

The JACOBITE

The only Jacobite Paper in New Zealand :: Published Quarterly

VOL. 1.—No. 5.

NOVEMBER, 1920.

[1s. per year, Posted

NOTES AND GENERAL

On this the anniversary of the first appearance of "The Jacobite," we desire to cordially thank all those who have so loyally supported our paper. We also wish to place upon record our high appreciation of the many kind and helpful letters which we have received from sympathisers all over the world.

* * * * *

The recent death of the Marquis of Queensberry has caused many references to be made to his varied career. The Marquis was our most picturesque peer. He was a Douglas whose family had figured in the forefront of Scottish history since the days of the Border feuds. Rich in honors and dignities, yet of personal wealth for the greater part of his life he possessed but little. For years his "seat" was a modest villa in a Hammersmith by-street, and a little farm in Scotland was all that remained of the once-loved acres of his family. The late peer was of Jacobite descent, and upheld the traditions of his family, being associated with the modern Jacobite movement.

* * * * *

Reference is frequently made to the two brothers, John Sobieski Stuart and Charles Edward Stuart who claimed to be grandsons of Prince Charles, and whose appearance in the Highlands of Scotland about the middle of last century created quite a sensation. The claim of the two brothers was, of course, quite unfounded, as both Prince Charlie and Queen Louisa left categorical evidence that their marriage was childless, and there was no earthly object in concealing the birth of a son or daughter. Moreover, the birth of an heir or

heir to Prince Charlie would have been hailed with delight by the old Jacobite Party. The two mythical Stuarts were nevertheless highly cultured and amiable beings, deeply imbued with the Jacobite spirit.

* * * * *

December 31st next will be the 200th anniversary of the birth of Prince Charles Edward Stuart (de jure King Charles III. 1766-1788), whose advent in Scotland in 1745 has left such a deep and abiding place in our history, in our literature, and in the hearts of the people. Prince Charles left Scotland in 1746 with the intention of returning. With passionate earnestness he besought Louis XV. of France to grant him the means with which to make another attempt to recover his kingdom. But, alas, 'twas all in vain. The peace of 1748 sent him forth a homeless wanderer, hunted all over Europe by the obnoxious agents of the usurping Government. In the Church of St. Peter's at Rome he sleeps—the best-beloved of all the Stuarts, whose daring, romantic and chivalrous exploits in the '45 have placed his name in the imperishable list of the world's immortals.

* * * * *

Sweet are the uses of advertisement. "The Graphic" of July 10th, in directing public attention to the merits of a certain liquor, has an illustration entitled: "Recruiting in Manchester: Episodes of the '45, No. 3." Sergt. Dickson, accompanied by a drummer and a woman, beats up recruits in Manchester. The following explanation is given: "Having got a day's march ahead of the Jacobite army, a Highland sergeant entered Man-

chester to beat up for recruits. He met with a hostile reception, but was able to hold his own until he was joined by those of the inhabitants who supported the Stuart cause. He then paraded the streets, enlisting all who offered themselves, these men forming what was called the 'Manchester Regiment.' The next day Prince Charlie entered the city, walking in the midst of a selected band of Highlanders. He took up his quarters in a house in Market street, afterwards called 'The Palace,' and long after used as an inn. That night the city was illuminated in honor of the Prince's arrival. The whole story of Prince Charlie's stay in Manchester is delightfully described by Harrison Ainsworth in 'The Manchester Rebels.' "

* * * * *

Bonnie Prince Charlie won a passionate devotion from his followers. Sir Walter Scott mentions old men who had been out in the Forty-five, who could not speak of the Prince without tears in their eyes; and he tells of one—Hugh Chisholm—who, being in receipt of a pension to which Scott himself was a contributor, would never, when receiving his money, take it save with his left hand. Charles Edward had shaken hands with him in 1746, and ever afterwards Chisholm would never allow his right hand to touch anything which might contaminate it.

* * * * *

Several leading journals in the Homeland had something to say recently regarding "The Jacobite." This will serve to inform our kinsmen overseas that even in this distant outpost of Empire, Jacobite principles are firmly held.

