Speed into a march, but admits that, with the exception of one phrase sacrificed by him, and here restored, it is impossible to deny that the melody has greatly gained in dignity by the alteration.' In 'Silent O Moyle,' Moore has destroyed the character of the tune and obliterated its scale by sharpening its seventh, giving G sharp for G natural.

And so it goes on throughout the whole of the Melodies. In 'She is far from the land,' Moore has scarcely left a note unaltered. 'Of 'The last rose of summer,' it is stated that the whole tune is altered and spoilt by Moore, but it is so well known in its corrupt form that it is hopeless to try to restore it. 'The song 'O ye dead'' is a lively agricultural tune, perhaps whistled first by a ploughman. To this Moore has written a dirge, altering the whole character of the air. But apart from this he has rutblessly altered both notes and rhythm, of which the irregularity was the main charm ,treating them after the fashion of Procrustes.' This sort of thing might be continued almost indefinitely, but enough has been said the justify the heading of this article.

One of Moore's greatest blunders was to entrust the publication of his works to Lord John Russell ('Finality John'), one of the greatest enemies Ireland had in the Parliament of his day and who, as might be expected, neglected the task imposed on him. If possible, however, Moore made a still greater blunder when he dedicated the complete edition of his poems to the Marquis of Lansdowne, the man whose ancestors had been for three centuries the scourge of Ireland, or of that portion of it over which they had immediate control. At the very time that Moore dedicated this edition Mr. Trench, the agent of the Lansdowne Estate in Ireland, was telling the world in a book which he published a story unexampled even in Ireland for its sad reality. There were tenants belonging to this estate crowding the Kenmare Workhouse until they had to be refused admission for the want of room. They were, as Mr. Trench says, dying in the fields, dying on the mountains, dying in the glens, and on the road sides. They died at the relief works and they died in their cabins, so that whole villages were left without an inhabitant. In a little more than a year 3500 paupers left Kenmare for America, and the Lansdowne Estates breathed freely and went into grass.

Moore began by writing in defence of his country and his faith, and ended by practically abandoning both. He died without the consolation of his Church on February 26, 1852, in the seventy-third year of his age, and his body lies interred in the little churchyard of Bromham in Wiltshire.

And now, notwithstanding all that has been written of him here, Moore's Melodies will be read and sung with pleasure and delight on account of their intrinsic beauty, and the sweet melody that flows through them, as long as the language lives that holds them enshrined in its embraces.

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