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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 sword
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 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 shaighdiúiribh Náisiúnta i gClár Cloinne Mhuiris oidheche Dé Sathairn. Bhí cuid aca ag gabháil 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 saighdiúirí 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 scaoil duine aca leis. Cuireadh ruaig ar na nea-rialtachaibh tar éis tamaillín.

BUMBA I gCORCAIGH.

Bhithas 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 gluaisteán prómháideach 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 uaithi le píosa an bhumba. Ar a 6 p.m. caitheadh bumba eile le larai 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 oidheche Dé Sathairn. Tamall ina dhiaidh sin bhí triúr oifigeach ag teacht tar ais go dtí an campa ó Chluain Dealgáin. Ar an slighe doibh do bhuail fir óga is gunnaí aca umpa. Do ghlaoidh 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 láimh 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 oidheche ró-dhorcha chun iad a dhfhághail.

NI RABHADAR REIDH.

Nuair a bhí 20 saighdiúr ar rotharaibh ag gabháil 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 ché tapaidd agus do bhféidir leo nuair a chonnacadar na trupaí. 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. Fuair eadh 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 hoidheche 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'fhiafrugh an siopadóir díobh ead a bhí uatha. Dubhradar go raibh biotáille uatha. Fuair eadar buidéal agus d'imthigtheadar sásta.

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Α η τ - ὀ ζ ι ἄ ς

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 strewn 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

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 t-Oglach," 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 t-Oglach" among outsiders for propagandist purposes, and to make known facts suppressed in other publications. Copies of "An t-Oglach" 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 t-Oglach" 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 t-Oglach" 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.