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Written for CATHOLIC RECORD. CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND. BY THE REV. KENNETH M'DONNELL DAWSON, LL. D., F. R. S., ETC.

PART I. FROM 1692 TILL THE EXTINCTION OF THE HIERARCHY IN 1603. CONTINUED.

Argyle had full commission to act against the Catholics; and he lost no time in his endeavor to execute it. In marching towards Aberdeen, he was joined by numerous bands; and, in a short time, he was at the head of ten thousand men. Of this number six thousand only were efficient soldiers. The rest, however, were provided with such arms as they were accustomed to, and they were undoubtedly warlike. There was also with him a noted sorceress whose incantations were expected by the reformed people to bring to light the treasures which might be hid under ground by the terrified inhabitants. The hope of abundant plunder was a strong incentive to their bravery. He attempted the siege of some places on his way; but relinquishing this hopeless task, he proceeded through the hills of Strathgogie, with the full purpose of ravaging that country which belonged to Huntley, with fire and sword. Reaching Drimvin in Strathgowie, he encamped there; and soon after had information that Huntley was near at hand, and, notwithstanding his great inferiority of force, intended to attack him. The Catholic Lords had only two thousand men, or, as some say, something over fifteen hundred. They were, however, true soldiers and commanded by experienced officers. They had also six pieces of ordnance under the skillful command of Captain Gray. Huntley, having reached Auchendown, learned, by his scouts, on the 3rd October, that Argyle was at no great distance. He sent forward a few horsemen to reconnoitre. They were conducted by a spy of Argyle to the vicinity of his encampment which was near Glenlivet in the mountainous district of Strathgowie. The officer who returned, concealed their numbers and said they might be easily beaten by a few resolute men. Argyle followed his advice and marched forward. Erroll led the advance, supported by Sir Patrick Gordon, the Laird of Gight, Boniton, Wood, Captain Kerr and three hundred gentlemen. Huntley commanded the rear guard, having, on his right, the Laird of Clunzie Gordon, and on his left, Gordon of Abergele. The six pieces of artillery were so placed as to be completely masked by the cavalry, and, so they were dragged forward unperceived, within range of the enemy's position. They opened fire, and at the first discharge which was directed against the yellow standard of Argyle, struck down and slew MacNeill, the Laird of Barra's third son, one of their bravest officers, and Campbell of Lochneil who held the standard. This great success spread confusion among the Highlanders. A large body of them, yelling and brandishing their broad swords and axes, made some attempts to reach the horsemen; but receiving another fire from the artillery, they fled, and so fast that they were speedily out of sight and pursuit. A large body remained, nevertheless, and they had the advantage both of the sun which shone upon and dazzled their opponents, and the nature of the ground. Huntley's vanguard, notwithstanding, commanded by Erroll and Auchendown, advanced boldly to attack. Erroll, dressing a marsh that lay between him and the enemy, moved forward along some firmer ground that lay on one side, hoping thus to take the enemy in flank. Sir Patrick Gordon, supported by his extraordinary ardour, made directly for the hill; but, he and his horsemen, impeded by the swampy ground, remained exposed to a murderous fire from the enemy, who, in this part of the battle, were led by McLean of Duart, a chieftain of great stature and prodigious strength. He was superiorly armed, wearing a shirt of mail and wielding a Danish battle-axe. He skillfully placed his force in a small copse wood near at hand, from which, protected against cavalry, they delivered their fire with great effect. Auchendown's ranks were fearfully thinned by the murderous fire; but, far from being discouraged, he succeeded in disengaging his cavalry and galloped up the hill. To the great sorrow of his followers, he was struck with a bullet and fell from his horse. They were not, however, dismayed, but made strenuous efforts to rescue their chief. The furious enemy, to whom he was well known, rushed upon him, despatched him with their dirks, cut off his head and displayed it in savage triumph. This enraged the Gordons, who, fighting with fury and regardless of discipline, gave advance to McLean. This chief, availing himself of the confusion, harnessed in the enemy's vanguard and forced it into narrow spaces between his own force and Argyle's, hoping thus to cut them to pieces. But Huntley, observing their danger, hastened to their support. He made a furious attack on both Argyle and McLean, and called loudly on his friends to avenge Auchendown. There rode beside Argyle a person who, it may be said, had no business in battle, the Royal Herald. He was arrayed in his official costume with his tabard, and on it the red lion and double treasure. Such dress could be no protection on the battle field. It only served to point him out to hostile vengeance, which was, at the moment, excited to the highest pitch. "At the Lion," roared the horsemen, as they ran him through with their spears, and laid him in the dust. The battle raged for two hours with unusual fury. Erroll was wounded by a bullet in the arm and a sharp barbed arrow pierced deep into his thigh, whilst his pennon, or Gordon, was torn from him by McLean. Gordon of Gight received three bullet wounds and two plates of his steel coat were forced into his body. Of these wounds he died next day. Huntley himself was in the greatest danger. His horse was shot under him, and the enemy rushed forward to attack him on the ground with their knives and axes. But there was aid at hand. A devoted follower, Innermarkie, rescued him from his perilous position and supplied him

