

CLAN MACGILLIVRAY



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Vol. 1, No. 2

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1980

EDITORIAL

Recently, in an idle moment, I decided to compute the number of my ancestors who would have been around one thousand years, or thirty generations ago. The number which came up on my pocket calculator was a staggering 1,073,741,834 !

Now, I have been brought up to believe that my forebears were Highlanders, and I have clung tenaciously to that notion all my life. Now, the validity of it must be considered dubious.

At no time in history has there been over a thousand million Highlanders, or even Celts ! (It could be argued that, had there been, the world might have been a better place; but that is outside the present discussion.)

Whether or not I like it, such a large number of people would have had to be drawn from every racial stock in existence. Of course, this calculation makes no provision for inter-marriages and cross-breeding and back-breeding which has occurred throughout history.

It would be an exercise in futility to delve so far back into the past. Racial distinctions and family traditions are the products of a comparatively short and recent period of history.

Today we are MacGillivrays, whatever our ancestors might have been at the dawn of time, and we need make no apology for the sentiment and pride which the name invokes in us.

As a Clan Society, we strive to keep alive our traditions, and it is proper we should do so, if in so doing we be not unmindful of other loyalties.

Firstly, we are members of the great Celtic race whose glory far surpasses that of any one part of it, however illustrious that part may have been.

Secondly, as MacGillivrays, we are part of the Clan Chattan Confederation, a union which, inspite of some disharmony, has survived some 700 years. Our own survival as a Clan we owe in no small measure to the combined strength of Clan Chattan. Also, being at present a chiefless clan, we have nevertheless, a 'de facto' chief as long as there is a chief of Clan Chattan.

Your Society, under its Constitution, admits as Associate Members, all members of Clan Chattan Clans, and urges its members to enrol with the Clan Chattan Association.

Clan Chattan Association, formed nearly fifty years ago, has a membership spread throughout the world, kept in touch with each other by a remarkably informative and well-produced annual Journal.

Regretfully, this Association has suffered of late a serious decline in its membership, and, being mindful of our debt to Clan Chattan, now is the time for us to rally and help arrest this decline.

Membership of Clan Chattan Association costs a modest £1 per year; life membership £15, and can be arranged through our Hon.Chief, Peter McGillivray, who, as you know, is Australian correspondent of Clan Chattan Association.

So, Clansmen and Clanswomen all: let us resolve that if the unthinkable happened, and Clan Chattan Association one day ceased to exist, at least it could not be said that this calamity was caused by lack of support of Clan MacGillivray, Australia !

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DO YOU WANT TO BUY A KILT ?

It is surely an indication of the success of the Clan MacGillivray Society, and a happy omen for the future, that at each of our successive gatherings an increasing number of our members are arriving in MacGillivray kilts.



Undoubtedly, the urge to 'kilt up' is deeply ingrained and ever-present in every Highlander— and it would be truly grand were it possible to have all our members attired in the Highland garb. However, it has to be admitted that the cost to many of us has been quite prohibitive. Your Council has been trying to do something about this problem.

About a year ago we imported from Scotland two eight-yard kilt lengths. The cost for each was \$149.61, including air-freight; to which the Australian Customs savagely added a duty of \$35.50, so, even before it was made up into a kilt, each length cost \$184.92.

Now, this was admittedly a superior quality cloth, and cheaper grades of material are of course, available. However, having had some experience with these cheaper grades, we wanted something better.

Because of the high cost of the Scottish product and the blunt refusal of the Australian Government to allow it to be landed duty-free, we set about to find an alternate source in Australia— and we found a manufacturer almost on our own doorstep!

The firm of John Vicars and Company Ltd, of Revesby, NSW, has submitted samples of their tartan cloth to us, and we find it not only 'just as good' but markedly superior to any we have so far seen from Scotland!

John Vicars and Company, whose founder migrated to these shores from Scotland, has been established in the weaving business in Australia for over a century, and their weavers are certainly skilled in the weaving of high-grade tartan cloth.

Moreover, they can supply us with all our needs at \$15 per yard, free of sales tax, so that an eight-yard kilt, made from four yards of cloth divided and joined, would be \$60, or \$124.92 less than the kilt-length from Scotland.

Unfortunately, there is a catch to this: Since MacGillivray tartan has never been in demand before, there are no stocks on hand, and it would be necessary for the firm to 'loom up' specially for us; and it is not commercially viable for the firm to do this unless a minimum order for 240 yards is received.

Our Society does not have cash reserves sufficient to underwrite such an order, and so we are trying to find out how many of our members would like to avail themselves of this opportunity to buy the best MacGillivray tartan cloth available anywhere at such reasonable price. When we have some idea of how much cloth is required, then perhaps we can commit ourselves to an order.

Keep in mind that a kilt does not need to be eight yards long. Six yards or seven makes an excellent kilt, depending upon the girth of the wearer; and remember, you get two yards of kilt for every yard of material because the cloth is 54 inches wide.

