



THE JACOBITE

The only Jacobite Paper in New Zealand

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Notes and General.

Mr. A. Polson, of Ardconnel St., Inverness, kindly forwarded recently some heather gathered from the graves of the McGillivray's on Cul-loden's fatal field. The McGillivray's fell in scores on that fatal April day in 1746, and the chief of the Clan was killed at a well on the battlefield which still bears his name.

* * *
"Our Cause To-Day" by Mr. Rathmell Wilson, the London journalist and novelist, which appears in another column, seems to us particularly appropriate. Mr. Rathmell Wilson was the writer of those beautiful lines "Rose Incense" which appeared in the first number of "The Jacobite."

* * *
Mr. A. A. McRae, of Lumsden, Southland, has secured a large number of new subscribers for our paper, for which we are truly grateful. Mr. McRae is a true descendant of those Royalists who formed the backbone of Prince Charlie's army. "Hold fast to the fame of your ancestors" is a Gaelic proverb which Mr. McRae has made a rule of life.

* * *
Genuine surprise has been expressed in many quarters at the appearance of "The Jacobite" in this out of the way corner of the earth. It will be news to many to learn that this country's connection with the Jacobite Revival dates from 1900, and the London "Jacobite" of February, 1903, contained the following:—"Mr. Charles Bagnall has been appointed Agent for New Zealand, where the work of the Jacobite League has been carried on with considerable energy." The London "Daily News" had a long article on this appointment, which was reproduced in a number of leading New Zealand papers.

Twenty-five dollars was raised recently by the students of Flora Macdonald College, Red Springs, North Carolina, U.S.A., and sent to D. A. Macdonald, Chairman Kilmuir Parish Council, Isle of Skye, towards defraying the expense of replacing the marble slab affixed to Flora Macdonald's monument in Kilmuir Churchyard, Skye, wrenched from its fastenings during a recent storm. President C. G. Vardell, after telling the story of the famous Scottish heroine to the students assembled for chapel service, presented the appeal which met with an immediate response.

* * *
In an article in the "Celtic Review" for July, 1909, Professor Henry Jenner wrote:—"It is interesting to note that, going by genealogy—not by Acts of Settlement—the Princess Mary of Modena is, through her descent from Charles I. (as is well-known), Heiress of Line of the House of Stuart, and therefore of Tudor and Plantaganet, of Rollo, of Alfred and Cerdic, and of the ancient Scottish and Pictish, and perhaps Irish and British Royal Houses. It is a wonderful pedigree that includes the heirship of all Celtia with Saxondom and Normandy thrown in."

* * *
Lt.-Col. Owen Vaughan, D.S.O., whose death was recently announced, was widely known as a writer of Welsh historical romances under the pen name of "Owen Rhoscomyl." Col. Vaughan was an authority on Welsh Jacobitism. Writing in "The Royalist" on the '45, he said:—"The chief reason for the scantiness of records of Welsh Jacobitism lies in the fact that, as it never had an opportunity of taking the field, so it was never

broken in battle. The Government thought it best to let sleeping dogs lie, and not add troubles in Wales to troubles in Scotland. This wisdom on the part of the Government gave time for the destruction of all incriminatory documents among the Jacobites themselves; and in the lack of trials for treason we have a lack also of those legal indictments and documents from which so much of the history of English and Scots Jacobitism is known."

* * *
It may not be generally known that in 1778 some Jacobites wrote to Prince Charlie (or King Charles III. as he then was) from America, proposing to set up his standard there. In Wales the adherents of the Stuarts were enthusiastic and hopeful for long after the '45. In an old Welsh ballad on the theme of Owen of the Red Hand—one of those popular heroes who are some day to wake from death-like slumber, and work wonders for their country—the following lines occur—

"Yr Owen hwn yw Harri'r Nawfed,
Sydd yn trigo 'ngwlad estronied."

