

HANOVERIAN PROPAGANDA.

By H. S. TWELLS.

I HAVE spent so many scores of hours, contentedly, with Mr. Samuel Drewy's *Derby Mercury* as to know what to expect from its yellow pages and its faded brown ink.

I am not surprised when I read how Lord and Lady Exeter and their heir came to their house in Full Street, Derby, and how the bells were rung and their tradesmen mounted and rode out of town to meet them, as in duty bound, nor really astonished when I see that His Majesty's envoy at the Neapolitan court, that well known dilettante, Sir William Hamilton gave a testimonial to James' Powders long before a national hero conferred immortality upon him by making him a cuckold.

It caused me no surprise to learn how a lady rode up the road to Normanton to Gallows Close for picking a farmer's pocket in the yard of the Cock Inn one Ashbourne May Fair day wearing her pink stockings bravely before resting in St. Peter's Churchyard.

Of course, Mr. Drewy chronicles Cockings and Assizes, Races and the Kings' Birthdays, the hanging of a peer in a silken noose and the shooting of an admiral to encourage his fellows, new milched asses for sale, the Flying Waggons, canal boats and a Cumberland divorce. All these delectable items *The Mercury* records, and how a wealthy gentleman's body was carried through Derby's streets to be buried in the chancel of Ashbourne Church where the curious may see his monument in this

year of our Lord, nor would I stop to chronicle the sudden decease of this wealthy person save that his abandoned mistress, a lady of considerable personal attractions, threatened to shoot him if he left her, and bought a new hagged flint for her pistol to fulfil her promise. Facts not recorded on his tomb.

These happenings were not all unusual, but when Mr. Drewy included in his most respectable pages bare faced political propaganda I admit I was shocked, grieved, shaken. One thinks of propaganda as one of the foul growths of what appears to some of us as a restless, unhappy age, though a majority of English voters welcomed it as the coming of a brave new world.

Propaganda, probably, is as old as Tutankhaman, or older, though its incidence varies. It may be bred by Claptrap out of Vainglory, like Mussolini's, or by Rancour out of Prejudice as was that of the Puritans, or perhaps by Self Interest out of Bourgeoisie as when the thirteen New England States were persuaded that King George was a tyrant and they high-souled patriots striving for liberty when all they desired was to avoid any payment towards the cost to John Bull of defending them from French aggression.

If I must give a reason for being proud of being English I might easily select the fact that English propaganda is ineffective for, I repeat, propaganda is a foul thing and may well be left to Doctor Goebels.

What my reader may ask was the motive of the Hanoverian Propaganda that Mr. Drewy printed in his *Derby Mercury* for Friday, the 27th of September, 1745?

The answer is obvious. It was purely dynastic, the support of the House of Hanover and the Protestant succession, and in that one word, Protestant, we have revealed the whole secret of the means employed. Much as I admire the achievements of the English people of the eighteenth century I have never shared, nor understood, their rabid anti-papal fears and hatreds. Of course, the prejudice did not die out with the century,

and in my childhood certain of my evangelical relatives spoke of the Pope of Rome with loathing as the Scarlet Woman or the Whore of Babylon.

The determination of the landed class in the sixteenth century not to see the abbey land, for which they had paid a price, revert to the Church was as natural as the resolve of the French peasant not to see his acquisitions, for which he, too, had paid, go back to the "emigrés" under the restored Bourbons, but though deep-seated and widely spread yet this can only have accounted for a fraction of the national detestation of the Romish faith. Obviously, however, the fabricators of the letter I quote had this fear in mind and based their propaganda on it.

When I had read the letter that was signed Patrick Graham I began to search for someone of that name, who was an ecclesiastic and with the young Pretender in his march from Scotland to our county town. I found most ready and courteous help and to sum up, in a phrase, the result of my enquiries I am convinced there never was such a person. Perhaps the librarian of Stonyhurst, the Rev. H. Chadwick, S.V., to whom Mr. Eardley Simpson had suggested I applied, was most convincing on this point for he wrote that, from the manuscript material in his possession, he learnt that there were only four Catholic chaplains with Prince Charles Edward and none of them were named Graham.

One of these four was said to have accompanied Clanranald's men as their chaplain and as Confessor to the Prince. This priest was taken prisoner after Culloden, taken to London and banished in 1746, but his name was not Graham but McDonald, Allan McDonald.

Mr. Chadwick points out that the propagandist makes slips unlikely to have been committed by a member of the priesthood such as the addressing a Bishop as Father and on two or three other points, and now I think I had better submit Mr. Graham's letter to my readers judgment:—

“ St. James’s Evening Post, September 26th. A genuine intercepted letter from Father Patrick Graham, Almoner and Confessor to the Pretender’s son in Scotland to Father Benedick Yorke titular Roman Catholic Bishop of St. David’s at Bath.

May it please Your Lordship That I may execute the Commands you gave me about four months since to write you the success of our Expedition to Scotland with my Opinion of our Prince and those about him actually landed in Scotland and hitherto our expedition seems to be guided by the Immediate Hand of Providence.