The price in the wool market is ever-increasing, and John Vicars and Company cannot guarantee to hold the prices quoted indefinitely.

So don't delay in making your requirements known to our Secretary. In fact, do it now!

A MESSAGE FROM OUR HONORARY CHIEF

A year ago I wrote my contribution to Vol.1 No.1 of this Journal, and now our energetic editor reminds me that the next issue is due. He set himself a high standard with the content of the inaugural Journal, and I can't believe that any of our readers would have complained at the quality of the format. Let us hope that the enthusiasm for Clan affairs, so evident at our splendid gathering in Sydney last October will have brought forth a rash of new contributors and items of interest, so as to lighten the editorial burden.

For myself, I can record some success in that my four-page article on "professor" Donald McGillivray, the celebrated South-Australian horseman, was published in the 1980 edition of "Clan Chattan", the internationally distributed journal of the Clan Chattan Association. I had secured a good copy of his photograph from the archives of the Melbourne Public Library, and this reproduced quite well in the journal.

It may interest some of you to know that, of approximately 750 active members of Clan Chattan world-wide, only 27 are in Australia, and of these, six are MacGillivrays.

Considering the quite healthy growth around the world of new Societies and Associations catering for constituent clans, septs and families, it is a pity that so small a proportion of their members have also joined the CCA.

Clan Chattan was unique in Highland history, in that its members were not all related by blood, but had come together for mutual security, and became a power to be reckoned with in the north. Even today, without lessening the proud independence of the various constituent families, we can still contribute to the strength of the Confederation by supporting the CCA, and for 15 pounds sterling one can become a life member.

I was disappointed to again miss the large family picnic held at Seymour, Victoria; but congratulate David, John and the two Heathers on their successful organising of this day.

However, I was fortunate to make contact in Perth with several members of a big family (their grandfather, Charles Evans McGillivray had 18 children!), and I am grateful to Peter, Donald, Everett and their families for having made me so welcome. Many of these folk have joined our Society, despite the problems of distance from our regular gathering venues; and Barbara (McGillivray) Knight, our Western Australian representative, has an ambitious program ahead of her in trying to trace the family history.

Leila and my family join me in extending best wishes to all Australian MacGillivrays, with whom I am proud to be associated.

--- Peter McGillivray.

In the centre of the Scottish Highlands lies a vast expanse of mostly uninhabited mountain country, covered by the general title of the Grampian Mountains, but whose specific name is not well known, even among Scots. The Monadhliath (pronounced Mon-uh-lee-uh), the 'grey mountains', cover an area little visited but whose northern slopes merge into Strathnairn and Strathdearn, valleys peopled formerly by the MacGillivrays and others of Clan Chattan, and nestle the seat of Dunmaglass. In times past, its glens provided shelter in the winter and its slopes the sheilings for the summer grazing of cattle. Just how its people lived may be seen in the admittedly romanticised and idealised views of Dr Carruthers of Inverness writing in his 'Highland Note-book', in the period around the 1840's, of that portion of the mountains to the south of MacGillivray country and occupied by the Clan Cameron.

"Let us place ourselves in the heart of the Glengarry country, or the wild Monadhliath mountains in Inverness-shire. First you have, directly above the black foaming stream or the glen of soft green herbage, a ridge of brown heathery heights, not very imposing in form or altitude; then a loftier range, with a blue aspect; a third scarred with snow, and serrated perhaps, or peaked at their summits; then a multitudinous mass, stretching away in the distance, of cones, pyramids or domes, darkly blue or ruddy with sunshine, the shadows chasing one another across their huge limbs, revealing now and then the tail of a cataract, a lake, or the relics of a pine forest once mighty in its gloomy expanse of shade in the olden time; a panorama of mountains, as if instinct with life and motion!

To call such a scene dull or uniform, such a vast assemblage of titanic forms, warring with the elements or reflecting their splendour, as unlovely or unattractive, is a sacrilege and desecration of the noblest objects in creation. Dear are the homes and warm the hearts hid among these wild fastnesses! You look, and at the foot of a crag on the moorland, from which it can be scarcely distinguished, you discern a hut. Its walls are of black turf; window or chimney it has none save rude apertures; yet pervious to all the blasts that blow, like hurricanes in the trough of these mountain ranges, the hut stands, and the peasants live and bring forth in safety. You enter, and find the grandmother, bent double with age, or the grey-haired sire, the only inmate of the house. The husband has gone to dig turf or to perform some other out-of-doors occupation; the children are over the hill, barefoot, to school; and the wife or daughter is at the sheiling, a fertile valley among the mountains where all the neighbours take their cattle in summer to graze. Poor is the hut in which the stranger is not offered some refreshment, and is greeted in few words of broken English, with a cordial welcome. In cottages like these, amidst the veriest gloom and poverty, still subsist a high-souled generosity, stainless faith, and feudal politeness, spontaneous and unbought; and from these huts have sprung brave and chivalrous men, who have carried their country's renown into many a foreign land. The vices of the poor Highlander are, in reality, the vices of his chief or landlord. He is wholly dependent on the latter, and his devotion to him is unquenched and unquenchable. The mould of his character, his feelings and fortunes are in his chief's hands. Some hundreds of

