

All Ireland Review

An Incident

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Source: *All Ireland Review*, Vol. 2, No. 28 (Aug. 31, 1901), pp. 214-215

Published by: [All Ireland Review](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20545492>

Accessed: 22/06/2014 00:00

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composed of an infinite number of smaller scales, each of which is more beautiful and wonderful than the whole of which it is a part. Then, it seems, all this extraordinary beauty is overlaid upon wings quite plain and colourless, and like those of a fly. And at the very moment when my poor little "A.I.R." was being attacked in this manner I was quite held by the beauty of the butterfly and wondering over the changes and transformations—extending through billions of years—by which the creeping caterpillar had advanced himself into the aerial and beautiful Butterfly.

Well, if "A.I.R." is "a kind of Butterfly" what of that? Nature makes room for the Butterfly, and the Irish Press will make room, or will have to make room, for this Butterfly. I think it has as good a right to live as the rest. I may be wrong, but I shall just try and let it, as long as it can, hover round over this chaos and abysm of things Irish, and exhibit its harmlessness and beauty.

I shall probably end by keeping half for Butterfly purposes and half for things solid and sound, instructive and edifying.

(To be continued).

AN INCIDENT.

A mere incident of twenty years ago; of Land League days; of days of exodus. It may have interest for you of to-day. I do not know what kind of interest. Hardly of dramatic for a surety. Perhaps of speculative, suggestive, question prompting, as it had for a boy at that time. Here it is.

It had been a' blowing an unbroken gale for the past week, and though moderating at the time old Cassidy (the name will serve—what's in a few vowels?) at the time old Cassidy lay a' dying, the heavy hurrying seas yawed the o'd East Indiaman about so erratically that the compass kept on the spin like a tee-totum. "The compass, nor nothin' else, is well found in this old hooker," said the man at the wheel, a fisherman from somewhere, who was working his passage out before the mast. But 'twas his first voyage to the south, and his knowledge of terrestrial magnetism to the east of Kerguelen I. was limited. For the old Indiaman was, for the time I write of, engaged in a Colonial enterprise of much moment. She was robbing Peter to pay Paul. That's the way Empires are constructed.

But poor old Cassidy lay a' dying below; one of a close packed crowd of some four hundred, mostly from his own country. And the captain as he stood on the prop and kept his eye on the trembling leech (or roped hem, had I better say?) of the reefed topsail, thought little about him perhaps. There had been three births aboard; he would land a surplus at Port Chalmers, or

wherever the ship was bound to—'tis no matter of consequence. But he could navigate any rig o' ship on God's ocean—and that's something. If he had no sympathies, well—however, about poor old Cassidy. I was forgetting.

The doctor, clutching the weather rail, came along the deck to where the captain stood in the shelter of a canvas cloth spread in the mizen rigging, and there made his report. Epitomised it was thus:—"I think it is a case with him. A few days more. I can get no English out of him, but his wife tell me it is only whiskey he asks for. He's too weak to take food. So I allow him a glass every day. You see, even tinned mutton and preserved potatoes are repelling. Every day, that is. And salt beef's out of the question. With fresh milk and eggs we might do something."

"Um," responded the captain, "how's that last baby?" A heavy spray drenched the poop from end to end, and as it seemed wet everywhere, the doctor descended to the main deck again, where there stood a be-shawled woman who had come in search of him. She stood ankle deep in water.

"My good woman, there are not three bottles left in the ship; the medical stores are giving out; and we may be at sea another month. Another two for all I know. I have done all I can for him. Give him that medicine; that is all you can do. Try oatmeal and condensed milk; and give him tea."

"Oh, sure now, doctor, he was six weeks on the boat and not a drop did he get at all. He's a decent sober man. Would you be denying him an extra glass; or maybe two?"

The next week there was but little wind, and the old ship rolled scupper deep to the everlasting swell of the southern ocean. One day of it the sailmaker was stitching a canvas shroud around poor old Cassidy lying in his narrow bunk, and a woman's wail and a younger man's prayer issued from the door of the fore cabin. It was an expurgated sail-locker, this fore cabin. For the nonce, it served as a mortuary. From a lower depth, through a ventilator, ascended the broken murmur of many female voices; a murmur with one burden. Without doubt the sailmaker, who was an Englishman, and, of course, not superstitious, reverentially and surreptitiously passed his needle through the nose of the dead.

And then a boy in a jersey, and with bare, quiet feet, brought in a grating, assisted by the depreciative seaman first above mentioned. And then the sailmaker and the younger man who was praying, and who was Cassidy's son, carefully lifted the canvass swathed shape upon it and the doctor with the boy went up on deck to the captain and reported progress.