Immediately upon landing the Prince of Wales kneeled down with the utmost Transport and kissed the earth with Great Humility and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven he implored the aid and blessing of the Mother of God and St. Winifred, for whom he always had particular Devotion, after that he ordered his standard to be set up and all his followers, about 200, being round him he admitted me first and then the Principal Lords and Gentlemen of the house oft Kissing his Hands. Since that everything has happened as the most sanguine could expect. The usurpers forces fly before us in every skirmish. The hand of the Blessed Virgin is visibly with us and in consequence Success attends us which success his R . . . H . . . and I too attribute entirely to his wearing constantly about his neck a small medal which His Holiness caused to be struck for the purpose and sent him a little while before we embarked for Scotland and on one side of which his R . . . H . . . is represented leading Britannia repentant to kiss the Pope’s toe: His Holiness from his throne extends his open arms to receive her. Round the margin on the side is read the Sentence “ Perierat et Inventa Est.” On the Reverse is the figure of the Prince of Wales with a lifted sword ready to stab Heresy who lies sprawling at his feet with the Cap of Liberty fallen off on one side and the electoral cap lying among the Ruins on the other and round the margin is read “ Inmedicabile Vulnis ense Recidendum.”

His Holiness has also sent the die of the medal and we intend as soon as it is Convenient to Strike numbers of them among the steady friends of the old English Constitution. I cannot enough applaud his R . . . H . . . zeal for the Catholic Religion.

It is constantly breaking out upon all occasions and sometimes indeed more than I could wish. But when I reprove him for it in private he promises to be more upon his guard. Yet as his tongue always speaks the language of his heart the moment any occasion offers he can never omit declaring his detestation of Heresy and I question whether the immediate

quiet Possession of all his father's Dominions could bring him to sign a declaration that had even a promise of toleration. If you see any such come out you may be certain 'tis the forged word of some of his Protestant Followers without his Knowledge or Consent.

He has some heretic noblemen with him and 'tis wonderful to hear how his R . . . H . . . whenever they talk to him of his temporal affairs make the discourse always turn to some religious point wherein he never fails to show them their errors and sometimes with success for I have already reconciled Lord George Murray, a young Nobleman of the Greatest Honour, and Mr. Cameron to the Bosom of the Holy Mother. His R . . . H . . . usual arguments are that no man can be a good subject to his father that does not believe in the Queen of Heaven for so he always styles the Blessed Virgin and that no person shall ever be of his Council that is not of his communion. He is well furnished with all that can be said for our faith his father having trained him up in it from his Cradle and I believe that Holy King would rather hear his son had been beheaded on Tower Hill rather than that he should promise even the least toleration to Protestants. His last words at parting were, for I was by, "Go Fight for your Religion and my Kingdom and remember Charles there is no faith to be kept with Heretics.

Oh, My Lord, what a glorious scene opens to my View; Shall the Cross once more be erected in Britain? Shall our altars again be exalted? Shall our Churches be restored to us? Shall our abbeylands revert to their right owners? Shall the clergy have their due Weight and Honour? Shall we rush like a Torrent upon the Laiety and make 'em know that they are our people and the Sheep of our Pasture?

Your Lordship well knows that all the Rent Rolls and Surveys of our former Possessions, preserved from the Impiety of the Times are Safe and kept in good order at Doway and St. Omers and ready to follow our success here. His Majesty has constantly allowed a salary to some of the reverend fathers at each place to preserve them for better days. I have often perused them with tears and surely our Church met with no more dutiful children than this apostate Isle once produced and were we once more Masters the same Yoke is still in being and might soon be made to fit their necks again.

In this Affair I must do my royal master's zeal ample justice. He has often declared to myself in the most solemn manner that the great cause of the restitution of the Abbey Lands shall never so much as come into Legislation but that he will himself as he is above the law take the business under his own peculiar

Cognizance and that our evidences and records shall never be controverted but that we shall have all the Reparations possible for our long Deprivation and Tedious sufferings. His royal word shall declare our rights and his Royal Power put us into immediate possession but whatever lands are in Catholic Hands which they must part with shall be made up to them out of the lands of the heretical rebels. Of this I am commanded to order you to impart to such as can be trusted with this secret. But I trust in the Blessed Virgin that the time is near at hand when the whole Kingdom shall hear the same from the throne itself . . .

One thing more I am commanded to acquaint your Lordship with the Vast and Oppressive Load of Debt which His Majesty's subjects have long laboured under has always afflicted him very much for Rebels as they have been he has long had a paternal care for the welfare of his undutiful Children. He has thought of many ways of easing them but upon the most mature consideration finds none so proper as an absolute sponge that will certainly at once take off the load and yet not lesson the credit for as the loan was contracted by those who had no power to contract it it ought not, it should not, it cannot impugn the credit of the true owner . . .

You are also to take notice of the Strict Justice of this Step for the debt has been wholly contracted by the enemies of the Royal House of Stewart extirpating our Holy Religion, contracted to support heresy and usurpation and the Government equally detestable to God and His Church. The majority of the Acts since 1688 have been long under consideration. The many peerages and honours that have flowed from it, the rewards to the greatest supporters of heresy must now be reduced. The proclamations and manifestos sent you, you will see are drawn with great caution and when we offer most if you will examine you will find the words subject to two meanings and sometimes more for this we are obliged to Father Innys of the Society of Jesus who is an excellent writer and has on all occasions been most favourable to our cause.

My good Lord the Die is cast: all is now at stake. 'Tis our dernier effort. Our Smithfield fires shall again Blaze or our enemies tread on our necks. Exert yourself then, inflame your friends with a zeal to destroy the enemies of our Church and King and to extirpate Heretics and Traitors. Enforce upon them their duty to their God and King, point out the smallness of the danger and the greatness of the Reward. Invite them to join the Royal Standard. Let them remember that those who are not with us are against us. Bid them to come for the Lord

hath need of them. Thus my Lord I have done as I was commanded. I trust from the ability and fidelity of the messenger this letter will arrive safe to your hands so begging upon my knees Your Lordship's Blessing,

I am, My Lord, Your Lordships most Obedient Servant
and Dutiful Son,

Patrick Graham,"

Perth,

Sep. 1, 1745 O.S.