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young vigorous Highlanders have this season emigrated to Australia-- a pastoral country suited to their habits and inclinations-- but never without the most poignant regret and distress. The pibroch is played at their departure, and the Gaelic chant of the exiles, 'Cha till sinn tuilidh' * --We return no more, sounds as melancholy now among the deserted glens as it ever did at the period of the great emigration to America at the close of the last century."

But these words from the mid-nineteenth century do not tell the whole story. For these emigrants who would return no more, this was not the end. It was the beginning; and those of their descendants who have returned have shown a prosperity that their forebears, in their wildest dreams, could not have imagined. But before that came about there were many adventures to be faced, not least the hazardous sea voyage, and much to be learned about a strange and very different new land.

These must form part of the history of our clan, now widely scattered but united in spirit; and this Journal is the proper place for them to be recorded. May we please have them?

ROBERT MCGILLIVRAY, Edinburgh.

* Cha till sinn Tuilidh: pronounced "Ha cheel sheen tool-ie"

NAUTICAL NOTE

The term 'Highlander' for any Gaelic-speaking Scot, is somewhat a misnomer. Not all Highlanders dwelt in the high country, and Inverness, the so-called 'Highland Capital' is in fact a sea port

The MacGillivrays who lived in the Western Isles and the Outer Hebrides spent at least a half of their working lives at sea with the fishing boats.

Stornoway, in the Isle of Lewis, has produced an astonishing number of seamen for the British Merchant Navy, and they are all 'highlanders'.

So, it is not entirely inappropriate that a shipping company should call itself the Clan Line, and name its ships after the different highland clans.

Our member, Peter McGillivray, of Lathlain, Western Australia has written to us enclosing a photocopy of a cutting from a publication put out by the 16th Battalion Association.

The publication includes an extract from 'Clan Line and the Great War' by Archibald Hurd, detailing the wartime activities of the "Clan MacGillivray":

" Clan MacGillivray brought over a large number of troops from Melbourne to Alexandria, afterwards conveying the 8th Battalion of Australian Infantry (1250 strong) from Alexandria to Mudros.

In the landing at Anzac on the Gallipoli Peninsula, the Clan MacGillivray had the honour of leading the four transports filled with troops for this desperate project and was the first steamer to discharge troops at Anzac.

Having disembarked her troops, she was then rapidly converted into a hospital ship and during the evening received boatload after boatload of wounded men until, by midnight, these had mounted to almost 1000 in number.

Many of these, alas, died on the way to Alexandria, where the most serious cases were landed.

The rest were carried in the Clan MacGillivray for the next three months, when she was kept constantly running between that port and Mudros in the capacity of a hospital ship.

Early in August she was engaged in the Suvla Bay operations, carrying wounded from Suvla Bay to Imbros.

Later, she again became a transport and in the first week of October 1915 made two trips to Salonica with 4000 troops from Mudros.

She was then ordered to Marseilles whence she carried the 2nd Battalion of the Leicester Regiment to Basra in the Persian Gulf.

A little later she brought over 1000 troops from Brisbane and Sydney to Suez, returning to Australia soon afterwards with some 6000 wounded Australian soldiers, and, having safely conveyed them home, she once more embarked Australian troops at Brisbane and Fremantle, this time to land them at Plymouth.

Captain Ridgeway's strenuous work undoubtedly seriously affected his health, necessitating his retirement from active service shortly after the war, and unfortunately, bringing about his death in 1921.

Clan MacGillivray continued in the Clan Line service until 1948 when she was sold to the Eastern Asia Navigation Company and renamed "Macklock". She was finally broken up in 1949. "

* (The ship "Clan MacGillivray" pictured on page 102 of our History, is obviously a vessel of much more recent vintage than its World War I namesake. -- Ed.)

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HORTICULTURAL NOTE

The Australian Hibiscus Society, formed in 1968 by Alexander Graham McGilvary, of Tarragindi, Queensland, now boasts one of the finest collections outside the Brisbane Botanic Gardens, having well over a hundred varieties, mostly Hawaiian. His wife, Sylvia, a keen Hibiscus fancier and one of the Society's foundation members, has named one of her new seedlings "Hibiscus Clan MacGillivray".

* * * * *

Things my Grandfather never taught me

The late Lennie Lower, whom many consider the greatest humourist Australian literature has ever produced, used to say of any endeavour not worth undertaking; such as trying to reason with his mother-in-law, that it was 'like learning to play the bagpipes-- a sheer waste of time'.

