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National 30 April 1870



A PATRIOT'S BURIAL  
FUNERAL OF MR. MOORE, M.P.

ELOQUENT ADDRESS OF FATHER LAVELLE.

On Saturday the remains of the much-lamented George Henry Moore were conveyed to their last resting-place in the mausoleum, in a charming locality in the noble demesne, and in view of the splendid mansion of Moore Hall, which stands on the gently rising ground on the shore of Lough Carra, the head of the grand chain of lakes of the Western Highlands, continued in Loughs Mack and Corrib. From the front portico, above which is the following motto—"Fortis cadere, cedere non potest"—the view is extremely beautiful, with the Connemara mountains and Ballinrobe in the distance, and numerous wooded islands, bearing venerable ruins, in the foreground. Moore Hall was indeed a fitting retreat for one so rarely gifted as George Henry Moore, whose refined tastes and varied accomplishments are well illustrated in the interior of the family mansion, where he was so long the generous, courteous, and hospitable host, and the life and soul of the circle in which he was wont to display the knowledge which he had acquired by study and travel, and the great social virtues for which he was eminently distinguished. On my journey down here yesterday (writes the *Freeman's* reporter), nothing could exceed the general feeling of regret which the sad intelligence of the demise of Mr. Moore occasioned to persons in every station in life; the poor deplored him as a lost friend, and one who was heart and soul in their interests, and the stern and uncompromising foe to their enemies and oppressors; the gentry regretted his loss, because of his having been so excellent a representative of their order, and one whose society was so fascinatingly attractive in private life; the clergy regretted his loss in common with all the friends of Ireland, because he was an ardent lover of his country, and the manly assertor of her rights and liberties. The people of this town and its neighbourhood were loud in the expressions of their grief at the loss of one whose death at any time would be much to be deplored, but whose sudden demise at the present crisis, when his patriotism, energy, and eloquence were so much required, that loss is painfully aggravated and irreparable. I drove from here to Moore Hall, a distance of nine miles, on Friday evening, and in the house of mourning I met the Rev. Messrs. Conway and Lavelle, who strove to administer all the consolation of religion to Mrs. Moore in her bitter sorrow and bereavement, and also to the eldest son of that lady, whose grief for his departed father was excessive in the extreme. On making inquiries relative to the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Moore I learned the following particulars:—He had written to a friend from Dublin to meet and dine with him at Moore Hall on Easter Sunday, and pass the next day with him there. The friend wrote in reply that certain fixed arrangements prevented his leaving home on Sunday, but that they would meet at Moore Hall on Monday. Mr. Moore arrived there on Good Friday night, having posted all the way from Athenry, a distance of some thirty-five miles, and the next day wrote again to his friend to be down early on Monday; but, on Sunday he wrote again to say he (the friend) would be time enough at three o'clock. The friend accordingly arrived, when, instead of meeting Mr. Moore, he was handed a note from him by his valet, saying—"I am so very unwell that I cannot see even you to-day." The friend accordingly left, leaving word that he would return at eleven o'clock next day. He was back at that hour, but instead of meeting Mr. Moore to discuss the affairs of the country, he found him speechless, but still conscious. Father Lavelle was fortunately present in time to administer the last sacraments.

It was arranged that the remains should be removed at nine o'clock this morning from Moore Hall to Carranacon chapel, about a mile and a half distant, where the Offices and High Mass would be solemnised. At the hour above stated over a hundred of the tenants of the Moore estates assembled on the lawn in front of the house, awaiting the departure of the sad procession for the Catholic church. There were also present a large number of the clergy, the neighbouring gentry, and persons from distant localities, who had come to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of one so generally beloved by all who knew him. There were also present large numbers of the poor, to whom the deceased was a kind and generous friend and benefactor. The weather was bright and genial, and the charming landscape looked fresh and lovely after the showers of the previous night. Amongst the clergy and gentry present were:—

