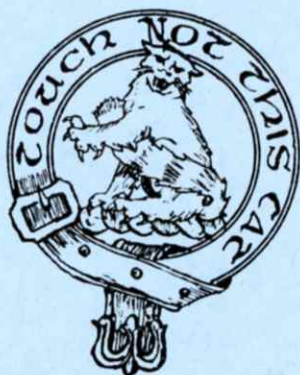


CLAN



MACGILLIVRAY

Journal of the  
Clan Macgillivray  
Society - Australia

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(For outstanding service to the Clan MacGillivray  
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# CLAN MACGILLIVRAY

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1983

## EDITORIAL

One of the stated objects of the Clan MacGillivray Society at its inception, was the bringing together of members sharing the same family origins, who, through the generations had lost all touch with each other, and to compile a genealogical index to which reference could be made by any member seeking to research his family background.

It was felt that the best way to go about this was to ask each member to supply the Research Officer with as much family history as he could; such information to be indexed and filed. With our 1981 Journal, a special 'pedigree form' was included.

Although quite a large number of our members complied with this request and returned their forms for recording, I am sorry to say that by far the greater number did not. Whether these members felt that the exercise was a violation of their privacy, or whether they just forgot is hard to say.

The information supplied by those who did respond, however, has proven to have been most useful. Quite a large number of families have discovered that they are related to other members, and the excitement of discovering a distant cousin whose existence was previously unknown, has proved always to have been a joyous experience. Here is an example:

Quite recently, your Research Officer received a letter from James McClosky, of Mundingburra, Queensland. He was trying to compile his family tree, but had little information apart from a few MacGillivray names. Could the Clan MacGillivray Society assist him?

With the few names supplied, and a search of the records so far collected, we were able to establish that James shared a common ancestry with our member, Dr David Lord of Dalkeith, W.A. They have since corresponded, and hopefully, have both been able to fill in some of the gaps in their genealogical charts. James has since become a member of our Society.



It is hoped that this service can continue, as it certainly will if members supply us with the essential material on which to work.

So, all you members who have not yet sent back your 'pedigree forms' would you please do so! If you have lost the one you received, write to our Hon. Secretary/Treasurer who will gladly send you another.

By doing so you will help our Society to strengthen the bonds of Clanship - and after all, that is the main object of having a Clan Society!

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When this Journal first appeared, it consisted of a few typewritten sheets stapled together. Now we have arrived at No.5 in the first volume, and your editor has been gratified at the many expressions of praise for its present format and content.

However, he is at present in a grumpy mood. Why? Well, he really expected that by this time the Journal would have been twice the size, or possibly the same size but produced twice yearly.

Why has he been unable to achieve this goal? Well, members, he is going to tell you bluntly, it's all your fault!

To keep producing this Journal, a constant source of copy is required. You have all been asked many times to submit articles. Such things as family legends and anecdotes, stories of the old days gleaned from faded letters in family archives - in fact, just about anything at all.

Apart from those few members who readily responded with articles, and such stalwarts as Robert McGillivray of Edinburgh who has never failed to submit a yearly article, your response has been practically nil!

That's why your editor is having a quiet whinge. Do you want the Journal to continue? If so, for goodness sake come to his aid and give him something to edit! He is just about at the bottom of the barrel for copy, and as each issue goes to press he is left worrying about the contents of the next edition.

In fact, he is so frustrated he is seriously considering tossing the job altogether; but he still clings to the hope that you will heed his urgent cry of help, and thus keep the Journal going!

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### A MESSAGE FROM OUR HONORARY CHIEF

The highlight of our year was undoubtedly the very successful gathering held in Melbourne in November, 1982; despite the fact that we greatly missed a number of stalwarts of our Society who were prevented from making the trip from Sydney due to ill health.

We were fortunate to be blessed with perfect weather for an outdoors function. The venue was ideal, and as far as I could tell, all present enjoyed the afternoon immensely. A glance at the attendance book signed by some 250 people on the day, shows that no less than 53 of us were MacGillivrays by surname, and this I believe, would be a record. It was also most pleasing that a small group of Clan Chattan Association life members joined us at my invitation, and the mingling of the MacIntosh and Shaw tartans with our own, gave one a real feeling for the ancient Confederation of Clan Chattan.

I would like to express my personal gratitude to Assistant Secretary David, his wife Heather, and their band of willing helpers, without whose efforts the gathering could not have been such a success. Thanks too, to those interstate members who travelled so far to be with us.

At least two families who were at the Gathering had suffered grievous losses in the awful Ash Wednesday bushfires, and our sympathies are extended to the Fosters and Gales families, and, indeed, to all the victims.

All of us will be saddened by the recent death of our Honorary clan piper, Jimmy Jackson, and his presence will surely be missed at future gatherings of this Society.

By the time you read this, Leila and I hope to be enjoying a leisurely holiday in Scotland, and over the weekend 12th to 14th August, shall represent you all at the 50th Anniversary celebrations and annual general meeting of the Clan Chattan Association. These will be held in the 'Capital of the Highlands', Inverness, and in Strathnairn where the Chiefs of Clan MacGillivray resided for centuries. I hope to be able to report on this event in a future issue of our Journal.

In the meantime, I extend good wishes to all members.

- Peter McGillivray



## OUR 1982 GATHERING

Each year when we report on our last Gathering, we seem to say the same thing - it was the best one we have held so far!

Our seventh annual Gathering held at Seaford South, Victoria, is no exception - which further goes to show how our Society is going from strength to strength.

Being the first gathering to held outside New South Wales, the mammoth job of organisation was borne by our Assistant Secretary/Treasurer David, and his lovely wife, Heather, who did a truly magnificent job indeed.

Of the 253 who signed the attendance book, no less than 120 were descendants of John & Sarah MacGillivray who arrived in Australia in 1853, so it was largely a family reunion as well as a gathering of the Clan.

Apart from the large Victorian contingent, members travelled from New South Wales, Western Australia, South Australia and Tasmania. Twentysix members of the Frankston City Pipe Band, plus dancers and helpers brought the number attending to just below the 300 mark.

Although on the very next day, a violent storm with 140 kph winds whipped through Melbourne, uprooting trees and unroofing houses, the weather on our day was fine.

David and Heather somehow managed to 'conscript' a veritable army of volunteers from their friends and relations, and they all worked until completely but happily exhausted. (One lady helper, at the end of the day, drove herself some 20 miles home, and had to get up six hours later to work all day in a factory - and even she didn't complain!).

To David and Heather, our congratulations on a job well done, and to all those who helped to make the day such a success, our warmest vote of appreciation.



Michelle,  
David,  
Heather  
and  
Colin  
at the  
1982  
Gathering.

## THE LAST THREE CHIEFS OF THE CLAN MacGILLIVRAY

When John MacGillivray left Scotland in the late 1790's, lured by adventure and fortune in the North West Fur Company of Canada, he probably never even considered that in the 1850's he would be notified that he had become the 11th Chief of the MacGillivray Clan, and heir to Dumglass and other estates in Scotland.

In the intervening years, he served as wintering partner at the Forts of the Nor'-Westers in what is now the Province of Alberta, buying furs from the Indians and dispatching them to Montreal for shipment to Europe. On trips back to Montreal, he sometimes spent time in the village of Williamstown, in the County of Glengarry, Ontario, about 70 miles west of the city.

He helped raise funds for the building of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church which still stands, and became an ensign in the 'Corps des Voyageurs Canadiens' though there is no record of him having taken part in the war of 1812 between Canada and the United States of America, in which some of the Corps fought.

It was a common thing among the fur traders of the period to have a 'country wife' or 'comforting squaw' at their forts in the West. John was no exception, and by her had a son and a daughter. The son, his wife and baby were drowned in two separate accidents, but the daughter had a large family by another fur trader, many of whose descendants live in Western Canada to this day. It is also probable that John had another such Indian maiden at his second later fort, because, after settling in Williamstown and marrying, the following event took place. It was related to a local historian to the East, at the time that it happened:

'One winter in a wild storm, there was a knock at the door. Isabella opened it, and there stood an Indian woman with two small boys. She had come from the far north-west, all the way to Glengarry to claim their rights for the two boys. Mrs MacGillivray rose to the occasion like a Christian and a lady, and took the wanderers in. When Spring came, the woman left for the West. John and Isabella kept the two boys. One is thought to have died in childhood, but the other is known to have worked in a town some miles away when he grew up.'

