

large quantity of blood. His head fell on the neck of his horse and a yell of delight arose from the enemy on the opposite bank of the river. The English were in great dismay, but on recovering strength, King William encouraged them saying: "There is no harm done, but the bullet came near enough." Coningsby put his handkerchief to the wound and a surgeon was sent for. The physician applied a plaster, and commenced the dressing of the wound was accomplished, he was in the saddle again, nor did he leave it for the next nineteen hours. The event is described by the poet of the day:

"King William said, "I don't deserve,
The name of faith's Defender;
If I do not venture life and limb
To make a foe's sword keen."

A bullet from the foot came
That grazed the monarch's arm;
We thought His Majesty was slain,
Though it did him little harm.

"Brave boys," said he, "be not dismayed
For the loss of one brave soldier;
For God will be our King to-day,
And I'll be General to-morrow."

Then let us all with heart and hand,
Unite for ever after
And bless the glorious memory,
Of William who crossed the water.

The enemy thought they had made a good shot and immediately despatched messages to England, France, Rome, and other countries, informing them that James was victorious, and that William's army was routed; and that he himself was among the slain. The news cast a gloom over England, but in France there was great rejoicing. Queen Mary also received news of William's death. The French lit bonfires, displayed fireworks, and made an effigy of William and dragged it around the streets of Paris. He was accompanied by another hideous effigy of the devil, bearing a scroll with the words, "I have been waiting for thee these three years." Being so much elated with their imaginary success, they kept up their cannonading on the opposite bank; but William was too busy to give any heed to it. The ever active hero was dashing here and there, making ready for the morrow.