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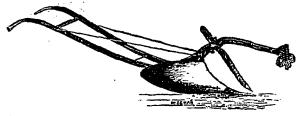
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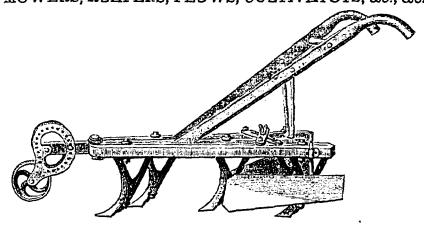
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THE MOORE CENTENARY.

How the 160th Anniversary of Erin's Bard was Celebrated - The Meste-Eloquent Address of E. C. Monk, Inq., -Mr. W. O. Farmer's Poem-The Day I lsewhere.

It is to be regretted that a larger audience did not attend the Moore celebration at the Mechanics' Hall on the 28th ult. Considering the circumstances, the number present was comparatively small, though the entertainment was good enough to attract. The reserve seats were, however, all occupied. The celebration was held under the auspices of the Catholic Young Men's Society of this city-a Society which is deserving of great credit for its energy and devotion.

The chair was occupied by Mr. Thomas Fox, President of the Society, and on the plalform were the Chaplain, Rev. Father Callaghan, of St. Patrick's Church; Wm. Wilson, Esq., President of St. Patrick's National Association; Messrs. Alexander Bryson, I. P. B. Society; J. Kidner, St. George's Society; Dr. Sheridan, St. Patrick's Society; Mr. Kelly, St. Bridget's Society; J. D. Quinn, St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society; L. Quinlan, St. Gabr el's Y. M. L. & B. Society Samuel Cross, St. Fatrick's T. A. & B. Society John Davey, Y. I L. & B. Society.

The Chairmar in his introductory remarks said they were assembled to celebrate the memory of Ireland's illustrious poet, Tom Moore, of whom she might well be proud. Moore was just, copious, florid and original in his writings, his genius was imperishable, his fame was in every land and his name would never die. The Catholic Young Men's Society had years ago taken Moore for their patron and he would take the present opportunity of thank-ing the St. Patrick's and other Irish societies for conceding them the honor of celebrating the centenary of Ireland's national poet. He (the Chairman) would not detain the audience by a lengthy speech, full justice would be done Moore to-night in the address of Mr. E. C. Monk. (Applause.)

The Chairman then introduced Mr. P. F.

McCaffrey, who recited the following Poem :-Well may Erin's Genius smile
Blandly on her own Green Isle—
On this fond, eventful day,
Well may Irishmen betray
Pride of power—that pow'r we find
In supremacy of mind—
Mind, that triumphs when unprized,
Might and matter are despised!
Lo! smid the mises of time,
Radiant, mentally subline,
Poes that Geolus lift her head,
Honor'd halos round it shed.
During ages she alone
In all Christendom was known,
Learning's lamp to oil and trim,
When its rays grew faint and dim;
When barbarian darkness closed
Round the nations unopposed;
When the Vandal flag, unforled,
Waved defiant o'er the world,
Vandal Christen chained When the Vandal flag, unfurled, Waved defiant o'er the world, And the Christian fabric seemed Doomed, no more to be redeemed! Grand was Ireland's mission then—Famed her pulpit, sword and pen, famed her jaland, free from taint, Home of scholar, sage and saint—Of the brave who feared the breath Of dishonor more than death; Of tireld problity and truth. of the brave who feared the breath Of dishonor more than death; Of tried probity and truth, Women chaste and high-souled youth, Sons of Brian Boromihe of old, Who prized virtue more than gold; Of tried hearts, to sarsfield dear.— Valiant hearts that knew no fear, Who, that Limerick might be saved, All its slege's horrors braved;— Long in check the foeman held, And his flerce assaults repelled, Till that foe by treachery base, Won-not victory—but disgrace; While the Celt, robbed of success, Saved his honor prized not less, Of the Fontenoy Brigade, Whose impetuous charge dismayed—Who, with right I vengeance flushed, England's chosen legions crushed; Of proud bards from Ossian down, Crowned in glory and renown.

