

Anniversary of the Crossing of the Border in 1745

# THE JACOBITE

The only Jacobite paper in New Zealand.

Published Quarterly

VOL. 1.—No. 1.

NOVEMBER 8, 1919.

[1s. per year, Posted

## FOREWORD

With this issue we present the first number of our journal. Viewed from the standpoint of the critic our initial effort certainly is not ambitious, but we believe our little paper will supply a need. The title, *The Jacobite*, may be taken as indicative of the character of its contents. Jacobitism is not dead. Notwithstanding the assaults which have been made upon it the principles and spirit of the Jacobites of old are still a living force. Our paper will also help us to keep in perpetual remembrance the honored dead, who, in the long ago, fought and died in defence of the principles they held. Further it will serve to link together scattered units—those who for long years have been followers of the White Rose, and others who sympathise with the cause. The aim of this paper will be to record historical facts—presenting the right without apology, the wrong without excuse. It will be for the reader to pass judgment.

## Notes and General

In a volume of essays recently published, entitled "The Lowly Estate," by Cranstoun Metcalfe, there is a chapter devoted to Jacobitism, which is well worthy of perusal.

"Once a year," says that well-known English writer, Mr Halliwell Sutcliffe, "if I must confess the truth, I celebrate a Stuart birthday—Prince Charlie's—and I pass my wine across the water-jug, and drink to the better luck of one who well deserved to win his fight."

Writing to a New Zealand lady (Miss McQuarrie, of Auckland) the American poetess, Flora Cameron Burr, of Botineau, North Dakota, U.S.A., says:—"I noticed in the *Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman* of 19th of April issue, how you with others from New Zealand sent wreaths for the Culloden Cairn, and have been so touched by this beautiful

Scottish tribute that I feel I must write you—especially as I am also a Jacobite of the old families of Cameron and McLachlan."

Those wishing to contribute a wreath towards the Culloden Commemoration, 16th April, 1920, should communicate either with the Editors of this paper, or to Mrs. Leslie-Moir, 32 Elgin Crescent, London, W. 11, England. On the field of Culloden, the noblest and best of the Highland clans made a last desperate effort for their beloved Prince. There they died, and there they yet live, breathing whenever their name is mentioned, the spirit of lofty heroism and of ancient romance.

We have to thank Mr Theodore Napier, of "Magdala," Essendon, Melbourne, for his very generous financial support for our little paper. By his disinterested efforts in the cause of Jacobitism, extending over many years, Mr Napier has rightly earned the veneration of all Jacobites throughout the world. Some few years ago the Dundee Advertiser said: "To Mr. Napier is due the credit of reviving a marked degree of interest in the wanderings and strivings of Prince Charles Edward and his devoted followers."

Many people seem to think that the strength of the Jacobite sentiment lies in the halo of romance with which it has been surrounded by the writings of such gifted people as Sir Walter Scott, W. E. Aytoun and Lady Nairne. But the Stuart cause was romantic long before any of these writers commenced their splendid literary labors. The intensity with which the Jacobite sentiment was held in the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th centuries was, and is due solely and wholly to the innate justice of the cause. That which is founded on right is not easily extinguished. At any rate Jacobitism, stands in need of Charles II.'s apology for having been "such an unconscionable time in dying." Unless, like some old legendary hero, it did not die, and only waits for an awakening.

## The Culloden Commemoration

Land of my fathers! Through Culloden's gloom  
There shines a light of glory on thy tomb.  
A star which to posterity shall tell  
How the base conquered, and the noble fell.

April the 16th last was the 173rd anniversary of the battle of Culloden, and year by year a number of wreaths are placed on the Memorial Cairn, in memory of those who fought on the losing side on that fatal day. To Mr Theodore Napier, of Edinburgh and Melbourne, is due the credit of instituting this important historic observance on the 16th of April, 1896. Since that date members of nearly all the old Jacobite clans have sent wreaths to Culloden—the descendants in many cases of those who actually fought on that far-off day.