with a horse. He now charged the forces of Argyle with renewed vigor. They wavered and finally fled, in such numbers that there remained only twenty men around their chief. The young warrior, grieved and vexed, beyond measure, at this disgraceful desertion, shed tears of rage. He insisted on continuing the hopeless struggle; but, his friend, Murray of Tallibardine, seizing his bridle, forced him off the field. Seven hundred of his followers were slain in the pursuit which followed. The loss on Huntley's side was comparatively small. There fell some twenty gentlemen, of whom Sir Patrick Gordon of Auchendown, was the most lamented; and there were fifty wounded. It was a great achievement, without parallel, it may be said, in all history. On Huntley's side, there were only from fifteen hundred to two thousand men, whilst Argyle had an army of ten thousand. Under such circumstances was fought and won the celebrated battle of Glenlivet. It was a brilliant, but useless victory—useless except in as far as it afforded a new proof that the cause in which it was achieved cannot be forwarded by the sword. The king, unaware of all that had taken place, was now on his march, at the head of a powerful army, to the north. He was attended by a troop of warlike ministers of the Kirk who looked on his expedition as a holy war—a crusade against "anti-Christ." On reaching Dundee, he was met by the Earl of Argyle, who informed him of his own ignominious defeat. The news must have been anything but encouraging to the monarch, who was far from warlike, and could not but remind him that the battle is not always to the strong. He was bent on revenge, however, and this purpose was the more easily accomplished, as Huntley was unable to master a force that could effectually oppose the army of the king. James, accordingly, meeting with no opposition, and encouraged by his ghostly advisers, the ministers, proceeded on his work of havoc and vengeance. The palace of Strathgogie, Huntley's princely residence, was the first object of the royal fury. It was given to the flames, and the massive walls, which took fourteen years in building, were partly destroyed by gunpowder and partly quarried down by pioneers, a fanatical minister, Andrew Melville, bearing a pike and taking part in the "godly work." There remained only the great old tower whose strong masonry defied the pioneers and the powder. Slaines, the seat of Erroll came next; then the manor house of Culamond in Garioch, Bsgays, and Craig in Angus, together with the castle of Sir Walter Lindsay and Sir John Ogilvy, were ruthlessly destroyed. This was noble employment, it must be owned for the future king of Great Britain and a royal author who wrote philosophy that commanded the admiration of Europe. There would have been more havoc still, but for famine overtaking the devastating host and compelling it to retire on Aberdeen. All the victorious monarch, who had fought no battle, could do there, was to come to Scotland in a Dutch ship and was landed at Leith. Not being adequately disguised, a son of Mr. Erskine of Dun, who was his fellow-passenger, thought he detected something else than a gentleman on his travels. He imparted his suspicion to one Lindsay, a Minister of the Kirk. This busybody instantly pounced upon the Scotch monarch, as he called, who, being seized by the officers of justice, tore to pieces his secret instructions with his teeth. The fragments were gathered up and as far as possible deciphered. The King, who piqued himself upon his skill in cross-examining, undertook to interrogate the envoy, and not without success. He brought out, pretending to be a private gentleman returning to his native country for the benefit of his health; that he was confessor to the Catholic Seminary at Rome and was sent to Scotland by the Pope with messages from Cardinal Cujetano and Fathers Creighton and Tyrre to Mr. James Gordon, near relative to the Earl of Huntley. He was directed to express disapproval of the manner in which the funds lately sent had been disposed of and to say that no hope of further remittances could be held out until the Catholic Lords had justified their action before the councillors of the King of Spain in the Netherlands. The ministers of the Kirk (merciful ministers) insisted on putting him to the torture. The King, less cruel than his ghostly advisers, would not consent to this, but was satisfied with his plain and candid narrative. There was found on his person a small jewel on which was admirably represented the passion of our Lord minutely carved in ivory. This, he said, was a present from Cardinal Cujetano to the Queen of Scotland, James VIII. "He asked him to what use he applied it." "To remind me," said the envoy "when I gaze on it and kiss it, of my Lord's Passion. Look, my Liege, how lifelike our Saviour is here seen hanging between the