

An t-Oglach

REGISTERED]

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Sean Hales

Brigadier Seán Hales, T.D., one of the bravest and most loyal soldiers of the Army of Ireland, died on Thursday week, foully slain by the bullets of assassins. It is an appalling event that this honest and fearless servant of the Irish people, who had risked his life a hundred times in the war for Irish freedom, should perish by the hands of his own countrymen. Seán Hales was brave and efficient; he was also one of the most lovable of men. No man loved the people of Ireland more devotedly; no man desired more ardently or worked more strenuously to bring peace to our distracted country. His loss will be mourned by every soldier of the Army of Ireland, by every man and woman who loves our country. The most fitting tribute we can pay his memory is to follow the example of his life, to give the same fearless and devoted service to Ireland as he gave. The bitterness of our bereavement will not stir up any spirit of mere vindictiveness against the misguided men who are doing their utmost to destroy their country. Stern measures are necessary if Ireland is to be saved, but we will carry on the work inspired by only one passion—the desire to save Ireland, the Ireland for which the brave, warm-hearted Seán Hales laid down his life.

An Exile's Advice

To the Editor, "An t-Oglach," Dublin.

Dear Sir,—From far away west of the Mississippi, an exile cannot refrain giving expression to some of the feelings which, though often in rush and bustle of life—and more especially life in Yankeeland—are apparently dormant, are nevertheless keenly existent, and await but a seemingly trifling circumstance to call them into evidence.

Some days ago a friend sent me a copy of your journal; needless to say, I read it, and it put me thinking. 'Tis but as yesterday when I was watching the fortunes of the "Old Land" in her final tussle with her ancient enemy. I knew something of England's wealth and power; I knew much more about Ireland's weakness and poverty, and I drew my own conclusions as to what the outcome of the struggle must inevitably be.

Well, God does not always fight on the side with the big battalions, and Ireland won. Judging from what I have just read in your weekly paper, you seem to have got some move on since then—a National Army, Commander-in-Chief, Generals, aeroplanes, artillery, and, above all, a national uniform. Well, I am proud of Ireland and her army. However, if I may, I shall make one suggestion, namely, with all possible speed have that army speaking the Irish language. John Bull truly preached that "Trade follows the Flag." I can as truly say nationality follows the tongue. We, Irish, are numerous even this far west; hourly one meets individuals with the typical "map-of-Ireland" face, but that is all there is Irish about

them. Were we Irish speakers, we should have a common bond of brotherhood, and could, at least in spirit, get straight away back to the Old Land, and discuss it in the language of its past, and, please God, its future greatness. You are moving fast, but a hint from an exile may do no harm—in the matter of the language make the fastest movement of all. You will have a big returning of your wandering kinsmen before long. Everything out here is on the big scale—rivers running thousands of miles, lakes spreading like oceans, and all the rest. For me the Liffey is quite long enough, and Lough Leane quite satisfactory in point of extent and beauty.

With an exile's best wishes for the old country's prosperity in its new-born freedom.

I am, Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

J. J. O'SHEA.

Irish Titles

At the request of a correspondent we again publish a list of Irish equivalents of English titles and ranks in the Army, which have been officially adopted:—