Rev. Thomas Hardiman, P.P.; Rev. E. King, P.P.; Rev. J. O'Rourke, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Curley, P.P.; Rev. J. Burke, P.P.; Rev. J. Magee, Ven. Archdeacon Brown, P.P.; Very Rev. U. J. Bourke, President of St. Jarlath's; Rev. E. Griffin, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Prendergast, C.C.; Rev. E. Gibbons, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Brannan, C.C.; Rev. J. O'Malley, C.C.; Rev. J. Browne, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Caulfield, C.C.; Rev. Professor M'Hale, Rev. F. J. M'Conrack, Rev. Mr. Killeen, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Waldron, C.C.; Rev. T. O'Mally, C.C.; Rev. J. J. Roymane, Adm.; Rev. Mr. M'Evilly, C.C.; Rev. M. O'Donnell, P.P.; Rev. J. Waldron, P.P.; Rev. P. Reynolds, P.P., V.F.; Rev. M. D. Staunton, Lord John Brown, P. Callan, M.P.; Mayor Lynch, C. J. Fitzgerald, D.L., J.P.; Captain B'ake, C. Blake, J. C. Macdonald, C. O'Mally, W. H. Deane, J. Coughlan, Thomas Ryan (Dublin), E. Griffin, David Keys, Nicholas Walsh, S. Gibbons, J. P.; J. J. Londen, J. Londen, J. P.; J. Duncan, M. A. Walsh, Michael Heron, Wm. Egan, James Staunards, Thomas Tighe, R. Tighe, J. P.; D. Elligot, Thomas Rutledge, J. P.; P. Keating, P. Monaghan, J. Lynn, M. Symes, Rev. Mr. Londe, clerk; Wm. Joyce, Blakehill; H. Feeny, P. M'Conrack, E. Lavelle, J. Barrett, T. Brennan, J. Grehan, T. A. Hickie, E. Cannon, Wm. Morrison, F. O'Donnell, G. R. Acton, Solicitor; Martin Sheridan (*Mayo Examiner*), Myles Jordan, Crown Solicitor; M. H. Jordan, J. P.; Dr. Burke, Dr. Reynolds, T. Gibbons, J. P.; A. L. Crean, J. P.; Dr. Crean, C. B. Jordan, J. Egan, A. B. Kelly, Solicitor; J. Lynch, Wm. Willis, Captain Nalley, J. B. Sheridan, Colonel Rutledge, Captain Whelan, R. M.; Thomas Rutledge, jnr., A. Durcan, Richard Kyle, Dr. Barron, Captain Kirwan, Dr. Reynolds, Richard Pigott, James O'Connor, &c.

Shortly after ten o'clock the remains, which were contained in a cedar shell, covered with a heavy leaden case, and an outer coffin of highly polished Irish oak, with gilt mountings, was borne from the house on the shoulders of eight of the tenantry, and were placed in a hearse and four in waiting to receive them. The coffin bore the following inscription on a gilt shield:—

GEORGE HENRY MOORE, ESQ., M.P.,  
DIED APRIL 19TH, 1870,  
AGED 60 YEARS,  
R. I. P.

The chief mourners were George Augustus Moore, eldest son of deceased; Joseph Blake and Llewellyn Blake, brothers-in-law of deceased; George

Brown, G. Nolan, the Rev. P. Conway, P.P., and the Rev. P. Lavelle, P.P. All being in readiness, the melancholy cortege proceeded on its way through the noble lawn to the beautifully wooded road leading to the church, where the remains were received by the Rev. Mr. Browne, pastor of the parish, and the assembled clergy, who preceded them to the choir, where they were placed on a catafalque, surrounded by unbleached funeral wax lights. The ceremonies commenced with the office for the dead, at which the Rev. Mr. Browne, P.P., presided. The sacred music was given with solemn and devotional effect by the choir of priests. After the conclusion of the office High Mass for the departed was celebrated, at which the Rev. Mr. Browne, P.P., officiated as celebrant, assisted by the Rev. P. Caulfield and the Rev. R. Prendergast as deacons, and the Very Rev. U. J. Bourke, President of St. Jarlath's College, as master of ceremonies. At the end of Mass the celebrant delivered an eloquent discourse on death. The solemn absolution having been pronounced, the remains were borne from the church and replaced in the hearse, and the funeral procession returned to Moore Hall, and as it went along the road the wailing of the people for the loss of the deceased was loud and general. The remains were borne through the demesne to the mausoleum, which is situated in a wooded nook overlooking the waters of the lake. In the tomb, which has been built a considerable time, lie the ashes of the father, mother, and brother (Augustus) of Mr. George Henry Moore. When the coffin containing the remains was brought to the mausoleum the pressure of the crowd became very great, as the people were most anxious to see the last of one who was so very dear to them. The coffin having been deposited in the place prepared for it, the last prayers were said, and the psalms intoned, and when the sad *Requiescat in pace* had been sung,