two thieves, whilst below the Roman soldier is piercing his sacred side with the lance. Oh! that I could prevail on my sovereign but once to kiss it before he lays it down!" "No," said James, "the Word of God is enough to remind me of the Crucifixion, and besides, this carving is so exceedingly small that I could not kiss Christ without kissing both the thieves and the executioners." The discovery of this messenger was a severe blow to the party. To retire into temporary exile was the only resource, they believed that remained. The Rev. Father Gordon, Huntley's uncle, implored them to stay. On a very solemn occasion when Mass was celebrated for the last time in the cathedral of Elgin, this devoted priest, descending from the high altar, and passing into the pulpit, exhorted them not to depart, but remain in their native country and await all for the Faith. They could not be persuaded that the venerable priest, well aware that he could not exist or exercise the duties of his office without the protection which they were still able to afford, resolved to accompany them. On the 17th of March, 1696, Erroll embarked at Peterhead, and on the 19th, Huntley, with his rev. uncle and a suite of sixteen persons, took ship at Aberdeen for Denmark; and pursued passing through Poland into Italy.

For his part, he would look for other friendships and, contrary to his wishes, would accept other offers of assistance. Already the members of his council who were inclined to the Catholic side, had more influence than ever. What was to be done? He could only strengthen himself by seeking such alliances as were within his reach. His cruelty to the Catholic Earls and the friendship he had shown to the Kirk, had alienated his foreign allies and the influential body of the English Catholics. Add to all this the intrigues which the contention parties, the feuds of the Barons and the disastrous results of the king's campaign against the Catholics had produced. Nowhere was there peace and security. "Large bodies of soldiers," writes Mr. Fraser Tytler, "disbanded for want of pay, roamed over the country and committed every sort of robbery and excess. Ministers of religion were murdered; fathers slain by their own sons; brothers by their brethren; married women ravished under their own roof, houses with their miserable inmates, burned amid savage mirth; and the land so utterly wasted by fire, plunder and the total cessation of agricultural labour, that famine at last stalked in to complete the horrible picture, and destroy by the most horrible of deaths, those who had escaped the sword." In these trying circumstances there was no hope of remedy except through the energy of the king. His council, distracted by faction, was a nullity, and some of its chief dignitaries the great offenders. He was invited by the Queen and her courtiers to maintain an army, the duped monarch could no longer direct military operations against the Catholics of the land. Necessity compelled him to employ his abilities in more statesman-like work. He convened the nobles, expressed his sympathy for the sufferings of the people and declared his determination to make every effort in order to relieve them. The extensive regions of the North could not be brought to order so long as certain powerful Barons continued their excesses. The leading chiefs among them were vigorously pursued. Athole, Lovat and McKenzie were committed to ward at Linlithgow; Argyle, Glenuruby and others were imprisoned at Edinburgh castle; Tullibardine, and finally some of the Scotch adherents were sent to prison at Dunbarton and Blackness. These Barons were only to be released when they made amends for the fearful excesses committed by their clansmen and retainers and gave security for restoring order to the country. The Catholic Earls, Huntley and Erroll, meanwhile, held their ground in Scotland, relying for assistance in men and money from the Court of Spain. Their hopes from that quarter were, however, doomed to disappointment. A messenger to them from the King of Spain and the Pope, intrusted with a secret mission, was so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the enemy. This person, the Rev. John Morton, was a Jesuit, and brother of the Laird of Cambo. He had come to Scotland in a Dutch ship and was landed at Leith. Not being adequately disguised, a son of Mr. Erskine of Dun, who was his fellow-passenger, thought he detected something else than a gentleman on his travels. He imparted his suspicion to one Lindsay, a Minister of the Kirk. This busybody instantly pounced upon the Scotch monarch, as he called, who, being seized by the officers of justice, tore to pieces his secret instructions with his teeth. The fragments were gathered up and as far as possible deciphered. The King, who piqued himself upon his skill in cross-examining, undertook to interrogate the envoy, and not without success. 