On what turned out to be John's last trip East, he was arrested for treason and murder by the rival Hudson Bay Fur Company, and tried in York, now the city of Toronto. Upon his honourable acquittal, he decided to retire from the Nor'-West Company with his well-earned profits, 1818, and bought a farm about three miles from the village of Williamstown, becoming Commissioner of Crown Lands. He married and soon built a fine large house in front of the smaller original home.



The latter became the kitchen and storage area until it was removed in 1905. He and his wife raised a family of four stalwart sons after the deaths of four infant daughters. The large house which was known as 'Dalcrombie' after his home in Scotland still stands and is owned by the writer and her husband, with 10 acres of surrounding land, the rest of the farm having been previously sold.

John was active in church affairs, being Ruling Elder in St. Andrew's Church from 1831 until his death, and in legal affairs as a Justice of the Peace.

He took a keen interest in the growing community and settled many day-to-day matters in regard to schools, roads, and even disputes among the clergy. He was appointed to the Legislative Council, for a time working with the Lieutenant-Governor of what was then known as Upper Canada - now Ontario, which gave him the title of 'Honourable'.

In 1852 he travelled to Scotland to claim his estates as Chief, but died in 1855 before all legal details had been completed.

The Hon. John's son, Neil John, took up the claim and became the 12th Chief of Clan MacGillivray. He built a residence at Dumaglass in the 70's and moved his wife and four children over in 1880. He turned his attention to improving the lot of his tenants and became so highly regarded that on his sudden death in 1886 there were not enough carriages for the many who attended his funeral. The cortege proceeded the more-than-10 miles on foot to the family burial ground.

Neil John's elder son, John William, became the 13th Chief but by 1890 found it necessary to sell his estates as his father's fortune had been used in legal fees to establish his claim and in improving the estate.

John William went abroad, hoping to make his fortune in the East, but finally settled in Bihar, India, in the indigo trade. In this venture he might have been successful had not the synthetic indigo been discovered in 1898 which brought doom to the indigo plantations. John William returned to Britain, but nothing is known, so far, of his years there except that he died of acute consumption in London on December 18th, 1914, having neither family nor clansmen to mourn his passing.

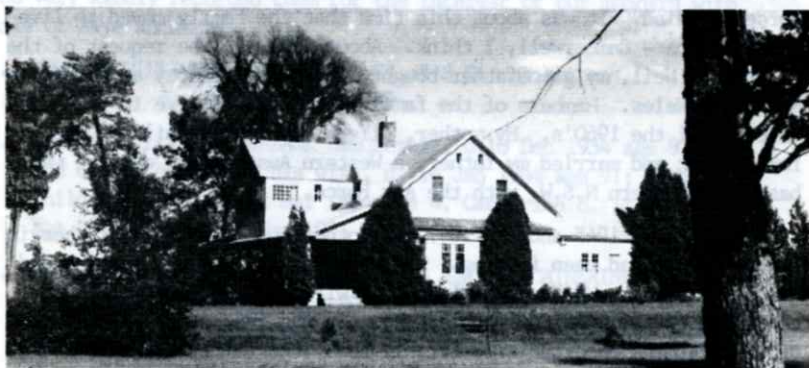
John William's brother, Angus, should have succeeded him as 14th Chief, but he too, had left the indigo trade and is said to have settled in Australia. As his whereabouts were unknown, a cousin, John Farquhar MacGillivray, K.C., living in Toronto, Ontario, was next in line, all other male relatives having predeceased him. John Farquhar, however, had no family and was apparently not interested in pursuing his claim.

Thus ended the chiefly line of the Clan MacGillivray.

The preceding article was written by Mrs Evelyn T. van Beek, of Williamstown, Ontario, Canada.

For somebody not a Macgillivray by name or descent, Mrs van Beek is probably the most enthusiastic historian of our Clan. She is the author of 'The MacGillivrays of Dalcrombie', the old MacGillivray residence in Williamstown, which she and her husband bought, restored and renamed 'Avondbloem'. Surrounded by so much MacGillivray tradition, she became fascinated with the Clan's history, and after years of research can now be regarded as a foremost source of information about the clan in general and the Canadian branch in particular. She has been of invaluable assistance to our research officer. - Ed.

Pictured below is 'Dalcrombie', the MacGillivray residence in Williamstown, Ontario, now named 'Avondbloem'.




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#### OUR ROOTS AND BRANCHES

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I have not been able to find out a great deal about my antecedents but I am pleased to put down for you what I do know.

In 1853 my great-great-grandfather, Donald McGillivray, who was a farmer at or on the Aird of Sleat, Skye, Scotland, decided to emigrate with his wife and six children to Australia. Unfortunately, he died at sea, and was, I think, buried off Birkenhead. His wife, Christina (née McDonald) arrived in Melbourne on 7th January, 1854, with the six children ranging in age from six to 22. The family had travelled on board the ship, 'Poictiers'. The children were Arne (22), Donald (18), Neil (15), Farquar (14), Charles (11) and Rachel (6).

The older boys obtained employment as farm labourers. Presumably, the family had been prompted to come to Australia by the then difficult conditions in Scotland. All family members continued to live and work in Victoria in the Charlton area.

My great-grandfather was Charles. He farmed at Charlton where he



and his wife (Susannah Yates) produced 15 children. Charles died at the age of 62 in a motor vehicle accident (1905) when his truck ran into a tree. Their children in order of birth were Eliza (stillborn, or died shortly after birth); Margaret (1979-1919); Emily (1880-1963); Christina, Florence May (1882-1972); Charles (1884), (died as a youth from rheumatic fever); Annie Violet, David James (1886-1964); Edward (1887-1959); Donald (1889-1947); Gordon (1890-1917, killed in action during World War I); William Farquar (1892-1968, Jerilderie), Mary (1893 - ?); and Neil, who died as a youth.

My grandfather, David, who was the eighth child in the family, famed at Yeungroon. He married a schoolteacher, Annie Cherry, and they had four children. In the early 1920's, the second of the sons (Keith) developed meningitis after being kicked on the head by a horse and died. It was about this time that the family moved to live in Melbourne - Camberwell, I think. About 1930, at the request of the elder son, Neil, my grandfather bought a farming property at Corowa in New South Wales. Members of the family continued to live in that district until the 1960's. My mother, Eileen, the third child of the family, met and married my father, a Western Australian, when he was based in southern N.S.W. with the Air Force.

I was born in 1945 and, in 1947, my mother and I joined my father in W.A. where he had been farming. The youngest child, Eva, married and moved to Finley. My Uncle Neil and his wife (who produced six sons) continued to farm the Corowa property. In the 1960's, in order to provide farming opportunities for all sons, the family moved to Moora in Western Australia.

There are other McGillivray families living in Western Australia. However, any links in terms of family tree would go back at least four or five generations. I had heard that at least some of the other McGillivray families did move from Queensland.

- DAVID LORD

The above is the sort of information much sought after by our Research Officer (see Editorial). Have YOU a similar story to tell? Of course, you have! Why not send it along? (Ed.)

## SKYE HEADSTONES

John and Kay Lindsay, of Houston, Texas, have for some time been engaged in the compilation of a history of the MacKinnons of the Isle of Skye.

While on a visit to Skye, during which they searched the various cemeteries and transcribed all the MacKinnon headstones they could find, they also came across a number of MacGillivray graves in the Church of Scotland burial ground at Kilmore, in the Parish of Sleat, and very kindly recorded them for the interest of our members with Isle of Skye ancestry.

