

to them that you can lessen their taxes, and that you can increase their loaf. If you would gain power with the Irish, appeal to their sentiments; show them that you would bring back to Ireland, the glory that has departed; that you would re-string their national Harp, and re-kindle her national oratory; that you would re-build the Halls of Tara, and flood them with the music of her bards; that you would re-open the doors of her senate, and fill its courts with the eloquence of her statesmen.

But, to understand a people, you must live with them; nay, you must have within you the life of their life; and without this understanding of a people, you will vainly try to work on their sentiments. You can work on their sentiments only by sympathy. You must freely appreciate their virtues; you must have that also in you, which can penetrate the spirit even of their vices. Herein was the power of O'Connell. It was not all in the genius of the man; nor was it all in the wrongs of the government. Much of the secret lay in the profound insight which he ever had of the character of the people; the complete identification of his nature with theirs. His words were resistless, for they were the echoes of the hearts around him, and with the beatings of these hearts, his own heart kept time. The Irish aristocrat has no such unity with the people; nay, he has scarcely an external acquaintance with them. He has not the affection of a native, and he wants the impartiality of a stranger. His life is a sort of penance for his birth. He would not be an Irishman, and he cannot be an Englishman. He looks sullenly across the channel, and mourns that his trooper-ancestor gave him any thing in Ireland but its acres. He then turns a sullen gaze upon the soil on which he has had the misfortune to be born, and which has had the still greater misfortune to bear him. He is to his tenantry