack numbered approximately 300 and were reinforced later by 240 prisoners released from the Gaol. About 6.30 a.m. when the Military Barrack was in the hands of the Irregulars, Comdt. McConnell, who had himself been blown through a window, requested Mr. F. Aiken, the Irregular leader to allow his men to rescue the dead and wounded, several of whom were buried, or partially pinned under the debris. The Irregular leader refused this permission unless the Troops in the Gaol and Ann St. Garrisons were ordered to surrender. In order to get the wounded speedily attended to Comdt. McConnell was obliged to agree to this proposal and six soldiers were then allowed by the Irregulars to search for their wounded comrades. Some of the Irregular prisoners released from the Gaol manned a Lancia Car and drove to the Military Barracks. Here they exploded a mine outside the Main Gate and killed one of their leaders named McKenna. The Troops casualties were 3 killed, one mortally injured and 15 wounded. The Irregulars had two killed and 30 wounded.

All the mines exploded within the Military Barrack had been placed in position by the Irregulars during their previous occupation of the building. Several of the Troops wounded by the Irregulars' mine explosions were badly treated during their captivity. One soldier who received severe wounds in the legs, was forced to walk a distance with a rifle thrust into his mouth.

On Tuesday morning the Leader of the Irregulars called on the Troops and offered to release them if they signed an undertaking to leave the National Army. The men without exception refused, showing their resentment at the proposal by booing the Irregular leader out of the Gaol. The same evening the Irregular leader addressed a meeting in the Square of the town in which he called for a truce. He was booed by the crowd and cheers were given for the National leaders, in which the soldiers held in the Gaol joined. The meeting broke up. Several business houses in the town were looted by Irregulars on Tuesday night—stores of petrol being seized.

In the round-up operations of the Troops around Dundalk on Monday and Tuesday over 80 Irregulars were made prisoners together with a large quantity of arms, ammunition, grenades and one mine. The town was re-occupied by the Troops on Wednesday and members of the forces held by the Irregulars set at liberty. The Gaol and the Railway Station are now occupied by the Troops, the Irregulars being forced to retreat towards Greenore and Omeath. Some of the streets were mined by the Irregulars. A petrol lorry passing over the Square in the town was blown up by one of those mines and one civilian killed. Troops advancing on the scene in a Lancia Car opened fire on Irregulars running away, 2 of whom were killed. One civilian was wounded by the fire.

Letters of a Guardsman

DEAR SEAN,

Before leaving the Bush I sent on a letter. I addressed it to Templemore, I wonder did you get it. I posted it the Saturday after you left. It contained an enclosed note from the girls reminding you of our last evening at Mack's—as if such delightful things are readily forgotten. Julia cut the cards for us and told you you were facing a long train journey. They made any amount of fun in the letter about it, and I—well I helped them at the game. 'Tis your turn now. I've had the "trip over water." Though it didn't exactly occur in the space of three days as predicted. No more of your card-cutting for this child. By the way if you did not hit it that evening you staggered it. It was not to Cork but to Kerry, next door to it, I was to go on the sea trip. You were hardly a week gone when the marching orders came. It wiped out the Bush completely, skipper and all. We were to start that Monday, and fell in over and over again, but as frequently fell out again. I thought we'd never start. But faith we did, at 3 a.m. on the Tuesday morning I started for my first trip on the "ocean wave." I have my sea experiences now. Enough for a lifetime. Still it wasn't too bad. Weather fair. No lack of time killing devices. Impromptu concerts, and other forms of entertainment, not forgetting our old friend the pack, and the older and the more familiar and easily acquired game of "Pitch and Toss"—I'm not alluding to the motion of the vessel here. Then, of course, we had the scenery and the places of interest on the way. You can imagine how all eyes were turned in the direction of Cork. But to come to the point, early on Wednesday we rounded the Seven Hogs and bore down on Fenit.

The Irregulars kept a sharp look out along the coast, and it was soon evident that they were apprised of our arrival, and were preparing to resist our embarkation. Fire was opened from coast-guard station and several other posts, but as our men reached terra firma, and advanced to the attack, this resistance was speedily overcome. Fenit is not exactly a town, not even a street, a number of straggling houses, that's all. We followed up the retreating Irregulars, and midway between Fenit and Tralee, at a place called Spa, we came up with them again. At this town—Fenit type—they had prepared to dispute our advance and put up a fight. 'Twas not much though. They were quickly driven out, and we then prepared for what the boys called "the big push" on Tralee. We divided forces here. Captain McClean with a party moved South along the sea road, while we, under Commandants McGuinness and Dempsey, moved forward along the main road, and approached the town from the Ardfert side. By the way, we passed by the wood where poor Casement was captured, and the house where Mary Gorman lived, on our way. Our first brush occurred at the Orphanage, a short distance from the town on the Ardfert road. This was one of the outposts of the Irregulars in Tralee. They were driven from the post and retreated over the railway, falling back on the town. We found the Balloonagh or Dingles gates closed and securely barred and locked, we broke through and into Pembroke Street, which we occupied at once. Tralee is made up of one long street on which the side streets and roads converge. The long street is composed of Pembroke, Rock, and Bridge Streets. Then the Mall, Castle Street, and Boherbwee. Our forces were again divided. Commandant Dempsey swung round to the north side, and succeeded in linking up with the

Art O Griobhtha

Cuireadh dáta nua eile imeasg na n-ioldátaí úd gur ana mhór le rádh iad i seanchas an náisiúin. Agus na céadta blian ó indiu beidh leanbhaí na nGael ag meabhrú an dáta úd i sgoileanna na hÉireann. Ar maidin Dé Sathairn 12/8/1922 fuair Art O Griobhtha bás agus do chaill Éire mac dílis duthrachtach, mac a dh'imir a neart iomlán i gcúis ár náisiúin. Táimid ró chomhgarach dó fé láthair chun saothar a shaoil do mheas ná do thuigsint i gceart. Mar gheall ar gur cuid den athrú sinn ní léir dúinn an t-athrú 'na iomlán. Tá an sprid nua do chruthaigh a shaothair ró óg fós chun é féin do mheadh agus do thuigsint. Dála an leinbh do chaill a athair atá ar an náisiún anois. Bhí sé de shólás croí ag an athair úd gur eirigh leis an leanbh do chur ar shlí a leasa. Go gcoimeádaidh Dia anois an díleachtaí óg úd ar shlí a leasa.

AN COGA'.

Tá an t-arm náisiúnta ag cur de go buach caithréimeach is gach aon áird. Níl cathair ná baile mór gur fiú tracht air fágtha aiges na nea-Rialtaigh anois. Agus do réir gach deallraimh is gairid ná beidh oiread is sráid bhaile beag fé na gceacht. D'imir cailliúnt Corcaighe an donas ar fad ortha. B'é an chathair seo a bpríomh longphort. Bhíodar ag cosaint na Mumhan uaidh ag troid ó bhaile go baile agus ag tuitim ar gcúl siar ar an gcathair úd. Ach in áit bheith á leanúint ó dheas agus ag sodar 'na ndiaidh ó bhaile go baile sé bheartuigh taoisigh an airm ná an coga do thabhairt isteach ar a dteinntean féin chucha. Thangthas ón bhfairge ortha ar a dhá sgiathán agus ar chabhal ortha i gCorcaigh féin. D'fhág san ar uathaidh baile iad.

Ní mar shiltear a bítear go minic. Tá an coga i gCorcaigh agus i gCiarruidhe mar iongna béil ag muintir na hÉireann an tseachtain seo. Ach mo nuair, is cúis guil agus bróin do na lán é leis. Oir, ní gan iodhbairt n-anam n-óg a deineadh na conndaethe so do shaoradh. Ar Dheis an Arad Mhic go rabhaid.

party under Captain McClean. Commandant McGuinness worked south to Boherbwee, where, after a fierce engagement, he succeeded in driving the enemy forces out of the Staff Barracks. On the centre we attacked Rock Street, and after a stiff fight occupied all the strong positions held by the Irregulars. We now controlled all parts of the town. The enemy evacuated Ballymullen Barracks on the Moyrwell Road. We occupied the building which had been set on fire, and succeeded in saving the greater part of it. Our losses were very heavy. Eight of our brave Guards made the great sacrifice. They are being carried to Dublin for interment. Beannacht Dè le na n-anmanna.

We had a rousing reception from the people. A genuine Kerry welcome. Have you any account of Tomás. Is he still in Dublin. Had you any further note from Maire. Do try and drop us a line.

SEAMUS.

P.S.—Just heard shocking news. Some of our lads were ambushed near the Island. Captain Brian Houlihan was killed. I feel very badly cut up by the news. I knew him so intimately. Poor Brian. Such a fine soldier, and such a splendid record. 'Tis hard luck.

S.

AN T-ÓSLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

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SEPTEMBER 2, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

Day by Day

AUGUST 25.—During a round-up by the Troops at Limerick, 7 prominent local Irregulars were captured. The leader of the party, Harry Brazier, attacked the officer in charge and attempted to disarm him. In the firing that ensued, Brazier was mortally wounded and died on his way to hospital.

Whilst assisting Captain Rattigan, who was wounded in an ambush at Glasson, near Athlone, Commandant McCormack, of the Brigade Staff, Castle Barracks, Athlone, was shot dead by Irregulars. A civilian named Murtagh who was in the vicinity at the time was also killed.

A party of Guards under General Lynch were ambushed at Glenfesk, whilst proceeding from Killarney to Kilgarvan. The Troops replied to the fire of the Irregulars and succeeded in repelling the attack. Continuing their journey they were again attacked by a large party of Irregulars close to Loo station and subjected to heavy rifle and machine-gun fire. Fighting continued for an hour and a half when the Irregulars retreated. The Troops had 8 men wounded. It is not known what the casualties of the Irregulars were.

AUGUST 26.—A small party of Troops attacked a house held by Irregulars between Claremorris and Balla. After a brief engagement the occupants surrendered. 15 Irregulars were captured with their arms, which included 18 Lee-Enfield rifles, 4 Mauser rifles, 1 Thompson machine-gun and a large quantity of bombs and .303 rifle ammunition.

Thomas Keating, Bernard Lowe, and Willie O'Connor, three Irregulars were captured at Kilcarroll. A revolver and Irregular propaganda literature were found on O'Connor.

At Eskeragh heavy rifle and machine-gun fire was opened on a patrol of troops proceeding from Tobercurry to Curry. One of the Troops was wounded. The Irregulars had one casualty.

Brize House, Claremorris, strongly held by Irregulars, was successfully assaulted and captured by the Troops. 13 Irregulars were captured together with a quantity of arms, ammunition and a Thompson gun.

An attack on the Commercial Hotel, the Headquarters of the Troops at Claremorris, was repulsed and the Irregulars driven to the woods.

Two prominent Irregulars, O'Malley and Flaherty were arrested by the Troops at Galway. At Kilconnell, a "Quartermaster" named Crowe and a man named Donnelly were also taken prisoners.

AUGUST 27.—The Irregulars were driven from Waterville, Co. Kerry, by the troops who now hold the Cable Station. The cables damaged by the Irregulars are being repaired.

Troops of the 1st Western Division forced their way into a lodge near Lord Clonbrock's Castle, Ahascragh, and captured 2 Irregulars with 3 rifles, 2 Webleys and a quantity of ammunition. In another round-up, Hawe, Hynes, and Kelly, Irregular leaders in that area, and Ward, a motor-despatch rider were captured.

A patrol of troops was ambushed near Newport (Mayo) when Volunteer Charles Sullivan was killed and two of the Troops slightly wounded.

AUGUST 28.—A column of Troops operating between Killorglin and Tralee was ambushed by Irregulars near Killorglin. The attackers were beaten off and the troops captured 4 Irregulars, a Lewis gun and a quantity of material. The party was again attacked near Castlemaine, and Captain Burke, who was on horseback, was killed early in the engagement.

A big round-up of Irregulars was carried out by the Troops at Farranfore. In all 140 arrests were made.

AUGUST 29. A small party of troops in a Ford car were ambushed at Bonaterran near Tullamore, by a strong force of Irregulars. The Troops sustained two casualties, Lieut. Cullen being killed and Lieut. Leahy wounded.

A boat arrived in Valencia harbour and the Irregular occupants proceeded to cut the Transatlantic Cables. They succeeded in cutting one when the Troops arrived and the cable-cutters retreated. Mr. Childers was in charge of the Irregulars and directed their activities.

As the result of the discovery of a tunnel in Maryborough prison through which three prisoners were found attempting to escape, disciplinary measures were enforced by the authorities. An "ultimatum" was sent by the leader of the Irregular prisoners to the Governor in which it was stated that they would go on hunger strike at noon. The prisoners did not carry out this decision, but later each prisoner set fire to his mattress and bedclothing and rushed into the compound. 5 prisoners were wounded in the disturbance which followed. The fire was speedily extinguished and no prisoners escaped.

30 Irregulars with their arms were captured in the vicinity of Silvermines.

Troops operating from Pallas swept up the area as far as Emly. En-route they surprised a party of Irregulars burning a goods train. The Troops took 27 prisoners.

A Lancia car containing Troops was fired on whilst passing through Clonakilty. Captain Hugh Thornton who was in command of the party was killed and another soldier wounded.

A section of Troops travelling between Tipperary and Cashel were ambushed from the adjacent hills by a party of Irregulars. The Troops

Taking Tone's Name in Vain

An Irregular sheet of recent date takes to itself the motto of Tone: "To break the connection with England."

Characteristically it ignores the rest of the passage, which shows the spirit of Tone and that of the Irregulars are not only different but opposite.

Tone proclaimed the breaking of the connection with England as his **end**; and as his **means** "to unite the whole people of Ireland, and to substitute for the names of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter the common name of Irishmen."

He would have had no use for such means as the overthrow of a Government established by the almost unanimous suffrage of the Irish people, the shooting down of the soldiers of an Irish National Army, the plundering, bullying, and murdering of Irish citizens, the alienation of immense numbers of Irish Protestants, and the permanent estrangement of the people of half a province—to say nothing of deliberate attempts to bring about a fresh invasion of the British forces.

We regarded it as a kind of blasphemy when the British tried to lure Irishmen into their army by quoting words torn from the context of Mitchel.

The Irregulars quoting Tone are not more repugnant to our ears.

Put Tone's end and means side by side with theirs, and compare them:

TONE.
To break the connection
with England; and for this end
to unite the people of Ireland.

THE IRREGULARS.
To bring back the Army of
England; and for this end to
break the people of Ireland,

and you tear from the Irregular propagandists the last shreds of the pretence that their action is a sequence in the national tradition.

An Englishman leading the destroying bands in their ruthless attacks on Irish property; an Englishman glorying in the shedding of Irish blood; an Englishman vilifying the chosen leaders of the Irish people—the Irregulars may have been wise in their generation to employ him so far; but they should have kept his hands from tampering with the text of Tone.

took up positions and engaged the Irregulars, capturing three prisoners armed with rifles.

On the return journey from Cashel the same party of Troops were again ambushed at a point near to Cashel. The Troops again engaged the Irregulars, and succeeded in encircling the Irregular column, which was captured with all arms and equipment, including a Lewis gun, a Thompson gun, and two valuable looted touring cars.

AUGUST 30.—A prisoner named R. Monks was shot dead while attempting to escape from the Curragh Camp. He refused to halt when challenged by a sentry.

AUGUST 31.—A party of four officers were attacked by Irregulars at Cuffe Street, Stephen's Green, Dublin. The officers pursued the Irregulars, but they got away. One Irregular was wounded.

AN T-ÓSLÁC

SEPTEMBER 2, 1922.

Carry On!

The Army has just emerged from the greatest period of stress and trial encountered since the night begun.

It faces the future sorrowing the loss of a great leader and most valiant soldier.

But while this great sorrow and sense of affliction weighs heavily on all, there is no feeling of despair or despondency.

Rather the heroic passing of our gallant chief nerves and strengthens us to complete the great work he had undertaken.

Many of our bravest and best have fallen in his goodly company; many more will have fallen before the responsible task to which he set his hand is accomplished.

But the memory of his noble life of ceaseless toil and endeavour will be our incentive to do great and worthy things.

With a clear vision he foresaw that there could be no peace and no progress in Ireland if the fundamental principle of majority rule were swept from the land.

He realised that the will of the people was greater than any mere political formulæ.

The principle for which Michael Collins died is the great bulwark of our freedom. When it dies, liberty dies with it.

He has sanctified this cause of the people with his blood.

It is for us, his comrades-in-arms, to carry on the fight infused with his spirit and his ideals.

"Let us be brave and not afraid to do too much in the day," are the words of his successor and comrade of many dark hours.

What glorious traditions we soldiers of Ireland have to live up to!

Let us be strong, self-reliant, and self-controlled to complete his noble work.

Beyond the cold silence of the tomb we can almost hear the ring of his gay boyish laugh and his strong manly voice calling out to us, joyfully, and vibrant, "Carry on! Carry on!"

A YOUNG GUNNER'S BRAVERY.

In the great sorrow which enveloped the army and the people on the death of the Commander-in-Chief, an incident associated with the gallant stand made at Bealnablath by that small party with General Collins escaped notice. The incident we refer to was the cool intrepid bravery of Private Daniel Murray, the Lewis gunner of the escort. Within one minute of the first assault on the Commander-in-Chief's party, Private Murray, a Dublin boy of 20 years, brought his gun into action and successfully covered the riflemen while they got into position. The Commander-in-Chief, leaving his car to take up his position with the rifle, was heard to pay a tribute to this gallant soldier, who, regardless of his exposure, kept up a strong fire on the attackers. Up to the close of the action, Private Murray rendered conspicuous service by the fine marksmanship and effectiveness of his fire. Those who took part in the engagement pay eloquent tribute to the bravery of the young gunner.

The Heroic Dead

The oration at the graveside of the late Commander-in-Chief was given by General Mulcahy. Speaking in Irish General Mulcahy said:—There was a lot of sorrow heavy on the hearts of our people to-day, our minds like the great Cathedral below after the last Mass had been said and the coffin borne away, and the great concourse of people emptied from it—our minds were dry, wordless, and empty with nothing in them but the little light of faith.

Continuing in English the Commander-in-Chief said:—

Our country is to-day bent under a sorrow such as it has not been bent under for many a year. Our minds are cold, empty, wordless, and without sound. But it is only our weaknesses that are bent under this great sorrow that we meet with to-day. All that is good in us, all that is strong in us, is strengthened by the memory of that great hero and that great legend, who is now laid to rest. We bend to-day over the grave of a young man not more than thirty years of age who took to himself the gospel of toil for Ireland, the gospel of working for the people of Ireland, and of sacrifice for their good, and who has made himself a hero and a legend that will stand in the pages of our history with any bright page that was ever written there. Pages have been written by him in the hearts of our people that will never find themselves in print. But we lived, some of us, with these intimate pages, and those pages that will reach history, meagre though they be, will do good to our country and will inspire us through many a dark hour. Our weaknesses cry out to us "Michael Collins was too brave." Michael Collins was not too brave. Every day and every hour he lived he lived it to the full extent of that bravery which God gave to him, and it is for us to be as brave as he was—brave before danger, brave before those who lie, brave before those who speak false words, brave even to that very great bravery that our weakness complains of in him.

When we look over the pages of his diary for the 22nd August, "started 6.15 a.m., Macroom, Ballineen, Bandon, Skibbereen, Roscarbery, Clonakilty," our weakness says he tried to put too much into the day. Michael Collins did not try to put too much into the day. Standing on the little mantle-piece of his office was a bronze plaque of President Roosevelt of the United States, and the inscription on it ran—"I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labour and strife; to preach that highest form of success that comes, not to the man who desires mere ease and peace, but to him who does not shrink from danger, hardship or bitter toil, and who, out of these, wins the splendid ultimate triumph."

"Mara bhfuigheann an gráinne arbhair a théidheann sa talamh bás ní bhíonn ann ach é féin, ach má gheibheann sé bás tugann sé toradh mór uaidh."

"Unless the grain of corn that falls into the ground dies there is nothing but itself in it, but if it dies it

gives forth great fruit," and Michael Collins' passing will give us forth great fruit, and Michael Collins' dying will give us forth great fruit. Every bit of his small grain of corn died and re-died night and day during the last four or five years. We have seen him lying on a bed of sickness, and struggling with infirmities, running from his bed to his work. On Saturday, the day before he went on his last journey to Cork, he sat with me at breakfast writhing with pain from a cold all through his body, and yet he was facing his day's work for that Saturday, and facing his Sunday's journey and Monday's journey and his journey on Tuesday. So let us be brave, and let us not be afraid to do too much in the day. In all that great work strenuous it was, comparatively it was intemperate, but it was the only thing that Michael Collins was intemperate in.

How often with a shout he used get out of bed in the morning at 5 or 6 o'clock crying "all the time that is wasted in sleep," and would dash around the room, or into some neighbouring room where some of us lay in hope of another hour or two's sleep, and he would clear all the blankets off us, or would pound vigorously at the door that prudence had locked.

Crossing the square of the barracks on the Saturday morning that I mention, he told of his visit to one of the barracks in the South on his first trip there, and of finding most of the garrison in bed at 10 o'clock; and thinking of all the lack of order, lack of cleanliness, lack of moral strength and efficiency that goes with this particular type of sloth, and of that demoralisation following on the dissatisfaction that one has with oneself all the day that one starts with an hour's disadvantage, "oh," he said, "if our fellows would only get up at 6 o'clock in the morning."

Yes, get up to read, to write, to think, to plan, to work, or like Árd Ríogh Éireann long ago, simply to greet the sun. The God-given long day fully felt, and fully seen, would bring its own work and its own construction. Let us be brave then, and let us work.

"Prophecy," said Peter, who was the great "rock," "is a light shining in the darkness till the day dawn." And surely "our great rock" was our prophet, and our prophecy a light held aloft along the road of "danger or hardship or bitter toil." And if our light is gone out, it is only as the paling of a candle in the dawn of its own prophecy. The act of his, the word of his, the look of his was day by day a prophecy to us that loose lying in us lay capabilities for toil, for bravery, for regularity, for joy in life and in slowness and in hesitancy and in weariness half yielded to, his prophecies came true in us. And just as he as a person was a light and a prophecy to us, individually he looked to it, and wished that this band of brothers, which is the army, will be a prophecy to our people.

Recent writings, recent speeches, the recent break in our National silence that have disfigured the last few months, have seemed to emphasise the Army as a thing apart and different from the people. Our Army has been the people, is the people, and will be the people. Our green uniform does not make us less the people. It is a cloak of service; a curtailer of our weaknesses; an amplifier of our strength.

The Army will be a concentration, a crystal that will crystallise out all the good, all the bravery, all

the industry, all the clear intelligence that lies in saturation in the people and hold aloft a head line for the Nation.

We are jealous for his greatness. Words have been quoted as being his last words, Michael Collins is supposed to have said the fragile words "forgive them." Michael Collins never said these words, "forgive them," because his great big mind could not have entertained the obverse thought, and he knew those who sat round him and worked with him that they too were too big to harbour in their minds the obverse thought.

When Michael Collins met difficulties, met people that obstructed him, and worked against him, he didn't turn aside to blame them, but facing steadily ahead he worked bravely forward to the goal that he intended. He had that faith in the intensity of his own work that in its development and in its construction he would absorb into one homogeneous whole in the Nation without the necessity for blame or for forgiveness of all those who differed from him and all those who fought against him. He is supposed to have said "Let the Dublin Brigade bury me." Michael Collins knows that we will never bury him. He lies here among the men of the Dublin Brigade. Around him there lie forty-eight comrades of his from our Dublin battalions. But Michael Collins never separated the men of Dublin from the men of Kerry, nor the men of Dublin from the men of Donegal, nor the men of Donegal from the men of Cork. His great love embraced our whole people and our whole Army, and he was as close in spirit with our men in Kerry and Donegal as he was with our men in Dublin. Yes. And even those men in different districts in the country who sent us home here our dead Dublin men—we are sure he felt nothing but pity and sorrow for them for the tragic circumstances in which they find themselves, knowing that in fundamentals and ideals they were the same.

Michael Collins had only a few minutes to live and to speak after he received his death wound, and the only word he spoke in these few moments was "Emmet." He called to the comrade alongside him, the comrade of many fights and many plans, and I am sure that he felt in calling that one name that he was calling around him the whole men of Ireland that he might speak the last word of comradeship and love.

We last looked at him in the City Hall and in the small Church in Vincent's Hospital. And studying his face with an eager gaze, we found there the same old smile that met us always in our work. And seeing it there in the first dark hour of our blow, the mind could not help travelling back to the dark storm-tossed sea of Galilee, and the frail bark tossed upon the waters there, and the strong calm smile of the Great Sleeper in the stern of the boat.

Tom Ashe, Tomás McCurtain, Trilough MacSuibhne, Dick McKee, Micheál O Coileáin, and all you who lie buried here, disciples of our great Chief, those of us you leave behind are all too grain from the same handful, scattered by the hand of the Great Sower over the fruitful soil of Ireland. We too will bring forth our own fruit.

Men and women of Ireland we are all mariners on the deep, bound for a port still seen only through storm and spray, sailing still on a sea full of "dangers, and hardships, and bitter toil." But the Great Sleeper lies smiling in the stern of the boat, and we shall be filled with that spirit which will walk bravely upon the waters.

Letters of a Guardsman

Cork, August —, 1922.

A Thomáis, A Chara,

Thanks ever so much for your budget of news. You're a real brick. 'Twas a God-send. I wish I could manage the pen like you. It went the round of the boys here. And all are as anxiously on the look out for your letters as yours truly. And that reminds me, you'd want to be more careful in referring to names in future: If your powers of observation were as well developed as your knack of letter-writing, you'd not make such stupid guesses as to who the occupant of the second seat I had booked at the Gaiety would be. As to No. 1, I never spoke to that cailin in my life; and No 2—well, you'd not expect a Commandant of Cumann na mBan to accompany an ordinary common soldier to a public performance. So much for your guessing. Or should I spell it "gassing"? How do I like Cork? Tell you all about it. Well, you're a cool 'un, right enough. Think I'm compiling a history of the war?

Well, to begin with, you may take Seumas's letter describing his sea journey to Fenit—you never referred to it, by the way—as a fair account of mine on our journey down the coast until we came within sight of Cobh. This was in the early hours of that Tuesday morning. There was a kind of dull moonlight that gave a weird, unearthly appearance to land, sea and the moving vessels. Not a sound was heard. Everything still as the grave. Suddenly the loud burst of rifle and machine-gun fire from the shore apprised us of the wakefulness of the Irregulars. Not a shot was fired in return. This must have non-plussed them somewhat, for their fire slackened. We bore straight down on Passage, still reserving our fire. We must have given them the devil's own surprise as we swarmed ashore. As we landed, we took cover and returned the fire of the Irregulars, who were blazing away for all they were worth from the neighbouring buildings, and from Carrigaloe on the

Good God, Tom, Dick has just come in with dreadful news. Michael Collins was shot somewhere near Bandon. It is not known clearly yet how it happened, or what the nature of the wound is. God grant that it is not fatal. Ah, Tom, did we ever, in the most horrible of horrible nightmares, dream that things would come to this pass. Just fancy any man calling himself a Gael even speaking slightly of Mick eighteen months ago, and now he is made a target of, and hit in—of all places in the world—Cork, the county that occupied such a very big space in his biggest of hearts. 'Tis awful, unbearable, unthinkable. Only yesterday his giant form moved amongst us here, captivating all with the wonderful magic of his personality. It reminded one of the sunshine sometimes seen through the lowering darkness of

a thunderstorm. How the people lionised him! What a wonderful enthusiasm he roused in those of the boys who saw him for the first time, and how distinguished we felt who could boast that we had met him before, and had conversed familiarly with him. The lads could speak of nothing else. His exploits were our sole topic since. And now this terrible news that he lies bleeding, wounded—mortally, perhaps—on a lonely wayside, leaves us all dumb, motionless, aghast. Not a man but would willingly lay down his life to save his beloved chief from hurt or injury—Oh, Tom, the worst has happened. I don't know what I'm writing. You'll have it all long before this reaches you—

Collins is dead, Tom. Shot dead in an ambush by his own countrymen. The warmest heart that ever throbbed in an Irish breast is stilled by the icy hand of death. I can write no more. The paper is swimming before my eyes. Strong, brave lads around me are sobbing like children. Men who coolly faced death scores of times, men who bared unflinchingly for the surgeon's knife, are stricken by the dreadful news. There is no hope. It is, alas, only too true. 'Tis announced officially. They are bringing in his body. I'm going out to meet it. Write soon.

SEAN.

Micheal O Coileain

TÁ A SPRID NA BHEATHAIDH.

Tá Micheál Ó Coileáin 'na luidhe anois i síothcháin na huaighe, in úr bheannuithe na hÉireann. Ní feicfear coíche arís 'nár measg an ghnúis ghealghaireatach úd do sgaipadh dubh néalta an éadócais den chroí túirseach: ní cloisfear coíche arís an glór grádhmhar ceolmhar úd do chuireadh breis misnigh 'sa chroí agus dúbailt nirt 'sa láimh.

Ach má tá a chorp go tréit i nGlas Naoidhean indiu tá an spirid iongantach úd abhí mar thaca againn in am an chruatain ag borradh go beodha, láidir ar fuaid na hÉireann anois. Beidh an sprid úd mar réalt eolais 'nár measg ag léiriú amach dúinn slí na fíor shaoirse.

AN tSOCHRAID AGUS A BHRIGH.

Ní facathas in Éirinn le cuimhne an té is sine atá shuas a leithéid de radharc agus do bhí le feicsint i sráidibh na príomh chathrach an Luan so caithte. Nochtadh croí na tíre ag an mór shochraidh úd. Níor tugadh riamh do rígh ná do phrionnsa aon onóir abhí in aon ghaor leis an árd onóir do tugadh do chorp an laoi.

Bhí Éire fíor bhaoch de mar gheall ar an saothar do dhein sé ar a son. Tuigeadh go maith gur bhé a bhí ag cosaint a ceart. Ní fhuair muintir na tíre cao ná cothrom ar a mbaochas do chur in iúl i gceart le linn é bheith 'na bheatha. Tuigean an té is daille anois an tárd mheas abhí ag an bpobal ar Mhícheál Ó Coileáin.