But no bard of hers before warbled half as sweet as Moore, Every chord that thrills the heart Has vibrated to his art; Freedom, at his bidding, wakes, And the bond that binds her breaks; Love of country has he sung, Herniding with trumpet tongue That the blood of Emmets serves But to brace a mation's nerves—That a people's hopes, when just, That the blood of Emmets serves
But to brace a nation's nerves—
That a people's hopes, when just,
Though deferred, yet conquer must,
Rising, Phenix like, on high
From the dust where patriots lie!
In his "Rookh" reflected show,
Ri-h in fancy's warmest glow,
All the East's most gorgeous dyes—
Wealth of woodland, flower and skies—
All its hyprise and ease. All its luxuries and case, The most sumptuous meant to please. Erin in "Avoca's Vale." To enchant can never fail. To enchant can never tall.

Here, in native grace she's seen,

Pride of tourist nature's quren!

Here, all sense of pain is dulled.

All the world's exced feelings hulled—

Poets dream their brightest dreams

'Neath the spell of rippling streams—

Scoth'd by song's most dulect notes,

Fresh from feathered minstrel throats—

Ross'd by skips whose bluships bnes Fresh from feathered minstrel throats—Ress'd by skles whose blushing hues Charm the most unfutored muse! Happy bard! Whate'er the theme, Ever found to rise supreme—Whether back in Tara's Halls, Ireland's greatness he recalls, And, once more to freedom's song, Gives her harp cuslaved so long, Telling, in emobling strains, How our brave sires tent their chains—How on Clouturt's famous field, The "Invader's" doom was scaled, And the sun of Danish might, Set in never ending night! And the sun of Danish might,
Set in never ending night!
Where's the breast that is not fired,
As the "Minstrel Boy," attired
In the arms his father bore,
Bears then to the wars once more,
And, at duty's sammons, speeds,
Where the soul of bravery leads?
Could the patriot pen impeach.
In more with ring, blasting speech,
Those who ruled with from hand,
Ilis long-suffering native land!
When Court beauties, to beguile,
On him smiled their blandest smile,
And the incense of their praise,
Lent a perfume to his lays—
When, as boro of their toasts,
He was dined by royal hosts;—
Would his Muse in scenes of bliss
So elyslan, grow remises,—
From the toilsof Courts take wing,
As if stung by Mem'ry's sting, Would his Muse in scenes of bits
So elysian, grow remiss,—
From the toils of Couris take wing,
As if stung by Mem'ry's sting,
And in soiltude give vent
To Ierne's sad iament—
Till, over Western prairies swept
Strangers learned her woes and wept,
And thro' him each rivet-strone
Dealt her chains, rude echoes woke.
But when from the battle's strife
And the feuds of public life,
To more gonial haunts he hies—
To domestic peace aud joya,—
Does Wiv's golden lining show
Through the darkest storms that blow.
Here, the heart, and not the lip,
'Tis that proffers friendship's grip,
Potent, here, the magic spell
That he weaves, and wenves so well,
When his theme is Erin's fair.
World renowned for virtues rare,
Peerless for their wit and grace,
Queenly mien and pride of race.
Deep affections warm his lyre—
Allits softest straips inspire.
Could the sorrows of the breast
He more feelingly expressed—
Or more hope ess love and grief,
Find in nobler lay relief,
Than the poor affianced maid's,
Who laments her lover's shades.
In that tend'rest lay of woe,
That has melted friend and foe—
"She is far from the land—"
Long as virtue's plighted love
Is enegistered above.
Or one loyal hearted Celt
Bresthes to feel as Emmet felt,
Who, before he'd live a slave,
Freedom sought beyond the grave;
D'ing in the hollest cause—
Freedom's cought beyond the grave;
Theirs alone who are truly great—
Megnanimity that soar'd
Heavenward from the grov'ling horde
Of base sectaries—a scourge
Then as now—a restless surge
'Gainst the secial structure dash'd—

Herenward from the growing box Of here sectaries—a scourge Then as now—a restless surge 'Qainst the social structure dash'd— Into fitful fury lash'd By the blustering breath of knaves

Whom intolerance rules as slaves.
Trampling conscience without shame,
In religion's sacred name.
Not one line in all he traced,
From this cause need be replaced,
Would that we, as Christians, could
Claim that trait—and Christians should!
May then mem'ry fondly guard
Erin's own, immortal bard—
May the name of Tom Moore long
Serve as synonym for song;
Be the festal fire all chaste
On his country's altars placed—
There to burn and feed the flame
Of the Green Isles bardle fame,
Till she stands forth proudly free—
Free, as Destiny's decree—
First in learning, arms and mirth,
'Mongst the nations of the earth!

