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Old and New

There are two things which every member of the National Army should realise, viz:—

First, that we are not a brand-new Army suddenly sprung up like mushrooms, but the legitimate heirs and successors of the Irish Volunteers of 1913 and 1916 and the I.R.A. of 1919-21.

Secondly, that while we are heirs and successors of the soldiers who served Ireland in those past years, while most of the men in control of our Army are men who served their military apprenticeships in the ranks of the Volunteers and I.R.A., yet we are facing totally new conditions and cannot deal with them in the same way as in the past.

In other words we *have* a tradition, and it is a fine and glorious one—but we must not be hidebound by a tradition created under totally different circumstances from those which we are now facing.

We are no longer Volunteers or guerillas; we are a regular Army, the Army of the established Government of the country *de jure* and *de facto*. The wisdom of the Volunteer and the wisdom of the guerilla may be the folly of the regular soldier.

We wish to preserve our historic continuity, to recognise that the force established in 1913 "to safeguard the rights and liberties common to the people of Ireland" has continued in existence ever since and is now the National Army. We wish the spirit of the brave men of 1916, of 1920 and 1921 to inspire us. But, just as the Volunteers adapted themselves to altered circumstances and became guerillas, and in doing so created new conditions, so we to-day are adapting ourselves to altered circumstances, and in doing so are creating a new tradition. It is for us to make our tradition as a National Army dealing with internal turmoil as glorious as our former traditions as Volunteers and guerillas—and in keeping with them.

We want to keep all that is best in our old tradition and to break with what is no longer useful or expedient to us.

The American Civil War

On the twelfth day of April, 1861, the first shot fired upon Fort Sumter formally inaugurated the civil war in the United States. On the ninth of April, 1865, Grant and Lee were the principals in the historic meeting at Appomattox Court House, by which hostilities were virtually terminated. The interval between these two memorable dates presents the greatest ordeal in the history of the Republic.

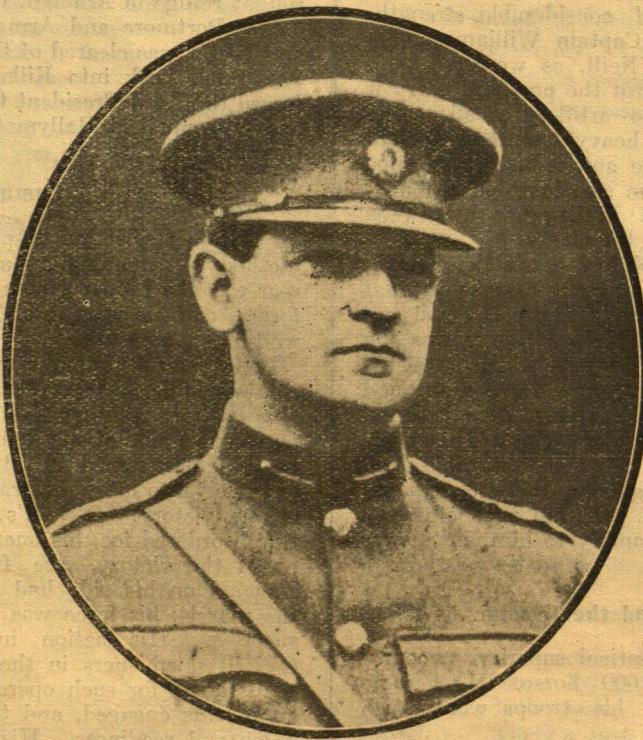
As a result of these four momentous years of conflict the nation was deprived by death and disease of one million men. The total number of enlisted soldiers in the Union Army during the whole of the war amounted to 2,688,523. As many of these men were mustered in twice, and as a certain percentage deserted, it is reasonable to estimate that 1,500,000 men were actively engaged in the Northern armies.

Of this number 56,000 died on the field of battle, 35,000 expired in hospital from the effects of wounds received in action, and 184,000 perished by disease. It is probable that those who died of disease after their discharge from the army would swell the total to 300,000. If inferior hospital service and poor sanitary arrangements are added to the other results of war, it is safe to assume that the loss of the South was greater than that of the North. But, considering the Southern loss equal to that of the North, the aggregate is 600,000. Add to this 400,000 men crippled or permanently disabled by disease, and

the total subtraction from the productive force of the nation reaches the stupendous total of 1,000,000 men. These figures seem almost incredible, but they come from what, in this particular at least, must be regarded as a trustworthy source.

CHEERFULNESS.

O why the deuce should I repine,
Or be an ill foreboder,
I'm twenty-three and five foot nine,
I'll go and be a soldier.



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The Yellow Ford

In the year 1597 the warfare which for a couple of years Hugh O'Neill had been waging against the English had taken a turn very favourable to him. So much was this the case, indeed, that the English authorities entered into negotiations with him. O'Neill, however, had his own views on the value of negotiations to a victorious General—he merely sought time to consolidate his success and achieve a conclusive triumph. With this end in view, he strengthened his affiliations with the other insurgent leaders in the South, and was well circumstanced when operations began afresh, after a winter spent by both sides in preparing for a decisive encounter. In July, 1598, O'Neill arranged with Felim O'Byrne—Teagh had been killed in an encounter—that the latter should raid the Pale, while O'Neill took the field in the North.

