

P R E F A C E.

As it is customary now-a-days with the *debutantes* in the field of literature to bore their readers with a preface, I suppose I must follow in the wake of Fashion, and subscribe to the implied regulation.

The following Poem was commenced under the influence of many agitating feelings, engendered by the perusal of O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland, a synopsis of the history of that country from the year 1172 to the year 1840, against which the charge of prevarication, falsehood, or partiality, cannot be adduced, as it is principally composed of extracts from historians, chiefly Protestant, most of whom were interested in traducing the Irish People, and many of whom were open assailants of their religion. That work, in the most clear and irrefutable manner, portrays the rapacity, injustice, ingratitude, intolerance, and tyranny of England, towards the neighboring island, for a period of more than six hundred years; it presents to the world a brave, generous, and gallant people, struggling, alas, unsuccessfully, against the violence or wiles of a treacherous State, as prudence indicated the adoption of either course. It displays, with a truthful and vigorous force, the base treachery, domineering despotism, and degrading and disgusting policy of England; and shows, by a reference to British writers, the ingenuous conduct, unwavering fidelity, patient endurance, unswerving integrity, and unequalled virtues of Ireland.