

**T**HE events so eloquently portrayed in this work by the great and gifted men whose names it bears, are second in importance to no others in British History.

Here we have IN MINUTE DETAIL, *found nowhere else*, the long list of heroes who nobly stood up, at the expense of life, home, comfort, and everything but honour and conscience, to secure for us and the whole Empire, at home and abroad, the blessings of Civil and Religious Liberty—blessings only faintly appreciated by too many in our days.

But for the self-sacrificing and noble deeds performed on Irish soil during that eventful period, we might now be grovelling under the hated rule of a Stuart, or mayhap a bloated Bourbon, and as much degraded as Italy, Spain, or Portugal, instead of each and all of every creed and colour dwelling in peace, prosperity and happiness, under the protection of one of the best monarchs that ever swayed an earthly sceptre.

It is surely time to look to our bearings, when the principles for which our fathers freely shed their life-blood are repudiated by many openly, and others covertly.

When men bearing the once-revered name of Protestant, aye, Protestant Clergy, have set up the Confessional, the Rags and Mummeries of Rome—keep out from their churches the pure light of heaven, and substitute for it a few twinkling candles,

"To mock the Saviour of mankind,  
As if the God of Heaven were blind."

The eloquent Macaulay says,—“It is impossible not to respect the sentiment which indicates itself by the veneration of the people of Londonderry, and the North generally, for the dear old city and its associations.” “It is a sentiment,” he says, “which belongs to the higher and purer part of human nature, and which adds not a little to the strength of States. A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants.”