Of recent years (since Mr Napier's absence from Scotland) the Royalist Club, London, of which H.S.H. the Duke de Chateau-Thierry is President, have taken an active part in the Culloden Commemoration, and each year contribute beautiful and appropriate emblems. It is now eleven years since wreaths were first sent from distant New Zealand, and many people all over the world have recently written expressing interest and sympathy in our share in the observance. This year wreaths were contributed by the following:—The Jacobite League in New Zealand, Mr Neil Mackenzie Forbes, of Wanganui, and Miss MacQuarrie, of Auckland.

The eventful '45 has no parallel in history. A young Prince, practically without munitions and money, neither knowing or known by those he came to lead, his followers unprepared, even unwilling; with but seven followers, Charles threw himself into the wilds of Moidart, shook the throne of the Georges until it tottered, won two pitched battles, besides over-running one kingdom and the half of another, and, last but by no means least, left behind him a fragrant and undying memory.

### Editors' Notice

All who receive copies of The Jacobite are invited to become subscribers. The paper is to be issued quarterly and for the small amount of 1s per year it will be posted free to any address. If sufficient support is forthcoming it will also be increased in size.

Literary contributions will be gladly welcomed from those in sympathy with us, and in this way much in the way of mutual help may be accomplished.

All subscriptions, enquiries, or literary contributions should be sent to the Editors—

**C. C. Bagnall**, Long Melford Road, Palmerston North, or  
**Chas. A. Rowell**, 4 Ballance St., Gisborne.

---

## The Jacobite

---

NOVEMBER 8, 1919

---

### THE CROSSING OF THE BORDER IN 1745

To-day in the 174th anniversary of the Crossing of the Border by His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, on November the 8th, 1745. On this day let us try and enter into the spirit of the Highland clans as they followed their beloved Prince across the Border. There are no dark shadows or dismal forebodings. The Highlanders are filled with the spirit of high anticipation and glorious hope.

The Highland clansmen had long cherished the principle of Hereditary Right. The person in whom that right was centred might be absent, far away across the rolling seas, but his right was still unquestioned. As the child was leal to his parent, and the clansman to his chief, so was the subject to his absent Prince. And when at length the Prince came among them, it became more than an abstract principle—it became a living principle in his person. When young Kinloch Moidart knelt at the feet of Prince Charlie and swore "I will follow you to the death," he only represented the sentiments that leapt alive in every faithful clansman's heart. Leaving their mountains, their lonely glens, their peat fires—forsaking all, they followed him. Apart from the wondrous personal charm of the Stuart, they saw in him all that kingly right they

had been taught from their forefathers that their ancient kings alone possessed. No wonder that march to the Border was a triumph! No wonder that hearts beat high, as flashing claymore beat down a rebel host, and that Cameron and Appin MacDonald and Drummond men sang—

"Follow thee, follow thee,  
Who would na' follow thee,  
King of the Hieland hearts,  
Bonnie Prince Charlie."

And history records how well they followed him—many of them "to the death."

The crossing of the Border by those brave men on that November day so long ago, surely has a message for us—descendants in spirit, many in actual fact. With splendid courage, scorning the difficulties that lay in the way of the attainment of their object—the restoration of their exiled Prince to the throne of his ancestors—with joyful hearts and high anticipation, they pressed forward.

Across the intervening years they call to us to-day to press onward, to separate ourselves from all that hinders our progress, to cross the border-line of luke-warmness, of opportunism, of so-called worldly success, and to strive anew for the principles we hold. Right is always right, even if nobody follows it. Let us cease from everything of an ignoble character and strive for that which is all-worthy of attainment, ever remembering that "there is no failure save in giving up."

---

### One Kiss of the King's Hand

The following extract from some pathetic verses by a modern Scottish singer, Sarah Robertson Matheson, is but another indication of that wonderful love which Prince Charlie inspired, and which has never died:—

It wasna from a golden throne,  
Or a bower with milk-white roses blown,  
But 'mid the kelp on Northern sand  
That I got a kiss of the King's hand.

Think not his hand was soft and white,  
Or his fingers a' with jewels dight,  
Or round his wrists were ruffles grand.  
When I got a kiss of the King's hand.

But dearer far to my twa een  
Was the ragged sleeve of red and green  
O'er that young hand that fain  
With the guid braidsword had found its ain.

