

# Our Cypress Grove

## The Passing Away of a Great Athlete

(By P. J. BEA.)

Ned Walsh. The tragic news from Swansea of the death of Dr Edward Walsh was heard all over Ireland and the land with profound sorrow and sincere regret by the broad companions of his youth and myriads of friends who knew him intimately and who followed up his career, culturally, physically and medically, from the day he left his Alma Mater in Ardara to the day he was justly appointed as Medical Officer of Health to Ystradgynlais, South Wales. By one and all Ned Walsh, of Hecterville, was valued highly for his sincerity of purpose, his sterling worth, his honesty, simplicity, and integrity ever foremost him during the course of his medical career.

He will be greatly missed in Swansea, where he spent the best part of his career and energetic manhood, for Ned endeared himself to his numerous friends in his own charming manner.

His peculiar disposition, mixing up athletics with trials, was for him patients go in for, as he had more faith in the natural open air of the Welsh hills than he had in quackery and bottles of ingredients, and his advice was sought in many cases requiring the delicate art of conducting the ailment of truth. As a boy Ned Walsh was a prime favourite with all his companions, and he always championed the weak against the bully.

His ardent interest in athletics gave him a frank superiority over his more lazy companions, and he brought down from Ballymore to Dick Connolly's field all the paraphernalia of the field sports—burdles, high jump bars, logs and racing staves. Every class had to take it, and was beside the work of the driver.

Nicholas Dixon, one of nature's breezeless woodmen, he made a hero in the high jump at Orlagh, and Tom Ryan, James Francis, Pat "Solomon" Linn, he converted into future weight throwers and milers. Going from there to Charleville for his science and rhetoric, Ned Walsh came out on top and matriculated for his course in the Queen's College, Cork, where he distinguished himself in the "Quarry" and at the Botanic. Three long years of hard, solid study in the old school of scrolls and cross books gave Ned a big kick for his future labour, and he crossed over to Eltham for the coveted degree. Not did he forsake the long jump and sprints by any means, however trifling and popularity, he gave and away legs will be loved as well. His football were brought to a stop quite abruptly to his early Alma Mater, from whence he was carried to Derragh, and there laid to rest for ever. God rest his soul!

Mrs Walsh. "If you have tears prepare to shed them now," for as the ways of God are wonderful, so are the calamities that fall on our heads in the wake of fortune. The earth had scarcely settled its open the new-made grave of Dr Walsh when a telegram was received that Mrs Walsh had passed peacefully away at Ardara after an acute attack of pneumonia. The daughter of dear old Tom Wallace of Riverview, Alice Wallace married Ned Walsh after his medical qualification, and for the best part of a quarter of a century lived, loved and laboured at Swansea. Her remains were also brought to K. Rowlock, and on Monday departed side by side with her beloved husband. This is a tragic occurrence, and thousands will mourn after Alice Walsh as after a lost Ned. It is a case of "I bear the telling sin," or, more literally speaking, "Alice, where art thou?" If ever a happy earthly conjunction was extremely noted, it is during the past week, for both were beautiful moral examples of cordial, consoling, congratulatory friendship. In their two dear children we, the Egan staff, leader our warmest sympathy, for they lived the Egan, and exchanged weekly the "Liverpool Echo" and other country magazines, for the little Bunsford Street chapter of social and science, and with Tom Hayes and Pat Wallace of the Abbey, would occasionally visit the late Editor and his Company. May the earth lie lightly on the remains of the lovable couple who have passed away from this vale of tears, in the fond wish of the large, imposing, and fully representative cortege that dragged its slow length along through the familiar landmarks of their infancy, and as the funeral advanced it multiplied accordingly, thereby testifying to the popularity of the Wallace and the Walshes. When the cortege entered the family burial ground it was met by infinite well-wishers, and the sad funeral function being at an end, it could be rarely witness of the tragic event:—

"There they wait in friendly hope's repose  
In the bosom of their Father and their God."

Baba—May the Lord have mercy on their souls—Amen.