

Suffice to mention such names as Haydn, Rossini, Flotow, and a number of other masters. They were fascinated by the creations of Ireland's genius, and felt nothing humbled in borrowing from the treasury of her matchless symphonies. The Irish always entertained a deep and abiding sympathy for the Stuart cause. They were persuaded that it held entwined their dearest interests, and it seemed as if its triumph should entail all the blessings which they coveted. They centred their hopes in King James, and trusted that he would realize their brightest dreams. They were attached to this monarch in a degree which bordered on the incredible. This attachment aroused the Irish muse from its prolonged lethargy and ushered into the light of day a quantity of songs worthy of better times. These songs are not lost. They are preserved under the general designation of "Jacobite Relics." They breathe the quintessence of music. They strikingly bear the impress of melancholy which is twin with all true sentiment. Consult experience and it will tell you that no sound goes to the heart whose arrow is not feathered with sorrow. Among the "Jacobite Relics" stand conspicuously "Dark Rosaline," "Kathleen-na-Houlahan," "The Silk of the Kine," and "The Blackbird." Once it was treason to sing or play upon any instrument the last piece of music which I have just mentioned. Many in this audience have perhaps heard it and still remember it. In its pathos it is simply irresistible. You would fancy it was composed by the very Angel of Sorrow. He seems to kneel at the throne of the Most High. He weeps over Erin's wrongs and pleads for redress. Must he weep or plead in vain? Ah! no. Does not the God of Love and Justice listen to his prayer, and in His own best time will He not grant it? The horizon is brightening over sweet Innisfail and soon will she be reinstated in all her rights and privileges. All Irishmen have a duty to fulfil. It does not matter in what country they may live or in what circumstances they may be placed. They should merge all differences in their efforts to rescue Ireland from the evils of misrule, provide her a congenial atmosphere, and vest her in robes befitting her dignity. She holds a foremost rank in promoting the glory of the human race. She has always corresponded with the noblest impulses of nature, and thus won an imperishable fame of the most dazzling splendor. Each page of her history illustrates the lineaments which form her character. Circumstances did not always permit her to unfold them in all their beauty and strength, but never could they annihilate them. Her musical genius challenges universal admiration. During ages she saw nations seated at her feet. They were most eager to study the lessons which she inculcated, and catch the tone of her inspirations. Then came centuries during which the Celtic harp