"Farewell for ever," the distance grey  
And the lapping ocean seemed to say,  
For him a home in a foreign land  
And for me one kiss of the King's hand.

### Death of the Heiress of the Stuarts

There passed away on February 4th last, in the 70th year of her age, the eldest of the descendants of King James II.'s sister (Princess Henrietta), and therefore the heiress of the Royal House of Stuart—Queen Mary of Bavaria, nee Mary Henrietta of Modena. The late Queen was noted for her charitable work, and was respected and beloved by all who knew her.

In 1807, when the Stuart male line became extinct in the person of King Henry IX. (the Cardinal Duke of York), by his will he solemnly transmitted his royal claim to his cousin and heir, King Charles of Sardinia. From a brother of this King of Sardinia, Queen Mary of Bavaria was directly descended.

"Over and over again," says Lockhart, "we find Sir Walter Scott alluding to George III. as acquiring a de jure title by the death of the Cardinal of York; yet who could have known better than he that whatever rights the exiled males of the Stuart line ever possessed, must have remained entire with their female descendants.

---

### Rose Incense

Dedicated to King Charles I., executed by a gang of rebels and traitors, 30th January, 1649.

Bring roses, roses, roses for the King  
Who lived a hero, and a martyr died,  
Roses, white as his sad, gentle soul.

Bring roses, let their perfume rise to heaven  
As incense for the mighty Stuart dead,  
On this our day of hope and memory.

For Charlie, bonnie Prince, the well-beloved,  
For Kings and Queens and countries who have fought,  
And gladly suffered for our noble Cause,

For all who died—our comrades gone before  
For all who loyally will strive to-day,  
The incense of the roses shall ascend.

Bring roses, roses, roses for our King,  
His subjects swear allegiance by a rose,  
While roses live our Cause shall never die.

---

Pluck and courage are two different things. A plucky man will rush up to the cannon's mouth; but more than pluck is wanted to enable a man to go on doing his duty in spite of the shafts of ridicule directed against him. There is plenty of pluck in the world, but precious little true bravery.

The conscience of every man recognises courage as the foundation of manliness, and manliness as the perfection of human character.



LORD DERWENTWATER

# The Third Earl of Derwentwater:

## A Sketch and a Tribute

By Charles Rowell

*"Albeit that here in London town  
It is my fate to die,  
O carry me to Northumberland,  
In my father's grave to lie.*



*There chant my solemn requiem  
In Hexham's holy towers,  
And let six maids of fair Tynedale,  
Scatter my grave with flowers."*

It is now more than 200 years ago since James Radcliffe, third Earl of Derwentwater, suffered upon the scaffold at Tower Hill, for loyalty to his lawful sovereign. His short career (for he was only 26 years of age when he was beheaded) has ever since excited so much admiration and interest that its chief details have long ago been investigated. His memory is undying in the North, for while others succeeded in saving themselves and their estates from destruction by an ignominious submission to the Hanoverian regime, he, together with his brother Charles, fought bravely and endured the supreme penalty. Many an eye in that Northern country grows brighter when his name is mentioned, and in song and story he has gained an immortality which will last for all time:—

*"O Derwentwater's a bonnie lord;  
He wears gowd in his hair,  
And glenting is his hawking e'e  
Wi' kind love dwelling there."*

The life of the martyred Earl offers a bright example of faith and constancy in hard and troubled times. To some the brief story may appear to lead only to sadness and tears—the noble enterprise of a noble-hearted man, which ended in the blighting of other lives and the early closing of his own. But failure is often greater and grander than what the world calls success. Judged by worldly standards the life of James Radcliffe ended in ignominious failure—measured by the Heavenly it achieved highest success. In that other day to come, that Higher Court, that final reckoning, in the which "the wise shall shine as the stars in the firmament," it will be manifest to all that the path of honor and consistency, of uprightness and truth, was the only true one, having as a reward for those who painfully trod its narrow way, that Eternal happiness, which unlike all earthly things, never passeth away.

