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A Soldier's Dream

(Adapted from the German of Heine).

The sound of a bugle wakes me,
I peer through the window glass,
I see the dawn in the barrack square,
And I think of my little lass.

My poor little loving maiden
With her roguish-simple smile,
And her talk and her sweet caresses
And each innocent winsome wile.

Far, far from me she is lying
In sleep by her sister's side,
And I wish that my spirit unfettered
From here to her room could glide.

To gaze on her gentle slumber,
Beside her to bend my knee,
To pray that her dreams were blissful,
To hope she would dream of me.

To see her smile through her dreaming
To press on her lips a kiss,
To feel in my glowing bosom
A thrill of passionate bliss.

I hear the sound of the bugle,
It shatters my dream of joy,
My Motherland chides my longing—
Ah! Mother, forgive your boy!

B.

Irish in Foreign Armies

It was not alone in the French service that our military exiles won renown.

The O'Donnells, O'Neills and O'Reillys, with the relics of the Ulster clans, preferred to fight under the Spanish flag; and in the war of the "Spanish Succession" Spain had five Irish regiments in her Army, whose commanders were O'Reillys, O'Garas, Lacy's, Magans, and Lawlesses.

For several generations a succession of Irish soldiers of rank and distinction were always to be found under the Spanish standard; and in that kingdom those who had been chiefs in their own land were always recognised as "grandees," the equals of the proudest nobles of Castile. Hence the many noble families of Irish race and name still to be found in Spain at this day. The Peninsular War, in the beginning of the last century, found a Blake a generalissimo of the Spanish armies, while an O'Neill commanded the troops of Arragon; and O'Donnells and O'Reillys held high grades as general officers.

Saluting the Flag

The soldierly spirit, with its patriotism and love of country, which impels a man to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellow countrymen, may be developed by ceremonial parades, on the occasion of national festivals, and on anniversaries of great events, such as the victories by which the nation asserted its rights.

On these occasions soldiers may be addressed with regard to the influence upon history of the events they commemorate and the example of the men they meet to honour. The grave and responsible duty which the volunteer is training himself for should constantly be impressed upon his mind by the simple ceremony of saluting his country's flag. To prevent this ceremony becoming a meaningless formality through constant repetition, the significance of his act must be made clear to the soldier, and always remembered by him.

The flag is the emblem of self-sacrifice for the country in the past. It is the emblem of duty to the country in the present. It is the emblem of hope for the country in the future. When the soldier salutes the flag he salutes the Dead whose blood consecrates it, and he consecrates himself to the service of the cause for which they died.

Manly Conduct

Soldiers must be made to understand that the manly virtues which are developed in them by their military training, because they are essential for military efficiency, cannot be strongly built into their character unless they are constantly practised by every individual of his own accord in all his dealings as a private citizen. They are taught, for instance, that scrupulous cleanliness of body, clothing and surroundings is essential for the health of the troops in barracks, in training camps, or in the field. They must therefore be clean, smart and tidy as a matter of habit at all times. Moreover, they must be respectful and obedient to those in positions of civil as well as military authority and they must be considerate and courteous not only to their comrades but to all well-behaved citizens.

Military Training and Civil Life

The qualities of spirit, mind, character and physique which are developed in soldiers by their military training as essential for their military efficiency are equally essential for success in various civil occupations, whether they are industrial, commercial or professional. Good character, health and strength, together with qualities, such as sense of duty, discipline, intelligence, initiative and the power to co-operate with others for common ends, are as essential for success in civil occupations as they are for success in battle. Military training, therefore, lays the foundation not only of national power but of national wealth, by fitting boys in many important respects for commercial and industrial efficiency.

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Oglaigh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

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DECEMBER 23, 1922.