EDITORS' NOTICE

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

C. C. BAGNALL, Rongotea, Palmerston North
C. A. ROWELL, Elm St., Mangapapa, Gisborne

The Jacobite

NOVEMBER, 1920

Jacobite Songs and Ballads

With the return of normal conditions in the printing world, we trust that some enterprising literateur will publish a volume of Jacobite ballads, fortified with ample notes and sympathetically written. So far as we are aware, G. S. McQuoid's "Jacobite Songs and Ballads," published in 1887, is the only book on the subject in existence, and admirable though it is in many ways, the writer's sentiments are certainly not Jacobite, and when we are asked to read Thackeray's *Esmond* "for a life-like study of the old Pretender," we are simply amazed at the writer's ignorance. Curiously enough neither Thackeray or Dickens possessed any first-hand knowledge of the Stuarts, and Scott alone of our three great novelists, understood and appreciated that picturesque race. What a vast debt we owe to the mighty genius of Scott, whose writings so greatly contributed to re-sow the seeds of Jacobitism, and shake the foundations of Whiggism.

Moreover, since the publication of G. S. McQuoid's book in 1887, many important additions have been made to our stock of Jacobite song and verse. In the pages of Mr. Theodore Napier's "Fiery Cross" (1901-1912) are many contributions well worth including in any new book of Jacobite songs and ballads, and they have this in common with the Jacobite poetry of earlier times, that they breathe the true spirit of loyalty to the exiled race, without cavil or quibble.

What other Cause but ours can claim such a wealth of ballad poetry?

"I am inclined to think," says Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe, "that loyalty, as an everyday virtue, is being forgotten, thrust into a

back place by a spirit of materialism. Ballads can do much to postpone, perhaps prevent, its ultimate relegation to the past, and that is an important service."

Distinguished Jacobite's Gift

New Park for Melbourne

Mr. Theodore Napier, the ardent advocate of the Stuart Cause, last August presented to the citizens of Essendon (a suburb of Melbourne) ten acres of land for a public park. At the presentation ceremony, the Mayor said that Mr. Napier had given this magnificent property to the citizens for all time, and he desired to thank the generous donor in the name of the Mayor, councillors, and residents. As a boy he had roved over this fine property, and "going up to Napier's" was synonymous with a visit to a place which never failed to give pleasure on account of the beauty of its surroundings. The material value of the gift represented a large sum, for the ten acres of land donated so generously by Mr. Napier could have been subdivided and sold at £4 per foot. Mr. Napier had modestly suggested that the spot should in future be known as "Northern Park," but a grateful public would insist on calling it "Napier's Park," and also place on permanent record, by tablet or in some other form an appreciation of the generosity of the donor.

The Napier family have been associated with Melbourne practically since the inception of the city. Mr. Thomas Napier (Mr. Theodore Napier's father) arrived in Melbourne in 1837, when the place contained some 300 inhabitants, and after a stay of 18 months went into the country, took up land, and prospered exceedingly. Mr. Thomas Napier was present at the first land sale on June 1, 1837, and bought the land upon which the Commercial Bank now stands in Collins street, Melbourne, and subsequently purchased other land in Collins street, now the site of the "Argus" office, on which he erected a house, and here in 1845 (just one hundred years after the immortal '45) was born Theodore Napier, who in after years was to become one of the most enthusiastic Jacobites which the nineteenth century produced.

A Culloden Wreath

On the 16th April next, the 175th anniversary of the Battle of Culloden will take place. Every year wreaths are placed on the Memorial Cairn in memory of the fallen Highlanders. These are sent from all parts of the world by loyal Scots and others who hold in tender remembrance the heroes who fought in defence of their exiled rightful king—James VIII. and III.—and who died for "Scotland and Prince Charlie." Loyalists in New Zealand have sent wreaths to this annual anniversary from time to time, and we trust that next year we shall be able to do so again, thus joining with others in various parts of the world in sending a token of love to the memory of the brave departed. "Their fame and their glory will stand for ever." Any small subscription from loyalists and sympathisers for the purpose of sending a wreath to Culloden will be appreciated by the Editor.