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AN T-ÓZLÁC

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

Worthy of the Name

After the Troops had effected a landing at Passage West, Co. Cork, during recent operations, a detachment went in the direction of Rochestown. Nearing this place, heavy machine-gun and rifle fire was opened on the Troops by Irregulars occupying positions above the roadway. In face of the strong fire of the Irregulars, Michael Collins, a young Dundalk Volunteer of fine stature, crossed a stone wall, charged up a field to the Irregulars' machine-gun post, and captured their Thompson gun. This brave act turned the tide of battle in favour of the troops, and some minutes later the Irregulars retreated. In the charge Volunteer Collins was wounded by revolver fire in the leg, and was later taken to a Cork City hospital, where he is at present doing well.

No Surrender.

Col.-Comdt. McGrath and 28 of his men from the 1st Western Division were surrounded by a party of Irregulars over 200 strong, with three Thompson guns in a Kerry district. The Irregulars, who were led by one Humphrey Murphy, called on the small band to surrender, but they replied: "The 1st Western Division never surrender," and engaged in a fight against great odds, which lasted until all but Comdt. McGrath and another had exhausted their ammunition. At this critical juncture Col.-Comdt. Michael Hogan came to the relief of the gallant invincibles to find Commandant McGrath and his friends holding the line, the others with nothing to fire resting, and one of their number sitting in the middle of the road playing a melodeon. There were two killed and four wounded amongst the Westerns. The Irregulars had two killed and six wounded.

His Little Outing.

An Irregular engaged recently in the blowing up of a bridge between Rosslare and Wexford informed a civilian who came upon the scene of operations that he had lived all his life in England, had fought in the European war with the Gloucester Regiment, and had only been in Ireland four months with the Irregulars "just for the fun of the thing."

Part of the "fun" includes the shooting of Irish National soldiers, many of whom took an active part in the war against England, or in the event of an Irregular defeat, surrendering with hands up and crying, "Mercy! I'm an Irishman." This, some of the Irregulars would have their followers believe, is the way to Irish Independence.

Items of the Campaign.

Three soldiers ambushed by a party of over twenty Irregulars at Barefield (1st Western Division) fought for half-an-hour, when two of the three were knocked out. The third got away with his rifle and ammunition.

Volunteer Doyle, who was killed recently in an ambush in the South, lost his father in 1916. Both father and son gave their lives for the one cause—the liberty of the people.

Before the Irregulars left Youghal, on the arrival of the Troops, they destroyed the printing presses and the technical school. Thus the cause of liberty and civilisation is advanced.

Capt. Ed. Lynch serves with the Troops in Clare. His father was slain by the Black and Tans. His home at Miltown-Malbay, occupied by his brother Charles, has been burned down by the Irregulars because he served with the National Army. The minds and methods of militarists and despots are the same the world over.

Simon McInerney, an Irregular leader, ordered his followers to destroy Kilrush Coastguard Station and Barrack, and then retired on Kilkee, where he issued a similar order. He was found by the Troops "dug in" under a publichouse counter, and is now resting from his labours at Limerick Jail.

Lillis, another Irregular leader in this area, boldly delivered himself and his arms into the hands of the Troops near Lissycasey. He has sent a solemn injunction to his followers to fight on.

Sergeant McCabe, who was killed at Carrickmacross during the attack on the barracks on Tuesday morning, had a splendid record in the fight against the British prior to the Truce. In those days he was actually one of a party who attacked Carrickmacross Barracks when the building was occupied by the R.I.C.

MICHEAL O COILEAIN.

Rugged example to the nation's youth,
Of purpose, never swerving from the line,
Of high ideals, kept all unsoiled and fine—
Integrity, a stainless honour, truth;
A sympathy that reached forth tender hands;
A pity, quick to feel another's hurt;
A steady, seeing mind, a wit alert;
A single justice to all life's demands,
Great in small things as well as great in great;
Who took a soldier's death as recompense
For duty done as leader of the State,
His heritage, the love a nation gives,
An honoured memory while honour lives.

A. W. C.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Staff Captain Corri, O.C., Portobello Barracks, has been appointed Vice-Commandant, Gormanstown Camp.

Staff Captain P. Dalton has been appointed O.C., Portobello Barracks.

Staff Captain Hegarty has been transferred from General Headquarters to Newbridge, where he has been appointed O.C., Troops.

The Work to hand

Our Regular Army had scarcely been called into being when it found itself faced with difficulties from within.

It had only begun to develop when it was called upon—in its yet infantile stage—to fight against a serious menace to the national liberty.

Necessarily an Army having its birth and first growth under such conditions cannot easily attain to the full ideal of its promoters.

But out of evil cometh good.

The present conflict in Ireland has, for one thing, proved the mettle of the men and officers alike in the Army.

And it has also shown the people, and those in arms against the nation, the futility and criminality of waging a war amongst ourselves.

But over and above the strife of the moment we must look ahead towards the future.

We must recollect that the Army is but in the making, and that we are now creating traditions which will have a vital influence on the Army of the future.

There are one or two Brigades, and at least one Division in the Army, have already won for themselves a tradition for bravery and courage in the field of immense value to the morale of the units concerned, and a gain to the Army as a whole.

We need a greater development of this spirit of endeavour towards efficiency.

The army of any nation is what its officers make it.

Let them be men of character, of thought, self-respecting and strenuous in their labour, and the rank and file will be efficient.

We are slowly but surely moulding the Irish Army of the future. It behoves us, therefore, to take heed of our responsibilities.

There is a great and glorious future for the Army of the Nation if we but lay solid and lasting foundations.

We can best achieve this end by visualising our obligations to the people and the nation.

By evolving an Army—not militaristic in purpose, but guided by worthy motives and high ideals.

By building up an Army worthy of Ireland and her people.

Officered by men of integrity and honour, who will give and spend themselves in the creation of an efficient, well-trained and capable force.

Officered, too, by men who will regard their commissions as a calling to a period of strenuous and unselfish service to the nation.

Look to the future! Do you wish to see the Army of the Irish Nation one of the glories of her State, the pride of her people, and a fit compeer for the armies of the other nations of Europe.

This can only be accomplished by much labour and not a little sacrifice.

Each and every one of us who pride in our Army must take a share of the work.

There must be no laxity, no aversion of a proper discipline, no slipshod methods.

We must be always striding towards the perfect, not the mediocre.

With efficient commands the future of the Army is assured.

The rank and file will always be equal to the lead their officers give them.

Few armies in the world have more courageous or willing soldiers.

The work lies at our hand. Let us do it.

Day by Day

SEPTEMBER 1—One officer and three soldiers travelling in a motor car near Corbally were ambushed by Irregulars who threw several hand grenades. The party left the car and drove off the Irregulars. One of the troops was slightly wounded.

Troops from Columb Barracks, Mullingar, operating at Fore, North Westmeath, captured 6 Irregulars with their arms.

A party of Irregulars, estimated at 30, attacked Kilbeggan Barracks in the early hours of the morning. The garrison numbering about 10 men drove off the attackers.

Proceeding from Enniskerry through Shankhill, a party of troops of the 2nd Eastern Brigade surprised a band of Irregulars near the Railway station who opened fire on the troops. The troops replied to the fire and subsequently captured 3 of the assailants. Dixon, one of the Irregulars, was seriously wounded.

Galbally, East Tipperary, was attacked by Irregulars with rifle and machine-gun fire. The garrison turned out and repulsed the attack. Two of the troops were slightly wounded.

SEPTEMBER 2—300 Irregulars, using 10 machine-guns, 2 armoured cars, and a trench mortar, made a concentrated attack upon Macroom. After a fight, which lasted nearly nine hours, the attackers were beaten off with heavy casualties. The troops had 2 dead and 2 wounded.

A movement by troops of the East Limerick Brigade in the Enly and Hospital districts resulted in the capture of 7 armed Irregulars.

Machine-gun fire was opened by Irregulars on unarmed troops who were formed up to receive their pay at the Cork City Club. Two of the troops were killed and 14 wounded.

A raiding party of troops located a munition factory and armoury in a house at the corner of South Mall and Queen Street, Cork. The material captured included 3 boxes of grenades, 2 bags of bombs, 8 rifles, 8 revolvers, and large quantities of ammunition, some of which was of an explosive type. An apparatus for the manufacture of dum-dum ammunition was also taken.

An engagement between a detachment of troops and a large body of Irregulars was fought at an open spot midway between Dungarvan and Kilmacthomas. The main body of the Irregulars was located here and taken by surprise. The troops captured 10 prisoners including a local Irregular leader named James Morrissey, described as "Captain and Adjutant." Several Irregulars were wounded but the troops suffered no casualties.

Reconnoitring between Cree and Cooraclare, West Clare, a patrol of troops surrounded and captured 9 Irregulars with their arms and other equipment.

Entering Newpark Lodge, Stillorgan Road, Dublin, to make a search of the premises, a party of troops was fired on by four Irregulars who occupied the house. The troops replied to the fire and two of the Irregulars named Leo Murray and Rodney Murphy were killed. The remaining two were made prisoners. One of them was slightly wounded in the back. During the encounter one of the troops was slightly wounded. A quantity of arms and grenades was discovered in possession of the Irregulars.

SEPTEMBER 3—The troops occupying Bantry were subjected to heavy rifle and machine gun fire. The fire was replied to and the attackers silenced.

Castle Gore, Ballina, the seat of the Earl of Arran, was burned to the ground by a band of Irregulars. The damage is estimated at £100,000.

A searching operation was carried out by troops at Blackrock, near Dundalk, and several arrests made.

A party of Irregulars numbering about 30 attacked a patrol of troops in the village of Castleconnell. The patrol engaged the attackers until reinforcements arrived when the Irregulars were driven out in disorder. Sergeant Major McArthur was killed and Sergeant Riordan wounded. The casualties amongst the Irregulars are not known.

SEPTEMBER 4—Irregulars attacked Blarney with machine-guns from the high ground to the South-West of the village, but were beaten off by the local garrison consisting of troops of the 1st Cork Reserve.

Troops under Comdt. General Hannigan succeeded in surprising a large force of Irregulars who had prepared an ambush at Glencanane, Co. Limerick. The Irregulars were defeated and 12 of them made prisoners with their arms and ammunition. Lieut-Downes, Dublin Guards, was wounded during the engagement.

SEPTEMBER 5—Carrickmacross Barracks, occupied by a garrison of 40 troops, was attacked by Irregulars before dawn. The attack was repulsed after an hour's heavy fighting. During the engagement Sergeant McCabe was killed and two soldiers wounded.

SEPTEMBER 6—A party of troops en route from Ballyhaunis to Kilkelly were ambushed by a large number of Irregulars about a mile from their destination. The troops replied to the fire, and after a hand-to-hand fight, captured 3 Irregular leaders. Five of the troops were wounded and the Irregulars sustained 7 casualties.

In the course of a successful round up in West Clare the troops captured a number of Irregulars with their arms and ammunition. The prisoners included a prominent local leader named Phil Shannon.

A party of Irregulars attempted to mine Rialto, Bridge, South Circular Road, Dublin, in the early hours of the morning. While the work was proceeding troops arrived and the Irregulars rapidly dispersed, leaving behind a quantity of arms and ammunition.

Suil Fheachaint ar Chursa an Choga.

I gCORCAIGH.

Timeheall a deich a chlog ar maidin Dé Sathairn tugadh foghu iuilteach fé's na trúpaí náisiúnta abhi i bhfeidhil Cunnaim na Cathrach i geathair Corcaighe. Is amhlaidh bhí na fir bailithe na ngasraí ar an dtaobh amuigh den oifig d'fhonn a geuid pá d'fháil. De phreibh ón dtaobh thall den abhainn do dhrigheadh gúna maisín fútha. Fear a tháinig ar rothar mótaíir dhein an gúna d'oibriu. San am céadna do chrom snoigheadóirí ar sgaoileadh leis ó áirdibh eile. Ní raibh airm ag na saighdiuirí agus thar a raibh sé d'uain aca fasga do shroisint marófadh beirt aca agus gonadh ceithre duine déag aca. Ist oíche Dia Luain do thug na nearialtaigh fé gach aon phost sa chathair. Sgaoileadh a lán luaidh ach níor aimsíodh aoinne. Deineadh an cleas céadna i tPortláirge. Cheap a lán daoine ná raibh fhios aca cionnas gunna a láimseáil sa chathair úd. Bí dearmhad ortha.

MAGHCHROMTHA.

Tugadh go fórsúil fé'n an mbaile so um bhreaca an lae Dé Sathairn. D'úsáideadh carraí armtha, gunnaí maisín agus martaor tríní san iarracht. Bhí an éirleach ar siúl le breis agus seacht uair a clog. Briseadh ar lucht an amuis agus do cuireadh ruaig ortha. Do chailleadar a lán. Beirt marbh agus beirt eile gonta ar thaobh an airm.

DUINE IN AGHAIDH DEICHNIUR.

Céad go leith des na nearialtaigh do tharla ar phairtí den arn i geomharsanacht Cill Uird Dia Sathairn. D'fhógair siad rath no géilleód ortha. Do ghlac an gasra beag leis an geomhrac. Do ghabhadar tríotha go buac ag breith seisear leo na príosúnaigh. Bhí Danny Boy mar cúl aca.

FILLEANN AN FEALL.

Aige Lios na Leanbh ar theorainn Luimnigh agus Corcaighe do bhí na nearialtaigh ag ollú ambuis nuair do tháinig an Taoiseach O Hannagáin ortha ós gach taobh den gleann. Do deineadh troid reatha do chothú ar feadh cúpla uair. Marófadh duine agus deineadh 30 príosúnach.

A Deed of Mercy—and its Reward

Patrick Comer, a young soldier in the Army Medical Service, went with another soldier of the Red Cross unit to Kildysart, Co. Clare, to take a wounded soldier to hospital in a Red Cross car on the 21st ult. On the return journey the car was attacked by twenty Irregulars and Comer shot dead. A report issued from Divisional Headquarters, Ennis, describing the callous deed, says: "Poor Comer got a bullet through the lung, which tore through flesh and bone and artery. He lay prone in his Red Cross car, the blood of this good Irish Christian soldier reddening his tunic; in harmony with symbol of mercy on his arm. His murderers fired on, but there was no reply. No Red Cross man bears arms. At length the firing ceased, and the dying man's companion approached the slayers of his comrade for help. They laughed, lighted their cigarettes, and stalked away.

"When the murderers had departed, Comer's companion approached some neighbouring houses and asked for a horseman to fetch a priest. He was refused in this Christian district. 'We dare not; they would shoot us.' Was it for such the Martyrs died? We pass them by. A good Samaritan cyclist who happened to pass fetched a priest and Comer was happy. He died with the love of God sustaining his brave soul.

"It may be remembered that after the attack on Kildysart barracks that it was Red Cross Ambulance Driver P. Comer, when he heard that there

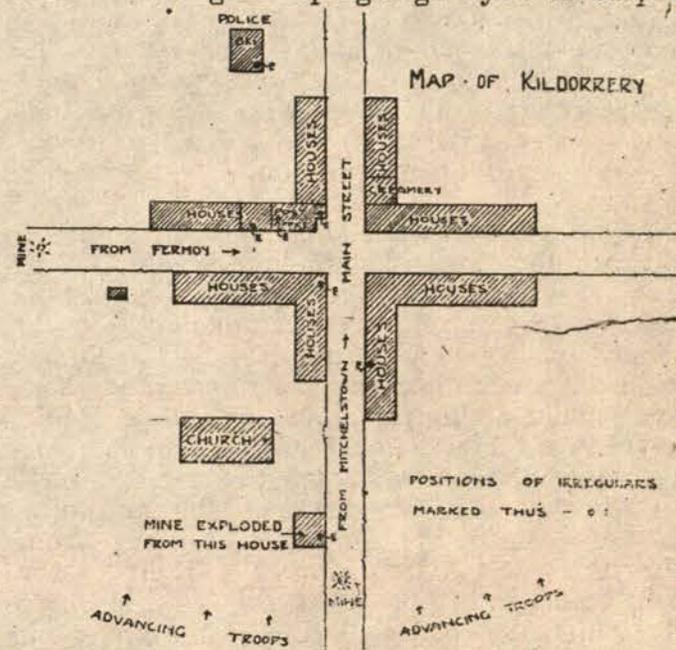
Letters of a Guardsman

Mitchelstown.

A Sheáin a chroí istigh,

We're playing a hide and seek game, apparently. I was looking forward on my journey to the city to the pleasure of meeting you once more, but judge my disappointment when I again reached the Bush to learn that you and all the rest of the boys had gone off to the front. Talk about Oisín after the Fenians, or MacLiaig's lament for the vanished chiefs of Kincora. 'Twas nothing compared to my feelings when I stood alone that evening in the crowded square, though Irregular snipers did all they possibly could to rouse and entertain me. Your letter from Tipp, and the one from Seamus from Kerry arrived just in time to avert a tragedy; but if they did, they helped also to emphasise my own comparative inactivity, and to fill me with a longing desire to be up and doing.

The opportunity soon come. Commandant O'Connor, who had been up for a day or two, was returning to Tipp. I volunteered to go on the escort. I was again hoping to give you the surprise



of your life, but found on arrival that you had gone off again, and that Cork was probably your destination. However, I had the satisfaction of meeting some of the lads, and soon felt somewhat like my old self.

I was only a few days in Tipperary when we were shifted to Mitchelstown. I had read many newspaper accounts of the enthusiasm with which our troops were everywhere received, and was more or less inclined to look upon these accounts as being somewhat exaggerated. But I have seen for myself. The townspeople went actually wild, and vied with each other in providing us with tea and refreshments. Of course, the Irregulars did not neglect us altogether. From time to time their snipers saluted us with an odd burst of machine-gun fire. On Friday morning we were roused at 5 a.m. This was a new experience for me, but as

were four wounded Irregulars, whom their companions deserted—two of them subsequently died from exposure and wounds—lying in Kildysart, went out immediately by himself for them, and got the wounded men put into his ambulance, and brought them to the Infirmary, Ennis. This was his reward—refused the consolation of a priest."

breakfast was served us immediately, it reconciled one somewhat to the early break in one's badly needed slumbers. The morning was not exactly an ideal one for early rising. There was a heavy fog or slight drizzle that made one feel very uncomfortable as we lined up and prepared to march. In the grey dawn of the morning we started out. Our progress for two or three miles was slow, as the country was close and thickly wooded. We then had a mile or so of open country. Suddenly in the distance, at a considerable elevation above the surrounding country, the familiar outlines of a town appeared. For the next three miles Kildorrery—our Cork comrades told us the name—stared down at us. We knew by this time that it was our destination, and furthermore that it was occupied by a strong body of Irregulars, one of the most active of their flying columns, in fact.

Kildorrery is built on the summit of a steep hill at the junction of four roads. The one we were marching on—from Mitchelstown to Mallow—is here intersected by the road from Kilmallock to Fermoy. I enclose a well-drawn sketch which a friend of mine with ability in that direction has made; 'twill help you to follow the fight.

The Irregulars from their vantage points on the heights must have had us under observation for the greater part of an hour. Scarcely had our advance scouts reached the outskirts of the town when their outposts opened fire from a position in a house about 100 yards from the point where mine is marked in sketch.

Our forces were extended and were advancing in the same order as described in your account of Tipperary. Lieut. Gaffney was on the left, Capt. O'Sullivan on the right, while the Commandant's party advanced in file along the road. The Irregulars' position was undoubtedly a strong one. They held the post office, a building projecting into the Main Street. A machine-gun placed in its upper windows controlled the full length of the street, while the guns in windows of the adjoining house, owing to the elevated positions, controlled the back. Houses on the right of the Main Street were also fortified and strongly held, while the police barracks at the south side of Mallow road dominated the whole of that side of the town. After a sharp exchange between our scouts and their outposts, during which the mine already referred to was exploded, the attack proper began. Lieutenant Gaffney's lads on the left succeeded in gaining the cover of the church wall, and directed a brisk fire on the windows of the house next the post office. This fire was so effective and so well maintained that our centre was enabled to advance along the back without further interruption from that quarter.

We soon disposed of the positions in Main Street and the high house next to the post office. The Irregulars were now confined to the latter building and to the police barracks. We were by this time in possession of the corner of the street from which the post office projects. Our rifle fire from the corner was so accurate that the machine gunners in occupation dared not show up. We were thus enabled to advance on its front. Captain O'Sullivan had long since swung round and was attacking the windows on the west side of the house. A well-directed grenade swept in the front window from which the machine-gun played. Then, with a rousing cheer we swept in the door. The occupants at once surrendered, and we prepared to advance on their last position. The barrack was strongly

An Irregular Code of Warfare.

The Army of Ireland should not possess any weapons or equipment but such as are of Irish manufacture. (Bows and arrows may be used, also pea shooters and cutlery).

The Irregulars should possess all the Guns and Ammunition and Equipment they can lay hands on to slay Irish soldiers. There is no objection to British or German guns when used for this purpose.

The National Troops should never fire on the Irregulars, even when the Irregulars are attacking them. To do so would be fratricidal strife, and firing on brother Irishmen.

The Irregulars may and should fire whenever possible. Firing on the National Troops is not fratricidal strife. Irregulars should engage in sniping whenever they can do so. This always gives an opportunity to kill civilians, who, of course, are not brother Irishmen—only ordinary Irish citizens without guns.

Irregulars who have hoisted the White Flag and surrendered unconditionally should be treated as privileged persons, even though they have made war on the Irish people. They should not be insulted by being asked to conform to the regulations which are made to secure order in the places where they are detained. They must not be subjected to any inconveniences, and should be allowed to break up and destroy as much public property as possible in such places.

They should be allowed to throw bricks on the National soldiers on guard. This is merely a necessary recreation to recuperate their health. The National Troops on guard should not, under any provocation whatever, take steps to prevent breaches of discipline, but should see that their prisoners are supplied with a plentiful supply of missiles to enable them to assault the guard.

Ordinary people, all the available men in the districts where the Irregulars operate, should be "commandeered" to "labour, working day and night to make roads impassable. The man who does not obey at present must receive the extreme penalty. You are at liberty to inflict same on any who disobey your orders.—E. Aylward, O.C."

In short, to play the game of war according to the Irregulars, the Army of Ireland should play fool while the Irregulars play the terrorist Dictators.

fortified, sand-bagged and shuttered. In the opening stages of the attack the Commandant was struck with pieces of an exploding grenade. But at the same time fighting General Murphy arrived on the scene with Danny Boy. This decided the fight. You never in all your life heard such a cheer as greeted the fighting General. The boys were filled, as it were, with tenfold energy, and with wild cheers dashed recklessly to the attack. Captain O'Sullivan, who led the assault on the rear of the building, was a beauty, and he was ably supported by C Company, who rendered an excellent account of themselves.

We made very large captures of guns, etc., and were received as conquering heroes on our return. How do you like Cork? Send us on a full account of your landing there. Will write again soon when certain of your address.

TOMAS.

AN T-ÓSLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 15 (New Series).

SEPTEMBER 16, 1922.

PRICE-TWOPENCE.

The Military Situation

Reviewed by Minister for Defence

At Tuesday's meeting of Dail Eireann, General Mulcahy (Minister of Defence) said he disliked going back into past history, particularly in view of the fact that the different groups in the House had very definitely given assurances that they were going to see that the Treaty was secured, and that on that particular point that Parliament, as fully representing the people, was simply one great group (hear, hear). It was worth going back a little, although they had to get forward, realising that they were in a very dangerous situation. It was worth saying what the policy of the Government was with regard to the Army after the passing of the Treaty and after setting up a Ministry committed to seeing that Treaty through. Differences arose in the Army. Hot-headed men wanted to pull one way, and others another. The position was that the English were clearing out of the country; they were evacuating their barracks, and they had an opportunity of coming from these camps in the country and little corners on the hills where during the period after the Truce they trained for any danger that might come again for their country. They had the chance of coming into proper military barracks, and of strengthening themselves in a very much better military equipment and organisation than they were in at any time.

TO AVOID SPLIT.

Appeal to Army to Wait for Definite Issue.

The Army was appealed to not to raise questions upon which they could split in this particular atmosphere, to wait until there was something definite to decide for or against, to wait until the Constitution was definitely produced, as it would be in three or four or six months, and when they saw the actual effect of the Constitution, then they would have before them something upon which they could say: "We will not take this, or, in all the circumstances, we will take it."

Continuing, General Mulcahy said they would then be able to arrive at a decision with greater strength. Heads would be clearer, and if there were a number of heads clear enough, and a number of hearts strong enough, and if there were elements of dishonour to this country in the Constitution, then they would have at any rate as much military strength as they would be able to gather in the country; and if there was a voice able and strong enough to speak to the country, they would have weapons to get the answer they wanted.

THE CORRECT POLICY.

He felt absolutely assured that the policy put before the Army was correct. If men left the Army it was men who took up a different attitude. The point had been raised as to the conversations which had taken place between different sections of the Army, and what transpired at these conversations. Conversations did take place. The President, in his statement yesterday, read a document worth reading again in this connection. It was the final vote on which these negotiations broke down; and the memorandum was handed in on June 25 by Rory O'Connor and Ernest O'Malley. The question then arose, he continued, what was the general position on the day that notice was served? Generally the position with regard to the Army and the result of the efforts to bring about unification were that five members of the agreed Army Council of seven were in favour of unification on the lines indicated in the following memorandum:—

UNIFICATION.

Scheme Agreed to by Army Council.

- (1) All ranks and positions to be as on 1st December, 1921, except where objection is held to any appointment on the grounds of—
 - (a) Inefficiency.
 - (b) The officer being so unacceptable to his command that he cannot reasonably be expected to make a success of it.
 - (c) Re-organisation proposals.
 - (d) Bad record.

Special cases and appeals to be gone into by the Director of Organisation and recommendations submitted to the Staff.

(2) Ex-soldiers of other armies to be employed ordinarily only in the training or advisory capacity; only those whose record and character stand scrutiny to be so employed (this rule not to apply to men who fought with us).

(3) Re-organisation. Staff to be appointed under L.L. as D.C.S. to re-organise the Army, with instructions that all inefficient officers be dispensed with.

(4) Divisions shall be recruited and controlled locally.

(5) Appointments.—Promotions shall be based on war record, personal character and ability, and individual records be compiled forthwith under a scheme to be outlined by G.H.Q. Staff.

(6) No man to be victimised because of honest political views.

(7) The Army ideal to be looked for shall be the training militarily of the youth of Ireland. All men of military age to have an opportunity to be trained as soldiers. The standing Army to be as small as possible.

(8) The training syllabus shall be drafted as such with a view to giving men a Gaelic outlook as to making them efficient soldiers. A mercenary army must be avoided.

(9) Members of the Army shall not ordinarily be concerned with the maintenance of law and order except in so far as all good citizens should be.

(10) The Committee engaged in finding a settlement basis must take cognisance of the fact that as extremely bitter feeling obtains between both sides in many areas, and that it may be found impossible to get either side to work under the command of officers from the other side, this may be got over by drafting in officers native to the area, who are at present serving in other districts.

(11) In some of the much-disturbed districts there seems to be no Volunteer organisation. An effort should be made at once to get a number of men from these districts into barracks for a severe course of training. Those elements which make disorder might, if properly handled, develop into first-class Volunteers.

GENERAL PROPOSALS.

"These," said General Mulcahy, "as I say, were the general points on agreement, and they indicated something of what was in the minds of both sides. The next are general Army proposals submitted to us by the Four Courts people. They are:—

(1) With regard to the Army a periodical Convention to elect an Army Council of say 7.

(2) Both the Minister for Defence, who shall be appointed in the ordinary way by the Government, and the Chief of Staff, who shall be appointed by the Minister for Defence, shall require the approval by a majority vote of the Army Council.

(3) Each member of the Army Council to be full-time senior military appointments attached to G.H.Q. Staff or to be O/C's of a division.

(4) After a certain period when our Military Schools of Instruction have been properly set up, no person to be eligible for election to a membership of the Army Council without possession of certain defined military and general educational qualifications.

(5) All appointments to commissioned ranks shall be recommended by the Chief of Staff and confirmed by the Minister for Defence.

(6) Divisional areas to be enlarged and number of divisions reduced. Both troops in barracks and ordinary Volunteer units to come under the Divisional Command, with the exception of the Curragh training establishment, or any of its adjuncts.

ARMY CONTROL.

Appointment of Temporary Council.

The immediate proposals with regard to the control of the Army, Mr. Mulcahy continued, were an agreed Army Council, to be composed of R. J. Mulcahy, E. O'Duffy, G. O'Sullivan, F. O'Donoghue, Liam Lynch, Sean Moylan, Liam Mellowes, and Rory O'Connor.

That was to be a temporary Council. The chief Executive officers of G.H.Q. Staff were:—Chief of Staff—Eoin O'Duffy. Deputy Chief of Staff in Charge of the Special Reorganisation—Liam Lynch. Deputy Chief of Staff in Charge of Training Operations—Liam Decies.

Adjt.-General—G. O'Sullivan. Quartermaster-General—S. McMahon. Director of Intelligence—F. O'Donoghue. A convention was to be held when the Director of Organisation was satisfied that the reorganisation of the Army was fairly satisfactorily complete. That was when a fairly stable condition had been restored in the Army.

Now, proceeded the Minister, he would not recommend any young Government to organise its army along these lines. But, considering the circumstances, and what they were faced with in order to get an agreement with men who wanted to set up a dictatorship, they allowed themselves to be dragged from what would be the lines of organisation of an army properly subject to a Government—from lines that would command them if they were formed by pressure that was brought to bear upon them.

"DICTATORSHIP."

Five out of the Army Council of seven agreed to that. The proposals came before the Executive meeting held on the 14th of June, and they were turned down for this reason, that the remaining two members of the Council and he took it—some following in the Executive and in the Convention—decided that the man who would be placed in complete control of the Army from the military point of view would be the man who had a very short time ago recommended the idea of a dictatorship, and thought it should be introduced gradually, and that he was out for the suppression of the Press at once, the stopping of the elections, and said that that should be done before anything about it would leak out. This was the man who also, time after time, had assured them in very close and intimate conversation that he would not allow the Treaty to be worked.

Whatever affection they might have for this man, due to their long association with him, and due to their appreciation of his very sterling character, as people of responsibility before the people of the country, and as people in the eyes of the English with whom they had made a pact—as a Government they could not have put as chief military head of the Army a man who had publicly taken up that. They could not recommend it to the Government. The Government of the time, he should say, with very many misgivings, gave in to himself and the late Commander-in-Chief as knowing about the people they were dealing with. "As a matter of fact," he went on, "we were dealing with little bits of mercury that slipped from this side to that side whenever we came to anything like grips with them."

