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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 Kilearroll. 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, Ahaseragh, 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.	THE IRREGULARS.
To break the connection with England; and for this end to unite the people of Ireland.	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.

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SEPTEMBER 2, 1922.

Carry On!

The Army has just emerged from the greatest period of stress and trial encountered since the fight 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 Mícheál Ó Coileáin 'na luidhe anois i síothcháin na huaighe, in úr bheannuithe na hÉireann. Ní feicfead coíche arís 'nár measg an ghnúis ghealghaireatach úd do sgaipeadh dubh néalta an éadócais den chroí túirseach: ní cloisfead 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 'nar 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 laoich.

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 Mícheál Ó Coileáin.

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