General Headquarters	...	Ard-Oifig An Airm
Staff	...	Fuireann.
Chief of Staff	...	Ceann Fuirinne (An Airm)
Adjutant General	...	Ard-Chongantóir
Captain	...	Captaen
Quartermaster General	...	Ard-Sholáthraidhe
Assistant Chief of Staff	...	Ceann Conganta na Fuirinne
Director of Training	...	Stiúrthóir Arm-Theagaise
Director of Intelligence	...	Stiúrthóir Feasa
Director of Aviation	...	Stiúrthóir Eitill
Director of Military Statistics	...	Stiúrthóir Arm-Eolais
Director of Medical Service	...	Stiúrthóir Dochtúireachta
Director of Organisation	...	Stiúrthóir Timthreachta
Director of Chemicals	...	Stiúrthóir Ceimiceán
Director of Munitions	...	Stiúrthóir Muinisin
Director of Purchases	...	Stiúrthóir Ceannaigh
Director of Engineering	...	Stiúrthóir Inniltéoraíochta
General	...	Ard-Taoiseach
Lieutenant General	...	Ard-Taoiseach Ionaid
Major General	...	Máor-Thaoiseach
Commandant General	...	Taoiseach
Colonel Commandant	...	Ceannphort
Lieutenant Commandant	...	Ceannphort Ionaid
Divisional Commander	...	Ceann Roinne
Divisional Headquarters	...	Ard-Oifig na Roinne
Division	...	Roinn
Divisional Adjutant	...	Congantóir Roinne
Brigadier	...	Briogadóir
Brigade Headquarters	...	Ard-Oifig na Briogaíde
Commandant (Battn.)	...	Ceann Catha
Vice-Commandant	...	Leas-Cheann Catha
Quartermaster	...	Soláthraidhe
Sergeant	...	Sáirsint
Corporal	...	Corporál
Commander-in-Chief	...	Ceann an Airm
Intelligence Officer	...	Oifigeach Feasa
Department



Oglach
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

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Αἱ τ-ὀξιάς

DECEMBER 16, 1922.

Ar Aghaidh

Tá Saorstát Éireann i bhfeidhm de thoradh saothair an Airm agus ní miste don Arm bheith morálach as saothar agus as toradh a saothair. Ach ní healadha dhóibh suidhe ar a suaineas, agus maoidheamh as a ngaisce. Tá obair chruaidh le deunamh againn fós chun an náisiún do chur ar a bhonnaibh arís. Tá de chúram ar an Arm an tsíocháin agus ceart agus cothrom dlí agus saoirse do chách do chur in áirithe do mhuintir na hÉireann. Tá nithe againn le deunamh ná taitnean linn ach caithfar iad a dheunamh má's mian linn saoirse agus ceart do bhuanú in Éirinn. Ní baol go stríochfaidh lucht an Airm ón ndualgus atá ortha. Leanfaid siad leo ar aghaidh chun glóire Dé agus onóra na hÉireann.

Army Morale

The passing of Oglagh na hEireann from a small poorly equipped and more or less imperfectly organised—in the military sense—body of Volunteers to that of a Regular National Army provides an opportune occasion for considering the morale of that Army, now and in the future: for the standards set up to-day are going to influence, if indeed they do not definitely fix, the position the Army will hold within the National polity in coming years.

Naturally the position ought to be a great, a respected and a proud position. It ought to be great through recognition of the ideal—the old ideal—the defence of the rights and liberties of the people of Ireland against all enemies—foreign and domestic; respected, because of the way in which that ideal is served—unremitting toil, soldierly restraint and fine efficiency; proud, because of the opportunity afforded of being at all times the spear point on which the Nation, in the last resort, will always depend.

Are these three great points being sufficiently well visualised and upheld? In a sense they are. It is certain that the people's rights—freedom of choice, of functioning, and of developing and progressing, must, at all hazards and against all enemies, be maintained. As this feeling develops and deepens, the worth of the Army will grow and as the worth grows the confidence of the people in the Army will grow. Unmistakable signs are already evident that the people are beginning to look to the Army with confidence: that, in fine, they have come to regard it as their shield. And, having regard to all the difficulties which had to be faced—the difficulty of growth and expansion and the still greater difficulty of internal trouble—it is an undoubted achievement that such a position should have already been won.

It may also be fairly claimed that respect for the Army is growing—it is not yet so wide-spread nor so deep as might be wished; but if it is recognised within the Army and in all ranks—from the ordinary Volunteer up to that of the most highly-placed Officer—that arduous labour, restraint and efficiency should govern the soldier in all his duties, it is reasonably certain that the Army will in time win that respect which, as a National Army, it should enjoy.