It was the object of the latter leader to root out the English definitely from Ulster, and with that object he delivered a determined attack on the fort of Portmore on the Blackwater.

The Position in Ulster.

On the eastern flank the English had two lines of advance into Ulster: one from Newry to Armagh, and the other from Dundalk through what is now Monaghan to Armagh. The first was in direct touch by sea with England; the second could be easily reached from Dublin and the Pale. Armagh was an advance garrison of the English, and the strong castle of Portmore was a powerful outpost on the very frontier of O'Neill's territory, threatening Dungannon, the chief's residence, which, as a matter of fact, O'Neill would never have defended if the general military position did not fit in with such a course.

Preliminary Operations.

Portmore was a place of considerable strength, and was resolutely held by Captain Williams and a strong English garrison. O'Neill, as we have said, made a fierce attempt to storm the post and carry it by escalade, as he had no artillery at all. The attempt was repulsed with heavy loss, and O'Neill proceeded to invest the place and reduce it by starvation. At the same time he also invested Armagh, and took post himself at Mullaghbane between Armagh and Newry to cover the sieges.

In the meantime Ormond had taken the field in the South to counter the insurgent attacks in that quarter, and the Marshal Sir Henry Bagenal advanced into Ulster against O'Neill. Newry was the rendezvous point of Bagenal's army, which consisted of six regiments of infantry, some 4,000 men, and 350 horse, besides some field pieces. Two thousand of the infantry were veteran troops, who had seen service in Brittany. Bagenal's advance was rapid, and he forced O'Neill from Mullaghbane, relieved Armagh, and quartered himself there. O'Neill was joined by O'Donnell, who had come rapidly to him, in answer to an urgent summons.

Opposite Forces and the Ground.

O'Neill had a slight numerical superiority, counting some 4,500 foot and 600 horse. He had no artillery, and in equipment his troops were much behind their opponents.

For the kind of fighting most suitable to the conditions in Ireland, they were much better trained, however. They were swifter-marching, were of better physique, and had more skill-at-arms; they knew the ground better, and had a far more accurate conception of how to use it. For the duties of light infantry, in short, they were better fitted, and light infantry were the kind of troops most suited to Irish conditions, as indeed has always been the case, and is still. O'Neill took position covering the siege of Portmore, about a mile from that place, and facing Armagh. The country between Portmore and Armagh was a succession of wooded hills, none of them of great

height, divided by marshy hollows, through which flowed a muddy stream draining the bogs. Hence the names, "Beal-an-atha-buidhe"—"The mouth of the Yellow Ford." O'Neill had drawn up his main battle line in rear of this pass on the plain behind. He had neglected no precautions calculated to strengthen the position; it was entrenched, and in front were dug pitfalls, covered over with sods resting on branches. Into the woods flanking the approach through the pass he had thrown forward 500 kerne armed with muskets, as skirmishers.

The Battle.

Early on the morning of August 10th, Bagenal started from Armagh in three divisions, commanding the first in person; Cosby and Wingfield, two excellent soldiers, commanded the second; Coyne and Billing led the rearguard, and Brook, Montacute and Fleming the cavalry. The advance guard was heavily fired into by O'Neill's skirmishers and suffered considerable losses, but, pushing forward resolutely, cleared the woods, and drove out the light troops, who fell back into the plain. The English horsemen followed them up closely, and the leading infantry—veterans in the campaigns in Brittany—came on in support. The cavalry charged up the entrenchments, but falling into the pitfalls were thrown into disorder. Before they could recover, Maguire with the Irish Horse fell upon them and routed them.

The Irish Foot now fell upon the English advanced troops, overwhelmed them before they could be supported, and drove them back on the main body before the latter could deploy. To add to the misfortune of the English, their cannon stuck fast in the boggy ground, and a powder-cart blew up. A stray shot killed Bagenal himself, and then the entire force fell into confusion and suffered terrible slaughter. Small bodies of men escaped, but even these were followed up and harassed by O'Neill's light troops. The English lost about 1,700 men, besides artillery, baggage and colours, and the remnant sought refuge in Armagh, the cavalry riding for Dundalk. Portmore and Armagh surrendered forthwith, and Ulster was cleared of the enemy. Ormond in the South fell back into Kilkenny. Tyrrell in Munster forced the Lord President to shut himself up in Cork, and O'Donnell at Ballymote had complete control of Connacht.

Comments.

O'Neill's selection of position was excellent; his method of defending a pass on the open ground in rear was the proper system with approximately equal forces, and his posting of his light troops was also a well-taken measure.

His careful preparation of the ground was very commendable, in view of his decision to fight a defensive battle. Another result of O'Neill's taking post on his own side of the defile instead of in it was that the English, forced to retreat into it instead of out of it, fell into utter disarray—hence the completeness of the victory. O'Neill's vigorous counterstroke on the disordered foe, his energetic pursuit and following up of the victory, are further points to be noted. Bagenal on his side had taken good precautions on the march; his force was well divided and safe from surprise. His action in vigorously clearing out O'Neill's skirmishers in the opening operations was a good model for such operations. Only the advanced guard was engaged, and the remainder held in good order and readiness. His subsequent violent attack on O'Neill's strong position in the plain beyond was an error; it would have been much sounder to use his advance guard merely to cover the deployment of the rest, and then make a general attack on the position.—Lieut.-General O'Connell.

