

ous of their rights and privileges, and resolute in the maintenance of them, even though they had no other means to guard them but by banding together in that wild spirit of revenge which has been so fruitful of blood and misery.

For seven hundred years England has tried a system of coercion on Ireland. It has failed in pacifying her. She has followed up this by maligning and slandering her before the world by her subsidized writers, such as Cambrensis and Froude. What is the result to-day? Trampled and despised Ireland is prouder and more defiant than she was when the first Anglo-Norman set foot on her soil; and her long-cherished inheritance,—her Catholic faith—which has cost centuries of persecution and oceans of blood to wipe out, is to-day purer, stronger, and more firmly rooted on her soil than ever.

Such an introduction as this may appear out of place for a novel; but then it must be recollected that this "o'er true tale" is founded on the incidents arising from that most fearful period of Irish history and Irish suffering—the famine years. The unfeeling, unchristian spirit displayed at that time both by English statesmen and the English press can never be forgotten. When the Irish were dying by thousands of actual starvation, and when the living were scarcely able to bury the dead, the London