It is suggested that the position of the Army should be a proud position. That position has, perhaps, yet to be won. It will come, and surely come, in proportion as the other two great aims are attained. It will most certainly be won if the feeling prevailing right through the whole Army is that the uniform is the symbol of splendid service to the nation, and that service is best summed up in the words chosen by the Four Masters, when they set out on their great task of recording the Annals of Ireland:

“Do chun glóire Dé agus onóra na hEireann.”

OIFIGEACH.

The Siege of Limerick

A GALLANT DEFENCE.

On the 9th July William left Dublin on his march to the South. Wexford, Clonmel and Kilkenny were abandoned, and Waterford and Duncannon Fort surrendered with the honours of war. General Douglas, however, whom he had despatched to besiege Athlone, the key to Connaught, was repulsed, and came to join his master, who awaited him at Cahireonlish, a few miles from Limerick. The old town was then the second city in point of extent and population. The Shannon, navigable at that point, divided it into two distinct segments. The older, known as the English town, containing the cathedral, and most of the principal buildings, occupied the southern and more elevated portion of an island some two miles in circumference, low lying in the Shannon. Thomond Bridge, a narrow stone structure, some eighty yards long, linked this King's island to the County Clare. It was connected by Ball's Bridge, spanning the narrower, eastern arm of the river, with the Irish town upon the County Limerick bank. Both towns were fortified after a fashion, which the French officers, trained in the new school of Vauban, scoffed at, as they had at the walls of Derry. The English town was defended by a wall, strongest on the north-east face, which commanded the lower ground of the island, mostly a swampy tract, which was surrounded by a strong line of circumvallation.

The Old City.

Just below Thomond Bridge, King John's Castle stood, on the island at the water's edge. The walls of the Irish town, being unprotected by the river, were stronger, being double, and containing five bastions and some towers. Beyond these, to the North-East, the Irish had erected some outworks, and from the south gate, where, on a spur, the heaviest guns were planted, a covered way ran beside the wall to St. John's Gate. Near this was a battery of three guns, called from its colour the black battery. This north-eastern side bore the brunt of the Williamite attack. It had already begun. On the 9th August the King himself appeared before the town. The Irish skirmishers retired to the walls, and William, pitching his camp at Singland, with the river on his right, summoned the city to surrender.

Old Boisseleau, whom Tyreconnell had appointed Governor, replied that he preferred to merit the esteem of the Prince of Orange by making a stout defence. Tyreconnell now marched off to join Lauzun, having left 8,000 regular but ill-armed troops for the defence. The cavalry, however, returned to the neighbourhood of the city, and a little later a strange figure, one Baldearg O'Donnell, entered with some 7,000 Rapparees, who had rallied round him, because there was an Irish prophecy that "an O'Donnell with a red spot would free his country," and he fulfilled this essential condition. Thus the defending force amounted to nearly 20,000 men, against which William had an army estimated by Williamite authorities at from 20,000 to 38,000.

But for siege operations, of course, this disparity of numbers gave him no preponderance.

The Attackers.

William, like James at Derry, confident that the city would surrender at his approach, had brought only a field train. His battering train of guns, stores and pontoons, was now on the way from Dublin, escorted by two troops of Viller's Horse. A French deserter had brought word of this to the Irish, and on the 11th August a country gentleman reported to the Williamites that the previous night Sarsfield with a party of horse had crossed the Shannon at Killaloe. At first they were not inclined to believe him, but he was brought before the King, who at once called a council of war, and Sir John Laniel, with 500 horse, went out that night to meet the guns. Sarsfield was not sleeping. He had ridden out of Limerick the previous evening with 600 picked horsemen, and

"Galloping Hogan."

"Galloping Hogan," a hard-riding chief of Raparees, who knew every inch of the country, was with him. The column marched to Killaloe. Here, passing at the back of the town, they crossed a ford above the bridge, between the Pier-head and Ballyvalley, and their long night-ride ended at Keeper Hill. Tradition has enshrined every detail. All next day Sarsfield and his men lurked among the mountains.

