

‘Without the Prince’ A Study of the Glorious Revolution in the Light of Present Politico-Religious Polemics, 1688–1988

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Introduction

When it is a matter of celebrating our national achievements the English Establishment has become positively masochistic, both in Church and State, and rather more so in the former than even in the latter. This applies to the English, not to the British in the aggregate. The Scots, the Welsh, and both sorts of Irish have no such inhibitions about anything savouring of the word Triumphalism. But it was not ever thus in England.

Until as comparatively recently as 1859 Thanksgiving Services, complete with Collect, Epistle and Gospel, existed for January 30 (Execution of Charles, King and Martyr), May 29 (Restoration of King Charles II), and November 5 (‘For the happy Deliverance of King James I, and the Three Estates of England from the most Traiterous (sic) and bloody intended Massacre by Gunpowder; and also for the happy Arrival of His Majesty King William on this day, for the Deliverance of Our Church and Nation’). These three statutory Services, comprehensively covering both wings of the Established Church, were dropped, possibly on the recommendation of Prince Albert, in 1859. By an Act of 22 Victoria (chapter 2) they were discontinued by Royal Order, and countersigned by the Secretary of State. In some form or another the Services for January 30 and November 5 still exist in various Churches, while much of the latter Service is to be found in the Prayers of the Orange Institution. This is a clear indication that the roots of Orangeism were in Anglican, rather than in Presbyterian soil.

Cranmerian Commemoration

Some thirty odd years ago, when the country had scarcely recovered from the greatest war in history, an English Diocesan Bishop did not find it embarrassing to lead a Service of Thanksgiving at the Martyrs’ Memorial in Oxford for the life and death of the English Primate who

had given us a Prayer Book of which we were not then ashamed. Admittedly not all his brother Bishops would have joined as enthusiastically in this service as Christopher Chavasse of Rochester. It needed a Methodist scholar, now recently at rest, to remind us that 'We do not read that anybody laughed who beheld that scene [the Martyrdom of Cranmer]' and that 'cheap jokes about it began with the Oxford Movement'¹. Some of the Episcopate, then as now, would not have been above retailing them.

'1066 And All That'

Some twenty-two years ago it was socially safer, and so much more popular, to celebrate with pageants and postage stamps the events of 1066. For that was the last time we had been successfully invaded. It was probably 'a good thing' to be reminded of our greatest national humiliation, as we have been during the last year *ad nauseam* by the celebration of its aftermath, the Domesday Book. It was laconically recorded by the monastic scribe of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*: 'The Frenchmen held the place of slaughter as God granted them for the sins of the nation.' Such is the tone in which the present English ecclesiastical Establishment would like to be able to record the events of 1688, but this time God had decreed otherwise.

The Falklands, 1982

Nearer to our time, only six years ago, this change of attitude in Church (if not in State) came to the surface after the Falklands War. The Thanksgiving Service was as far removed from the heartfelt *Te Deums* of 1918 and 1945 as it was from that Day of National Humiliation which Queen Victoria had, rightly or wrongly, dismissed as pusillanimous during Black Week in 1899, early in the Boer War.

In 1982 the Established Church of England was in no mood to appear as either the Church Militant or the Church Triumphant here in Earth. There was a distinct coolness between Downing Street and Lambeth.

A Bloodless Revolution—In England—1688

The Oxford Martyrs, the Norman Conquest, the Falklands War, and hot on their heels the Tercentenary of England's Glorious, because bloodless, Revolution. Three hundred years of Constitutional Monarchy, of Parliamentary Government, and—yes—of Civil and Religious Liberty would surely be a matter for proud and cheerful Thanksgiving before God, and with a good conscience, by both Church and State? All this, apart from the Armada in 1588!

But those ugly phrases, 'Civil and Religious Liberty' and 'the Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England', would keep on recurring. It began to dawn on the English Establishment, so heavily

committed to the Anglo-Irish Hillsborough Agreement, that they were likely to be celebrating those very events which Ulster Protestants have been celebrating since they took place three hundred years ago. It is for that reason, above all others, that England has been having its double-think about the obviously Non-U Triumphalism involved in a Tercentenary celebration of the Whig Revolution. Some fifty years ago, and in another context, these matters for thanksgiving were succinctly expressed by an Oxford don, who wrote:

I was brought up to admire the Ulster Colonists . . . I, too, was taught from tenderest youth, standing up in the carriage as the train crossed the Boyne at Drogheda, to praise 'the Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory of the Great and Good King William, who saved us from' — well, among others, some things that in the tolerant cool of approaching middle age and with a growing tenderness for the House of Stuart, I still think we are better without².

