# A PATRIOT IN EMBRYO.

[CONCLUDED.]

"I think, of all his chosen heroes, this one is the best beloved. Hugh Roe O'Donnell! He was lured into a vessel, taken to Dublin and imprisoned when he was a young boy. He was a prisoner for five years, but when he did escape he made the men who imprisoned him mind their p's and q's," and he nodded his head gravely. "He was only twenty-three years of age when he led the tribes to the battle-field, and until he died, six years later, he was O'Neill's dearest friend and companion in arms. This years later, he was O'Neill's dearest friend and companion in arms. This book," referring to a volume he held in his hand, "says that he was the sword, while O'Neill was the brain, of the Confederacy. It was a sad day for the O'Donnells when their idolized young Hugh left them. And he was so young.

I makers; then, with deeper stress on each word, he said: "Why, uncle, you each word, he said: "Why, uncle, you can't imagine I have told you of all our grand men! I have not spoken of one-tenth of them; there are scores more, but these are the ones I admire particularly. There is just one more I would like to tell you about."

I looked inquiringly at him. "Robert Hugh left them. And he was so young, only twenty-nine years old, and worn out with fighting and grief."

- We passed over his memory in silence, for Brian really appeared too much affected to say anything further. After a few moments of quiet, during which I had drummed softly on the desk with my fingers, Brian resumed his story-telling, and soon regained his usual animation.

"The great Hugh had a nephew, who proche, the darling of his people—that is what he was. Without any certain aid he kept up an army for years where few men could organize one. He was the bost general in Ireland, or England either. and besides, his men loved him so ardently that, with him as their leader, they fought with almost more than human endurance. Important the death with a leader with the death with a leader with the leader with the leader with the leader with the leader the leader with t agine the depth and wildness of their grief, uncle, when Owen Roe died, poisoned by some enemy, just at the most critical point in all his warrior on the white face. life-when he was advancing to meet Cromwell. He must have had a strong heart and wonderful ability to bear up for years against superior forces and the lack of spirit shown by the greater number of the Angle-Irish peers who had joined the Confederacy. His generalship won the battle of Benburb for the Irish against the strong English forces. Ah! that was a bright, happy day for Ireland: she felt freedom to be so near. And the men who had wrecked thousands of homes gave their fives in return that day. But it wasn't a voluntary expiation; it would not have very great merit." "I think not." I replied.

"I wish I had time to tell you a great deal about Sarstield, who defended Limerick so gallantly against King William. He kept possession of it for more than a year, and showed the victor of Boyne of observe it : in some way it makes me feel what stuff his brave Irish troops were made. They had not been successful that day, but it was on account of their small numbers and because they weren't properly equipped, not because they lacked courage. They proved that one time when King William's men had battered down a gap in the Limerick walls and poured into the city. They drove them out pell-mell, and had revenge on a small scale for the Boyne. King William left for England four days nfter; I guess he was commencing to realize that the garrison meant to stay there for some time. He was a courageous soldier himself, and knew courage when he met it in others."

"He didn't look exceedingly courage-ous or martial when I saw him the last fourth of July. He looked very meek. very damp, and altogether quite depressed by the drizzling rain," I replied.

Brian langued merrily: "Oh, yes, I remainder." he said. Then: "I say. uncle, it is awally interesting to read about the parliamentary careers of Malone, and Flood, and Grattan, during Malone, and Flood, and Grattan, during the reigns of the Georges. What a number of eloquent sons Erin could be the sughting, when it will feed your zettive then it even if they had not have such mind. You reaffy ought to read 7, " and, then it even if they had not have such mind. then! Even if they had not been succeeded by such a long time of brilliant speakers, the remove of their oratory would give our people a claim to elo-quence. Edmund Burke was, of course, a statesman of the Imperial Parliament. but he worked for his country's good and loved her as ardently as any of her sons. Do you know what I was reading about Gratian the other day? See, I copied a few lines from the long obituary in an old magazine published in London the month he died."

He gave me a piece of paper, on which was scrawled in his careless, boyish land-writing: "Of Grattan (N. M. Magazine, July, 1820.) But he is now gathered to the great repesitory of the human race. and belongs to the infinite assemblage of all tongues and ages and nations that have been. The virtues of the dead patriet become the property of mankind. The small seed is buried in the earth, but from it springs the mighty tree gathering the dews of heaven in its branches. and covering the multitude with its

shade."