His scouts reported that William's convoy had lain at Cashel on Sunday, and marched beyond Cullen to Ballyneety or Whitestown, fourteen miles from Limerick. The unsuspecting escort turned most of their tired horses to grass, made their dispositions carelessly, and, posting a slender guard, fell to sleep, little dreaming of danger from a beaten enemy, so near their own camp. Fortune had given Sarsfield an additional chance of success. One of his horsemen, it is said, found out the English password from the wife of a Williamite soldier who had lost her way. Curiously enough, it was the name of the Irish leader. When the moon rose, like the spring clouds which favoured them, Sarsfield's Horse moved down cautiously upon the doomed convoy. To an outpost's challenge they gave the reply, and, quickening their stride, bore down upon the camp. Again a sentinel's call rang out, and this time the Irish reply was, "Sarsfield is the word"—and as the sentinel went down before a sabre-stroke—"Sarsfield is the man." Then, with a mighty shout the six hundred swept down upon the Williamites. A bugle shrieked the alarm, "To horse."

A Triumph.

It was too late. The dragoons were upon them, riding them down, sabring and pistolling them as they started from their sleep. A few made a hopeless effort to defend themselves, for in that wild onset the vengeful Irish gave little quarter. The rest fled.

Little time was there now to complete the work, for Lanier's escort was upon the road.

The spoil to be got rid of consisted of six twenty-four pounder cannon, two eighteen-pounders, five mortars, 153 wagons of stores, 18 pontoons, 12 casks of biscuits, and 400 draught horses.

The Irish troopers worked with a will. They smashed the boats, drew the guns together, crammed them with powder, and plunged the muzzles into the ground, dragged the ammunition carts around them, and, scattering the Williamite powder over the great heap, laid a train to a safe distance and withdrew. Then from the darkness came a dazzling flash, and a mighty roar woke the echoes of the hills. The dull rumble reached even William's camp. Lanier heard it, too. He saw the great brightness as of dawn, and galloped madly forward.

Results.

When he came up the debris of the convoy was burning furiously. Only two of the guns remained undamaged. The 400 draught horses and 100 troop horses were gone. Lanier caught a glimpse of Sarsfield's rearguard, and instantly wheeled to the left to cut him off from the Shannon, but he made a great détour to Banagher, crossed the river, and returned to Limerick in triumph. The moral effect of the achievement was immense. The delay to the operations eventually proved the most serious consequence. Some days passed before the two great guns and a mortar were brought from Waterford.

The loss of the cannon was not so annoying as the loss of the horses and ammunition, and, without the pontoons, guns could not be brought to the Clare side. Though a sustained artillery duel went on, there was a lull in active operations until the 17th, when the trenches were opened.

The Siege.

From this onward the siege was pressed with great energy. William, from forty pieces, poured shot and shell and red-hot balls into the city, whose guns vigorously replied. After fierce assaults and sallies, several of the outworks were captured. On the 25th, under the fire of a new battery raised within sixty yards of the walls, a breach yawned. The Irish brought up woolsacks to it, and the English brought

up drink to the gunners, "which," says Story, "made them ply their work very heartily, and for all the woolsacks the walls began to fly again." All day on the 26th the fire of a score of great guns was concentrated upon the breach, and through the anxious night fire-balls, bombs and "carcasses" rained upon the city, for William had at last decided to deliver the assault. The breach was now twelve yards wide in the wall near St. John's Gate, and over the Black Battery. On the 27th August, all the Grenadiers in the Army, over 500 strong, were marched into the advanced trenches. The regiments of Douglas, Stuart, Meath, Lisburn, and the Brandenburgers were formed up behind; on the right was a battalion of Blue Dutch; on the left the Danes. General Douglas commanded. The forenoon was passed in getting the troops on both sides into position, and it was half-past three when, as William took his stand at Cromwell's Fort to witness the capture of the city, the hush of that sweltering summer's day was broken by the booming of three guns from the camp.