1. JOHN MACGILLIVRAY J.P., F.E.I.S. of 8 Camuscross  
d. 28 Nov 1972 age 89
2. NEIL MACGILLIVRAY BURBANK Camuscross, d.10 Dec 1934 age 91 yrs,  
and of Ann MacInnes, his wife, d. 16 Jan 1944 age 91; their  
children Flora, d. 12 Mar 1894 age 4, Catherine d. 11 Apr 1929  
age 49; Marion d. 1 Nov 1931 age 46
3. DONALD MACGILLIVRAY d. 17 July 1918 age 82; CATHERINE MacGILLIVRAY  
his wife d. 1 Oct 1918 age 80 y. ANGUS their son died in Greenock  
5 Feb 1892 age 25, CATHERINE their dau. d. 24 June 1918 age 32 y.
4. Our parents JOHN McGILLIVRAY d. 16 Sep 1925 age 72 & his wife  
SOPHIA d. 17 Jan 1949 age 85. Their son JOHN d. 24 Mar 1924 age  
27 & their grand dau. ELLEN CRERAR McLEAN d. 14 Apr 1921 age 32 yrs.
5. My father ALEXANDER MACGILLIVRAY who died at Calgary, Sleat, 20  
July 1882 age 76 yrs. My mother MARY MACGILLIVRAY, who died there  
13 Feb 1870 age 54. My sister EFFIE MACGILLIVRAY who died at  
Ullapool 27 Feb 1866 age 22 yrs. My brother JOHN MACGILLIVRAY died  
Calgary, Sleat 18 Jan 1912 age 62.  
Erected by Mary MacGillivray.

Considering the large number of MacGillivray families who lived on the Isle of Skye, one would have thought that the name would appear frequently in all Skye cemeteries.

However, the largest number of them were desperately poor. Perhaps their graves were marked by wooden crosses which have not withstood the ravages of time.

We are very grateful to the Lindsays for their thoughtfulness and we hope that the information they have supplied might be of some help to at least some of our members engaged in genealogical research.



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A NEW MACGILLIVRAY HISTORY GOES TO PRESS

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Ever since the publication of 'A History of the Clan MacGillivray' by Colonel George Macgillivray of Ontario and Robert McGillivray of Edinburgh, there has been a sudden upsurge in interest in the Clan's history, which has given rise to the publication within a very short time to several other books. These include 'Ne'er Forgot Shall Be' by Marjory Waters of Connecticut, USA, 'From the Hills and Heather of Scotland' by our New Zealand member, Mary Miller, 'The MacGillivrays of Dalcrombie' by Mrs Evelyn van Beek of Ontario - all of which have enriched our knowledge of the Clan and its history.

Now, another book, 'THE MACGILLIVRAYS OF SKYE' is about to make its appearance. It has been written by Colonel Harold A. Steiner and his wife, Doris MacGillivray Steiner, of Las Vegas, Nevada, USA.

This is a comprehensive history of the MacGillivray families of Skye as gleaned from extant documentation. It is divided into four parts. Part One is a review of the fusion of people who founded the Scottish kingdom. Part Two is concerned with the origin of the MacGillivrays and postulates theories on their surname and point of origin. Part Three is a chronological review of the lives and times of the MacGillivrays of Skye and their contemporaries. This is by far the most comprehensive part and is based almost exclusively on extant documents which have heretofore been unpublished. Part Four stresses reasons why Skyemen emigrated and documents early MacGillivray distributions in America, as well as dispersals to other parts of the world.

Of primary interest to MacGillivrays world-wide is an appendix in which more than 150 individual family groups are identified and charted. Birth, marriage and death records are reflected on these family charts beginning as early in the 18th century and continuing into the 1890's.

Extensive notes, references and bibliographies are included to help validate the contents of the book and to provide a starting point for further research.

The book is approximately 21 cm x 28 cm, about 400 pages, with illustrations, maps and charts. It is hard-covered, buckram-bound. The price (in US currency) is \$25.00, which includes handling and postage. Copies may be obtained by writing direct to HAROLD & DORIS STEINER, P.O. Box 12354, Las Vegas, Nevada, USA, 89112.

The Steiners, incidently, are members of the Clan MacGillivray Society, Australia.

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WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY(S)

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All of us have a special affection for a particular kinsman, be he a close relative, someone prominent of the name or a historical figure. In my own case, the fellow clansman who has long intrigued me is William MacGillivray WS (1823-1917) for it was with him, more years ago than I care to admit, that my interest in the Clan MacGillivray was first seriously aroused.

William MacGillivray was my father's name. A cousin, more I suppose in a spirit of fun, presented me with a book which he had come across on a street vendor's barrow, and had purchased for the sum of sixpence. It was in good condition and carried an eye-catching title: 'Life of William MacGillivray' by William MacGillivray. Understandably, I was fascinated by this work and by the idea that the author had felt compelled to undertake the biography of his unrelated namesake, the most eminent ornithologist of his day, and professor of natural history at Marischal College and University, Aberdeen. As far as I could see, there was no connecting between these men. The book was very readable, a fine biography, but it was the sense of kin behind its inspiration which remained with me and grew into my own interest in kinship, the clan system which fostered it, and the story of my own clan in particular. In time I too felt some of this compulsion to write about my kin, however distant they were.

As I found out more and more about the MacGillivrays in general, I began to learn about William MacGillivray, the author of the book which had started me off. And, what a fascinating man he was! A typical example of the "lad o' pairts", the Scots youngster with the ability to rise above humble beginnings, William had left school at the age of 15 and had been apprenticed to a solicitor in Stonehaven, the small county-town of Kincardineshire. In turn he moved to Edinburgh, qualified as a Writer to the Signet and eventually became the senior partner of a well-known law firm in the capital of Scotland. He had indeed come a long way from the small farm on the eastern slopes of the Grampian Mountains. But most intriguing of all, it was in his old age, well after his retirement, that he turned to writing. First he wrote little stories of his childhood days in the countryside known to us as 'The Mearns' and later some serious works such as the forementioned biography which was published in 1910, when he was in his 88th year.

Over the years, seeking diligently in the secondhand bookshops, I was able to collect most of his works, his reminiscences being particularly attractive and a delight to have in my possession. One eluded me until last year when my wife presented me with a copy. This book was to give me a further insight into William's life and produce another 'William' connection; but my first reaction was one of disappointment. The book was entitled 'Men I Remember'. Published in 1913, it consisted of a



series of sketches written at various times as the author says in his preface "as a recreation of my old age" in which he "endeavoured simply to sketch the 'Men I Remember' as they appear to me so vividly in retrospect." I was interested in William's forebears, for they belonged to an old and important branch of the Clan MacGillivray, yet, surprisingly, of the 54 men described not one is of his family, and there is no mention, as I had hoped, of his father or grandfather. Not unnaturally, most of the sketches deal with prominent men in the Edinburgh scene, and as such are of specialist interest - but not to us. For this Society I repeat only one:

"WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY, PIPER OF STRATHNAIRN

William was 84 years of age when I saw him for the first and last time in his very primitive dwelling near Nairn. This was about the year 1905. He and his wife occupied one end of the cottage and their cow the other. I had a long and interesting conversation with William about old times. He had much to say of the Strathnairn weddings, christenings, funeral harvest-homes, and all sorts of social gatherings of his younger days. I had heard of him before but never had seen him until I saw him on that visit, along with a friend who introduced me to him. There was no equal to him in his day as a Strathnairn piper. He was said to have been the very soul of every gathering at which he was present with his bagpipes. His strathspeys and reels at a dance none could equal - they put life into the most lifeless, and while he played the dancing went on with a spirit and vigour that no other piper was capable of inspiring. When he played the coronach at a funeral there was not a dry eye in the company. He, however, talked to me very modestly about his musical performances.

But what was uppermost in my mind when I visited him was to hear from his own reminiscences of Culloden which was the subject of common talk in his early days. He said that in his youth he knew many who had been in the battle, and much he heard from them of their own experiences. One story which he told me I specially remember. I had previously heard of the heroic feats of Rob More MacGillivray of Petty. He was a man of gigantic stature, and very few could wield the claymore with such fatal results. He fought at Culloden along with his cousin, Gillies Macbean, who was nearly equal to himself in stature and prowess. He was in the famous charge of the Clan Chattan at Culloden, when the clan was hopelessly defeated and shattered by the artillery and cavalry of the enemy. With his back to a wall he defended himself with his claymore against a body of cavalry, and he had killed 12 of them when his sword broke. He then seized the shaft of a small cart which was beside him, and had almost wrenched it from the cart when one of the soldiers got behind him and killed him. This occurred quite near Daviot House, the residence of his brother, Archibald MacGillivray of

Daviot. The man who had killed him, with some other soldiers, entered Daviot House carrying Rob's sporran, which he had taken from the body, and narrated the incident of his fight with him, stating that the brave fellow defended himself well, and that he had killed him at the last. Archibald at once recognised the sporran as his brother's, and I asked William what Archibald then said or did, to which he replied with great vigour - "Nothing, the coward, nothing. If it had been my brother he killed I would have put my dirk to the fellow's heart, although the gallows had been at the door".

