



## LITERATURE.

## OLD ENGLAND,

## HER QUEEN, ALTARS AND THRONE,

Though Radical knaves try to raise up a storm,  
And to blast Britain's peace with their howl of Reform,  
Her sons the leal-hearted, around her will stand,  
To guard from destruction their loved native land;  
And those sons are True Blue, to the world be it known,  
Who will always be ready,  
To their duty be steady,  
To fight for Old England, her Altars, and Throne.

To defend what our fathers bequeathed we're strayed,  
And whoe'er be our foes, we will ne'er be dismayed,  
For Albion, who rules wheresoe'er the waves foam,  
Shall never be conquered by traitors at home;  
For her sons, the True Blue, to the world be it known,  
Will always be ready,  
To their duty be steady,  
To fight for Old England, her Altars, and Throne.

E'er 'tis long, we will shew to each disloyal knave,  
Who, for base, selfish ends, would his country enslave;  
Though of freedom he prates, he's a foe to the cause,  
Who would wound Britain's fame, constitution and laws,  
For her sons, the True Blue, to the world be it known,  
Will always be ready,  
To their duty be steady,  
To fight for Old England, her Altars, and Throne.

The hirelings of faction we spurn and despise,  
With their Atheist creeds and their Radical lies;  
And in spite of their plots and poor pitiful wiles,  
Britannia shall still reign proud Queen of the Isles—  
For her sons, the True Blue, to the world be it known,  
Will always be ready,  
To their duty be steady,  
To fight for our Queen, Constitution, and Throne.

## A Sketch from the Siege of Derry.

BY J. COTTON.

It was upon the evening of the — of — 1690, that mournful group stood around the death-bed of a young woman, whose bright and hopeful eyes were strangely contrasted with her own sunken features and the sorrowful countenances around her. It was not sorrow alone which caused the ghastly appearance possessed by the beholders; it was the withering grasp of remorseless famine that was upon them for the one hundred and fourth day of that terrible siege was now closing over the "city of the Oaks." The chamber of death to which we have alluded, was in a cellar of one of the houses in Derry. Around the bed of the dying girl stood her aunt and her two female cousins, the only relatives which war and famine had spared, with the exception of one, of whom we shall speak bye and bye. Notwithstanding the thickness of the masonry which formed the vault, the deep booming of the guns and explosion of shells within the city could be distinctly heard in that dismal place, yet still no sign of fear or dread crossed the radiant face of the dying saint. Her words were full of comfort, and as her aunt, whose hand she clasped, would start and tremble, she would exclaim, "courage—my more than mother—courage, my more than sisters, the Lord in his good time will stretch out his saving hand. His ways are past finding out, and His succour may seem slow in coming, but rest assured the day of trial will soon be ended. Yes, I have an assurance within me, that ere my poor body be consigned to the grave, my mortal ears will be gladdened with the shouts of deliverance!"

The invalid raised her hand in her enthusiasm, and although her auditors laid but little weight upon her prophecy, yet her words did speak comfort to their hearts, and again ascended the supplication now too often times breathed in despair, "O Lord save us or we perish!"

"He will, he will," cried the expiring girl, "Oh! do not doubt Him; His arm is not shortened that He cannot save! And He will save, and to the uttermost all who believe in His holy name!"

"Oh yes, my dear child, He can and will save those who repose their confidence in Him," said Mrs. Stewart, as she stooped down and kissed the brow of her niece; "we strive to bear up against our present protracted sufferings, and let them still be long or short, we pray the God of battles to strengthen those who fight in the good cause, that He may crown their arms with success!"

As Mrs. Stewart spoke, a young man entered the apartment. He advanced to the side of the bed, and the invalid eagerly stretched forth her hand. Her eyes sparkled, and a glowing tinge suffused her cheeks for a moment, then vanished, and left them as pale as ever. A looker on could have seen that her gaze betokened more than sisterly regard. The young man's eyes returned her glance of tenderness, and, in an anxious voice enquired how she did.

"I shall soon be well enough, Henry," she replied—"my earthly cares will soon be at an end."

"I would almost be selfish enough to say I hoped not," replied the young man in a sorrowful voice. "Your absence from us would be a severe dispensation; but my dear Sarah, unless there soon be relief, it would be cruel to wish any one dear to me to witness the sorrows which must follow a surrender!"

"A surrender!" cried all in a breath.

"It is being so talked of," replied Henry. "Even our most determined spirits are beginning to fail; unless relief comes in three days at most, we are lost."

"Oh it is horrible, horrible," cried Mrs. Stewart with a shudder.

"And where is our noble Walker? Does he advise a surrender?"

"No, no, far from it," said Henry! "he was with us when we were fighting our nightly beacon, and his words are still for 'No Surrender!'"