Mr. Oscar Martel next appeared in a viol

Mr. Oscar Martel next appeared in a violin solo, "St. Patrick's Day," of Vieuxtemps, and surely woke up some melodious sounds from the instrument, if ever man did. Miss Hortense Leduc sang "The Last R se of Sum-Moore's best song, in har own beautiful style, and Mr. A. Hana. followed in Henry W. Longfellow's famous song, "The Bridge," doing it ample justice, with his fine bass voice. This was followed by Madame Chatterton-Bolirer's fantaisie on the harp of Irish melodies. Mr. R. H. Carr de Vine sang another of Moore's songs, and Madame Oscar Martel came next with the beatiful thrilling air of "Kathleen Mayour-

All the singers were encored and applauded, but the very wise practice was adopted of not

responding to them. Thus ended the first part of the musical programme after which Mr. E. C. Monk came orward amidst the applause of the audience as the speaker of the occasion. Mr. Monk has a good presence, rich mellow voice, splendid elecutionary powers, and in fact is a first rate speaker, the only pity being that we no not hear him oftener. He said:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMAN,-Surrounded as I am this evening by so many

representatives of the intellect and eloquence

of Erin, is it not natural that I should ask

myself to what I owe the privilege, the honor

of addressing you upon an occasion such as this. Not being quite an Irishman myself, it may be that the praises of one of Ireland's most cherished and most distinguished sors, were believed to sound if possible more in partially merited from the lips of one, who being no fellow-countryman of his, loved and honored the nationality, admired the patriotism and worshipped the poetic genius of the immortal Thomas Moore! Be that, however, as it may; on this, the centenary of his birthday, with the memories of a hundred years clustering around his loved, familiar name, need I tell you, ladies and gentleman, that I feel proud in striving, however inadequately, to evoke, or rather, to recall emotions connected with the greatest of lyric poets who have done honor to that land, emphatically termed the "land of song," and over whose ashes some of the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. This Moore's centenary, this celebration this gathering to-night, affords indubitable proof that gratitude, putriotism and the power to recognize and honor genius, when applied to high and noble purposes, and qualities with which the Irish race stand pre-eminently endowed. (Cheers) True, all civilized nations and nationalities, both in Europe and America, have, and have had their centennials, commemorating the renown of their illustrious dead: but where, may I ask, in this brilliant constellation, can we find a star that has shone more softly and yet brilliantly in its national firmament than the one whose existence we have united to celebrate to-day. Others may have shone with more dazzling brilliancy—may have exercised greater influence upon the intellectual and political destinies of mankind, but the productions of none have exhibited greater sympathy with the poetical elements of human character, or with thenational sentiments and opinions of his countrymen. None can lay claim to so eminent a distinction in the literature of lyrics as is to be found in his melodies! Has the land children of the north, or the sweets of Asia and profusely displayed to the delighted senses of Europe, than in his "Lalla Rookh"? I merely refer, ladies and gentlemen, to these prominent productions at this stage as being of a character to claim our admiration, at the mere mention of the name of Moore. Who, indeed, has not dwelt with rapture on the melody of his inspired muse? Who has not gathered wisdom and discrimination from his wit? Who has not been enthralled by the charms of his sentiment, enrobed in the lovely drapery of his brilliant fancy? Who has not felt his joys and his sorrows expressed, his enthusiasm fired, by that genius breathing the inspiration of beroic song in the bearts of the children of Erin. Bards, orators and critics of every clime have for half a century, at least, made Moore the theme of their poetry, their oratory and criticism. How difficult for me, then, ladies and gentlemen, to express a thought upon a subject such as this without its seeming devoid of originality, and the very language in which I clothe it, free from the taint of plagiarism, from not only the train of reflection, but the very mode of expression of those who have gone before me. The fault, however, is scarcely mine. It is the glory of the subject that has shed its effulgence over the life and character of Erin's bard that deprives me of the hope, the possibility (with my mind, imbued as it is with the written memorials of the glorious dead,) of avoiding the tootsteps of those whose pleasing duty it has been, in years gone by, to travel the path I follow so cheerfully to-night. Let us, however, ladies any gentlemen, before entering more particularld upon the glories of Moore as a poet, a patriot and an Irishman, wander back to the earlier history of Ireland's minstrelsy, merely glancing at the stores which she possesses, not only in the cabinet of the antiquarian, but chiefly in the memory of her people, handed down from father to son in one unbroken wreath of song. It is that deathless love of song alone that preserved the relics of Erin's bardic muse from the withering hand of time, the torch of war, and the stifling influences of adverse fortune. (Applause). From the hymns of St. Columb to the dreamy allegory of the proscribed poets of the penal days, her people have always loved and admired their old ballads. They have been true to this ballad-worship in the days of her distress as in those of her glory. But though at the close of the last century Erin was, as in the olden time, the mother of patriot bards, her melodies had been silenced, her music had shrunk back into comparative oblivion, and, unless some inspired genius had flashed his rays over the surrounding gloom, that innate love of song might have languished for years to come. The old ballads of England and Spain narrowly escaped the withering blight of years. Scott was but just in time to save the relics of the minstrelsy of the Border, and to Moore-who breathed into the almost lifeless form of Erin's muse the magical inspiration of his genius-may safely he attributed the glory of having opened a new mine of melody to the world by raising his national music from the tomb. Addressing, as I have the honor of doing this evening, an audience to whom the