Students of the period, who are familiar with the phraseology of the original text, will be aware that the words discreetly omitted by the Chichele Professor of the History of War were 'Tyranny and Arbitrary Power', and that is why the present English Establishment prefers to celebrate 1688 as three centuries of Anglo-Dutch co-operation instead!

Church and State's Conspiracy of Silence

In this conspiracy of silence the State is likely to receive the open support and sympathy of all the Churches. Apart from one commissioned by the United Protestant Council, and an almost imperceptibly increased tempo of the usual Anniversary Church Services of the Orange and Black Institutions, and of the Apprentice Boys of Derry, there are unlikely to be (m)any. To celebrate anything religiously controversial, or politically triumphalist, is Non-U., and might so easily upset the good relations alleged to exist between London and Dublin. In this Downing Street and Lambeth Palace are at one, as they were not in St. Paul's Cathedral in the summer of 1982.

Netherlands Neutrality in 1914–18

In contrast to this negative attitude, which has grasped at the theme of Anglo-Netherlands Accord gratefully, we must be lenient with one '1688' enthusiast who, in an Open Letter to Queen Beatrix, charged her with 'fraternising' with the Irish President in Dublin, and went on to remind Her Majesty that Ulster soldiers had fought alongside her countrymen on Dutch soil in *two* World Wars. Such a breach of the neutrality of the Netherlands, which sheltered the ex-Kaiser from 1918 till after their Invasion by the Nazis, when he died at a ripe old age, made curious and amusing reading in the United Kingdom.

However, it must have been embarrassing in the Hague and Amsterdam. But there was at least a proper zeal for the spirit of the Anglo-Dutch co-operation in 1688 behind the historical gaffe. Thus, in this case, to know all is to forgive all.

Two World Wars have ended, and old enemies have become new allies. But the underlying principles of the Glorious Revolution (1688), the Bill of Rights (1689), and the Act of Settlement (1701) still remain as unresolved problems, since they are far from being universally accepted throughout the British Isles. It is for that reason that the present English Establishment buries its head in the sand, and hopes that the principles and the problems will go away. It is so much easier to proclaim Anglo-Dutch co-operation, which has never been in danger since the ghosts of Admiral Cornelius van Tromp and Admiral Robert Blake, whose spirit shares the Bridgwater Museum with 'King Monmouth', have long since been laid to rest. But to risk upsetting the Anglo-Irish Agreement, which hardly exists as long as 'Ulster says "NO"', is quite another matter.

Nevertheless the principles of the Whig Revolution still stand in the Statute Book, whether they are ignored as in Great Britain, or whether they are accepted as part of the way of life as by the majority in Northern Ireland.

Playing it Down

Having said that, it needs to be very carefully considered just what is to be celebrated, who is to be celebrated, and how it and they are to be celebrated. A great deal of arrant nonsense has already been written in the secular press on this topic. Perhaps popular journalism reached its nadir when an unsympathetic and ill-informed article in a leading Sunday paper so far missed the point as to state:

that the patron of the official celebration is to be Prince Charles and for him there is a special dilemma. *He is descended from both James II and from William and Mary—and he will not wish to be seen taking sides.* He is an appropriate symbol³.

The italics are those of the present writer, who begs leave to ask 'an appropriate symbol of what?'. Presumably of 'the Electress Sophia (of Hanover) and her heirs, being Protestant;' nothing whatever to do with James II, or even of 'Williamanmary', to quote Sellar and Yeatman again.

There is something supremely and very pathetically English in attributing the descent of our present royal House of Windsor (via Saxe-Coburg and Hanover) to the exiled Roman Catholic King, and to the childless Joint Monarchs who succeeded him in 1688!

One letter, pointing out that the Prince of Wales descends from James I and his great-grandson, George I, produced from the

journalist in question the unqualified admission that: '*I was wrong. I'm sorry. I wish I hadn't written the last paragraph.*'⁴ It is seldom that either Whitehall, or Church House, to say nothing of the Northern Ireland Office in Belfast, have made so complete a climb-down after so complete a historical howler. There have been plenty of them from other sources over the years.

Low Churchmen and Evangelicals

Of those whose interest in these matters should be paramount—the Evangelicals—we may safely assume that neither the Charismatics, nor the Ecumenists, nor those who—before or after Keele—have regarded polemics as 'unspiritual' will want any part or lot in these matters. This applies, especially, to those Evangelicals who, for whatever reason, have dropped the epithet of 'Protestant', and who have learned to spell 'Reformed' with a small letter 'r'.