(This Owen is Henry the Ninth, who dwells in a foreign land). These lines, which cannot have been written till after 1788, the year in which Charles Edward died, and his brother Henry (*ob.* 1807) was recognised as King by the Jacobites, are of twofold interest. Not only do they evince the longevity of Jacobitism in Wales, but they show that the Welsh adherents of the exiled house thought that the restoration of the Stuarts would bring welfare to the country. That belief was long held in Scotland, and, indeed, it was in that country, rather than in England, America, or Wales, that the Jacobites were really active after the Forty-Five.

EDITORS' NOTICE.

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

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The Jacobite

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Literary.

"A Jacobite Stronghold of the Church," by Mary E. Ingram, is an important contribution to our knowledge of the past history of our Cause. This most interesting book is the story of the loyal Episcopal congregation of Old St. Paul's, Edinburgh, who were ejected from the Cathedral of St. Giles at the Revolution for refusing to acknowledge Dutch William, and established a meeting-house at Carruber's Close, which lies on the north side of the High Street, Edinburgh. Here for nearly two centuries they continued to worship amid most depressing surroundings and for many years amid bitter persecution.

Many interesting personages cross the reader's path in this unique narrative. Flora Macdonald, and nearly all the leaders of the Jacobite movement, are the subjects of passing reference, as they come for a brief period into the life of the congregation.

It is distressing to record that after a hundred years (1688-1788) of steady loyalty to the exiled Stuarts, the Church at Carruber's Close decided to acknowledge George III. as their king. But it is some consolation to know that there was at least one loyal heart among the congregation who would never own the Hanoverian race. This was Alexander Halket, who dwelt in a fine old house near Holyrood, hung round with portraits of the rightful race, and here he used to entertain his circle of Jacobite friends. Once a year, in Court dress, with a sword by his side, would this sturdy old Jacobite pay a visit to Holyrood Palace, musing on the vanished glories. In the same dress he appeared at Edinburgh Castle, when the Scottish regalia was discovered in 1818. In the chapel at Carruber's Close, he led

off the responses from his old prayer-book, containing the names of King Charles II., the Duke of York, and Princess Anne, and always blew his nose loudly during the prayers for King George. He died in Edinburgh in 1825.

The Royal House of Stuart.

A public lecture in support of the claims of the Royal House of Stuart was recently given in the town of Gisborne, New Zealand, at which there was a good attendance. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Gisborne Study and Discussion Society, and the lecturer was Mr. C. A. Rowell, who has been for some time past associated with modern Jacobitism.

In his opening remarks the lecturer said that the Royal House of Stuart had been the subject of countless memoirs and historical notices for hundreds of years, and as the generations passed, the virtues—manifold and great—of this most unfortunate race of princes became more and more apparent. Little by little justice was being done, past the transgressions of the truth were being atoned for, and the Royal House of Stuart was passing through a process of rehabilitation in the minds of those who were sufficiently interested to investigate the situation. Referring to the Martyr King Charles I, the lecturer said that in school histories we were told that Charles was executed because he insisted in ruling without the aid of Parliament. This statement suffered considerably on being submitted to examination. The execution of Charles I. was nothing less than a deliberate murder brought about by a Parliament composed of capitalists and landlords of that period. Charles attempted to raise the burden of taxation from the people and place it upon the shoulders of those who were best able to bear it, and for this he was never forgiven. The Protector Cromwell, who succeeded Charles, ruled in a far more despotic and arbitrary manner than any Stuart king ever ventured to do. After his death the people gladly welcomed a restoration of the Monarchy under Charles II. An intolerant Parliament and an intolerant Cromwell were naturally followed by an intolerant sovereign. James II. proclaimed the principles of religious toleration for all sects, and liberty to the subject by the "Habeas