THE FOUR COURTS.

Action Taken as Coup was Meditated.

"Before the new Government was formed," he continued, "and before Parliament met on the following Saturday, the Government took action against the people in the Four Courts. We took action because a coup was meditated, and because so far as it was possible for us as human beings to foresee, we foresaw that if we did not take the move we did that this Parliament would never meet."

"It has been stated that the Executive people planned an attack against the English. Well, this is a document in the handwriting of one of the members of the Executive, and it reads [it is a draft resolution]:—

"That this Executive Council of the I.R.A. hereby decides that in our opinion the only means of maintaining the Republic is by giving the English 72 hours' notice to evacuate the country. In view of this Pact we hereby decide that the general headquarters of the Army Council be directed to carry out the suggestions contained in the sub-connected report."

"This report," said General Mulcahy, "is headed, 'Report of Executive Sub-Committee,' and it goes on to say:—

"In accordance with the decision of the Executive requesting a report on the general situation, as affected by the impending war with the English forces in this country, we wish to place the following statistics and suggestions before the Executive under the following heads:—"

CAMPAIGN OUTLINED.

Then followed the details of the comparative strength of the British and Irish forces, and then it said:—

"Activities: Twenty-six Counties.—Destruction of all barracks occupied by our troops; attack the present post and positions held by the English troops; the striking at English forces should be made wherever possible in an area where pro-Treaty troops occupy, so that they may be brought into collision with the English; clearing out the English from Dublin Castle; action to be taken against the English General Staff and members of the Cabinet; reprisals in England for shelling."

"Six-County Area.—Boycott; destruction of warehouses; activities against Oranges lodges, and as much activity against the English as possible, but don't suggest sending any reinforcements from Southern Ireland, as the strength of our forces will not allow it."

"That general information from this particular document was not in their hands when they took the decision they did, but they had the information. And with that information they found that a raid for a large number of motor cars was made in Dublin, and the Government

practically decided that the occupants of the Four Courts were to be proceeded against.

"That decision was practically taken, though not formally taken, before Lieut.-General O'Connell was arrested on the same night. Those of them who were responsible for the decision felt that they were justified in it, and that they could not run the risk of allowing the people in the Four Courts to move against the British."

PEACE ESSENTIALS.

Sword Must Give Place to Constitutional Ways.

"The question has been put to the Executive," the Minister of Defence continued, "as to what the Government's intentions are in regard to the war. We have been asked is there no way in which a word may be uttered from the Ministerial Benches, which will give some hope to the country that nothing less than a grinding into dust is going to satisfy the powers that be? There are certain essentials for peace in this country, and the

1st is, in my opinion, that some body representing the people be allowed to work the Treaty, and

2—That they be allowed to work with the best Constitution that they can get under it.

3—That the sword must not be again thrown into the situation by anybody with a view to imposing thereby the demand of moulding any particular clause in the Constitution into a particular form against the expressed vote of the Parliament.

4—That opposition to the Government working the Constitution framed in accordance with the Treaty must be along Constitutional lines.

5—That the army must be the people's army and responsible absolutely to the National Government (cheers).

6—That the Government shall control by its regulations all arms held in the country (cheers).

These were details, he added, that to-day and to-morrow they might have difficulties about, but if they got them accepted generally throughout the country, and if they had no body of people challenging any one of these six points in arms, then they could have peace and they could settle all the other details in time, at any rate.

SOURCES OF OPPOSITION.

"My opinion," he continued, "is that certain points of these are not unchallenged in the country by force of arms, and I have gone as deeply and closely into the matter as it has been possible to go. And here is the attitude that I find. There is opposition to these fundamental principles by three classes, who are for the moment all in one whole. There is the opposition by people who may be classed as politicians; people who may be classed as honest soldiers, and people who may be classed as criminals (cheers). And the honest soldiers have been misled, and they are waiting for a word from the politicians to say that they are travelling the wrong road.

"And the politicians are in this particular frame of mind:—'We signed a Pact with those who support the Treaty, and we signed it in order to avoid a terrible state of things. We were led into signing that Pact by the light of reason, and in signing it we bowed our heads in the light of reason,' but men of Faith arose and took action, and they dropped their hands by their sides, and they say to themselves, through pure lack of moral courage:—'After all, perhaps, it is better to be led by faith than reason.' That is the attitude of the politicians of the day to whom the soldiers look, and with that attitude of the politicians, and with the soldiers' soldiers, and with the criminals' criminals, every one of these six points that I mentioned as fundamental for peace in this country is challenged by force of arms. That, I say, is my impression of the situation."

VIGOROUS ACTION.

Government's Duty to Check Armed Opposition.

Failing a statement to that effect, the work that was before the Government was to vindicate its authority, because if they weakened in any of those ways all security in the country and all stability was gone. Those points were necessary to any long-established Government. He did not want at that moment to go into details of how the armed forces opposed to them was to be met. But they had to be met vigorously, and whatever squeamishness they might have about taking life, they could not be squeamish about jeopardising the lives of the people who threatened the lives of the people. If they could get rid of that force without taking life—if they could capture them and put them in gaol they would try to do it. He was satisfied that the House would go forward at once and constructively in the future. The point was raised as to who would be responsible in the future for keeping order in the country.

The Army, he said, must be responsible, because there was no other force or organisation to do it. But there was a way of challenging it and saying that because it was called upon to deal with law and order in any particular area it did its work in the only way that an army could do it, and there was no use in saying, "Oh, this is militarism." It must be remembered that there were people in the army who would insist upon the fact that the civil administration must take its place. If there had been weaknesses in the past they were attributable to the fact that some people responsible for the civil side were not in sympathy with people responsible for the army because the army side did not feel that the civil side were working as vigorously and con-

fully negotiated clearly showed that they were prepared to make a stand at this point. It was now too late to open an attack, so we roused on the outskirts of the village and exchanged friendly greetings now and again with snipers who serenaded us during the night. We were roused from my slumbers by "O'Brien's voice." 'Twas hoarse, but it must have been with something akin to joy, for he was declaiming at his highest pitch our old friend—

"T'anam un Dia, but there it is,
The dawn on the Hills of Ireland."

It was as good as any reveille. 'Twas a glorious sight, but Rochestown lay in front, and Irregulars with machine-guns held all the approaches. No time for going into ecstasies about grey dawns and opal hushes. Rochestown is only a small place, consisting of scattered groups of houses, but it was very firmly held. The fortified buildings controlled the approaches by road, whilst all available points on its flanks were held. This disposition of the Irregular forces delayed our enveloping movement, and the battle opened on the flanks where our advance was strongly resisted. The battle continued for hours, and the continual din of rifle and machine-gun fire was deafening. The big gun was brought into action and discharged four or five shells at the Irregulars' positions, and—well, that settled Rochestown.

The town was abandoned, the Irregulars falling back on Douglas. We had here a badly-needed rest before entering on the last lap. Next evening we resumed our advance. Captains Cenlan and Friel were on the right, Comdt. Kilcoyne on the left. The country on our right was thickly wooded, affording excellent cover to the Irregular forces thrown in to check our advance. Every inch of ground was hotly contested on his side. We were frequently obliged to traverse open glades in face of very heavy fire from concealed positions, and from almost every farmhouse machine-gunners had to be dislodged. But we cleared them out of all the advanced posts, and forced them to retire on their prepared position in town.

At 9 a.m. next morning we resumed the assault on town. On this occasion the principal opposition was encountered on our left. The Irregulars brought an armoured car into action here to support their rifle-men; our double-turreted car countered, and a beautiful bit of scrapping followed, in which the Irregulars were compelled to retreat, leaving road to left free. As our right flank had already gained the right side of the town, we were now in complete possession. Elaborate preparations had been made for prolonged resistance. Houses were strongly fortified and loop-holed, and mines laid.

That evening we entered Cork. The armoured car was first to enter. Mines were exploded on Parnell Bridge, and one of them very nearly gave yours truly his dependant's allowance in earnest. That reminds me—Poor O'Neill is much worried over his D.A. He doesn't mind one bit about himself, but he's anxious about the kids. Of course, we all know there are considerable difficulties to contend with, and that things will right themselves in good time. But, for the love of Mike—Tom, will you see if you can do anything in O'Neill's case. Don't be rash, though. Don't do as the chap in the Four Courts Hotel did with—you know the story.

You might be able to broach the matter without using the term dependant's allowance. Won't you do your best?
Remember me to all the boys.

SEAN.

Self-Help

"Don't leave all the work to the Army; lend a hand yourselves." That is the advice we give to the civilian population in these days.

Now that the military power of the Irregulars is broken, they are concentrating their energies more and more on destruction, thereby setting the troops a harder task, in a way, than they had to face in the days of the fighting.

Obviously, when it aims at destruction, prevention is better than cure. But with our small Army, it is physically impossible to protect every bridge and every mile of railway in the country.

The people must help.

They cannot afford to stand by in patient indignation while their property is destroyed.

The people have been termed a flock of sheep. They must show the Irregulars that they are nothing of the kind.

Here and there a stand has been made. A few weeks ago we chronicled the uprising of the people of Mayo. Now the men of Clare have followed their example. Twenty-four counties have yet to take the step.

A small committee (the smaller the better, since actions not words are wanted) should get together in every village.

The men of the village should then be enrolled in a vigilance corps, divided into small sections, each with a leader.

General Mulcahy's Speech

The military aspect of the Minister of Defence's statement in Parliament deserves the serious attention of every soldier.

Taking us back to pre-mutiny days, when attempts were being made to bridge the gap between the two sections of the Army, General Mulcahy showed how compromise was made impossible by the determination of the mutinous section to ride rough-shod over every principle that conflicted with their own domination. An independent army with a policy of its own would be a danger to any State, especially to a weak State disorganised by recent war. But an independent army with a policy directly opposed to that of the nation means inevitable civil war as the only alternative to submission to armed tyranny. That was the issue forced on an unwilling and too forbearing democracy by our would-be despots.

When the negotiations broke down—as they were bound to do under the circumstances—the mutineers attempted the greatest possible crime against their country: namely, to commit her, against her declared will, to war with England, thereby dishonouring her signature and involving her in inevitable disaster.

Such a plot against the honour and existence of the country had to be crushed at once, and so, even without the assistance of such outrages as the raid on Ferguson's and the kidnapping of General O'Connell, the war had to begin the day it did.

General Mulcahy then proceeded to lay the foundations of peace. Six conditions were essential: (1) The Treaty to be carried out. (2) The best possible Constitution to be secured under it. (3) Force must not be used in arguing any clause of the Constitution. (4) Opposition to the Government must be on Constitutional lines. (5) The Army must be responsible to the National Government. (6) All arms must be in control of the Government—in fact, the acceptance of principles of government which are undisputed in any civilised country in any part of the world.

Every one of these points, said the General, was now being forcibly challenged in Ireland, and so long as that went on they would oppose force by force. He concluded with a hopeful note for the future. When the fighting is done, the Army will co-operate in the work of reconstruction and relieving unemployment. Soldiers retiring from the Army will be employed in improving the roads, in drainage, in house-building, etc. If General Mulcahy's suggestions are adopted, our Army will be, unlike every other army, an economic asset to the country instead of an expensive necessity.

As many sections as are found necessary should be called up for duty for, say, one day, or three, or a week—and regularly relieved at the end of the period.

They need not be armed, though, if they are, all the better. Unarmed patrols must make scouting their strong point, so that they may scent the danger from afar and bring troops to their help.

Remember that every bridge and line destroyed means fresh immediate disorganisation, and a few more thousands on to the bill of costs that looms in the future.

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structively as they should, and the army was weakened and exposed because it had to do what particularly should have been done by the civil administration, and not only that but the civil side was weakened and prejudiced in the eyes of the enemy.

A CREDIT TO THE ARMY.

When they spoke of indiscipline in the Army they asked for some sympathy, realising the position of the Army at the present moment. If some young men in the Army pushed up against individuals here and there in a rough and tactless way, then it was a great credit to the Army as a whole, and the young men of the country who formed it, that there was not more complaint along those lines. They realised the danger of indiscipline in the Army and the danger of awkwardness in dealing with public matters on the part of Army Officers, and the greatest factor that would help them in getting rid of those would be a sign in the country of a return to civilisation. Let them see their courts in operation and the police exercising their proper authority, and then the Army would soon find its place (cheers).

The point had been raised as to whether the Government did not consider that the national position was that the people only accepted the Treaty because they should do so, and that they accepted as something short of their ultimate demand. He accepted the Treaty as giving them a position short of what he would wish their national position to be, and he accepted it as against the state of things they were emerging from; he accepted it as giving them a position from which they might look forward to the highest pinnacle of their national dignity and national honour, and so that the nation-killing irritation between nations, that they had suffered from up to the present, and of which they had some very sad examples, might end.

RECONSTRUCTION.

Army to Offer its Measure of Assistance.

He would prefer to deal with the work of construction, and he did not sympathise with the spirit that put forward the amendment to the original resolution (hear hear). The state of military affairs that existed and the split in the Army had retarded dealing with the question of unemployment. Coming to the time when the Treaty was signed, and when, if it had been generally accepted, or accepted without any clash of arms in the country, the question of demobilising the men who had been withdrawn from the work of the country for military reasons and returning to their homes, men who though not on active military work were prevented from being in their homes by military operations, had been engaging the attention of the heads of the Army. They thought they might turn round when the military work was done and give some small contribution in the construction of the country in that spirit of service and co-operation that distinguished them in the Army, and that spirit of service and co-operation that Deputy Johnson spoke of on Saturday. They proposed to put one or two things to the Government: they were going to suggest that from amongst the men that would be free from the Army, but organised in civil works companies, should act under men who would act as volunteer officers and offer their services to the Government, and putting a few suggestions before them.

DAMMING UNEMPLOYMENT.

They intended to point out the importance of having some kind of a dam in the country into which they could drive unemployment in order to deal with it. There were certain public improvements, which were economic improvements, that was, that the money expended on them would return to the country in one way or another.

There were three particular matters in which they might offer their services in the beginning—first, better roads; second, drainage, and third, building.

They required better roads in certain parts of the country; they required them radiating from certain ports, also trunk roads. If roads of a proper type were made in the districts in which they were wanted, the money spent on the road-making would be saved to the country in two or three years. Motor transport would be developed as against railway transport, and if some of the unemployment at present were put to work on these trunk and radial roads from the ports, the method of dealing with unemployment would strengthen and enrich the country in the future. They also proposed as an experiment a small area of the river Blackwater, near Fermoy, by working a scheme that the Department of Agriculture had before it for a number of years. They had proposed to offer themselves as a gang of drainage workers to drain that area and let the Government and the people profit by the lesson.

QUESTION OF HOUSING.

Then the question of housing arose, and they felt that with better wages and greater leisure on the part of the workers that bad housing might give rise to as serious a situation of social unrest as bad hours and bad wages (hear, hear). They felt that if the housing system was tackled in a systematic and economic way, the money spent would not be wasted, and they need not be careful of the amount of money then put into it. They hoped that these schemes that they had in mind for utilising the loose end soldiers of the Anglo-Irish war would reappear very soon, when either the Government had put down the armed challenge to its authority or somebody had found that what he said about the authority being challenged was not true.

Day by Day

SEPTEMBER 7.—A sweeping movement started over a wide area, Tipperary mountains. Many prisoners taken.

Comdt. Gen. Hogan, with three men and the armoured car, "Dum Boy," surprised a column of Irregulars in the village of Toor and took nine prisoners with their arms and ammunition.

Hearing that Kinnegad Barrack was to be burned, a party of Irregulars proceeded to that district. They came across a party of Irregulars at Killucan crossroads, and after a short engagement made three prisoners. The remainder of the party got away in the darkness.

Athboy Police Barracks attacked by a large force of Irregulars. After an hour's fighting, the garrison, though small in numbers, beat off the attackers. One of the garrison, Volunteer Joseph Smith, was killed.

A party of troops returning from Miltown-Malbay were ambushed between Cooraclare and Kilmihill. Machine-gun and rifle-fire was opened on them by a large body of Irregulars. The troops vigorously replied to the fire. After a fight lasting about two hours the troops routed the ambushers, capturing four with their arms and ammunition. Two of the troops were slightly wounded.

SEPTEMBER 8.—A party of four troops ambushed at Ballinaboy, near Clifden. The troops drove off the attackers, taking four prisoners with a quantity of arms, ammunition and bombs abandoned by the retreating Irregulars.

Extensive searches in West Clare resulted in the capture of George Killoghrey, Denny Hasset and Michael Shannon, all prominent Irregular leaders.

A raiding party of troops visited 31 Temple Street, Dublin, and found ten mine detonators, five electric batteries, and eight incendiary bombs. An Irregular was arrested on the premises.

A motor car, with a party of seven men, was held up by a patrol at Castleknock. Two Lee-Enfield rifles, two revolvers, some hand grenades, and a quantity of food-stuffs were found in the car. All the occupants of the car, who were subsequently identified as Irregulars, were made prisoners.

SEPTEMBER 9.—During a big drive from Cork through Blarney, Coachford and Donoughmore, the troops, under Major-General Dalton, discovered fifteen land mines and ten machine-gun drums fully loaded. Many hand and rifle grenades were also found.

An attempt by Irregulars to isolate Blarney from Cork by blowing Lemount Bridge at Carrigrohane was frustrated by the troops.

An attack with bombs and machine-guns was made on the troops stationed in Dundalk. After a few hours' fighting the attackers were beaten off.

A convoy of troops proceeding along the Lucan road to Dublin was ambushed at Leixlip. The troops returned the fire from the cars and reinforcements soon arrived. Three armed Irregulars and one woman were taken prisoners. One of the captured Irregulars had a bullet wound in the leg. Three of the troops were injured, one seriously.

SEPTEMBER 12.—While a char-a-banc containing troops was passing through Blessington Street, Dublin, revolver fire was opened on them and a number of bombs flung. The troops dismounted from the car and engaged the attackers. Two of the troops were injured by shrapnel splinters in the legs. Two of the ambushers were captured.

A raiding party carrying out a search at the premises 34 Mountjoy Square, Dublin, found three Peter the Painter automatic pistols, five Parabellum automatic pistols in holsters, one revolver, some hundred rounds of revolver and automatic ammunition, and one silencer for a automatic pistol. An Irregular occupying the premises was made prisoner.

SEPTEMBER 13.—The town of Kenmare surrounded and taken by a party of Irregulars estimated at over 300. The garrison, numbering about 50, offered a stubborn resistance, but overwhelmed by numbers they were forced to surrender. Brigadier O'Connor, in charge of the troops, and his brother, were killed in the fight. Brigadier O'Connor had an outstanding record in the Army, being in charge of a flying column during the Anglo-Irish war.

A large body of Irregulars swooped down on Ballina while the greater part of the garrison were at a Requiem Mass for a comrade, and succeeded in capturing the post held by the troops in the town.

In an engagement between the troops and a party of Irregulars near Blarney, six Irregulars were killed and four wounded.

During a search by the troops in a house in Blarney Street, Cork, the following were found:—Six rifles, a number of revolvers, detonators, and other military equipment.

Troops belonging to the 1st Eastern Division, operating around Wilkinstown, Co. Meath, captured ten Irregulars, one of whom was wounded, together with one Hotchkiss machine-gun, 19 magazines for same, 11lbs. explosives, with 2 coils of wire, 6 Service rifles, 1 Mauser rifle, and 5,000 rounds of .303 ammunition.

Letters of a Guardsman

A Thomáis, a Chroí,

Cork.

I haven't had a line from you this ever so long, but had a short note from one of the girls informing me that you, too, had gone off South to an unknown destination. But, though I've been in several towns in this county, "trace, tale or tidings of my wandering boy" could not be had anywhere. And, mind you, I did hear strange news. 'Tis extraordinary what an amount of nonsense the people swallowed whilst the Irregulars were in control of the news dished out here. But all that in due course. I must finish the landing in Cork first. I think I broke off at Passage in my last note. We landed under heavy fire from both sides of the river, and, taking all available cover, returned the fire. The buildings in town were very strongly held, and the usual method of attack was adopted. Captain Friel fought his way on left, and rushed the buildings on that side of town. Commandant Kilcoyne's party disposed of the right in a similar manner. We advanced along the quays. The Irregulars put up a stiff fight from the granaries, but ultimately we rushed their positions, and captured large quantities of arms, ammunition, cars, etc. We took thirty-four armed prisoners here. We did not delay long. By evening we were again on the march. Our road for a spell ran close to the water, and then opened out into a wide stretch of agricultural country. The Irregulars were all the time fighting a kind of rearguard action with our advance, and as we were drawing near Rochestown the stiffening of their resistance and the number of mines encountered and

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THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

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SEPTEMBER 30, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

News of the Week

(From "Iris an Airm.")

GALLANT GLENDALOUGH DEFENCE. THE SPIRIT THAT WINS THROUGH.

A detachment of troops, belonging to the 2nd Eastern Division, operating around Glendalough, found a large party of Irregulars attacking the National post there. The troops opened fire on the attackers, who withdrew after an exchange of fire lasting fifteen minutes, leaving a rearguard to cover their retreat. Two of these were wounded and three made prisoners with arms and equipment.

The following arms and ammunition were captured by the troops:—

- 7 short Lee-Enfield rifles.
- 1 Ross rifle.
- 1 Parabellum.
- 1 Colt revolver.
- 340 rounds of .303 ammunition.
- 20 rounds of .45 auto. ammunition.
- 1 Box Irish Cheddar.
- 1 Exploder and a quantity of cable.
- 1 Ford van.

It was learned that the retreating Irregulars had four wounded, one in the chest, two in the arms and one in the legs. The attack on Glendalough lasted from 3 a.m. until the arrival of the troops shortly before 6 a.m. The garrison left the building, and, taking up positions on the roadway around, held the attackers at bay until the reinforcements arrived. Lieut. Cullen was wounded during the engagement.

A Model Officer.

The Officer in charge of the reinforcements, in a report to General Headquarters, says:—

"I would like particularly to mention the gallant conduct of the officer and 12 men in the Glendalough post. The attack was opened on them by about 30 Irregulars at 3 a.m., and continued for three hours. Lieut. Cullen, the officer in charge of the post, was wounded seriously in the first volley, and, despite this, fought for an hour and a half before he collapsed. At 4 a.m., owing to the terrific firing, the post became untenable, and the little garrison turned out and fought in the open street for two hours, attired only in their shirts and trousers, until the arrival of reinforcements from Rathdrum and Dublin at 6 a.m. By this time their ammunition was almost exhausted."

Irregular Column Captured.

An Irregular column was captured at Foynes by a detachment of troops of the 1st Western Division. The prisoners include an Irregular "Brigade Adjutant" and "Quartermaster." Amongst the arms and equipment captured are:—

- 22 Lee-Enfield rifles.
- 1,500 rounds .303 ammunition.
- 7 Webley revolvers.
- 1 Parabellum automatic revolver.

Four Irregulars were captured in Knocklong with arms and equipment.

War on the Press.

Documents captured from the Irregulars in South Wexford contain, amongst other things, an order for the wholesale destruction of newspapers, and an advice to continue sniping. A document headed, "Operation Order No. 1," directed to "O.C. 3rd Battalion," reads:—

"1. You will see that all hostile newspapers which circulate in your area are destroyed. This order to be rigidly enforced henceforth.

"2. *Re Raids on Post Office—Cash and Stamps.* It is not deemed wise to seize on Post Office cash and stamps, and you will see that no such raids are carried out in your area.

"3. Sniping Operations.

You should aim at having every Free State post sniped at every night. Keep them constantly on the jump. But be very careful getting into sniping positions, as after a short while the enemy will be in waiting."

In a second document headed "Enemy Propaganda," "hostile newspapers" are interpreted to be "the entire press of the country."

Caught in the Cupboard.

Mr. Tom Brady, who held the rank of "Brigadier" in the Irregulars, was captured hiding in a cupboard on the 25th inst. He had been in charge of several attacks on the troops. On the night of the 25th inst. a bomb was thrown at Captain Purcell, Abbeyleix, but failed to do any damage.

2nd EASTERN DIVISION.

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES FROM 1st AUGUST
TO 20th SEPTEMBER.

No. of Raids—276.

Results:—

Prisoners	258
Revolvers and pistols	60
Rifles and shot guns	48
Bombs	58
Shells	7
Ammunition (assorted)	2,500 rounds
Mines	5
Lathes	9
Wooden rifles	59
Machine guns	1
Wireless sets	1
Motors	12
Field and opera glasses	20
Printing machines	2
Typewriters	12
Explosives	5 tons
Large quantities of equipment.			
Large quantities of engineering apparatus.			

Ambushes or Attempted Ambushes—32.

Attacks on Posts—58.

Irregulars reported killed	...	12
" wounded	...	12
National soldiers killed	...	2
" wounded	...	16
Civilians killed	...	2
" wounded	...	10

(Continued on page 2).

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SEPTEMBER 30, 1922.

The Soldier's Duty

If there is one thing more than another which the Irish soldier of to-day should learn from the history of Irish military movements in the past it is that discipline is a factor of supreme importance to the efficiency of our Army.

The failure which attended the efforts of the Irish armies in the past might be largely traced to this, perhaps, inevitable, but none the less fatal, weakness in our military machine prior to the foundation of the Irish Volunteers. "In the past the Irish, heroically though they have struggled, have always lost for want of discipline," says Pearse.

The fact that Irish soldiers have won an imperishable reputation while serving in the armies of other nations, while in their own country failing to achieve more than transitory success on the field, is but an emphasis of the foregoing statement.

The gallant Irish Brigades, who so often snatched brilliant victories for foreign armies, triumphed because they had learnt to fight as an army, and not as a mob. They had learned that it is discipline and self-control which transforms the rabble into the solid phalanx which can strike with effect under intelligent command.

It is this factor of discipline which renders the army incomparably superior to the merely armed group of individuals. Keen observers of army organisation have always recognised this important fact. Thus Bishop Stock, while a prisoner of the French Army, was struck with the qualities of "intelligent activity, temperance, patience to a surprising degree, together with the exactest obedience to discipline," which characterised it. That army had served on the Rhine and with Napoleon in Italy, and it was said of the soldiers composing it that they were content to live on bread or potatoes, to drink water, to make the stones of the street their bed.

The task upon which the Army is engaged to-day is one calling for patience, self-control and efficiency of a high order amongst the troops. Upon each man in the Army devolves the duty of doing what in him lies to cultivate these qualities.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE OF OFFICERS.

The personal influence and example of the officers are the most available factors of character training, as well as of discipline and efficiency. In order to have this effect, officers must make it their business to know and understand their men personally, and they must try to gain their confidence through sympathy and tact. They must remember that our soldier is now an educated man who understands the importance of his military profession. Officers, therefore, can only win and retain the confidence of their men, and so be able to influence them if they are themselves efficient and of good character. The efficiency and discipline of a Unit largely depends upon the confidence of the men in their leaders.

"War is like the service of Tenebræ, in which one by one the lights are extinguished. Class after class, generation after generation is receiving its summons to the battlefield and passing, that the light of freedom may still burn."—"A Private in the Guards."

News of the Week

(Continued from page 1).

Robberies.

Robberies of private houses, etc., in which property and money to the value of nearly £1,000 was taken by armed men—13.

Cases of road blocking	...	6
Wire cutting	...	19
Bridges blown up or partly demolished	...	6
Burning of signal cabins	...	3

Tirconnail Captures.

Troops from Tirconnail operating in North Sligo captured thirty-six Irregulars, many of whom were armed. The captives include Joseph Maguire and Patrick Guilfoyle, both of Ballyshannon, who escaped from Finner Camp. An Irregular leader named Charles Yamitt, a Maltese, who escaped from Stranorlar, was re-captured near Buncrana.

An Irregular A.S.U.

Extracts are given below from a number of documents captured in an Irregular Headquarters in Dublin recently.

A leader signing himself "Acting O.S. Brigade" writes as follows from "Headquarters, Dublin Brigade":—

"I enclose copy of a report from 1st Batt. of an operation carried out by them on Tuesday evening last. The Lieutenant who was captured was the one whom I had intended to place in charge of A.S.U. This is very unfortunate, as I had been searching for a good while for the right man. This seems to happen to every man whom I selected for any of these positions. I shall now have to try and get somebody else, and I hope he does not get arrested as soon as I decide on him."

Raids on Dublin Business Concerns.

Another document captured headed "Brigade Headquarters," reads:—

"The A.C.S. has authorised me to raid big Unionist firms and other anti-Irish firms in the City for equipment, which will be useful for our Flying Columns and active Battalions, which should include boots, leggings, trench-coats, socks, underwear and military equipment.

"Make out a list of firms in your area. These raids should be done at once, very cautiously and quietly. Place should also be arranged for stores captured. This is to be done apart from other Army duties."

It is signed "Brigade Adjutant."

Attacks on British Troops Ordered.

In a letter dated August 8th, 1922, from the "Headquarters, Dublin Brigade, to O.C. Battalion," the following order signed "D Operations" appears:

"Headquarters,

"Department Operations, Northern and Eastern Command. Operation Order No. 7.

"All barracks in Dublin occupied by English troops in khaki are to be included in operations carried out by the Republican forces. Enemy boats approaching the coast are to be fired on by us as soon as they come within range."

EASTERN COMMAND.

Hidden in a Hayrick.

A detachment of troops operating at Ballycaale visited the house of a man named Kenny believed to be a "Battalion Adjutant" in the Irregulars. Kenny was found hiding in a hayrick and arrested. Documents and 7s. 9½d. in stamps were found upon Kenny, who answers the description of one of the men who recently robbed the Post Office at Ballycarnew. At Ballycarnew the troops arrested another Irregular leader named James Kelly. On reaching Courtown Harbour a man named James Dunne was encountered. He had been observed leaving Kenny's house some time previously. Dunne was arrested.

Ambush Near Graveyard.

At 11 p.m. on the 22nd inst., at Ballylannan Graveyard a patrol was attacked by a party of Irregulars estimated at between 40 and 50. A fight lasting one and a half hours ensued, and the attackers retired under cover of darkness. Lieut. Kennedy had his forehead grazed by a bomb splinter, but was not injured, and a soldier was slightly wounded in the hand. Two of the Irregulars are believed to have been wounded, and subsequently four Irregulars were captured. Two sporting guns, five cartridges, a quantity of buckshot and a P.O. bicycle were also taken. Irregulars attempted to ambush a detachment of troops which came to the relief of Lieut. Kennedy about one and a half miles from Wexford on their return journey. Two bombs were thrown and about forty shots fired. The troops returned the fire and the attackers made off. There were no casualties amongst the troops. The Irregulars' casualties are unknown.