COUNTER-ATTACK.

"The attacking party has an impetus which mere defenders cannot have. Waiting for the enemy in one's lines is often a confession of inferiority."—History of Charles XII.

A Story of Napoleon

Captain Kelly was a great admirer of Napoleon. He had read a number of books about the great little Corsican, and insisted on entertaining us at the mess with accounts of Napoleon's battles, his strategy, the discipline he imposed in his army, and the wonderful devotion he inspired among his soldiers. There was an undercurrent of suggestion that Captain Kelly by his study of the Napoleonic strategy was qualifying himself for a future generalship, and was modelling himself on the great French Emperor. Some of the boys nicknamed him "Napoleon Kelly." We had all decided that his stories about Napoleon were becoming a bit of a bore.

After I had endured in silence an hour's long conversation on Napoleon one night I determined on revenge. I remembered a joke of my boyhood's days and determined to work it on Captain Kelly.

Next day when I strolled into the mess the other officers had been carefully primed beforehand in my tactics, and were prepared to co-operate. I took a seat beside Captain Kelly and waited my opportunity.

It came soon enough. The magic word "Napoleon" came from Captain Kelly's lips.

"Do you know," I said, "that I have just discovered a most interesting book on Napoleon. I was reading it last night."

"Who was the author?" asked Captain Kelly, looking interested. He prided himself on a thorough acquaintance with Napoleonic literature.

"It is a book published in Paris in 1820, and long out of print," I said, "by a French officer named Leblanc, who served under Napoleon. You have heard of the book, of course?"

"Of course, of course," said Captain Kelly, hastily. (This was rather odd, as I had made up the name myself; so far as I knew, no such book was in existence).

"It contains some extraordinary anecdotes showing the personal devotion which Napoleon inspired in his followers," I remarked.

"Yes, he said, "you know the story of how he mounted guard over a sleeping sentry—"

"Yes, yes," I said hastily, fearing a repetition of the yarn I had heard fifty times. "You have often told us that. But there was one anecdote which struck me very much—quite an extraordinary incident—which I never heard you mention. You don't seem to have heard of it."

"I'm sure I must have," he said, highly nettled. "Just repeat it and I'll tell you if I have heard it before."

All the officers listened silently to my remarkable anecdote.

"Well," I said, "Leblanc relates that Napoleon was visiting wounded soldiers in a hospital when he encountered a one-armed man.

"Where did you lose your arm?" he asked.

"At Austerlitz, sire," said the man, saluting.

"Then doubtless you curse the Emperor who was the cause of your losing your arm," said Napoleon.

"No, sire. For his sake I would willingly sacrifice the other arm also."

"I can scarcely believe it."

The man looked grieved and indignant.

"Sire, he said, 'if you bade me cut off my arm I would do it.'

"I will take you at your word," said Napoleon. 'Let us see you do it.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the man snatched up a sword, and at one stroke severed his arm from his body. The tears streamed down Napoleon's cheeks at the sight."

A moment's silence succeeded the story. Then Captain Kelly walked right into the trap.

"Oh, yes!" he said, "I think I have heard that story before. It sounds incredible, but I believe it is quite true."

"What!" ejaculated another officer. "You mean to say you believe such a thing could happen."

"I do," said Kelly, stoutly. "You have no idea of the mad, fanatical devotion which Napoleon inspired among his troops. There were other in-

Private Murphy's Questions

Private Murphy joined the Irish Volunteers early in 1914. He stuck to them after the split. He was "out" Easter Week and afterwards played a humble part in the war with the Black and Tans. Naturally when our Army became a regular one and his services were required in the work of safeguarding the rights and liberties of the plain people of Ireland, of whom he was a very humble member, he "joined up." He is still a "full private" for he has no desire for titles or honours; all he wishes is to serve Ireland as best he can. He is a very humble and modest individual—perhaps some people would call him simple with an idea that the adjective had a derogatory sense—but he thinks a lot. In a recent conversation with me he propounded certain problems which were perplexing him in connection with some of his comrades. He put them in his own plain language; I would prefer to put them into "Parliamentary" form. He wanted to know:—

Whether it was desirable that a soldier fighting for his country should cheer his comrades at the task by singing silly English music-hall songs instead of the songs of Ireland?

Whether it was essential that an Irish soldier should smoke English cigarettes and consistently refuse those made in Ireland?

Whether all the Irish an Irish soldier need know was "Slán leat" and "Go raibh maith agat?"

Whether a regular soldier should not have an even higher standard, if possible, than a Volunteer in regard to discipline, temperance and orderliness?

Whether those like himself who belong to the "Old Guard" of pioneer days should not do more to make their influence felt among their young comrades in the direction of Irish-Ireland ideas?

I was unable to answer Private Murphy's questions very effectively. I wonder whether the editor of AN t-OGLACH would consider the advisability of inviting the opinions of other privates on the correct answer to these questions.

LIAM.

"INTELLIGENT PATRIOTISM."