I wonder what he would have said of anyone who announced his intention to learn Gaelic!

Personally, I have always felt cheated because this language was allowed to die out in my family, and forever frustrated by my puny efforts to acquire even a basic knowledge of the language spoken by my ancestors



People who write books on Gaelic like to assure us that it is not a difficult subject. Roderick MacKinnon, who wrote "Gaelic" for the 'Teach Yourself' series, says : "That Gaelic is a difficult language is largely a misconception. . It is no more difficult than any other European language, and a good deal easier than most of them."

Meaning no disrespect to Mr MacKinnon, the most apt reply to this statement, in the language of the Gael would be : 'Fear sam bith a chreideas sin, tha e glé ghorach' - meaning, 'Anyone who believes that is very foolish.' (I found this quote in Mr MacKinnon's book!)

John Mackechnie, in his delightful little book "Gaelic without Groans" says: "It is really not such a hard thing to learn Gaelic as some folk think." However, he does admit that many people have spent years trying to master it and have failed. My apologies, incidently, for copying the front-cover drawing of Mr Mackechnie's book.

The great difficulty seems to me to be in finding a qualified tutor. Surely there must be a few Gaelic speakers in a city of three million like Sydney, but so far I have not encountered one. The notion that one can learn Gaelic from a book alone is I fear, quite a delusion.

When you have before you something written in Gaelic, and you hear the same text spoken, the spoken words seem to bear little relation to what you see before you. My impression indeed is that at least 60% of Gaelic is never pronounced at all and is there only for ornamentation.

Unfortunately, the language does not lend itself to the compiling of a useful dictionary. In almost all European languages, the flexional derivatives depend on endings. Take an English word at random: 'attract'. From this verb we derive attractable, attractability, attraction, attractive, attractively, attractingly, attractiveness, etc and because the root word 'attract' always stays in its place, a person learning English has no difficulty in using a dictionary. If English followed the Celtic system, you would find the affix placed at the beginning of a word, so that, instead of saying 'attractive' we would say 'ivattract'; and thus, all the derivatives would be scattered throughout the dictionary under different initial letters. Such a dictionary is virtually useless.

A quotation from a Breton nationalist (Breton being a kindred tongue to Gaelic) does little to assure me otherwise: "As for reading,

to look up a word in a dictionary, it is enough to know the few consonants which are interchangeable-- K,P,T, with C'H, F,Z, or with G,B,D; G,D,B, with K,P,T, or with C'H, V,Z; M with V, and GW with W." Why, a child could understand it!

But there is a credit side also. The Gaelic economy in verbs is quite fascinating. A Highlander can use expressions containing the equivalent of 'is' to do the work of almost any other verb; for example: "I love the fiddle but I prefer the bagpipes" is rendered in Gaelic idiom: "Beloved with me is the fiddle, but preferable with me is the bagpipe." "It will surprise you to hear this"--"here is a surprise for your ears."

A few years ago, I located the graves of my great-grandparents, and discovered that their graves were unmarked. I decided to have a headstone erected. Since both spoke only Gaelic during their lifetimes, I thought it fitting that the stone include a Gaelic inscription, so I wrote to a Highland gentleman in Scotland for advice. In his reply he remarked upon a peculiarity of the Highlanders. Even years before English had made any impact on the Highlands, it had been the custom to use English on tombstones. Sometimes Latin was used, but Gaelic inscriptions were comparatively rare; but he did suggest one which is frequently seen: 'Gus am bhris an là' - 'Until the day breaks', from the Song of Solomon. I was quite pleased with the finished headstone.

Now, I have a daughter-in-law who speaks Gaelic. She is Irish. She read the inscription with amazement. "You can't say that in Gaelic!" she said. "You've used English Idiom. Bhris does mean the breaking, but no Gaelic speaker could imagine a day breaking like a stick! The stone says, in effect, Until the day suffers a fracture!"

This information was most disconcerting to say the least, but further correspondence with Scotland put my mind at rest. It seems that the Gaelic Bible had been transliterated from the Authorized Version with all the English idiom intact, and the Highlanders, unlike their Irish cousins had come to terms with the English mode of expression-- for tombstones anyway!

The point I am making here is that in learning Gaelic, it is also necessary to learn to think like a Highlander, and some of us after four or five generations may find this obstacle quite insurmountable.

For those who are still undeterred by what I have written, may I suggest John Mackechnie's "Gaelic without Groans" as a first book. Each lesson is prefaced by a Gaelic proverb, and if only for these the book is well worth the modest 60p I paid for it in Scotland. These proverbs do give some insight into the Highlanders' outlook on life, and most of them are very wise indeed.