The Rev. P. Lavelle, P.P., ascended the table of the tomb and delivered the following eloquent address on the departed:—

Very Rev. and Rev. Brethren and Friends—One of the last words of the great departed was a hope that I would do justice to his honour and his memory. Little thought he when he wrote and I when I received those boding words that the overwhelming occasion should arise so soon. But there is no occasion. The universal voice of the Irish race would drown for ever the faintest semblance of censure on a heart so pure and uncorruptible, a soul so exalted, a mind so straight and so generous. Already even has the verdict gone forth from millions of lips that Ireland's loss is irreparable. There is no other George Henry Moore—so now may the daughters of Ireland, like those of Jerusalem, weep—I repeat the words without profanation—not over their beloved one, but over themselves and their children—gone from us never to come back again. Woe, woe, is Ireland to-day! Oh! my country, now mayest thou weep—weep scalding tears from your million eyes until their very fountains become dried up! Many long years in mourning, to-day art thou widowed, indeed. That son who had been to thee the same as a spouse, adviser, protector, the terror of thy foes, and the joy of thine own heart, shall never stand between you and dishonour again. Thy sword and thy shield are broken in him—for who assailed thee that he did not repel. Woe, woe is Ireland to-day! The pall of death has fallen over her most gifted and most devoted son. That heart that throbbed so lovingly for her happiness and greatness shall never beat again. That tongue, whose words were fire, when she or hers was his theme, is stilled, and will be silent now for evermore. That soul, whose thoughts were lightning, is now fled far beyond those heavens from which the lightning flash descends. George Henry Moore is gone, and smote to the earth! Vast, sublime thoughts were his for thy resurrection. Those weeds of ages of thine it was his resolve should be changed into nuptial robes of brightness and joy. To honour, fame, and fortune it was his day-dream that thou shouldst be wedded once more, as it was thine to have been in the days of yore. To make "beauty's ensign radiant on thy lips and on thy cheek" was the ambition of his great soul, and his last senatorial act was a pledge of his resolve to do or die in the patriotic endeavour. Yes, my friends, let us leave the mighty intellect, the vast and profound erudition, the matchless oratory, the captivating eloquence, the chaste and charming peculiar style—let us leave all this, all Mr. Moore's intellectual endowments and varied attainments, to speak for themselves. To-day we have to contemplate the possessor of all these as an Irishman who employed them only to emancipate the soil and to elevate the soul of his country. And do not call me egotist when I say that few men if any had a better right to know his soul than I. For many years he and I—humble as I was and am, a mere cipher as compared with his colossal mind—had communed long and deep on the fit solution of the great national problem. And I am enabled to inform you, such of you as may be yet unaware of the fact, that the uniform result of all our confidential conferences was that national autonomy was the only panacea for the numerous diseases of our unhappy country. As a practical man he always admitted the vast utility of complete religious freedom in the downfall of hated religious ascendancy. And who is not aware of the part which he took in demolishing the golden idol? This, he always said, would prove a vast stride towards the grand goal to which the nation tended. But it was still only a stride—yet only one rung in the ladder through which independence was to be reached. The fair and just settlement of the great land question he regarded also as essential; yet this too was only a means to the end; and though we might be grateful to the man who, after centuries of feudal monopoly and such agrarian tyranny as this world has hardly ever before endured—never, indeed, endured with such wonderful patience, a patience which has been the wonder of the world—cut through those shameful trammels; yet were we not to sacrifice liberty to gratitude, and, in the words of Grattan, "to stand short and pause at the word Liberty." No, far and beyond that—far and beyond the other great question of healthy education, as well for the peasant cot as for the lordly mansion, an education in which the science of the world would be guided by the science of God, in which religion, the science of the saints, would be over a lamp before the youthful mind, working in all the effects which it had wrought on himself—far and beyond all these and all the other social ameliorations so much required, he flung his eager gaze, which never rested till it lit on the glorious vision of freedom. Many of you remember his splendid oration at the amnesty meeting at Castlebay. What were its concluding words? That should the minister refuse hearkening to the people's voice, that if remained for the people only to fight themselves as best they could. And does not the last sentiment of his memorable speech resisting the abominable "Crime in Ireland Act," sent to us as a "message of peace," still ring in our ears, now stinned as they are by the appalling tidings of his death? The minister moved the second reading of the scandalous measure, and forthwith was to be