Doubtless they will all turn to a *locus classicus* in what is still regarded as a standard work, which states that:

Evangelical Churchmen trace their pedigree to the Puritans, the Reformers, the Lollards, to all within the Natural Church who have learned to love a simple worship and a spiritual religion⁵.

They will go on to ask to which of these groups the men of 1688 belong. The answer is to all of them, and to none of them, not even to the Puritans alone. The author later on emphasises that while the original eighteenth-century 'Evangelicals' were 'Low Churchmen', the immense majority of Low Churchmen hated and despised the Evangelical minority. So to use the word 'Evangelicals' at this stage would be anachronistic. It would be almost anachronistic to speak of Low Churchmen for another decade or so; yet, following Lord Macaulay's example, we shall do this for want of a better name.

Coming of Evangelical stock, but essentially *the Whig Historian*, Macaulay has always been disparaged and always been read. A modern biographer, unsympathetic to the Whig Revolution and to Evangelical Churchmanship, wrote of Tom Macaulay, whom he personally admired:

Always, if he turned his head, the dark shadow of a Clapham pulpit lay across the way. Half his fondness for Dutch William was response to that monarch's Gallo-like contempt for creeds and churches⁶.

This was a rather unkind reference to his father, Zachary Macaulay, and to 'Dutch William's' broadly tolerant outlook on Scottish Presbyterianism and English Nonconformity as distinct from his wife's and her sister's convinced High Anglicanism.

John Buchan, Son of the Manse

Another viewpoint is that of John Buchan, son of a Scottish Manse, who wrote of his historical likes and dislikes.

I early discovered my heroes: Julius Caesar, St. Paul, Charlemagne, Henry of Navarre, Cromwell (of whom I acquired a surprisingly just appreciation), Montrose, Lincoln, Robert E. Lee. I disliked Brutus, Henry VIII, Napoleon (him intensely), *most of the 1688 Whigs*, all four Georges, and the whole tribe of French Revolutionaries, except Mirabeau.

Buchan's perfervid Scottish patriotism, his love of the Knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, and of the Cavalier of any age or creed, gave him a healthy contempt for any self-seeking and time-serving politician, who used religion for a cloak. Hence his dislike of such men as John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and the rakish Thomas, Lord Wharton, who, nevertheless, gave 1688 its marching tune, *Lilli-burlero*, which 'whistled King James out of his Three Kingdoms'.

But, writing of his own Liberal but Calvinistic father elsewhere in his autobiography, Buchan says:

The Home Rule question drove him to the Unionist side. He detected in Ulster some kinship with his beloved Covenanters⁸.

It was not for nothing that these same Ulstermen called their own 1912 'Bill of Rights' their '*Solemn League and Covenant*', signed by Primate, Bishops, Deans, and Moderator alike, as well as by Peers and Peasants.

It is here, at the Puritan, Calvinist, Low Church 'grass roots', rather than among the Grand Whiggery and their Worldly Wisemen that most of the readers of *Churchman* will find common cause with 1688.

When George in Pudding Time Came O'er

Yet another *locus classicus*, describing the result of the Act of Settlement, gives a non-idealistic picture of what the Protestant Succession meant under George I:

Here is my Lord Duke of Marlborough, kneeling too, the greatest warrior of all times: he who betrayed King William—betrayed King James II—betrayed Queen Anne—betrayed England to the French, the Elector to the Pretender, the Pretender to the Elector . . . The great Whig gentlemen made their bows and *congées* [sic] with proper decorum and ceremony⁹.

This is not how Sir Winston Churchill would have described his famous ancestor, and those associates whom John Buchan so disliked, such as Halifax 'The Trimmer', not heroes, some scarcely honest men.

But Thackeray went on to make the as yet uncrowned King of England, who never learned to speak English, say:

There are fifty nearer heirs to the throne than I am—I am but an accident, and you fine Whig gentlemen take me for your own sakes not for mine. You Tories hate me: you Archbishop, smirking on your knees, and praying about Heaven. You know I don't care a fig for your Thirty Nine Articles, and can't understand a word of your silly sermons.

This was from the new Defender of the Faith, a German Lutheran Elector to replace a Dutch Calvinist Stadholder and two High Anglican Queens. Thackeray rounds off his passage with:

[He] kept us assuredly from Popery and wooden shoes. I, for one, would have been on his side in those days. Cynical and selfish as he was, he was better than a King out of St. Germain's with the French King's orders in his pocket, and a swarm of Jesuits in his train¹⁰.