James Radcliffe was born in London on the 28th June, 1689. His ancestors possessed large estates in Cumberland as well as Northumberland. They were on the Royalist side during the Civil War, and in 1687 Sir Francis Radcliffe's eldest son married a natural daughter of Charles II. In the following year Sir Francis was created Earl of Derwentwater by James II., and when the Revolution took place in the same year, the Derwentwater family adhered to the cause of the deposed Stuart.

At an early age James was taken to France to be educated at the Court of St Germain with the son of King James, who was living in exile. A warm friendship sprang up between the two, who were much about the same age. In this atmosphere of loyalty his childhood was passed. On the death of

his father, the second Earl, in 1705, James succeeded to the title and estates, but nearly five years elapsed before he returned to England and established himself in his Northumberland home at Dilston. He was then about 20 years of age; in person he is said to have been slender and delicate in figure, but of active habits. A portrait, still preserved by Lord Petre (a lineal descendant), represents him as of middle height, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a particularly noble and pleasing countenance. Smollett describes him as a most amiable youth—brave, open-hearted, generous, hospitable and humane. He was also possessed of talents which peculiarly fitted him to shine in social life; he was gifted with the art of investing common-place subjects with a brilliancy of coloring which never failed to charm.

The young Earl married in 1712 Anna Maria, daughter of Sir John Webb, of Canford, in Dorsetshire. He had made this young lady's acquaintance in France, where she also had been pursuing her education. For a year or two after the marriage the young couple lived in Gloucestershire at a seat of the Webb family. It was not until early in the autumn of 1714 that Lord Derwentwater, with his wife and young son, took up their residence at Dilston. A little later a daughter was born to them, who became the ancestress of the present Lord Petre. The Countess readily joined the Earl in constant hospitality, and both were greatly beloved by all their dependents. During their rides and walks it was their constant practice to visit the farm houses and cottages of their tenantry, and wherever they went, blessings followed their footsteps. But this state of tranquil happiness was not to last. The fateful year of 1715 was ushered in.

In this short outline of the Earl of Derwentwater's career it is in no way intended to recapitulate the history of the Rising of the Fifteen. This is a matter of common knowledge. But it is most probable that had the Jacobites possessed among them a single man competent to command, it would have been crowned with success and resulted in the restoration of the Stuart line to the Throne of their ancestors.

It is doubtful whether Lord Derwentwater was one of the originators of the Rising. It was, however, a matter of common knowledge that his religion and sympathies were all on the side of the exiled Royal House, and that his influence in the North of England was in no way less than his constancy and devotion. This determined Walpole and other members of the Hanoverian Party to encompass his apprehension.

Hearing that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, the Earl withdrew himself from Dilston and went into hiding in the

neighborhood. Shortly afterwards the hunted Jacobites held a meeting and decided there was nothing to be gained in giving themselves up or by further concealment, and the resolution was taken to immediately appear in arms. Lord Derwentwater's decision once made his loyal spirit never once failed him. His last evening at Dilston was spent in the Chapel of the Castle, to invoke God's blessing on the enterprise.

The result of the campaign is a matter of history. The Royalists, ill-led and badly officered, denied that support which they had every right to expect when they started out, were at length shut up in Preston, a place easily capable of defence had General Forster possessed the least military skill. But with lamentable incapacity Forster took no advantage of the means of defence at his disposal. Barricades were hastily erected within the town, and Lord Derwentwater, stripped to the waist, encouraged the men by word, example, and presents of money. The barricades were charged by the Hanoverian forces, who in ten minutes left 120 of their number dead in the streets, while 140 more fell in a separate attempt to enter the town. The engagement continued until after midnight, when the attacking force withdrew, having sustained considerable loss and made little impression. But during the morning General Carpenter came up with additional forces and the town was soon invested on all sides. It was now a matter of capitulation or cutting their way through the enemy, and the latter course was favored by Lord Derwentwater, who preferred death to base submission. But Forster, without the knowledge of his colleagues, proposed a capitulation, and the next morning the devoted army of royalists surrendered at discretion, having first of all been assured of clemency and mercy from the conquerors. But after the disarmament had taken place the words "Clemency and Mercy" were soon dropped out of the Hanoverian vocabulary.