Mrs. S. Ramsden, a sister of Miss F. M. MacKinnon, of Horsley Priory, Gloucestershire, England (mentioned in a former issue of the "Jacobite") in a private letter to the Editors, writes in words of warmest praise and enthusiastic loyalty of the Royal House of Stuart. Referring to Prince Charlie, she writes: "His is a name to conjure with. For him my ancestors shed their blood, and even now, these long years afterwards when I hear the old Jacobite songs the tears start to my eyes. I have often tried to think why such a halo of pathos and romance hangs around the Stuarts, and more especially about the name of Bonnie Prince Charlie? Surely it was their beauty, their wonderful charm of manner, and the great fascination they had the power of exercising over those with whom they came in contact. And apart from all this wonderful personal charm of the Stuarts they possessed a kingly right of which nothing could dispossess them. Whatever their faults, they were kingly, dignified, gracious, and they inspired in their followers such love and devotion as made them ready and willing to follow them through privation and hardship even "to the death."

The Scattered Clans

Where are they gone who lived and fought?

Far away, far away;

Who lived by the sword, who swore by the sword,

Who in war were gay?

Where are the lads of the flashing sword

Who stood at bay

For the Prince they loved from over the sea?

Far away, far away!

Far away, far away, 'tis a scattered race

In their isles of the west;

Driven out from the dale and the heather hill

Like a curlew's nest,

Torn and scattered and void by a winter's storm,

Far away, far away;

To climes that our fathers never kened,

They are cast to-day.

O hearts so leal as I stand to-day

In your ancient land

And miss the wild song in your Gaelic tongue,

And your honest brown hand,

And the skirl of the clan from over the hill,

Far away, far away;

I weep though the sun shines bright on the loch,

And the heather's gay.

Gone, gone, long years as an autumn frost,

But who shall not say,

With the Cause ye loved, with the Race ye served,

Ye shall return one day,

From over the sea, wherever ye be,

Far away, far away,

Each scattered clan and each exiled man?

God hasten that day!

—Walter Clifford Meller.

Referring to a letter which appeared in our last issue from Mr. G. Baird Fraser, of Holywell, St. Ives, England, Mr. Theodore Napier writes: "The letter from Mr. Fraser put me in happy remembrance of a visit I paid either in 1896 or 1897 to St. Ives, where I had the pleasure of meeting the Marquis of Ruvigny (President then of the Legitimist Jacobite League) and the brothers Fraser, of Holywell. I then witnessed a scene of Royalist and Jacobite enthusiasm I have never since met anywhere in Great Britain or abroad. It was a Restoration Day (29th May), and it would have rejoiced your heart to have been present. . . . When you write Mr. Fraser please give him my warmest congratulations for still facing the foe. We cannot expect full success just now, but we can, at least, be true to our Jacobite and Royalist principles."

Proposed Jacobite Memorial

Mr. Alex. A. McRae, of Lumsden, Southland, a Gaelic-speaking Jacobite, writes us suggesting the erection of a granite memorial tablet over the grave of Roderick Mackenzie, who so nobly gave his life for Prince Charlie as described by Mr. Macdonald, of Geelong, in the last issue of our paper. We must heartily congratulate Mr. McRae upon his suggestion, and will do all in our power to further the proposal. Mr. McRae offers to subscribe a few guineas, and we shall be pleased to receive the names of any others willing to help. Memorials to the gallant dead are now the order of the day. Shall we be backward in rendering honor to one who fell in our sacred cause?

Mr. MacRae says: "It is 42 years since I left Scotland, but the tradition and history of the hardships and suffering of Prince Charlie and his followers, which I heard repeated so often from the old people, are as fresh in my memory as they were the day I left." Mr. MacRae also mentions that the Sobieski Stuarts were in the habit of placing tributes on Roderick Mackenzie's grave. This is situated in a flat bend between the road that runs through Glen Strathfarar and the River Farar, at a place called Haig 'a Ceannich. Not far from this spot is a cave where the Royal Prince took shelter, now called Prince Charlie's cave. In the August issue of our paper Mr. Macdonald, of Geelong, Victoria, gave the following account of Roderick Mackenzie's heroism: "He bore a very striking resemblance to Prince Charlie, and was accosted by soldiers who were in pursuit of the royal fugitive. They were so impressed with the belief that it was truly he whom they sought, and added to this the assurance of being early in possession of the immense reward offered for his apprehension, that they rushed at Mackenzie, who valiantly defended himself, but was soon overborne by the force of numbers. Receiving a mortal wound, he yet managed to utter the words, 'You have killed your Prince.' The Rising was then a lost cause, and, humanly speaking, a slackness of fibre might have been looked for among the followers of Charles Edward, but such instances as the

preceding, should forever dispel the thought."