The Grenadiers.

Upon the signal the waiting Grenadiers—strange figures in their uniforms of piebald yellow and red, their cope-crowned, furred caps, with jangling bells hanging from their belts—leapt from the trenches, and ran towards the counter-scarp, firing their pieces and throwing their new-fangled missiles. They were greeted with a deadly fusillade from the walls, but pushed steadily on, drove the Irish from the counter-scarp, and entered pell-mell with them. Some of them succeeded in pressing into the town, while their supports rushed forward to hold the counterscarp. This they clung to doggedly, but could make no further headway, for behind the breach a masked battery of three guns now opened upon them with "cartridge shot," and prevented them from aiding the Grenadiers, who were soon slowly forced back through the breach. They had been roughly handled during their brief visit to Limerick. "Some were shot, some were taken, and the rest came out again, but very few without being wounded."

The Irish Stand.

The Irish rallying, manned the breach anew, and for three hours a desperate struggle raged in that narrow way. Once more William's veterans fought their way into the streets, and Boisseleau called up his last reserves. From the side-streets the citizens, seizing the readiest implements, rushed out to aid their hard-pressed soldiers.

They turned the tide. Fighting stubbornly, the Williamites were driven back, foot by foot, and hurled out through the breach. The King flung forward his reserves. In vain, plied with unceasing cannon-shot and musketry, they could not cross that deadly zone.

Missiles of every kind were rained upon them. McMahon's regiment having no weapons, cast down stones upon the assailants, and the very women, says the Williamite historian, hurling stones and broken bottles, "boldly stood in the breach, and were nearer our men than their own." While the fight was hottest, the Brandenburgers swarmed up the Black Battery, and a yellow glare shot through the dust clouds, and a louder crash rang out above the general uproar, as a quantity of powder was fired beneath them with deadly effect.

William's Retreat.

Lord Talbot's dragoons sallied out through St. John's Gate, and took the soamers in flank, and then the Irish swept down irresistibly, and beat them back to their trenches. It was after seven o'clock in the evening, and a great cloud of battle-smoke trailed away from the city to the top of Keeper mountain. The assault had cost William some 2,000 men in killed and wounded. The loss of the defenders was, of course, much less severe. Yet it had been heavy, and among the dead and dying on the streets and in the breach lay not a few of the humble heroines of the city. But, like their sisters in Derry, they had baffled a King. For William, on the 30th August, after blowing up some of his stores and firing his camp, marched his army into winter quarters, and withdrew himself to England.

"The Capture of the Cannon"

The young author of the following remarkable poem has been ranked by some critics as a balladist with Scott, Swinburne and Davis. Note the swing of the metre to correspond with the gallop of the cavalry. Sarsfield's army answered then to the National Army of to-day:—

All on a starless August morn,
Ere yet the first cock crew,
Brave Sarsfield took, from Limerick town,
The Road to Killaloe.
He gave the word, then fleetly spurred,
By darkened vale and fen,
And he sang this song, as he rode along
At the head of five hundred men:

"The Dutch steal down from Cashel town
With powder and ball and cannon,
And flat tin-boats to use as floats
In the marshes of the Shannon;
But their guns we'll thieve, and their guns
we'll leave,
Their mouths the brown earth under,
Pile powder and ball, tin-boats and all,
And we'll blow the heap asunder."

They rode to do! They rode to die!
They rode more fleetly than the wind,
Till a castle towered before them lowered,
And Limerick town lay far behind.
To Ballyneety's towers they came
Ere two of the clock had chimed,
And they spake no words, but they loosed
their swords,
And rode with their muskets primed.