John Bull's patriotism is intelligent. In the year 1878, at the time when England and Russia were shaking their fists at each other, I read in a newspaper that a Russian coachman, discovering one day that he was driving an Englishman fare, politely begged him to alight and indignantly refused the money that was offered to him. Now that is not patriotism as John Bull understands it. A London cabman under similar circumstances would have accepted the fare and doubled or trebled his charge.—*Max O'Rell.*

stances just as extraordinary. You must lend me that book, Tom. I'd like to read it."

"But, look here, Kelly," observed another officer. "There's just one thing that puzzles me about Tom's yarn."

"What is that?" asked Kelly.

"When the soldier cut off his arm, in which hand did he hold the sword—the one he cut off or the one he hadn't got?"

There was a moment's silence, and then a perfect roar of laughter as Kelly, realising the trick played on him, coloured to the roots of his hair. After a while he accepted the joke in good part, and joined in the laugh; but from that day to this he has never mentioned the name of Napoleon at the mess.

You I was anything but popular in my lifetime. A President of a Republic who cannot tell a lie seems an anomaly. I would just love to deceive you, but I cannot. Things were not as you imagine in America after the British cleared out.

Officer—Is that so?

Washington—Do you know that I once declared that the American people had shown themselves unfit for freedom.

Officer—You amaze me.

Washington—It was many years after the British left before we secured stable conditions, recognition of our Government and acceptance of our Constitution by all the States.

Officer—Astonishing!

Washington—Do you know that we had a mutiny in our Army and the mutinous troop marched on the capital, Washington, and Congress had to fly before the revolt was crushed.

Officer—But I never heard of these facts before.

Washington—No, histories generally slur over these unfortunate occurrences. You see only the fact—a great free nation—and nobody remembers the throes and convulsions it suffered in the making. You see, we had worse difficulties than you to contend with, and we got through them all right. It is a phenomenon liable to happen in any country untrained in self-government when it suddenly achieves its freedom.

Officer—You encourage me greatly.

Washington—And now what of your Army? It is still an Army in the making, I suppose.

Officer—Largely so. In our Irish lads we have the finest raw material in the world, and our organisation is making rapid strides, but it will be a considerable time before we can hope for the perfect organisation of an old-established army.

Washington—You are fortunate in having such fine material to work on. We had to build up a new Army out of persons many of whom were mighty poor material; and yet we whipped the British.

Officer—I thought your Army was made up of the pick of the nation.

Washington—We had many fine men in it, but some of them were the greatest lot of scallywags and ruffians in the world. You never read the scathing things I said of them?

Officer—No.

Washington—They are on record. But we licked these men into shape. If we could make an army out of material, some of which was so poor, what could you not make out of the fine material you say you possess.

Officer—I believe you are right. I believe our Army is going to be the finest Army in the world.

Washington—Yes, I know what the Irish soldier is like. A very big proportion of the soldiers who won our Independence were Irishmen—and fine soldiers they made.

National Officer—You have put cheer into my heart. Here in the Elysian Fields I will rest content, satisfied that I will receive news of my country's steady progress on the paths to peace and freedom.

Washington (pouring out more nectar)—I have a toast to propose. (Raising his glass). To the Irish Army!

National Officer (raising his glass)—The Army!

(Both rise and drink the toast with enthusiasm. Scene closes).

PUNCIÓNACH.

NATIONAL ARMIES.

"It must not be forgotten that the tactical methods of an army must conform to the physical and moral characteristics of the soldiers that compose it. The great strategical or tactical principles of war are the same for all armies; but in the details of execution, the procedure must vary according to the morale, the temperament, and the mentality of the men to whom they are applied. A Russian is different from a Japanese, a Turk from an Italian. It is therefore natural that regulations should differ in one army from another."—Major de Pardieu.

Davis on Unity and Order

A few extracts taken here and there from the works of Thomas Davis give a fair indication of how he would have regarded the present state of affairs.

"Perfect order, silence, obedience, alacrity and courage make an assembly formidable and respectable. We want law and order—we are seriously injured by every scene or act of violence, no matter how transient."

"Union amongst Irishmen would make this country comparatively a paradise."

"Let them enter their chapels, and from every altar they will hear their beloved priests solemnly warning them that the forms of the Church are as fiery coals on the heads of the blood-stained. Let them look upon Government, and they will find a potent code—a disciplined army—all just citizens."

"Once more we ask the people—the guiltless, the suffering, the noble, the brave people of Munster—by their patience, by their courage, by their hopes for Ireland, by their love to God, to put down these. We implore them to put down these assassins." [Davis is here referring to the authors of agrarian outrages in the South.]

Irish Soldiers in the American Civil War

"The first regiment to respond to President Lincoln's initial call for troops was the Sixty-ninth New York. It was mainly Irish and Catholic. Within 48 hours it was on its way to the front. New York, pre-eminently an Irish State, furnished one-seventh of the military forces in the war for the Union."

