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THE MASSACRE OF CATHOLICS AT GLENCOE BY WILLIAM III., THE PROTESTANT HERO.

(From the Dublin Weekly Telegraph.)

KING WILLIAM III., OF "GLORIOUS, PIOUS, AND IMMORTAL MEMORY,"—THE PET OF PRINCE ALBERT—OF MR. MACAULAY, "THE HISTORIAN" (?) AND—THE IRISH ORANGEMEN!!!

Mr. Macaulay, in writing what he calls "A History of England," but which the *Quarterly Review* more properly designated as a "Waverly Romance of history," has undertaken the difficult task of proving that William III.—the usurper—was a "faultless hero!"

Mr. Macaulay admits what he could not disprove as to those who opposed James II., and helped William to the throne, viz., that they were all—from the first to the last—from the highest to the lowest—a pack of the most vile, base, sordid, infamous, and treacherous wretches that ever existed; that there was neither honor, honesty, truth, virtue, nor a principle in any of them; that amongst them all there was not one honest man.

Any person who can wade through Mr. Macaulay's book—which, despite many brilliant passages will be found a wearisome task—will be fully convinced of the scoundrelism of the supporters of William III.

But Mr. Macaulay having so done justice to the adherents of William, by painting them in as black colors as they deserve, then attempts to show that William was a man entitled to respect—nay, to admiration—even such terms of admiration as Prince Albert, the "conjugal" Field Marshal and carpet Colonel of the Life Guards, once used in Exeter Hall when referring to the Revolution Monarch, William.

If it be the part of a hero to tell a wilful lie, and if it is becoming in a hero to be an accessory before the fact to one of the most cruel and bloodthirsty massacres in the records of history, then was William III. a hero, and then was he deserving of the praises of the "conjugal" Field Marshal, his *liaison* with a Countess of Orkney during the life-time of his wife, notwithstanding.

It may be, that at a future time we shall take the trouble of going through the whole career of William III., for the purpose of proving his villainess, his wickedness, and his meanness. For the present, however, it will be sufficient to show by his own written words, that he was as false as he was hypocritical.

First, as to his falsehood and hypocrisy.

Mr. Macaulay praises William III. for becoming King of England, and then for his conduct as King of England—a portion of that conduct being the cruel persecution of the Catholics in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

We shall judge of William III., not by Mr. Macaulay's praises, but by William's own words.

When William was on the point of invading England, and depriving his father-in-law of his throne, and persecuting the Catholics, he addressed a letter to the Emperor of Germany, in which he avows that he has no such intentions—in which he declares he intended to do the very opposite of these very things.

Here are the very words of William:—

"I think it necessary to carry some troops of infantry and cavalry there, that I may not be exposed to the insults of those who, by their bad counsels and by the violences which followed them, have given rise to extreme misunderstandings. I assure your Imperial Majesty by this letter, that whatever reports may have been spread, and notwithstanding those which may be spread for the future, I have not the least intention to do any hurt to his Britannic Majesty, or to those who have a right to pretend to the succession of his kingdom, and still less to make an attempt upon the Crown, or to desire to appropriate it to myself.

"Neither have I any desire to extirpate the Roman Catholics, but only to employ my arms to endeavor to redress the disorders and irregularities which have been committed against the laws of those kingdoms by the bad counsels of the ill-intentioned."

In the self-same letter, written for the purpose of deceiving the Emperor of Germany, William twice refers to the Catholics in the following terms:—

"I must add, that in the design which I have of endeavoring to prevent the continuation of these misunderstandings, and to strengthen so good a union upon so solid foundations, I ought to entreat your Imperial Majesty to be assured that I will employ all my credit to provide that the Roman Catholics of that country may enjoy liberty of conscience, and be put out of fear of being persecuted on account of their religion; and provided they exercise their religion without noise, and with modesty, that they shall not be subject to any punishment.