"Muster all hands" said the captain to the mate; "call up the emigrants, doctor; boy, run up the new Ensign half-mast; use the old one for the— for the grating; maybe 'twould slip overboard. I've known such things occur."

The murmur below the cabin ceased and the poop became crowded with bare headed girls, who looked toward the main deck ladder and awaited. Down there, a crowd of men and women assembled about the fore cabin door. And as the old ship rolled it was with difficulty they stood on the slippery deck, awash from the scuppers, and assisted the mourners.

Anon, six seamen with sure feet halted on the poop, the burden slung between their bare tattooed arms. "De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine," read the doctor from a little book. "Domine, exaudi vocem meam," continued Cassidy's son behind the grating, without a book. His eyes were sullen and wet. The frayed, faded red-ensign took to itself the shape it covered, and its criss-crossed jack just above the silent face in its canvass covering. His mother bent above it, with hands joined and a low wail on her tongue. And as she wailed, the boy who stood by the signal halliards, and of whom nobody thought then or has since, being a mere boy then and a mere nobody since, saw a tear or two fall and stain the once gaudy-coloured pall. And then the procession moved to the taffrail on the quarter. The usual place for such obsequies is amidships, in the waist. Ah! well I know the realistic critic on the rampage. But it was as I stated. The carpenter and his mate preparatorily inclined the grating awaiting the doctor's glance. And as the boy watched, cap in hand; as indeed all did, some among the women kneeling—but, perhaps, the boy alone understood the gesture—Cassidy's son sketched forth his hand toward the flag in front of him. But he looked around at the attendant seamen, and re-clasped his hands together and prayed fervently with bent head.

That is the incident. But the boy had read certain books and sometimes thought a little; and he understood.

And then the final signal from the doctor, and as the vessel rolled leeward, the body slid from under its three-coloured pall and disappeared in the frothy water under the counter.

The next evening young Cassidy sat upon the hatch, above his quarters in the forward part of the ship, and the boy beside him. "'Tis the common custom of all maritime nations," said the boy.

"Aye; maybe. It was not badly meant, it's true for you. But it's one of the things I'll call to mind all my life," responded Cassidy. And then he

thought awhile. "It's a pity the old man was 'used to the whiskey. It bears hard on a man when he can't get it. God rest his soul this night."

To say "Amen" is easy enough. Resting in one's hammock, to dream of the why and the wherefore is but the outcrop of idiosyncrasy. With a wide purpose, to relate an incident to a wider audience, is, perhaps, in its way, as useful as tearing a hostile flag to shreds.

R. E. (Anglo-Saxon).

HENRY GRATTAN.

During the holidays I have been re-
velling in the thunderings and lightnings
of the mighty genius of Henry Grattan.
I consider him the greatest orator who
has yet given tongue upon this Planet.
*Maximus omnium, grandis et tragicus
orator!* I have read speeches of Demos-
thenes, speeches of Cicero; Grattan out-
soars them both.

Silence is great, no doubt; but Speech
is great too. The World was made by
Sound. God spoke; and the Universe
sprang into being at the word of His
mouth.

Great is Silence; but speech is great
too; and the time, I think, has come for
the emergence of the Irish Orator.

I have always thought that the spell
of the Great Enchantment would be
snapped by the man of action. I think
now it will be broken by the man who
can speak; for I agree with him who
said "there are tones in the human voice
more impressive than the roar of artil-
lery"; and again, "whoso speaks to me
in the right voice him or her shall I fol-
low." Napoleon went near to conquer-
ing the World as much by the magic
and potency of his speech as by his
promptness, wisdom, and daring in
action.

To-day I think we want great orators
more than almost everything else; en-
thralled as I am, if but for a season, by
the wonderworking potencies of sound
and of the *vox humana* as revealed in the
words of Henry Grattan.

His manner is always antithetical, but
grandy so. For example:—

"And the treason of the Minister
against the Constitution was more crimi-
nal than the treason of the Subject
against his Sovereign."

Of that treason I think we shall hear
something more yet; ere all ends.

Grattan's mastery over this kind of
speech is marvellous. I have counted
in some of his sentences, in the begin-
ning, as many as three weighty words
afterwards exactly balanced and off-set
by three others.

I hope to write a little more about
Grattan before the spell which he has
been exercising over me loses its sway.

It was in my own County that Grattan
first revealed his power. This County
too had the honour of giving birth to his
great rival and vituperator, Henry Flood,

who dared to describe him as "this men-
dicant patriot who was bought by his
Country for a sum of money and who
sold her for prompt payment," and who
drew upon himself in consequence the
grandest personal denunciation ever pro-
nounced.

There are Floods still in the County,
and in all ranks and orders. Henry
Flood's birthplace and residence is within
four miles of me as I write.