Mackenzie's death proved not only effectual for the safety of Charles Edward, but was productive of considerable relief to the Highlanders generally, rendering the troops of the usurper less vigilant in their pursuit of suspected persons.

Mary of Modena

The life story of Mary of Modena, Queen Consort of King James II., presents all those elements of tragedy and romance which have been so often associated with the fortunes of the Royal House of Stuart—now adored by the British people, and later a fugitive from their hatred, a chaste wife, yet the victim of vile charges; four years a Queen, and thirty years an exile; experiencing both the extremes of power and independence, of wealth and poverty. Her youth, her innocence, and her beauty won the hearts of the British people. Her well-ordered household, her love of music and painting, her sprightly conversation endeared her to those who attended the Court. But Queen Mary was surrounded by difficulties and dangers, her secretary was one of the first victims of Titus Oates, and she and her husband (then Duke of York) were twice forced into temporary exile. "The life of Queen Mary," says St. Simon, "since she came to France at the end of 1688, has been but a series of misfortunes which she bore nobly to the end, in devotion towards God, detachment, penance, prayer, in continual good works, and in all the virtues which make a saint." Queen Mary died at St. Germain's, 7th May, 1718.

With the death of Prince Charlie and his brother (grandsons of Queen Mary) the connection between the House of Stuart and Modena ended, but was destined to be again renewed in 1812, when the heiress of the Royal Stuart line married the heir of the princely House of Modena. And so to-day the exiled Stuart heirs in Switzerland are not only the nearest living representatives of Prince Charlie on the Stuart side, but the heirs of the House of Modena as well.

Crossing the Border in 1745

On the 8th November we celebrate the 175th anniversary of the Crossing of the Border by Prince Charles Edward in 1745. It seems appropriate therefore that we should insert the following verses by W. Clifford Meller, which were first published some years ago in the English "Jacobite":—

Did we cross the Border, think ye,
For the sake of English gold;
To the harrying of their cattle,
As our fathers did of old?
Their gold remained unhandled,
Their cattle in the byre:
'Twas for nobler gain we gathered,
And were called by cross of fire.

Had we not fair homes we came from?
Loving hearts had we not there?
Where our little bairns stood waiting,
Where the oats are garnered bare;
Think ye lads that followed after,
And Crossed the Border line,
Kened not how a lassie's lovelight
In Highland eyes can shine?

Brown stags in lonely forests
Never hear our steps to-day,
Dark the heather is untrdden,
And the snow unswept away;
But we did not leap the Solway
The Southern Stag to slay,
Or to see on wintry furrow
How English snow might lay!

But for this we crossed the Border—
As good servants who would bring
To their fellow-servants waiting
Their master and their King,
To join the links long broken,
To suffer and to dare,
To chase the Hanoverian
Back to his German lair.

Let the pedlar keep his siller,
Let the merchant safely lie,
Not for these we crossed with Charlie,
Not for these we swore to die.
But as gentlemen we met them,
They the friends we found our foe;
Let the broken claymore answer
And our dead on English snow!
—W. Clifford Meller.

Jacobite Loyalty

The immediate sequel to the Forty-five shows, as nothing else can, how admirable was the spirit of Jacobite loyalty. Following upon the scattering of the clans at Culloden for five months Charles Edward was a fugitive, wandering about the Highlands, with a price of £30,000 set upon his head. Yet no one could be found to betray him. The people were miserably poor, and but a tithe of the above sum would have meant to anyone of those in the secret of the Prince's whereabouts untold wealth. Opportunity after opportunity occurred for the manifestation of a Judas amongst those who hardly knew what it

was to have a single wish gratified, yet the reward went unclaimed. Maxwell, of Kirkeonell, writes: "Necessity frequently drove him to employ people he knew nothing about, but all gave him convincing proof of the most zealous attachment and the most inviolable fidelity."