Corpus" Act, but all his moderation went for nothing in the sight of fanatical Protestants, who could see nothing but the horns and hoofs of the Evil One under the mild guise of the last of the Stuarts. And so after a very short reign James was forced to vacate the throne. The history of the Stuarts from now on was that of an exiled race. Referring to the campaign in 1745 under Prince Charles Edward, the lecturer extolled the clemency and humanity of the Prince in contrast with that of the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden. On the Hanoverian side victory was the signal for ruthless massacre and outrage, with Prince Charlie the Hanoverian wounded and captives were tended skilfully and treated like gentlemen. No trail of blood and fire marked the ground over which he went. Laudation and sickening homage was paid to the "Butcher of Culloden" while the rightful heir of the British crown was being hunted like a wild beast, a price of £30,000 on his head, on historical hills and glens of his own fatherland. Despite their extreme poverty, no Highlander could be found who would stain his hands with such filthy lucre. While the name of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was honoured to-day no name in Scotland was held in more universal execration than that of Cumberland, his opponent, the "Butcher of Culloden." Jacobitism did not die with the defeat of Charles Edward at Culloden. The Jacobite spirit still existed and there were many to-day who recognised the right of the elder branch of the descendants of the Royal House of Stuart. 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 this king of Sardinia the present de jure heir of the Stuarts is descended. The lecturer concluded by saying that as the true facts with regard to the rights of the Royal House of Stuart were brought more and more to light, there would be a great revulsion of feeling in their favour.

A number of questions were asked at the close of the address, which was attentively listened to, and several short speeches were made. A vote of thanks was accorded the lecturer before the meeting dispersed.

THE CROON OF "THE '45"

By A.F.S.

The following article, which appeared in the September issue of the "Scots Pictorial," has just reached us from Edinburgh. It is of special interest to all our readers, and is written by a gentleman well-known in Edinburgh for his literary qualifications—Mr. A. Francis Steuart.

A QUARTERLY called "The Jacobite," which proudly calls itself "the only Jacobite paper in New Zealand," has just been sent to me, and it makes one think again of the question what was, and is, the great charm and spell of Jacobitism which keeps people still interested, loyal, and faithful to that lost and extinct cause?

That the cause was hopelessly lost at Culloden in 1746 was the literal fact, but that the faithful Jacobite remnant hoped, plotted, planned, and dreamed until the death of "Bonnie Prince Charlie"—their King—was equally a certainty. The love of their "Rightful King" had become much more to them than a mere dynastic matter, it had become almost a religion. The refusal to recognise William of Orange as their monarch had lost for Episcopacy the position of an Established Church in Scotland, and equally the refusal to recognise as Kings the first three Georges cost many Jacobites all hope of advancement—and even of employment—in their own country, making them lead secluded lives among those of their own political faith, dreaming of the past and its real or fancied glories, and dwelling on the memory of their lost line of rulers.

It became an Ideal, and the glorious loyalty shown to the Stuarts was its mainspring. And how great that loyalty was! We see it in the long vigil of the attendants of Mary Queen of Scots in her English prisons. It was shown by the followers of King Charles I. during "the Troubles," by the adherents of Charles II. during his flight, by the Prisoners of the Bass in 1688. Nor was it lost in "the '15" and it shone like a beacon during the wanderings of Prince Charlie, a fugitive, among the Highlands and Islands. This loyalty became a virtue to contemplate and dwell on. We read of it in the wonderful collections of heroic narratives of those who were the protectors and companions of the Prince during his

perilous flight. Every tradition about the Prince was cherished by his adherents, whether it was of his brief period of splendour at Holyrood, or whether it was during his misery and danger in the Hebrides. The memory of every event was preserved, and is still preserved. We know one castle where even yet the white rose is still piously placed beneath the portrait of 'Scotland's heir' who was sheltered by forbears of the owner, and some faithful families still own and regard with veneration the engraved glasses (which it was once dangerous to possess, and for which now relic hunters pay large prices), from which their ancestors drank—at their own risk—the health of "The King over the Water."

We are not unaware how, during the perilous periods when doing so, the faithful Jacobites had to have recourse to subterfuge. One old lady gave this toast, "The tongue no man can tame—James III. and VIII.," while another Jacobite versified his feelings thus:

"God bless the King—I mean the faith's
Defender,
God bless—no harm in blessing—the
Pretender,
But who Pretender is and who the King,
God bless us all—that's quite another
thing."