"Patriotism is at once a natural and a civic virtue. That it may be supernaturalised is evident from the words of St. Paul, bidding us obey the higher powers for conscience sake. *The country had to face a condition, not a theory, and whatever abstract reasoning has to say about State rights, the will of the majority of the people, which is the supreme law in a republic, decided for the maintenance of the Federal Union.*"

"The seven successive stormings of the heights of Fredericksburgh by the Irish Brigade has long passed into history as surpassing Alma and the Sedan. Keenan's cavalry charge at Chancellorsville saved the Union army at the cost of 300 lives. The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava was described by a French officer as magnificent but unmilitary—'C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.' But Keenan's charge was both glorious and strategic. His troops rushed like a whirlwind upon 20,000 Confederates. His men were shot down or sabred in the saddle. The steeds maddened by wounds and uncontrolled by their dead riders plunged into the thick of the Confederate ranks, and so disconcerted and appalled them that the main army of the Union had time to save itself from otherwise inevitable destruction.

"Perhaps the most critical point of the war was the success or failure of Sheridan's devastation of the Shenandoah Valley, which was the great base of supplies for the South. Sheridan's historic ride, which saved the day at Winchester, was the exploit of a Catholic. The Republic subsequently conferred on this son of the Church one of the highest and most responsible positions in her keeping, the generalship of her armies."—Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor of Philadelphia.

"THE MILITARY ART."

"The military art demands continual study if one wishes to attain a thorough mastery of it. I am far from flattering myself that I have exhausted it. I am even of opinion that a human lifetime is not long enough in order to pursue it to the very end."—Frederick the Great.

The Last Loaf

Don Garcia sat in a chamber of his castle at Ureña, dejected and hopeless. Outside he heard the tramp of armed men going to relieve the sentinels. He looked out through the narrow, arched window at the tents of the Moorish Army. His castle was built upon steep crags and surrounded by a deep moat; and with his gallant hundred cavaliers he well might deem the place impregnable. The Moors had sat around the castle seven months in the hope of starving the garrison out; but the fortress was wondrously well stored with provisions, and the men's faces and forms bore no mark of privation.

Yet Don Garcia remained sad and musing, hardly noticing his wife and children. For some time a habitual melancholy had grown upon him, and none could divine the cause. He had won great glory by his successful defence of that important stronghold of Ureña for his King and nation; and men hoped every day for relief, deeming that, being hard-pressed elsewhere, the Moors would be compelled to raise the siege. When they spoke of this to Don Garcia, he would smile sadly, and reply, "Ay! ay! even so."

A dark-haired, cheerful-looking young man, accoutred in mail, entered the chamber and saluted the commander. It was Don Manuel, the second in command, whom Don Garcia loved and trusted. The blockade of the castle had been dreary and uneventful, for the Moors had long lost hope of taking the fortress by assault. Occasional sorties of the defenders alone broke the monotony, and the inhabitants of the Castle of Ureña were soon on very familiar terms with one another. Manuel took Garcia's youngest boy on his knee, while he remarked:—

"The Moors grow bolder every day in approaching within bow-shot. They know we are husbanding our arrows, and now they even dare to come to the brink of the moat and jeer at us."

"It matters little," said Garcia scornfully. "That is all they can do. Their only friend is time."

"But we shall surely soon be relieved," said Donna Camilla eagerly. "Perchance even now the King marches to our relief with all the powers of Castile."

"We cannot build too much on that," said Manuel. "The last message we got from outside was nearly two months ago, and the bearer lost his life in the delivery. We learned then that the King's Army was dispersed, and had taken to the mountains for the winter. But we have stout hearts and vigilant eyes; and, at worst, 'tis but a few months till they will have an army on foot again to relieve us."

"A few months! Ay! a few months may bring many changes," said Don Garcia, moodily. "Let us go and walk on the battlements, Manuel; I have something to say to you."

When Garcia had got his lieutenant in a spot on the wall out of hearing of the sentinels, he pointed to the Moorish tents on the plain beneath, and said bitterly: "Manuel, all is lost. We cannot hold out until the King comes."

"What do you say," cried Manuel, turning and looking at him sharply. "Why cannot we hold out?"

"Because," said Garcia with a fierce smile, "no man can live without food for three months. See what I have beneath my cloak," and he drew forth a hard wheaten cake. "That is the last loaf left within the castle."

"Heavens!" said Manuel in astonishment. "No one dreamed of this."

"Ay! no one dreamed of it," said Garcia. "I hid from everyone the knowledge of our stores, and they all believed there were plenty of provisions in the locked chambers of the castle. We lost much of our wheat in the fire the last time the Moors pressed the siege. The time has come at last when all is exhausted; and it is useless to hope for relief. We must face our fate like men."

Don Manuel remained staring helplessly at the wheaten loaf which his chief had placed on the wall beside him. At this unforeseen juncture his ideas deserted him. He could see no resource, no escape;

and his imagination recoiled at the prospect before him.

"Manuel," went on Garcia, laying his hand gently on the young man's shoulder. "Thou seest our evil fate; I conceal nought from thee. My men know nothing of this; my wife and children are happy in their ignorance. I thought it better that they should be so, and not taste their coming miseries by anticipation. Now, we must starve here in the castle, and defend it with shrunken limbs till we are too weak to lift our arms. What is in store for us then? Not even death, but slavery for infidel masters in the land of the Moors! My wife perchance to be made the slave of some paynim chief! My children, whom I hoped to see noble knights and ladies, to fall into the hands of these black villains! The best we can hope for is death, and for us death with sword in hand."