works and memory of Moore belong, as a

precious legacy from their fathers—a cher-

ished heirloom of the past—it were useless for me, ladies and gentlemen, to dwell too minutely upon the minor details of a life which has imprinted itself so vividly upon the public mind, which has exercised so notent an influence upon the political condition of his countrymen, and which has so notoriously lent its charm to the social, the musical, the literary circles of this century. A hundred years ago was born in Dublin from comparatively obscure parents, the illustrious poet whose centenary his fellow-countrymen the world over have united to do homage to-day! From the ballads of his childhood he must have gathered his first inspirations of poetry, since he tells us that he rhymed in his nursery Of his religion little more need be said at present than to quote his own words in speaking of his Catholic convictions:—"1 was born and bred in the faith of my fathers and in that faith I intend to die!" Educated at Mr. Whyte's school until he entered Dublin University, he was one of the first Catholics to whom the portals of this celebrated institution were thrown open There, among his reloved friends, we find Robert Emmet, John Sheares and Edward Hudson. They were Protestants, but all were Irishmen working for what they believed a sacred cause, and declining to hate each other on account of creed! (Cheers.) It was while passing through college with literary renown that he received the famous summons from the University authorities to appear as a witness before the Court of Visitors in connection with the "United Trishmen," and the history of his share in this visitation not only gives us a picture of the poet and patriot at eighteen, but takes us back to those troubled times when an Irishman could hardly leve bis a rebel! The exciting scenes and personal associations of this period of Moore's life inspired by her frequently (1)? spired, he has frequently told us, some of the most brilliant effusions of his geniussome of the first conceptions that later found historic embodiment in his immortal lyrics. Having obtained his degree in 1799, he proceeded to London to enter for the Bar at the Middle Temple, and to publish, as he did in the following year, a translation of the "Odes of Anacreon," upon which he had bestowed much study during the latter years of his college life. Flushed by the success which attended this first important effort, is it surprising that Coke, Littleton and Blackstone engaged but little the attentions of the youthful poet, and that the dull technicalities of law were abandoned for the boundless fields of poetry and music in which he subsequently revelled with such success? He was never called to the Bar, and in 1802 published, under the name of Thomas Little, his "Juvenile Poems," a work which has been severely, and no doubt justly, condemned by moralists, and over which a veil of indulgence may charitably be thrown, on account of the youth and impulsiveness of its author. The appointment of Moore, late in 1803, as Registrar of the Court of Admiralty at Berniuda (an uncongenial position which he accepted in order to be able to contribute more generously to the support of his parents), shows us his dependent position at the age of

inspired by the magnificent scenery of our St. Lawrence:

"Canada of ours," leaving as sourenirs of his

passage the famous "Canadian Boat Song,"