Church Used as Refuge After Ambush.

A captured document headed "Column 4, Dublin Brigade," signed by a Dublin Irregular, describes an ambush (in which he engaged) in the vicinity of Bishop Street:

"The bomb failed to hit the car of the enemy," the communication states.

"We ran down a side street, but were overtaken by a private car containing two officers, a private, and one C.I.D. man. Sean and I ran for it, but Sean was hit, and we both surrendered.

"In the confusion that followed I escaped in a lift through Jacob's Factory, and, after staying in Whitefriar Street Chapel for half-an-hour, I proceeded to safety."

An Irregular propagandist sheet of the 21st inst. referred to the searching of the Catholic Church, Corduff, Co. Monaghan (when four arrests were made) as an unjustifiable act. The document above quoted shows clearly that Churches have been used as places of refuge after attacks had been made on Irish soldiers.

LYING PROPAGANDA.**A Mythical Victory.**

The statement has been circulated in an Irregular propagandist sheet that the armoured car "Big Fella" was captured by the Irregulars following their loss of the "Ballinalee." The allegation is entirely without foundation. The "Big Fella" armoured car is at present in Custume Barracks, Athlone, to which it returned on the 26th inst., having been operating with the troops in the Western Command for some time past.

DUBLIN "DOING NOTHING."

A circular letter from "Headquarters, Dublin Brigade," recently captured, reads:—

"The Chief of Staff, who is in the South of Ireland, together with the Brigade Commandants of even neighbouring Brigades, are all saying that Dublin is doing nothing. How can I refute these charges when reports are not sent to me, and if I cannot produce lists of arrests and other casualties. How can I mention that the Organisation of the Brigade had been seriously impaired by the enemy action. If the present Coy. Officers and Adjutants are not carrying out their duties, we will have to pick men from the ranks who are capable and willing."

BOMBS AND RIFLES TAKEN.**Castlepollard.**

On the night of the 25th inst., Troops raided Barbaville House, Drumcree. The house was partly surrounded when they were fired on. One Irregular was taken prisoner, and the following captures made:—

3 Lee Enfield Rifles; 1 Smith and Wesson Revolver; 3 doz. Bombs; 150 rounds .303; 1 coil cable; 2 boxes detonators; 1 Ford Van, marked Dolphin's Barn, YI,376; 1 Hubmobile car, also some equipment which the Irregulars had previously taken from Oldcastle Barracks.

Radio-Telegraphy and Aviation

At the outbreak of the late European war the value of aircraft for reconnaissance, artillery "spotting," bombing of enemy towns and depots far from the battle area, and dispatch carrying, became quickly manifest, and the substitution of wireless as a means of communication between aeroplanes and the ground, for visual signal methods, greatly increased its value. The introduction of the direction finding apparatus and its application to aircraft made navigation in the air comparatively simple and safe.

The requirements of Radiotelegraphy as regards aircraft are—the maintenance of intercommunication between aircraft and ground and intercommunication between machines and directional reception.

Difficulties of the Air Pilot.

Directional reception including its natural corollary, navigation by means of wireless guidance, may be considered the most valuable benefit conferred by radiotelegraphy on the future of aeronautics. In the case of aircraft flying by night over sea or in or above a layer of fog or clouds, in any case, in fact, where the machine is unable to take observations on fixed objects on the earth; and to a lesser extent when flying over unknown country, it would be no exaggeration to say that in the majority of cases the pilot can have no idea of the actual direction in which he is travelling or of his actual speed over the earth in that direction.

His compass tells him in what magnetic direction he is flying through the air, and his speed indicator shows him at what approximate rate he is travelling; but there is nothing to show him in what actual direction or at what actual speed the air itself is moving with relation to the surface of the earth. Although the pilot may have known the exact condition of the wind when he started his flight, these conditions vary at different altitudes, and are also liable to rapid change. The effect of this movement of the air is that, except in the very calmest weather a machine never travels over the earth in the direction towards which it is pointing unless in the very rare cases when that direction is exactly up or down wind, and even then a calculation of the ground distance covered, based on the only data available—namely—speed indicator readings, is bound to be far from correct. From the above it will be seen that the difficulties met with by the air pilot are far greater than those encountered at sea, for although currents and streams may be encountered at sea, their directions, and speeds are known and charted.

Some wonderful performances have been accomplished by pilots on long distance flights without the aid of wireless, even in cases where opportunities of earth observations were very limited, but on the other hand many machines have been lost or forced to land far from their destination under similar conditions. The fate encountered by Zeppelins which took part in a raid over England is a good example of what may happen to aircraft when earth observations are not possible, and wireless guidance not available.

Importance of Wireless Guidance.

The machines engaged in these raids were always navigated by wireless signals sent out at stated intervals from the airship and picked up by two separate directional air stations at opposite ends of a long base, the position of the airship was immediately plotted and communicated to her by wireless. The station usually employed for this work had been bombed just before the raid in question, and as a result the guiding signals sent out from the base were faulty and weak. The Zeppelins which had come across to the English coast got out of range with the transmitting station. The night was dark and a strong north wind blowing, and it is highly probable that not one of the pilots had the faintest idea of the true direction in which he was travelling. The result of this was apparent next morning when it was found that the fleet was scattered over the south of France, and one or two of the airships lost in the Mediterranean.

Letters of a Guardsman

Mitchelstown.

A Sheáin, a Chroí,

Here we are still, God help us. No rest for the wicked. After the affair at Kildorrery, we were hoping to settle down a bit and revel in the novelty of a much-needed rest. We were actually congratulating ourselves on the good fortune that had landed us in Mitchelstown in the midst of a friendly, kindly-disposed people, who vied with each other in their efforts to make things comfortable for us, and availed themselves of every opportunity to mark their appreciation of the Army's efforts on their behalf. We were, as it were, in a little world of our own. Of course, we heard of wars, and rumours of wars, in the bad, wicked world outside our paradise, and were unselfish enough to envy the boys who were still hammering away at the front. We were getting back to the dull commonplaces of barrack routine, and I was thinking of volunteering for the Dublin front. The people were leaving us nothing to do. A strange cat could scarcely enter the neighbourhood when we had his whole history and pedigree. So, when it came to pass that on the morning of the 4th September about two columns of Irregulars, taking pity on our loneliness, decided to prepare a little entertainment in the form of a series of ambushes for our amusement, we had dozens of reports of their movements and friendly intentions.

The spot selected was an admirable one for the latest kind of Aeridheacht. Lios an Leanbh, a name suggestive of fairy lore, is a deep mountain ravine through which the road between Mitchelstown and Ballylanders runs for upwards of a mile, and is situated in a wild mountainous district. Towering precipitous cliffs rise on both sides of the road, while a series of undulating hills slope gradually to the sombre mountains in the background. The cliffs by the side of the road are steep and filled with deep crevices, and are interspersed with thick heavy undergrowth affording excellent cover. Immense boulders protrude here and recede there, rendering it almost impossible to scale the sides from the road. The mountain on the back was a safeguard to the ambushers against any possible surprise from that direction.

Up to the present no alternative method of navigating aircraft when out of sight of the ground for any considerable period has been suggested, if we except methods based on the observation of heavenly bodies. These observations are bound to be unsatisfactory, as putting other difficulties out of the question, in the case of high clouds, the opportunities of taking them might be rare or entirely lacking. Bearing on this it must be remembered that aircraft travel very rapidly, and that the vast majority of them cannot "heave to" when in doubt.

A large amount of work has already been done by different countries in connection with the development of "directional" wireless, and very good results have been obtained. The methods chiefly employed have made use of "directional" aeriols or rather coils in the aircraft enabling the actual position of the machine to be plotted at any moment by two known ground stations, and also enabling the correct bearing of any transmitting station to be ascertained.

Perhaps it may appear that undue emphasis has been laid on "directional" work, but it is probable that aviation development will be largely influenced by its successful use.

We felt highly complimented by the friendly interest the Irregulars were reported to be taking in our welfare, and we decided to prepare on our side a surprise packet for them. Some forty of us were selected for the job—some genuine artistes, too, I tell you. 'Twas not exactly the kind of day one would select for an Aeridheacht or mountain Seilg. Rain was falling in torrents as we advanced in usual order, Lieut. Gaffney on left, Lieut. Downes on the right, while Capt. Byrne moved directly on main position. Avoiding all roads, we took the fields across country for it. Owing to the continual down-pour the ground had become sodden, so we ploughed through fields and (at the gaps especially) through veritable seas of liquid mud. But these trifles did not damp in the least the rollicking spirit of the boys. On this occasion I was with Capt. Byrne's party, and we were the first to come in touch with our friends. We came on one of the scouts wrapped in the arms of ———; you know the fellow I mean. I have no means of looking up correct spelling of his name. But if the scouts slept, the main body of the Irregulars were wide awake. It would have been impossible to surprise them in broad daylight. Owing to the height at which their position was situated, they must have observed our movements at several miles' distance. Anyway, fire was opened on us at a range of 800 yards. And then the concert began in real earnest. Our rifles and machine-guns gave in chorus an excellent rendering of what is now a familiar and popular air. I'm afraid it was not properly appreciated on this occasion. For several hours the conflict raged. They were in larger force than we calculated, and, owing to the nature of the positions occupied and to the very limited forces at our disposal, the usual enveloping movement was out of the question, so it remained for a long time a kind of long distance duel waged on front and flanks. They were evidently endeavouring to cover the retreat of the main body through the mountains at back. We gradually closed in until at last our guns controlled the only road left open for retreat, and then the white flag went up and the fight was over. Among those killed was the Adjutant of the Irregulars, and, in addition to the twelve prisoners, large quantities of bombs, arms, etc., were captured. The road was very heavily mined, and we considered ourselves very fortunate to have escaped such a deadly trap. Lieut. Downes, who was wounded in the scrap, was our single casualty. We returned to town in great style, giving full vent to our new chorus to the air of "Oro, 'Sé do bheatha abhaile." It ran something like, "Oro, see the Guards are coming," and ended with a shout of "For Dublin's Guards make way there." The prisoners joined in the song as hearty as any of us. The townspeople turned out en masse and gave us a tremendous welcome. Of course, they heard the noise of the fighting right through the whole affair, and were most anxious on our account. Their joy was unbounded when they learnt of our success, and especially that none of us was hurt. They took complete possession of us, and escorted us into town with loud shouts of "Up the Guards," and subsequently entertained us in splendid style. And so you have now the fully authenticated account of the ambush of Glencorraun, "go nuige so," as they say in the old Gaelic yarns. I sent you some snaps taken round here, and a portion of shell that very nearly did for

Do chara,

Tomás.

SOLDIER ATHLETE.

Sergeant B. J. Donnelly, of the Guards Brigade, Beggar's Bush Barracks, won the five mile cycle championship of all Ireland at Ballinasloe Races on Sunday last.

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AN T-ÓZLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

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OCTOBER 21, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

News of the Week

There has been a decided decrease in Irregular activity during the past week as compared with the previous week. The attacks on our troops have been less in number, and the captures by the troops of prisoners, arms and ammunition show a great increase. Furthermore, a large number of Irregulars have taken advantage of the Government offer of amnesty and have handed in their arms and ammunition to the authorities. Statistics on this matter are not yet available. It is reported, however, that, in addition to those who have handed their weapons up directly, many others have surrendered their arms to clergymen, or destroyed them. The following figures, compiled from authentic sources, show results for the week:—

Prisoners captured	297
Firearms	„	...	68
Ammunition	„	...	1,227 rounds
Bombs	„	...	7
Mines	„	...	7
Attacks on Troops	19

Cursai Cogaidh

Caitheadh urchair leis an dTaoiseach Peadar Ó Dughail an t-seachtain seo ghaibh tharainn, agus é ag teacht abhaile ó'n tscipéal in Inis Corthaigh in einflíeacht le h-oifigeach eile. Gonadh go mór é, i dtreo go bhfuair sé bás Dia Ceudaoin. Gonadh an t-oifigeach eile leis, darbh ainm an Capt. Seán Ó Dughail, ach tá sé ag deunamh go maith. Oidhche dhorcha a bhí ann nuair a thuit an tubaiste amach, agus ní raibh gunna ag aoinne de'n bheirt. Tháinig na trúpaí tamall ina dhiaidh san, agus caitheadh leotha freisin. Níor fhreagadar, ámhthach, mar do bhí mór-chuid daoine ag gabhailt timcheall na sráide.

An Troid i Luimneach.

Trúpaí a bhí ag teacht ó Mhainistir na Féile chuardar fé dhéin dhá thig i gCnoc na gCaiseal chun iad do chuardach. Nuair a bhíodar 800 slat ó cheann des na tightheibh thosnuigh Nea-Rialtacha ag lámhach. D'fhreagair na saídhdiúirí go láidir. Tár éis cúpla nóimeat d'fhág cúigear Nea-Rialtacha deug an tig agus shiubhail leo ag druideamhaint siar. Bhítheas ag troid ar feadh trí h-uaire, agus deirtear gur marbhuidheach duine des na Nea-Rialtachaibh. Do theith an namha sa deire, ach fuair na trúpaí beirt acu. Fuairéadh cara "Ford," dhá ghunna, agus 10 phleur leis.

Obair Mhaith i gCorcaigh.

Do bhuail fórsaí Náisiúnta a bhí ar stáisiún i Rath Cormaic le Nea-Rialtachaibh ag Carraig na bhFear, timcheall le h-ocht míle ó Chorcaigh. Bhí an dhá thaobh ag caitheamh le níos mó ná uair, agus chuaidh na Nea-Rialtacha ar geúl annsan. Chuaidh na trúpaí ina ndiaidh agus thógadar cuid mhaith díobh ina bpríosúnachaibh. Fuairéadar gunnaí, gunna "Lewis," piostail, roinnt "A.S.A.," gluaiстеán, laraí Ford, agus a lán d'earraibh de gach áon tsaghas. Marbhuidh Nea-Rialtach darbh ainm Ua Buachalla. Éadaigh na bhFórsaí Náisiúnta a bhí air. Bhí Tomás de Barra ar na príosúnachaibh a tógadh. Fuairéadh páipéirí tábhachta air.

"Uisge Fe Thalamh."

Ar an dtríomhadh lá deug den mhí seo fuair lucht ceannuis Beairic Wellington go raibh toll dá dheunamh san talamh ag na príosúnaigh i Halla na gCleaslúth. Bhí leithead trí troighthe de pholl gearrtha amach san úrlár agus bhí an talamh tollta síos go doimhneacht ceithre troighthe go dtí gur shrois sé an bun-fhala in aice leis an gCánalach Mór. Is amhlaidh a dhein na príosúnaigh an cré a bhaineadar den pholl do shádh isteach i n-a mataí leaptan agus tlochus na mataí do sgaipeadh ar fuaid an úrláir. I lár buill Halla na gCleaslúth fuairéadar 218 de phleuraibh i geóir gunnaí i bpoll eile.

Size of Ireland

"Ireland is not a very large country—the longest land line that can be drawn in it measures about 300 miles. This longest line is the long diagonal of a rough lozenge and extends from Fair Head in the North-East to Mizen Head in the South-West. Along the short diagonal from North-West to South-East the distance is about 200 miles. Now, the size of a country has a certain significance. For one thing, it has a certain influence upon the amount of population. But—still more important—the defensive capacity of a large country is greater than that of a small one. For instance, Belgium is so small as to be easily overrun, while the Boer Republics, though of quite feeble numerical power, were enabled by their extensive territory to make a protracted resistance to the English. Of course, the factor of size may be, and often is, offset by other considerations, but none the less it has its importance."

"In the case of Ireland, the fact of the country's being an island was one of those considerations calculated to offset the matter of its size. The country could not be suddenly marched across and overwhelmed by an invader in greatly superior force. Its insular character, as we shall see later, gave choice of several lines of attack, but most of these lines were only secondary."—Lieut.-Gen. O'Connell.

AN T-OGLACH

OCTOBER 21, 1922.

Progress

The Minister of Defence stated in a discussion in Dail Eireann on military matters shortly after the opening of the session that the main part of the work of the Army was already done. This statement was entirely true. The Army has no longer a war to wage. Its task is to restore law and order to a country devastated by revolution, in which anarchic conditions were created first by the lawless violence of the Black-and-Tans, and later by the armed bullies who tried to establish minority rule by force. Chaos and anarchy and the authority of the gun have prevailed for so long in some parts of the country that the task of the Army has been made exceedingly difficult, but difficulties have been steadily overcome by the courage and determination of the officers and men. Gradually the country is getting back again to the normal. There has been a marked decrease in Irregular activity during the past fortnight, doubtless partly due to the fact that the Army has now been entrusted by Parliament with powers to try and to deal drastically with those engaged in armed resistance to the national will. Many Irregulars have availed themselves of the Government's offer of amnesty and have handed in their weapons. Others, it is reported, have destroyed their weapons and returned to peaceful occupations. Attacks on the troops and positions are less in number and in seriousness. The sight of a Government and Parliament functioning normally and addressing their attention to schemes of relief and reconstruction has had a steadying effect on the whole country. The clearly-shown determination of the Government to arm the Army with the powers required to restore law and order to Ireland has given confidence to the public and confidence to the soldiers of the nation.

At the same time, we do not, and must not, underestimate the difficulties of the work the Army has yet to perform. An infant organisation hastily developed in a time of crisis has to deal with a situation against which the elaborate organisation, discipline and experience of a long-established Army would be more properly employed. Our National Army has, however, this advantage, that it is the Army of the people. The Army is the people—the plain young men of Ireland enlisted to enforce the national will. It has to do the same work that its parent body, the Irish Volunteers, was created to do—"to enforce the rights and liberties common to the whole people of Ireland."

So vital and sacred a task brings heavy duties and responsibilities which we must be prepared to face cheerfully and uncomplainingly. It is for all officers and men to co-operate in ensuring the highest standard of discipline possible. It is for the individual soldier to give a high example in discipline, in conduct when on and off duty, of the high standard which we wish to see associated with our brave Army. Courage is not the only quality required in a soldier. In our case one of the most important elements of our task is to retain the respect and confidence of the civilian population—of the plain people of Ireland for whom we are fighting. The Irregulars, when in occupation of certain parts of the South, made themselves detested by their bullying and aggressive attitude to the civilian population. The National soldier should show himself a man of a different stamp. He is there to protect the people. In his social relations he is just one of the people himself. The many treacherous acts of Irregulars under the guise of civilians justify caution and suspicion on the part of soldiers towards those with whom they come in contact, but they do not necessitate a lack of that courtesy which the National soldiers in general have shown.

There are persons who, while professing hearty support of the Government, seem to take a perverted

pleasure in criticising the Army and retailing gossip of acts of negligence, indiscipline, discourtesy or disorderliness of which they allege National soldiers to be guilty. Such persons, with their refusal to make allowance for the abnormal conditions, with their demand for immediate perfection, are a little trying to the patience, but we should see to it that they are given as little loophole as possible for their malicious gossip. A soldier who disgraces himself in the eyes of the public by drunkenness, disorderly conduct or indiscipline, is letting down the honour of the whole Army. The charge of carelessness in the handling of firearms is one that is often made by carping critics of the kind we have just mentioned. This is a matter in which the utmost strictness is required. The unnecessary tricking and fooling with firearms is not merely childish and foolish, it is positively criminal.

The atmosphere of the National Army should not be an Irish reproduction of the atmosphere of another army. The National Army is the legitimate successor of the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Republican Army, and, like them, its atmosphere should be thoroughly national in every sense of the term. Off duty our officers and soldiers should show themselves good Gaels. The National sports and pastimes, National dances and songs should be their favourite recreation rather than the foreign importations which are the relics and consequences of our former subjection. The slang and foul language of the foreign soldier should not be aped by our troops. The steady improvement in conditions gives hope that more attention can be given to many matters at present somewhat in abeyance in connection with the Army. Meanwhile we must congratulate the officers and men on the fine courage, cheerfulness and endurance shown by them, and the progress made towards the goal of National freedom, peace and stability.

An t-Oglach

A HISTORY-MAKING JOURNAL.

(Continued).

Reference has been made to the famous platen machine with which the copies of "An t-Oglach" were run off. As has been stated, the late General Collins was the person who first suggested the purchase of type and a small printing machine, and he it was who instructed Mr. Patrick Mahon to negotiate for its purchase. Mr. Mahon purchased in England, ostensibly for his own use, a cheap machine of the old-fashioned kind worked with a treadle, which are nowadays used chiefly for the printing of handbills. The machine was brought to Mr. Mahon's premises at first before suitable quarters were found for it. A fount of type was also purchased.

Dick McKee.

Now came the problem of finding a compositor and printer. At that time the late Commandant Dick McKee, the O.C. of the Dublin Brigade, one of the ablest, most energetic and efficient members of General Headquarters Staff, was employed in the printing office of M. H. Gill and Son. Partly with the idea of releasing him for whole-time service in the Volunteers, it was decided to give him the job of setting up and printing off of "An t-Oglach." It was thought that, as the journal was issued twice a month, the work in connection with it would not occupy too much of his time to prevent his attending to his work in the Dublin Brigade.

A Raid and Its Result.

Unfortunately, on the very day on which the editor reached Dublin, having escaped from Manchester Prison, Commandant McKee was arrested by the British in a raid on 76 Harcourt Street, then the headquarters of Dail Eireann, together with the then and now Director of Organisation, Commandant-General O'Hegarty. On the same occasion Michael Collins had one of his historic hair's breadth escapes, getting out on to the roof of the building, and from thence leaping through a skylight into the Standard

Hotel at imminent risk to life or limb. He was slightly injured in leaping, and was only a moment in time, as the soldiers were out on the roof practically the very second he made the leap. Dick McKee was sentenced to two months' imprisonment and kept captive in Mountjoy. Under the circumstances, the paper had to continue to be printed by Mr. Mahon until the release of Dick McKee.

Michael Collins and "An t-Oglach."

We have already referred to the active and prominent part taken by Michael Collins in the production of "An t-Oglach." As far as the writer of this history can ascertain, the very idea of starting "An t-Oglach" originated in the fertile brain of the late Commander-in-Chief. It is certainly a fact that all the arrangements in connection with the printing, distribution, payments, etc., necessary for the work, were carried out by Collins and his staff. The person responsible for the distribution and business details was Commandant-General Tom Cullen, one of his chief and most trusted officers, and his right-hand man, Commandant Joe O'Reilly, frequently brought copy and proofs backwards and forwards between the printers and the editor. Furthermore, the late General Collins (then Adjutant-General and Director of Organisation) was for a considerable time a regular contributor to "An t-Oglach," supplying a series of articles on Army Organisation, in which the whole scheme of organisation of the Irish Volunteers as then conceived was sketched out in a characteristically clear and effective way.

Developments.

The reappearance of "An t-Oglach" in November, 1919, after a lapse of publication for several months had an excellent moral effect on the Volunteers. It was at this period that "An t-Oglach" first adumbrated the policy of guerilla warfare, and commenced to give instructions on the military principles governing this kind of fighting. Early in 1920 Lieutenant-General O'Connell commenced to be a regular contributor to its columns, and from that time to the advent of the truce in July, 1922, every issue of "An t-Oglach" contained valuable and interesting contributions from his pen. At that time he occupied the post of Assistant Director of Training, Commandant McKee combining the offices of Director of Training and Dublin Brigadier. The Volunteers do not know how much they owe to the intensely instructive and practical articles dealing with guerilla warfare which appeared in "An t-Oglach" from his pen. The ability and practical grasp shown in some of these articles was the subject of comment by enemy military men.

Our Printing Office.

In January, 1920, Dick McKee was released, having completed his sentence, and he at once took up his duties of compositor and printer to the I.R.A. Our Army now possessed an official organ, a printing office and plant, a printer and compositor. The "printing office" was a tiny room at the back of a tobacconist's shop in Aungier Street. The plant consisted of an old fount of type and a platen machine. In this little room without a window, by artificial light, Dick McKee had to set up the paper by hand—no linos. for us!—and print off the issue on the platen machine. This last was a fatiguing job—"20,000 kicks per issue," as he once pathetically remarked. As he had also to control and direct all the activities of the Dublin Brigade and the Training Department, it will be seen that he had his hands pretty full.

Our printing office was never discovered up to the end of the war. It had many inconveniences, and was for a long time considered extremely unsafe. Efforts were made to get a more suitable office, but somehow we continued to carry on in the same old place. It had some narrow escapes. On one occasion Auxiliaries actually entered and passed through the building to search for a man, but somehow never discovered the entrance to the room where the printing plant was.

(To be continued).

The Battle of Ardnocher (A.D. 1328)

A.D. 1328, MacGeoghegan gave a great overthrow to the English, in which three thousand five hundred of them, together with the D'Altons, were slain.—"Annals of the Four Masters."

This battle, in which the English forces met such tremendous defeat, was fought near Mullingar, on the day before the Feast of St. Laurence—namely, the 9th August. The Irish clans were commanded by William MacGeoghegan, Lord of Kenil Feacha, in Westmeath, comprising the present baronies of Moycashel and Rathconrath. The English forces were commanded by Lord Thos. Butler, the Petits, Tuites, Nangles, Delemers, etc. The battle took place at the hill of Ardnocher.—Ibid., p. 116.

On the eve of St. Laurence, at the cross of Glenfad,
Both of chieftains and bonaghts what a muster we
had,
Thick as bees, round the heather, on the side of Slieve
Bloom,
To the trysting they gather by the light of the moon.
For the Butler from Ormond with a hosting he came,
And harried Moycashel with havoc and flame,
Not a hoof or a hayrick, nor corn blade to feed on,
Had he left in the wide land, right up to Dunbreedon.

Then gathered MacGeoghegan, the high prince of
Donore,
With O'Connor from Croghan, and O'Dempsey
galore,
And my soul how we shouted, as dashed in with their
men,
Bold MacCoghlan from Clara, O'Mulloy from the
glen.
And not long did we loiter where the four toghers
(roads) met,
But his saddle each tightened, and his spurs closer
set,
By the skylight that flashes all their red burnings
back,
And by black gore and ashes fast the rieviers we track.

"Till we came to Ardnocher, and its steep slope we
gain,
And stretch'd there, beneath us, saw their host on
the plain,
And high shouted our leader ('twas the brave William
Roe)—
"By the red hand of Nial, 'tis the Sassanach foe!"
"Now, low level your spears, grasp each battle-axe
firm,
And for God and our Ladye strike ye downright and
stern;
For our homes and our altars charge ye steadfast and
true,
And our watchword be vengeance, and Lámh Dearg
Aboo!"

Oh, then down like a torrent with a farrah we swept,
And full stout was the Saxon who his saddle-tree
kept;
For we dashed through their horsemen till they reel'd
from the stroke,
And their spears, like dry twigs, with our axes we
broke.
With our plunder we found them, our fleet garrons
and kine,
And each chalice and cruet they had snatch'd from
God's shrine.
But a red debt we paid them, the Sassanach raiders,
As we scattered their spearmen, slew chieftains and
leaders.

In the Pale there is weeping and watchings in vain.
De Lacy and D'Alton, can ye reckon your slain?
Where's your chieftain, fierce Nangle? Has De
Netterville fled?
Ask the Molingar eagles, whom their carcasses fed?
Ho! ye riders from Ormond, will ye brag in your hall,
How your lord was struck down with his mail'd
knights and all?
Swim at midnight the Shammon, beard the wolf in
his den,
Ere you ride to Moycashel on a foray again.



AN T-ÓZLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

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OCTOBER 28, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

Cursai Cogaidh

Trúpaí a bhí ar stáisiún i gCaisleán Gleannbhuidhe i dTirchonaill, fuairadar gléas gan srang i mbothán i "Churchill." Do thóg Nea-Rialtaigh an gléas roimhe sin ó'n stáisiún i mBuan Bheag. Bhí luach £2,000 sa mhéid a tógadh. Cuireadh saighdiúirí ag faire an ghléasa. I rith na h-oidhche do braitheadh beirt fhear ag gluaiseacht timcheall na h-áite. D'órduigh an gárda dóibh trí h-uaire stadadh, ach níor stadadar. Do caitheadh leo annsan, agus do gonadh duine aca go h-olc. Pádraig Frieze do b'ainm dó. Chuaidh an fear eile saor.

BUMBA I SIOPA.

Caitheadh bumba le laráí i Sráid Phádraig i gCorcaigh Dia Máirt. Níor gortuigheadh aoinne sa laráí, ach do léim an bumba isteach i siopa ar an dtaobh eile den tsráid. Do phléasg sé annsan, ach níor gonadh aoinne, ar ádhmharaihe an t-saoghail.

NEA-RIALTAIGH CÚRAMACHA.

Caitheadh le Saighdiúirí Náisiúnta a bhí ag dul síos an Grand Parade i gCorcaigh. Bhí na Nea-Rialtaigh scaipithe imeasg na ndaoine sa tsráid. D'órduigh an taoiseach dos na saighdiúiribh cúpla pleur a scaoileadh san aer. Do theich na daoine as an tsráid, agus d'imthigh na Nea-Rialtaigh nuair ná raibh fothaint aca. Bhí na saighdiúirí go léir slán, ach gonadh gearrahaile sa ghlúin.

TAOISEACH TÓGTHA.

Thóg na trúpaí cúigeair ina bpríosúnachaibh ag Coill na Carraige Dia Domhnaigh. Bhí an stábla ina fuairadh na Nea-Rialtaigh mar oifig aca, mar tógadh a lán chóir scríbhthe ann. Bhí gunnaí agus pleuracha san áit leis. Tomás Ó Dugáin is ainm do dhuine des na príosúnachaibh. Deirtear gur taoiseach Nea-Rialtach prinsípálta i nGaillimh é. Nuair a bhí na saighdiúirí ag tógaint na bpríosúnach tar ais go Gaillimh tugadh futha, ach chuireadar scaipeadh ar an namhaid.

OIFIGIGH CRÓDHA.