And Sarsfield halted his cavalcade
All in the tree-lined road;
In the saddle he turned, and his bright eyes
burned,
Like discs of fire they glowed;
And he drew his sword, then he gave the word,
And they swept on their enemy,
And as muskets crashed, and sabres flashed,
They thundered right merrily:

"Ho! ho! you're down from Cashel town
With powder and ball and cannon,
And your flat tin-boats to use as floats,
And ferry ye o'er the Shannon;
But your guns we'll take, and your guns
we'll stake,
Their mouths the brown earth under,
Pile powder and ball, tin-boats and all,
And we'll blow the heap asunder."

No man they spared when their swords they
bared
Till the ground was strewn with dead,
Till like stark hosts of dawn-caught ghosts
The Dutchmen broke and fled.
And when his band at his stern command
Back in from their routine rode,
Brave Sarsfield's eyes in the darkness burned,
Like discs of fire they glowed.

Quoth he: "Well done! Well fought and won!
Now carry ye out my plan,
For "Sarsfield" is the word, my men,
And Sarsfield is the man!"
Ere the order slipped from his lips they gripped
The cannon and dragged them forth,
They loaded them well with powder and shell
And jammed their mouths in the earth.

And Sarsfield smiled as his soldiers piled
On top of the loaded cannon,
The flat tin-boats to be used as floats
In the marshes of the Shannon.

And over the plain they laid a train
Of powder, then rode away,
O'er dying and dead the cavalcade sped
Ere the east 'gan growing grey.

Then anon came a flash, a quivering flash,
And a bright white blinding flare!
It seemed as though Heaven asunder was
riven,
For a crash rent the morning air,
That rumbled the ground for leagues around
And shuddered the hills of Clare!

And Sarsfield halted his cavalcade
All in the tree-lined road,
In the saddle he turned, and his bright eyes
burned,
Like discs of fire they glowed.
And he sheathed his sword, then fleetly spurred
By brightening hill and down,
And he sang this song, as he rode along
To the gates of Limerick town:

"The Dutch crept down from Cashel town
With powder and ball and cannon,
And their flat tin-boats to use as floats
In the marshes of the Shannon;
But their ranks we cleft, and their guns we left
Their mouths the brown earth under,
Piled powder and ball, tin boats and all,
And we blew the heap asunder.

PADRIC GREGORY.

Leim an tSeabhaic

(As dán Beurla do cheap Kingsley).

Tá uachtarlámh ag an namhaid san ár
Tá geata an chaisleáin dá dhógh
Beirtear chugham cáirt den fhion is fearr
Is ní ólfad na dheáidh níos mó.

Faigh m'arm is méide, a ghiolla na n-ae
Is mo chapall-sa gléas in chóir,
Go dtabharfaimid léim i ndeire na tréimhse
A chuirfidh gach n-aon chun sgeóin.

Sin caitte mo ré, sin deire na n-eucht
Sin beannacht le taosgadh cáirt
Ach nil ridire treun i mbaile ná i geóin
Bhain sult as a shaol níos fearr.

Cuirfad i geóill don ghramaraisc chlaein
An chríoch dom léithéid ba chuibhe
Ma thagaid fé dhéin neid seabhaic le héigeán
Preaofaidh san aer ón mbuidhin.

Do choirigh é féin is n-arm 's i n-éidé
Is do phreab ar a chael-each luath
Is cana do thaosg den dearg-fhion treun
Do spriocfadh chun sgléipe slua.

Do bhrostuig sé an t-each le spora is le lasg
Gur léim se thar fala an chaisleáin
An gearriag amach is breis is ceud slat
De thitim ar fad go bán.

Nuair fuaradh san ghleann an ridire teann
Ba bhrúsgar a chabhail 's a chnámha
Mo bheannacht le fonn is paidir na dheabhaidh
Mo hanam an tSeabhaic go bráth.

A NATION'S LANGUAGE.

"A people without a language of its own is only half a nation. A nation should guard its language more than its territories—'tis a surer barrier, and more important frontier, than fortress or river."—DAVIS.

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