"I have at all times had a great aversion to all sort of persecution upon religious matters among Christians. I pray God, who is powerful over all, to bless this my sincere intention, and I dare promise that it will not displease your Majesty."

Looking to the expressions in this letter, and comparing them with the position, the intentions, and the policy subsequently pursued by William, we appeal to the candid judgment of the reader if we do not,

with such a document, convict Mr. Macaulay's hero of being as false as he was hypocritical.

And now we have to show that William III. was as cruel and bloodthirsty as he was false and hypocritical.

That is the second point we have to establish in this article against Mr. Macaulay's hero.

For that purpose we shall confine ourselves to the massacre of Glencoe—the murder of a Catholic clan by order of William—by a Special Warrant bearing the sign manual of Mr. Macaulay's hero—of Prince Albert's hero—of the hero of the Orange Lodges of Ireland.

Mr. Macaulay shall be our helper—an unwilling but able assistant in elucidating this incident in the heroic career of William III. He shall paint for us the massacre of Glencoe. It is thus the romance-writer of history describes the place and the multiplied murders committed in it upon the Special Warrant of William III.:

"Mac Ian dwelt in the mouth of a ravine situated not far from the southern shore of Lochleven, an arm of the sea which deeply indents the western coast of Scotland, and separates Argyleshire from Inverness-shire. Near his house were two or three small hamlets, inhabited by his tribe. The whole population which he governed was not supposed to exceed 200 souls. In the neighborhood of the little cluster of villages was the copsewood and the pasture land; but a little further up the defile no sign of population or of fruitfulness was to be seen. In the Gaelic tongue Glencoe signifies the Glen of Weeping; and, in truth, that pass is the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish passes—the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. Mists and storms brood over it through the greater part of the finest summer; and even on those rare days when the sun is bright and when there is no cloud in the sky, the impression made by the landscape is sad and awful. The path lies along a stream which issues from the most sullen and gloomy of mountain pools. Huge precipices of naked stone frown on both sides. Even in July the streaks of snow may often be discerned in the rifts near the summits. All down the sides of the crags heaps of ruin mark the headlong paths of the torrents. Mile after mile the traveller looks in vain for the smoke of one hut, for one human form wrapped in a plaid, and listens in vain for the bark of a shepherd's dog or the bleat of a lamb. Mile after mile the only sound that indicates life is the faint cry of a bird of prey from some storm-beaten pinnacle of rock. The progress of civilisation, which has turned so many wastes into fields yellow with harvests or gay with apple blossoms, has only made Glencoe more desolate. All the science and industry of a peaceful age can extract nothing valuable from that wilderness; but in an age of violence and rapine the wilderness itself was valued on account of the shelter which it afforded to the plunderer and his plunder.

"The night was rough. Hamilton and his troops made slow progress, and were long after their time. While they were contending with the wind and snow Glenlyon was supping and playing at cards with those whom he meant to butcher before daybreak. He and Lieutenant Lindsay had engaged themselves to dine with the old Chief on the morrow.

"Late in the evening a vague suspicion that some evil was intended crossed the mind of the Chief's eldest son. The soldiers were evidently in a restless state; and some of them uttered strange cries: 'Two men, it is said, were overheard whispering, 'I do not like this job; one of them muttered, 'I should be glad to fight the Macdonalds. But to kill men in their beds—' 'We must do as we are bid,' answered another voice. 'If there is anything wrong our officers must answer for it.' John Macdonald was so uneasy that soon after midnight he went to Glenlyon's quarters. Glenlyon and his men were all up, and seemed to be getting their arms ready for action. John, much alarmed, asked what these preparations meant. Glenlyon was profuse of friendly assurances. 'Some of Glengarry's people have been harrying the country. We are getting ready to march against them. You are quite safe. Do you think that if you were in any danger I should not have given a hint to your brother Sandy and his wife?'—John's suspicions were quieted. He returned to his house and lay down to rest.