Christmas, 1922

To the Army of Ireland, as much as to the plain people of Ireland, it is a matter of deep regret that this Christmas in Ireland is not, in the fullest sense, a season of peace and good-will. That it is not so is no fault of theirs. The Army has done heroic work in the effort to restore peace and order in Ireland, and to give the plain people the power of enjoying freedom and happiness uninterrupted by the sight or sound of guns. That conditions now are so much more peaceful and settled than they were a few months ago is due to the splendid work of the Army of Ireland. To-day the Irish Free State is established and internationally recognised; there is no foreign soldier within Free State territory which is now guarded only by the green-clad National Army; our Senate, our Parliament are functioning; our courts and our police are operating through most of the country. Generally speaking, the rule of the gun has given way to the rule of ordered and lawful government. Considering the difficulties of the task entrusted to the Army of Ireland, the rapid success which has attended its efforts is surprising. A country entirely unpractised in self-government which has attained its freedom by a violent revolution after a period of foreign anarchy and chaotic conditions, a country in which political differences at this critical time were deliberately fostered by politicians and deliberately introduced into such partially-controlled armed forces as the country possessed, was bound to present a difficult problem to its first native Government. After a year of turmoil and struggle the main objective has been achieved; our country is now in the hands of the people of Ireland to do what they like with; our Government is fully established and recognised by the nations of the world; the national tricolour floats over every former British stronghold in Saorstát Eireann. This success is a triumph of the plain people of Ireland; the success of the Army is the success of the young men of Ireland, representative of the plain people, the citizens of good-will, the forces working for order, discipline and the common good, which are far stronger in Ireland than the forces working for chaos and confusion. The work of the Army is not yet completed, but the greatest part of its work has been done. A small handful of misguided men incite their unfortunate tools to assassination and incendiarism rather than accept the national will, but the will of the people will prevail. It is well for us at the present time to recall the famous oration of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg during the American Civil War: "We here highly resolve that the 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."

In this Christmas season we think of these things, but without bitterness or hatred, with only a stern resolve to do our duty for Ireland. To all the officers and men of the Army of Ireland this resolve will cheer a Christmas which men who have done such sterling work for Ireland deserve to enjoy in happiness.

OBJECTIVE OF ATTACK.

The objective of the attack must be determined beforehand. Taking the same things into consideration, namely, the space to be covered under enemy fire and the superior efficiency which has to be produced and maintained on the selected point of attack, we are led to the following conclusion: the first objective selected must be that point occupied by the enemy which is nearest to us, and on which we may apply a numerical superiority which should guarantee superior efficiency.—Foch.

Battle of Koniggratz

JULY 3rd, 1866.

CROWN PRINCE'S STORY.

The following is a narrative of the Battle of Königgrätz in the Austro-German War of 1866, taken from the diary of the Crown Prince, afterwards Emperor Frederick of Germany:—

July 3, 1866.—It had been a very rainy night. The orders I had sent out to the various corps by break of day enjoined them to march about half-past eight. At this hour I joined the bulk (gros) of the Guards Corps, and accompanied them on their exceedingly arduous march along the steep banks of the Elbe and hills behind. The state of the roads was a frightful hindrance to the advance of all arms, and rendered their progress most difficult. I could scarcely bring myself to think of the possibility of any engagement on a large scale, not believing that the Austrians would accept battle with their backs to the Elbe.

Ever and anon, however, we heard far-off cannon-shots, and at last we reached the most elevated point of our march, in the region where we had reconnoitred the day before. Then it became clear that a considerable artillery fight was in progress, it being possible to detect the separate cannon-shots and to distinguish the enemy's position from ours. Up on the sodden soil of the plateau our march was terribly difficult.

"More Lively."

Then came the intelligence that Lieutenant-General von Fransecky, with his 7th Division, was abutting on our right flank, who sent word that he was hard beset, and begged for artillery reinforcements.

From the village of Zizeloves the van of the Guards Corps moved forward in the direction of Masloved, and in about three-quarters of an hour later its battery opened fire from a position on this side of the place. It seemed as if the fire on our right flank began to grow more lively, but also that the forward movements on our side were going on.

About a couple of miles right in front of us, on the heights above the village of Horenoves, stood (what seemed to be) a solitary and colossal tree, which I signified to the Corps would be our main objective, for here the foe appeared to have planted guns with considerable effect, the position curving out towards the First Army. Anon its fire would subside, but then grow more intense. . . . Slowly followed the bulk of the Guards Corps, especially its 2nd Division—for all the troops marched by one road instead of in several columns, in order to save time and space. Slowly advanced the vanguard, but yet it decidedly gained ground, while the artillery fire on our right flank receded ever further. Once the battery by the big tree pounded violently, and then all firing ceased, which made us conclude that the enemy must now be feeling us on his left flank.

Question of Time.

On reaching the plateau, and especially when halting at Zizeloves, I perceived that what I had to do was to fasten on the foe's right flank and roll him up here. This I cried out to the separate columns as they defiled past me, and many a tart and pithy response from the ranks showed that I had been understood.

Towards 1 o'clock it appeared that General von Nuntius with a portion of the 6th Corps must have caught the rear of the enemy's right flank, for on moving further on in the direction of the tall (solitary) tree I could see nothing of this corps, and yet I heard firing on the left flank. The ground was in a frightful state, preventing all quick movement, and even pulling the very horses' shoes off. Nowhere could a favourable point of view be obtained, and the damp, rainy air deceived us so much in judging distances that the big tree seemed as if it never would let us reach it.