The prisoners of most note, including Lord Derwentwater and his brother Charles, were escorted to London, undergoing many miseries on their journey. On arrival at the Capital they were taken through streets lined with spectators, large numbers of whom were hired by the Government to shout for the Hanoverian monarch and to revile the fallen. In this species of unworthy triumph Lord Derwentwater, with the other noblemen, was conducted to the Tower, there to await the final stages in the tragic drama.

### TRIAL AND EXECUTION.

It is outside the limits of this article to enter into the details of the trial of Lord Derwentwater and the six other Jacobite peers—Lords Widdrington, Nithsdale, Carnwath, Kenmore, and Nairn—who took part in the Rising. They were impeached of high treason at the bar of the House of

Lords and found guilty. On February 9th, 1716, they were again brought before a Court constituted of the Peers, to have judgment pronounced upon them, as a result of which they were condemned to death, on account of their titular distinction being admitted to the melancholy privilege of being beheaded.

Great efforts were made to secure the pardon of Lord Derwentwater, but all to no purpose. Walpole, the Prime Minister, was determined to make an example of some at least, of the Jacobite Lords, and Derwentwater, being such a near relative of the exiled prince, had no chance of escaping. Lords Widdrington, Carnwath, and Nairn were reprieved, and to forestall any further attempts in favour of the remaining captives, an order was signed for the execution on the following day (24th February) of the Earls of Derwentwater and Nithsdale, and Lord Kenmore. Lady Nithsdale, however, as is well known, contrived to effect her husband's escape from the Tower the night before the execution was to take place.

During the last few days of his life after condemnation, Lord Derwentwater was attended by the Rev. George Pippard, and carefully prepared for death. Several offers were brought to him of a reprieve if he would only acknowledge the reigning king, and forsake his religion, but these terms he instantly rejected. He is said to have been very cheerful and pleasant all the time of his confinement, not shedding a tear for any worldly concerns. A number of letters written on the eve of his execution, and still preserved by Lord Petre, testify to this state of his mind on the near approach of death. The day before he suffered he saw his wife for the last time. His infant son was also brought to receive a last farewell. Before the day closed, sending for an undertaker, the Earl expressed a wish to be buried at Dilston, and a desire that his coffin should bear on a silver plate an inscription that "He died a sacrifice for his lawful Sovereign." The tradesman, however, was afraid to follow these instructions, and was accordingly dismissed.

On the fateful morning of Friday, 24th February, the Earl rose early, dressing in a complete suit of black velvet. Round his neck hung a small gold crucifix. Both he and Viscount Kenmore were conveyed to the scene of execution at about 10 o'clock in two hackney coaches. A great crowd of people had assembled, numbering some thousands. But they were not all hostile. The hearts of many in the vast crowd were with the noble sufferers, and many others had pity for their fate.

Lord Derwentwater suffered first. Taking an affecting farewell of Lord Kenmore he mounted the scaffold. He was then again offered his life and fortune if he would conform to the Established Church and the House of Hanover, but he answered that "life on those terms would be too dear a purchase." Permission having been given by the Sheriff, he then read a paper which he had prepared, in which he expressed his regret for pleading guilty at his trial, acknowledged King James the Third as his lawful and rightful sovereign, and wished that the laying down of his life might contribute to the service of his King and country, and the re-establishment of the ancient and fundamental constitution of the Kingdom.

Kneeling down he engaged some time in devotion, after which he arose and took off his coat and waistcoat. He knelt down again and fitted his neck to the block, telling the executioner that the sign he should give him was "Sweet Jesus, receive

my spirit," and at the third time of repeating it he was to do his office.

The silence all around was intense and unbroken: Then his voice was heard, "Sweet Jesus, receive my spirit." Again after a momentary delay, "Sweet Jesus, be merciful to me": then louder still, "Sweet Jesus—the steel flashed—Derwentwater had passed with the flash into the presence of the Saviour he loved and into the company of the blood-washed throng.

\* \* \* \* \*

All was dark within the Hall at Dilston on that night of the 24th February, 1716, when the third Earl of Derwentwater laid down his life.