"Heaven bless him," said the invalid, "and do you despair, Henry?" she said, turning to the young man, "when such as he is at your head!"

"I do not despair, nor flinch from my duty, hard though it may be my dear girl—but—nay I will not but it now! I have been amongst the first who joined in the cry, and while breath remains I still say there shall be 'No Surrender!'"

"When such are the sentiments here, we need not fear our enemies," said an impressive voice, as a gentleman entered (it was immortal Walker.) He was clothed in his canonical robes, with a sword-belt and rapier, and in his hand he held a Bible.

There was a murmur of satisfaction as he entered the gloomy vault, and when he advanced towards the bed, after exchanging greetings with Mrs. Stewart and her children, he said to the dying girl, "My dear young friend, I hope you feel your confidence in God unshaken!"

"Oh yes sir, not only unshaken, but strengthened," replied Sarah; "while God has sent such as you, it would be sinful to complain. And, Mr. Walker, before to-morrow's sun has set, this city shall be as glorious in her triumph as she has been prostrate in her adversity. I feel something within," and she touched her breast, "which tells me that this beleaguered town shall soon, yes, in twenty-four hours—for that is my life-lease, that in twenty-four hours I will hear the guns of our ransomed city celebrate the joyful tidings that those bloodhounds are driven from our walls, and that we are not only still unconquered, but 'victorious!'"

"Mightier is He that is for us, than those that are against us," said the warrior divine, as he raised his hands in religious admiration, at the same time bending his softened eye upon the girl.

"While such as you are encouraging us, aided by Jehovah, we must be victors!" "Yes, yes," cried the warlike minister, "from the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise, and in thy name so long as our feeble bodies hold out, we will defend these walls!"

"No surrender!" cried Henry Stewart, as he half drew his sword out of its scabbard.

"Bravo, bravo, my boy," cried the impetuous Murray, as he advanced into the apartment, he was warned by an expressive sign from Walker. "Ah! I sincerely beg pardon for this rudeness especially—"

"You are welcome—you are welcome"—cried the dying girl, "here are we surrounded by the good and brave, and why should we despair?"

"Oh, my dear city must not be delivered into the hands of the destroyer." "Will you Mr. Walker, give no encouragement—Mr. Murray cannot you do something—are we, after all we have suffered, to yield to this ravaging crew,—must we submit—Oh God hearken to my prayers, save those whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood!" The poor girl sank back on her pillow.

"My dear girl!" said Walker, "you need not fear the defenders of the city, while they have life, her walls must remain untouched by conquest.—Those who have closed the gates, are ready to die in defence of their liberty. In the mean time Mrs. Stewart, I must insist on your niece being brought into a more comfortable lodging. There they go again! but look at the rocket from Lough Swilly. Ah, no! it was only imagination I fear. Ha! they see it from the Cathedral. See, the beacon flames higher than ever—yes, it may be that unfeeling Kirk, (eternal dishonour to his name,) for fain would he have sold the city, and it is only our determined resistance that compels him and the commander of the English to look into the Lough. Oh he will have a terrible reckoning for this.—Come Murray, excuse us Mrs. Stewart, we must know what all this means. Henry, do you remain with your family till you have removed them to a more convenient place, then join us as quickly as you can, as we mean to make another rally to-night."

Murray had taken a hurried and silent leave, and as Walker was about to depart, Mrs. Stewart said in a low voice, "Mr. Walker we dare not remove the dear girl—any exertion would be fatal, as her life is ebbing fast."

"True, true, madam, I was very inconsiderate—Sarah, good by for a little, perhaps the Lord has hearkened to our cries and is sending us relief."

"It is near at hand, I feel it is, and I shall soon be in the arms of God my father."

The minister departed, and the girl seemed evidently going down fast to the grave. From the narrow casement which looked towards the cathedral, there was seen the fierce radiance of the beacon, which had blazed night after night, to summon the inhuman Kirk to their aid.—In the mean time, the intrepid garrison and the inhabitants were reduced to fearful extremities. Not more than two days provisions of the most miserable description, remained in the city, and even the stoutest heart began fear. Word had been repeatedly sent from Kirk that he would, as soon as he saw it practicable, effect their release; but this gave small comfort to the famished citizens, who saw nothing but destruction on every side.—Without, there was a cruel and treacherous foe, from whom no mercy could be expected; and the criminal apathy of Kirk, who remained in idle security, regardless

of the sufferings of those he was sent to relieve. Within, their wretched provisions were exhausted, famine, disease, and the shot of the enemy eternally galling them; oh, it was truly horrible, still their watch word and motto was "no surrender." Ay, even when their hunger-attenuated bodies could scarcely uphold them, that enervating cry arose high above the din of battle, and told the remorseless besiegers that so far as spirit went, the intrepid garrison were as far from being subdued as ever.

