

have the Catholics of Ireland, in private or public failed to refute by a noble tolerance the evil suspicions of their foes. The very first council thus elected (under circumstances, too, that precluded concert or arrangement as to either their general or particular result) turned out to be composed of thirty-two Catholics and twenty-nine Protestants; and two Protestants headed the poll. The announcement had a profound effect, not only in cementing and solidifying the new union of parties and creeds within the organization, but also in spreading its principles abroad. A good idea of the varied classes composing the governing body thus elected may be gathered from the following analysis of the Home Rule Council for 1872—

- Catholic clergy..... 5
Protestant clergy..... 4
(The late) Lord Mayor..... 1
Aldermen..... 7
Deputy lieutenants..... 3
Doctors of medicine..... 3
Knights..... 3
Justices of the peace..... 4
Lieutenant-Colonel..... 1
Members of Parliament..... 5
Queen's counsel..... 1
Solicitors..... 2
Town councillors..... 3

The British Liberal party, who at first pooh-poohed the "Home Rule craze," at length began to take alarm; for without the Irish vote that party could neither attain to nor retain office. They warned the Catholic hierarchy to discourage this mischievous business. It was at least "inopportune;" it would arrest Mr. Gladstone's beneficent design of settling the Catholic University education question; and would only "play the Tory game." Liberalism was not going to die easily. Things came to a crisis in the Kerry election of 1872. On the death, that year, of Lord Kenmare, his son, Viscount Castlerosse, then Catholic-Whig Liberal member for Kerry, attained to the earldom, and thus created a vacancy in the parliamentary representation. By a compact between the great landlords of the county, Whig and Tory, thirty years previously, it was agreed to "halve" the county between themselves: one Protestant Tory member from the great house of Herbert of Muckross, and one Catholic Whig from the noble house of Kenmare—an "alliance offensive and defensive" against all third parties of popular intruders being thus established. On this occasion the new Earl of Kenmare nominated as his successor in the family seat his first cousin, Mr. James A. Dease, an estimable Catholic gentleman, acceptable to the people in every way but one: he was not a Home Ruler. Although the Catholic Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, joined the county landlords in nominating Mr. Dease, the bulk of the Catholic clergy, and the people almost unanimously, revolted, and amidst a shout of derision at such a "hopeless" attempt, hoisted the flag of Home Rule. They, Catholics almost to a man, chose out as their candidate a young Protestant Kerryman barely home from Oxford University—Roland Blennerhassett, of Kells. He was a Home Ruler, and much loved even as a boy by the Celtic peasantry of that wild Iveragh that breaks the first roll of the Atlantic billows on the stormy Kerry coast. Ireland and England held breath and watched the struggle as a tacitly-admitted test combat.

"Who spills the foremost foe-man's life, His party conquers in the strife." Such an election struggle probably had not stirred Ireland since that of Clare in 1829. It resulted in an overwhelming victory for Home Rule. Deserted by every influence of power that should have aided and befriended them (save their ever-faithful priests, who, in nearly every parish, marched to the poll at the head of their people)—the fringe-coats "of O'Connell's county" rising in their might, tore down the territorial domination that had ruled them for thirty years, and struck a blow that decided the fortunes of the Home Rule movement.

