

brick-bats coated with lead. Pestilence followed in the train of famine and privation. Dogs were sold high. The scrapings of old bones were eagerly swallowed. The rats were hunted and devoured.

On the 31st of July, Walker has dealt out the last supplies—a half pound of tallow and a half pound of salted hide, yet the people become sublime in their despair and the note still sounded, “No Surrender!” Faint as he was, Walker assembled the people for worship in the cathedral. The agony of that last terrible night was indescribable. But hark! There is a movement on the waters followed by the crack of the boom. The *Phoenix* and the *Mountjoy* dash up to the quay, and the shout goes up, “The supplies are come!” The bells of the city rang out a peal of triumph, and famine-stricken ones sat down to satisfy their hunger once more. The walls of Derry are preserved, and the statue of Walker testifies to the people’s gratitude and Walker’s abiding fame. On the 1st of November, 1688, the Protestant winds began to blow, and the glorious, pious and immortal Prince of Orange sailed for the English coast. His fleet consisted