"And that is only a few lines from the tribute of praise of a magazine that did not believe in 'the claims which he ad-vocated,'" he said, as I gave him back his precious slip of paper, which he carefully replaced in the book from which he

"Uncle, what would you think of a man, who, day after day, and many nights, too, went to a court where an inimical judge and jury were trying and sentencing his countrymen to death, and pleaded, with his whole soul in his pleadings, for their lives; and who, day after day, found his courageous appeals unavailing. The lives were taken and his own was in danger; but still he kept on to the very end, hoping against hope. Their ghastly dead bodies swung from all the bridges and market-places and prisons in the country. Judge Jeffries' reign of butchery was not one particle worse. Well, and was he not a high-souled man, this advocate, John Philpot

I think his conduct was perfectly

heroic," I answered.

"How deeply he must have grieved to see the lifeless bodies, and to think he had not been able to save any of them from death! Those poor murdered people of ours! They were cold and silent allowed to say a word to defend themselves. Ah, they will be silent but dreadful accusers at another seat of judgment."

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After a moment's pause, he said: "Of course, uncle, you have heard a great deal of Daniel O'Connell, who labored so deal of Daniel O'Connell, who labored so patiently and faithfully for his ruce; the 'hero of Christendom', as Pope Pius IX. called him—I think everyhody has."

"Yes; I once heard a very able lecture given on his career and character. I have forgotten much of it, but it impressed me at the time. By the way

pressed me at the time. By the way, Brian, I think your favorite heroes are very numerous. Seriously, does not your list include nearly all of them?"

He had been regarding me steadfastly,

I looked inquiringly at him. "Robert Emmet," he said in answer to my glance, "Ireland's young martyr. The first time I came into this room, that picture attracted me." He pointed to a large painting of Enimet, which hung on the opposite wall. The last mellow light of day fell on the stern, young, pictured face, with its lines that came from agony endured. We could dimly see his form, as he stood with folded arms before Norbecame as illustrious as himself. Owen Roe O'Neill was the nephew, and he is one of our grandest heroes. A pure bright of chivalry sans near et sans rather than the properties of chivalry sans near et sans rather than the bury. He might have been uttering that lime farewell to country and friends.
"My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it now I offer up my life. Tam going to my old grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run." Brian repeated these words in a soft, half-whisper, but the very air appeared to take them up and make them ring through the fine old room, in sweet, yet strong and passionate cadences, full of anguish, yet of triumph, as we gazed

"It was a sad ending for the talented, high-spirited young Emmet." Brian said—then added reflectively: "But no, it was glorious. He died on a gibbet, it is true, but he died for us, and he still lives in our hearts. His manner of death brought him immortality. Moore's "O, Breathe not his name," was written of him. Byron said three of Moore's poems were worth all the epies ever written, and this is one of them. It is exquisite, uncle. Wait, I shall bring it to you," and he jumped lightly down from his elevated seat. He crossed over to a shelf, from which he took a volume of Moore's poems. and in an instant's time, gave me the book, opened at the poem of which he and spoken. His familiarity with the position of the books and their contents strikes me with fresh surprise each time I myself the inferior of this small had with his store of knowledge. I read the few lines, and perhaps it was some spark of Brian's appreciative nature that had kindled mine; but certainly I had never before properly felt their great beauty.

"to, breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade.

Where cold and unhonour'd his relies are haid!
Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed.
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

But the night-dew that falls, the' in silence it Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he

sleeps: And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it rolls, Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

"And he is the last of your heroes?" I lis a magnificent ending. "There are a great many more, and perhaps we shall talk of them some other lime, that is, if you do not read up the history yourself. It would be a splendid

way to pass some of your lazy hours."

You little rascal! my lazy nours.

What an accusation! I, the soul of ac-

in this wise. Brian laid down the law for me, as I believe he has always done since he came to this quiet old house, and began his reign over its quiet master. "An Irishman and an O'Donnell, not to know more of Ireland not to know of the ancientness of our race; that, one thousand years before Julius Casar landed among the rude, incultured Britons, we had our own Milesian monarchs on the Irish throne, surrounded by their courts of champion knights and chieftains, bards and Brehons; that there were four other races of kings before them; not to know that those wonderful old Round Towers had been erected, and King Crimthan had led forces out of Ireland. against the Romans, before ever Casar came to Britain-it is too bad, uncle, is

He paused for a moment, and then, in a burst of boyish elequence and passion, as some new thought swayed him, con-

"And this is the proud old race, which people dare to hold up to ridicule in their papers and magazines. They make up coarse quips and pass them off on those who do not know better, as specimens of the delicate Irish wit: they write them in a rough jargon and make write them in a rough jargon and make those as wretchedly ignorant as themselves believe that is the sort of English our Irish peasants speak. They make rude attempts at initating our people's rich, soft, accented English."

"Our brogue." He nodded his head.