Barely less important (and only less important because of some peculiar features in the Kerry struggle) was another election being fought out in Galway County at the same moment. That county, about a year previously, had elected unopposed, on Home Rule principles, a man the value of whose accession to the national ranks it would be almost impossible to over-estimate. This was Mitchell Henry, of Kilmore Castle, near relative by descent of that Patrick Henry illustrious in American annals. Not because of his large wealth—he is said to have succeeded on his father's death to a fortune of over a million pounds sterling—but for his high character, his great ability and thoroughly Irish spirit, he was a man of great influence, and his espousal of Home Rule was quite an event. Now, however, another election, this time contested, fiercely contested, had arisen; the candidates being Colonel Trench, son of Lord Clancarty, Whig and Tory landlord nominee, and Captain John Philip Nolan, Home Rule candidate, under the auspices of the great "Prelate of the West," the world famed Archbishop of Tuam. For years the grand old man had not interfered in an election or emerged from the sorrowful retirement into which he retired after the ruin of the Tenant League. But Ireland was up for the old cause, and "John of Tuam," O'Connell's stoutest ally in the campaign for Repeal, was out under the old flag. Not to let his name and influence be discredited in his old age as much the point of battle, certainly the point of honor, on the part of the people, as to return the Home Ruler. The struggle was one of those desperate and merciless encounters between landlord tyranny on the one side and conscience in the poor man's breast on the other, which need to make Irish elections as deadly and disastrous as armed conflicts in the field. Happily, it was the last of its class ever to be seen in Ireland; for the Ballot Act, passed a year after, closed for ever the era of vote-election. Captain Nolan was triumphantly returned. The famous "Galway Election Petition," in which Judge Keogh so distinguished himself, unseated him (for a time) soon after; but Kerry and Galway struck and won together that week in February, 1872; and the one blaze of bonfires on the hill-tops of all the western counties, the following Saturday night, celebrated the double victory for the national cause.

In the course of the next succeeding year every election vacancy in Ireland but one resulted in the return of a Home Ruler. Mr. Butt himself being among the number. There was now no longer any question as to the magnitude of the dimensions to which the movement had attained. "Home Rule" had become a watchword throughout the land; a salutation of good-will on the road-sides; a signal-shout on the hills. To this had grown the work begun almost in fear and trembling that night at the Bilton Hotel in 1870. The hour could be no longer delayed for convening the whole Irish nation in solemn council to make formal and authoritative pronouncement upon the movement, its principles, and its programme. In the end of the summer of 1873 it was accordingly decided that in the following November an Aggregate Conference of Delegates from every county in Ireland should be convened in the historic Round Room of the Rotunde, memorable as the meeting place of the Irish Volunteer Convention more than three quarters of a century before.

But the history of that important event fully belongs to another chapter of such a record as this. Every year nearly the same five or six men were returned at the head of the paper: Isaac Butt always first, next to him either O'Neill Daunt or John Martin; the others almost invariably being Rev. Professor Galbraith, A. M. Sullivan, J. P. Ronayne, and Mitchell Henry.

The point now arrived at closes the first stage of the Home Rule movement—from 1870 to 1873. The second three years—from 1873 to 1876—will exhibit it in a new light, and the mandate of a nation as its authority, and a powerful parliamentary party as its army of operation.

B. POPE EUGENE III. AND ARNOLD OF BRESCIA.

By J. F. L., D.D.

(Continued from our Last.)

The rebellious Romans, so far from regretting the cruel fate of Pope Lucius, endeavored to take advantage of the vacancy of the Holy See, and declared they would not allow a successor to be enthroned, unless the Sacred College and its choice should previously acknowledge the sovereignty of the Senate and the independence of the Roman people, or to express it in a modern phrase, they desired to have a voice in the conclave, with a view of securing a liberal Pope.

But the remains of the martyred Lucius had scarce grown cold when Eugene was proclaimed Pope from the balcony of the Lateran. At the news, the Arnoldists grew wild with rage. As it was impossible for the Pope to gain access to St. Peter's, he was forced to forego the honor of receiving the episcopal consecration over the tomb of the Apostle. In fact, it was not safe for him to remain in the city. He retired to Monticelli and thence to the Abbey of Farfar, where he was consecrated, 4th of March, 1145.

The trusty city of Viterbo opened its gates to the fugitive Pontiff, who received here the homage of the several States of Europe. Moreover a deputation of Armenian Bishops came to Viterbo in order to assuage his grief by offering him the full and entire submission of the Armenians. This nation had been separate from the Centre of Catholic Unity more by distance and difficulty of communication than by malice of disposition. Eugene, upon examining their liturgy, discovered that a few abuses had crept into it, the principal of which was that they neglected mingling water with the wine at the Sacrifice of the Mass—a rite which, on account of its mystical signification, the Church has ever deemed of great import. The Armenians, who had come to Italy not to teach the Vicar of Christ but to be taught by him, received his animadversions with joy and gratitude. Before returning home, they assisted at a Mass celebrated by the Pontiff, and Otho of Frisingen (who was himself present) tells us that in the course of the celebration, a solitary ray of supernatural light and two spotless doves were seen ascending and descending between the closed roof and the head of the celebrant.