"Then let us die so," said Manuel, whose face had paled at the words of Garcia. "Let us all gather together and place Donna Camilla and your children in our midst; and let us make a sortie from the castle, and all die together if we cannot break through the heathen dogs. Ay," he went on, firing as he spoke, "let us burn the castle when we leave it rather than let it fall into their hands. Perchance some of us will break through their camp, and bear report to the King of how we have discharged our trust."

Garcia seemed somewhat affected by his companion's enthusiasm. He wrung his hand warmly and said: "Thou hast spoken well, Manuel, and like a gallant youth. But it behoves me to think whether that course accords best with my duty. It is a point of honour for me to hold this castle as long as possible, trusting for relief, or to tire the enemy out; and we have not yet felt the pangs of hunger. It is a hard choice, but we may not desert the castle yet."

"Now," went on Garcia, with a sad smile, "the time has come to reveal all to the men. Tell me, Manuel, how I can divide this loaf between the inhabitants of the castle."

He bent his head, and as he did so an arrow whistled past it. He started and looked over the wall. Close by the brink of the moat stood a Moorish striking with a bow in his hand and a jeering smile on his face.

"By Saint James, this is too much," said Garcia, enraged. "The rascals know our trouble and mock us," and with an instinctive movement of anger he snatched the loaf that he had laid on the wall, and hurled it with all his force at the Moorish lad.

The aim was good and the cake was hard and stale. It struck the lad full in the face and split the skin. He flung himself on the ground, and then, finding himself not seriously injured, he examined the missile. Then, snatching it up, he turned and fled.

The Moorish chief was dining in his tent when his young son sprang into him, his face stained with blood.

"May Allah save thee, Muley! What is this?" cried the father in alarm.

"Do not fear, father," said the lad proudly. "It is but a trifle. To-day I stole up with my bow and arrow to the Castle, to try my hand. I found Don Garcia and his lieutenant on the walls; I knew their appearance well."

"Brave boy!" said Muza proudly, looking to his companions for approval.

"I drew my bow on him," went on Muley with gratified vanity. "I would have struck him, but just then he stooped."

All the auditors listened with deep interest.

"Then he hurled something at me," went on Muley. "It cut my face open, but I brought it with me. This is it!"

"Let me see," said one of the chiefs springing forward as Muley held out the article. "Bismillah! It is a loaf."

Muley uttered a sharp cry of rage and astonishment.

"Now by Eblis and Ahriman and all the dark Powers, this is too much!" he cried, glaring round at the other leaders. "Seven months have we sat around their castle, hoping to starve them out before the spring. I deemed that all their stores were exhausted

The Siege of Clonmel

A BRAVE IRISH DEFENCE.

In January, 1650, Cromwell had received a letter from the Council of State, desiring his presence in London. The position in Scotland was becoming dangerous; there were Royalist movements again threatening in various parts of England. Fairfax, Cromwell's senior General, was a Presbyterian, and he could not be trusted by the Independents to command the projected invasion of Scotland. Cromwell had, in consequence, been summoned home, but before quitting Ireland he attempted the reduction of Kilkenny. And still he lingered to capture Clonmel as a crowning triumph to his career in Ireland. On the 27th April he appeared in person before that town, but his army had invested it some weeks earlier. The sense of desertion and betrayal which the treason of the Cork garrison had spread through Ormond's army had not affected the Irish troops in Clonmel. They were old soldiers of O'Neill's army, veterans of the victory of Benburb, heroes of that sole unconquered force which their great dead leader had raised disciplined and maintained for seven years against immense odds.

The "O.C."

Hugh O'Neill, Owen Roe's nephew, was in command. The garrison numbered about 1,500 men; the townspeople were of good heart, and the Mayor had joined O'Neill in "solemn protestation and oath of union for God, King and Country," swearing also "to defend the town to the utmost of their power." They sent a message to Ormond telling him that "on Clonmel the safety of the kingdom now chiefly depended," and they urged him to hasten to their relief, "to prevent any bloody tragedy being enacted there, as in other places, for want of timely succour. The plague was raging within the town. Succour could not be given. Clonmel was left to its fate. O'Neill was equal to the task.

The Defence.

He made daily and nightly sallies. When the great guns opened fire, and their shot made breaches in the single wall, he repaired the damage, and loopholed the neighbouring houses for musketry.

"He did set all men and maids to work," says a contemporary writer, townsmen and soldiers to draw dunghills, mortar, stones, and timber, and make a long lane about a man's height, and about eighty yards length on both sides up from the breach, and he caused to be placed engines on both sides of the lane and the guns at the end of it, invisible, opposite the breach, and so ordered all things against storm. He entrusted the defence of this inner retrenchment or lane to a body of volunteers armed with swords, scythes and pikes. "Musket ammunition was scarce, and to a picked body of good shots this

long ago. And now—they mock us! They hurl their loaves as missiles against us. Surely that Garcia deals with magic and has some hidden way of feeding his men. It is useless hoping to starve them out. They will surely hold out till the spring, if their food is so plentiful. I stay here no longer! We will return to the South to-night."