That is how George of Hanover, the 'end product' of 1688, 1689 and 1701 appeared to a typical Victorian rather less than a century and a quarter later. But today's typical Elizabethan would thoughtlessly denigrate all the best that the Whig Revolution stood for, including the very safeguards to the Throne itself.

The Good Old Cause

It must be realised that, only forty years before, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Arminians and Calvinists, though the two groups were not entirely identical, had fought themselves to a stand-still in the Civil War. The Laudian ascendancy had been succeeded by the Presbyterian ascendancy of the Westminster Assembly, and this in turn had been swallowed up by the Cromwellian comprehensiveness of the Commonwealth. The Royalist Churchmen showed no more Christian charity to the Puritans at the Restoration of Charles II in 1660 than they had been shown during the Commonwealth, if anything rather less. James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh, had been granted a Prayer Book funeral at Westminster Abbey by Cromwell. Nevertheless:

For a short period the lion's tail was rudely trodden upon and the 'glory' on the unicorn's brow almost brought to the ground. The Church of England has never forgotten these indignities.¹¹

So, by the Act of Uniformity in 1662, Puritan Churchmen became Nonconforming Dissenters overnight.

Shrewd and cynical, having learned more than either his bigoted but saintly father had done, or than his obstinate but devout brother would ever do, King Charles II was determined 'never to go on his

travels again'. He was equally certain that nobody would ever kill him in order to make his brother, James Duke of York, King.

Having shown himself a brave sailor in those inevitable Dutch Wars, James alienated popular sympathy by embracing the Roman Catholic Faith, together with his wife, Anne Hyde. Their two daughters, Mary and Anne, had already been brought up as strict Anglicans, with no leaning towards either Popery or Puritanism.

In spite of his own predilection towards the former, and the strong influence of his cousin, Louis XIV of France, King Charles was shrewd enough to ensure the Protestant Succession by marrying his two nieces to representatives of the Reformed (Calvinist) and Protestant (Lutheran) powers of Europe. Thus Mary was married to her cousin William III, Prince of Orange, the heart and soul of the League of Augsburg, which he had called into being to resist the encroachments of Louis XIV, particularly against his own United Provinces. Anne's marriage, though blessed with eighteen non-surviving children, was less auspicious. Her Uncle Charles said of George, Prince of Denmark, that 'drunk or sober, there was nothing in him either way'. Not so the Prince of Orange who had the support of the Holy Roman Emperor, and the more than tacit sympathy of Pope Innocent XI, who dreaded French hegemony and a Gallican Church as much as the Dutch feared the extinction of their hard won, and the Huguenots of their hardly won, liberties. Knowing his land to be in danger, he was ready to 'die in the last ditch'.

Whigs and Tories

So there came into being the two great English political parties which, in one form or another, were to remain until almost the present day, although the meaning and the significance of their names have changed. The party that supported the Exclusion Bill, which would have deprived the Duke of York of the succession to the Throne, owing to his acceptance of the Roman Obedience, became known as the Whigs. This name derived from *Whiggamore*, a Lowland Scots word meaning 'cattle drovers'. It was to be among the Scottish Covenanters, and among their kinsmen and co-religionists in the North of Ireland, that James II and VII would find the strongest opponents of the principles which he held. Theirs was 'the Good Old Cause' of Parliament and Puritanism 'for which [John] Hampden bled on the field and [Algernon] Sidney bled on the scaffold' in the Civil War, and after the Rye House Plot. It is only Ulstermen who will now speak or sing of:

The old cause which gave us our freedom, religion, and laws.

On the other hand those High Churchmen and Old Cavaliers, who still held loyally to the Stuart doctrine of 'the Right Divine to govern wrong', and therefore refused to 'exclude' a Stuart Prince from the

Throne of the Three Kingdoms, became known as the Tories. The word derives from a Gaelic word *Toraidh*, which means an Irish cattle thief. Today an Ulster Protestant mother may well call her troublesome child 'a right wee Tory', without realising that she is using one of the most ancient names of a political party to which the majority of her fellow countrymen were until very recently closely associated. Such are the ironies of the politico-religious heritage of the Glorious Revolution, which are still with us, at any rate, in Northern Ireland. Until quite recently the now defunct Belfast daily newspaper, *The Northern Whig*, carried above its editorial the Latin words *pro rege saepe, pro patria semper* (*for the King often, for the country always*). By that time Jacobinism had taken the place of Jacobitism in Ireland, and July 14th replaced July 12th.