We left Arnold of Brescia sullenly bidding his time among the Alps. An Ecumenical Council had banished him from Italy, a royal decree from France, an imperial mandate from Germany. Zurich was the only place which received "the outcast of the universe." It was a fit abode for the precursor of Zwinglius. Here he remained several years, but not in idleness. Contemporary authors point him out as the instigator of all the troubles of the age. His disciples were ardent in the dissemination of his communistic doctrines. Thirty of them crossed over to England, though apparently with little fruit. One old woman is the only British convert to their sect which history has recorded.

But the success of his faction in the Eternal City encouraged the demagogue to take command in person. Gathering around him two thousand Swiss, he descended into Italy, and was received by the revolutionists with immense enthusiasm. The "Republic" had need of a legislator, for although it had succeeded admirably in overthrowing the existing institutions, it had not been able to build up anything in their stead. Arnold undertook to reduce the chaotic mass to order. He re-established the consuls and the tribunes of the people, also the equestrian order as a middle class between the nobility and the populace. True to his maxims, he allowed the Pope no authority in temporal affairs.

The executive power at Rome had been formerly invested in a Prefect who represented the Emperor but paid homage to the Pope. The revolutionists had banished the Prefect at the outbreak of the sedition, thereby incurring the displeasure of the Emperor as well as of the Pope. Fearing the consequences of this rash step, Arnold adopted a policy similar to that by which the revolutionists of our own day have hoodwinked more than one ambitious prince. He assured Conrad that the Romans in their revolution had been actuated by the desire to vindicate from the usurpation of the clergy the ancient capital of the Empire; they were his most obedient subjects; their prayers were for his welfare. These cunning protestations may have made some impression on the mind of Conrad for he remained a passive spectator of the troubles in Rome until he was roused by St. Bernard.

Meanwhile Arnold by his wild harangues was daily increasing the number of his followers. He had succeeded in estranging the people from the clergy, and next proceeded to seduce the clergy from the Pope and Cardinals. It is wonderful that the clergy would make common cause with their armed foe, but we learn from a letter of Eugene that many of the priests of the city joined the revolutionists and refused to obey their canonical superiors. This is another art which the modern Arnoldists have learnt from the monk of Brescia, though they are not so successful as he. Let us hope the world is growing wiser in its old age.

Eugene was driven to his last resort. He pronounced a solemn excommunication against Arnold and the other ringleaders of the mob and forbade clergy or laity to aid or abet them in any way. The Romans were not so hardened as to despise a Papal excommunication. Besides five years of anarchy and bloodshed had worn off from the revolution the novelty which attracted the fickle and had persuaded the more moderate that they had been deceived by a brilliant chimera. Moreover, the Barons within the walls and the neighboring Counts were concerting a general assault in view of which a reaction set in. The Prefect of the city was recalled, and ambassadors sent to Eugene to treat of peace.

to preach the Second Crusade. As we shall have to speak of this crusade more fully hereafter, I shall at present pass it by, merely calling attention to the remarkable fact that a Pope, who could not subdue a handful of rebellious subjects, could fit out two splendid expeditions against the Turks—one of those strange phenomena so frequent in the history of the Papacy which impress upon us that virtue is infirmities perfitur.

Eugene remained three years in France, constantly intent on the propagation of the faith and the reformation of discipline. He sent Cardinal Breakpear (afterwards Adrian IV.) with legatine powers into Denmark and Norway. He crushed the heresies of Gilbert of Pottiers and of Eon. He assembled the Council of Rheims, in which eighteen canons were promulgated regarding the dress and conduct of the clergy. To insure the strict execution of these canons, the Bishops who neglected to enforce them were made to incur suspension; "because the faults of inferiors are justly imputed to the negligence of their superiors."