For the benefit of those who have not yet joined the Clan Chattan Association, and as a penalty for such neglect do not receive the Association's excellent journal, I will leave you with the Lord's Prayer in Gaelic which appears on every issue at the top of the first page:

AR N-ATHAIR a tha air néamh, Gu naomhaichear d'ainm. Thigeadh do rioghachd. Deanar do thoil air an talamh, mar a nithear air néamh. Tabhair dhuinn an diugh ar n-aran laitheil. Agus maith dhuinn ar fiachan, amhuil mar a mhaitheas sinne d'ar luchd-fiach. Agus na leig am buaireadh sinn; ach saor sinn o olc; oir is leatsa an rioghachd; agus an cumhachd, agus a' ghlòir, gu slorruidh. Amen.

Scotland can be a mine of misinformation for the tourist. A little harsh, perhaps, but deserved when one considers how Scottish publishers and firms manufacturing highland artifacts have been 'ripping off' and growing fat on the gullibility of the poor ignorant 'colonials' for years.

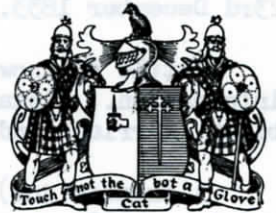
For instance, at my first attempt to purchase a MacGillivray crest badge from a quite well reputed firm, I was offered a badge depicting a hand holding a sgean dhu encircled with the motto "Mean Well"-- and was treated like a backward child when I insisted it was not correct. I couldn't find the correct badge anywhere, so eventually I settled for a Macpherson badge, mounted on a card labelled 'MacGillivray'.

Another firm specialises in blazer pockets. For MacGillivray, the offering is a stag's head with the motto 'Dunmaglas'.

Then there are the heraldic plaques on sale everywhere in Scotland, bearing on the back the imprimatur of Lyon Office and The Standing Council of Scottish Chiefs. Now, these, one would think, should be authentic. But obviously the Scottish Chiefs have not been very vigilant, because the livery colours are almost always or and azure instead of or and gules.

The worst offenders by far are the publishers. For years, tartan books and Clan maps have been around, and are still around, with chiefly arms and crest badges displayed which are completely wrong. The most common 'chiefly' arms illustrated are those of William MacGillivray of Montreal who matriculated arms in 1810, but was never a chief.

But even the most respected and prestigious publication of its kind in Scotland has not been loathe to print as the authentic MacGillivray chiefly arms those reproduced here. These arms are completely spurious, and are obviously concocted from the arms of Cluny Macpherson. Heraldically they are not correct because the shield is supported by two highlanders, and for a coat-of-arms to have supporters, the lands of the clan would have been required to have been erected into a barony.



MacGillivray

This is my day for complaints, so I'll make another: This concerns the way the wild MacGillivray cat-a-mountain sejant guardant is depicted as a tame domestic pussycat sejant or salient.

I have never seen a Highland wildcat but I do know that its ears do not point upwards, but sideways, giving the head a flattened appearance. Scottish badge makers obviously haven't seen one either, for they still punch out these incorrect badges in thousands.

So, if you are making your first visit to Scotland, make sure you read the "History of Clan MacGillivray" beforehand. The chances are you'll still be ripped off on prices, but at least you'll be able to recognise the genuine article amongst the junk!

OUR ROOTS AND BRANCHES

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It is one of the stated objects of our Society to record in our Journal as much information as we can find concerning the family origins of our members. All our members are encouraged to contribute articles concerning their known genealogies, and must not be deterred by the thought that such articles are without interest to others.

For example, thanks to the research carried out by Peter McGilvray of Seven Hills— quite independently of that done by Gwen McBean of Cundletown, no less than 40 people have discovered that they are related to each other; and such discoveries can only strengthen that spirit of kinship which binds our Society together.

In our first issue, as Research Officer, I attempted to set the ball rolling by contributing an account of my Skye ancestors who arrived in Sydney by the barque Ontario in 1852.

Reginald McGilvray of Doonside has submitted the following account of his family, and in publishing it, it is hoped that others may find in it clues to their own ancestry. He writes:

" The good ship George Fyffe sailed from Tobermory, Isle of Mull on the 16th September 1839 and arrived in Sydney on the 23rd January 1840, with settlers for Australia.

One family of McGilvrays who came from Ardnamurchan, consisted of Alexander aged 49 years, his wife Sarah, aged 48, and sons Alexander aged 15 and Dugald, aged 12.

They settled in the Hunter Valley where Alexander (snr) worked for Mr Hannibal McArthur's vineyard, at £45 per annum plus rations.

On the 4th September 1854, Alexander (jnr) bought 46 acres of land in the County of Gloucester, near Wingham, for £57/10/-; and Dugald, on the same day, bought an adjoining property of 45 acres for £58/10/-, in pursuance of the proclamation of 23rd December 1833.

Little is known about the descendants of Dugald. Perhaps some reader may have information. Alexander's descendants however, have been more fully recorded, from birth, marriage and death certificates; also from land sales documents.