The wounded now began to be carried past; the dead were lying about; several villages on our right were all ablaze, but cannon continued to thunder.

there all the same. Often and often did we look back for the coming of the 1st Army Corps, which had a march of about ten miles to do, but ought, we thought, to reach the scene of action by 2 o'clock. Major von der Burg had fallen in with it; but only brought word back that General von Hartmann, with the Cavalry Division, was standing behind the corps, and could not budge an inch on account of the columns. At last the heads of the infantry columns came up, and thus my army was all together.

General von Steinmetz, whom I directed to follow with his 5th Corps as a reserve, had orders to join the 6th Corps, whose infantry and cavalry columns I encountered, and they greeted me with lively cheers when, alluding to the seriousness of the work before us, I told him that our King himself was present, and commanded the army.

The Decisive Battle.

As soon as we had perceived the heavy artillery fire, General Blumenthal remarked to me, "That is the decisive battle," and with the lapse of each quarter of an hour this became all the more plain to us. The action of my army had made the enemy give way on his right flank, and furnished the 1st Army with an opportunity of assuming the offensive. Ever since we reached the battle field the advance had been resumed, after a rumour had been current that shortly before our arrival the order to retreat had been given, as an engagement with the 1st Army had been making no progress for hours.

When at last we did reach the famous tree—which we found to consist of two colossal lindens flanking a gigantic crucifix—some further heights in front of us again prevented us from taking a survey of the battle that was raging in front. Just when we were standing near two battalions of the Queen Elizabeth Grenadier Regiment of the Guards, some routed Austrian cavalry came galloping towards us, and were shot down one after the other by a section (of infantry) posted a good way off, so that the horses raced about riderless. Seeing this from a distance, some hussars of the guard galloped up and captured the horses, and after this a considerably stronger body of cavalry began to bear down upon us. Impossible to tell from their white tunics whether they were cuirassiers or dragoons, I was going to ride inside one of our battalions in case they formed square; but this was not necessary, for here again our needle-guns were plied with destructive effect, and secured us from danger.

Obernitz.

Arrived on the heights of Masloved, where dead Austrians of all arms lay stretched beside the severely wounded, word came to me that Colonel von Obernitz was lying at a farm hard by with a wound in the head. I at once repaired to him, and found that—as good luck would have it—his head had only been grazed by a bullet; but near him lay Lieutenant von Strantz, of the 1st Foot Guards, with several fingers of his right hand shot away. In the farmyard wounded men belonging to us and the Austrians were lying in heaps, but stay we neither could nor durst, having to fix all our thoughts on the foe. Obernitz thought he was in danger of being captured by the enemy.

Several shells burst near us. It must be admitted that the Austrian artillery aimed well, their shells almost always hitting the same spot where they first struck.

"Cheers and Firing."

About a mile from us, on the extreme height, lay the village of Chlum, where independent musketry fire, cheers, and volley-firing alternated, which made it clear to us that the battle there must be of an exceedingly bitter nature. The Guards were engaged there, and although not yet informed of the fact, I could not but assume that the 2nd Division of the Guards had already come round by Masloved. But at this moment the vanguard of the other Army Corps, consisting of my East Prussian Grenadier Regiment and the 5th East Prussian Regiment No. 41, came up in time to help the Guards at Chlum; and it was high time, too, for the Guards

had a hard time of it. I sent Eulenburg to the vanguard to indicate to them the exact direction of their advance.

Lieut-General von Boyen came galloping up from His Majesty at Sadowa, having made a round-about ride of more than two miles, to impress upon me the necessity of keeping a hold of Chlum, of which, as it seemed to me, we no longer had possession, and just arrived in time to witness our final conquest of this village. At the same time, also, came Major von Grävenitz, of the 8th Hussars, Adjutant of the 1st Army Corps, with word that Chlum was occupied by the van of the 1st Corps. . . . But now the bulk of the 1st Corps had at last come up; their long march in such weather and many other impediments having prevented them from advancing so straight on Chlum as they had been directed to do.

To the 1st Corps I now rode up myself, and gave the flanking battalion the direction to advance, and, while shells were falling thick close by, welcomed the troops of our East Prussian Province—an elevating moment!

The Whole Battlefield.

From here I rode past a freshly-constructed Austrian gun-pit (near it being two Prussian 4-pounders, which had been abandoned); up the steep heights of Chlum, whence, standing beside a battery still in action, in the midst of men belonging to my East Prussian Regiment, I could survey the whole battlefield, extending over a line of more than a dozen miles, and perceive with certainty that the victory was ours, and the enemy in full retreat.