Eugene was inexorable in punishing the unworthy. He deposed the Metropolitan of York and of Mayence, and for a reason which St. Bernard thought not sufficiently grave, withdrew the pallium from the pious Archbishop of Rheims. "Woe to the man who should offer him a bribe! A prior, wishing to obtain from Eugene some favor for his monastery, thought to ingratiate himself by accompanying his petition for an audience with the present of a mark of gold. 'What' said the Pontiff, with great severity, 'this man seeks to corrupt the master of the house before he has crossed its threshold.'" (John of Salisbury.)

Henry of Mayence, after his deposition, came to Eugene and begged to have his Episcopal robes returned to him. "He was rich, but guilty," says St. Bernard. Eugene, considering his guilt and not his riches, told him "he must depart in the same dress in which he had come."

But if the holy Pontiff could be at times severe, this was not his natural disposition. "Never," wrote Ven. Peter of Cluny to St. Bernard, "never have I found a truer friend, a sincerer brother, a purer father. His ear is ever ready to hear, his tongue is swift and powerful to advise. Nor does he comport himself as one's superior, but either as an equal or as an inferior. There is nothing in his manner that discovers haughtiness and arrogance. I never made him a request which was not either granted or else so denied that I could not in reason complain."

Eugene visited Clairvaux, where he had spent many happy days in former years. The humble monks were overpowered at the presence among them of the Roman Pontiff. "They all admired," says one of them, "his profound humility, though placed so high, and were amazed to see that he who externally shone in the Pontifical robes could remain in his heart an observant monk."

They could not understand how one and the same person could fill so perfectly their ideal of a Pope and of a monk. "Under his splendid robes he wore a woollen tunic both night and day. The coverlets of his bed and the cushions were of the finest material and richly ornamented. A purple curtain surrounded it. But this display of magnificence was merely intended to conceal the fact that the Pontiff slept on a heap of straw."

Wherever Eugene went his virtues won him the admiration of all classes. Thus his exile was of service to the Church in France. Eugene, moreover, placed himself at the head of the great intellectual movement to which Peter the Lombard had given so strong an impulse. With the aid of Cardinal Pullus, his Chancellor (who had established the University of Oxford upon a lasting basis), he reduced the schools of Theology and Jurisprudence to better form. He encouraged Gratian in his herculean task of arranging the Decretals. To him we owe also the institution of the three academical degrees of the baccalaureate, the licentiate, and the doctorate.—Catholic Standard.

IRISH TAXATION AND IRISH REPRESENTATION.

The following are extracts from a capital letter addressed to the Cork Examiner by Mr. O'Neill Daunt, and dealing with a question that has recently attracted much attention in the press. We need hardly add that there is not living a higher authority on the subject.—

You recently bestowed some editorial comments on the suggestion of the Economist (a London journal) that if Ireland were to return representatives to the London Parliament in proportion to her contribution to the imperial revenue, she should possess only 70 members instead of 105. The Economist was wroth with Irish members who, like Mr. Mitchell Henry, demanded that Ireland could only be taxed in proportion to her relative ability, and it accordingly says: "As far as it goes, this argument for diminished taxation is also an argument for enormously diminished representation. Your local Orange contemporary has commended the Economist's views of the case to the attention of Mr. Butt. I hope Mr. Butt may make a note of it; for it furnishes a most telling and instructive instance of the reckless dishonesty and ferocious insolence with which a portion of our British neighbors are disposed to treat the claim of Ireland for financial justice."

And first, let us look at the fact incontrovertibly demonstrated by Mr. Mitchell Henry—that under a system of nominally equal taxation Ireland is compelled to pay about 3s. 4d. out of every pound of her national income; whilst the corresponding taxation on every pound of British income is only 1s. 8d.

Next, let us recollect that the poundage thus extorted from Ireland for imperial purposes violates the engagement given on the 5th of February, 1800, by Castlereagh, that Irish burthens should be regulated on "a strict measure of relative ability."