The chiefs heard him with darkened faces; all had lost heart. The command was rapidly conveyed throughout the camp, and all prepared to depart secretly by night. They were weary of the inactive and fruitless blockade and welcomed its termination.

On the following morning, the first gleam of light found Don Garcia on the battlements. He gazed forth gloomily, but wonder grew on him as he discerned no sign of the Moorish besiegers around the castle. When his amazement had passed and he was certain of his good fortune, he sank on his knees and offered thanks to Heaven. It was a day of joy in the castle such as it had seldom known; and the name of Don Garcia went down to posterity for his bravery and good fortune in holding Ureña Castle against the Moors.

GARSON.

precious store was distributed; they were placed in the loopholed houses," which commanded this lane. The storm began early on the morning of the 10th May. Cromwell's columns advanced to the breach singing a hymn. No opposition was made until the leading troops had entered well within the walls. Few people or soldiers were to be seen, and the column pressed forward up the long line, anticipating an easy victory. "The lane," says the same old account, "was crammed full of men, armed with helmets, backs, breasts, swords, muskets and pistols." When those in front seeing themselves in a pound, and they could make their way no further, they began crying out, 'Halt, halt.' On which those entering behind thought by these words the garrison was running away, and cried out, 'Advance, advance!' as fast as those before cried, 'Halt, halt!' and so advanced till they thrust those before them till the pound of lane was full and could hold no more. Then suddenly rushes a resolute party of pikes and musketeers (along the wall) to the breach, and scoured off or knocked back those entering, at which O'Neill's men fell on those in the pound with shots, pikes and scythes, stones, and then two guns firing at them from the end of the pound, slaughtering by the middle or knees with chained bullet, that in less than an hour's time about a thousand men were killed there, being atop of one another."

Cromwell.

"At this time Cromwell was on horseback with his guard at the gate, expecting the gate to be opened by those who had entered, until he saw those at the breach beaten back and heard the cannon going off within. Then he fell off (retired) as much vexed as ever he was since he first put on a helmet against the King, for such a repulse he did not usually meet with." Cromwell ordered a second assault, but his foot had suffered so severely that they refused to advance. He then called upon his cavalry. A second storming party was formed of dismounted troopers. Again the breach was gained, and again the murderous fire smote the column, the hinder ranks pushing on those ahead, but to no purpose. After four hours of desperate fighting the survivors of the assailants retreated, leaving, according to the best authorities, more than 2,000 dead in that terrible cul-de-sac. O'Neill was left in full possession of the breach, but he had fired his last cartridge. The siege and the plague had cost him dear. An hour after nightfall he withdrew his troops across the river Suir, and marched towards Waterford.

Cromwell's Blunder.

Before leaving, he told the Mayor to send at midnight to Cromwell, saying he was ready to surrender the town, in the name of the townspeople. This was done. Cromwell, in ignorance of the withdrawal of the garrison, was glad to get this stubbornly held place on any terms, and he guaranteed the citizens their lives and estates.

He was enraged next day to discover when he entered the town that O'Neill and his garrison had got away. Pursuit was ordered, but only a couple of hundred stragglers were overtaken, and these—most of whom were wounded, or women—were killed. "Cromwell," says Whitelock, "found in Clonmel the stoutest enemy his army had ever met in Ireland, and never was seen so hot a storm for so long a continuance, nor so gallantly defended, neither in England nor in Ireland."

Ten days later Cromwell embarked at Youghal for England.

OFFICERS.

"The Germans count absolutely upon the bravery and devotion to duty of their officers; they are right. More and more will warfare in the present age become a war of leaders; more and more will it be necessary to have sterling officers in whom can be placed absolute confidence."—Major de Pardieu in "A Critical Study of German Tactics."

Taillefer

(As beailit Ghearmáinise do cheap Uhländ).

B'é Liam, rí Normanach, labhair le cóip a thighe
" Cé hé an giolla so chanan an ceól chó binn
Ag gabháil na laoithe ó mhaidin go neóin de shíor
Le gleó 'gus binneas do mhealan mo mheón 's mo
chroidhe?"

" Sin Taillefer cliste do chanan amhráin le fonn
Nuair a théidhean go dtí an tobar chun uisge do sho-
láthar dúinn
Nó ag adhaint na teine dhó ar lic an teinteáin go
subhach
Ag luighe dhó ar leabaidh nó ar maidin go sámh ag
siubhal."

Do labhair an euradh: "Tá preabaire fóna im
bhuidhin
Taillefer, taca chun freastail i n-órbhrug rí
Chun adhairt na teine, chun uisge do thóbhairt chun
tighe
Is chun ceól do chanadh thug misneach go mór dom
chroidhe."

Sé dubhairt an giolla: "Dá bhfeicinn an tsaoirse lá
Do dheunfainn tuille idir freastail is laoithe ghabháil.
Dob fheárr leat mise let choisaihb ar chaoil-each breágh
Dob fheárr leat binneas mo ghotha 'gus claidheamh im
láimh."

Ba gheárr gur thaistil an giolla 's é ar chaoil-each mear
Thar túr san mhachaire maidin is claidheamh na ghlaic
Dreifiúr Rí Normanach, chonnaic sé an gríobh ón dteach
Sé dubhairt: " Ar mh'anam, sin preabaire gníomhaic
pras!"

