

any place of worship on pain of death, and recently a Roman Catholic Resident Magistrate entered into a compact with another Roman Catholic and six Radical Presbyterian justices to suppress Protestant liberty in Derry. This was followed by an audacious attempt to invade the time-honoured Cathedral, whose stones, if they could but speak, would cry "shame" upon the officials who propose to desecrate it. The descendants of the defenders of Derry have no desire to excite a passion for party, nor have they any love for international discord. A Roman Catholic Bishop did not feel himself insulted when he took part in the centenary commemoration, and occupied one of the Corporation pews during Divine Service. Ulster Protestants neither desire to insult Roman Catholics, nor interfere with their rights. While Protestants wish, if possible, to "live peaceably with all men," they would deserve to be called traitors if they did not fearlessly uphold their own religion and liberties. But, surely, the posterity of the men who won an imperishable fame upon our ramparts have a right to rejoice in all the hereditary honour their fathers' name transmit to them, and unworthy would they be of such a lineage if they were forgetful or regardless of the sources whence they sprung.

We have so often descanted upon the deeds of the gallant defenders of Derry that a very brief narrative of the Siege will suffice as an introduction to the proceedings connected with the anniversary that has just been celebrated. The Shutting of the Gates on the 7th December, 1688, by thirteen Apprentice Boys

prevented the entrance of Earl Antrim's men, and this event may be regarded as the first act in the great tragedy of the Siege. The city was invested on the 20th April, 1689, and from that date until the 31st of July following the little garrison fought gallantly against the opposing forces of the tyrannical James. Repeated assaults and sorties were made; but these only appeared to inspire the besieged with greater energy in the defence. In the beginning of June, Major-General Kirke, who had transferred his allegiance to William and Mary, sailed into Lough Foyle with 5,000 troops, and a good supply of provisions. He, however, failed to reach the city, and went round to Inch, an island in Lough Swilly. Kirke's failure seems to have encouraged Marshal Rosen; for shortly afterwards he demanded the surrender of the garrison. At this time the flesh of horses, dogs, cats, rats, mice, a mixture of tallow and starch, and salted hides, formed the only food of the defenders; yet they treated Rosen's message with contempt. He then made an effort to enforce the terrible menace that accompanied his summons to surrender. Parties of dragoons were detached on his cruel service, and, "after having stripped all the Protestants for thirty miles round, they drove all those unhappy people before them like cattle, without even sparing the enfeebled old men, the nurses with infants at their breasts, tender children, and women just delivered, and some even in the pangs of labor. About 4,000 of these miserable objects were driven under the Walls; but the expedient, far from answering the purpose, produced quite a