Again, let us note that the iniquity of the extortion is aggravated by the fact that it makes Ireland contributory to the pre-union British debt charge from which Castlereagh, at the date I have specified undertook that our country should be held exempt.

Finally, let us bear in mind the evidence of Mr. Senior, incorporated by Sir Stafford Northcote in the report on the evidence given before General Dunne's committee; that in proportion to their respective resources, "England is the most lightly taxed, and Ireland the most heavily taxed country in Europe, although both are nominally liable to equal taxation."

ing the wrongs of their country on the notice of the alien parliament. I commend the following extracts to the careful study of your readers. Having stated that in 1831 the population of Ireland was 3,200,000, and a fraction per cent. of the population of the "United Kingdom," the Economist goes on—

"In other words, Ireland was about a third of the United Kingdom as respects population, and in consequence, its claim to have a larger share of representation than the proportion of its wealth to that of Great Britain would have given it; had some foundation. An Ireland, with such relative numbers, whatever their condition, was a large unit, to which much less than a sixth of the representation could not reasonably have been assigned. And this proportion continued during the two following census periods. . . . But since 1841 a great change has taken place. The following twenty years were the period of the Irish exodus, and although of late the population of Ireland has remained stationary, or has only diminished very slowly, the stationariness has been coincident with a rapid increase in the population of Great Britain, which is constantly altering the proportion. . . . It is thus quite manifest that Ireland has lost the claim it once had, on the score of its great population, to a larger share of representation than its wealth and taxation would give it."

There is something perfectly exquisite in the cool, unprincipled impudence of the above passage. The writer admits that some years ago the comparative amount of the Irish population entitled Ireland to a sixth or so of the representation. But since then the exodus has swept off a vast multitude of our people; so that our numerical insignificance destroys our former claim to that proportion of members. But what has thus enormously reduced our population? I answer the multiform financial drains consequent upon the Union, which deprived Ireland of the means the Almighty had given her for the support of her own inhabitants. Our country had been mercilessly robbed by the Union. As long as emigration was difficult, vast numbers of the Irish were half-starved at home. When steam fleets afforded facilities, multitudes fled from the country, which, under the imperial regime, afforded them no open for livelihood. If we average at the very moderate figure of £5,000,000 per annum the absentee drain, the tax drain, and the money exported for the purchase of English manufactures which have found an Irish market on the ruin of our own, the annual amount for the seventy-five years of Union will show a total sum of £380,000,000 (millions) sterling, exported from Ireland. Had the Union-bligh not fallen on the country, the greater part of that large total (as well as of other minor sums which my limits do not permit me to specify) would have remained among the people of Ireland, furnishing an ample fund for their industry, and fructifying into a number of small capitals. The money drained from Ireland up to 1845, would, if left at home, have enabled the Irish population to tide over the famine, and would have effectually prevented exodus. What the Economist says is in substance this—

"We have robbed you, and we do not want to be bothered with your complaints. By the colossal amount of our abstractions we have succeeded in driving some millions of your population out of their native land. We have carried off the native wealth that would have amply supported the native population. Having thinned out your numbers by robbing your country, and augmented our own population by the system that placed your affairs under our control, we now propose to make the diminished proportion of your people a pretext for diminishing the proportion of their parliamentary representatives. It is really a hard case that we can't be let to rob you in peace. If your members will not hold their peace about our dishonest exploits, we shall turn them out of the imperial parliament."

Such is the plain English of the the Economist's homily. It proposes to make the destructive injustice which has already resulted in Ireland from Imperial rule an argument for still further injustice. At the time of the Union the authors of that measure held that the condition of Ireland relatively to Great Britain entitled us to one hundred representatives. At the end of three quarters of a century of Union, the Economist holds that our declension is so great as to disentitle us to no more than seventy representatives. What a pregnant commentary on the Union! I commend it to the consideration of all Irishmen who fancy that the Union has promoted our national prosperity.