Faintly as tolls the evening chine Our voices keep time and our oars keep time, Soon as the woods on the shoregrow dim We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hym. Row brothers row, the stream runs inst. The rapids are near and the daylight's past.' (Cheers). These verses so familiar to us all, were harmonized from a song of the old Canadian voyageurs; of which Moore himself, writing years after tells us ;-" I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me, and now there is not a note of it bute to the genius that inspired later: of the sun ever shone so brightly upon the which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence—the flight | "Dear harp of my country, farewell to thy en more gorgeously of our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this interesting voyage." His impressions of the United States were less favorable, but he little supposed then that before four score years had passed, the slavery that he so warmly denounced would be abolished,—that the country would contain fifty millions of inhabitants, of whom fully tifteen millions are | The melodies, as some one said in a recent over the prairies of the new world, as they was again in London, wrote his travels in that the publication of the greatest work of his life—the Irish Melodies—was projected. Compared with the national lyrics of any other people or age, these immortal melodies lays, the odes of any other country, socient or modern, and none will embody so many characteristics of a nation, its scenery, its manners, its legends, its glories, wedded to music those melodies, in which Moore selects some history, and some of Erin's darkest days, dramatising her story to revive the memory first number of the melodies in 1807 proroom they were hailed as a brilliant and welflavored with the simplicity of popular expression. Historical, patriotic, legendary and over whose grave he whispered

shade
Where, cold and unhonored, his relies were
laid, Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head."

(Cheers.) Remember, ladies and gentlemen, that over the whole period, from 1807 to 1829, agitation for Catholic emancipation was progressing, and it is almost i mossible now, when more than half a century nas passed. to realize the power that the music of Moore, with his political tact and social skill, gave in those days to the Catholic cause and to Ireland. Can anything be more superb than his appeal to his own fellow-countryman— evening. Why, ladies and gentlemen, to do iusthe hero of Waterloo-the idel, the deliverer of Europe!

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining The grandest, the purest, e'en thou hast yet Though proud was thy task other nations un- O'Connell, Curran, Plunkett, Shiel, Dr. Doyle,

chaining. Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy At the foot of the throne for whose weal thou

Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,
And bright o'er the flood of her tears and her blood. blood, Let the rainbow of hope be her Wellington's name.'

(Cheers.) He who had strongly opposed emancipation favored it in 1829, and verified Moore's prediction uttered years before. O Connell, the great champion who aroused, organized and led the mighty moral forces that wrested from a powerful government this acknowledgment of a nation's rights, found in the Bard of Erin an eloquent allybreathing faith and hope "Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane."

The nations have fallen, and thou still art

The nations have fuller, and thou sun art young.
Thy sun is but rising when others have set;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung.
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, oh Erin! though long in the shade—
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade!!

tade !! Almost innumerable, ladies and gentlemen. are the typical specimens of his patriotic lyrics. The song of Erin's glory or the wail of her sorrows touch his renders' soul incessantly with all the magic of true genuis! "Oh for the sword of former times!" "The Minstrel Boy," "Forget not the field." "Though dark are our sorrows." Yes! All, all these passionate effusions of love of his native land, seem concentrated in his touching melody,

Remember thee, yes, while there's life in this

"Remember thee, yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lone as thou art.
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloam and thy showers.
Than the rest of the world in its summest hours.
Wert thou all that I wished thee, great, giorious and free.
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.
I might hall thee with prouder and happier brow.

them political in their tendencies, and surpassing most of the melodies, if not in graphic lower, at least in softness and tender association, waft us unconsciously back to the scenes and picturesque localities which he describes. Oh! for the genius, the heart, the soul that could inspire,—the voice, the per at could express the "Meeting of the Waters" and "The Vale of Avoca," "She is far from the land where her young here sleeps," and

When he who adores thee has left but the name, Of his faults and his sorrows behind. Oh! say, will thou weep when they darken the

Of a life that for thee was resigned,"

The home, the domestic, the conjugal affections find also their places in the melodies! In childhood we are charmed by their sweet sounds, in manhood we are thrilled by their inspirations and pathos, and in old age they recall to memory the simplest and most beau-tiful pleasures of the past. Every line that he wrote glows and sparkles, and it would seem, to quote the words of Sheridan, easif his very spirit, drawn from the sun, continually fluttered with fond aspirations to regain that native source of life and heat." Who, but the husband of the accomplished Miss Dyke, could have clothed his fondness for four and twenty, and his intense affection for his wife in the beautiful and now familiar his family. It was during this term of office lines :-