The night on which our tale commences was that prior to the deliverance of the beleaguered city. General Kirk hearing of the continued success of King William, and fearing he should be brought to an account for his conduct, had sailed from Loughswilly, determined to make an attempt at the relief of the town. This, however, we must say, that Kirk during his stay at Loughswilly gave arms and ammunition to a great number of the Protestants of the North, who were thus enabled to battle for their liberty.

All the night long the market-place was crowded with the anxious inhabitants, eagerly listening to the opinions of the officers relative to the expected succour. Several rockets had been seen in the direction of the English fleet, but it could not be ascertained whether they did actually belong to the ships or otherwise. The besieging army continued to throw their shells, and there also appeared to be a greater bustle in their camp than usual. There was none of that rude mirth and ribaldry which generally pervaded their encampment, and which fell so harsh upon the ears of the invincible defenders. From the gallant Walker the citizens received comfort, both from his lessons in the pulpit and his unflinching bravery in the field. Morning at length dawned. Many were the anxious eyes which darted their searching gaze down the Lough, in eager but almost hopeless expectation of the fleet. Was it a dream or were their prayers at length heard? Far, far in the distance appeared the welcome sails, filled with a steady favourable breeze, which would soon bring them near. Then rose from the earth to heaven a cry of joy and thanksgiving—again pealed the war-note which has been re-echoed from generation to generation—till the welkin resounded to the shouts of liberty.

On, on came the noble vessels, the Dartmouth leading the van. The enemy now turned all their fury upon the ships, and poured their shot upon them, for which they received an equal return. Every stitch of canvas was crowded upon the foremost ship, and at the most critical moment, a stronger breeze sprung up; the vessel rushed upon the boom, with the velocity of a thunderbolt; it was broken, but the ship rebounded with violence, and ran aground. A cry of exultation burst from the enemy as they rushed towards the stranded vessel, in hopes of capturing her, but their fierce joy was short lived, as the vessel in giving them a broadside rebounded with the recoil of the cannon, and floating into deep water cleared the boom, and followed by the other vessels, triumphantly accomplished the long expected relief. What the feelings were of this band of patriots we cannot judge; but from the shouted salvos which roared from the walls, it was evident that a bloody retaliation might be expected. The enemy retired in disorder to Strabane, pursued by the garrison of Derry, who seemed more like spectres than men; yet they would not even stop till their hunger was appeased, but rushed like famishing wolves upon their invaders, and drove them with slaughter from the maiden city. Among those who witnessed the approach of the ships, there was a group which attracted general attention. It was a girl, supported by a young man and matron, and followed by Walker, who administered ghostly consolation as they passed along. A bench was placed upon the walls; the invalid was seated upon it; she looked long and ardently upon the scene. Her brow for a moment contracted, when she saw the ship strike and run aground; but no sooner had the vessels resumed their course, and the cry of victory resounded in her ears, than her eyes brightened with supernatural fire, and raising them with her hands to Heaven, she faintly said—"We are free," and her spirit ascended to God who gave it.

A DERBYSHIRE TALE.—About twenty or thirty years since, a gentleman named Webster, who lived in the Woodlands, a wild, uncultivated, barren range of hills, in Derbyshire, bordering upon the confines of Yorkshire, had occasion to go from home. The family, beside himself, consisted of the servant man, a young girl, and the housekeeper. At his departure, he gave his man a strict charge to remain in the house, along with the females, and not on any account to absent himself at night, until his return. This the man promised to do, and Mr. Webster proceeded on his journey. At night, however, the man went out, notwithstanding all the earnest entreaties and remonstrances of the housekeeper to the contrary, and not coming in, she and the servant girl at the usual time, went to bed. Sometime in the night, they were awakened by a loud knocking at the door. The housekeeper got up, went down stairs, and inquired who was there, and what was their business? She was informed that a friend of Mr. Webster's being benighted, and the night wet and stormy, requested a night's lodging. She forthwith gave him admittance, roused up the fire, led his horse into the stable, and then returned to provide something to eat for her guest, of which he partook, and was then shown to his chamber. On returning to the kitchen, she took up his great coat in order to dry it, when perceiving it to be, as she thought, very heavy, curiosity prompted her to examine the pockets, in which she found a brace of loaded pistols and their own large carving knife! Thunderstruck by this discovery, she immediately perceived what sort of a guest she had to deal with, and his intentions. However, summoning up all her courage and resolution, she proceeded softly up stairs, and, with a rope, fastened as well as she could, the door of the room in which the villain was; then went down, and in a great perturbation of mind awaited the event. Shortly after a man came to the window, and in a low, but distinct tone of voice, said, "are you ready?" She grasped one of the pistols with a desperate resolution—presented it to his face—and fired. The report of the pistol alarmed the