The Economist goes on:—"Because Ireland has such tremendous power to force its affairs on imperial notice, the Irish people are encouraged in their belief that their local affairs really compare in importance with those of Great Britain, whereas Ireland is now only a fragment, and relatively a diminishing fragment, of the State into which it is absorbed, and whose fortunes more and more it must inevitably share."

The people of Ireland feel and know that their local affairs are infinitely more important to themselves than the local affairs of Great Britain, with which they have no concern, and with which they have no desire to meddle. Irish affairs are a parliamentary nuisance in the estimation of the Economist, and if its proposition were to banish the whole Irish contingent from St. Stephen's to our own old house in College-green, the proposal would meet hearty and general acceptance in Ireland. The Economist has already stated the results of the Union in the decay of our population; it now announces that our national decline must be progressive; we are now "a relatively diminishing fragment." It is not at all wonderful that a London journalist should deem the impoverishment of Ireland, its political insignificance, and the expulsion of its inhabitants extremely desirable consequences of the Union. The boast that we are "a diminishing fragment" excites no surprise when coming from that quarter. But there must be unfathomable baseness in the Irishman who slavishly applauds this onslaught on the representation of his country; who rejoices that she is "a diminishing fragment," and who upholds the accursed system that drains off her national life-blood.

At present our members have only the power of complaint, but even this is too much for the patience of the Economist; and, accordingly, he says:—"We are not much in favour of electoral changes so soon after the Reform Act of 1867, but a reduction of the Irish representation and an increase in that of Great Britain, constitute a question which should be dealt with at no distant date."

Consider this monstrous proposition as a sequel to our experience of the Union. Firstly, the British enemy destroys our resident legislature, under which, notwithstanding its faults, the material prosperity of Ireland had increased to an astonishing degree. Secondly, the financial management of Ireland was conducted on a principle of fraud, the effects of which told severely against the interests of the country. The want of a domestic parliament, and the multitudinous money drains, deprived Ireland of the power of self-protection against the calamities with which most countries are occasionally visited. Our nation never sought the Union. That measure was most wickedly forced upon us, and one hundred Irish representatives at St. Stephen's were substituted for the Irish House of Commons. Representation in the foreign senate was a miserable substitute for our national legislature. The change was, and is, abhorrent to the Irish mind; but might was too strong for right, and we yielded—under protest—to superior force. At last the pressure of public opinion produced a movement that has now resulted in an Irish parliamentary policy carried into action by a band of men, who, instead of falling servilely into the ranks of

English Whigs or English Tories, stand up in the foreign parliament as an Irish party, setting forth the wants of their native land, exposing the financial frauds by which she is wronged, and demanding the restoration of our indefeasible right—domestic legislation—that these men should remember that they have a country, to which absorption into a neighbouring State is mortal poison. All this is intolerable to politicians of the school of the Economist; and the still further diminution of the "diminishing fragment" called Ireland is proposed to be accelerated by a sweeping reduction of her members. But if such an outrageous design were seriously attempted, it is more than possible that results might follow, not favourable to the internal peace or weal of England.

THE HERO OF THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

Hero-worship supposes a hero. The "glorious, pious, and immortal memory" has so often been celebrated in blood as well as wine, that it is worth while to consider who he was that has given its name to a notorious society that has ever had "freedom" on their lips, and ascendancy in their hearts.

William, Prince of Orange, the nephew of James II., was born at the Hague, in 1650. We hear nothing of him during his earlier years, but he did not escape suspicion of exciting the mob massacre of the brothers De Witt, which advanced him to power. His claims to a military reputation are not great; he played with soldiers all his life. He was beaten by Conde, at Senal, in 1674; he was again beaten at Cassel, in 1677; his treacherous attack on the French at Mons, in 1678, after he had become aware that articles of peace had been signed, availed him nothing. He was so often worsted by the French Marshal, Luxembourg, that he revenged himself by calling the latter "hunchback." "What does he know about the shape of my back?" said Luxembourg, "he never saw it, but many a time I made him show his." We do not strain him, however, for bad generalship; the stain on his character is darker. He "packed cards" with the most corrupt party that ever sold England—Marlboro' and Godolphin, and managed to deceive even the deceivers. "We heard" said the Duchess of Marlboro', "he was coming to settle the kingdom, but we heard nothing of his being made a King." In Ireland and Scotland, the people hold his memory in detestation. His name is inseparably connected with the "violated treaty" of Limerick. In Ireland he fought not for, but against popular liberty. Before drawing a sword for James II., the Irish nation had demanded and obtained from him a charter of their liberties, and for this they fought against William. The Irish army faithfully fulfilled its portion of the articles of the Convention of Limerick, under circumstances of extreme temptation; William permitted them to be violated, as soon as it was safe to do so.