Nuair a bhí trúpaí ag teacht in goire Caisleáin an Róistigh cúpla lá ó shoin fuairadar amach go raibh ana-chuid Nea-Rialtach istigh sa bhaile. Do mhúcadar na soillse ar an gCarra "Lancia" a bhí aca, agus d'éaluigheadar isteach i gan fhios don dhream istigh. Nuair a bhíodar in aice an dhroichid sa bhaile do stad an mótor, agus do léim na saighdiúirí amach. Do ghlaodh beart oifigeach ar triúr a bhí sa tsráid, is d'órduigheadar dóibh a lámha a chur suas. Caitheadh leo annsan as gunna Thompson, agus do rith duine des na hoifigeachaibh tar ais go dtí an carra, is d'fhreagair sé le gunna Lewis. Do leag sé beirt fhear deug, triúr marbh ortha. Is ar éigin a dh'éirigh leis an oifigeach eile a shlighe a dheunamh tar ais, agus an méid pleur a caitheadh leis, ach tháinig sé slán sa deire.

Patriotism and Discipline

"To what heights the sons of a proud and devout nation can rise when they are facing a common danger, strong in that absence of dissent which is born of discipline, raised by a beloved leader to his own level of moral grandeur, conscious of fighting for a righteous cause."

A NON-COM.

"The sergeant of my squad had fought in seven wars.

"All that he knew—and he was a well-informed man—he had taught himself.

"The range of his accomplishments was astounding. He could cook like a French chef, make clothes like a tailor, mend boots like a cobbler, bind up a wound and set a broken limb like a surgeon. He was the best shot of the battalion. In the erection of earth works he was the equal of trained engineers. He could lead a squad, a company, a battalion, as well as any Lieutenant, Captain or Major could, and in emergencies had done so. He could set sentries, pitch camp, throw out skirmishes, effect a retreat, form a square like a Prussian Commander.

"With all this he was respectful, polite, and grave. He was cool and brave in action, never lost his head, never lost his temper.

"His readiness and resource was wonderful. He had a way out of every difficulty, a remedy for every evil.

"The manner in which he managed the sometimes terribly difficult question of supplies was admirable. To the men he was considerate, but would not overlook an offence or relax discipline. They had the good sense of what immense value he was to the squad, and liked, not only for that, but also for his integrity and sense of justice."

(Captain F. Wilhelm Von Herbert:
"The Defence of Peevna.")

A National Soldier

The qualifications of the German soldier are unique. He was a man of some character when he came to the Army. In the home circle out of which he stepped into the ranks he was no black sheep.

He has a local opinion to live up to. His comrades around him are of his neighbourhood, and will speak of him either to his credit or the reverse.

He is a sober fellow, who knows nothing of dissipation.

His nerves have their tone unimpaired by any excesses.

He has a man's education, yet something of the simplicity of a child.

He glows with a belief in the Fatherland.

His military instruction has been moral as well as mechanical.

In fine, he is a soldier citizen and a citizen-soldier.

(Forbes: Barracks, Bivouacs and Battles).

The Battle of Rathmines

A FORGOTTEN FIGHT.

The battle of Rathmines is seldom spoken of; the name has an unfamiliar sound. Yet 273 years ago a great and decisive battle was fought at Rathmines, important in its consequences to Dublin and Ireland. We often hear the name of Rathmines used as a synonym for suburbanism, as though it were unsuited to be the scene of great events. In 1649 it formed a scene in a drama in which parts, lofty or ignoble, were played by kings, chiefs, and Pope, Eoghan Ruadh, hope of the Gael; Papal Nuncio Rinuccini, King's Champion Ormonde, Cromwell, the destroyer; old-Irish, old-English nobles, priests, traitors, patriots—a medley of parties and clashing interests, each one fighting for his own hand. Opposed to one another at Rathmines were James Butler, Duke of Ormonde, whose portrait by Sir Philip Leby stares at us in the National Portrait Gallery in Leinster House, crafty, insincere, sinister; and Michael Jones, ex-Royalist Colonel, the trusted of Cromwell, a man who was "always puritanically inclined." Cromwellian Jones is not now remembered, however noteworthy in his own day; his name spoiled his chances of fame. Butler we know, O'Neill we know, scions of ancient houses, but who was Jones?

Jones, Commander of Dublin.

The son of an invading "Bishop" from the wilds of Merionethshire—"Old Jones" of Killaloe, who was censured by the High Commission Court for favouring Dissenters—the brother of other such Bishops, Michael, a student of Lincoln's Inn, left books and gown at the outbreak of the civil war in England to serve his King in Ireland. In 1643 we find him delivering an address to Ormonde at the Castle calling attention to the suffering of Protestants in Ireland, which were "far above anything that eyther they or theyre ancestors or any other people under the sunne have ever found." Ormonde replied diplomatically, with delightful vagueness. In 1647 behold him in Dublin as commander of the English Parliamentary forces. He shall now plead with Ormonde in another manner—to wit, with discharge of artillery, and thrust of pike, and charge of horse.

A Medley of Parties.

A distracted country was Ireland at this time, with a confusion of selfish, near-sighted leaders, none supreme; bloodshed and devastation everywhere. There were Catholics of the Pale demanding only religious liberty and the supremacy of the Norman Catholic nobility and gentry; Ormonde's Royalists and Episcopalians seeking their own interests in the supremacy of the English monarch; Scotch and Ulster Presbyterians asking for "King and Covenant"; English invaders under Michael Jones seeking only the prostration of Ireland and the mastership of their own Government. Amid all this contention of Kings and Parliaments, Catholics, Episcopalians and Protestants, the Gaels, the historic Irish nation, saw they were robbed of all indiscriminately, and longed for the independence of their country. Their leader, Eoghan Ruadh, the greatest man of those unhappy times, whom Jones could do nothing against, remained waiting for a gleam of hope for Ireland, keeping his army of Gael together as best he could, balancing all the parties against one another, now coquetting with Jones, now with Ormonde, now with the Northern Presbyterians. The issue of the siege of Dublin will help to decide his conduct.

The Camp at Finglas.

On the death of Charles I. of England (January 30th) Ormonde had declared young Charles Stuart King of Ireland, and proceeded to raise an army to reduce Dublin. Two years previously he had surrendered the city to Jones, "to prevent its falling into the hands of the Irish." Jones now withstood all temptations (from O'Neill among others) to espouse the failing cause of Charles II. From Naas marched the Butler, across the bridge at Lucan, and about nine in the morning on June 19th, came to Castleknock, within view of the city. Jones's cavalry were drawn up on the green before the walls. After skirmishing with them the "Buitlearach" retired and encamped at Finglas, at that time two miles from the town. Thence he sent

Inchiquin, "Murrough of the Burnings," to Drogheda. Inchiquin captured that town and returned in triumph to Finglas. Pressed between, on the one hand, the Irish Catholics, Pope, Nuncio and Eoghan Ruadh, and on the other Cromwell, Parliament and England, Butler dared not draw back. He must capture Dublin at all costs.

Ormonde at Rathmines.

On July 25th it was decided in a Council of War to attack Dublin on both sides. Lord Dillon of Costelough was left at Finglas with some 2,000 foot and 500 horse—about one-third of Butler's army. "An Buitlearach" marched with the rest of the men over the Liffey and encamped at Rathmines. Ludlow says that Rathmines was at this time surrounded by a wall about sixteen feet high, enclosing ten acres of ground, but this does not agree with the accounts of the battle given. At all events no traces of these walls are now discoverable. Butler hoped to raise a work to the east of the city which would command the entrance of the Liffey, but even while on the march southwards "a strong gale" blew succour to the rebels in Dublin, reinforcements, food, arms, everything they required, to the chagrin of Ormonde. Two days later the Royalists took Rathfarnham by storm and made all the garrison prisoners. The horses of the Cromwellians were grazed in a meadow near the south side of the city; and the idea was now formed of starving off their horses by depriving them of pasture. Accordingly on August 1st Purcell was sent thither with 1,500 foot and materials for fortification. He started at nightfall, but the guides led him astray, and he did not get there till an hour before day. "There was treachery somewhere," groans Carte.

Jones Sallies Forth.

Meanwhile our Butler sits up all night "finishing some despatches he was making to France." At day-break he rode down to Baggotrath, to find that the place was none too strong and the work of fortifying only commenced. He saw also "strong parties of the enemy hiding themselves the best they could behind some houses at Lowsy hill, and in a hollow between Baggotrath and the strand. He spoke to Purcell and Sir William Vaughan, heard their excuses, and left them to get some sleep. About nine in the morning he reached his tent, but he had not slept an hour when he was awakened by volleys of shots which seemed to come from nearer than Baggotrath. Out he rushed, but ere he was 100 yards from his tent the men he had working at Ballybrath were beaten back, and Sir William Vaughan was dead. Jones had made a sally unexpectedly. Men turned and ran without waiting for the fray, and the whole right wing of Ormonde's forces was soon beaten. He strove to rally the centre of his troops, but in vain. His brother and Colonel Reilly did not stay where he placed them, and, their regiments being withdrawn, the enemy surrounded the infantry. Some fled, others threw down their arms on promise of quarter. These last, it is alleged by the Royalists, were murdered after they were brought within the works of Dublin. Last of all, the left wing was borne back, and the defeat completed.

Effects of the Battle.

After the defeat there were the usual recriminations. The Earl of Fingall, Colonel Richard Butler, with 300 officers and 1,500 soldiers, were captured by the Cromwellians, with all the plunder of the camp, artillery, tents and baggage. The Catholic Confederates assailed Butler fiercely, accusing his officers of faithlessness, ignorance, and cowardice, and he had to make an elaborate defence. This crushing defeat and the landing of Cromwell at Dublin a fortnight later decided Eoghan Ruadh that the English rebels constituted the real danger, and he agreed to assist Ormonde. Jones, the beloved of Cromwell, the theme of a poem by one George Wither, elated by his success, replied to a letter from the Butler asking for a list of his prisoners. "My Lord, since I routed your army, I cannot have the happiness to know where you are that I may wait on you." A rare gleam of English humour!

PIARAS BÉASLAÍ.

AN T-OGLACH

OCTOBER 28, 1922.

Towards Peace

The work of the Irish Army is directed towards one end and one only—to bring peace, order and security to a distracted country. Every success of the National troops is welcomed, not as a victory over an opponent, but as a step towards peace. The Government and the Army do not desire the humiliation of any persons, however misguided, whose actions were based on sincere convictions. They cannot, however, admit the right of any minority to impose their will on the people by force of arms. If that principle is admitted, there can be no peace in Ireland. Any small political party, any handful of fanatics, will consider themselves entitled to establish their power in some part of the country by a *coup d'état*. The law-breaker, the criminal, will follow in their train and make confusion worse confounded. The principle for which the National Army is fighting is a bedrock principle of civilisation, the only secure basis for peace, order and stability.

It is satisfactory then to record the progress made by the Army towards that goal for which every lover of Ireland longs—peace and security in Ireland and a country able to address itself to constructive work, both in the material and the intellectual sphere. The disturbances with which the National troops have to contend grow steadily less. Last week we had to record a considerable diminution of Irregular activity. This week it is pleasant to note that there is a further improvement. The impossibility of the situation in which they have placed themselves is beginning to be realised by many supporters of the Irregular revolt. There is a widespread feeling that the work of the National Army is nearing its fruition, and that the day is not far distant when the people of Ireland will be able to enjoy the full benefits of that work.

The Irish Army of to-day is the direct and legitimate descendant of the Irish Volunteers of 1916 and the I.R.A. of 1920. It is bringing to completion the task initiated by the founding of the Irish Volunteers in 1913. The safeguarding of "the common rights and liberties of the whole people of Ireland" has been carried out loyally both against foreign and domestic aggression. The end of the great work of the soldiers of Ireland is not far distant. The day is at hand when Ireland will be able to realise her destiny to the full—to employ those powers long suppressed and stagnant to do brave and beautiful things, to make our nation one whose name shall rank high among the nations of the world. In that day of triumph there will be sorrow and pride for those who have fallen in the fight; there will be pity, too, for those who, misled from the right path, have perished in a cause they believed to be right. The brave men of the National Army who are bringing peace and freedom to Ireland by their courage and self-sacrifice will not meet the day of final triumph in any spirit of bitterness or recrimination. It is sad that so many gallant lives had to be sacrificed to bring peace to our country; it is sad that Ireland has suffered the loss of some absolutely irreplaceable men; but "who dies so Ireland lives?" The men who foolishly did their best to kill the nation they professed to love are in many cases beginning to see the error of their ways. The nation's progress towards peace, order and freedom, thanks to the courage and devotion of the Army, is sure and steady.

An t-Oglach

A HISTORY-MAKING JOURNAL.

Many difficulties and inconveniences have been mentioned in connection with the production of "An t-Oglach." When Dick McKee took over the setting-up and printing of the paper, this additional difficulty arose—that his multifarious activities in connection with the Dublin Brigade made great inroads on the time required by him for the work of "An t-Oglach." "Stunts," such as the raids on the Castle mails, on King's Inns, and on the armoured car in Drumecondra, continually interfered with the prompt production of "An t-Oglach." The paper appeared regularly, but the issues were sometimes late. After a time Dick McKee also took on the rôle of Director of Training, and the time at his disposal was further encroached on. It is interesting to record that at this time he contributed some articles on training to its columns.

A New Printer.

By the autumn of 1920 it was realised that Dick McKee could not possibly afford the time required to set up and print "An t-Oglach," and it was decided that he should be enabled to give his whole time to the Dublin Brigade and the Training Department. He offered to find a substitute, and appointed Mr. Joe Cullen, an active Volunteer (who subsequently became official Army compositor in Beggar's Bush Barracks) to fill his place. Mr. Cullen continued to set up the paper from that time to the British evacuation.

A Live Wire.

McKee continued to take an interest in "An t-Oglach," though no longer engaged in the mechanical work thereof. The editor was "on the run," but he met McKee nightly in a certain hotel in Parnell Square, which was then an important centre of I.R.A. activities. Dick McKee dealt between the editor and the printer, and supplied material from the Training Department, including much matter from Lieutenant-General O'Connell. Although McKee was the life and soul of Volunteer operations, not merely in Dublin but in other parts of Ireland, he did not attract the suspicions of the British until shortly before his tragic end, and was never officially "on the run." His right hand man was Vice-Commandant Peadar Clancy, who died with him. The history of "An t-Oglach" is mixed up with the circumstances of his death, as will be hereafter related.

A New Office?

As has been stated, our printing office was small, unsafe and inconvenient. To these difficulties was added another factor, that there was no access to the office except through the shop in front, and that the then proprietor, having no assistant, closed down the shop whenever he had to leave, with the result that the printer was sometimes unable to obtain access to the office. This matter was discussed between the editor and Dick McKee, and it was decided to make an effort to get more suitable premises. After some time the editor believed he had discovered a suitable place, and asked McKee to inspect it.

A Sensational Episode.

On the night of November 20th, 1921, the editor met Dick McKee at a meeting in the hotel in Parnell Square, and made an appointment to meet him next day, and inspect the proposed new printing office. Both knew that the meeting next day might be attended with difficulty. Next day was the day known as "Bloody Sunday." The meeting broke up, and Dick McKee (not to mention Michael Collins) had barely left the building when the hotel was rushed by Auxiliaries. The editor, who was chatting with Conor Clune, darted out the back door, climbed some walls, and, finding the block of buildings surrounded, spent the night in an old disused stable. Conor Clune was arrested and taken to the Castle. On that same night Dick McKee and Peadar Clancy were captured at the house where they were sleeping. The editor, unaware of this, turned up at the rendezvous next day in vain. It was not until the following day that he learned that McKee, Clancy and Clune had been murdered together in the Castle Yard.

(To be continued).

The Rescue of Cremona

In January, 1702, occurred the famous rescue of Cremona. Villeroy succeeded Catinat in August, 1701, and having with his usual rashness attacked Eugene's camp at Chiari, he was defeated. Both parties retired early to winter quarters, Eugene encamping so as to blockade Mantua. While thus placed, he opened an intrigue with one Cassoli, a priest of Cremona, where Villeroy had his headquarters. An old aqueduct passed under Cassoli's house, and he had it cleared of mud and weeds by the authorities, under a pretence that his house was injured from want of drainage. Having opened this way, he got several of Eugene's grenadiers into the house disguised, and now at the end of January all was ready.

Cremona lies on the left bank of the river Po. It was then five miles round, was guarded by a strong castle and by an enceinte, or continued fortification all round it, pierced by five gates. One of these gates led almost directly to the bridge over the Po. This bridge was fortified by a redoubt.

Eugene's Plan.

Eugene's design was to surprise the town at night. He meant to penetrate on two sides, south and north. Prince Charles of Vaudemont crossed the Po at Firenzola, and marching up the right bank with 2,500 foot and 500 horse, was to assault the bridge and gate of the Po, as soon as Eugene had entered on the north. As this northern attack was more complicated, and as it succeeded, it may be best described in the narrative of events.

On the 31st of January Eugene crossed the Oglio at Ustiano, and approached the north of the town. Marshal Villeroy had that night returned from a war council at Milan.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 1st of February, the allies closed in on the town in the following order:—1,100 men under Count Kufstein entered by the aqueduct; 300 men were led to the gate of St. Margaret's, which had been walled up, and immediately commenced removing the wall from it; meantime, the other troops under Kufstein pushed on and secured the ramparts to some distance, and, as soon as the gate was cleared, a vanguard of horse under Count Merci dashed through the town. Eugene, Staremberg, and Prince Commerci followed with 7,000 horse and foot. Patrols of cavalry rode the streets; Staremberg the great square; the barracks of four regiments were surrounded, and the men cut down as they appeared.

A Bribe Refused.

Marshal Villeroy, hearing the tumult, hastily burned his paper and rode out attended only by a page. He was quickly snapped up by a party of Eugene's cavalry commanded by an Irishman named Macdonnell. Villeroy, seeing himself in the hands of a soldier of fortune, hoped to escape by bribery. He made offer after offer. A thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse were refused by this poor Irish captain; and Villeroy rode out of the town with his captor.

The Marquis of Mongon, General Crenant, and other officers, shared the same fate, and Eugene assembled the town council to take an oath of allegiance, and supply him with 14,000 rations. All seemed lost.

All was not lost. The Po gate was held by 35 Irishmen, and to Merci's charge and shout they answered with a fire that forced their assailant to pass on to the rampart, where he seized a battery. This unexpected and almost rash resistance was the very turning point

of the attack. Had Merci got this gate, he had only to ride on and open the bridge to Prince Vaudemont. The entry of 3,000 men more, and on that side, would soon have ended the contest.

Dillon's Men.

Not far from this same gate of the Po were the quarters of two Irish regiments, Dillon (one of Mountcashel's old brigade), and Burke (the Athlone regiment). Dillon's regiment was, in Colonel Lacy's absence, commanded by Major Mahony. He had ordered his regiment to assemble for exercise at daybreak, and lay down. He was woken by the noise of the Imperial Cuirassiers passing his lodgings. He jumped up, and, finding how things were, got off to the two corps, and found them turning out in their shirts to check the Imperialists, who swarmed round their quarters.

He had just got his men together when General D'Arenes came up, put himself at the head of these regiments, who had nothing but their muskets, shirts, and cartouches about them. He instantly led them against Merci's force, and, after a sharp struggle, drove them from the ramparts, killing large numbers, and taking many prisoners, amongst others Macdonnell, who returned to fight after securing Villeroy.

In the meantime Estrague's regiment had made a post of a few houses in the great square; Count Revel had given the word "French to the ramparts," and retook All-Saints' gate, while M. Praslin made head against the Imperial cavalry patrols. But when Revel attempted to push further round the ramparts and regain St. Margaret's Gate, he was repulsed with heavy loss, and D'Arenes, who seems to have been everywhere, was wounded.

Victory.

It was ten o'clock in the day, and Mahony had received orders to fight his way from the Po to the Mantua Gate, leaving a detachment to guard the rampart from which he had driven Merci. He pushed on, driving the enemy's infantry before him, but suffering much from their fire, when Baron Freiberg, at the head of a regiment of Imperial Cuirassiers, burst into Dillon's regiment. For a while their case seemed desperate; but almost naked as they were, they grappled with their foes. The linen shirt and the steel cuirass—the naked footman and the harnessed cavalier met, and the conflict was desperate and doubtful. Just at this moment Mahony grasped the bridle of Freiberg's horse, and bid him ask quarter. "No quarter to-day," said Freiberg, dashing his spurs into his horse; he was instantly shot. The Cuirassiers saw and paused; the Irish shouted and slashed at them. The volley came better and the sabres wavered. Few of the Cuirassiers lived to fly; but all who survived did fly, and there stood those glorious fellows in the wintry streets, bloody, triumphant, half-naked. Bourke lost seven officers and forty-two soldiers killed, and nine officers and fifty soldiers wounded; Dillon had one officer and forty-nine soldiers killed, and twelve officers and seventy-nine soldiers wounded.

But what matter for death or wounds, Cremona is saved. Eugene waited long for Vaudemont, but the French, guarded from Merci's attack by the Irish picquet of 35, had ample time to evacuate the redoubt and ruin the bridge of boats.

On hearing of Freiberg's death, Eugene made an effort to keep the town by frightening the council. On hearing of the destruction of the bridge, he despaired, and effected his retreat with consummate skill, retaining Villeroy and 100 other officers prisoners.

Battle of Credran (A.D. 1257)

BY EDWARD WALSH.

[A brilliant battle was fought by Geoffrey O'Donnell, Lord of Tirconnell, against the Lord Justice of Ireland, Maurice Fitzgerald, and the English of Connaught, at Credran Cille, Roseede, in the territory of Carburry, north of Sligo, in defence of his principality. A fierce and terrible conflict took place, in which bodies were hacked, heroes disabled, and the strength of both sides exhausted. The men of Tirconnell maintained their ground, and completely overthrew the English forces in the engagement, and defeated them with great slaughter; but Geoffrey himself was severely wounded, having encountered in the fight Maurice Fitzgerald, in single combat, in which they mortally wounded each other.—*Annals of the Four Masters.*]

From the glens of his fathers O'Donnell comes forth,
With all Cinel-Conaill, fierce sept of the North—
O'Boyle and O'Daly, O'Dugan, and they
That own, by the waves, O'Doherty's sway.

Clan Connor, brave sons of the diadem'd Niall,
Has poured the tall clansmen from mountain and vale—
McSweeney's sharp axes, to battle oft bore,
Flash bright in the sun-light by high Dunamore.

Through Innis-Mac-Durin, through Derry's dark brakes,
Glentocher of tempests, Sleibh-snacht of the lakes,
Bundoran of dark spells, Loch-Swilly's rich glen,
The red deer rush wild at the war-shout of men!

O! why through Tir-Chonaill, from Cuil-Dubh's dark steep,
To Samer's green border the fierce masses sweep,
Living torrents o'er-leaping their own river shore,
In the red sea of battle to mingle their roar?

Stretch thy vision far southward, and seek for reply
Where blaze of the hamlets glares red on the sky—
Where the shrieks of the hopeless rise high to their
God,
Where the foot of the Sassanach spoiler has trod!

Sweeping on like a tempest, the Gall-Oglach stern
Contends for the van with the swift-footed kern—
There's blood for that burning, and joy for that wail—
The avenger is hot on the spoiler's red trail.

The Saxon hath gathered on Credran's far heights,
His groves of long lances, the flower of his knights—
His awful cross-bowmen, whose long iron hail
Finds, through Cota and Skiatl, the bare heart of the
Gael!

The long lance is brittle—the mailed ranks reel
Where the Gall-Oglach's axe hews the harness of steel,
And truer to its aim in the breast of a foeman,
Is the pike of a kern than the shaft of a bowman.

One prayer to St. Columb—the battle-steel clashes—
The tide of fierce conflict tumultuously dashes;
Surging onward, high-heaving its billow of blood,
While war-shout and death-groan swell high o'er the
flood.

As meet the wild billows the deep-centr'd rock,
Met glorious Clan Conell the fierce Saxon's shock;
As the wrath of the clouds flashed the axe of Clan-
Conell,
Till the Saxon lay strewn 'neath the might of O'Donnell!

One warrior alone holds the wide bloody field,
With barbed black charger and long lance and shield—
Grim, savage, and gory he meets their advance,
His broad shield up-lifting and crouching his lance.

Then forth to the van of that fierce rushing throng
Rode a chieftain of tall spear and battle-axe strong,
His bracca, and geochal, and cochal's red fold,
And war-horse's housings, were radiant in gold!

Say who is this chief spurring forth to the fray,
The wave of whose spear holds yon armed array?
And he who stands scorning the thousands that sweep,
An army of wolves over shepherdless sheep?

The shield of the nation, brave Geoffrey O'Donnell
(Clar-Fodhla's firm prop is the proud race of Conall),
And Maurice Fitzgerald, the scorner of danger,
The scourge of the Gael, and the strength of the stranger.

The launch'd spear hath torn through target and mail—
The couch'd lance hath borne to his crupper the Gael—
The steeds driven backwards all helplessly reel;
But the lance that lies broken hath blood on its steel!

And now fierce O'Donnell thy battle-axe wield—
The broad-sword is shiver'd, and cloven the shield,
The keen steel sweeps grinding through proud crest
and crown—
Clar-Fodhla hath triumphed—the Saxon is down!

Fire Discipline

There are two means of easing tension under fire: one is to seek cover; the other is to form in close order. Even an "unshotted" recruit can exhibit coolness when he is behind a protection as in Kilworth Barracks when it was attacked this week. When men stand shoulder to shoulder there is comfort in the proximity.

But both these means of securing coolness under fire are full of peril. It is in himself and in himself alone that the well-trained veteran finds his truest protection against panic when attacked. If he has not shown alertness, coolness, self-control, in the ordinary life of the barracks or the camp, he will be lacking in them in the time of danger.

The danger of at once seeking cover when attacked is this, that the soldier, having established himself in a safe coign of vantage, hates to leave it. He loses the initiative. Instead of the will to win, he exercises the will to safety. That is not the best military spirit. The best defensive is the offensive.

It was this cover-seeking system of tactics that lost the battle of Majuba to the English. The British soldier, man for man, had not the same coolness, presence of mind, fertility of resource, under fire that the Boer had.

There is a peril nearly as great in the close formation advance, the swarm attack, which the Germans modified after St. Privat in 1870. It is not that the attackers have an easier target, though that, too, is a deadly drawback, particularly in a Guerilla War. It is that where men have not in themselves that stern self-discipline which enables them to stand alone, the danger of panic is many times increased.

In carrying out his ordinary duties the National Soldier will bear in mind always that he is *creating a tradition.*

That is a difficult, but a very ennobling task.

That tradition must be a tradition of constant alertness, physical fitness, docility in the everyday life of the camp.

No chain is stronger than its weakest link. From the High Command down to the last squad of new recruits, the National Army must be welded and moulded to stand any strain. Laxity in any one post may mean a terrible disaster. Shoulder your responsibility.

Every man's instinct in danger is to run away. Iron self-discipline conquers that instinct with men of honour.

Nay more, it trains a man, not merely to be unafraid under fire, but in the midst of cruel sniping, to preserve the same cheerful and easy demeanour as he would on the parade ground.

That is what it means to be a genuine soldier.

AN T-ÓSLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

Who Carries the Gun?

Who carries the gun?

A soldier, cool and keen,
Who learned his trade when men were made
'Way back in grand "sixteen";
Though now we boast, a gallant host,
The van to Dublin's son—
Heart of the fray, of the I.R.A.—
'Tis he that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?

One from the banks of Lee;
Ah, sure the sod Mick Collins trod
Could not but cradle thee!
And Cork will guard the hallowed sward
Where calm in freedom's sun
Her deathless dead, sleep 'neath his tread—
The lad that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?

He's Kerry bred, I ween;
From "Beauty's Home" its pick has come
To don the jacket green;
In corner tight or long-drawn fight,
For laud or love or fun,
I'd freely bide with him beside—
The lad that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?

God save you, "Gallant Clare"!
Did motherland e'er need your hand,
And found it wanting there;
As waves that beat at Moher's feet
Obey the moon each one,
In rise and fall, so you Her call:
Up Clare and carry the gun!

Who carries the gun?

From Midlands, North or West,
Of gentle blood, or lineage rude,
We own you're Ireland's best;
The "Wild-Goose" strain long dormant lain,
Yet passed from sire to son,
Once more's afield, our pride, our shield—
The lad that carries the gun.

N. K.

Cursai Cogaidh

Do thug daoine armtha fé shaighdiúribh Náisiúnta i gClár Cloinne Mhuiris oidhche Dé Sathairn. Bhí cuid aca ag gabháilt dos na fearaibh a bhí ar ghárda nuair a bhí an chuid eile ag tabhairt fé's na trupaibh i dTigh na mBocht, ina bhfuil na saighdiúri ar stáisiún. Bris-eadh fuinneóga is do rinneadh a lán díoghbhála ar fuaid an bhaile. Gonadh saighdiúr darbh ainm O Daimhín.

Is amhlaidh a chuaidh beirt fhear suas chuige. Do thógadar piostáil amach go hobann agus do seaoil duine aca leis. Cuireadh ruaig ar na nea-rialtachaibh tar éis tamaillín.

BUMBA I gCORCAIGH.

Bhítheas ag caitheamh bumba go tréan i gCorcaigh Dia Luain, agus sé an díoghbháil a rinneadh ná seannradh do chur ar na daoineibh ins na sráideannaibh. Is iongantach conus a tháinig cuid aca slán as. Ar a 12.15 p.m. caitheadh dhá bhumba le gluasteán príomháideach a bhí ag dul síos Sráid Phádraig. Do thuit ceann díobh ar tram agus do phléasg sé. Ba dhóbhair dos na daoineibh istigh ach níor gonadh éinne ach amháin bean a thuit i laige. Bean eile a bhí na seasamh sa tsráid sciobadh sál a bróige uaithe le píosa an bhumba. Ar a 6 p.m. caitheadh bumba eile le laraí ag cúinne Cnuic Phádraig agus tá an sgéal ceudna le hinnsint, gan éinne a bheith gortuighthe ach an gheit a baineadh asta.

TEIPEADH.

Caitheadh leis na trupaibh sa champa i dTámhleacht ar a 9 a clog oidhche Dé Sathairn. Tamall ina dhiaidh sin bhí triúr oifigeach ag teacht tar ais go dtí an campa é Chluain Dealgáin. Ar an slighe doibh do bhuaill fir óga is gunnaí aca umpa. Do ghlaoigh na fir óga ar na hoifigeachaibh stad, agus a lámha do chur suas. Do stad na saighdiúri, agus do ghluais duine aca annsan i ngoire an dhreama eile agus piostál 'na lámh aige Tháinig fear chun é chuardach. Nuair a bhí an fear suas leis do chaith sé an piostal ina chorp agus dhein sé priosúnach de. Do theich na fir eile trí na páirceannaibh agus na saighdiúri ina ndiaidh, ach bhí an oidhche ró-dhorcha chun iad a dhfhághailt.