seen erect, the striking form, the handsome, manly face, the flashing eye, the outraged gaze, reflecting the indignation that seethed within, the whole man of George Henry Moore—a just impersonation, a virtual embodiment of his country and countrymen throughout the globe—the representative at the moment not merely of his native country but of his entire race, protesting by his amendment against the daring outrage and vile indignity cast on his country by the odious bill. In vain that direct amendment, "that the bill be read that day six months"—in vain all the unanswerable arguments, all the withering exposure of the hollow pretensions and allegations of that bill—in vain the demolition of its deepest basement; all in vain. "Laughter and ironical cheers" only met every fresh withering sentence of that matchless tongue, until in fine, seeing the uselessness of his patriotic opposition, he, glancing around at Irish members in every corner of the house, declared that should the minister persevere in thus ruling Ireland with the sword, as she had been ever before, Irish members had no longer any business in that house, and had better get their constituents to call them home, and look to their country at home as best they could. These were amongst his last words in the English Senate—an appropriate termination of all he had ever written and spoken in his poor country's cause. Mr. Moore was educated at Oselet, whither, too, he had sent his sons. A most diligent student, he soon mastered all those branches of science and literature in which he so much excelled. With what pleasure often heard him of an evening discussing the comparative merits of the great Greek and Classic authors and artists. Roman art he despised, while he became excited in describing the perfections of that of Greece. So thoroughly had he mastered this, that many of its leading features are to be witnessed in those two magnificent apartments, the diningroom and drawingroom of Moore Hall, unsurpassed for taste and symmetry in Ireland. His studies over, he went to travel in the East, and his accounts of personal adventure, local scenery, phenomena, habits, and characters were delightful to hear. His travels over, he again resumed his studies at home, until he became a perfect master and model in the walks of literature—his great mind a storehouse of knowledge. In 1847 he first entered the political arena, and, contesting Mayo then on the Conservative principles, he was beaten "by the priests and the people." And how often have I heard him say that he was soon after delighted he was beaten, "because the people were right and he wrong." In 1852 he again stood, and was returned for Mayo on Liberal principles. Himself and the late Frederick Lucas were the two great spirits of the tenant agitation within the doors of parliament. But, alas! intrigue and the introduction of a new policy into Irish political agitation soon broke up a tenant-right confederacy, which, if spared, had long since accomplished what is now sought to be obtained. Duffy went into exile to the other end of the earth; Lucas went, like Moore, to God. In parting, Duffy declared the land of his birth a corpse on the dissecting-table. In dying, Lucas declared, with a confidence as sure as God was in heaven, that the cause for which he broke his big heart was just and true; and but three days before his death Moore had arranged to inaugurate that action for which the heart of the country, then no longer a corpse on the dissecting-table, but electrified with a new and vigorous vitality, so earnestly throbs. Alas! and alas! who is to-day to take his place? Returned a second time in 1857 to parliament by an overwhelming majority, he was unseated by petition on the ground of intimidation, and for the remaining eleven years, seeing that no effort of his could avail against the tide of venality and intimidation that had set in, he remained secluded in Moore Abbey, still further enriching his mighty mind with the treasures of knowledge and literature. At length a couple of years or three ago he thought he could effectually serve his country by exposing within the precincts of parliament her wrongs, and vindicating her rights to an outraged world, and so started for his native county a fourth time, and, as you are all aware, was returned as the champion of national rights, without opposition. His parliamentary career ever since is familiar to you all. Never did a question touching his country's interest arise that he was not in his place, ready by word and vote to defend the right and denounce the wrong. Looking back calmly now at his wonderful efforts, we can hardly comprehend how his constitution bore up against such anxiety, exertion, and fatigue; and we are at a loss which to admire most, his fidelity, ever at his post, his fecundity and brilliancy of speech, and his readiness and dexterity in debate. Enough that he had made his mark to a fastidious audience as by far the most distinguished member from our now bereaved country. All this time his high soul was proof against not alone the allurements of seduction, but against any other ambition but that of advancing the national cause which it was his special mission to preach. I know it is a fact. I pledge my honour as a gentleman and my character as a clergyman for its truth, that George Henry Moore had made up his mind never to serve his country except in opposition, until her laws came to be made in College-green—never to accept any position, no matter how tempting or honourable, under any administration until Ireland made her own laws for her own honour and benefit at home. Such was the late lamented George Henry Moore—the peerless in head and heart, and soul, and thoughts, and speech, and acts. Honour his memory, then, as that memory deserves. The rev. gentleman having called on the large assemblage, the people knelt, and remained for a considerable time in silent and solemn prayer.

