

population, so fond of thrift and of its profits, that they would almost begrudge to God the decorations of His temple. Its ministers, however, sprung from the ranks of their own hearers, and bound to them by the double ties of authority and dependence, have always shown themselves in the day of danger in the front of the popular battle. Against King James II. they fought as in Cromwell's time, marshaled the multitude, and gallantly partook of all their dangers. It was a stirring and affecting sight, however we may view it—those two small towns standing out against a people in arms. They held out long enough to give King William an immense material and moral advantage, to demonstrate the military incapacity of King James, and to enroll their obscure names among the most famous localities of Irish or of Imperial story.\*

The silence of death succeeded the din of that dreadful struggle. The remnant of the natives who could not emigrate deserted the open country, and courted the safer obscurity of the remotest woods and glens. The only sound which breaks the fearful stillness is the din of an infant Trade within the walls of the victorious towns, the monotonous chants of the Kirk, or the imperative accents of the garrisons. From monkless Mellifont to dismantled Donegal, there is neither native church nor native chief. The Erne and the Bann flow on through peaceful valleys—peaceful as death. In the halls of Dungannon, upon the towers of Shane's Castle, there is neither warder nor servitor, neither hospitable nor martial fire, neither sound of harp nor clang of trumpet. Nothing remains for the protection of the hapless remnant of the Gael, outlawed on their own soil, but the fame of their struggle, or the wild vengeance of the maddened Raparee, pouncing by night on his long-watched Presbyterian prey. Neither Scot nor Saxon fully believes his own boast that the spirit of the old race is broken. The cautious drysalters and cordwainers of Derry, making their way in cavalcade from town to town, put up at every turn in the road the timorous petition, "From wolves and woodkerne, good Lord deliver us!"

This fearful and chilling peace gradually gives way to one more stirring and lifelike. Both parties multiply and grow stronger—the

\* One of the preliminary measures of the Defenders of Derry in 1689 was to turn the few Catholics out of the town, together with a Convent of Dominicans, lately tolerated within the walls.—*DR. K. CANE'S JACOBITE AND WILLIAMITE WARS, PART I.*