Such moments must be experienced; it is impossible to describe them! Ardent prayers of gratitude ascended—I might almost say were sighed forth—to God; then one was compelled to absorb oneself again in the situation, to look about everywhere, to concentrate one's attention, so that one could scarcely examine the field, strewn as it was with the dead and wounded, where old acquaintances lay stretched who had been seen but a short time before marching joyously to battle. At our feet the battle was raging round Rosberitz, but it had already developed most distinctly into a rear-guard fight, in which Boyen was still actively engaged with the 6th Army Corps on my left flank, which lay nearest Königgrätz; the guns of the fort also began to come into action.

Frederick Charles.

The sky began to clear up and rays of sunshine were falling on the bloody scene of contest. Just as the news of the heroic death of Lieutenant-General von Hiller and his second aide-de-camp, the promising Lieutenant Theissen, of the 4th Foot Guards, was reported to me, and a feeling of pain at so many losses began to come over me, I heard the sound of cheering. This made us think the King was coming, but it was only Fritz Karl (Frederick Charles).

We waved our caps to one another from afar, and then fell into one another's arms amid the cheering of the troops of my extreme right and his extreme left wing, with whom I led an enthusiastic cheer for our King. Such greetings as these must also be personally experienced; two years ago I embraced him as victor before Düppel; to-day we were both victors, for after the stubborn stand of his troops I had decided the day with my army.

(To be continued).

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

The personal influence and example of the officers are the most available factors of character training, as well as of discipline and efficiency. In order to have this effect, officers must make it their business to know and understand their men personally, and they must try to gain their confidence through sympathy and tact. Officers can only win and retain the confidence of their men, and so be able to influence them if they are themselves efficient and of good character. The confidence and discipline of a unit largely depends upon the confidence of the men in their leaders.

An Geilleadh

29 ABRÁN, 1916.

Bhí deire le Comhairle na nOifigeach. Ba léir dúinn go rabhamair i geruachás. Níorbh eól dúinn cad do bhí ar siubhal isna háiteannaibh eile san chathair. Ní raibh éin sgeula aguinne ó Oifig an Phuist le dhá lá. Isé an nídh ar ar chinneamair ná fanamhaint go dtí an oidhche agus ionnsuidhe dheunamh ar an namhaid le linn doir-cheachta. Do chuireamair buachaill óg glic amach—máirneulach ab eadh é ná raibh puinn aithne air i mBaile Ath Cliath—feuchaint an mbeadh éin bhreith aige ar dhul go dtí Oifig an Phuist agus órdú fhagháil ó Sheumas Ó Conghaile.

Fuaireas rud éigin le n-ithe, mar bhíos lag de cheal bídh. Annsan do chuas isteach san seomra ar leihligh a bhí ann i dtómus na n-árdoifigeach, agus do shíneas ar an úrlár d'fhonn greas codlata dheunamh sar a mbeurfhadh an doir-cheacht, aimsir na nguaisbheart, orainn.

Bhí deire le gleó na gunnaí. Ní raibh fiú urchar le cloisint, agus ba ghreannmhar liom an ciúneas. Is beag a thuigeas cad ba thrúig leis.

Do thit tromchodla orm mar bhíos tuirseach tráighte tar éis éirigh an lae. Dar liom ná rabhas ach nómaít im chodla (cé gur dócha go rabhas ann le tréimhse fada) nuair do sgúird Eamonn Ó Dúgáin isteach chugham, do rug ar ghualainn orm agus do dhúisigh mé.

“Tá Séamus Ó Conghaile tar éis géilleadh gan coinghiallach!” ar seisean.

Do phreabas im sheasamh agus do ritheas amach ón seómra agus meascán mearaí orm. Níor thuigeas ó thalamh an domhain cad do bhí titihe amach. Ba mhóide mo mhearathal an codla 's an tuirse a bheith ag cur orm fós.

Dá dtagadh aingeal anuas ó Neamh chugham i dtosach na seachtaine dá insint dom go dtoileochadh Seumas Ó Conghaile chun géilleadh ní chreidfinn uaidh é. Géilleadh! Sin rud nár chuimhníós riamh air, rud ná raibh éin phioc coinne agam leis. Dá mhínicí dheineas machtnamh ar cad do bhí i ndán dúinn dá mhínicí dh'fhiarfúigheas díom fhéin cad í an chríoch do bheadh ar an obair seo, níor rith sé riamh chun m'aigne go ngéillfinn. Bhí an buadh nó an bás i ndán dúinn de réir dheallraimh, agus ba threise ar an mbás ná ar an mbuadh é; nó b'éidir go n-éireochadh le cuid aguinne brise amach tré shluaighte na nGall agus eulódh ón geathair; ach an rud ná raibh éan choinne agam leis, siné an rud ba chríoch don sgeul.