Yet without, and all along the northern sky, great streamers of light like blood-red spears shot upwards. Along the whole length of the Border this brightness was visible. The little stream called the Devil's Water, just below the castle at Dilston, ran as red as blood, while Derwentwater's Lake reflected the red rose in the heaven.

That night many a man and woman on the Radcliffe estates gazed on the scene wonderingly, and as they mourned, said to the other—"Ay, he'll be dead by now. But, see you, the heaven itself is preparing for his coming. Ay, they'll be Lord Derwentwater's Lights"—torches to guide him the way thither."

### Whig Morality

When William of Orange landed at Torbay on the invitation of the other Whig nobles, Churchill, as if to add something ideal to his imitation of Iscariot, went to King James II. with wanton professions of love and loyalty; went forth in arms as if to defend the country from invasion, and then calmly handed the army over to the invaders. To the finish of this work of art but few could aspire, but in their degree all the politicians of the Revolution were upon this ethical pattern. While they surrounded the throne of James, there was scarcely one of them who was not in correspondence with William. When they afterwards surrounded the throne of William, there was not one of them who was not still in correspondence with James. It was such men who defeated Irish Jacobitism by the treason of Limerick; it was such men who defeated Scottish Jacobitism by the treason of Glencoe.

William of Orange was like a gun dragged into the breach of a wall: a foreign gun indeed, and one fired in a quarrel more foreign than English. George of Hanover was simply something stuffed into a hole in the wall by English aristocrats, who practically admitted that they were simply stopping it with rubbish.—"A Short History of England," by G. K. Chesterton.

The foregoing recall Samuel Johnson's famous aphorism "a bottomless Whig," implying that Whiggism meant anarchy; and in the next generation a good many people were led to agree with him by the experience of the French Revolution.

### How History is Written

That it was part of the policy of William of Orange and his friends and successors to flood the country with calumnies against the Stuarts, has been proved up to the hilt. There was a large class of people, not given to close reasoning on political questions, who were inclined to side with the lawful claimants to the throne, and this class could quite possibly be won over by persistent misrepresentation of the Stuarts, and the Stuart cause. At first, as was only natural, the usurpers relied more upon the swords of mercenaries to maintain their throne than upon the pens of hirelings, but they employed both, and the bill for this assistance has never been adequately exposed. In 1715, for instance, on the outbreak of the Rising, George I. engaged 5000 Dutch and Hessians at Sheriffmuir, while 3000 Dutch were landed at Deptford on the 13th of November, 3000 at Leith on the 4th of December, and another force of Dutch and Hessians arrived in Scotland on the 28th of the same month. Between the 10th of February, 1731, and the 10th of February, 1741, a sum of £50,077 18s was paid to writers of pamphlets and newspapers on the Whig side, and Arnold, one of the most scurrilous writers of the time, and one of the most savage opponents of the Stuarts, drew in four years no less than £10,900 from the public treasury.

### What a Whig is

Would you know what a Whig is and always was?

I'll show you his life, as it were in a glass, He's a rebel by nature, with a villainous face,

A Saint by profession, who never had grace. Cheating and lying are puny things,

Rapine and plunder but venial sins;

His dear occupation is ruin of nations,

Subverting of crowns, and murdering kings. To shew that he came from a wight of worth:

'Twas Lucifer's pride that bore the elf;

'Twas bloody barbarity gave him birth;

Ambition the midwife that brought him forth;

Judas his tutor was, till he grew big,

Hypocrisy taught him to care not a fig

For all that was sacred; so thus was created

And brought to the world, what you call a Whig.

Spew'd up among mortals from hellish jaws,

He suddenly strikes at religion and laws,

With civil dissensions, and bloody inventions,

And all for to push on the good old cause;

Still cheating and lying he plays his game

Always dissembling, yet still the same,

Till he fills the creation with crimes of damnation,

Then goes to the devil, from whence he came.

(Hogg's "Jacobite Relics of Scotland.")

Printed and published by THE POVERTY RAY HERALD CO., LTD., Gladstone Road, Gisborne, for the proprietors:—C. C. Bagnall, Long Melford Road, Palmerston North, and C. A. Rowell, 4 Ballance St., Gisborne.