NI RABHADAR REIDH.

Nuair a bhí 20 saighdiúr ar rotharaibh ag gabháilt an bhóthair in aice Chill Orglain tháingadar go hobann ar nea-rialtach a bhí ag leigint a sgíthe ar thaobh an bhóthair. D'imthigh na nea-rialtach chón tapaidh agus do bhéidir leo nuair a chonnaicadar na trupaí. Do lean na saighdiúri iad, agus marbhuidheadh duine agus gonadh beirt des na nea-rialtachaibh. Do theich an chuid eile, agus do thógadar na fir gonta in éinfheacht leo. Fuair eadh mála saighdiúri agus gléas eile ar chorp an fhir mhairbh. Tógadh dhá ghunna is ceud piléar leis. Níor gortuightheadh éinne des na saighdiúribh.

AN RUD A BHI UATHA.

I lár na hoidhche tháinig triúr fear go dtí Fionn Ghlaise an tseachtmhain seo ghaibh tharainn. Do stadadar ar an dtaobh amuich de shiopa le Mac Uí Mhurthuile. Do bhuaileadar ar an ndoras agus d'iarradar teacht isteach. Ní bhfuair eadar aon fhreagra is do thosnuightheadar annsan ar an doras do bhriseadh. Tháinig an siopadóir annsan agus do leig sé isteach iad. D'fhan duine aca ag an ndoras an fhaid is a bhí an bheirt eile istigh. D'fhiafruigh an siopadóir díobh cad a bhí uatha. Dubhradar go raibh biotáille uatha. Fuair eadar buidéal agus d'imthigtheadar sásta.

AN T-ÓSLÁC

NOVEMBER 4, 1922.

Order

ALTHOUGH the return to normal conditions continues steadily there is no justification for any relaxation of energy or vigilance on the part of the officers and men of the National Army. Rather the present condition of affairs should only stimulate all towards increased efficiency, perfected discipline and the improvement of methods and machinery with a view to hastening the completion of the Army's task of restoring peace, law and order to a troubled country. The machinery required for this big national task had to a considerable extent to be got together hurriedly and under considerable difficulties, but these difficulties are being steadily overcome by the patience, loyalty and enthusiasm of those who have enlisted in the service of the Nation. The confidence and co-operation of the people of Ireland generally can be ensured if officers and men aim at the highest possible standard of discipline and conduct both in their military duties and their dealings with the civilian population. Unsettled conditions have prevailed so long in Ireland that many people have lost that sense of civic duty, that instinct for order which is the basis of normal civilised life. It was truly stated by the Minister of Defence that what was most needed was a sense of national discipline on the part of the people. It is for the officers and men of the Army to provide the people with an example of that order and discipline, that sense of national responsibility which the late period of chaos and revolution has weakened in so many of the people of Ireland. Disorderliness in conduct, disorderliness in methods of work are particularly reprehensible on the part of those entrusted with the restoration and maintenance of order at the present time. Much of the good work done by courage and enthusiasm may be counteracted by these defects. If we are to quell disorder we must ourselves in our work and in our conduct provide a model of orderliness to all we come in contact with.

A Famous Irish Victory

BEUL AN ATHA BUIDHE A.D. 1598.

O'Neill's spies brought him intelligence of large masses of troops moving northward, led by Marshal Sir Henry Bagnal, and composed of the choicest forces in the queen's service. Newry was their place of rendezvous; and early in August, Bagnal found himself at the head of the largest and best appointed army of veteran Englishmen that had ever fought in Ireland. He succeeded in relieving Armagh, and dislodging O'Neill from his encampment at Mullagh-bane, where the chief himself narrowly escaped being taken, and then prepared to advance, with his whole army, to the Blackwater, and raise the siege of Portmore. Williams and his men were by this time nearly famished with hunger; they had eaten all their horses, and had come to feeding on the herbs and grass that grew upon the walls, and in the ditches of the fortress. And every morning they gazed anxiously over the southern hills and strained their eyes to see the waving of a red-cross flag, or the glance of English spears in the rising sun.

ENGLISH V. IRISH.

O'Neill hastily summoned O'Donnell and MacWilliam to his aid, and determined to cross the marshal's path, and give him battle before he reached the Blackwater. His entire force on the day of battle, including the Scots and the troops of Connaught and Tir-Connell, consisted of four thousand five hundred foot and six hundred horse, and Bagnal's army amounted to an

equal number of infantry and five hundred veteran horsemen, sheathed in corslets and headpieces, together with some field artillery, in which O'Neill was wholly wanting. And small as these forces appear, they were the two largest armies, Irish against English, that had met upon this soil since Strongbow's invasion. In Bagnal's ranks (a thing most unusual at that period) we find but one Irishman, Maelmorra O'Reilly, surnamed "the Handsome" a disloyal traitor.

THE "YELLOW FORD."

Hugh Roe O'Donnell had sniffed the coming battle from afar, and on the 9th of August joined O'Neill with the Clans of Connaught and Tir-Connell. They drew up their main body about a mile from Portmore, on the way to Armagh, where the plain was narrowed to a pass, enclosed on one side by a thick wood, and on the other by a bog. To arrive at that plain from Armagh the enemy would have to penetrate through wooded hills divided by winding and marshy hollows, in which flowed a sluggish and discoloured stream from the bogs, and hence the pass was called BEAL-AN-ATHA BUIDHE, the mouth of the "yellow ford." Fearfasa O'Clery, a learned poet of O'Donnell's, asked the name of that place, and when he heard it, remembered (and proclaimed aloud to the army) that St. Bercan had foretold a terrible battle to be fought at a yellow ford, and a glorious victory to be won by the ancient Irish.

THE ENGLISH ADVANCE.

Bagnal's army rested that night in Armagh, and the Irish bivouacked in the woods, each warrior covered by his shaggy cloak, under the stars of a summer night; for to "an Irish rebel," says Edmund Spenser, "the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in." But O'Neill, we may well believe slept not that night away; the morrow was but to prove what valour and discipline was in that Irish army which he had been so long organizing and training to meet this very hour. Before him lay a splendid army of tried English troops, in full march for his ancient seat of Dungannon, and led on by his mortal enemy.

The tenth morning of August rose bright and serene upon the towers of Armagh and the silver waters of Avonmore. Before day dawned, the English army left the city in three divisions, and at sunrise they were winding through the hills and woods behind the spot where now stands the little church of Grange.

"A NEST OF GRIFFINS."

The sun was glancing on the corslets and spears of their glittering cavalry; their banners waved proudly, and their bugles rung clear in the morning air; when suddenly, from the thickets on both sides of their path, a deadly volley of musketry swept through the foremost ranks. O'Neill had stationed here five hundred light-armed troops to guard the defiles, and in the shelter of thick groves of fir-trees they had silently waited for the enemy. Now they poured in their shot, volley after volley, and killed great numbers of the English; but the first division, led by Bagnal in person, after some hard fighting, carried the pass, dislodged the marksmen from their position, and drove them backwards into the plain. The centre division under Cosby and Wingfield, and the rear-guard led by Cuin and Billing, supported in flank by the cavalry under Brooke, Montacute, and Fleming, now pushed forward, speedily cleared the difficult country, and formed in the open ground in front of the Irish lines. "It was not quite safe," says an Irish chronicler, (in admiration of Bagnal's disposition of his forces) "to attack the nest of griffins and den of lions in which were placed the soldiers of London." Bagnal, at the head of his first division, and aided by a body of cavalry, charged the Irish light-armed troops up to the very entrenchments, in front of which O'Neill's foresight had prepared some pits, covered over with wattles and grass, and many of the English cavalry rushing impetuously forward rolled headlong, both men and horses, into those trenches and perished. Still the Marshal's chosen troops, with loud cheers and shouts of "St. George, for merry England," resolutely attacked the entrenchments that stretched across the

pass, battered them with cannon, and in one place succeeded, though with heavy loss in forcing back their defenders.

THE IRISH CHARGE.

Then first the main body of O'Neill's troops was brought into action, and with the bagpipes sounding a charge, they fell upon the English, shouting their fierce battle-cries, Lamh-dearg! and O'Donnell Aboo! O'Neill himself, at the head of a body of horse, pricked forward to seek out Bagnal amidst the throng of battle, but they never met, the marshal, who had done his devoir that day like a good soldier, was shot through the brain by some unknown marksman; the division he had led was forced back by the furious onslaught of the Irish, and put to utter rout; and, what added to their confusion, a cart of gunpowder exploded amidst the English ranks, and blew many of their men to atoms. And now the cavalry of Tyr-Connell and Tyr-Owen dashed into the plain, and bore down the remnant of Brooke's and Fleming's horse; the columns of Wingfield and Cosby reeled before their rushing charge while in front of the war-cry of Bataillah-Aboo! the swords and axes of the heavy-armed gallowglasses were raging amongst the Saxon ranks. By this time the cannon were all taken; the cries of "St. George" had failed, or turned into death-shrieks; and once more, England's royal standard sunk before the Red Hand of Tyr-Owen.

THE "BLOODY LOANING."

The last who resisted was the traitor O'Reilly; twice he tried to rally the flying squadrons, but was slain in the attempt; and at last the whole of that fine army was utterly routed, and fled pell-mell towards Armagh, with the Irish hanging fiercely on their rear. Amidst the woods and marshes all connection and order were speedily lost, and as O'Donnell's chronicler has it, they were "pursued in couples, in threes, in scores, in thirties, and in hundreds," and so cut down in detail by their avenging pursuers. In one spot especially the carnage was terrible, and the country people yet point out the lane where that hideous rout passed by, and call it to this day the "Bloody Loaning." Two thousand five hundred English were slain in the battle and flight, including twenty-three superior officers, besides lieutenants and ensigns. Twelve thousand gold pieces, thirty-four standards, all the musical instruments and cannon, with a long train of provision wagons, were a rich spoil for the Irish army. The confederates had only two hundred slain and six hundred wounded.

O'NEILL'S TRIUMPH.

Fifteen hundred English found shelter in the city, which was forthwith closely invested by the victorious Irish, and "for three days and three nights nothing passed in or out." On the fourth day they surrendered the place; and although some of the chieftains would have taken cruel revenge upon these unfortunate survivors of the battle, O'Neill's voice prevailed, and they were disarmed and sent in safety to the Pale. Portmore was instantly yielded and its garrison dismissed with the rest.

"Thus," says Camden, "Tyr-Owen triumphed according to his heart's desire over his adversary." All Saxon soldiery vanished speedily from the fields of Ulster, and the Bloody Hand once more waved over the towers of Newry and Armagh.

—(Abridged from Mitchell's *Life of Aodh O'Neill*.)

At Sedan

A FAMOUS CAVALRY CHARGE.

The trumpets sounded and the mass started off, first of all at a trot. Prosper was in the first rank, but almost at the end of the right wing. The greatest danger is in the centre, upon which the enemy instinctively directs his more violent fire. When they reached the crest of the Calvary and were beginning to descend the other slope in the direction of the broad plain, Prosper could distinctly see, a thousand yards ahead of him, the Prussian squares against which they were being hurled.

He trotted along, however, as though he were in a dream, swaying like a man asleep, feeling light and buoyant, and with his brain so empty, that he had no idea of anything. He had become a mere machine worked by an irresistible power. Orders were repeated for the men to keep as close together as possible, knee to knee, so that they might acquire the resistive strength of granite. And as the trot became swifter and changed into a desperate gallop the Chasseurs d'Africa, in Arab fashion, began raising savage yells which maddened their horses. It soon became a diabolical race, at hellish speed, and as an accompaniment to the furious gallop and the ferocious howls, there resounded the crackling of the fusilade, the bullets striking the cans and pans of the advancing squadrons, the brass on the uniforms of the men, and on the harness of the horses, with the loud pit-a-pat of hail. And through this hail swept the shells—the hurricane of wind and thunder which shook the ground and impregnated the sunlight with a stench akin to that of burning wool and sweating beasts.

At five hundred yards from the foe a furious eddy, sweeping everything else away, threw Prosper from his horse. He caught Zephyr by the mane, however, and managed to get into the saddle again.

Riddled and broken by the fusilade, the centre had just given way, and the two wings were whirling round, falling back to reform and rush forward once more. This was the fatal, foreseen annihilation of the first squadron. The fallen horses barred the ground; some had been struck dead on the spot; others were struggling in violent throes; and dismounted soldiers could be seen running hither and thither at the full speed of their little legs in search of other horses. The dead were already strewing the plain, and many riderless horses continued galloping, coming back to their ranks of their own accord so that they might return at a mad pace to the fight, as though the powder fascinated them. The charge was resumed; the second squadron swept on with growing fury, the men bending low over their horses' necks with their sabres on a level with the knee, ready to strike.

Another couple of hundred yards were covered amid a deafening tempestuous clamour. Yet again did the bullets make a gap in the centre, men and horses fell, arresting the onslaught with the inextricable barrier of their corpses. And thus, in its turn, the second squadron was mowed down, annihilated, leaving the front place to those that followed behind it. When, with heroic obstinacy, the third charge was made, Prosper found himself mixed up with some Hussars and Chasseurs de France. The regiments were mingling; there was now only a huge wave of horsemen which incessantly broke and re-formed, carrying whatever it met along with it. Prosper no longer had any idea of anything; he had surrendered himself to his horse, brave Zephyr, whom he was so fond of, and who seemed maddened by a wound in the ear.

At present he was in the centre; other horses reared and fell around him; some were thrown to the ground as by a hurricane, whilst others, though shot dead, remained in the saddle, and continued charging, showing but the whites of their eyes. And, this time, again another two hundred yards having been covered, the stubble in the rear of the squadron was littered with dead and dying. There were some whose heads had sunk deep into the soil. Others who had fallen on their backs, gazed at the great round sun with terrified eyes starting from their sockets.

Then there was a big black horse, an officer's charger, whose belly had been ripped open, and who vainly strove to rise with the hoofs of both forelegs caught in his entrails. Whilst the foe redoubled his fire, the wings whirled once again, and fell back, to return, however, to the charge with desperate fury.

It was, indeed, only the fourth squadron, at the fourth onslaught, that reached the Prussian line.

Prosper, with his sabre uplifted, smote the dark uniforms and the helmets he saw through the smoky mist. Blood flowed, and on noticing that Zephyr's mouth was ensanguined, he imagined that it was through having bitten the foe. So frightful was the clamour becoming, that he could no longer hear himself shout, and yet his throat was being almost torn away with yells that issued from it. Behind the first Prussian line, however, there was yet another one, then another, and then another.

An t-Oglach

A HISTORY-MAKING JOURNAL.

(Continued.)

From the time of its birth "An tOglach" aroused the fierce hostility of the British, and the possession of a copy of the I.R.A. organ was treated by them as a more serious offence than the possession of a rifle. Despite this the paper was widely and freely circulated among the various Volunteer units, and its appearance was eagerly looked forward to by officers and men throughout the country. It helped them to keep in touch with the outlook and ideas of G.H.Q.; it instructed them in methods of warfare; it taught them lessons of discipline and contributed to the creation of what has been called "the Volunteer spirit"; it encouraged them in the hour of danger; and it helped to make public facts concerning the war of which the Volunteers would otherwise be ignorant.

THE "BLACK AND TANS."

With the advent of the Black and Tans the need of "An tOglach" became greater than ever. When the full flood of terror and savagery was let loose on the country something like the beginning of a panic began to appear among the civil population. The soldiers of the I.R.A., steadied by the counsels and stimulated by the encouragement of "An tOglach," faced the new dangers unflinchingly, and helped to revive the spirits of the people generally.

It was shortly before Dick McKee's death that it was decided, with a view to the prompt publication of "An tOglach" to secure the services of a printer to work the platen machine, and to confine Mr. Cullen to the work of setting up the paper. This division of labour facilitated the prompt appearance of the journal. The printer appointed, Mr. Walker, is now Army official printer, and the printing machine is still in use for Army purposes.

A HUNTED EDITOR.

The British spies in Dublin now made a determined effort to locate the place where "An tOglach" was produced. The identity of the Editor was hitherto unknown, but just about a fortnight before Dick McKee's death the Editor was informed by Collins' chief intelligence officer that he was now known to the British to be the wanted Editor. Immediately after the tragic death of McKee, and the hairsbreadth escape of the editor from a Parnell Square Hotel, on November 20th, 1920, the night before "Bloody Sunday," (described in our previous issue), a "set" was made on the editor. Practically all the places frequented by him were raided in quick succession, and he had to transfer to another part of the city. He had been definitely located in two different places, and the Auxiliaries expressed their determination to make him share McKee's fate. It became known in some way to the Auxiliaries that he had been in the Parnell Square Hotel at the time it was raided. It was also ascertained by them that Michael Collins had been in the building.

A TEMPORARY SUSPENSION.

It may be mentioned that at this time several of the principal centres employed in connection with the work of the Army were situated in Parnell Square. For a fortnight or three weeks after Bloody Sunday

Heroism remained of no avail; those deep masses of men were like lofty herbage amid which horses and horsemen disappeared. Mow them down as you might, there were always thousands left standing. The firing continued with such intensity, the muzzles of the needle guns were so close that uniforms were set on fire. All foundered, sank down among the bayonets; chests were transpierced, and skulls were split.

Two thirds of these regiments of horsemen were to remain on the field, and of that famous charge there would abide the memory of the glorious madness of having attempted it.

And, all at once Zephyr, in turn, was struck by a bullet full in the chest, and fell to the ground, crushing under him Prosper's right thigh, the pain of which was so acute that the Chasseur fainted.

(From the French of Emile Zola, "Le Debacle")

all these became the subject of daily raids, and the work of G.H.Q. was thereby impeded. However, new centres were rapidly found. The publication of "An tOglach" was suspended for two or three weeks in consequence of these difficulties, but the temporary disorganisation was rapidly overcome, and the work started afresh.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS.

The pressure of the Black and Tans, and the difficulties created thereby, as in the case of the other branches of the I.R.A., had only the effect of stimulating to greater energy as far as "An tOglach" was concerned. It was decided to make the paper (hitherto a bi-monthly) a weekly periodical. An Army Publicity Department was created of which the editor was made Director, and this Department worked in close association with the Dail Publicity Department, and supplied it with the greater part of its material during the last six months of the war. From the New Year (1921) "An tOglach" appeared weekly; and in addition to its usual matter it now began to produce a new feature—a review of all military activities throughout the country, summarised from reports, with extracts from reports of public interest or propagandist value. To secure proper supervision of the printing office a committee was appointed, consisting of the Adjutant General, the Army Publicity Director, and the then Dublin Brigadier, Oscar Traynor, now an Irregular prisoner in Gormanstown Camp. Mr. Traynor was selected for this Committee because he was a printer by trade, like the late Dick McKee. It was a curious coincidence that two successive Dublin Brigadiers should have both followed the same trade.

A "BIG PUSH."

These increased energies and enlarged activities in the face of difficulties had a healthy effect. The officers and men of the Army derived great encouragement and stimulation from the regular weekly appearance of "An tOglach," with its cheering news and practical instructions. Up to this the paper had been a purely Army journal, and its circulation was confined to members of the Army. In view of the tyranny exercised over the public Press in Ireland by the British, it was decided to circulate "An tOglach" among outsiders for propagandist purposes, and to make known facts suppressed in other publications. Copies of "An tOglach" were sent regularly to Irish newspapers and British and other foreign Press correspondents. Copies were also sent from time to time to public men of various political views, who were thought likely to circulate its contents in gossip in clubs, etc. That the work of "An tOglach" was having a considerable effect was proved by the fact that the British went to the trouble of printing a special leaflet, in which "An tOglach" was furiously denounced and an attempt made to refute some of its statements. Thousands of copies of this leaflet were dropped from aeroplanes in the South of Ireland.

(To be continued).

A Brave Lad Gone

Staff Captain Nick Tobin is gone, leaving a void in the hearts of us.

For Nick was a light of gaiety and humour with a wit that flashed its brightest in the middle of a big stunt.

Coming to Dublin from Cork, by way of Kilkenny, at the age of 15, he was educated at the O'Connell Schools. He "came out" in 1916 and in 1917 on the reconstruction of the Volunteers, joined C Coy., Batt. I, Dublin Brigade. In that Company he remained until the present National Army was formed when he at once joined the regular forces.

His accuracy with a Lewis Gun was deadly and he was senior gunner in his corps. His bravery was summed up in the remark of the Coy's. Captain: "He did not know what fear was." A good hurler, a quick wit, full of life and energy, immensely popular with officers and men, he will be missed.

CATHAL.

Printed for Army Headquarters at Mahon's Printing Works, Yarnhall Street, Dublin.

AN T-ÓSLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 22 (New Series).

NOVEMBER 11, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

To Our latest Volunteer

Some hint you're not a gentleman,
And scream you are no saint;
I've heard you called "a charlatan
Veneered in cheap green paint."
The colour of the coat you wear
Offends—being "dull" in shade;
The gun that in your hands you bear,
Hurts—being not "home-made."

'Tis urged by more, with certain heat,
Your leaders lack in "tone"—
A thing quite cheap in Grafton Street,
From four each afternoon.
But, what from critics cultured sense
For most invectives call,
Is, that you now, in self-defence
Strike back—or strike at all.

My lad! heed not each raucous sound
Assails your list'ning ear,
In Heaven itself were queer ones found
Disgruntled with things there;
They, being too intellectual
To serve, went to—don't mind—
Their exit warning was and shall
E'er be to all their kind.

That ever canonized you'll be,
Some doubts perturb my mind,
Yet, from the coat you've donned I see
You're surely well inclined;
Perfection travels hand in hand
With duty's humble call—
Do yours! and yet may be attained
Home-made gun, tone and all.

And meanwhile give receptive ear
And look with seeing eye,
Far, far beyond that ribald sneer
Insulting God's clean sky;
A voice above that mawkish wrath
Is ringing out "Be true,"
'Tis Ireland's—she for life or death
Has pinned her faith to you.

N.K.

Cursai Cogaidh

Maidin Dé Sathairn bhí Seumas O Caoimh, bainisteoir Baine Phortlaoighise, ag dul i mótor go dtí Sráid Baile in éinfeacht le beirt saighdiúir agus cléir-each. Ar an mbóthar dóibh do dhein fir armtha iarracht ar an gluasteán do chos. Do thúrling na saighdiúirí, agus bhí na pleuracha ag cteall idir an dá dhream le tamall. Sa deire bhí a ndóthaint ag na nea-rialtachaibh agus do thosnuigheadar ar cur díobh

treasna na genoc. Deirtear gur gonadh duine aca. Gonadh saighdiúir darbh ainm Pádraig O Faoileáin sa phluc, ach is beag suim a chuir sé ann, mar chuaidh sé go dtí Sráid Baile de shiubhail a chos ar lorg dochtúra.

IONNSUIDHE IN ATH CLIATH.

Nuair a bhí dhá laraí agus carra armtha ag dul tré Sráid an Ainséaraigh oidhche Dé Luain caitheadh dhá bhumba leis na saighdiúiribh ó chúinne Sráid an Longphuirt. Níor bhuail na bumbaí na laraí, ach do phluscadar ar an mbóthar agus do chuireadar scaipeadh ar na daoineibh a bhí ag gabháil thairis. Do stad na saighdiúirí, agus do thosnuigheadar ar chaitheamh leis an áit ón a dtáinig na bumbaí. Níor fhreagair éinne, agus cuireadh cosc le glór na bpleur anmsan. Fuair eadh anach ina dhiaidh san go raibh beirt fhear gonta i Sráid an Ainséaraigh. Ruiséal dob ainm do dhuine aca, agus tógadh go dtí Ospidéal Mercer é. Ní thabharfadh an fear eile a ainm uaidh, agus bhí sé ábalta ar imtheacht gan congnamh.

COISIR GAN MEIDHIR.

Fuair beirt shaighdiúir cuireadh go dtí cóisir maidin Dé Luain, agus chuadar ó Bhaile an Róba go dtí Anfield. Nuair a bhíodar imthighthe tháinig sé in aigne na dtrúpaí i mBaile an Róba go mbéidir go ndeunfadh na nea-rialtachaibh. Mar sin chuaidh gasra láidir go dtí Anfield ag feuchaint an raibh a géirde slán. Ba mhaith an cuimhneamh dóibh dul ann mar nuair a bhuaileadar Anfield bhí an tigh trí na chéile, bhí an bhean nua-phósta gonta sa cheam, agus bhí an bheirt tógtha as radharc. Chuaidh na saighdiúirí ar lorg na nea-rialtach agus tháingadar suas leo ag Sgárdán. Tógadh seacht nduine deug aca ina bpríosúnachaibh, agus saoradh an bheirt.

On Guard

Guard is not to be thought of merely in terms of the Guardroom.

A good soldier must be always on guard, or he will fail at the crucial moment.

From reveille to the last post he must be alert and vigilant.

He must be on guard against the slightest laxity in the discharge of every duty, no matter how insignificant it may appear to him.

On guard lest he bring the smallest discredit on his company, on his brigade.

On jealous guard over the honour of the Army.

On guard over the people.

The National Army is the people's army and the people of Ireland look to their Army to follow the tradition of unselfish loyalty, stern discipline and orderly self-respect created by its founders.

AN T-ÓṡṡÁċ

NOVEMBER 11, 1922.

Ourselves

Now that the country is slowly but steadily settling down to normal conditions and that the task of restoring peace and order is well under way, the Army has time to pay more attention to its own affairs. An Army hastily organised to meet abnormal circumstances, was confronted with a task which employed its utmost energies. To fight in defence of the Nation, to quell riot and disorder was its principal mission and a great deal of work had to be done in a rough-and-ready way. It is now time that rough-and-ready methods were abandoned for more carefully finished work. Discipline must be tightened up, diligence and business efficiency increased in the various branches of departmental work before we can be fully satisfied with ourselves. The men of the National Army are the finest material in the world; a little more attention to secondary details, as well as essentials, will make them ideal soldiers.

Ned Kavanagh

On Tuesday week a military funeral was given in Dublin to "Ned" Kavanagh, Marine Investigation Department, Portobello, killed in a motor collision on the North Wall and his son, Sergeant-Major T. Kavanagh of the National Army, killed in action in Cork. The highest officers of G.H.Q. attended to pay a tribute to soldier father and son.

Few people know the extent of Ned Kavanagh's services to Ireland during recent years. This old "salt" of 60, a sailor on the Tedcastle line of steamers between Dublin and Liverpool, was one of Michael Collins' most trusted and energetic agents. In smuggling men, arms and ammunition between Ireland and England during those years of struggle for national freedom, "Ned" was zealous and indefatigable and took the greatest risks with breezy cheerfulness. On a number of occasions he had "the Big Fellow" as his guest in the fo'castle crossing between Ireland and England unknown to the other sailors. Many other well-known Irish men and even women "on the run" were indebted to his services in the same way. Personally Ned was a quiet, unassuming, cheery, lovable type of man and his death will be sincerely mourned by all who came into contact with him, while the simultaneous death of his fine, gallant son adds poignancy to their sorrow. Ned was one of that small band of men who, each in their humble way, did a big part to make Ireland free, and the soldiers' funeral, attended by the highest officers in the Army, was a fitting tribute to his memory.

An Irish Victory

THE BATTLE OF BENBURB,
5th JUNE, 1646.

The battle of Benburb was fought upon the slopes of ground now called Thistle Hill, from being the property of the Thistles, a family of Scotch farmers, now represented by a fine old man of over eighty years. This ground is two and a quarter miles in a right line, or three by the road, from the church of Benburb, and about six miles below Caledon, in the County of Tyrone; in an angle between the Blackwater and the Oonagh, on the Benburb side of the latter, and close to Battleford Bridge. We are thus particular in marking the exact place, because of the blunders of many writers on it.

Major General Robert Munro landed with seven thousand Scots at Carrickfergus in the middle of April, 1642, and on the 28th and 29th was joined by Lord Conway and Colonel Chichester, etc., with 1,800 foot, five troops of horse and two of dragoons.

EOGHAN RUADH.

Early in May, a junction was effected between Munro and Titchborne, and an army of 12,000 foot and between 1,000 and 2,000 horse was made up. Yet with this vast force, Munro achieved nothing but plunder, unless the treacherous seizure of Lord Antrim be an exception. Thus was the spring of 1642 wasted. Yet, so overwhelming was Munro's force, that the Irish chiefs were thinking of giving up the war, when, on the 13th July, Owen Roe Mac Art O'Neill, landed at Doe Castle, County Donegal, and received command. Owen Roe was born in Ulster, and at an early age entered the Spanish—the imperial service—influenced, doubtless, by the same motives that induced Marshal Mac Donald into the French—that the gates of promotion were closed at home. Owen, from his connections, and greater abilities, rose rapidly, and held a high post in Catalonia. We have heard through Dr. Gartland, the worthy head of Salamanca College, that Eugenio Rufio is still remembered there. He held Arras in 1640, against the French, and (says Carte) "surrendered it at last on honourable terms, yet his conduct in the defence was such as gave him great reputation and procured extraordinary respect for him from the enemy." Owen was sent for at the first outbreak in 1641, but it was not till the latter end of June, 1642, that he embarked from Dunkirk, with many of the officers and men of his own regiment, and supplies of arms. He sailed round the north of Scotland to Donegal, while another frigate brought similar succour to Wexford, under Henry O'Neill and Richard O'Farrell. Owen was immediately conducted to Charlemont, and invested with the command of Ulster.

O'NEILL AND LESLEY.

Immediately on Owen's landing, Lesley, Earl of Leven, and general of the Scotch troops, wrote to him, saying "he was sorry a man of his reputation and experience abroad, should come to Ireland for the maintaining of so bad a cause," and advising his return. O'Neill replied "he had more reason to come to relieve the deplorable state of his country than Lesley had to march at the head of an army into England against his king, at a time when they (the Scots) were already masters of all Scotland.

No contrast could be better put. Lord Leven immediately embarked for Scotland, telling Munro, whom he left in command, that "he would certainly be ousted if O'Neill once got an army together. And so it turned out. Owen sustained himself for four years, against Munro on one side and Ormond on the other—harrassed by the demands of other provincial generals and distressed for want of provisions—defying Munro to compel him to fight a battle till he was ready for it.