"It was fire in the morning. Hamilton and his men were still some miles off; and the avenues which they were to have secured were open. But the orders which Glenlyon had received were precise; and he began to execute them at the little village where he was himself quartered. His host Inverriggen and nine other Macdonalds were dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered.—A boy twelve years old clung round the Captain's legs, and begged hard for life. He would do anything; he would go anywhere: he would follow Glenlyon round the world. Even Glenlyon, it is said, showed signs of relenting; but a Russian named Drummond shot the child dead.

"At Auchnaion the tacksman Auchintrater was up early that morning, and was sitting with eight of his family round the fire, when a volley of musketry laid him and seven of his companions dead or dying on the floor.—His brother, who alone had escaped unhurt, called to Sergeant Darbour, who commanded the slayers, and asked as a favor to be allowed to die in the open air. 'Well,' said the sergeant, 'I will do you that favor for the sake of your meat which I have eaten.' The mountaineer, bold, athletic, and favored by the darkness, came forth, rushed on the soldiers who were about to level their pieces at him, flung his plaid over their faces, and was gone in a moment.

"Meanwhile Lindsay had knocked at the door of the old chief, and had asked for admission in friendly language. The door was opened. Mac Ian, while putting on his clothes and calling to his servants to bring some refreshment for his visitors, was shot through the head.—Two of his attendants were slain with him. His wife was already up and dressed in such finery as the princesses of the rude Highland glens were accustomed to wear. The assassins pulled off her clothes and trinkets. The rings were not easily taken from her fingers; but a soldier tore them away with his teeth. She died on the following day.

"The statesman to whom chiefly this great crime is to be ascribed had planned it with consummate ability: but the execution was complete in nothing but in guilt and infamy. A succession of blunders saved three-fourths of the Glencoe men from the fate of their chief. All the moral qualities which fit men to bear a part in a massacre Hamilton and Glenlyon possessed in perfection. But neither seems to have had much professional skill. Hamilton had arranged his plan without making allowance for bad weather, and this in a country and at a season when the weather was very likely to be bad. The consequence was that the fox earths, as he called them, were not stopped in time. Glenlyon and his men committed the error of despatching their hosts with firearms, instead of using the cold steel. The peal and flash of gun after gun gave notice, from three different parts of the valley at once, that murder was doing. From fifty cottages the half-naked peasantry fled under cover of the night to the recesses of their pathless glen. Even the sons of Mac Ian, who had been especially marked out for destruction, contrived to escape. They were roused from sleep by faithful servants. John who, by the death of his father, had become the patriarch of the tribe, quitted his dwelling just as twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets marched up to it. It was broad day long before Hamilton arrived. He found the work not even half performed. About thirty corpses lay wallowing in blood on the dunghills before the doors.—One or two women were seen among the number, and a yet more fearful and piteous sight—a little hand which had been lopped in the tumult of the butchery from some infant. One aged Macdonald was found alive. He was probably too infirm to fly, and, as he was above seventy, was not included in the orders under which Glenlyon had acted. Hamilton murdered the man in cold blood. The deserted hamlets were then set on fire and the troops departed, driving away with them many sheep and goats, 900 kine and 200 of the small shaggy ponies of the Highlands.

"It is said, and may but too easily be believed, that the sufferings of the fugitives were terrible. How many old men, how many women, with babes in their arms, sank down and slept their last sleep in the snow; how many, having crawled, spent with toil and hunger, into nooks among the precipices, died in those dark holes, and were picked to the bone by the mountain ravens, can never be known. But it is probable that those who perished by cold, weariness, and want were not less numerous than those who were slain by the assassins. When the troops had retired the Macdonalds crept out of the caverns of Glencoe, ventured back to the spot where their huts formerly stood, collected the scorched corpses from among the smoking ruins, and performed some rude rites of sepulture. The tradition runs that the hereditary bard of the tribe took his seat on a rock which overhung the place of slaughter, and poured forth a long lament over his murdered brethren and his desolate home. Eighty years later that sad dirge was still repeated by the population of the valley."

