

The ever glorious Twelfth arrived and all was in readiness. General Schonberg gave the word of command and they marched gallantly to the brink of the Fungie. The plunge into the water was made by the men of Londonderry, and next the men of Enniskillen. Then Calmer led a long column of refugees. A little to the left was the main body of the Irish, struggling to their arms in the water. A few minutes later and the Boyne was alive with muskets and green boughs. When half way across the river they began to realize the true nature of affairs. With wild shouts of defiance, regiment after regiment came out of their hiding places. But the noble soldiers of William pressed forward and the Irish line gave way. Several of lying Dick Tallot's men fell while he was using every effort to bring them face to face with William's forces. The rest made a gallant attempt to keep back the enemy, but it was all in vain. Calmer fell mortally wounded, but as they carried him back across the river he shouted, "On, my lads, to victory and glory!"

Richard Hamilton, one of the best generals of James, when wounded, was brought to William, who immediately ordered one of his own surgeons to attend to his wounds. On that memorable day our hero never spared himself. He was always to be found in the most dangerous positions. One ball struck the cap of his pistol. Another carried away the heel of his jackboot, but he gave no heed to his officers, to spare him off, and retire to some place of safety from which he could give his orders. His troops, animated by his noble example gained courage for the duties of the decisive hour. Governor Walker, afterwards Bishop Walker, whose splendid work as Governor of Derry, during the siege, had immortalized his name, fell while exhorting his regiment to play the man. William showed no sympathy. He said he should have been attending to his religious duties and have left him and his soldiers to do the fighting. General Schonberg directed the battle, first from the river's bank, and then, without defensive to meet, rode through the river crying out—"Come on gentlemen, there are your perceptors!" These were his last words, and like General Wolfe and Admiral Nelson he fell in the hour of victory. A band of furious Irish horsemen surrounded him, and when they tired his bolting steed were over. They buried him shortly after the battle in Derry Canal. William also, while crossing the Boyne on his noble charger, had two