But at length, having his troops in fine fighting order, he fought and won the greatest battle fought in Ireland since the "Yellow Ford." But we must tell how this came about.

MUNRO'S ARMY.

Throughout 1642, and in the summer of 1643, Munro made two attempts to beat up O'Neill's quarters, and though the Irish general had not *one-tenth* of Munro's force he compelled him to retire with loss into Antrim and Down. Assailed by Stewart's Army on the Donegal side, Owen Roe retreated into Longford and Leitrim, hoping in the rugged districts to nurse up an army, which would enable him to meet Munro in the field. By the Autumn of 1643, after having suffered many trifling losses, he had got together a militia army of 3,000 men, and the cessation having been concluded, he marched into Meath, joined Sir James Dillon, and reduced the entire district. In 1644, Munro's army, amounting to 12,000 men—O'Neill, having for a short time occupied a great part of Ulster, again returned to North Leinster. Here he was joined by Lord Castlehaven, with 6,000 men; but except trifling skirmishes, no engagement took place, and Castlehaven returned, disgusted with a war which he had not patience to

follow, nor profundity to practise. 1645 passed over in similar skirmishes, in which the country suffered terribly from the plunderings of Munro's army.

THE WARRIOR CHIEFS.

The leaders under Owen Roe were, Sir Phelim O'Neill and his brother Turlough; Con, Cormac, Hugh and Brian O'Neill; and the following chieftains with their clans:—Bernard McMahon, the son of Hugh, chief of Monaghan and Baron of Dartry; Colonel McMahon, Colonel McNeeny (who was married to Helen, sister of Bernard McMahon); Colonel Richard O'Ferrall of Longford; Roger Maguire of Fermanagh; Colonel Philip O'Reilly of Ballyneargy Castle in the County of Cavan (who was married to Rose O'Neill, the sister of Owen Roe); and the valiant Maolmora O'Reilly (kinsman to Philip) who from his great strength and determined bravery was called Miles the Slasher. The O'Reillys brought 200 chosen men of their own name, and of the Mac Bradys, Mac Cabes, Mac Gowans, Fitzpatrick and Fitzsimons from Cavan. Some fighting men were also brought by Mac Gauran of Templeport, and Mac Ternan of Croghan; some Connaught forces came with the O'Rorkes, Mac Dermotts, O'Connors and O'Kellys; there came also some of the O'Donnells and O'Dogherty's of Donegal; Sir Constantine Magenis, County of Down; the O'Hanlons of Armagh, regal standard bearers of Ulster, and the O'Hagans of Tyrone.

Lord Blayney, Conway, and Montgomery commanded under Munro.

MUNRO'S ADVANCE.

In the spring of 1646 Owen Roe met the Nuncio at Kilkenny, and received from the Council an ample provision than heretofore; and by May he had completed his force under it to 5,000 foot, and 500 horse. This army consisted partly of veterans, trained by the four preceding campaigns, and partly of new levies, whom he rapidly brought into discipline by his organising genius and his stern punishments. With this force he marched into the County of Armagh, and Munro hearing of his movements, advanced against him by rapid marches, hoping to surprise him in Armagh city. Munro's forces consisted, according to all the best authorities of 6,000 foot, 800 horse, and 7 field pieces; though some accounts raise his foot to 8,500, and he, himself, lowers it in his apologetic dispatch to 3,400, and states his field pieces at 6.

MANŒUVRING FOR POSITION.

Simultaneously with Munro's advance, his brother, Colonel George Munro, marched from Coleraine, along the west shores of Neagh, with three troops of horse, and a junction was to have been effected between the two Munros and the Tyrconnell forces at Glasslough, a place in the County of Monaghan, but only a few miles south-west of Armagh. On the fourth of June, Owen Roe marched from Glasslough to Benburb, confident by means of the river and the hilly country, that he could prevent the intended junction. Munro bivouacked the same night at Hamilton's Bawn, four miles from Armagh. Before dawn on Friday the 5th, Munro marched to Armagh town, burning houses and wasting crops as he advanced. Fearful, lest his brother, who had reached Dungannon, should be cut off, he marched towards Benburb, and on finding the strength of the Irish position there, advanced up the right bank of the Blackwater, hoping to tempt Owen from his ground.

In the meantime a body of Irish horse detached against George Munro had checked his advance, but with some loss.

A good part of the day was thus spent, and it was two o'clock in the afternoon before Munro crossed the Blackwater at Kinaira (now Caledon), and led his army down the left bank of the river against O'Neill. This advance of Owen's to Ballykilgavin, was only to consume time, and weary the enemy, for he shortly after returned to Knocknaeliagh where he had determined to fight.

It was now past four o'clock, when the enemy's foot advanced in a double line of columns. The first line consisted of five, and the second of four columns,

much too close for manœuvring. The Irish front consisted of four, and the rear of three divisions, with ample room.

O'NEILL'S POSITION.

O'Neill's position was defended on the right by a wet bog, and on the left, by the junction of the Blackwater and the Oonagh. In his front was rough, hilly ground, covered with scrogs and bushes!

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard O'Ferrall occupied some strong ground, in advance of Owen's position, but Colonel Cunningham, with 500 musketeers, and the field-pieces, carried the pass, and O'Ferrall effected his retreat with little loss and no disorder. The field-guns were pushed in advance by Munro, with most of his cavalry, but Owen kept the main body of his horse in reserve.

A good deal of skirmishing took place, and though the enemy had gained much ground, his soldiers were growing weary. It was five o'clock and the evening sun of a clear and fiery June glared in their faces. While in this state a body of cavalry was seen advancing from the north-west. Munro declared them to be his brother's squadrons, and became confident of success. But a few minutes sufficed to undeceive him—they were detachments under Colonel Bernard McMahon and Patrick McNeeney, returning from Dungannon, after having driven George Munro back upon his route.

HARD FIGHTING.

The Scotch musketeers continued for some time to gain ground along the banks of the Oonagh, and threatened Owen's left, till the light cavalry of the Irish broke in amongst them, sabred many, drove the rest across the stream, and returned without any loss. The battle now became general. The Scotch cannon posted on a slope, annoyed O'Neill's centre, and there seemed some danger of Munro's manœuvring to the west sufficiently to communicate with George Munro's corps. Owen, therefore decided on a general attack, keeping only Rory Maguire's regiment on reserve. His foot moved on in steady columns, and his horse in the spaces between the first and second charge of his masses. In vain did Munro's cavalry charge this determined infantry; it threw back from its face, squadron after squadron, and kept constantly, rapidly and evenly advancing. In vain did Lord Blayney take pike in hand, and stand in the ranks. Though exposed to the play of Munro's guns and musketry, the Irish infantry charged uphill without firing a shot, and closed with sabre and pike. They met a gallant resistance. Blayney and his men held their ground long, till the superior vivacity and freshness of the Irish clansmen bore him down.

THE VICTORY.

An attempt was made with the columns of the rere line to regain the ground; but from the confined space in which they were drawn up, the attempt to manœuvre them only produced disorder, and just at this moment to complete their ruin, O'Neill's cavalry wheeling by the flanks of his columns, charged the Scotch cavalry, and drove them pell-mell upon the shaken and confused infantry. A total route followed. Munro, Lord Conway, Captain Burke and forty of the horsemen escaped across the Blackwater, but most of the foot were cut to pieces or drowned in the river. Three thousand four hundred and twenty three of the enemy were found on the battlefield, and Lord Montgomery with 21 officers and 156 men were taken prisoners. O'Neill lost 70 killed including Colonel Manus MacNeil and Garve O'Donnell, and 200 wounded (including Lieut-Colonel O'Ferrall and Colonel Phelim O'Neill).

He took all the Scots artillery, twenty stand of colours, and all the arms save those of Sir James Montgomery, whose regiment being on Munro's extreme right, effected its retreat in some order.

1,500 draft horses and two month's provisions were also taken, but unfortunately, Munro's ammunition, blew up shortly after the battle was over. Munro fled without coat or wig to Lisburn. Moving from thence he commanded every household to furnish two

An t-Oglach

A HISTORY-MAKING JOURNAL.

(Continued.)

Although "An t-Oglach" had a printing office of its own from 1919, it did not possess an editorial office of its own until a considerably later date. For a long time the editor used a room in 25 Parnell Square for this purpose, and here he had an exciting escape upon one occasion early in 1920.

A HAIRSBREADTH ESCAPE.

It was upon the day on which the Castle mails were first seized by the I.R.A. in the neighbourhood of Parnell Square. Following this seizure a number of raids were made by British soldiers (the Black-and-Tans had not yet arrived) on various premises in Parnell Square. The editor of "An t-Oglach" and Commandant-General Seán O Murthuile (who was also working in the premises at the time and also on the run) were warned of the approach of the soldiers, and had barely got out by the front door before the military arrived. The soldiers searched the place, and, discovering nothing, left. The Editor and Commandant-General O Murthuile, acting on the theory previously put in practice by Michael Collins on a previous occasion, that the safest place to be in is a place that has just been raided, returned to 25 Parnell Square. They were only a short time seated at their desks when a fresh batch of soldiers arrived. A word of warning from a clerk in the front office gave them barely time to get through a window and climb up a wall, from which they dropped down into the offices of the Congested Districts Board next door. They succeeded in making their way out of the back of those premises into Dorset Street. As they had left without their hats, they called into an office in the neighbourhood, borrowed other hats, and then strolled down to Parnell Square and stood for a few minutes watching the raid from a distance.

On this occasion the officer in charge of the raiders found and took away the manuscript of a leading article for "An t-Oglach," but the importance of the find was apparently not realised in the Castle as no consequences followed.

OTHER OFFICES.

At a later date a house in Cabra Park was used as the editorial office, and subsequently a room in the Dublin Brigade Headquarters, La Plaza, Gardiner's Row, was employed by the editor. It is interesting to note that La Plaza had previously to this been in the hands of the British military, who had left many marks of their presence there. It was not until February, 1921, that the Editor, through the instrumentality of Major-General Dalton, then a Brigade Staff-officer, secured an office of his own in North Great George's Street. It was a room which at night-time was used as a dancing class, who little suspected that the same room in the day-time harboured a department of the I.R.A.

(To be continued.)

musketeers; he wrote an apologetic and deceptious letter to the Irish committee in London, burned Dumdum and deserted most of Down. But all his efforts would have been in vain for O'Neill having increased his army by Scotch deserters and fresh levies to 10,000 foot and 21 troops of horse was on the verge of breaking in on him, with a certainty of expelling the last invader from Ulster, when the fatal command of the Nuncio reached Owen at Tandaragee, ordering him to march southwards to support that factious ecclesiastic against the peace. O'Neill in an unhappy hour obeyed, abandoned the fruits of his splendid victory and marched south to Kilkenny.

Printed for Army Headquarters at Mahon's Printing Works, Yarnhall Street, Dublin.

The Balance of the Gun

A REVOLVER CONTEST.

The contest went forward with varying success. Not over half of the men were practised with the smaller arm. Some very wild work was done. On the other hand, eight or ten performed very creditably, placing their bullets in or near the black. Indeed, two succeeded in hitting the bull's-eye four times out of five. Every man took the utmost pains with every shot.

"Now, Ware," said Thorne at last, "step up. You've got to make good that five out of five to win."

The prospector stood forward, at the same time producing from an open holster, blackened by time, one of the long-barrelled single action Colt's 45's, so universally in use on the frontier. He glanced carelessly towards the mark, grinned back at the crowd, turned, and instantly began firing. He shot the five shots without appreciable sighting before each, as fast as his thumb could pull back the long-shanked hammer. The muzzle of the weapon rose and fell with a regularity positively mechanical, and the five shots had been delivered in half that number of seconds.

"There's your five," said he, carelessly dropping his gun back into its holster.

The five bullets were found to be scattered within the six-inch black.

Ware had by now taken his place at the new mark he had established.

"Fifteen shots," he announced. At the word his hand dropped to the butt of his gun, his right shoulder hunched forward, and with one lightning smooth motion the weapon glided from the holster. Hardly had it left the leather when it exploded. The hammer had been cocked during the upward flip of the muzzle. The first discharge was followed immediately by the five others in a succession so rapid that Bob believed the man had substituted a self-cocking arm until he caught the rapid play of the marksman's thumb. The weapon was at no time raised above the level of the man's waist.

"Hold on!" commanded Ware, as the bystanders started forward to examine the result of the shots. "Let's finish the string first."

He had been deliberately pushing out the exploded cartridges one by one. Now he as deliberately reloaded. Taking a position somewhat to the left of the target, he folded his arms so that the revolver lay across his breast with its muzzle resting over his left elbow. Then he strode rapidly but evenly across the face of the target, discharging the five bullets as he walked.

Again he reloaded. This time he stood with the revolver hanging in his right hand, gazing intently for some moments at the target, measuring carefully with his eye its direction and height. He turned his back, and, flipping his gun over his left shoulder, fired without looking back.

"The first ten ought to be in the black," announced Ware. "The last five ought to be somewhere on the paper. A fellow can't expect more than to generally wing a man over his shoulder."

But on examination the black proved to hold but eight bullet-holes. The other seven, all showed on the paper.

"Comes of not wiping out the dirt once in a while when you're shooting black powder," said Ware philosophically.

The crowd gazed upon him with admiration.

"That's a remarkable group of shots to be literally thrown out at that speed," muttered Thorne to Bob.

"Why, you could cover them with your hat! Well, young man," he addressed Elliot, "step up!"

But Elliot shook his head.

"Couldn't touch that with a ten-foot pole," said he pleasantly. "Mr. Ware has given me a new idea of what can be done with a revolver. His work is especially good with that heavily charged arm. I wish he would give us a little exhibition of how close he can shoot with my gun. It's supposed to be a more accurate weapon."

"No, thank you," spoke up Ware. "I couldn't hit a flock of feather pillows with your gun. You see, I shoot by throw, and I'm used to the balance of my gun."

(Extract from the novel: *Rules of the Game*, by S. E. White.)



AN t-OGLACH

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 23 (New Series).

NOVEMBER 18, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

An t-Oglach

A HISTORY-MAKING JOURNAL.

(Continued.)

The continued appearance and circulation of "An t-Oglach," despite all efforts of the British to discover how, where, and by whom it was produced, made a strong impression on many people. There were many speculations as to the mystery attending this journal on the part of Pressmen. A few trusted newspaper men, Irish and American, met the editor daily, and as each issue of the secret journal appeared copies were handed to them. The Pressmen carefully concealed them in their socks, their boots, or inside their vests before leaving the editor, for British foot patrol searches were the order of the day, and the penalty for possessing a copy of "An t-Oglach" was in many cases servitude.

A dishonest and unscrupulous American journalist called Hayden Talbot has published in the "New York American" (with much other fiction, falsely attributed to the late General Collins) what purports to be the secret history of "An t-Oglach." Lest copies of the matter referred to should reach the readers of this paper, it may be mentioned here that every statement in Talbot's article about "An t-Oglach" is untrue and drawn from his imagination, and that his alleged interview with the editor is a bogus one. The editor never met Talbot in his life.

The Printing Office.

In addition to Mr. Joe Cullen, the compositor, and Mr. Walker, the printer, mention should be also made of Mr. Pat Caldwell, now stationed in Gormanstown, who was at this time in charge of the arrangements *re* publishing, distribution, etc. The little room at the back of the tobacconist's shop in Aungier Street was pretty well crowded between the manager, printer, compositor, platen machine, founts of type, stacks of paper, and other accessories—all in a room where there was hardly "room to swing a cat in." It was found necessary to introduce electric light, and an arrangement was made with the tabacconist to have this credited to his account by the Corporation. Copy and proofs were brought backwards and forwards between the editor and printers by Mr. Cullen or Mr. Caldwell, and later by the editor's typist, now employed in Portobello.

An Electric Motor.

As the paper was now being run off weekly, it was decided to purchase an electric motor to work the machine. After some negotiation, the editor purchased an electric motor, and this was worked from the electric light current. The noise of the motor made the occupants nervous of discovery, and it was found necessary to make a concrete foundation under it, after which it worked smoothly and comparatively noiselessly.

It was feared that the huge increase in the tobacconists's consumption of electric light would awaken

the suspicions of the Corporation inspector, and it was decided that the shopkeeper should apply for permission to use an electric cooker in order to cover this up. Capt. Sean MacGarry, as an electrician and a member of the Corporation, undertook to see to this, and the matter was still in hands when the Truce arrived. The working of the electric light current caused other troubles which would only interest experts. Despite all difficulties, the paper was run off regularly and with expedition.

A Curious Incident.

During this period a curious incident took place in which Mr. Erskine Childers, now of "Irregular" fame, was concerned. This man, as Dail Publicity Director, used to meet the editor daily and receive from him such information on military affairs as was thought suitable for the "Irish Bulletin." On one occasion an ambush of British troops took place in Merrion Square, and one of the ambushers, when retreating, noticed a piece of typewritten paper lying on the ground and picked it up. When he got to a place of safety he examined it, and was amazed to find it contained summarised accounts of a number of military operations by the I.R.A. in Dublin and the Provinces. He handed it to his Company Commander, it reached the Brigadier, and was by him forwarded to G.H.Q. The Chief of Staff could make nothing of it; the Adjutant General reported that it seemed based on reports which reached his department, but varied in wording and in detail. After it had passed through several departments, somebody observed that it was identical with matter which appeared in the current issue of "An t-Oglach," and it was sent to the editor for his comments. The editor at once recognised it as a paper he had handed to Mr. Childers on the morning of the ambush, and which that prudent gentleman had apparently crammed loosely in his pocket and dropped in Merrion Square when cycling across town. It even contained a mark which Mr. Childers had made in the editor's presence.

(To be continued).

THE IRISH IN ENGLISH ARMIES.

The foreign military achievements of the Irish began on their own account. They conquered and colonised Scotland, frequently overran England during and after the Roman dominion there, and more than once penetrated into Gaul. During the time of the Danish invasion they had enough to do at home. The progress of the English conquest brought them again to battle on foreign ground. It is a melancholy fact that in the brigades wherewith Edward I. ravaged Scotland, there were numbers of Irish and Welsh. Yet Scotland may be content; Wales and Ireland suffered from the same baseness. The sacred heights of Snowdon (the Parnassus of Wales) were first forced by Gascon mountaineers whose independence had perished; and the Scotch did no small share of blood-work for England here, from the time of Monro's defeats in the seventeenth century to the Fencible victories over drunken peasants in 1798.—Thomas Davis.

Α Η Τ - Ο Ξ Λ Α Ξ

NOVEMBER 18, 1922.

Our Work

THE officers and men of the Irish Army continue to make steady progress in the work of restoring peace and order to a distracted country. The work of years of revolution, chaos and foreign anarchic tyranny cannot be undone in a few days, but the progress made is remarkable and unmistakable. What the Army has to contend with now is no longer the organised revolt of a section of persons acting in support of a political policy, but the general spirit of unrest and lawlessness engendered by the events of recent years. The task of dealing with these conditions is a difficult, a delicate and an arduous one. It requires not only courage and energy (and these it demands in full measure) but discipline, patience, self-restraint, tact and cool judgment on the part of both officers and men. Those of the Army who served formerly in the ranks of the Volunteers and the I.R.A. may be regarded as seasoned troops. It is for them to give the many young recruits who have enlisted in the national service an example of all those qualities we have mentioned—qualities for which the Irish Volunteers were renowned. There has been no real break in the historic continuity between the force established in 1913 “to safeguard the rights and liberties of the whole people of Ireland,” and the present National Army; and the high ideals which inspired the men of those early days should guide our conduct and proceedings now. The people of Ireland look to the National Army with confidence to carry out the task entrusted to it loyally and well. They are proud of the “lads in green.” They look to them for an example of what is best in young Irish manhood. Any improper or unseemly conduct on the part of individuals is resented as a smirch on the national honour. Every soldier down to the rawest recruit should realise what an honourable force he belongs to, what an honourable service he is called upon to perform and what the Nation expects of him; and he should endeavour, wholeheartedly, to live up to the Nation’s expectations. Each individual should act as if the honour of the Army depended on himself alone.

“Fontenoy”

VICTORY FOR IRISH TROOPS.

Louis in person had laid siege to Tournay: Marshal Saxe was the actual commander, and had under him 79,000 men.

The Duke of Cumberland advanced at the head of 55,000 men, chiefly English and Dutch, to relieve the town.

At the Duke’s approach, Saxe and the King, advanced a few miles from Tournay with 45,000 men leaving 18,000 men to continue the siege, and 6,000 to guard the Scheld.

Saxe’s Position.

Saxe posted his army along a range of slopes thus: his centre was on the village of Fontenoy, his left stretched off, through the wood of Barri, his right reached to the town of St. Antoine, close to the Scheld. He fortified his right and centre by the villages of Fontenoy and St. Antoine, and redoubts near them. His extreme left was also strengthened by a redoubt in the wood of Barri, but his left centre, between that wood and the village of Fontenoy, was not guarded by any thing save slight lines. Cumberland had the Dutch, under Waldeck, on his left, and twice they attempted to carry St. Antoine, but were repelled with heavy loss. The same fate attended the English in the centre, who thrice forced their way to Fontenoy, but returned fewer and sadder men. Ingoldsby was then ordered to attack the wood of Barri with Cumberland’s right. He did so, and broke into the wood, when the artillery of the redoubt suddenly opened on him, which, assisted by a

constant fire from the French tirailleurs (light infantry), drove him back.

The English Great Effort.

The Duke resolved to make one great and final effort. He selected his best regiments, veteran English corps, and formed them into a single column of 6,000 men. At its head were six cannon, and as many more on the flanks, which did good service. Lord John Hay commanded this great mass.

Every thing being now ready, the column advanced slowly and evenly, as if on the parade ground. It mounted the slope of Saxe’s position, and pressed on between the wood of Barri and the village of Fontenoy. In doing so it was exposed to a cruel fire of artillery and sharpshooters; but it stood the storm, and got behind Fontenoy. The moment the object of the column was seen, the French troops were hurried in upon them. The cavalry charged; but the English hardly paused to offer the raised bayonet, and then poured in a fatal fire. They disdained to rush at the picked infantry of France. On they went till within a short distance, and then threw in their balls with great precision, the officers actually laying their canes along the muskets, to make the men fire low. Mass after mass of infantry was broken, and on went the column, reduced, but still apparently invincible.

Duc Richelieu had four cannon hurried to the front, and he literally battered the head of the column, while the household cavalry surrounded them, and, in repeated charges, wore down their strength; but these French were fearful sufferers.

The Irish Brigade.

Louis was about to leave the field. In this juncture Saxe ordered up his last reserve—the Irish Brigade. It consisted that day of the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon Berwick, Roth, and Buckley, with Fitzjames’s horse. O’Brien, Lord Clare, was in command. Aided by the French regiments of Normandy and Vaisseany, they were ordered to charge upon the flank of the English with fixed bayonets, without firing. Upon the approach of this splendid body of men, the English were halted upon the slope of a hill, and up that slope the Brigade rushed rapidly and in fine order. “They were led to immediate action, and the stimulating cry of ‘Cuimhnigídh ar Luimneach agus ar fheall na Sacsanach’ was re-echoed from man to man. The fortune of the field was no longer doubtful, and victory the most decisive crowned the arms of France.

The English Rout.

The English were weary with a long day’s fighting, cut up by cannon, charge and musketry, and dispirited by the appearance of the Brigade—fresh and consisting of young men in high spirits and discipline—still they gave their fire well and fatally: but they were literally stunned by the shout and shattered by the Irish charge. They broke before the Irish bayonets, and tumbled down the far side of the hill, disorganised, hopeless, and falling by hundreds. The Irish troops did not pursue them far: the French cavalry and light troops pressed on until the relics of the column were succoured by some English cavalry and got within the batteries of their camp. The victory was bloody and complete. Louis is said to have ridden down to the Irish bivouac, and personally thanked them; and George II., on hearing it, uttered that memorable imprecation on the Penal Code, “Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects.” The one English volley, and the short struggle on the crest of the hill, cost the Irish dear. One fourth of the officers, including Colonel Dillon, were killed, and one-third of the men.—THOMAS DAVIS.

THE INSPIRATION OF HISTORY.

From a knowledge of local history comes that permanent and proud nationality which appears to sacrifice life and wealth to liberty, but really wins all together. The story of one great native soldier would create more martial zeal than a college of engineers. There is an inspiration arising from each field of native victory, and a call that is obeyed from each well-told song or story of national honour.—Thomas Davis.

How the Germans Bombarded Paris

[Note.—The following article from the London "Times" is very interesting as exemplifying the development of modern military technics. Development of material, co-operation of new technical arms, and the effect of both on strategy and tactics are made very clear. It seems possible that in certain military conditions only two kinds of artillery will be of use: (a) Artillery like "Big Bertha" of truly enormous power, and (b) quite small and very mobile guns; and that the former will only be of limited application.]

Though the main secret of the German guns which bombarded Paris was soon known to British artillerists, the gun and its story long remained a mystery to the public. Commander Kinzel, of the German Navy, who took part in the design, construction, and tests of the gun, has now made public an account of his experiences with it.

The gun, he says, was a naval gun in that it was invented and served by naval personnel. It was not altogether a sudden idea to produce a gun that could shoot as far as Paris from the German line. The range had steadily risen. When the war broke out the heaviest German gun could only fire a distance of 35 kilometres (nearly 22 miles). Then the need was felt for a gun with a range of 45 kilometres (about 28½ miles), so as to be able to bombard Dunkirk. A 38-centimetre gun was designed, and on April 28, 1915, the first shell was projected into Dunkirk harbour. By January, 1917, a German gun had been constructed able to bombard St. Omer and Doullens from Cambrai, a distance of 62 kilometres (nearly 39 miles).

In the spring of 1916 General Ludendorff had given his consent to materials being assigned for the construction of an experimental gun that should be able to bombard Paris from the German line, then distant only 90 kilometres (56½ miles). The Naval Ordnance Staff at once went to work on the difficult problem of ballistics involved. Before they could embark on construction work they had to form in their minds some picture of the loading chamber, to calculate the weight of projectile, and decide what propellant must be used. Something like double the usual initial velocity was required, and an immense amount of research was necessary. It was done in complete secrecy.

For a long time the designers were at a loss, but ultimately they seem to have overcome all ballistic difficulties and the gun was built. The charge, ordinarily one-third of the weight of the projectile, was twice as heavy. The length of the chamber was monstrous. At an angle of 45 degs. the barrel towered over houses, trees, and roofs. It needed some courage to shoot with a thing like "a stick of gigantic asparagus." But the material stood it.

Commander Kinzel gives an interesting account of the testing; no artillery trial ground, he says, was large enough, and the proposal to fire over the enemy territory was rejected because that would have given away valuable technical information. In conjunction with the Ministry of Marine, the decision was reached to fire the gun from land at about the approximate distance from the sea the shell was calculated to carry. Batteries on the shore were warned, the ground divided into observation areas, and two seaplanes were sent out to sea to watch for the shell. It was estimated that it would explode at 110 kilometres (68 miles) from the gun.

At 3.15 one afternoon the seaplanes were warned by wireless. "Attention shell fire." Three minutes was the time estimated for the shell to reach the

marked area. Then came a ring on the telephone at the central station: "Reports of explosion heard." It was found on inquiry that the shell had fallen at 95 kilometres (59 miles) from the gun, and 1,400 yards inland. It had hit a cowshed, but there were no casualties.

The pieces were collected and examined. They showed that the shell had been to an altitude of 40 kilometres. The distance, however, was short of that for which the gun was designed, and there followed new consultations, calculations, and designs. Finally, a few weeks later, they were in a position to bombard Paris.

Two guns were made and a third put in hand. Commander Kinzel gives some details of the two when they had been brought into position in a wood behind Laon in March, 1918. The nearest enemy lines were 12 kilometres (7½ miles) away. Paris was 128 kilometres (80 miles) distant. The crew were naval gunners. Special dug-outs had to be made for the cartridges and shells and special smoke apparatus for concealment, since at 45 degrees the barrel overshot the forest. The shells, he says, looked modest side by side with the cartridges, which were three and four times as long as the shell and the length of two grown men.

The Germans reckoned on a panic in Paris. "We imagined," he said, "if suddenly a shell of this kind detonated in the Potsdammerplatz, then one in the Alexanderplatz, 10 minutes later at the Zoo, and then on the Schlesische Station—what would happen in Berlin. That the gun could not lay Paris in ruins was plain; this was a 'moral' gun."

They laid the guns at 50 degrees. Commander Kinzel goes into some detail about the laying, which was important, seeing that an error of one degree elevation apparently meant missing the target by more than 2,000 yards. On March 23, at 7.15 a.m., they opened fire, and then continued every quarter of an hour, later speeding the rounds. At 2 o'clock the sun came through, and they ceased for the day, so as not to give away the position, as French observation balloons were searching the district. They fired for three days before they got the first news of where their shells had fallen. Within 30 hours French artillery had located and shelled them, but they continued to fire. Neither gun was hit.

The guns, however, had a life of less than 100 shots before the ignition chamber was so damaged that further firing was impossible. The old barrel was returned to the factory, a new one being ready. The battery lost seven killed and thirteen wounded, and was afterwards moved forward into the triangle, Soissons, Chateau-Thierry, Reims. Of its activities there Commander Kinzel has little to say: The French soon made the position too hot for them, but they got the guns away without mishap.

An Army's Tradition

In an Army the chief thing to remember is its tradition.

Go back 500, 600, 1,000 years, you will find that every National Army has a record to look back on. Cæsar could address his "Tenth Legion" as "civilians." Greater insult than that he could not give it, of course. It wiped out the insult by crossing the Rubicon and beating the pick of the legions of the Consul. What enabled it to do so?

They, the soldiers of the legion, looked back on a long and glorious record. They found it hard to be addressed as "civilians." We too have a glorious record, not a long one. How are we to maintain it?

Simply by a rigid adherence to the regulations laid down by G.I.I.Q.

Be alert. Let no order slip. On the humblest duty be as careful as if the fate of an Army depended on you. A smart appearance is one half of the success of a soldier.

FIRINNEACH.

Looking Backward and Forward

To secure and maintain the liberties of the people of Ireland the Irish Volunteers were founded in 1913.

In 1916 six hundred gallant Irishmen and a few Irishwomen rose in arms in Dublin and proclaimed to the world the right of the Irish Nation to govern itself.

From 1917 to 1921 a gallant band of men and women continued the fight against the invader.