The monarch by whose orders this deed of blood was done was "William III."—the same monarch whose memory is still drunk "with all the honors" in the Irish Orange Lodges. He is the fitting hero for worshippers who have, with arms in their hands, attacked defenceless Catholics, and have fired villages, wrecked houses, and in their annual Moloch feasts massacred men, women, and children. And now Mr. Macaulay, assuming the dignity of an impartial historian, acts like the Irish Orangemen in a jury-box if any of their associates is accused of murder—delivering a verdict of "not guilty" when there is abundant evidence to demonstrate the criminality of his hero.

The *Times*' literary Reviewer, to his honor be it said, dissents from the shameful "Orange verdict" of the partizan writer of "history."

These are the remarks of the *Times*' Reviewer upon Mr. Macaulay's disreputable attempt to clear the character of William III. of a participation in the massacre of Glencoe:—

"Glencoe was a theme for the amplest illustration by his opulent memory, but he had no occasion to travel so wide as the motives of Cato or of Sixtus the Fifth. The motives lay in a narrower compass, in the causes which made Scotland pre-eminently for a century in organised vengeance and assassinations, and to which its Dutch contemporaries were not utterly strangers. At all events, let national or political passions bear what part of the odium they may, we are not inclined to absolve William at the exclusive cost of the Master of Stair. Mr. Macaulay has endeavored to clear his hero of all responsibility for an infamous act, and we must state our impression—he has endeavored in vain.

"Burnet, whom Mr. Macaulay has followed, and on whom he has relied, contradicts himself; in fact, if such a thing were not unprofessional in the Bishop of Sarum, we should say that Burnet prevaricated. In one place he says that 'the King's orders carried with them nothing that was in any sort blameable;' in another he makes the statement which Mr. Macaulay has followed, that William signed the warrant 'to extirpate' the Macdonalds without having read it, and that such was his habit, if William did read it, which fair presumption Mr. Macaulay discounts. 'There seems,' says the latter, 'to be no reason for blaming him,' the words were 'perfectly innocent,' and would have been universally understood as indicating a meritorious intent. Unfortunately, however for this harmless interpretation, and still more for the presumption that the act was unconsciously performed, Dalrymple, whom Mr. Macaulay neglects upon this occasion, expressly states that William 'was irritated.' He had, in fact, reason, exceptional reason, to remember Killecrankie with bitterness; and so little sense did he show subsequently of the atrocity or its odium, that he punished the offenders in the lightest way possible. The Master of Stair was dismissed in deference to the popular outcry, after an inquiry conducted with evident remissness. Even Burnet admits that the crime was 'not punished with due rigor,' and that the 'King's gentleness prevailed on him to a fault.' What is the obvious inference from this fact? That William was entrapped into signing the warrant, and that when it was requisite even for his own vindication he shrunk from pun-

ishing those who had deceived him? Or that some animosity to the murdered and some responsibility for their slaughter account more naturally for his gentleness to the murderers?"

Such are the observations of the anti-Catholic *Times*. It will not "march through Coventry" with Mr. Macaulay in the dishonoring effort to exculpate William from the massacre of Glencoe.

We have given the romantic and unfaithful historian's account of the bloody deeds at Glencoe, and the just criticism of the *Times* upon the romantic historian's special plea in favor of his hero.