The Western Rebellion: Prelude to the Revolution

After the 'unconscionably' long dying of King Charles II had brought the Duke of York to the throne as James II he soon succeeded in alienating his friends and uniting his enemies. The abortive Western Rebellion of 'the Protestant Duke' (of Monmouth), Charles's illegitimate son, among the peasantry of Somerset and Dorset in June-July 1685, left behind a trail of blood and horror associated with the names of Judge Jeffreys, Baron of Wem, and Colonel Percy Kirke, who later turned rank Whig in Ireland but failed to relieve Londonderry. The commanders of the Royal army were the Huguenot (sic), Duras, now Earl of Feversham, and John Churchill, the future Duke of Marlborough. A curious but characteristic aspect of the 1985 Tercentenary of this last battle fought on English soil was the Service in Westonzoyland Parish Church, where Monmouth's wounded had been left to die during the night. Among those present with the Bishop of Bath and Wells, a successor of gentle Thomas Ken, were *the Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton*, and *Fr. Thomas Ahearne*. Also involved in these 'Sedgemoor Celebrations', the first shots of the Tercentenary of the Glorious Revolution, was Mr. James Prior M.P., till recently Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. No doubt he was able to compare this feeble evocation of the tragedy of the Western Rebellion with those more vigorous evocations of 'Derry, Aughrim, Enniskillen, and the Boyne' to which he had become accustomed during his years at Stormont Castle. The equally unsuccessful 1685 rising of the Earl of Argyll, who also lost his head, might have been part of the long drawn out feud between the Whig Clan Campbell and the other Highland clans. But this time the Campbells were not coming! Though 'The Mac Cailean Mohr' together with Lord William Russell, Algernon Sidney, and 'King Monmouth' himself joined contemporary Whig Martyrology, the summer of 1685 is not an abiding memory in Campbelltown as it still is around Bridgwater—apart from a Victorian romantic painting *The Last Sleep of Argyll*.

The Seven Bishops

Having thoroughly frightened the Universities of 'Church and King' Oxford, and of Puritan or Platonist Cambridge, the King threw into close alliance the hitherto mutually antagonistic Churchmen and Dissenters. In seeking a Declaration of Indulgence for the latter, in order to secure similar privileges for his own co-religionists, he brought immediate resistance to his use of the King's Dispensing Power from the Archbishop of Canterbury and six other Bishops. They were Tories and High Churchmen to a man. Their resistance caused prayers to be said for their Lordships in Dissenting meeting houses, where ministers and congregations had previously shuddered at the thought of liturgy or the name of episcopacy. Only the friendless Society of Friends welcomed the offer. Even the King's troops on Hounslow Heath cheered at the Bishops' acquittal.

As Macaulay was to write nearly two hundred years later:

Between the Nonconformists and the rigid Conformists stood the Low Church party. That party contained, as it still, [1856] contains, two very different elements, a Puritan element and a Latitudinarian element . . . They had, while James was on the throne, been mainly instrumental in forming the first Protestant coalition against Popery and Tyranny; and they continued in 1689 to hold the same conciliatory language, which they had held in 1688.¹²

The obvious similarity between the position of English Low Churchmen and English Nonconformists three hundred years ago and that prevailing between the average member of the Church of Ireland and of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland throughout Ulster today is too obvious to dwell upon in detail. It is enough to say that the positions taken up by the various Protestant Orders, whether Orange, Black, or Apprentice Boys, and by the Unionist Party, is virtually identical with that of the men of 1688. This position is, even after nearly twenty years of Northern Ireland's 'troubles', likely to cause more pained surprise than concern among those who glibly maintain that 'Belfast is as British as Finchley', and that the Anglo-Irish Agreement is best for Belfast as it is for London and Dublin.

The Glorious Revolution

Returning to the high summer of 1688, it was not simply the resistance of the High Church Seven Bishops and their sympathetic support by the Nonconformists, as well as the vocal support of the Army on their acquittal, that were to make it King James's last summer upon the throne. The birth of a son, the future Old Pretender (James III and VIII to the Jacobites), to his young Italian Queen further alarmed not only the Whigs, but also the Princess of Orange and the Princess of Denmark, who saw their claims to the crown jeopardised by the birth of a baby brother, who would undoubtedly

be brought up in their father's and step-mother's faith. It was not this that all had been so carefully planned in 'Good King Charles's golden day' when 'Loyalty no harm meant', and when these two Stuart Princesses had been wedded to William of Orange and George of Denmark.