William also told me the story of what happened to Gillies Macbean. He retreated into a deep pool of the river Nairn, was attacked there by a body of cavalry, but defended himself with his claymore, and killed not a few of them before he was overpowered and slain."

Well, that is all the good stuff and both Williams must have enjoyed that encounter and their exchange of stories. Clearly, the stories the piper told were popular and well-known the district at that time. But, in the telling over the years some errors have crept into them. Rob Mor's brother, Archibald of Daviot, in fact fought alongside his brother at the battle. He escaped, but would not have been in his home when the soldiers called. It was in the home of Archibald of Knocknagael, Rob's half-brother that the encounter took place (see 'A History of the Clan MacGillivray' page 35). Likewise, the story of Gillies Macbean's demise does not accord with the generally accepted version. But, most surprisingly, bearing in mind that William was a trained lawyer and experienced in questioning evidence, William the Piper could not have known many men who had been in the battle. No doubt in his youth he had heard these stories at secondhand and over the years had accepted them as firsthand accounts of events. To anyone who has known the older Gaelic-speaking generation of Strathnairn, this is readily understandable for they told stories of several centuries before as if they occurred only a generation ago, and in such a fresh manner that they were accepted as such. But William the author should have been more wide-awake and noted this, and not been caught up in the romanticism of the moment and of his memories.

Finally, to return to the biography: I began by saying that I did not know of any connection between the two Williams, but there was one between the lawyer and the Australian naturalists. William had a younger brother who emigrated to Australia. This George, one of the first settlers in the Gulf country of Northern Queensland (see 'The MacGillivray Naturalists' Vol.1, No.4) was the father of Dr William David Kerr MacGillivray, the naturalist who died in 1933. Incidentally, the mother of William the author and of George was Janet Kerr; hence the recurrence of her name in that of her grandson.



And there the story ends with another tie-up between the homeland and Australia.

- ROBERT MCGILLIVRAY  
Edinburgh

PROFESSOR WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY, 1796-1852

On a recent trip to Great Britain, I decided to visit some of the places where the work of my great-grandfather, William MacGillivray, is remembered. I knew that several of his paintings of birds were in the British Museum, so my first stop was at the Natural History section at Kensington. After enquiring at the desk, I was put onto the Librarian by phone. She was very cooperative and made an appointment for me to call at the library the following day. We were shown to a private room and spent a wonderful morning looking at the exquisite water-colours of birds, fish and small animals - 200 of them! All were labelled and classified in his beautiful handwriting and dated in the 1840's and earlier. The detail in the work is quite remarkable, and they are all beautifully kept and valued by the Museum.

Our next visit was to the Calton Hill Cemetery in Edinburgh where a quite elaborate headstone was erected at his grave in 1900 by a group of relatives, ex-students and other scientists. Unfortunately, this had deteriorated badly, and the writing was almost illegible, but the carving on the marble is still quite lovely.

Finally, and most exciting, was the 'treasure hunt' for a plaque to his memory which was presented to Marischal College, Aberdeen, by the same group in 1900. We saw several people who bent over backwards to help us. The librarian said he had all his books but no plaque. We were taken into the Great Hall where there were some wonderful paintings of professors .. still no plaque. Then, someone suggested that it may be at Kings College in old Aberdeen where a new Department of Zoology was located.

Well, off to Kings College we went and sure enough that is where the plaque had its new home - BUT - by a strange coincidence, one of the professors of zoology was giving a lecture on Professor MacGillivray that week, and had taken the plaque with him!

Just as we were about to leave, with promises of photographs to be sent, one of the young assistants came running out with the plaque in his arms! I was able to take pictures of it in full sunlight, which was much better than inside the walls of the museum. It is very beautiful; about 40 inches long and made of copper, with coloured birds around the outside. The inscription reads:

'In memory of William MacGillivray MA, LL.D, born 1796 died 1852.

'Author of a History of British Birds, and other standard works in natural science. Professor of Natural History and Lecturer on Botany in Marischal College and University from 1841 to 1852.

Erected in 1900 together with a monument at his grave in New Calton Cemetery, Edinburgh, by his relatives and surviving Students who affectionately cherish his memory, and by others desirous of doing honour to his character as a man and to his eminence as a naturalist.'

To me the whole afternoon had been exciting and what impressed me so much was the fact that 130 years after his death, William MacGillivray and his son, John, are both remembered so well in great institutions like Aberdeen University and the British Museum. Every person I spoke to in both places was young and not once did I have to explain who William and John were.

Our afternoon at the University was one I won't forget. The Great Hall at Marischal College - one of the loveliest I have seen - was there in William's day, and I felt very sentimental.

He had always interested me, and one of my earliest memories is of a painting of some field mice that hung in my bedroom. My son has it now, and my daughter has a bird painting. How lucky we are to have them when all those hundreds of others are shut up in the archives of London!

- CAROL TEBBUTT

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TALES FROM THE PAST

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In our last issue we made mention of the epic 1500 miles journey of George MacGillivray and his faithful aboriginal boy, Jerry, from the Gulf country of Queensland to the lower Darling River, from December, 1870 to March, 1871. The journey was an epic of survival against the worst possible conditions. After attacks from hostile blacks, the two were left without food or water or weapons, and had to travel over mostly desert country in time of drought, their only implements being a quart-pot and a tomahawk.

From his graphic account of the ordeal, first published in the Broken Hill "Barrier Miner" in December, 1929, the following two stories are extracted:

A Feast of Dingo

"About mid-afternoon we noticed what seemed to be the course of a creek amongst the sandhills in rain times and we tried to follow it up,



and after a while came to fine little hole of water with a number of native orange trees so beautiful and green growing on a little flat along the eastern banks of the water-hole. These were the only trees we had seen all day, and although there was plenty of water, we could not see much prospect of getting much to eat. Jerry, however, as was his wont, took the tomahawk and strolled away through the orange bushes to try and find something, while I took the saddles off and lit a fire to be ready to cook whatever he might be lucky enough to find. Soon Jerry came back through the bushes presenting a most becoming countenance and grinning all over, dragging by the hind leg a fine, well-conditioned wild dog. He said, 'My word, Mac, you and me plenty eat supper tonight. My word, this fellow all the same jumbog!' I then said to him: 'But, Jerry, you know I never ate wild dog'. He said, 'Oh, never mind that. You never big fellow hungry before all the same now. You see how I cook this fellow directly. My father been show-en me when I young fellow boy which way cook him, all about possum, goanna, wild dog and everything. I very good cook all same father belong me'.

He told me to make a big fire of what dead sticks were about, while he disembowelled the great prize from a very small hole he made. He then took one end and I took the other, and we kept swinging the body over the flames and rubbing the singed hair off with our hands until it was like a scalded, scraped black pig. Then we dug a hole in the sand big enough to bury him in, into which we raked burning charcoal, then laid Mr Dingo down in it on his back; put a lot of green orange leaves over him to prevent burning, then raked all over him the remainder of the burning charcoal, covering it all over with hot sand. In a very short time it could be heard roasting away as if in a proper cooking oven. And all this time Jerry kept on praising his own ability at cooking, not forgetting to mention his father as having taught him; all for the purpose of coaxing me in his own way to eat the meal when cooked.

He could see well enough that I was beginning to get very dicky on my legs and he was evidently afraid that I would not be able to go through, and the only way to avert that in his eyes, was to eat whatever we could get, and I am sure he was right.

In about three quarters of an hour, the front feet came curling up through the ashes. On seeing this, Jerry said, 'Ah, that fellow done now!', and commenced tapping the feet to shake off the ashes. Then he caught and screwed one off, and was very particular in cleaning and dusting from the ashes, telling me all the time how good it was, and then all of a sudden handed it over to me while he got hold of the other one, and went to work on it himself at once.

