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**THE MOORE CENTENARY.**  
 How the 100th Anniversary of Erin's Bard was Celebrated—The Merit—Eloquent Address of E. C. Monk, Esq.—Mr. W. O. Farmer's Poem—The Day is elsewhere.  
 It is to be regretted that a larger audience did not attend the Moore celebration at the Mechanics' Hall on the 29th 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 platform were the Chaplain, Rev. Father Callaghan, of St. Patrick's Church; Wm. Wilson, Esq., President of St. Patrick's National Association; Messrs. Alexander Bryson, L. 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 Beneficial Society; L. Quinlan, St. Gabriel's Y. M. C. & B. Society; Samuel Cross, St. Patrick's Y. M. C. & B. Society; John Davey, Y. I. L. & B. Society.  
 The Chairman 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 thanking 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. P. McCaffrey, who recited the following Poem:—  
 Well may Erin's Genius smile  
 Blandly on her own Great Isle—  
 On this fateful, eventful day,  
 Well may Erin's Genius smile,  
 Proud of power that power we find  
 In supremacy of mind—  
 Mind, that triumphs when unpurged,  
 Might and matter, that are united,  
 Let us find the mists of time,  
 Radiant, mentally sublime,  
 Does that Genius lift her head,  
 Honor'd hues, and robes of red,  
 During ages she alone  
 In all Christendom was known,  
 Learning's lamp to oil and trim,  
 When his rays were first kindled;  
 When barbarian darkness closed  
 Round the nations unopposed;  
 When the Mandaril, in furl,  
 Waved defiant o'er the world,  
 And the Christian fabric seemed  
 Doomed, no more to be redeemed;  
 Grand was Ireland's name and pen,  
 Famed her Island, free from taint,  
 Home of scholar, sage and saint—  
 Of the brave who feared the breath  
 Of dishonor more than death;  
 Of tried probity and truth,  
 Woman chaste and high-souled youth,  
 Sons of Brian Boru's old clan;  
 Who prized virtue more than gold;  
 Of tried hearts, to sacrifice dead;  
 Valiant hearts that knew no fear,  
 Who, that Lincoln's name they saved,  
 All his legions' horrors braved—  
 Long in check the foe man held,  
 And his fierce assaults repelled,  
 England's chains were broken;  
 And the world's eyes were turned,  
 To the Freedom of Erin's land,  
 Won—not victory, but disgrace;  
 While the Celt, robbed of success,  
 Saved his honor prize not less,  
 Of the Freedom of Erin's land,  
 Whose impetuous charge dismayed—  
 With right vengeance flushed,  
 England's chains were broken;  
 Of proud barons from Oshann down,  
 Crowned in glory and renown.  
 But no bard of hers before  
 Was such her own's true Moore,  
 Every chord that thrills the heart  
 Has vibrated to his art;  
 Freedom, at his bidding, wakes,  
 And the bond that binds breaks;  
 Love of country has his song,  
 Herald with trumpet tongue  
 That the blood of Erin's veins  
 But to brace a nation's nerves,  
 That a people's hopes, when just,  
 Though deferred, yet conquer must,  
 Rising, Phoenix like, on high  
 From the dust of a patriot's lie,  
 In his "Look" reflected show,  
 It is in fancy's warmest glow,  
 All the East's most precious eyes,  
 Wealth of woodland, flower and skies—  
 All its luxuries and ease,  
 The most stupitious meant to please,  
 Erin in "Ave's" Vale,  
 To exultant ears never fall,  
 Here, in native grace she's seen,  
 Pride of tourist nature's queen—  
 Here, all sense of pain is gone,  
 Of the world's most feelingful—  
 Poets dream their brightest dreams—  
 "North the spell of rippling streams—  
 South by some most sweet notes,  
 Fresh from feathered minstrel throats—  
 Bess'd by skies whose blushing hues  
 Charm the most untir'd muse;  
 Heavy the bard's own's theme,  
 Ever found to rise supreme—  
 Whether back in Tara's Halls,  
 Ireland's greatness he recalls,  
 A once name, in his own's song,  
 Gives her harp enslav'd so long,  
 Telling, in ennobling strains,  
 How our brave sires were chained,  
 And the world's eyes were turned,  
 To the "Invader" doom was sealed,  
 And the sun of Danish might,  
 In never ending night,  
 When the bard's own's not fled,  
 As the "Minstrel Boy" attired  
 In the arms of his father's hero,  
 Bears them to the wars more,  
 And a long's own's speech,  
 Where the soul of bravery leads  
 The patriot's own's march,  
 In more with ring, his own's more,  
 These are his own's most sweet notes,  
 His long-suffering native land,  
 When Court beauties, to beguile,  
 In him their own's truest smile,  
 And the hero's own's truly praise,  
 Lent a perfume to his lays—  
 When, as hero of their toasts,  
 He was named in his own's song,  
 Would his own's in scenes of bliss  
 So elysian, grow remiss—  
 From the toiler Courts take wing,  
 As if from the world's own's sling,  
 And in solitude give vent  
 To Lerne's sad lament—  
 Till, over Western prairies swept  
 Singers' own's each rivet wept,  
 And thro' him each rivet-stroke  
 Dealt her chains, rude echoes woke.  