For in spite of King Charles's secret Treaty of Dover with Louis XIV, and his deathbed reception into the Church of Rome, they had no illusions as to their father's ability to retain the throne. Loyal Churchmen would celebrate January 30th and May 29th for two centuries. But it would be November's 'double 5th' that would be remembered, and not December 11th, when James II and VII fled to France. Seven Whig *and Tory* Lords, including the Bishop of London, sent a scarcely veiled invitation to the Prince of Orange at The Hague.

'Lilliburlero'

All that summer and into the autumn the menacing words of Thomas, Lord Wharton, sung to the catchy tune of Henry Purcell, were being whistled throughout the Three Kingdoms. Ulster knows the tune as *The Protestant Boys*, though the words are forgotten even there.

*How all in France have taken a sware
Lilliburlero bullen a la!
That they will have no Protestant heir
Lilliburlero bullen a la!*

*Arrah! But why does he stay behind?
Lilliburlero bullen a la!
Ho! By my soul 'tis a Protestant Wind,
Lilliburlero bullen a la!*

This was a reference to Richard Talbot, created Earl of Tyrconnell, whom James had sent to Ireland as Lord Deputy to raise a Roman Catholic Army to coerce England. But it was a long time before the Protestant East Wind began to blow from Brill in Holland to Torbay in Devon, bringing another 'him' over in time for the Anniversary of the Discovery of the Gunpowder Plot on November 5th, a day of much greater significance to England than 'his' thirty-eighth birthday on November 4th. But why did 'he' stay behind? William of Orange was much too old a campaigner against Louis XIV and too shrewd an observer of the fickleness of English politicians to move too rashly or too fast.

The rest of the story was once, in Lord Macaulay's phrase, the property of 'every schoolboy'. The landing at Brixham Harbour, the move to Exeter through a West Country still under the shadow of the Bloody Assize, and thence over Salisbury Plain to London, as William's Roman Catholic (*sic*) Dutch Blues mounted guard in Whitehall, and James fled to France, dropping the Great Seal of England into the Thames, all ensured that England's Revolution was

a glorious, because a bloodless, one. The descent of an Irish army upon Protestant England, predicted in *Lilliburlero*, had been peacefully forestalled there by December 11th 1688.

The Revolution in Scotland

It was not so in Scotland, where Covenanting memories of 'the Killing Times' died hard, but where Claverhouse put the Williamite forces to flight at Killiecrankie. The story was not to end there until after Glencoe, the '15, and the '45. A strong 'Non-Juring leaven' was to remain in the Scottish Episcopal Church, among those High Churchmen who were not prepared to break their oaths of allegiance to an Anointed King in favour of those whom they regarded as a usurping Dutch Presbyterian and an undutiful daughter. It was not until after the death of the last Stuart Pretender, 'Henry (IX), the Cardinal Duke of York', that such men felt able to transfer their allegiance to King George III. This meant the end of Whigs and Tories in the old sense of the words, and also of Jacobitism, and its replacement by Jacobinism.

The Williamite Wars in Ireland

But it was obviously in Ireland, behind the walls of Derry and within the island fortress of Enniskillen, where William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen, that the Revolution took its most popular and most permanent form. The Shutting of the Gates of Derry in December 1688, the maintenance of a state of siege by a citizen army from April till August 1689, and the constant guerrilla warfare of the Enniskillen men, all prepared the way for the successful campaigns of William III and his Huguenot Commander, the Marshal Duke of Schomberg on July 1st, 1690, at the Boyne, and of his Dutch General, Ginkell, on July 12th, 1691, at Aughrim; both against Franco-Irish forces. G.K. Chesterson once said that for a thing to become real it must become local. The events of the Jacobite and Williamite Wars are very local, and very real indeed to Ulster's Unconquerable Colonists, anachronistic as they seem to the pundits of Whitehall and of the Northern Ireland Office, who are sent to govern them in the Queen's name. They are still a very real and a very resilient community, as they always have been, not least the Townsfolk of Enniskillen.

Bill of Rights

Having allowed King James to slip away safely from England, and before his son-in-law and nephew was to do battle with him for the Crown in Ireland, it was necessary to seal the bloodless English Revolution with a Bill of Rights. Among other things this declares that:

It hath been found by experience that it is inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant Kingdom to be governed by a Papist

Prince or by any King or Queen marrying a Papist . . . Every person who is, or shall be, reconciled to, or shall hold communion with the See or Church of Rome, or shall profess the Papist Religion, shall be excluded, and be for ever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the Crown or Government of this Realm and Ireland . . . and in every such case the people of these Realms shall be, and are, hereby released of their allegiance.¹³

This is strong language, seventeenth-century certainty rather than twentieth-century compromise. Such language is well understood 'in Ireland', if not 'in this Realm'. In fact this is what it has all been about these nineteen years, these sixty or seventy, or a hundred, or three hundred years. Maybe this has not been realised fully by those 'in this Realm', or not by those who are sent from England, where King William reigned for less than fourteen years, to govern Ulster, where he spent scarcely fourteen days. The Williamite Legend is a very powerful one, based on so short a sojourn. So is the Jacobite Legend, so popular in Scotland after a sojourn there of rather more than a year by Bonnie Prince Charlie, his wife's nephew, and among English romantics. But it is a silly story of shadow rather than of substance, and that is why it is more popular than the story of the Glorious Revolution, which has all the disturbing implications of unwelcome contemporary truth about it.

