

AN T-ÓZLÁC

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Cursai Cogaidh

Trúpaí a bhí ar stáisiún i gCaisleán Gleannbhuidhe i dTirchonaill, fuair 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 laraf i Sráid Phádraig i gCorcaigh Dia Máirt. Níor gortuigheadh aoinne sa laraf, 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 imeas 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 fuairheadh 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 prínsípálta 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 fuairheadh 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).

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Oglagh
na hEireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

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 Drumcondra, 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)

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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 Mounteashel'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
Contentends 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 Skiath, 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 "unshooting" 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.

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