To these we shall add a true account of the transaction, compiled from the faithful records of the State Trials—an account that was drawn up many years before Mr. Macaulay thought of writing, not a history, but a book, which, under the name of "a history," should cater to the purposes of his party, win him favor from the supporters of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and put money in his purse, because "written up" to the popular, no-Popery prejudices of the day:—

"In the insurrectionary movements against the government of William, in Scotland, several of the Highland families were involved. A free pardon was offered to all who should, by a certain day, come in, and take the oaths of allegiance to the new government. Amongst those who determined to take advantage of this offer was the Chief of Glencoe. Before the appointed time expired he proceeded to the nearest military station, for the purpose of taking the oath. The commanding officer refused to administer the oath, and sent him onward to the Sheriff Depute, but notifying that he had appeared before the day expired. Glencoe proceeded to the Sheriff Depute; but he was not able to reach him until the day had passed. However, the Sheriff Depute, learning his offer to submit, in time, administered to him the oath of allegiance, and sent the man back to his clan, fancying that he was now secure from all danger.

"Advantage was taken of the unintentional omission of Glencoe, in not taking the oaths before the proper officer, on the day fixed by his Majesty's proclamation; and the determination was come to, as Glencoe was a Papist to exterminate him, and all his clan, and this determination was sanctioned by the warrant of William III.

"In the letter from Major Duncan to Captain Campbell, dated Ballochols, Feb. 12, 1692, we find the following passage:—

"Sir—You are hereby required to fall upon the rebels, the Macdonalds of Glencoe, and put all to the sword, under severity. You are to have especial care that the old tox and his sons do, upon no account, escape your hands.—You are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to put in execution at five o'clock in the morning precisely; and by that time, or very shortly after it, I will strive to be at you, with a stronger party. If I do not come at five you are not to tarry for me, but to fall on. This is by the King's special command, for the good and safety of the country, that these miscreants may be cut off, root and branch.

"The Secretary Stair, in giving instructions to the commanding officer, observed:—

"I assure you your power shall be full enough, and I hope the soldiers will not trouble the government with prisoners."

"He added in another communication—

"That those who remain of the rebels are not able to oppose, and their Chieftains being all Papists, it is well vengeance falls on them."

"We shall not horrify the reader with all the details of this butchery. The deposition of one of the executioners will, we think, be sufficient:—

"James Campbell, soldier in the Castle of Sterling, deposes that, in January, 1692, he being then a soldier in Glenlyon's company, marched with the company from Inverlochie to Glencoe, where the company was quartered, and very kindly entertained for the space of fourteen days; that he knew nothing of the design of killing the Glencoe men till the morning that the slaughter was committed, at which time Glenlyon and Captain Drummond's companies were drawn out, in several parties, and got orders from Glenlyon, and these other officers, to shoot and kill all the countrymen they met with; and that the deponent, being one of the party which was at the town where Glenlyon had his quarters, did see several men drawn out of their beds, and particularly he did see Glenlyon's own landlord shot by his order, and a young boy of about twelve years of age, who endeavored to save himself by taking hold of Glenlyon, offering to go anywhere with him if he would spare his life, and was shot dead by Captain Drummond's orders."

"And of such a scene as this Secretary Stair stated—'It is a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out this damnable sect.' This phrase 'rooting out' is a peculiar one. It was always that used and applied by the Cromwellian and Williamite soldiers, in their butcheries and devastations on the Catholic inhabitants and their properties in Ireland.

"In Glencoe the butchery was traceable to the King, for his warrant to enforce its execution was produced. It is worthy of being preserved in every work that touches upon the deeds of William, as 'a deliverer':—

"WILLIAM R.

"As for MacIan of Glencoe, and that tribe, if they can well be distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves.

"W. R."

"Upon this transaction, which we introduce as illustrative of 'the preservation of liberty, life, and property,' which it was boasted that William, by his invasion, had secured to the British people, we abstain from further comment. We content ourselves with the single observation of one disposed to regard with favor every act of the hero of the Revolution of 1688:—

"See 'State Trials,' vol. xiii., p. 905. In this warrant William uses the word 'extirpate,' and applies it to Catholic victims. In his letter to the German Emperor he declares he has neither the intention nor the desire to extirpate the Roman Catholics.—'Non plus aucun dessein d'extirper les Catholiques Romains.'"