Alexander(jnr) married Louisa Stace at Largs, NSW on 11th November 1851 and had ten children; six boys and four girls. The second born, also named Alexander, married Emily Mary Johnston Robinson at Taree on 24th May 1884, and had eight children; four boys and four girls.

Their eldest son, Leslie Meredith Manning married Naomi Lillias McKay at Laurieton in 1912, and had seven children; three boys and four girls.

Their eldest son, Reginald Clyde married Daphne Argyllshire Baker at Kempsey NSW on 9th May 1933 and had six children, three boys and three girls.

Their eldest son Jeffery Reginald married Mary Jane Small at Blacktown NSW on 1st July 1961 and have five children; three boys and two girls.

Please note: this is only the one line right back to the original settlers from Scotland. Most of the other descendants have been located and fitted into the full family tree which hopefully will be soon completed. "

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It is interesting to note that the passenger list of the George Fyffe includes several other McGilvrays, and because they all came from Ardnamurchan, one is tempted to assume that they were all inter-related. For the benefit of other researchers, I will list their names as they appear on the ship's passenger list:

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McGILVRAY Alexander (also spelt McGilverie on other of the ship's papers) 11
Native of Argyllshire, age 49, Presbyterian, Farmer. Engaged by
Hannibal McArthur Esq., Vineyard. £45 per annum with rations.

McGILVRAY, Sarah, his wife. Native of Argyllshire aged 48, Presbyterian, house
servant. Children, Alexander 15, Dugald 12, both born in Argyllshire.

McGILVRAY, Anne (Name also spelt McGillivray on other documents). Native of
Ardnamurchan, age 20 years, Presbyterian. Engaged by Mr Russell,
Hunter Street. £15 per annum with rations.

McGILVRAY, Donald. Native of Ardnamurchan, aged 27 years, Roman Catholic, shepherd.
Engaged by H. McArthur esq., Vineyard, £25 per annum with rations.

McGILVRAY, Duncan Native of Ardnamurchan, aged 33 years, Presbyterian, ploughman.

McGILVRAY, Lachlan, Native of Ardnamurchan, aged 25 years, Presbyterian, ploughman,
Engaged by H. McArthur Esq., Vineyard, £25 per annum with rations.

McGILVRAY, Mary (Name also appears as McGillivray) Native of Ardnamurchan, 25 years,
Presbyterian, laundress. Engaged by Mr Barry, Church Hill, £15 with rations.

McGILVRAY, Sarah (Name also appears as Sally) Native of Ardnamurchan, 18 years,
Presbyterian, housemaid. Engaged by Mr Callon, Sydney, £13 per annum
with rations.

The Ship George Fyffe was of 460 tons; John Pike, master; Andrew Liddell,
surgeon. It is recorded that a migrant named Hugh McDonald performed Devine services
and prayers in Gaelic during the voyage.

There were, of course, other ships which brought our forebears to Sydney Town. There
was the 485 ton ship Henry Porcher, which left Ornsay, Isle of Skye on 25 October 1839
arriving in Sydney 21st February 1840. Aboard were:

McGILLVARY, Archibald, native of Skye, age 50 years, Presbyterian, farm servant.
Engaged by Sir John Jameson, Regentville, piecework.

McGILLVARY, Janet, his wife, native of Skye, age 48 years, Presbyterian. Children,
Angus 14, Alexander 12, Donald 9 - all born Skye.

McGILLVERY, Anne, Native of Skye, age 20 years, Presbyterian, dairymaid. Engaged by
Mrs McLean, Bunkers Hill, £12 per annum with rations.

McGILLVARY, Anne, Native of Skye, aged 16 years, Presbyterian. With parents. (Parents
probably Archibald and Janet, but being 16 years old was listed separately)

The Ship Minerva, Thomas Furlong, master, Left Greenock 13th September 1837
and arrived at Sydney 23rd January 1838. Aboard were:

McGILVARY, Alexander, Married male immigrant, native of Inverness, Parish of
Bullaskan. Brother of Jonothan McGilvary farmer of same place. Joiner,
30 Years old in July 1837; Church of Scotland. Reads and writes a little.

McGILLVARY, Isabella. Married female migrant, native of Inverness, Parish of Dorset,
Daughter of Gilbert Golah of Inverness, Parish of Pata. 24 years old on
January 1837, Church of Scotland. Reads

The Ship Asia, Thomas Govey, master, left Cromarty 17 September 1838, and
arrived in Sydney 10th May 1839:

McGILVRAY, Donald; By the Government. Native of Inverness Shire. Son of D. McGilvray
farmer, and Mary, maiden surname Fraser, farmer's daughter of same place.
Ploughman, 28 years old, Presbyterian, reads and writes.

McGILVRAY Mary. Married female immigrant. By the Government. Native of Inverness shire
daughter of Joseph Grant farmer, and Margaret, maiden surname McIntosh,
farmer's daughter of the same place. Dairy or farm servant, 28 years old
Reads and Writes, Presbyterian. Children Donald 2 yrs, 27.9.38, and John,
1 year, 17.4.39.