 But when from the battle's strike  
 The world's eyes were turned,  
 To some gentle haunts he lies—  
 To domestic peace and joys—  
 Does Wit's golden lining show,  
 Through the darkest storms that blow,  
 Here, the heart, and not the lip,  
 That the profers friendship's grip,  
 Faint, here, to magic spell,  
 And thro' his own's own's well,  
 When his theme is Erin's fair,  
 World renowned for virtues rare,  
 For his own's own's own's well,  
 Deep affections warm his lay—  
 All its own's own's own's well,  
 Could the sorrows of the breast  
 Or more hope own's own's well,  
 Find in nobler lay relief,  
 Than in the own's own's own's well,  
 Who laments her lover's shades,  
 In that tend'rest lay of love,  
 That has melted friend and foe—  
 She is far from the land,  
 Lay that sympathy 'll command,  
 Long as virtue's plighted love  
 Is enregistered upon Celt  
 Or one loyal heart's own's well,  
 Breathes to feel as Emmet felt,  
 Who, before he'd live a slave,  
 Freedom's own's own's own's well,  
 In the own's own's own's well,  
 For his country's rights and laws!  
 Moore's, too, was that golden trait—  
 Magnanimity that soars  
 Heavenward from the growling horde  
 Of base sectaries—a recourse  
 When the own's own's own's well,  
 Against 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 their own's own's own's well,  
 Not one line in all be traced,  
 From this cause need be replaced,  
 In their own's own's own's well,  
 Claim that trait—and Christians should!  
 May then memory fondly guard  
 Erin's own, immortal bard—  
 In his own's own's own's well,  
 Serve as synonym for song;  
 Be the festal fire all chaste  
 On his country's altars placed—  
 Here to burn and feed the flame  
 Of the Green Isles' bardic fame,  
 Till she stands forth proudly free—  
 Free, as Destiny's decree—  
 First in learning, arms and mirth,  
 Amongst the nations of the earth!

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 Breeze of Summer," Moore's best song, in a very beautiful style, and Mr. A. Hagan, 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-Bolter's fantasia on the harp of Irish melodies. Mr. R. H. Carré sang another of Moore's songs, and Madame Oscar Martel came next with the beautiful thrilling air of "Kathleen Mavourneen."  
 All the singers were encoored 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 forward amidst the applause of the audience as the speaker of the occasion. Mr. Monk has a good presence, rich mellow voice, splendid elocutionary powers, and in fact is a first rate speaker, the only pity being that we do not hear him oftener. He said:  
 MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—  
 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 sons, 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 gentlemen, 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, patriotism 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 the national 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 of the sun ever shone so brightly upon the children of the north, or the sweets of Asia been poured forth, or been more gorgeously and profusely displayed to the delighted senses of Europe, than in his "Lalla Rookh"? I merely refer, ladies and gentlemen, to those 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 entranced 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 heroic song in the hearts 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 footsteps 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 and gentlemen, before entering more particularly 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. Columba 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-verse 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 best of times, the mother of patriotic 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 be 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 potent 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:—"I 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 beloved friends, were Lord Robert Emmet, John Sheehy and Edward Hudson. They were Protestants, but all were Irishmen! Working for what they believed a sacred cause, and desiring 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 Irishmen," 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 love his country or his faith without making himself a rebel! The exciting scenes and personal associations of this period of Moore's life inspired, he has frequently told us, some of the most brilliant effusions of his genius—some of the first conceptions that later found heroic 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. Flashed 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 impetuosity of its author. The appointment of Moore, late in 1803, as Registrar of the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda (an unenviable 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 four and twenty, and his intense affection for his family. It was during this term of office that he visited the United States and that "Canada of ours," leaving as souvenirs of his passage the famous "Canadian Boat Song," inspired by the magnificent scenery of our St. Lawrence:  
 "Painfully as toils the evening chime,  
 Our voices keep time and our oars keep time,  
 Soon as the woods on the shore grow dim,  
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
 How brothers row, the stream runs fast,  
 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 which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence—the light of our burnt down the rapids, and all those now 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 fifteen millions are of Irish birth or Irish blood; nor could he have suspected that his own melodies would be as familiarly sung along the rivers and over the prairies of the new world, as they are in Ireland at the present day. In 1806 he was again in London, wrote his travels in America, and it was shortly after this time 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 are unique. Analyse the lyric poetry, the lays, the odes of any other country, ancient or modern, and none will embody so many characteristics of a nation, its scenery, its manners, its legends, its glories, wedded to music familiar by its antiquity and pathos as it was the cause of Irish Catholicism that inspired Moore in his felicitous selection of his oriental Lalla Rookh; the thought occurred to me, he says, of founding a story on the fierce struggle maintained between the ancient fire worshippers of Persia and their haughty Moslem masters. The cause of intolerance was again my inspiring theme, and the spirit that has spoken in the melodies of Ireland, soon found itself at home in the East. Lalla Rookh, rich with a most brilliant creations, beauty of language and tenderness of feeling,—replete with strains of patriotic ardor, and flights of fancy that were the true property of Moore, enchanted, even dazzled the senses of its readers, in an age (when as Lord Jeffrey expressed it), men would as little think of sitting down to a whole epic, as to a whole ode. It is to be regretted, ladies and gentlemen, that in a hurried sketch such as this, so many glories, so many gems were remained untouched, but, on behalf of "Captain Rock" and "an Irish gentleman in search of a religion," I may be allowed to crave your indulgence for a moment more of want of patriotism, to those who have taunted him with swearing 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 un-fitted 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 loquacious for the imaginative tendencies of his mind, and alien to the effusions of genius I have attempted to signalize this evening. Why, ladies and gentlemen, to do justice 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, Grant, Sheridan, Canning, O'Connell, Curran, Plunkett, Shiel, Dr. Doyle, Rogers, Campbell, and last, but certainly not least, Byron, who, in the dedication of "The  
 (Concluded on Eighth Page.)