Believe me, if all those endearing young that he visited the United States and this charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to day
Were to change by to-morrow and fleet in my

arms Like fairy gifts fading away, Thou would'st still be adored as this moment

thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my

Would entwine itself verdantly still,"

The "Last Rose of Summer" alone would have immortalized its earthly creator. It has even been culled by foreign hands to add lusre to musical wreaths that lacked it; and when, in Vienna, the thunders of applause greeted the most touching scene of Flotow's Martha," it was but another unconscious tri-

numbers.
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine,
Go sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers.
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than

mine, of the patriot, soldier or lover Have throbbed at our lay, 'the thy glory alone, 'Twas but as the wind passing heedlessly over, And all the wild sweetness I wared was thy

of Irish birth or Irish blood; nor could be number of the Dublin Recar, have not have suspected that his own melodies would stirred up rebellion or forced bills through be as familiarly sung along the rivers and Parliament, but like the sunshine and shower of Ireland herself they have quickare in Ireland at the present day. In 1806 he | ened the good seeds in millions of hearts, and prepared a whole generation of thinking America, and it was shortly after this time | men and sensitive women to speak the right words and do the right thing when the moment came. They have been translated into almost every civilized tongue, and beautifully rendered in Irish by the illustrious Dr. Mcare unique. Analyse the lyric poetry, the Hale, Archbishop of Tuam, whose life reaches back to Moore's early boyhood, and who at four score years and ten, is still able to join with us to-day. There can be no doubt that it was the cause of Irish Catholicism that infamiliar by its antiquity and pathos as do spired Moore in his felicitous selection of his oriental Lalla Rookh; the thought occurred of the earliest and brightest phases of Irish to me, he says, of founding a story on the history, and some of Erin's darkest days, fierce struggle maintained between the ancient fire worshippers of Persia and of national glories and inspire hope their haughty Moslem masters. The of her social and political resurrection. (Cheers) The publication of the inspiring theme, and the spirit that has spoken in the metodies of Ireland, soon duced a profound sensation. In the drawing found itself at home in the East. Lalla Rookh, rich with the most brilliant creations. come addition to lyric music, while statesmen | beauty of language and tenderness of feel-and politicians were startled at this inspired | ing,—replete with strains of patriotic ardor, pleading of the cause of Ireland, invigorated and flights of fancy that were the true proby the fire and feeling of popular passion and perty of Moore, enchanted, even dazzled the senses of its readers, in an age (when as pression. Historical, patriotic, legendary and Lord Jeffrey expressed it), men would as social, these melodies appeared irregularly little think of sitting down to a whole epic, from 1807 to 1834, and can we wonder at the as to a whole ox. It is to be regretted, ladies effect when first he touched "the harp that and gentlemen, that in a hurried sketch such once through Tara's Hall the soul of music as this, so many glories, so many gems may sked,"-when he sang of the "glories of Brian | remained untouched, but, on behalf of " Capthe brave," and when in "Erin remember the | tuin Rock" and "an Irish gentleman in search days of old "he commemorated the tragic fate of a religion," I may be allowed to of his friend and school-fellow Robert Emmet, crave your indulgence for a moment over whose grave he whispered more. To those who have accused Oh, breath not his name-led it sleep in the Moore of want of patriotism, to those who have taunted him with swerving from the faith of his fathers-turn over the pages of these works, every line of which is pregnant with love of country and fidelity to creed,

and tell us then if he has not been true to Ireland in the hour of her sorrow, and to his religion in her day of trial. Of Moore, as an historian, may I not say that he was as unfitted as he was for the drudgery of the law; both were fields of intellect, walks almost the opposite of those he loved to tread; perhaps too plodding for the imaginative tendencies of his mind, and alien to the effusions tice to the memory of Moore would require eloquence far superior to my own, appreciations I have neither time nor ability to express. We must estimate him by the opinions of his contemporaries, Grattan, Sheridan, Canning,

Rogers, Campbell, and last, but certainly not least, Byron, who, in the dedication of "The (Concluded on Eighth Page.)