But when Mary II died childless, and none of her sister Anne's offspring survived beyond childhood, and only one beyond infancy, it became necessary to reinforce the Bill of Rights with an Act of Settlement before the death of the King. So there is still put upon the Sovereign's lips a Protestant Declaration, albeit considerably watered down from the one taken even as recently as 1902 by King Edward VII. He, or she, must declare:

I do solemnly declare and in the presence of God profess, testify and declare that I am a faithful Protestant, and that I will according to the true intent of the enactments which secure the Protestant succession to the Throne of my Realm, uphold and maintain the said enactments to the best of my powers according to Law.¹⁴

This Declaration is very positive, though no longer containing the Declaration against Transubstantiation, which caused so much heart searching for the future King George V in 1911.

It is further reinforced by the Coronation Oath, enshrined within the Coronation Service itself, and administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury. It reads:

Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the Laws of God and the True Profession of the Gospel? Will you to the utmost of your power maintain *in the United Kingdom* the Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law?

The Sovereign replies simply:

'All this I promise to do.'¹⁵

It is noticeable that the Establishment of the Protestant Reformed Religion is limited to the United Kingdom, which now has only two Established Churches. The same statutory service has seen the presentation to Her present Majesty of the Bible by the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and before by the Archbishop of Canterbury with the words:

Here is Wisdom: This is the royal law: These are the lively oracles of God.

The Act of Settlement: Protestant and Reformed

Thus the two Established Churches of 'this Realm', the Church of England and the Church of Scotland, keep watch over the conscience of the Queen, or King, as the case will one day be again. Long may this be so.

One final reference must be made to the Act of Settlement in its practical aspect. The Revolution had brought the Sovereign Prince of Orange, the Stadholder of the United Provinces, and a member of the Netherlands Reformed Church, to the British Throne.

The Act of Settlement of 1701, the year before his death, was to secure the Succession to the Throne with 'the Electress Sophia of Hanover and her heirs, *being Protestant*'. As Professor Alison Phillips has pointed out, the original denominational allegiance of the Defender of the Faith, the Supreme Governor on Earth of the Church of England, was not specified.¹⁵ It was taken for granted that he, or she, would become a communicant, if not a confirmed, member of the Established Church. As the husband of Mary II, William III became a somewhat reluctant member of the Anglican Church. As the grand-daughter of James I and VI, who had sent his representatives to the Pan-Calvinist Synod of Dort in 1618, and as the daughter of sad 'Winter Queen', whose husband's succession to the Crown of Bohemia had provoked the Thirty Years War, the Electress Sophia of Hanover was obviously a potential member of *Ecclesia Anglicana*. Dying some six weeks before her cousin, 'Good Queen Anne', she did not have the opportunity of proving herself to be, also, 'the Church of England's Glory'. It was probably not until the reign of her great-great-grandson, George III, that the House of Hanover really became inured to its Defence of the Faith. He declared his willingness to lay his head on the block rather than grant Catholic Emancipation, which became law some nine years after his death. Two of his sons, the Duke of York, Titular Bishop of Osnabrück, and the Duke of Cumberland, future King of

Hanover, became Grand Masters of the Orange Order. Another son, William IV, died murmuring somewhat surprisingly: 'The Church! The Church!'

'And So Victoria'

Queen Victoria, well known for her Scottish preferences, once shocked Macaulay (in the manner of the *Sunday Telegraph* journalist) by referring to 'my ancestor, King Charles I'. The great Whig historian immediately retorted 'Your Majesty's *predecessor*, a very different thing, Ma'am!'. The Queen's dislike of both Evangelical Enthusiasm and Anglo-Catholic Ritualism is well known. Under the liberal German Lutheran influence of the Prince Consort she showed a marked preference for the simplicity of Church of Scotland worship at Balmoral, with a corresponding distaste for Scottish Episcopacy. Her favourite Anglican divines were known to be men of the Broad Church School, such as A.P. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, and Archibald Campbell Tait, originally a Scottish Presbyterian, and later his Scottish son-in-law, Randall Davidson, who both became Archbishops of Canterbury.