We both picked the two first morsels carefully. After the feet the forearms went, then the shoulders, and so on. We had no complaint to

make that night about not getting enough supper; at any rate, Jerry kept on declaring that it was every bit as good as 'jumbog', and I, of course, nodded assent and said nothing."

### The Story of Mecki Jacky

March 7, 1871 . . . . 'We came to the river about two miles below Mr Sutton's station, where we met an old blackfellow. I found he was an old shepherd of mine on the Darling River. He was now camped by himself, shepherding Mr Sutton's rams. This black had been a rather noted character in his day. When I first became acquainted with him he had the appearance of having been a fine tall powerful man, but, at that time (1862) he was paralysed on one side, hopping along with considerable difficulty - partially dragging the one leg and foot along with him, and the arm on the same side dangling almost useless. I then employed him to shepherd rams; which occupation suited him very well as it did not require much walking, and which job he stuck to until the big flood of 1864; at which time, and just when the river was overflowing its banks, Mecki Jacky (Lame Jack) was camped outside of the Talliawalka Creek; and as I believed the whole flats for miles out would be flooded, I went to his camp and shifted him and his rams out to the hill, three miles out from the river. I left him, telling him not to let the rams return during the night.

He, however, went to sleep, and the rams returned to the camp on the creek, and before I discovered them they were surrounded by about two miles of water. Jacky, of course, knew he had done wrong and disappeared, and I never saw him since then, until now. I had to shift the 350 rams twice, in a boat that would carry only 10 at a time, - first to a small sand ridge a mile distant, which, by the time we got them all there was all but submerged - and then we had to move them nearly three miles out to the hill, which occupied me and the boat's crew day and night for eight days during the height of the flood - the heaviest ever known on the Darling before or since that time.

Mecki Jacky had for years been looked up to by his own people as a man of consequence. Very few of his tribe could stand before his spear or nulla-nulla. On one occasion he killed his own brother for eating a possum which Jacky had got for himself; and on another occasion, one of the tribe eloped with a lubra that Jacky had, or supposed he had some right to.

After some days had passed and the lubra did not return, Jacky went off on their tracks and most faithfully followed them for a whole week, and at last found them camped together at night under a possum rug. He then went down into a billabong where he kindled a small fire and warmed



himself, it being cold near morning. He then went up to the sleeping couple with his heavy spear and nulla-nulla, lifted the rug carefully from the blackfellow until the chest was exposed, then drove his spear right through into the ground, pegging him securely enough. The lubra jumped up but only to be knocked down by a blow on the head by Jacky's nulla-nulla. He then, as he told me himself with much glee, gathered plenty of dry wood and made a big fire and threw the guilty couple on top of it, and so burned them to ashes.

When the tribe, sometime after, found it out, they laid plans to weaken him, or to kill him altogether; and so, at a general corroboree, they set upon and maimed him as above, but only after a desperate fight in which several came off much worse than himself. They, however, got him down and cut the sinews of his left leg and arm, with many other wounds, as he said himself, "No gammon that fellow cuttem me all about, then tellem old gin all about, taken me put em longa ground, and that fellow gin look out me long time, and then me a little bit all right, all a same you see me now". So ended Jacky's last battle, and the results. He often used to tell me at night when we camped together in the back country, looking at his crooked limbs, that he would never fight any more. I always found him very peacefully inclined towards everyone, and he seemed quite contented with his lot.

When I met him here, not having seen him for seven years, he knew my voice at once when I called out in the dark, "Who camps here?", and he was so delighted; he told me how fat he had got and that his arm and leg were no worse than usual, but rather improved. We sat up at his camp fire nearly all night yarning about old times. Among other things he told me about the great struggle he had the time he let the rams go back and get surrounded by floodwaters; how that he was afraid to meet me, and that he started away in betwixt the Talliawalka Creek and the river, and before he went far, the whole country got submerged, and that the height of the flood was soon around him, and that he stemmed the current, swimming from one spot to another where he could get a footing, and had had no dry footing until he got nearly 20 miles up, and crossed the great current of the Darling River at Cumbadore ... "



GEORGE MACGILLIVRAY

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## THE MACGILLIVRAY JUNIOR DANCERS

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I am sure you will be pleased to hear that Mellanie and Naomi Ierace have been winning premierships, pointscore trophies and medals galore with their Highland dancing.

Their repertoire now includes: The Highland Fling, Sword Dance, Sean Truibhas, Lilt, Flora, Highland Laddie, Barracks Johnny, Blue Bonnets, Earl of Errol, Reel of Strathspey, Reel o'Tulloch, Broadwords, Double Swords, Hornpipe, Irish Jig - and the Cake Walk!

(I might also add that Carola, their mother, is also versed in all of these dances, and is currently imparting her knowledge, after she has finished her day of teaching at Warrawee Primary School, to those children interested in learning Highland dancing.)

Mellanie, after coming second in the Scottish Dancing Association of Australia Intermediate Premiership, proceeded to win the pointscore trophy, in which she had to perform eight dances at the Claymore Highland Dancing Competition. A wonderful achievement.

Not only that, but Mellanie won a scholarship to SCEGGS "Redlands", Mosman. Two scholarships were offered and there were 2000 applicants. This pays half her fees for six years. So, Mellanie is a 'brain' in addition to being a top-flight Highland dancer!

Then we come to Naomi, off to SCEGGS next year, but this year captain of her present school, Kambora, at Davidson.

On New Year's Day, at the Highland Gathering at Wentworth Park, Naomi delighted us all by winning 13 medals, and then coming second in the NSW State Championship for 12-and-under dancers, being at this time only 11 years of age.

Naomi then went on to win the Scottish Dancing Association in Australia Junior Premiership for 11-and-under. In six dances she won five first prizes and one second prize.

In addition to lots more medals for Highland dancing, Naomi is shining in the area of ballet, having won the Bankstown and District Restricted Classical Solo Ballet when she danced "Les Patineurs".

Last year Naomi appeared at the Regent Theatre in the "Nutcracker" ballet. This year, in the Northside ballet performance of "Hansel and Gretel", Naomi danced the parts of a village child and then an angel.

You will also remember Andrew and Cathie Savage, the other two junior dancers who are having a break from Highland dancing at the moment. Well, Andrew has gone to Davidson High School after winning a Citizenship Award at his old school, Belrose, where he was a prefect. Andrew



is delighted with the curriculum at his new school, which includes woodwork, metalwork, leatherwork, plastics - and cooking! And he sure is a good cook! Cathie, not to be outshone, has appeared on Channel 7 as a young model.

Proud 'Nana' Yvonne Jones is still trying to keep her eye in with the Highland dances by attending the seminars for dancers from all over NSW, along with daughter, Carola, and Mellanie and Naomi, who spend two days of solid hard work with several teachers.

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"NEVER MIND THE WATER"

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Glenlivet it has castles three,  
 Drumin, Blairfindy and Destie,  
 And also one distillery  
 More famous than the castles three.

There are a few whisky labels bearing the name 'Glenlivet', but there is only called THE Glenlivet Whisky.

This is because some 160 years ago the owner of a distillery at Glenlivet went to court for the right to so name his product. The right to use the definite article before 'Glenlivet' cost him £750, a considerable sum in Scotland at the time.

My father, William McGillivray, worked at the Glenlivet distillery, as did his father and grandfather.

At the time that the distillery went to court to gain the exclusive right to The Glenlivet name, there were 40 manufacturers of the 'breath of the heather' in an area of 30 square miles.

Smuggling, or bootlegging, or moonshing were very popular at that time in the Highlands. The smugglers would go far into the hills and set up their own little stills and grow their own barley. The finished product would be transported to town on horseback for sale in the pubs.

The distillery at this time had not long held its licence, having been caught twice for smuggling, and fined heavily each time.

It was the good stuff, too - made by Scots who really knew their business, and not the least deterred by regulations limiting strength. Often it was up to 25 overproof - so strong that the most hardened whisky drinkers had to water it down!

The distillery held its centenary celebrations in 1925, on which occasion they opened a special cask which had been sitting since the company received its licence from the Crown. Each employee was given

a dram of the 100-year-old whisky. My father recalled: "It tasted like tea going down, but a little while later you knew all about it!"

