

mile in circumference, with here and there guns mounted for defence. Into that city gathered about 30,000 people from the surrounding country who fled there, fainting with terror, to find an asylum from the cruel swarms of religious fanatics. Among the people crowded together within the little fortress were twenty-five ministers and about 7,000 fighting men. They were men, these Protestant Anglo-Saxons. English, Scotch, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, forgot all differences in their common danger and their common Protestantism. Then in their last refuge of liberty the dauntless race turned desperately to bay, and held out during a siege of 105 days, amid privations and odds that have made it one of the grandest chapters of heroism recorded in history.

The Earl of Antrim had received orders from Tyrconnel to march with his army and take possession of Londonderry. Thirteen young apprentices flew to the guardroom, armed themselves, seized the keys of the city, rushed to the ferry-gate, and closed it in the face of the officers. Rev. George Walker in eloquent words stirred the people of Derry to fight for faith and