Does anybody know who was the first MacGillivray to arrive in Australia? A check of all the convict lists shows nobody of the name. While many people are proud to have had a convict ancestor— and the harsh penal system of the time makes such a distinction no disgrace— MacGillivrays may take pride in the fact that, in spite of wretched poverty in many cases, none of those who arrived here had resorted to crime. Most appear to have been strict church-goers, whether Catholic, Presbyterian or Church of Scotland. To this day the name is rare indeed in court cases for even minor offences.

Ships' passenger lists are not reliable indicators either. In fact, few are available except those of 'bounty migrants' whose passages were sponsored by Governments or institutions. Some may have arrived with Governor Lachlan Macquarie's Highland regiment, and taken their discharge here because of land grants; but this cannot be ascertained because the regimental records returned to Britain when the regiment went home.

The earliest mention of the name I have been able to find so far is on the death certificate of one Anne McGilvery, of Short Street, Hunters Hill NSW, who died at the age of 103 after 100 years in the colony of New South Wales— on 7th February 1925 — so she must have arrived in Australia in 1825 at the age of three years, presumably with a family. The death certificate states names of parents unknown. She was unmarried, and although buried in the Presbyterian Cemetery at Rookwood, the minister officiating was F.V.Pratt, of the Congregational Church.

Perhaps a gentleman mentioned in the Sydney Herald of 14 November 1831 belonged to the same family of early migrants. Under the 'Police Incidents' heading appears:

" Wednesday November 9 — James Golding was fully committed to take his trial for stealing a horse, the property of Mr M'Gilvery, which he sold for the sum of £12. When taken into custody he had spent all the money save £3.12s. He said by way of defence that Mr M'Gilvery had ordered him to sell the horse, but not finding him at home, he had spent the money. "

In the 'Law Intelligence' column of the Sydney Herald dated 28 November 1831, the case is referred to again, with different spellings of both names:

" James Goulding was indicted for stealing a horse, the property of James L. M'Gilvirie at Sydney on 10th November. The prisoner was found not guilty and remanded. "

But in the same column, a few items down, we read:

" James Goulding was indicted for embezzling the sum of 12£., the property of his master, James L. M'Gilverie, at Sydney on 6th November. The prisoner was found guilty and remanded for sentence."

The sentence as recorded in the Sydney Herald of December 5, 1831 was that he was " to be worked in irons on the public roads for twelve months".

James M'Gilvirie, M'Gilvery, M'Gilverie — must have been a free settler of sufficient affluence to have owned a horse and to hire a servant.

In the records of the Presbyterian Church library at Sydney we find a James Lachlan MacGillivray, aged 30 years, was married on 31 July 1830 to Jane Bradley, aged 18 years, by the Rev. James Dunmore Lang.

In the same archives we find that James Lachlan MacGillivray died (or was buried) on 17 April 1863, and his wife, Jane died on 17 December 1864. Both were buried at Devonshire Street Cemetery, later removed to Bunnerong Cemetery to make way for Central Railway station.

Of the marriage, only one child has been identified: In the Maitland Mercury, of 8 February 1854 we find:

" BELL- David, of Bergen-op-Zoom, New England, was married to Margaret, eldest daughter of James L. MacGillivray of Sydney, at Sydney, 28 January 1854. The Rev. Alex Salmon officiated. "

Elsewhere in this journal I referred to the family of MacGillivrays in Western Australia who are striving to learn more about their origins in Scotland-- they have run into a problem:

Charles Evans McGillivray (born 19 December 1875, died 21 May 1950) married Jessie Mair Hossack, who was the niece of his step-father David Hossack, and their first child, David Alexander was born in Rockhampton, Queensland on 11 August 1894.

The family obviously moved to the West very soon afterwards, because a further 17 children were born between 1895 and 1918 in mining settlements north-west of Kalgoorlie, and the 13 survivors of this large brood laid down the foundations of the present strong family.

It is known that Charles Evans McGillivray was the son of Alexander and Margaret (nee Robertson), and that he was born at Stirling Castle in Scotland, his mother having returned there from India when her husband died. The widowed Margaret then married a David Hossack, but whether this was in Queensland or Scotland is not known although there were obviously other members of the Hossack family in Queensland at the time.

It has been handed down in family folklore that Charles Evans's grandfather, also Alexander, was Pipe-major in the 93rd Highland Regiment and led the relief of Lucknow in the Indian Mutiny, losing his life there. Indeed, there is in their possession a campaign medal which was specifically struck for that epic action.

The ribbon is maroon with horizontal white stripes, and bars refer to the Relief of Lucknow.

On the obverse (face) side of the medal is Queen Victoria. The reverse side depicts Britannia with right arm outstretched holding a wreath, a lion outstretched at her feet, and the words "INDIA 1857-58".