Bhí mearathal is measgán mearaidhe orm, mar adubhart cheana, nuair do ritheas as an seomra. Phreabas amach san chlós. Chonnac sgata desna buachaillí i lár an chlóis agus iad ag feuchaint i dtreo an gheata mar a raibh oifig an telegraph.

“Cé innis an sgeul so dhuit?” arsa mise le hEamonn Ó Dúgáin a bhí tar éis me leanamhaint.

“Sagart do chuir an toifigeach Gallda annso d'innis dúinn é,” ar seisean. “Tá Eamonn Ó Dála imighthe chun cainnte leis an oifigeach Gallda.”

“Feuch!” arsa duine desna buachaillí. “Tá an Ceann Catha tar éis a chlaidheamh do thabhairt uaidh! Tá sé na phríosúnach.”

“Agus tá na saighdiúirí ag díriú a ngunnaí air,” arsa duine eile. “Dirighmis ár ngunnaí ortha súd.”

Do chuir Próinsias Seóldas agus fear eile a ngunnaí i gcóinnibh a ngualann. Do phreabas amach agus d'fheuchas i dtreo an gheata. Bhí sluagh do shaighdiúirí Gallda ar an dtaobh thall den gheata agus cuid dár mbuachaillí féin i naice leis. Bhí saighdiúirí sínte ar díon tighé ar an dtaobh thall den tsráid agus a ngunnaí dirighthe aca ar ár mbuachaillí. Bhí Próinsias agus an t-óglách eile ag díriú a ngunnaí ar na saighdiúirí úd.

Chonnac sagart Capuisíneach ag rith fé dhéin na beirte. “Cuiridh uaibh bhur ngunnaí!” ar seisean. “Tá sos cogaidh ann.”

“Cuiridís na saighdiúirí úd a ngunnaí uatha ar dtús,” arsa Próinsias go ciúin. “Má chaithid siad urchar le nár mbuachaillí, marbhóchaimíd iad.”

Annsan do chonnac Eamonn Ó Dála ag teacht ón ngeata féin dhéin, go mall, ríghin, go tuirseach tnáithte, mar a bheadh seandúine. Ní raibh a chlaidheamh i na thruaill. Do bhagair sé a shúil orm agus do phreabas fé na dhéin.

“Tá an t-ordú fachta agam ón bPiarsach,” ar seisean, agus do shín sé páipeur chugham. Do léigheas go haireach é.

Ní raibh a thuille mearathail san sgeul. Bhí orainn géilleadh!

(Ní Críoch).

Fight On

When all seems lost, when, one by one,
The rounds have dead against you gone,
And hope of vict'ry fades from sight,
Then is a soldier's time to fight,
Then is the hour the prize is won.

When dark your sky, and friends fail fast
As withered leaves at winter's blast
Desert the stem on which so long
They lived—the realms of life and song—
Then nail your colours to the mast.

And brave the storm that growls amain
As that lone stem the hurricane;
Nor sigh waste for fairweather friends
That leaf-like serve calm Summer's ends,
But in the storm augment its strain.

E'en when life's lamp is burning low,
Your dim eyes peer with glassy glow,
At the grim champion waiting nigh
His turn to claim—though you must die—
Contest each inch as out you go.

Spent as a babe, with but a sob
Or tear to foil the fatal stab
Of Death's cold knife within your heart,
It cutting from your soul apart—
Fight on! and him of triumph rob.

For He, of the oppressed the Friend,
Is umpire here, and will extend
To His exhausted knight His aid,
And whisper “son be not dismayed
’Tis I, not death your sword demand.”

N.K.

Pride of Corps

Soldiers should be inspired from the commencement of their training with a spirit of pride in the battalion or brigade to which they belong, which forbids them to bring discredit on it and their comrades either by neglect of duty, or lapses from good conduct in their private lives. Knowledge of the brave actions of men of the brigade to which volunteers belong or to which they are affiliated will help to give them pride of corps and make them realize that their uniform carries with it strict obligations of honour and chivalry, and imposes on them a high standard of conduct to which they cannot attain unless they are animated with a true soldierly spirit.

Athletic Games

Officers should encourage the regular practice of athletic games. These games induce men and boys to keep themselves physically fit for amusement in their leisure time as well as for their military duties. They also conduce to manly ideals, moral lives, regular habits, and moderation with regard to eating and drinking. By engendering respect and care for the body they help to counteract self-indulgence, excess and bad habits, which are destructive alike to character, body and mind.

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