My father came to Australia in 1928. The depression was on its way and the distillery was facing lean times. Worse still, the United States had 'gone dry' and this great market for fine whisky was closed because of prohibition. He worked as a station hand for a while, because there was no work available in the local distilleries. He worked at different jobs in the Young district until the outbreak of World War II. In the first war he had fought with the Gordon Highlanders, but this time he donned the Australian uniform.

He returned to Young after the war and was with the Post Office until retirement in 1958. He went to live at Merrylands in 1964.

My father retained his Scots accent to the day he died, and remembered every tiny step taken to produce the Highland whisky. This is how he explained it to me .....

First, you take the barley grain and soak it in water for 48 hours. The container which holds the soaking barley is called a steep. After 48 hours, the water is drained off. Rubber boots are then donned, and with a wooden shovel, the grain is spread out on a concrete surface.

After a couple of days a small growth starts to form on the malting barley. This is killed when it is about a quarter or an inch long, by turning. The acrospire, or growth, provides sugar, for sugar itself is never added when making whisky.

The malting barley is turned on this cement floor for 13 days before going through a series of operations where it is dried and ground, mixed with hot water and yeast added. The fluid is boiled and passes through a whisky distiller that allows it to wind through a copper 'worm'. The whisky is condensed and comes out the other end of the worm as a liquid as clear as water, and it will remain so until aged for many years. Many suppliers add their own colour by such devices as burnt sugar.

During the making, two things give the whisky its subtle Scotch flavour - the fuel used in heating, and the water. The water runs through moss into the dam and thus gathers a faint taste unique to Scotland. The fuel used is peat which is cut in Scotland and again gives the whisky that almost intangible quality which cannot be duplicated.

My father told me that the old people have a story about the peat. It goes back to the Battle of Glenlivet when Queen Anne's husband returned with news of their soldiers. He gave his report first without asking of the Queen's health. Incensed at his rudeness, the good queen ordered the burning of the forest on his property.



The old people claim that the sudden clearing of ground was the beginning of the peat bogs in Scotland. Before the burning, they say, a cat could walk 15 miles from Tomindoul to Ballindalloch on the branches of trees without having to set foot to ground. Whether or not this is true, the peat-diggers in the area would constantly come across the roots of trees.

The whisky, when first made, is put into casks and sent to be bonded for three years. During that time, fusel oil forms on top of the whisky. It is a highly poisonous substance.

Whilst in bond, the cask would only have a cork bung. My father once said: "Some of the fellows who liked a drop of whisky would sometimes knock out the cork bung and put in a piece of pipe to get a drink. The fusel oil would kill them straight away. This didn't happen very often but once my father told me they found a man beside the cask with pipes still in his mouth." Of course, this poisonous substance is removed by further processing before the whisky is set aside for aging.

Until quite recently, the Glenlivet in its pure form was not available in Australia, but was used as a blending agent to improve the quality of other Scotch whiskies.

The Clan MacGillivray Society has established a link with this famous distillery. By arrangement with their Australian distributors, we now have a Scotch with the label of Clan MacGillivray. If you want a dozen, or two, just contact our Secretary!

- Allan McGillivray

Of the 253 who attended the 1982 Gathering in Melbourne, no less than 120 were descendants of John & Sarah MacGillivray who arrived in 1853 - but of that 120, only 77 have become members of the Clan MacGillivray Society! That leaves 43 people who have not yet signed up. Come along, you shy ones - join us and have a lot of fun!

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## A ROYAL OCCASION

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of course, there is nothing really new about a member of the Clan MacGillivray meeting and shaking hands with Prince Charles - it happened 238 years ago in Scotland!

It happened again on 22nd April, 1983, at Albury, NSW. But let our member, Lil Hillas, tell the story .....

My two daughters, Yvonne Hunter and Kerrie Scott, and my grandchildren, Russell Hunter, Phillip & Rosalie Scott, went with me to Albury Airport to await the arrival of Prince Charles and Princess Diana.

It was a cold, wet afternoon, and we had been waiting for three hours before the plane landed - just as the rain stopped.

On their way to the car which would take them to Woomargama, their retreat, and home for Prince William whilst in Australia, the couple walked along the rope barrier, and we were fortunate that they both stopped, shook our hands, and had a word with us.

Princess Diane said it was hot when they had left Tennant Creek in the Northern Territory. She told Rosalie that Prince William was very well. Prince Charles said that he hoped we didn't catch pneumonia after waiting so long in the cold and rain.

We all thought it fabulous, and well worth the long wait, to have been able to shake hands with our future king and queen, and an event we'll never forget.

Member, Lil Hillas, with grandson, Phillip Scott, greeting the Princess of Wales.

We are informed that Phillip has refused to wash his right hand ever since!





**G A I D H L I G   A L B A N N A C H**  
**Gaelic - Scotland's Own Language**

Still spoken as their first language, by tens of thousands in Scotland, Gaelic is a branch of the ancient Celtic languages. Others are Manx, Welsh, Cornish and Breton, and, of course, Irish Gaelic, with which Scottish Gaelic shares common origins although they are not today mutually intelligible.

Preserved over the centuries, particularly in the Highlands and Islands (the Gaidhealtachd), Gaelic is a sophisticated language of great beauty and music, and charms the ears and hearts of the listeners. It has had to struggle to survive against the strenuous efforts to stamp it out made by the authorities from the South, particularly after the 1745 Jacobite rising. But it has survived. Its traditions and culture were long preserved by the seanachaidhean (historians) through verbal transmissions of legend and story retained in magnificent memories.

Considerable writers such as Sorley MacLean and Ian Crichton-Smith, are publishing in Gaelic. The language is being taught in school in Scotland. Gaelic colleges are in being, particularly in Skye. The interests of Gaelic are keenly supported by growing numbers of vocal groups. Its use with Gaelic music is celebrated at national and local 'mods', these mods being organised by An Comunn Gaidhealach, the Highland Society. Gaelic is broadcast over Radio Highland, Inverness, and an increasing amount on television.

There is a flourishing Gaelic community in Canada, centred around Cape Breton Island in Nova Scotia.

There has always been a Gaelic-speaking community in Australia from settlement times, and in recent years its members have battled to preserve it. Their efforts are being rewarded as there is a growing interest in the language here in Sydney, marked by classes of learners and a monthly Gaelic radio programme over Radio 2EA, which has attracted much interest and enthusiasm, summed up in the words "Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig" - "Upwards with the Gaelic".

The Comhairle Gaidhlig Albannach - The Council for Scottish Gaelic, is the organisation responsible for the broadcasting and teaching Gaelic, and also for the revival of a Gaelic/English quarterly called "An Teachdaire Gaidhealach" ("The Highland Messenger").

Information on these subjects can be had from the Council for Scottish Gaelic, GPO Box 5289, Sydney, NSW, 2001, or by telephoning

419-5024, or 50 8455 in Sydney.

- DUNCAN MacLEOD

I have attended a few of the classes by the Council for Scottish Gaelic, but, regretfully, have had to abandon the course because of the pressure of other commitments, and have as a consequence, made little progress in Gaelic. However, I am agreeably surprised to discover that the language, in so many ways different in structure to English, or any other European language, and with sometimes quite baffling pronunciations, is not nearly as difficult as it appeared to me when I wrote on the subject in an earlier Journal.

The course is supplemented by excellent literature and cassettes which make Gaelic quite accessible to anyone prepared to make the effort.

Mention should also be made of yet another Gaelic course, published in Melbourne and entitled "Gaelic Interpreted for the English-Thinker". Because it has been prepared for people who have learned to think in English and find difficulty in switching to the Gaelic idiom, this course might appeal more to many learners.

The author and publisher of this course is Isabel Graham, a Gaelic-speaking teacher from the Isle of Skye. Her course consists of a book and seven cassettes, but she suggests one might start with the first three cassettes only. The cost for this is \$25.70, with an additional cost of \$6.50 per additional cassette when required - cost includes postage.

As a course not supplemented by personal tuition, I find it most helpful in coming to grips with the language in my own home, and would recommend it. For further information, write direct to Isabel Graham, PO Box 365, Collins Street, Melbourne, Vic. 3000.

- ED.



