

AN T-ÓSLÁC

REGISTERED]

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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 einfheacht 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 dhorecha 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 chum 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 druideaphaint siar. Bhítheas ag troid ar feadh trí h-uair, 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.," gluasteán, laraí Ford, agus a lán d'earraibh de gach aon tsaghas. Marbhuidh Nea-Rialtach darbh ainm Ua Buachalla. Éadaigh na bhFórsaí Náisiúnta a bhí air. Bhí Tomás de Barra ar na príosúnachaibh a tógadh. Fuair eadh 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 leaphthan agus flochus na mataí do sgaipéadh 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.

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AN T-ÓGLACH

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. 1228, 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'Dempsys
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 Shannon, beard the wolf in
his den,

Ere you ride to Moycashel on a foray again.

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 either they or their ancestors or any other people under the sun 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 "Buttlearach" 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 Buttlearach" 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 Baginbally, 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 Baginbally 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 Baginbally. 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.

Printed for Army Headquarters at Mahon's Printing Works, Yarnhall Street, Dublin.