But the toasts went round for all that, though an incautious word might mean denunciation and exile or execution.

We read of one old lady who "though she had a deep personal regard for Queen Charlotte . . . yet there was a tingle of Jacobitism about her, such as made her extremely dislike to hear Prince Charles Edward called the Young Pretender, as many loyal people did in those days and made her fond of telling of the thorn-tree in my Lord's park in Scotland, which had been planted by bonny Queen Mary herself, and before which every guest in the Castle of Monkshaven was expected to stand bareheaded, out of respect to the memory and misfortunes of the royal planter."

And this regard to the "memory and misfortunes" of the past, true loyalty though it was, did not prevent the loyal remnant, as time went on, acquiescing as far as their duty bade them, in what had happened in the world de facto. They still refused to pray for King George and stroked his name from their prayer books, they collected Jacobite relics of every kind, but at the same time they loved their native country and its prestige. It is interesting thus to see that Flora Macdonald, as Lady Kingsburgh, became one of the most "loyal" adherents to the British rule in rebellious America whither she had gone from Scotland. Yet, was she not buried at the last, wrapped in a sheet in which her Prince, whom she had saved from his pursuers, had slept in Skye.

Though the cause was lost, the Jacobite sentiment remained. The many songs were still sung—first in secret, then as a croon of the past, and in the end the Jacobite spirit prevailed. It is thus that we hear (as we do) "Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie" (originally a "disloyal" song of the Jacobite "Rebels") played as a march-past to-day at a Royal Review, and "Hey! Johnny Cope!" as a quick-step. The song, "The King shall enjoy his own again," can be, and still is, reverently sung, although the last male of the older dynasty, to which it made reference, died in exile from the Three Kingdoms, "King by the grace of God, but not by the will of men," a hundred and thirteen years ago.

Prince Charlie's Cairn.

On a hill at Arnish Loch, known also as "Prince Charlie's Loch," is erected a cairn, a memorial of Prince Charles Edward's visit to the Lewis as a fugitive after ill-fated Culloden. It is a rough stone cairn twelve feet high, having a granite slab, on which there is engraved a "white rose" and the following inscription:—

"H.R.H. Prince Charles Edward, with three attendants, landed in Loch Seaforth on 4th May, 1746, and walking all night reached Arnish Loch at noon 5th May. In the evening he was received at Kildun House by Lady Kildun (MacKenzie). Early on May 6th he left in a boat, and landed on Eilean Inbhard, Loch Sheil, remaining there four days, and sailed thence to South Uist and Skye. The Prince's faithful pilot was Donald MacLeod, Gaultergill, Skye. 'Deoch-slaichte an Rìgh.'"

Flora Macdonald and North Carolina.

It is a far cry from the Isle of Skye to the old American State of North Carolina, yet both are closely associated with the Scottish heroine, Flora Macdonald. By a recent mail we received a most interesting booklet giving the history of the foundation of Flora Macdonald College, Red Springs, N.C., situated in the heart of the ancient settlement of the famous old Scottish clansmen in North Carolina—that is, the recognised centre of the Scots in America. After Culloden there came to North Carolina a powerful reinforcement of Highlanders, among them many of the Clan Macdonald, including the romantic Flora Macdonald.

About two years ago we received from the Flora Macdonald College, a beautifully printed and illustrated biography of Prince Charlie's preserver, containing inter alia, most interesting details of her efforts to maintain British supremacy at the outbreak of the American War of Independence. Of all those who served Prince Charlie, Flora Macdonald perhaps suffered the least of all, her twelve months' captivity on the troopship in Leith Roads and in London, being really a triumph, as she was courted and feted by the most notable people of the day. The lasting fame and permanent place in history which the gallant Flora owes to her chivalrous connection with Prince Charlie are well known, but her association with North Carolina is not so well known. In 1750 she married the son of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, where in 1773 she entertained that stout old Tory, Dr. Johnson, who describes her as of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence. Flora Macdonald arrived in North Carolina in 1774, at a time when the troubles between Britain and the American colonists were reaching a crisis.