It is not generally known, but it is
a fact that for 18 years Grattan was one
of the most unpopular men in Ireland
and detested by the Irish people. Amid
blazing and furious factions he had the
courage to stand aloof from both and to
uphold the banner of Ireland.

MISS PETHYBRIDGE'S POETRY.

A gifted young Cornish lady has sent
me all the way from Launceston a volume
of her poetry to print here in Ireland,
and on the banks of the Nore, for which
I am and I think my County ought to be
very much obliged to this young Cornish
lady, who passed over all the great and
famous printers of London, Edinburgh
and Dublin, and sent her book to a little
rural Irish town to be printed.

I am publishing in this issue some of
her poems as examples of her manner.
They seem to me to be very clever, witty,
vital, and aerial, and very well worth
the modest shilling which is all that the
young author thinks that they are worth,
though I strongly asseverated, and still
strongly maintain that they are very
well worth half-a-crown.

Post free they will be 1s. 1d., but
knowing the trouble about postal orders
I shall with pleasure send Miss Pethy-
bridge's poetry to any of my subscribers
on a receipt of a post card, and they can
send me the P.O. when convenient.

I confess I am very anxious to sell off
the edition, and to justify the trust which
this young Cornish lady has reposed in
me. I would therefore ask my friends,
if they happen to be in a generous frame
of mind, to order more than single copies,
to give away as presents to bright young
friends and acquaintances, and so enable
me and the country to acquit ourselves
creditably in this affair. At the same
time I would say that, in my humble
opinion, Miss Pethybridge's poetry is
very good, in its own light, bright, and
aerial manner, and very well worth the
modest shilling that she is asking for it.

To pass to another yet a kindred mat-
ter. Some time since I expressed the
conviction on general principles, that
the Cornish language was not dead. I was
right. Mr. Duncombe-Jewel, now writ-
ing a County History of Cornwall, has
told us, through "Celtia," the organ of
the Pan-Celtic movement, that there are
Cornish men and women who still speak
the language, and has publicly promised
that when he shall have the County His-
tory off his hands, he will bend all his

energies to the task of reviving the lan-
guage.

We wish Mr. Duncombe-Jewel all suc-
cess in his gallant undertaking, and
hope that in a few years he may be able
to say:—

"And shall the Cornish die?

And shall the Cornish die?

Then a hundred thousand Cornish
men

Will know the reason why."

THE WAVES OF ANCIENT ERIE.

DEAR SIR,

I have often been tempted to have my
say on some of the articles appearing in
the "A. I. R.," but the fell spirit of
"What's the use?" combined with a
natural laziness, induced by the soft,
warm mists of our westland, played fast
and loose with my resolutions. You,
no doubt, will say this is only a phase
of the "Great Enchantment."

Since first I read of the fight at the
ford of Ardree I have studied as I could
and always admired my Standish
O'Grady. Then the men of Connaught,
mar halled by a noble warrior, traitor
to the North, led by a Milesian Queen,
stood as foemen before the gates of
Ulster. Sore indeed was the strait of Ulla
and loud boomed the alarum of Connor's
magic shield in the halls of the chief
of the chiefs of Ir. Fergus Mac Ray
smote Ulster hard; at his back fought
Ulster knights, who through love of
him had forgotten fealty to friend and
clan and standard. By their sides
marched the hosts of Connaught ever
heretofore friends and allies to him who
stood on Ullad's mound. Louder and
louder boomed the magic shield send-
ing warnings to the race of Ir, rulers of
the hills of Ullad and dwellers by the
seas in the southland.

I do not think, with your talented cor-
respondent, M. M., that the three waves
of Erie were looked upon as divinities
by the ancient inhabitants of this island.
Our forefathers were fond of speaking
in figurative and flowery language, and
in the instance now under considera-
tion it is more than likely that the Ollav
wished to convey in his chronicle the
idea or information that those of the
race of Ir who dwelt by Cliona's wave,
and by the waves of Tonn Rory and
Tonn Tuaighe, lamented greatly when
they had knowledge of the danger con-
fronting Connor, and that mustering
angrily the warriors of his race dashed
to his aid from the shores of the three
seas, responsive to the call of the high
chief of Ullad, Grand Master of the
most famous of the knightly brother-
hoods of ancient Eire.

Though it is possible that a specific
inlet may have been designated Inver
Cliona, Inver Tuaigh, or Inver Rory, I
would suggest that in the quotation re-
ferred to by M. M., Tonn Cliona de-
scribed generally that portion of the
great sea in the south-west of Ireland
which marked the lands possessed by
the race of Ir, that Tonn Rory means
the channel between the N. E. of Ire-
land and England and Scotland, and
that the waves of Tonn Tuaigh means
the seas washing the northern shores of
Ullad.

A BOY FROM CONNEMARA.