The patriot priest (says the *Mayo Examiner*), in accents of exhaustive grief having thus closed his eloquent and highly touching oration, sank on his knees over the tomb of the patriot, and calling on the people all around to join him, breathed a short and silent prayer to Heaven. The solemn quiet that reigned around at this supremely grand moment was broken only by the sobs of men, women, and children, commencing with their great Creator, by the songs of spring birds, by the sighing wind and the murmuring waves until the good priest slowly and painfully withdrew from the tomb of him who died for his country—

"And when he said, 'Heaven rest his soul,'  
Round the lake soft music stole."

The rev. gentleman was heard throughout his mortuary address with marked attention, and frequently during its delivery the entire assemblage were moved to tears. Thus has closed the career of a birth of George Henry Moore, whose great natural abilities, lengthened experience, rare accomplishments, and high sense of honour eminently qualified him to fill the exalted position which he held as a public man. In him died one of the most potent foes of the enemies and traducers of his country and his race. He should have died hereafter when the work which he had proposed to inaugurate had been accomplished, and when, in the course of nature, he should have grown feeble and infirm in the service of Ireland and her people. But an

all-wise Providence has willed it otherwise, and George Henry Moore has gone down to the grave in the zenith of his fame, when his great mental powers were most required for the enduring welfare of his native land. He has gone to his rest, followed by the love, gratitude, and admiration of his countrymen, leaving a name and reputation behind him which will embalm his memory from generation to generation of Irishmen over the world.

The Rev. P. Conway, P.P., gives the following account of the demise of Mr. Moore:—Mr. Moore arrived at his own home on Friday night; on Saturday he walked about his grounds; on Easter Sunday he went to the parochial church to mass; about midday on Monday he went to bed, and desired his valet to call him early next morning. The servant did so, but seeing him asleep he left the room and returned in half an hour; but not wishing to disturb him, as he appeared to enjoy his sleep, he left him so and returned soon after, and then he called him, but on receiving no reply he went and called on his agent who was staying in the house, and asked him to come and see him. He did so; as soon as he saw him he said, "He is unwell, send for a doctor." A messenger was despatched for a doctor, who, fortunately, was near the house, and as soon as the doctor entered the room and saw his patient, he said, "Mr. Moore has an attack of apoplexy such as statesmen very often get." He then sent for another doctor, and though everything was done for him that medical skill could do, he gave up his soul to God about two o'clock, p.m., on Tuesday, the 19th of April, 1870. May his soul rest in peace, and may you live to see accomplished the great works and objects for which he sacrificed his life—namely, civil and religious liberty, a national government for his country, a free denominational religious education.