## AN UNSUCCESSFUL LIGHTHOUSE BUILDER

Following a series of horrendous shipwrecks and consequent loss of life in Bass Strait, a program for the construction of four lighthouses was put under way, one of which was to be at Cape Otway, Victoria.

After plans were prepared, tenders were opened on 5th September, 1846; including in the advertisement, "the erection of a substantial four-roomed stone building for the keeper's quarters, consisting of two bedrooms, a sitting-room, and a storeroom."

Five tenders were received: James Webb, £3774; George Beaver, £3100; Richard Waynan, £2950; Thomas Armitstead, and James Main, £2770, and Alexander McGillivray, £1995. Mr McGillivray's tender was approved and a schedule of tenders submitted was forwarded to Sydney, but within a fortnight, the Melbourne Argus advised its readers: "Mr McGillivray of Geelong is, we understand, the successful tenderer ... This announcement is rather premature. Mr McGillivray's is the lowest tender, but it will not be known who has obtained the contract until the return of His Honour the Superintendent".

La Trobe was in fact in Sydney discussing the matter and took the opportunity to inform the Colonial Secretary that not only was Mr McGillivray's tender the lowest, it was lowest by a considerable sum.

This should have alerted William Lonsdale, who had approved the tender and was Acting Superintendent in La Trobe's absence to the difficulties contractors had in preparing their estimates when so little was known about the site. Lonsdale later stated when writing to the Colonial Secretary in November, that the contract had been taken on the uncertainty of a proper kind of stone being found on the site, and in the event of it not being available the contractor had to bear the expense of procuring it from Van Dieman's Land.

McGillivray, said Lonsdale, was already threatening to withdraw his tender because "... of the delay which had taken place since he sent in his tender being prejudicial to him as the rate of wages was increasing and material getting dearer".

Under pressure to get the work started, McGillivray was informed that his tender had been accepted. The tower was to be a conventional masonry structure, fluted at the base.

The Melbourne Argus of Dec 22 carried news of a disheartening arrival at Cape Otway by Mr McGillivray: "... The schooner JOHN which was chartered to convey the contractor and workmen with the supplies for the erection of the lighthouse at Cape Otway, has arrived in safety,

although after a stormy and protracted voyage. The JOHN had arrived near its destination when the fearful gale which drove the vessels ashore at Portsea set in. The captain of the schooner judiciously stood out to sea and after beating about for a fortnight was at last enabled to approach the place of disembarkation. An attempt was made to land within a mile of the extremity of the Cape, but the shore was found to be completely fenced with a line of sunken rocks. At last a landing was effected at a small bay about six miles east of the Cape. In this bay or roadstead the JOHN lay in safety at a distance of half a mile from the shore".

McGillivray commenced excavation work at the place chosen by La Trobe two years earlier. Fortunately, good quality sandstone was found, and a quarry opened.

By January, 1847, McGillivray had found that the site was a mass of sand. It was shifted back about fifty feet from the cliff edge, the extra expense being borne by the Government; but by the middle of May, more problems had arisen. Henry Ginn, in charge of the Public Works Department, made a surprise visit, condemned the stonework prepared for the footings, sacked the resident government overseer, and sent in his place his own assistant architect, Joseph Burns.

McGillivray was not to continue much longer as contractor. Ginn informed La Trobe in September that McGillivray's men had downed tools and were taking out writs against their employer over the poor provisions supplied.

Cape Otway in winter is a pretty desolate place for men living in tents and rude shelters, and the lack of proper supplies made working conditions doubly difficult. As stragglers returned to Melbourne they brought news of finds on the coast of wreckage from the JOANNA, lost four years previously. There were rumours of caches of rum, but the occasional bottle of wine and numerous wax candles seem to have constituted most of the finds.

Ginn learnt that McGillivray was on his way to Melbourne to engage additional hands, or to terminate his contract if men were unwilling to be engaged on account of the reports of poor quality provisions.

Faced with this deteriorating situation, the Government foreclosed and decided to take over the work. Advertisements were placed on October 13, 1847, and La Trobe had his men within a week. Forty-seven men comprising 23 stonemasons, 1 carpenter, 1 blacksmith, 5 bullock drivers, 7 quarrymen and 10 labourers, together with eight of McGillivray's men still at the Cape and prepared to work, gave Henry Ginn the workforce needed to finish the building.



The schooner TEAZER under Captain Rogers was chartered and sailed for the Cape. When coming ashore at the Parker River, the ship's boat overturned, drowning the captain and one crew member. The TEAZER returned to Melbourne, and the men sent overland.

As the lighthouse moved towards completion, Ginn found himself increasingly defending Burns from accusations made by the disaffected Alexander McGillivray. In March he wrote to McGillivray: "I regret exceedingly that you should be compelled to reiterate your serious charges against the overseer of works at Cape Otway". He reminded McGillivray that an enquiry was to be held into his charges. To further charges, Ginn replied sharply: "I am ordered by his Honour the Superintendent to inform you that the Government decline further correspondence with you".

It was to be May 19th, 1848, before Ginn was able to report completion of the lighthouse at an estimated cost of £4,300 - which was £526 more than the highest tender and £2,405 more than the quote submitted by Alexander McGillivray, our optimistic, energetic, albeit unsuccessful pioneer-kinsman!

\*Acknowledgement is due to "Beacons of Hope" - an early history of Cape Otway and King Island lighthouses, by Donald Walker - from which all the historical facts in this article have been extracted.

Ed.

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OBITUARY - ENID MacGILLIVRAY, 21st July, 1983

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It was the shock of a deep personal loss that the Clan MacGillivray Society, Australia, learned of the unexpected home-call on 21st July, 1983, of Enid, the beloved wife of our highly-esteemed and industrious Secretary/Treasurer, John Duncan MacGillivray.

Enid was born in Brisbane, and had just passed the 79 milestone in her journey. She came of a breed of sturdy Australian pioneers, and could well be described in the words of her son-in-law, the Rev. George Uhr, as "a competent, quiet achiever". She was a gifted musical soul, now visible in her daughter, Margot, and, like her, had thoughts of a definite musical career, until a sad and sudden illness removed that vision.

But always now her first care was for her home, her husband and her family. In the quiet industrious way of their forebears, John and Enid set up their new home in the bush above North Manly back in 1942.

Enid was a woman of deep compassion, for when she heard of the sickness of her mother-in-law in Victoria, she immediately persuaded her husband to let the home, and she and her daughter Margot lived in Benalla, caring for Mrs MacGillivray senior for about two years before she died.

The family then, with little Margot, returned to North Manly and resumed the normal course of life, and always, Enid was her usual considerate selfless and unassuming Christian character - a lady who dispensed a huge hospitality and showered her kindness to all her friends, especially to those of our own Clan MacGillivray Society, of which she was a foundation and life member. She became a vigorous and useful worker for the formation and the building-up of the Society. She became her husband's right hand, caring for the home and the family, assisting in research, addressing envelopes, entertaining the guests and showering encouragement and happiness around her. She did much to see that Margot, her very talented daughter, was successful as a graduate nurse, and afterwards in her musical and operatic career. She gave a magnificent welcome to her new son-in-law, Rev. George Uhr when he entered into the family and the Clan life. Above all, she and her husband found a new, vital and vitalising pleasure in the advent of her two grandchildren - Richard, the tartan-kilted laddie, and the bonnie wee lassie, Victoria. How they will miss Grandma!

The funeral was taken by the Presbyterian Minister of Manly, the Rev. James Reid, and it was good to see that so many friends and Clan members were present to express their consolation to John Duncan. At the completion of the service, Pipe-Major William Hart played the beautiful lament, "Donald of Laggin".

How we shall miss her, but the remembrance of a devoted Christian lady and a kindly, gracious soul who lived a life well-lived and filled with quiet unselfish service, leaving us a vivid memory that will be evergreen and fragrant among the ranks of the MacGillivrays ... and in the wider reaches of the beyond.

To our beloved Secretary, John, and the members of the family, we extend our prayerful sympathy, as we recall a most pleasing personality, the wise words and the kindly guidance from one who endeared herself to us all, and for whom the silver trumpets have sounded on the other side.



No, not cold beneath the grasses,  
Nor close-walled within the tomb:  
Rather, in our Father's Mansion  
LIVING, in another room.