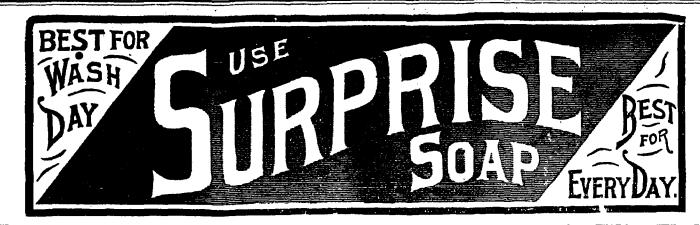
"And they have made up a set of unshapely grinning features, and have dis-

shapely grinning features, and have displayed it on every side as a type of the Irish countenance; and worse, they reproduce these hideous caricatures on the stage, and hundreds and hundreds of people, who would not notice them in the papers, look on and applaud, and then go away thinking what a set of

buffoons we Irish are."

He stopped, further utterance choked by his angry feelings and the impetu-osity of his speech. In the gathering dusk of the evening, his eyes glowed and sparkled as though small fires had been kindled within them. The wave of righteous anger that was rushing over his young heart completely swept away all traces of the sunny temper which I have always admired so in this spirited

ple of ours! They were cold and silent then; but even in life they had not been shlowed to say a word to defend them gated to the very commonest of plays, youngster.



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it is put in for 'filling up' when the editor's supplies of murders, harrowing accidents, and the wonders performed by Citizen Smith's January Citizen Smith's laying hens, have been exhausted."

exhausted."
"Perhaps so;" he shook his head doubtfully. "I wish it were so. But wait—where have I seen something of the kind lately? Ah, yes, I know. In a thing of the state very nice magazine at Aunt Marian's house. A clever writer is contributing a series of up-to-date articles, and, in the one I saw, he made the mistake of giving the thieving servant-maid the name of Bridget, and making her speak that rough jargon. The accompanying illustration was of the most disgustingly ugly bundle of humanity I've ever seen Her nose had an exaggerated turn-up; her short hair was all tousled and her dress was most slovenly. She was meant for a representative Irish servant."

"The poor man did not mean to hart anyone's feelings. He probably never once thought that such sensitive people would read it," I remarked.

"Then I am sure there were many At any rate, he might have called her Minnic, or Annie, or some other name used by all sorts of people, and he might have made her speak ordinary English But there's the dinner-bell!"

I rose and prepared to leave the room, while Brian remained to replace the his-tories on their shelf. As I walked across the room he said something, but I did not hear it distinctly. "Bannaght lath asthore," he repeated.
"And what does that mean," I asked.

"Why, 'A blessing be with you, darling,' At least, yesterday I asked O'Reilly, Aunt Marian's coachman, you know, what it meant, and that is what he told me. It was so furny, uncle. When I asked him, he was just in the act of throwing away a very dilapidated old shoe; however, it found its way into O'Reilly's spick and span domain, and it had barely left his hand, when he

turned around, and said solemnly. A blessing be with you, darling? To be sure. I laughed at what seem d like a parting salute to the old shoe, and he joined me. He has the merriest, heartiest laugh I have ever heard, and his face becomes really wreathed in smiles, for the deep wrinkles go all around it. He's a bit of a character, uncle; I enjoy a chat with him."

"Thank you for the blessing, Brian. I really believe you are becoming patriarchal, As I passed down the hall, I heard his

fresh, young voice raised into song as he busily occupied himself with the arrangement of the books. He sang:

"She is a rich and rare land; O, she's a fresh and fair land; She is a dear and rare land-This native land of mine."

The passionate tone, to which he sang the words, floated through the rooms; and the lofty walls echoed it, as though offi to lose the sweet notes. He sang on in his clear, boyish voice:

No men Lan hers are braver-Her wounds hearts ne'er waver; Td breely die to save her. And think my lot divine.

And I believe be meant it; some of the spirt of his beloved Mugh Roe has come down to him.

#### PILGRIMAGES.

Pilgrimages to the Shrine of Ste. Anno de Beaupre promise to be as numerous this year as usual. The following have been arranged: Monday, June 24, by Rev. J. C. Beaudry, superior of the Joliette College, from Dalhousie, Square station, 10 a.m.; on Wednesday, June 26, for the benefit of the Carmelite Nuns, by boat from Bonsecours wharf at 2 p.m.. stopping at Three Rivers. Rev. Canon Savaria will be in charge.

Reggy: The doctor says I must not drink champagne. Tom: Why not? Reggy; Probably he wants me to wait till I've paid his bill.

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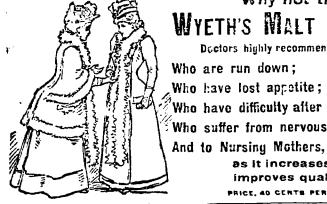
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