

conceit and prosperous boast of the Saxon. Of all those who frittered away the genius of their native land at the feet of the brutal coquette, Britannia, Burke, *alone*, was worthy of a wreath from poor, despised and forgotten Erin.

It was the fashion, just before the rise of the bright Celtic luminary of song, to describe Irish mind as a grotesque monster, half hydra, half satyr with a dash of Momus. The English poets and novelists, whenever their theme calls for a character, half fool and half knave, invariably trotted in an Irishman when it was not a Frenchman. English society took the cue from those *literati*, or rather, to speak correctly, the latter shaped their ideas by the drift of society prejudice and contempt for a people their superiors in every quality that elevates man. Literary John Bull, with as much knowledge of the real Irishman as he possessed of honor or the Grace of God, set the Saxon house in a roar with heavy witticisms about "Teague" and "Molly" and "Dinny." We all know what a sparkling reputation the Saxon has for genuine wit and humor. He has, in fact, as true an idea of the one and the other as has a Chinaman of harmony. Whenever there is a streak of real humor in John Bull, you may rest assured there is a Celtic drop in his veins, that relieves the dull, prosaic materialism of his plodding, stock-jobbing nature. Still, the wit that he had was almost invariably expressed upon "Paddy," to the inexpressible merriment of the audience. So, that, in course of time, the Irishman was not conventional if he had not a large mouth, a short nose, a long upper lip, square jaws, a bullet head, covered with a battered hat, ornamented with a *dhúdean*, knee-breeches and brogues, a green coat, red vest, and drab breeches, while under his arm was carried a formidable bludgeon, and out of his pocket peeped the neck of a bottle of whiskey or, rather, *potteen*; that was the word, *potteen*! This delectable creature was always blundering when he was not fighting or lying drunk, (in company with the pig, of course.) And this was the model Irishman that convulsed the English mob, snob and nob with inextinguishable laughter. And, even to-day, when some mean creature,

like Boucicault or Lever, wishes to coin English prejudices into ducats it is Conn or Mandy Andy that is served up. Now, this caricature attached to Ireland as well as Irishmen, so that the bitterest tears of an oppressed country were laughed at as a mere bit of clever shading to one of the most side-splitting comedies that ever delighted mankind. To their shame,—to their eternal shame be it said!—Irishmen have done most to change the agony of a proud nation into the contortions of a buffoon for the proper edification of its bitterest foes.

Here is where Moore's great services can be seen and appreciated. He struck the forgotten harp of Ireland with so skilful a hand that the enemy paused, listened, admired, softened and wept as the song of a nation's glory or the wail of her sorrows touched his soul with all the magic of true genius. The excellence of his muse gained him an audience whose applause was lasting fame. He lifted the literature of Erin out of the tomb; he clothed it with the beautiful robes of his brilliant fancy; he breathed into the half-lifeless form a soul of inspiration which charmed the world with its sweetness and compelled respect for the land which gave birth to such a bard. The very force of his genius struck a blow at the "Teagues" and "Mollies" of Saxon caricature; the stupid, blackguard doggerel of the half-starved London, aye, alas! and Dublin, Bohemian, hid its idiotic face, when the noble muse of Tom Moore stepped into the arena, and warmed the heart and elevated the soul with songs which seemed to have caught some faint echoes of celestial melodies of the blest. Moore and his genius became the fashion, and my lord Tomnoddy swore:—"Dem it, you know, there's something in those Irish awftah all, dem it!" and Lady Looselife dawdled:—"Aw, its quecaw such nice songs should be Irish," and when my lord Tomnoddy and Lady Looselife applauded, who, among the English masses, dare dissent?

But, this was a mere drawing-room popularity. The absentee aristocracy of Ireland took to themselves Moore's melodies; they were the heroes and patriots the poet referred to. Was not Brian an ancestor of Inchiquin, and Nial of the Nine Hostages a forefather