"This sheltering and guarding of the Prince was no mere matter of humanity," says a recent writer, "but it was begotten of loyalty to the exiled dynasty." For long after Culloden a Gaelic song, sung by high and low alike, expresses the nature of the affection won by the royal fugitive. A verse runs like this:—

They ravaged and burned my country;
They murdered my father, and carried
off my brothers;
They ruined my kindred, and broke the
heart of my mother;
But all, all could I bear,
If I saw my king restored to his own.

Correspondence

Mr. J. N. MacLeod, of Inverness, Scotland, a well-known lecturer on the '45, sends the following appreciative letter:—

Sir,—Many thanks for your kindness in sending me a specimen copy of "The Jacobite." I have read it over with great interest. The stirring times of the famous '45 form a most charming page in the annals of our national history, for that period has left behind it treasures of song, story, and sentiment unequalled in the history of any country, and you have done well in helping to foster increased interest in this subject. I wish "The Jacobite" every success.

A gentlemen in Allahabad (India) sends the following letter, which we are very pleased to publish:—

Sir.—I have just received from a friend in Calcutta a copy of the "Jacobite," and it is very interesting indeed, to me more so, for one of my ancestors fell on the fatal field of Drumossie loyally upholding in his unshaken ideas the fortunes of Bonnie Prince Charlie—"Phrionnsa Tearlach, Rìgh nau Gael," whom the Highlanders will praise in song and story for evermore.

By the side of a lone sheiling fire I have heard my "Granny" humming Jacobite airs and my grandfather telling the quaint old stories that keep the most romantic period of our history ever new—stories that may never appear in print, but will be handed down from generation to generation pure and undefiled—stories that engrain themselves on our hearts and inspire us on to the most sacred of all human treasures—the treasures of love and liberty!

You might inform me what subscription is required for ten years. I think

that will be the best way of securing a regular delivery of so interesting a paper, and I will forward a M.O. by return mail.

I enclose two cuttings from Scottish papers which may interest you. Wishing the "Jacobite" all the luck which is its due in upholding and encouraging national sentiment.—I am, yours, etc.,
W.B.W.

13th Sept., 1920.

Bonnie Dundee.

Sir,—I read with much pleasure and interest your admirable article on "Bonnie Dundee" (John Grahame, of Claverhouse) in the last issue of the "Jacobite." A writer whose book is too little known, the gifted authoress of "The Last of the Cavaliers," has, I think, given one of the best defences which I have yet seen of Claverhouse. She says: It would be hard to explain how, surrounded by men whose public action equalled his in rigour, and whose private life and political conduct could not bear a comparison to his, Claverhouse should ever have attained such a pre-eminence of odium as that which attaches to his name. The writer attributes the circumstance partly to the fact that the character of Dundee has been left for the most part to the mercy of political opponents and fanatical enthusiasts. His superiority of mind and high code of morality was surely another reason. A man has only to be better and purer than his contemporaries in order to become a target for the arrows of jealousy and envy.

Dr. Munro, Principal of St. Andrew's College, said with regard to Claverhouse, "I had an extraordinary value for him, and those of his enemies who retain any generosity will acknowledge he deserved it. He was steadily religious in an age which oscillated between fanaticism and profanity; sober and self-restrained in a time of reckless license; faithful to his principles when all around compromised them; ardent as flame, steadfast as iron."

Few men could more keenly appreciate the advantages which tempted him, few men paltered less with temptation, or, by supreme effort, absolutely triumphed over it. He had that majestic moral strength which attracts men to a leader, and the alarm which the news of his victory at Killiecrankie created in Edinburgh, before his death was reported, cannot be over-estimated.

"The other side of Tay is lost and Fife is in very ill tune. The Lord help us," wailed the Master of Stair. "We fear all Perthshire and Angus will be in arms for him presently," lamented Duke Hamilton; "if he carries Stirling he has all Scotland." There is no doubt that had Dundee lived to follow up his victory, all those forebodings would have been realised.

"There has been no other instance," says Professor Avtoun, "where the fate of a whole kingdom depended on the life of a single man." While he lived, Scotland at least was not lost to the Stuarts.—I am, yours, etc.,

SCOTLAND YET.

Printed and published by THE POVERTY BAY HERALD CO., LTD., Gladstone Road, Gishorne, for the proprietors:—C. C. Bagnall, Rongotea, Palmerston North, and C. A. Rowell, Elmi St., Mangapapa, Gisborne, Nov. 8, 1920.