



AN T-ÓZLÁC

REGISTERED]

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARMY.

[NEWSPAPER.

Vol. IV. No. 25 (New Series).

DECEMBER 2, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

Cursai Cogaidh

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

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

CUAIRD TORTHAMHAIL.

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

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

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

LAOICHAN I gCORCHAIGH.

Bhí saighdiúirí ag dul ó Chorchaigh go dtí Droichead na Banndan Dia Luain nuair thug mór-chuid de nea-rialtachaibh fútha ag Crois Barra. Bhí na nea-rialtaigh i gelúdach i dtighthibh timcheall na háite agus nuair a chonchadar na trupaí seoileadar leo le muscaedibh is le gunnaibh mheasín. Dfhreagair na saighdiúirí, is dhan cuid aca ag lámhach an fhaid is a chuaidh an chuid eile ar lorg congnaimh. Bhí an troid á dheunamh ar feadh uaire go leith agus theich na nea-rialtaigh annsan go dtí na enocaibh. Chuaidh na trupaí isteach annsan i gceann des na tighthibh agus thógadar triúr 'na bpríósúnachaibh. Bhí rianacha fola ar na fallaibh is ar an úrlár is timcheall an tigh. Deirtear go raibh Tomás de Barra mar thaoiseach ar na nea-rialtachaibh.

The Guardian of Our Homes

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

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

As You Were!

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

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

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

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

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Advance

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

An Ill-Fated Siege

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

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

A Great Example.

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

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

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

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

The Opposing Force.

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

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

The Spirit of Victory.

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

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

A Complete Rout.

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

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

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

The Death of Owen Roe O'Neill

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

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

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

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

A Famous Address

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

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

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

Battle of Thrasimene

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

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

The Scene of the Battle.

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

Where an Ambush Was Laid.

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

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

Into the Trap.

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

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

The Actual Site.

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

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

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

LEARNING FROM AN ENEMY.

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