

of my Lord O'Neill. Why, the Erin of the bard met at my Lady Holland's nightly routs, or haunted the salons of a Pitt or a Castlereagh, and, Moore himself sang his enchanted verses for the lofty company, and they applauded until the atmosphere grew heavy with agitated odors and exotic patriotism.

Strange though it may appear, it was not English society that Moore's Melodies practically influenced. Translated into foreign languages, they profoundly impressed the intelligence of Europe which, fortunately, had not been perverted by any "Teague" episodes. The heart of Europe was reached through the medium of genius, inspired, at least for the time being, with the fire of patriotism or the tear of tender sympathy. The cry of admiration for the songs, and pity for the cause which had inspired them reacted powerfully upon English opinion, and it became fashionable to speak well of Ireland on the fortunate side of the channel. No idea, no principle however just, no dogma however true, can succeed in England unless it first become the fashion. The songs of Moore quieted the wild beasts that were rending prostrate Erin; the herculean club of O'Connell knocked their brains out!

Nevertheless, it is the people, after all, who are the true judges of a poet's worth. Critics may applaud and manifest their own acumen by pointing out the beauties of the bard, but his labors are vain if the mighty popular heart has not been touched. Real literary immortality sits at the hearth of the peasant, not in the palace of the peer. They feel what others merely express. It is quite certain that the poorest Irish peasant has a truer sense of the "Melodies" than had the poet himself. The sentiment which produced the "Harp of Tara" might be as evanescent, in the poet's breast, as the flash of Summer lightning which reveals a beautiful cloud land and is gone; with the people it is hot passion, unchangeable as the Sun which glows permanently in their souls,—the immortal reality of truth.

The glory of Moore shall live forever in his Melodies and in nothing else. History, biography, controversy, political humor, were aside from his genius. He did well in those different walks,

and that is all that can be said of him. There was nothing epic about Moore. He thought intensely within certain limits, but beyond that he could not go. His fancy and imagination—the sketcher and painter of the mind—were admirable, while the diction which embodied them was as a diamond of the purest water. In fact his expression is almost too rich; but that is a fault of which few authors were ever guilty. In Lalla Rookh this may be seen more clearly than in the Melodies; the sentiment of the songs redeems every other fault. Lalla Rookh is like one of those gorgeously colored birds of the Orient which dazzle the eye, but have no song in them; the Melodies are like birds of paradise with the voice of nightingales.

It is very proper and fitting that Irishmen the world over should do honor to Tom Moore's Centenary. He has filled the memory of Erin's past with music. He has given voice to the heroes and events of his native land, which, without him, would have remained in the cold silence of obscurity. He has sung enchantingly the triumphs and woes of Innisfallen, and, by the irresistible power of true genius, compelled the tyrant and oppressor to tremble before a simple melody. He has wedded the holy traditions of a faithful people with immortal verse, and crowned both with the loveliest of melody. For these and many other services, Tom Moore deserves well of Erin, and the gratitude of Irishmen will know how to wreath a fitting crown for the head of Ireland's greatest bard and the first lyricist in literature.

FR. GRAHAM.

[A commercial journal of this city says Moore "died a Protestant." We cannot see what other purpose his assertion served except to curry favor with Protestants. It is false, however. The man who wrote "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a religion" could never be a Protestant. There is nothing to believe in Protestantism: whatever of positive it possesses is purely Catholic, and nothing else. Moore, like many other "Snobs," had been corrupted by Protestant Society; he was always ready to yield what his Church disallowed; he had not the courage of