'S le linn a thaistil ba leathan a chaoil-ghuth árd
Tráth n-a stuirm 's na shiolla beag gaoithe tráth
" Mo ghrá-sa a sheinnm," ar sise, " nach binn an
gháir!
Tá an túr so ar creathadh is ní taise don chroidhe seo im
lár

Liam Rí Normanach, do ghluais sé thar lán-mhuir
cubhair
Ag triall ar Shasana is a arm ba shás i bpunne.
Ar theacht dó ar dtalamh do thuit sé fén mbán ar dtúis
Sé dubhairt: " Taoi agamsa, a Shasana im láimh go
dlúth."

'S nuair a bhí an camtha chun taistil i dteanntaibh áir
Os comhair an taoisigh seadh tháinig an erobhaire
bheágh
" Is fada d'adhnas an teine 'gus ghabhas amhráin
Is fada chanas na laoithe 'gus lann im láimh."

" 'S is eol duit a fheabhus do dheineas mo shaothar
treall
Ar dtúis im ghiolla's im ridire saor na dheabhaidh
Luach mo shaothair do thuilleas uait féin gan doibat
Cead bheith ar thosach na druinge chun béim do
thabhairt."

Do ghluais mo Taillefer ar thosach an díorma i n-ár
Ar chaoil-each tapaidh go meidhreach is claidheamh n-a
láimh
Thar bántaibh Hastings ba leathan a bhinn-ghuth árd
Ag gabháil Laoi Roland is ag tagairt do ghníorthaibh
áigh.

Laoithe gaisge nuair d'airigh na tréinfhir ghroidhe
Do suathadh bratacha 's lasadh an spréach n-a geroidhe
Ghaibh fonn gach ridire is giolla chun éacht san
bhrúighin
Sé Taillefer d'aduigh an teine le tréan-ghuth binn.

Do phreab sé fé dhéin a namhad is a ghae n-a láimh
Is do leag sé ridire Saesanaic tréith ar an mbán
Do tharraig a chlaidheamh is do thug an chéad bhéim
san ár
Is d'fhág ar ridire Saesanaic séala a lámh.

Nuair a chonnaic an drong é níor fhanadar seal na
dhiaidh

Siúd ar aghaidh iad ag liúirigh 's ag greadadh sgiathra
Ag caitheamh na saighead is ag treasgairt na bhfear go
dian

Gur thuit Rí Harald 's gur ruaigeadhlucht Saesan siar.

Do shocruigh Rí Liam a bhratach ar pháire an ghleóidh
I lár na georpán do tógadh a chábán mór
Do shuidh sé chun búird is corn n-a láimh is é ag ól
Is e'róim Rí Shasana ar a bhathus go sásta sóghach.

"A Taillefer ghasa, is mithid do shláinte d'ól!
Ba bhinn na laoithe do chanais gan smál fad ó,
Ach anois ar Hastings do rugais an bárr let cheól
Is beidh fuaim do sheinnme im chluasaibh go bráth na
dheóidh."

B.

To Our Army

Wealth waits in our soil, round our silvery shore
There is work for our workless and gold for our poor;
No longer our children in search of a home,
Nor our brothers for bread o'er the ocean must roam;
Dark, dark was the night, long and weary the road
That, bleeding and bruised, yet unconquered we trod,
Night's shadows still lower, obscuring the view
Of the new-risen sun—but our trust is in you.

Like eagles unloosed from captivity's chain,
To that isle in the Old World's western main,
Our exiles are preening for flight—home once more!
To dream spots nestling by Liffey, Shannon or Nore;
We called them, not vainly, when terrors oppressed,
They lavished their gold at our every request,
But they're yearning for home—aye and welcome will
give
That old homeland, which, after God, through you
shall live.

Wanting anchorage for her long voyaging keel,
A pilot to guide her, a hand on the wheel,
Shall the ship that has weathered rock, tempest and
wave,
Sink inside of the bar to a dishonoured grave?
With the hopes, with the life of our nation on board,
Our ransom from slavery, won through the word
And the blood of our dead—all should perish were you
To your country, your calling, your manhood untrue.

Shall the bards of the future still mournfully plead
For an Erin, by faithless sons once more betrayed?
Shall Faith's lamp be extinguished, Faith's white
ensign furled
In a land whose refulgence lit up half the world?
Shall a race that waxed virile 'neath tyranny's heel
Endure not the short pangs of freedom's travail?—
The moment were pregnant with danger, had you
Not been tried in the fire, and found gold through and
through.

Yes! Ireland will live, and the cot of the poor
And the wealthy man's mansion, with wide-open door,
Unafraid, unmolested, night's shadows will greet,
And for terrors they've known hear the rhythmical beat
Of their guardians in green, on their rounds as they
swing
With a pride that but manhood and righteousness
bring.
With a fearlessness foes emulate while they shun,
With a confidence born of victory won.

N.K.

SELF-RELIANCE.

" Acting with self-reliance in the sense and spirit
of General Headquarters and of the uniform plan of
battle known to us is the decisive factor in modern
battle."—General Bernhardi.

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