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“COME, TAKE A DRINK.” THE CUSTOM OF “TREATING” AND WHAT IT LEADS TO. [The following facts with reference to the “treating” habit are furnished The Voice by a well-known newspaper man of Brooklyn, whose business and social relations have given him a clear insight into the relations of this pernicious social custom to the wide prevalence of intemperance.] One must know the facts about the “treating” habit in order to know what important element that it is in the matter of excessive drinking. Let us go to the famous Hoffman House bar. We will sit at a table and drink a bottle of lemon soda as an excuse for being there. In one hour we have seen fifty men drink at the bar; four of whom drank alone. Thirty were accompanied by from one to three friends. Each man treated. Sixteen came in parties of two or three, and each member of the party treated. Down town, at Nash & Crook’s we see few men come in singly. In half an hour, while sitting at the lunch counter, we have seen fifteen parties, ranging from two to five persons each, stand up at the bar. In most cases each man has treated and in nine cases out of ten these parties have been joined by other men, some one of whom has been acquainted with some one in the party, and introductions and reciprocal drinks have taken place all around. You may say this doesn’t prove much and that it only happened so. But I claim that the “treating” habit is responsible for most of the excessive drinking. This is not a pet theory, but is based on personal acquaintance with a large number of men who have suffered from the drink habit—men whom I have met while holding official positions in both the State and the National Government, and in a wide acquaintance with men generally, from a very early age. Let us take a report of 600 cases of inebriety in the Kings County (N. Y.) Inebriate Asylum. Of these 600 cases, 458 became inebriates from association, i. e. from going with drinking men and indulging in the habit of treating. Among other causes given are melancholia, injury, business, disease, trouble, being in the army (meaning probably, the fatigues and exposures of military life), and heredity. As to heredity the specialist in dipsomania does not believe that because a man’s father or grandfather was a drunkard he must of necessity be one. What he says, is that a man so situated as to relationships will have a standing tendency toward the excessive use of liquor, and that he should not use it at all. The specialist says that there are very few men who really like the taste of alcoholic drink, but there are many men, in our present state of civilization, the condition of whose nervous system is such that they cannot escape becoming inebriates if they drink at all. Many an inebriate, morally speaking, would like to stop the habit, but he drinks from what he believes to be a physical necessity. Hence it is that a man who has once been committed to the inebriate asylum can never drink with safety on his release. A distinguished artist was lately found dead in a liquor saloon. Three years ago he told me of the great excesses in which he was indulging, asked me how he could stop. I told him the first thing to be done was, as Falstaff says, forswear villainous good company. No man could ever break the habit as long as his companions, during social hours, were men as badly off as himself. A year ago two of his quondam companions died from excessive drinking. Soon after this the artist voluntarily went to an inebriate asylum, was cured, and for a time did well. The doctor of the institution met him, and his former patient said he drank nothing but beer at his dinner. “You must stop that,” said the physician; “you can drink absolutely nothing intoxicating.” The artist failed to heed the order; he got drunk enough he relapsed into his old habit and died. The methods of carrying on business resorted to by some firms in the mercantile world lead many men to become excessive drinkers. More than one-half of the “drummers,” or commercial travellers, in the United States MAKE IT A MATTER OF BUSINESS to treat their customers to liquor and cigars. It is not absolutely necessary to pursue this custom in order to get trade, and men who are thorough business-men, like to use any outside inducement. But the more ordinary class of “drummers” do a large amount of “treating” as they believe it helps along trade. The expense of “treating” goes on their expense account and is rarely questioned. Some travellers make a gross charge for their expenses; others, in the smaller houses, have an itemized expense book, with the various items of expense printed, and a blank space to put in the amount. When the “treat” of the expense is put down to that account. At certain times of the year the country merchants come to New York to make purchases and see the styles. The drummer meets him at the store and treats him while he is in the city to dinners and plenty of liquid refreshment. In former times some houses were in the habit of employing a special man whose duty it was to meet the merchants, to take them out and show them the city. Some years ago there was a country pedler who, in his travels, had made the acquaintance of a large number of business men. He came to New York and was employed by a big mercantile house, though he knew nothing about the business carried on in the establishment. His duty was to induce his friends to patronize the establishment. Whenever they came to the city he would meet them and “entertain” them royally at the expense of his employers. With such methods prevailing in certain portions of the mercantile world it is not surprising that many business men contract the drinking habit, and sooner or later, become excessive drinkers. Of the six hundred inebriates in the Kings County Asylum above spoken about, nearly two hundred were merchants, clerks, and salesmen.—New York Voice.

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