

they draw a darkening veil over their defects, yet love to look back through the misty ages of the past, to those early days when their fair fame was as yet unsullied by a tyranical act. Yet love to look back, to cast a sad, a sorrowful glance on the trials, the sufferings, the struggles of the last of their race, and when his fond hopes were fading away, when his star was becoming obscured by the passing clouds of adversity, to contemplate that stern, that noble, that manly independence, which, while it reflects a lustre on their exiled name, adds to their country's glory and their country's fame.

Yes, gentlemen, their very faults, their crimes, their trials, their sufferings, their wrongs, their persecutions, their virtues and their merits all add to the interesting associations of their native land, to the traditionary legends, the songs, the ballads, the romantic beauties and glorious reminiscences of the last unconquered stronghold of the Celt, who whether amid the roar of cannon or the din of battle, whether an inhabitant of the frozen North, or a wanderer o'er Afric's burning sands, whether amid the perfumes of sunny climes, or in his own sweet, tranquil glen, among his own loved native hills, yet cherishes in his bosom that which time cannot lessen, prosperity, misery or affliction impair—a grateful remembrance for the once powerful but unfortunate
STUART.