With characteristic loyalty, which scorns danger and the path of the mere time-server, Flora gave her enthusiastic support to the minority who upheld the British connection. A Highland Regiment was formed, and at Cross Creek—now Fayetteville—visitors are still shown "Flora Macdonald's Tree." To-day, beside the dusty highway, a broken old stump lifts its head. It was once a great oak, and under its spreading branches the Scottish heroine took

her stand on February 18, 1776—the dark day of the "Highland March Out." The regiment, raised partly by her energies, came utterly to grief in its first encounter with the wily colonists, most of the loyalists being taken prisoners, including Flora's husband. At Wilmington, North Carolina, in order to meet her expenses, Flora sold her precious silver, prized because it was the gift of admiring friends in London, when, as the "Prince's preserver," she was the centre of popular interest.

Memoirs of Baron Hyde De Neuville.

Scattered all over Europe to-day are the descendants of the exiled Jacobites, and according to a French paper, there are Lorraine houses where they still pray for the Stuarts, with a fidelity to the memory of the fallen dynasty, of which there are very few examples even in Britain.

That diligent student, the late Andrew Lang, came across the following epitaph on the grave of a Jacobite exile, which has always seemed to us a striking illustration of that intense devotion so often associated with our Cause:—

"Keep me not long Mother Earth
But raise me with the noble Perth
To wear again the White Cockade."

Amongst the many thousands of gallant Royalists who were driven into exile by the Orange and Hanoverian usurpations may be mentioned Sir James Hyde, a descendant of the Clarendon family, who followed the Stuarts into exile after Culloden. Sir James Hyde settled in France, and the family in due course became French citizens. "The Memoirs of Baron Hyde de Neuville" (1776-1857), translated from the French by Frances Jackson and published in 1913, is before us as we write these lines.

Baron Hyde was a grandson of the original Jacobite exile, from whom he inherited that unflinching Royalism which characterised his whole life—grandfather and grandson both trod the dangerous path of loyalty, both trod the path of exile, both had the same faith in their hearts, and the same battle-cry on their lips—"for God and the Rightful King."

A Royalist from childhood Baron Hyde went to Paris at the age of 15 "to help to save the throne," and from then onwards was engaged in

many attempts to restore the Bourbon Monarchy. An illustration of his dauntless spirit occurs when he publicly rebuked a notorious demagogue, at a time when the French people were eagerly imbibing those revolutionary chimeras, which were to culminate in a series of massacres, and seas of innocent blood. Baron Hyde refused to take the oath of submission to Buonaparte, and was outlawed for eight years and exiled for seven. But if he could no longer take part in politics he could do other things. He studied medicine and agriculture, and the history, laws, and social condition of America, and thus unconsciously prepared himself for the position he was to hold later on of French Ambassador in the United States, under the Bourbon Restoration.

Baron Hyde said, "I have remained true to my convictions. When legitimacy, which I look upon as the key-stone, the necessary principle of monarchy, shall return, it will find me, then as ever, desiring monarchy without abuses, liberty without license. My last prayer shall be for my country, convinced as I am that her happiness and glory are inseparable from hereditary monarchy."

Writing in the "Nineteenth Century" some years ago, Lord Morley said "that the devotion which once animated the followers of Stuart and Bourbon, now marks a deeper love for the self-governing commonwealths"; but looking round at the world to-day seething with unrest both social and political, few will endorse Lord Morley's dictum. What is really wanted at the present time is a thousand such spirits as that chivalrous knight-errant of modern times, fearless and blameless—Baron Hyde de Neuville.

Our Cause To-Day.

Mr. Rathmell Wilson, novelist and journalist, sends the following for publication:—

No more for Bonnie Prince men fall,
The Martyr King has breathed his last,
Fools say the Stuart Cause is dead,
Its glory only of the past.

Yet in these calmer days, a-flame,
From heart to heart the touch still goes
While memory of our deathless dead
Keeps ever-fragrant our white rose.