Through all these years a little more than 1,200 men bore the brunt of the battle against the armed forces of England.

After Easter Week Patrick Pearse surrendered, unconditionally, to save the lives of the people and the destruction of their property.

In 1921 representatives of the Irish people were offered terms of peace by England. To save the lives of the people and the destruction of their property the representatives of the Irish Nation signed a Treaty embodying these Peace Terms.

The National Assembly endorsed the action of the signatories to the Treaty. The wishes of the people they represented were not in doubt.

The people of Ireland were satisfied that their representatives in the existing circumstances had done the best they could for the Irish Nation.

To secure that the fruits of the gallant struggle from 1916 should not be lost the National Army came into being.

One thousand of the twelve hundred odd men who composed the Active Service Units fighting against the English formed the nucleus of the National Army. Thousands more from the ranks of the Irish Volunteers or I.R.A. joined up. With a few notable exceptions all the men who had done anything for Ireland took their stand with the Army of the Nation.

The National Army is not the Army of an invader. It is the Army of the people of Ireland. Surely those who are in arms against the Government of their country do not expect the Army to evacuate. Were the Army of Ireland to fail in its duty to the people, from whom it springs, what would happen? There is no use in considering such a possibility. The Soldiers of Ireland will not fail the people in whose interests they face death fearlessly and ungrudgingly. They will not fail their Motherland.

The protection of the rights of the citizens is the first duty of the soldiers of a Nation. The Soldiers of Ireland are doing their duty nobly and well.

CLANRICARD.

Cursai Cogaidh

Oidheche Dé Dornhaigh i nDeilginis tugadh fé bheirt shaighdiúir—oifigeach duine aca—a bhí na geomhnuidhe i nDun Laoghaire. Is amhlaidh a shroicheadar stad na dtraen timcheall a 7.30, agus bhíodar ag siubhal go dtí Slighe Deilginise. Bhí fir armtha san áit agus do leanadar na saighdiúirí agus do ghlaodar ortha stad. Sé an freagra a thug an bheirt ortha ná iompódh ar a sálaibh agus scaoileadh leo. Chuadar isteach i ngárdín amsan, agus bhí na pleuracha ag tuitim go tiugh ar feadh tamaillín. Ní fios ar gonadh éinne de sna Nea-Rialtaigh ach tháinig an bheirt as go slán sabháilte.

CUIGEAR TOGHTHA.

Rinneadh troid fhíochmhar i gCarraig Galligáin Dia Sathairn nuair a thóg trupaí ó Bhrí Cualainn cúigear ina bpríosúnachaibh. Bhí an cúigear tar éis a lán gaduíoichta a dheunamh le deunaighe, agus tógadh an sgeul go dtí na saighdiúirí. Oidheche Dé hAoine do thuirling na Nea-Rialtaigh ar Choill na hAbhainn, ina geomnuigheann Sir Stanley H. Cochrane, Bart., agus do ghoideadar biotáille is fíon. Mar sin, d'imthigh deichneabhar des na trupaí ó Bhrí Cualainn go moch ar maidin agus fuireadar amach go raibh an dream eile i mbothán le fear darbh ainm Jackson. Do thógadar áiteanna timcheall an tighé agus dubhradar leis na daoinibh istigh géilleadh, ach ní ghéillfidís. Do dhein na trupaí usáid de ghunna Lewis annsan agus dhreagair na Nea-Rialtaigh le bumbaibh is le piostalaibh. Bhíodar ag caitheamh len chéile ar feadh leath uair a chluig, go dtí go raibh an

bothán n-a smidiríní beagnach. Tháinig an cúigear amach amsan agus tógadh iad. Is beag nár múchadh Jackson agus an troid ar suibhal. Bhí sé ar an leabaidh nuair a thosnuigheadar, agus d'fhan sé ann go dtí gur thuit píosaí de dhíon an tighé amsan air. Do thóg na saighdiúirí amach fé dheire é.

FOGHA GAN EIFEACHT.

Bhí saighdiúirí ag dul síos Sráid Uí Chonaill tráth-nóna Dé Luain i geúpla mótór Crossley. Nuair a bhíodar in aice Cearnóg Pharnell do caitheadh leo le bumbaibh agus le piostalaibh. Gonadh Seághan Freeman agus é ag dul treasna na sráide mar gheall ar an bfogha. Caitheadh dhá bhumba, ach níor phleuse ach ceann aca. Do stad na gluaisteáin agus do thuirling na trupaí agus chuadar fa dhéin na Nea-Rialtach. Tar éis ceathramhar uaire an chluig chuaidh na saighdiúirí suas go dtí Cearnóg Pharnell. Níor thógadar éinne ina bpríosúnach. Tamall ina dhiaidh san tháinig gluaisteán eile agus bhí sé ag dul siar is aniar i Sr. Uí Chonaill, ach níor tógadh éinne.

The Vulture

Years back, when all but some fair face,
The winner for the next big race
To me were but a name,
There crossed my life a superman
To me such contrast, I began
To view my past with shame.

'Twas living fire dropped from his tongue
As Ireland's wrongs, her deeds were sung,
And of the dreams she dreamed;
Of those who kept the torch alight,
Who for her fought, who yet would fight,
That she might be redeemed.

My eyes saw light—his words bore fruit,
The soul wherein they would not root
Were barren soil indeed.
I vowed with what strength I could boast,
To stand in the avenging host
That one day he should lead.

And the appointed time appeared
When green-clad hunters rose to beard
The lion in his den;
And he—he filled a feather bed
That week of dawns and sunsets red
While striplings died as men.

Yes! stayed at home o'er tea to muse,
While lady friends brought in all news,
Nice "loyal" folk would give;
A point to red or green he veered
Yet on an even keel he steered
Between the two—to live.

More or less on "retreat" he went
The time the wounded lion rent
With claws of "Black and Tan";
Then God's peace came and brightness loomed
When marvel! he war-paint assumed,
And was once more a "man."

He stumped the town, he frothed, prayed,
And swore "Though we have been betrayed
We'll fight th' old fight anew."
His hearers nudged, some sniggered out,
I phrases caught like "windbag" "spout,"
And added one thereto:—

A "vulture," always hov'ring where
Prospective carrion in the air
His vulture sense deseries;
Who will not fight, yet war will make,
For that within the battle's wake
His filthy garbage lies.

ENKA.

AN t-ÓGLACH



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[NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 24 (New Series).

NOVEMBER 25, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

An t-Oglach

A HISTORY-MAKING JOURNAL.

(Continued.)

During the last few months of the war the circulation of "An t-Oglach" was greatly increased, a much larger number of copies being printed weekly. Each of the heads of the departments of G.H.Q. had an office of his own in a different part of the city, all these departments being kept in touch with one another by orderlies, who delivered messages. These orderlies took terrible risks in bringing despatches daily between the different offices, in view of the activities of search patrols of British, and their coolness and daring contributed largely to the successful organisation of G.H.Q. Some of these messengers now hold important positions in the National Army.

A Narrow Shave.

The editor's office, as has been stated before, was situated in North Great George's Street, while the printing office was situated in Aungier Street, and bringing copy and proofs between one and the other was a risky proceeding; but the work proceeded without a mishap. The editor also spent a considerable time daily in the Dublin Brigade Headquarters, La Plaza, Gardiner's Row, where he received reports and where also he kept in touch with Lieut.-Genl. O'Connell, at that time one of the principal contributors to the journal. A chemist's shop in the neighbourhood served the editor as a "dump" for his papers when he was leaving for the night. One morning this chemist's shop was raided by British forces. Fortunately, the lady of the house was able to conceal on her person the few I.R.A. documents which were in the place, and no discovery was made. After this warning the use of the "dump" was discontinued, and the editorial documents were taken home by the typist nightly. Six weeks or so had gone by with this arrangement working, when, one night after the typist had left the office, the editor received a big parcel, containing about 100 documents—statements of interest smuggled out of Ballykinlar. As it was impossible to leave them in the office (which was used as a dancing-class room at night) he had no resource but to dump them at the friendly chemist's, who received them with his usual cheerfulness. By an extraordinary coincidence the chemist's shop was raided that very night; but, still stranger, though the house was carefully searched, the British troops never thought of examining the innocent-looking brown paper parcel which was lying on a shelf in the shop. But it was a narrow shave.

Friendly Pressmen.

The editor used to meet certain Pressmen daily at one or other of three hotels in the neighbourhood—one of them being the very one from which he had had such a thrilling escape on November 20th, 1920. Two representatives of the American Press, both Irishmen, Mr. Denis O'Connell, of the Hearst Newspapers, and Mr. P. J. Kelly, of the "New York World," were trusted friends of the cause and gave valuable

assistance. A "Freeman" reporter, Mr. Penrose, who also kept in constant touch with the editor for publicity purposes, is now serving in the National Army. On the day of the burning of the Custom House, the editor had an appointment made with certain Press representatives, and was the first to inform them of the event, having been watching the proceedings from the outside.

The Truce.

The coming of the Truce placed AN tOGLACH in a difficult position. It was necessary to continue to produce it by the same means, and consequently in the same form under the same secrecy in view of a possible resumption of hostilities; but the range of subjects that could be treated of became severely limited, and the uncertainties of the political situation made all editorial comment a very delicate and doubtful business. The leading articles could only dwell on the necessity of discipline and of being prepared for all contingencies, while the other contents were chiefly articles on training. When the Treaty brought evacuation and the Irish troops took over Beggar's Bush, the platen machine and fount of type were transferred to that place. It was felt, however, that there was no longer any necessity for bringing out AN tOGLACH by such a primitive method, and the printing of it was placed in the capable hands of Mr. Patrick Mahon, who has produced it for us ever since. The type and platen machine were employed for printing Army passes, forms, letter-headings, etc. They remained in Beggar's Bush until recently when they were transferred to Portobello.

This concludes the history of AN tOGLACH up to date, the story of a journal which played a big part in Ireland's fight for freedom and whose name will figure in the history of Ireland when the story of those wonderful years comes to be written.

GOOD MEN.

"In war it is not the number of men but the number of good men that gives the advantage."—CYRUS THE GREAT.

THE SOLDIER.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor,
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth his honour.
The poor brave soldier ne'er despise
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

—BURNS.

COURAGE.

Say not the struggle nought availeth
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase even now the fiers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

AN T-ÓZLÁC

NOVEMBER 25, 1922.

Reconstruction

It is unfortunate that the most virile elements of the Irish race were compelled, in their recent struggle with the British, to devote so much attention to work of a destructive nature. The result has been that the destructive instinct has been developed among our people to an extent altogether out of proportion to the constructive. It is always far easier to destroy than to build up.

The Irish-Ireland movement in which the War of Liberation had its origin was essentially a constructive movement. The men who sowed the seeds of the harvest we have reaped were genuine nation-builders. To-day we are confronted with a movement which, profaning the name of patriotism, sets out to destroy the nation. To kill and maim Irishmen, to destroy buildings, roads, railways and property, and to reduce our country to poverty and anarchy, is the only policy propounded by the adherents of this movement.

The National Army's duty is to stop the work of destruction, to leave the road clear for the great work of national reconstruction which Ireland desires. Every soldier in his brave and arduous task should be inspired by a vision of the new Ireland which we seek to build up—that Gaelic State which will express the highest ideals of our race in concrete form. The nation which has suffered and sacrificed so much for a great ideal is not going to go down in a welter of bloodshed and anarchy. It is going to achieve itself and give out brave and beautiful gifts to the culture and civilisation of the world. The stern task of ensuring this is now in the hands of the soldiers of Ireland. They will not fail the country. The people wish for peace and order; the Army will ensure it to them. Disorder and crime will be suppressed with a firm hand; if very drastic measures are needed we will not shrink from them. A hundred deaths now may prevent ten thousand later on, and the end of Ireland's hope of freedom. But the Army must realise that their work is fundamentally a constructive work. They are not out to attack or crush anything save crime and disorder. They are here to enable the people of Ireland to carry out the great nation-building work on which the wisest heads in the nation have long pondered.

Cursai Cogaidh

Cluineadh pleuscadh uathbhásach in Inse Chaor timcheall a hocht a chlog oidhche Dé Sathairn. Is amhlaidh a chonnacthas seisear ag gabháil an bhóthair in aice Droichead an Chapail Dhuibh, agus rud mara bheadh bosca trom á iomchur aca. Lasadh suas an spéir go hobann annsan agus rinneadh torann millteach. Tamall ina dhiaidh sin tháinig dhá larai a bhí ag gabháil an bhóthair cheudna go dtí an ball. Thúrling na saighdiúirí agus sé an rud a chonnaiceadar ná iarsmaí dfhear-aibh scaipithe annso is annsúd ar fuaid na háite. Marbhúigheadh triúr láithreach, deirtear, agus tógadh triúr gonta go dtí ospideul. Samhluigheann sé go raibh an seisear chun an mianach dfhágaint ar an mbóthar i gcóir na saighdiúirí, agus laochán a dheunamh annsan.

LAMHADH AG CRUINNIU.

Bhí cruinniú ag mnáibh Dia Domhnaigh i Sráid Uí Chonaill. Bhí cás na bpriosúnach á phlé aca, agus tuairim dhá mhíle duine, mná a bforamhór, ag éisteacht leis na cainteoirí. Tháinig cara iarainn is larai suas an tsráid nuair a bhí an chaint ar siubhail, ach ní bhfuigheadh siad dul tríd an sluagh, cé go rabhadar ag imtheacht go mall réidh. Thosnuigh na mná ar sgréachaigh agus ar cháinséoracht agus fá dheire caitheadh urechair ó phiostal le sna saighdiúirí. Do chaith na saighdiúirí sa larai cúpla pleur san aer, agus

rinne fuireann an chara iarainn an rud ceudna le gunna maisín. Do ghlac scannradh an sluagh, is bhíthas ag teicheadh ar gach taobh. Braitheadh daoine ina luighe ar an sráid ina dhiaidh sin, agus fuairheadh go rabhadar gonta, agus tógadh go dtí ospideul iad. Gonadh cúigear go léir—beirt chailíní, beirt fhear is garsún.

AN TROID FAN dTUAITH.

Rinneadh laochán ar sgata saighdiúir i gCill Mhuire. Bhí fiche duine de sna trúpaí ar an mbóthar in aice siopa Uí Chonchubhair nuair a chuir nea-rialtach gunna maisín is muscaedaí i bhfeidhm orra. Do chuaidh na saighdiúirí i gelúdach agus dfhreagadar iad. Bhíodar uair ag caitheadh nuair do stad na nea-rialtach. Chuaidh na trúpaí amach ag iarraidh teacht timcheall an dhreama eile, is thosnuigh an troid arís. Gonadh a lán des na nea-rialtachaibh agus d'imthigh siad, agus thógadar a raibh gonta aca in éinfheacht leó. Níor aimsigheadh éinne des na saighdiúiribh.

SAN CHLUAININ.

Thug nea-rialtach fogha fé an gCluainín (Manor-hamilton) Dia hAoine seo caithte. Bhí dream maith aca ann, is bhí roinnt saighdiúirí ar fuaid an bhaile. Do chaith an lucht fogha le tigh na cúirte chun na saighdiúirí a choimeád istigh. Chuaidh cuid aca go hoifig an phuist annsan ar lorg airgid. Oifeagach a bhí istigh, is nuair a chuala sé glór na bpleur tháinig sé amach. Ní raibh sé ach san doras nuair caitheadh leis is gonadh sa bheul é. Ba chuma leis rud beag mar sin, agus thóg sé piostal amach is do chaith leó. Ní gan éifeacht a bhí a lámh, mar gonadh taoiseach nea-rialtach go holc. Do léim an t-oifeagach thar falla annsan agus chuaidh sé go dtí an óspideul gan a thuille trioblóide.

SEAN NA SGUAB.

A Fenian's Vigil

A glint of former fires to-night
Awakes within my breast,
Dead comrades' faces seek the light,
Cold hands in mine are pressed;
Forgotten watchwords reach my ears
That once stung souls aflame—
Aye, lead through chains and prison bars
To death, but ne'er to shame.

We talk the past, these ghosts and I,
The days of sixty-seven,
Our meteor-lights, that flashed to die
Like fitful hues of even;
The convict ship, the felon's shroud,
Our land, an Empire's pawn—
Lo! all merge with night's lifting cloud
And I behold "The Dawn."

The Dawn of Freedom! Liberty!
Great God! its fight is won
A freeman! I, on bended knee
Will greet that risen sun:
To my strained senses lesser thing
Has neither voice nor form:
Inside the bar, no terrors bring
The echoes of the storm.

The rude blast from some barren height
Where winter's snows yet cling,
Checks not in their advancing might
The green-clad hosts of Spring:
Though they a moment gleam foam-flecked
With June's erratic hail,
Who doubts 'tis June's sun has bedecked
And perfumed hill and dale

Oh! may that sun to-day a flood
Of pent-up bliss set free
And kindle trust and brotherhood
On Lagan as on Lee,
Illume where slav'ry darkness bred
Where hope's bright ray ne'er gleamed
And generate men like those dead
Through whom we stand redeemed.

N.K.

An Artillery Duel

A FRENCH BATTERY AT SEDAN.

Maurice, who was lying in a furrow, raised himself up, enraptured, and said to Jean: "There, that is Honoré's battery on the left. I recognise the men." With a backhander, Jean threw him to the ground again. "Lie flat and keep still," he said.

With their cheeks resting on the soil, however, they both continued watching the battery, feeling greatly interested in the manœuvres that were being executed, and with their hearts beating quickly, at the sight of the calm, active bravery of the artillerymen, from whom they yet expected victory. The battery had suddenly halted on a bare summit, on their left hand, and in a moment everything was ready; the gunners sprang from their boxes and unhooked the limbers, and the drivers, leaving the pieces in position, wheeled their horses and withdrew to a distance of some fifteen yards, where they remained motionless facing the enemy. The six guns were already levelled, set wide apart in three sections, commanded by lieutenants, and united under the orders of a captain whose slim, extremely tall figure rose up, unluckily for him like some conspicuous landmark. And when he had rapidly made a calculation, he was heard to exclaim: "Sighted at 1,700 yards. The mark was to be a Prussian battery established behind some bushes on the left of Fleigneux, and whose terrible fire was rendering the plateau of Illy untenable. "Do you see," again began Maurice, who was quite unable to hold his tongue, "Honoré's gun is in the central section. There he is leaning forward with a gun-layer—Little Louis—we drank a glass together at Vauziers, as you may remember. And that driver over there who sits so stiffly on his horse, a beautiful chestnut, is Louis' chum, Adolphé." The whole stream of men, horses, material, was disposed in a straight line, about a hundred yards in depth.

First was the gun with its six gunners, and its quartermaster, farther off the limber and its four horses, and its pair of drivers, further still the ammunition and forage waggons and the field smithy: whilst the spare caissons and spare men and horses, provided to fill up any gaps in the battery, waited at some distance on the right, so that they might not be unnecessarily exposed in the enfilade of the firing. Honoré was now attending to the loading of his gun. Two of his men were already bringing the charge and the projectile from the caisson, over which the corporal and the artificer was watching; and two other gunners, after inserting the serge-covered charge by the muzzle, at once rammed it carefully into position and then slipped in the shell, the points of which grated as they slid along the grooves. Then the assistant gun-layer, after pricking the cartridges with the priming-wire, swiftly applied the match to the touch-hole. Honoré was desirous of aiming this first shot himself, and half lying on the block-trail, he worked the regulating screw to obtain the correct range, indicating the proper direction, by a gentle continuous wave of the hand, whilst the gun-layer, holding the lever behind him, imperceptibly moved the piece more to the left or more to the right.

"That must be right," said Honoré, rising up. The captain, with his lofty figure bent double, inspected the sighting. At each piece the assistant gun-layer was in position, holding the lanyard in readiness to pull the saw-like blade that ignited the fulminate. And the command was then given slowly, and in due order; Number one, fire! Number two, fire!

The shells were hurled into space, the guns recoiled and were brought back into position, whilst the quartermasters noted that their fire had not nearly reached the required distance. They rectified it; the practice began afresh in the same orderly fashion as before; and it was this precise routine, this mechanical labour that needed to be calmly and deliberately accomplished, that sustained the men's firmness. That beloved creature, the gun, grouped a little family around her, whose members were closely united by the bonds of a common occupation. The gun was the connecting link, the one object of concern: it was for her that they all existed, the caisson, the waggon, the horses, and even the men themselves. And from all

this sprang the great cohesion of the battery, a steadfastness and tranquillity such as prevail in happy families. Some acclamations from the men of the 106th had greeted the first discharge. At last, they were going to stop the jabbering of these Prussian cannon. But a feeling of disappointment followed, when it was seen that the shells did not travel the distance, most of them bursting in the air before reaching the bushes amongst which the enemy's artillery was hidden. "Honoré," resumed Maurice, "says that the other guns are mere nails by the side of his. In his estimation his one will never be matched. See how lovingly he looks at it, and how carefully he has it sponged so that the dear thing may not feel too warm." In this way he jested with Jean, both of them quite inspirited by the smart, calm bravery of the artillerymen. In three shots, however, the Prussian batteries had regulated their fire: their range had at first been too long, but their practice now became so wonderfully accurate that their shells fell upon the French guns, which despite every effort to increase their range, still failed to carry the distance.

One of Honoré's men on the left was killed. The corpse was pushed aside, and the firing continued, still with the same careful regularity, and without the slightest display of haste. Projectiles were coming from, and exploding on all sides, whilst around each piece, the same methodical manœuvres were repeated, the gun was loaded with its charge and shell, the sighting was regulated, the shot was fired, and the gun having recoiled, was run up again as though the work absorbed these men to such a degree, that they could neither see nor hear anything else. Maurice, however, was especially struck by the demeanour of the drivers, who, stiffly erect on their horses, confronted the enemy, fifteen yards or so in the rear of the guns. Adolphé was among them with his broad shoulders, fair moustaches, and rubicund face, and a man needed indeed to be brave to stay there like that without so much as blinking his eyes, whilst he watched the shells coming straight towards him, and without being able to bite his nails by way of occupation, and in order to divert his thoughts. The gunners on their side were working; they had so much to attend to that they could not think of danger, whereas the motionless drivers saw but death before their eyes, and had full leisure to ponder upon it and await its coming. They were compelled to face the enemy, because, had they turned their backs upon him, an irresistible impulse to flee might have carried both men and horses away. A man can brave danger when he sees it. There is no more obscure, and yet no greater heroism than this. Another gunner had just had his head carried off; two horses harnessed to a caisson, had fallen with their bellies ripped open; and the fire of the foe was proving so slaughterous that it was evident the entire battery would be dismounted if they obstinately remained on this same spot. Despite all the inconvenience of a change of position, it was necessary to foil the enemy's fire, and the captain no longer hesitated, but ordered up the fore-carriages. The dangerous manœuvre was executed with lightning-like rapidity; the drivers wheeled round again, bringing back the limbers, to which the gunners at once hooked the carriage trails. Whilst this was being accomplished, however, a lengthy front was developed, at sight of which the enemy redoubled his fire. Three more men thereupon fell to the ground. Then the battery dashed off at a fast trot, describing an arc through the fields, and establishing itself some fifty yards farther away on the right, upon a little plateau on the other side of the position held by the 106th. The guns were unlimbered, the drivers again found themselves confronting the foe, and the fire began afresh, without a pause, and with so much commotion, that the ground did not cease shaking. All at once Maurice raised a cry. In three shots the Prussians had again regulated their fire, and the third shell had fallen on Honoré's gun.

Honoré was seen to dart forward, and feel the freshly made wound with a trembling hand; a large piece had been chipped off the bronze muzzle. The gun could still be worked, however, and as soon as the wheels had been cleared of another gunner, whose blood had splashed the carriage, the practice was resumed. "No, it isn't little Louis," continued Maurice, venting his thoughts aloud. "There he is aiming; he must be

wounded, however, for he is only using his left arm. Ah! little Louis—he got on so well with Adolphé, on condition though that the gunner, the footman, should in spite of his superior education act as the humble servant of the driver, the mounted man."

At this moment Jean, hitherto silent, interrupted Maurice with a cry of anguish: "They can never stay there; we are done for!" In less than five minutes indeed this new position had become as untenable as the previous one. The enemy's projectiles rained upon it with precisely the same accuracy. One shell smashed a gun and killed a lieutenant and two men. Every shot took effect to such a degree, in fact, that if they obstinately lingered there neither a gun nor an artilleryman would soon remain. The enemy's fire was destruction incarnate; it swept everything away. And so for the second time the captain's voice rang out ordering up the limbers. Once more was the manoeuvre executed, the drivers setting their horses at a gallop, and wheeling that the gunners might again limber their pieces. This time, however, during the movement, a splinter gashed Louis' throat and tore away his jaw, and he fell across the block-trail which he had been raising. And just as Adolphé came up, at the moment when the enemy obtained a flank view of the line of teams, a furious volley swooped down. Adolphé fell with his chest split open, and his arms outstretched, and in a last convulsion he caught hold of his comrade; and there they lay embracing, fiercely consorted, coupled together even in death. But, despite the killing of many horses, despite the disorder the slaughterous volley had wrought in their ranks, the entire battery was already ascending a slope, establishing itself in a more advanced position at a few yards from the place where Maurice and Jean were lying. The guns were now unlimbered for the third time, the drivers again found themselves facing the enemy, whilst the gunners immediately opened fire with unconquerable heroism.

"This is the end of everything," said Maurice, in a dying voice. It seemed, indeed, as though earth and sky were mingled. The stones split asunder, dense smoke occasionally hid the sun. The horses stood with their heads low, dizzy, stupefied amid the fearful uproar. Wherever the Captain appeared he seemed abnormally tall. At last he was cut in two—snapped and fell like a flag-staff.

The effort was being tenaciously, deliberately prolonged, however, especially by Honoré and his men. He, himself, despite his stripes, now had to help to work the gun, for only three gunners remained to him. He levelled and fired, whilst the three men fetched the ammunition, loaded the piece and handled the sponge and the rammer. Spare men and horses had been asked for to fill up the gaps that death had made, but they were a long time coming, and meanwhile it was necessary to do without them. The worry was that the gun still failed to carry the distance, almost all the projectiles bursting in the air, and doing but little harm to these terrible batteries of the foe whose fire was so efficacious. And all at once Honoré swore an oath which rang out above all the thunder of the cannonade: there was no end to their ill luck, the guns right wheel had just been pounded to pieces. Thunder! So now the poor creature had a leg broken and was thrown on her side, with her nose to the ground, crippled and useless. Honoré shed big tears at the sight, and clasped her neck with his twitching hands, as though he hoped to set her right again by the mere warmth of his affection. To think of it!—the best gun of all, the only one that had managed to send a few shells over yonder. Then a mad resolution took possession of him, that of immediately replacing the shattered wheel under the enemy's fire. With the assistance of a gunner, he himself went to fetch a spare wheel from the ammunition waggon, and the work then began, the most dangerous that can be performed on the field of battle. Fortunately, the spare man and horses had eventually arrived, and a couple of fresh gunners lent a helping hand. But once again the battery was dismantled. This heroic madness could be carried no further. Orders to fall back for good were on the point of being given. "We must make haste, comrades," shouted Honoré, "we'll get her away at any rate; they shant have her." 'Twas his one idea to save his gun, like others save the colours. And he was still speaking when he was ripped

open, annihilated, his right arm torn away, and his side ripped open. He fell upon the gun, and remained there as though stretched upon a bed of honour, his head still erect, and his face unscathed, turned with a fine expression of anger towards the enemy yonder. A letter—Silvine's—had dropped from a rent in his uniform, and was stained with drop after drop of his blood, as he grasped it with his twisting fingers. The only lieutenant who had not being killed now shouted the order: "Limber up." One of the caissons had already blown up with the commotion of fireworks, fusing and bursting. The horses of another caisson had to be taken to save a gun whose team was lying on the ground. And, this last time, when the drivers had wheeled, and the four remaining guns had been limbered, the battery galloped off without stopping until it was some eleven hundred yards away, behind the fringing trees of the wood of La Garenne.—From Emile Zola's *Debauche*.

The Battle of the Boyne

On June 14th, 1690, William landed at Carrickfergus. The Williamite forces in Ireland now numbered 40,000 and 50,000, the bulk concentrated in the Lagan Vale. Most of the troops were excellent—continental mercenaries, or Anglo-Irish, now equal to the best. They were abundantly supplied, having for example, 60 pieces of artillery. James had 23,000 men and 12 pieces of artillery, and his troops were worse trained and supplied. Now in the Irish wars we have repeatedly seen that the possession of Leinster afforded unmistakable military advantages, so that the desirability of maintaining oneself in that province was not to be questioned. But desirable or not, James had not the means of doing it—his army was numerically but little more than half of William's, and in fighting power was less than half. And there were no naturally strong positions to compensate for this. In the circumstances the only sound strategy was to fall back and hold the natural strong line of the Shannon: in this way he would secure time to train his troops, to raise new levies, and to get arms and reinforcements from France. But James would insist on fighting a battle, and marched out of Dublin on June 16th, reaching Dundalk on the 22nd. But he was too late to hold the border mountains, for William's advanced forces were at Newry. In face of the great numerical superiority, James now retreated and took up a position on the southern bank of the Boyne. The Boyne was by no means a formidable obstacle, there being numerous shallow fords; but there was no other possible line at all.

On July 1st William attacked the Jacobite army and drove it southwards in a demoralised condition.

A total rout was only avoided by the really splendid fighting of the Irish cavalry. The Jacobites—James himself fled to France—had now to do what they might have done before without losing a battle at all. They retired behind the Shannon, and their successful defence of that line is the best proof of what might have been effected earlier by sound strategy.—(From *The Irish Wars*, by Lieut.-General O'Connell, published by Martin Lester, Ltd., Dublin.)

WAR A DUTY.

"War—the exposure of ourselves to wounds, toil and death—is as much our duty in a just cause as any other mode of sustaining justice. We are as surely bound to encounter the march, the watch, the breach, and the battlefield for country, altars, friends, rights and freedom, as we are to sustain our parents, defend our wives and children, and adhere to our religion and virtue, by any other less hazardous means."—Thomas Davis.

DIVISION.

"He who believes it possible to achieve independence with a divided people has not read Irish history, nor any history like it. He who has read it, and still pursues the course which so often flung us bound and bleeding to be rifled by the stranger is a bad citizen, and, if in power, is a dangerous one."—Thomas Davis.

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