- Very Rev. Dr Neil MacLeod  
Chaplain,  
Clan MacGillivray Society, Australia



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 OBITUARY - PIPE-MAJOR JAMES ROSS JACKSON
 

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The death of our honorary Piper, James Ross Jackson on 5th April, 1983, has left our Society bereft of one of its most ardent and most esteemed supporters.

From the beginning of our efforts to form the now flourishing Society, James (Jimmy to most of us) entered whole-heartedly into our activities. Not only did he provide the appropriate musical background to each of our gatherings, but he also brought back to life the music of the Clan MacGillivray, particularly the inspiring "Spaid-searachd Chlann Mhic Gillebrath (The MacGillivray's March) which had seldom been heard before. He also composed four new pieces for our Society: "Colonel George Macgillivray's Welcome to Australia", "The MacGillivray's Border Gathering" - for our 1978 gathering at Albury, "John Duncan MacGillivray", in honour of our Hon. Secretary/Treasurer, and the "Robert MacGillivray Lament" at the passing of one of our foundation members.

Jimmy, who always said that his very arrival into this world was accompanied by the sound of pipes ringing in his ears, was the son of Pipe-Major Jackson of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders who served in World War I. At the tender age of four years, he could play the chanter, and was winning prizes by the time he had reached the age of eleven.

At the age of 17, he joined the Bonhill Parish Pipe Band in the Vale of Leven, by Loch Lomond, Dumbartonshire. He eventually became pipe-major of this band which, under his leadership, went from strength to strength until, at the Cowal Highland Gathering at Dunoon in 1952, it won the championship in a contest against 99 of the best bands in Scotland.

For some 25 years he was with and studied under the late Willie Gray, one of the greatest authorities in piobaireachd (pibroch).

Since his arrival in Australia in the early 1960's, Jimmy was a lecturer and tutor, and a most sought-after judge at piping contests. His special hobby was the imparting of his skill to younger generations of pipers. With his drive, cheery nature and indefatigable storytelling, he endeared himself to all, and always had a kind and encouraging word for everyone.

His funeral at Rookwood (Sydney) on 11th April was attended by a large number of Sydney's piping community and a considerable contingent of our members, mostly in kilt. The service was conducted by one of his old pupils and friend, Father Denis Alexander. Another of his

many friends, Pipe-Major William Hart, of Scots College, played the lament. It was a most poignant and heart-rending occasion.

Those who remember Jimmy will recall that he was constantly singing - not necessarily a discernable tune, but a blend of many melodies that dwelt in his soul.

No doubt, he is singing still, in the company of the masters down the ages.




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 OBITUARY - MONA LYALL MacGILLIVRAY - 1st June, 1983
 

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We are all saddened at the passing of our esteemed member, Mona MacGillivray of Geelong, on 1st July of this year, after a long illness.

Mona was the daughter of the late Mr R.W. Wyett, who established the Canvas Goods Manufacturing Co. Pty Ltd, which was later managed by Mona's late husband, Ian MacGillivray.

Many of our Victorian members will recall the hospitality of Mona at her home, Merchiston Hall, at 2a Garden Street, a lovely two-storey house now classified by the National Trust. With the onset of illness, this fine home proved too much for Mona and she sold it and moved to a unit, but unfortunately spent little time there, being hospitalised for most of the time until her death.

The Clan MacGillivray Society extends the sincere condolences of its members to all of Mona's family.



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OUR NEXT GATHERING

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**ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS !** Our eighth annual gathering will take place on SUNDAY, 6th NOVEMBER, 1983.

The venue chosen is the ALLAMBIE HEIGHTS COMMUNITY CENTRE, ALLAMBIE ROAD, ALLAMBIE HEIGHTS, (SYDNEY) NSW. This is an excellent new building, fully air-conditioned, very spacious and fully equipped with all modern amenities. It is situated at the Allambie Heights Shopping Centre, and adjoins the Allambie Heights Public School. Bus 142 from Manly wharf takes you right to the hall. For those travelling by car, consult Gregory's Directory, ref. G6, map 74, or the UBD Directory ref. 03, map 31.

There is adequate parking space at the rear of the hall.

The hall will be open from 12 noon. The Annual General Meeting will take place at 1.00 pm, and the Gathering will be officially opened at 2.00 pm.

A concert program has been arranged for between 2.00 and 4.00 pm, followed by a smorgasbord tea, after which old-time and Scottish country dancing will take place.

All members are invited, but please advise our Hon. Secretary/Treasurer of your intention to attend, and the number in your party.

**CATERING:** The usual catering arrangements will again apply: ladies to bring a plate; gentlemen to provide the liquid refreshments. If, because of travelling distance, this arrangement is not convenient, a cash donation would be acceptable.

Volunteers to assist in the catering and the cleaning-up of the hall when the Gathering closes at 7.30 pm, would be greatly appreciated by the Committee.

This promises to be the best Gathering to date, so come along and help make it so!

**ACCOMMODATION:** The Manly-Warringah district is well served by hotels and motels of generally high standard, but prior booking is advised. A random selection of hotel/motel accommodation from the NRMA Guide is as follows:

**BROOKVALE HOTEL:** 509 Pittwater Road, Brookvale, phone (02) 93 0217  
Bed & Breakfast: Single \$25.50; Double \$41.00.

**MANLY VALE HOTEL/MOTEL:** 250 Condamine Street, Manly Vale. Phone: (02) 94 7151. Bed Only: Single \$25, Double \$35.00.

**BOMBORA MOTEL:** 46 Malvern Avenue, Manly. Phone: (02) 977 5461.  
Bed & Breakfast: Single \$25; Double \$35.00.

**PINES MOTEL:** 2-4 Pine Street, Manly. Phone (02) 977 3445.  
Bed only: Single \$30; Double \$35.00.

**RAIL SERVICE FROM MELBOURNE:**

The 'Spirit of Progress' departs Melbourne nightly at 6.45 pm and arrives Sydney 8.45 am. It leaves Sydney nightly at 8.10 pm and arrives Melbourne 9.55 am. 'The Southern Aurora' (sleeping cars only) leaves Melbourne at 8.00 pm, arrives Sydney 9.00 am. It leaves Sydney nightly at 8.00 pm and arrives Melbourne at 9.00 am.

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John D. MacGillivray (Hon. Secretary/Treasurer) and his family wish to thank all those members of the Clan MacGillivray Society for their many kind expressions of sympathy at the loss of his dear wife, Erid.

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The third reunion of the descendants of Alexander and Louisa McGilvray, who arrived in Australia by the ship 'George Fyffe' in 1839, will be held at the Wingham (NSW) Showground on 10th MARCH, 1984.

Although essentially a family reunion, all members of the Clan MacGillivray Society are invited. Those intending to be present should contact our North Coast representative, Mrs GWEN McBEAN, 53 George Street, Cundletwon, 2430. The last reunion was an outstanding success, with 260 persons attending, and it was a remarkable feat of organisation by Gwen and her team of workers. This reunion promises to be in every way as good, if not better than the two previous reunions - so do try to be there!

Those of our members who attended the McGilvray reunion at Wingham in March of last year will remember the raffle of a king-sized (4.5 litres) bottle of Teacher's Scotch Whisky. This 'trophy' had been most generously donated by the firm of Tucker & Co. Pty Ltd, the Australian distributors.

We are most pleased and grateful to be able to advise that Messrs Tucker & Co. have donated another such prize to be raffled at our 1983 Gathering.

MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE THAT  
ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP FEES  
ARE DUE ON THE DATE OF  
THE ANNUAL GATHERING

If you are unable to attend the Gathering, please send your cheque or money-order to the Secretary/Treasurer.

(\$5.00 for individual membership, \$8.00 for family membership, which includes all children up to the age of 18 years.)

#### NOMINATIONS FOR COUNCIL

Members are reminded that on the day of the Annual General Meeting (which is the same day as our Annual Gathering),

ALL POSITIONS ON THE SOCIETY'S COUNCIL ARE DECLARED VACANT, AND NOMINATIONS FOR SUCH POSITIONS ARE NOW OPEN AND SHOULD BE LODGED WITH THE HONORARY SECRETARY/TREASURER AT LEAST THREE WEEKS PRIOR TO THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

All members are entitled to attend the Annual General Meeting.