But it was in Scotland the deed was perpetrated that has consigned his name to eternal infamy. He was the author of the massacre of Glencoe—an event that can neither be forgotten nor excused. No historian can ever gild it; all the perumes of Arabia will not sweeten that damning deed. Conclusive documentary evidence proves that his ministers and he had conspired to slaughter the inhabitants of the whole of the Western Highlands. A day had been fixed for the Highland chiefs to appear at stated places, and swear allegiance. The interval was so short, it was hoped by the ministry that most could not comply within the prescribed time, and thus furnish a pretext for their destruction. McIan, Chief of Glencoe, was prevented by stormy weather from travelling to Inverary within the prescribed time; but what he could he did. He made his way with great difficulty, to Fort William, and tendered his signature to the military governor there, receiving a certificate of his appearance and tender. With this he proceeded to Inverary, and took the oaths required on New Year's Day, 1692. The unfortunate gentleman then returned home in the full conviction that he had made peace with the government for himself and his clan. How far he was mistaken, William's order for the massacre, which we quote, will show:—

WILLIAM R.—As for McIan, of Glencoe, and that tribe, if they can well be distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper for public justice to extirpate that set of thieves. W. R.

The reader will perceive that this is signed and countersigned by "William Rex." It produced the following military order from Major Duncanson to his subordinate, Captain Robert Campbell, of Argyll's regiment, then quartered on, and hospitably entertained by McIan, of Glencoe.

BALLACHOLIS, Feb. 12, 1692.

Sir:—You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, the McDonalds of Glencoe, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have special care that the old fox and his sons do not on 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'll strive to be at you with a stronger party. If I do not come to you 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 be cut off root and branch. See this put in execution without feud or favor, else you may expect to be treated as not true to the King's government, nor a man fit to carry a commission in the King's service. Expecting you will not fail in the fulfilling hereof as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand, ROBERT DUNCANSON.

This order was but too literally obeyed. At the appointed hour, when the whole inhabitants of the glen were asleep, the work of murder began.

"The hand that mingled in the meal, At midnight drew the felon steel, And gave the host's kind breast to feel Meed for his hospitality."

McIan was one of the first who fell. They then served all within the family in the same manner, without distinction of age or person. In a word they left none alive but a young child, who, being frightened and cries of its parents, whom they were murdering, got hold of Captain Campbell's knees, and wrapt itself within his coat, by which, out of compassion, the Captain would have saved it, but one Drummond, an officer arriving about the break of day with more troops, commanded it to be shot by a file of musketeers. Two sons of Glencoe escaped by mere chance, and alarmed some of the clan who escaped also. The soldiers burned all the houses to the ground, after having rifled them, carrying away nine hundred cows, two hundred horses, countless herds of sheep and goats, and everything else that belonged to the people. Thus much of the "Massacre of Glencoe," which will give the character of William of Orange in its true colors. He is also accused of betraying the interests of Scotland in the Darien Scheme, one of the financial speculations of the day. In England his statesmanship was not above reproach. His parliaments were venal and his measures narrow. He has the equivocal merit of giving England a national debt, to which succeeding kings and ministers have so ably contributed that at present, of every twenty shillings raised in taxes, twelve go to pay its interest. We shall now dismiss William of Orange, and leave our readers to judge of his claims to be ranked as a hero.—Boston Pilot.