Like Elizabeth I Victoria did not 'make windows into men's souls'. Nor did she expect that they should make windows into hers. But in spite of the possible religious, as well as personal, influence upon the Queen Empress of the exiled Spanish Empress Eugénie of France there was never any serious question of her 'variation in the least degree' from her position as the Church of England's Supreme Earthly Governor, and Defender of the Faith, and least of all from her communicant membership of the (Presbyterian) Church of Scotland.

Three generations have passed since Queen Victoria, and three centuries since the Glorious Revolution, but nothing has happened to encourage a facile optimism that the principles which influenced them both are no longer essential to the well being of 'our Church and Nation'.

Without the Prince

It is obvious that the Tercentenary of the Glorious Revolution is already a dead letter as far as Church and State are concerned in England, owing to their determination to play the scenario *without the Prince, not of Denmark but of Orange*. Nevertheless there are two English academics, one of them a cleric, who are not unaware of the current importance of the one place where the influence of 1688 abides, and will abide.

One of them, the Dean of Peterhouse, Cambridge, has written:

Religion thrives in Northern Ireland as it does nowhere else in the United Kingdom, and so does political discord. It is what happens when people really do believe in the values they profess.¹⁷

The other, the Master of Balliol College, Oxford, even more trenchantly writes:

. . . The argument for retaining the Union is now almost entirely a moral one . . . The average Englishman or Scotsman or Welshman feels no closer, in sentiment, to the Protestants of Northern Ireland than to the Irish Catholic, North or South: The greatest divide is rather between those who regard religion as important in politics (as do the great majority of Irishmen, North and South,) and those whose politics are unaffected in general by religion (as are most of those who live on the side of the Irish Sea) . . . The Union must be preserved, because, for the foreseeable future, the alternative to preserving it would be catastrophe for the inhabitants of the Province, catastrophe for which we on the mainland could not escape a large share of the responsibility.¹⁸

'The Dreary Steeples of Fermanagh and Tyrone'

With both these recent statements the present writer concurs. But never has this situation, virtually unchanged since 1688, been more clearly expressed than by one in whose veins flowed the blood of Marlborough, with all the greatness and all the vacillation that this involved.

The whole map of Europe has been changed. The mode and thought of man, the whole outlook on affairs, the grouping of parties, all have encountered violent and tremendous changes in the deluge of the world, but as the deluge subsides and the waters fall we see the dreary steeples of Fermanagh and Tyrone emerging once again. The integrity of their quarrel is one of the few institutions that have been left unaltered in the cataclysm which has swept the world.¹⁹

These words were written between the two World Wars, before their author learned to value the 'Loyalty of Northern Ireland' to which he would pay tribute in 1943 during Eire's neutrality. An Ulster historian has written of them:

At this point, whether he realised it or not, he came close to defining the essential character of the Ulster problem.²⁰

It is for that very reason that England's politicians and ecclesiastics will turn deaf ears to the unacceptable truths discerned by this former Home Ruler nearly sixty years ago.

Those 'dreary steeples' still have their quarrel just in 1988 even *Without the Prince*, with whose colours they are still decorated every July. One of them is the Cathedral in Enniskillen, of which all the world has now heard.

The Protestant East Wind

But the final words are those of a nursery rhyme, the significance of which is lost on those who still hum it three centuries later. More

sinister, because more subtle, than *Lilliburlero*, and sung to the same tune, the homely words immortalise 'The Protestant Wind', which was to blow in November, 1688. This may have blown itself out in Great Britain, but in Northern Ireland it has reached gale force proportions.

Rock-a-bye baby, in the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle, and all.

The 'cradle' and the 'bough' were the Stuart Monarchy, and the 'baby' the future Old Pretender. These 'fell' before the Prince of Orange and his 'Protestant East Wind' three hundred years ago. *Without the Prince* none of these things could have happened, unless God intervened in another way. But, as in 1588, He '*blows with His breath and they are scattered. Flavit Deus et dissipantur*' was as true of the Channel winds of Autumn 1688 as of Summer 1588. God still 'moves in a mysterious way'.

Michael Dewar was for 37 years a parish clergyman in Northern Ireland, for the last three years of which he was conjointly a Canon of St. Patrick's National Cathedral, Dublin. His doctoral thesis (Queen's University, Belfast) was *The Westminster Assembly of Divines as an expression of 17th century Anglican Theology*.

NOTES

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