

teristics of the siege, It was most protracted. After the closing of the gates, Tyrconnel, the Lord Lieutenant, endeavored to allure the defenders by measures of apparent modification. From Down, Antrim, Armagh and Tyrone, and from Louth also, hundreds of families escaped to the city of refuge, while their homes were plundered and their property destroyed or borne away by the enemy. On the 18th of April, 1689, Derry was surrounded by the army of James, and it was closely besieged until the last day of July, thus lasting for the long period of 105 days. Some of the fighting men of the garrison fell down from mere weakness in the act of striking the enemy. A very small quantity of grain remained and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeared the rage of hunger. So by enduring an incalculable amount of hardship and suffering, they held out with undaunted hearts and brave spirits until the gallant Browning broke the boom that had obstructed the passage of the ship, and brought supplies, fresh courage, and renewed strength to the famished garrison, whose noble defence, in conjunction with the glorious victory at the Boyne (immense cheering), gave the death blow to the hopes of the Papist James, and blasted the power of popish tyrant in Great Britain and Ireland for ever,—

Old Derry's walls were firm and strong,
Well fenced in every quarter,
Each frowning bastion grim alo-

With culverin and mortar;
But Derry had a surer guard,
Than all that art could lend her,
Her 'prentice boys, the gates who clos'd,
And sang out "No Surrender."

On came the foe in bigot ire,
And fierce the assault was given;
By shell and shot and streams of fire,
Her fated roofs were driven,
But baffled was the tyrant's wrath,
And vain his hopes to bend her,
For still, 'mid famine, fire and death,
She sang out "No Surrender!"

Long may the Orange banner wave,
A meteor streaming airy,
Potentous of the free and brave,
Who guard the gates of Derry,
May Derry's sons alike defy,
Pope, Traitor, or Pretender,
And peal to heaven, their 'prentice cry,
Their patriot, "No Surrender."

(Renewed and continued cheering.)

But, Sir, a great responsibility rests upon each of us—we are the guardians of a Constitution, the noblest and most consolidated the world ever saw, a civil constitution around whose bulwarks the angry surges of revolution and anarchy beat in vain, a Protestant constitution, which resents the sacrilegious touch of the apocalyptic Babylon's scarlet clad potentate. We are, as Orangemen who have laid our foundation on the rock of ages, the promise and stay of an Empire on whose vast dominions the sun never sets—Dominions extending to regions over which the eagle of all-conquering Rome never flew.—Orangemen! what think you of such a Constitution? which, while preserving the throne of our noble and beloved Queen, broad, based upon her people's will, at the same time screens the peasant's thatch, protects the beggar's conscience and uplifts the poor man's home. Do