Now comes the problem -- the authorities at the Regimental Headquarters of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders at Stirling Castle confirm that the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders were indeed in action at the relief of Lucknow, but their Pipe-Major from 1854 to 1865 was John McLeod, and none of the six officially recognised pipers in the regiment was named MacGillivray!

Mrs Barbara (McGillivray) Knight, a grand-daughter of Charles Evans McGillivray, and self-appointed 'historian' of the family, now wonders where to turn next for information on their actual place of origin in Scotland, and for the true story of the Indian connection.

---Peter McG.

(The colour of the Lucknow medal ribbon has apparently changed with the ravages of time. I am informed that the colours were red and white-- not maroon. --Ed.)

Anybody visiting the quiet and pleasant township of Paterson, N.S.W. today would find it hard to believe that in the middle of the last century, it was very much a frontier town.

The rich river-flats grew a great variety of crops, mainly wheat. Many mills were built along the river so the wheat was shipped out as flour. Tobacco was another prosperous crop and a factory for processing the leaf was established at Paterson. Corn, maize and other cereals, oranges and grapes also flourished. Locally made table wines of good quality found a ready market in the towns. Timber, including some of the world's finest cedar grew in abundance and supported a timber-mill and a shipbuilding yard. Blacksmiths were numerous, and the town boasted also a coach-repair shop.

The Paterson River was, however, the very life of the town. It was the only means of communication with the outside world, and Paterson developed into a busy river port from which all the produce of the surrounding area was shipped to Newcastle and Sydney. Passengers travelling to the northern districts of the colony arrived by river steamer and continued their voyage by coach. Paterson was the terminus for a vast network of coaching lines. All this traffic supported six hotels.

All this activity continued into the early 1900's, when the railway was built; and later, with the advent of motor transport, Paterson began to decline as a centre of importance. In fact, the decline began towards the end of the last century, when rust killed off the wheat crop, and the timber became worked out. Today wheat is cultivated further west. The local orange has all but disappeared, replaced by better varieties grown elsewhere. The wonderful stands of cedar will probably never be seen again. Our early colonists had, sadly, little regard for preservation of this valuable asset. Houses were built of cedar, school desks were cedar, cedar was even used for firewood.

The land now cleared of timber is grazing country, and is renowned for both its dairy and beef industries. The main highways by-pass Paterson, and while the rest of the world faces the rush and bustle of urban life, Paterson is left to dream of a bygone era. . . Of recently-arrived English gentlemen with their ladies who came to settle on land granted to them for service at the Battle of Waterloo and other campaigns. . . of the convicts set to work to open up these new lands under not-so-gentle task-masters. . . of the arrival of the stage coaches bringing passengers, mail and news from afar. . . of the excitement of the arrival of the river-boat (which they called 'the punt')-- yes, there is a lot to dream about.

Paterson today has an old-world charm which attracts many visitors. I went there to browse through the old cemetery in search of MacGillivray headstones. We know that several families of the name had settled there.

This is not always a very productive thing to do. So many of these early Highland settlers had known too much poverty in their lives to have considered that elaborate headstones rated any priority, and were content to bury their loved-ones under simple wooden crosses-- all of which have decayed with the passage of time. I found but one stone over the graves of Donald McGilverly who died in 1867, aged 33, and Catherine, his mother who died in 1888 at the age of 81 years. So far, I have not been able to relate these folk to any of our members, and I would be interested to hear from anyone with information concerning them.

I have found that the best field for research is by far the local press of the time. I have acquired a healthy respect for these early chroniclers of current events who recorded for posterity so much of the trivia overlooked by more erudite historians, and I have come to regard this so-called trivia as the very backbone of our history.

The 'Maitland Mercury' of 16th September 1843, for instance, records at great length the trial of one Michael Kelly for the wilful murder of Duncan McGillavrey at Paterson on the 24th June of the same year.

It seems that 1843 was the year of the first election for the rural seat of Durham. There were two candidates, a Mr Lang and a Mr Windeyer, each having a strong following. Among those who arrived in town to cast their votes were Alexander McGillavray and his two sons, Alexander and Duncan.

At some stage it appears that tempers flared and a riot broke out between the supporters of the rival candidates. Evidence of the witnesses varies as to the actual number of men involved; one said there were 100, and another gives the figure as at least 200. Most were armed with sticks and many stones were thrown.

At one stage the mob tried to break into Cook's Hotel, where Mr Windeyer had set up his electoral headquarters. Many of the windows were shattered by stones. Mr Windeyer and a number of other people in the hotel fled through the back windows of the hotel. (The hotel still stands, but is no longer a hotel.)

Kelly was seen by several witnesses wielding a large bludgeon which he held in both hands. All witnesses agree that it was about six feet in length. Some describe it as a sapling, others as a piece of timber. Duncan received two blows from this weapon, the first on the back of the head, and the second as he was falling. His brother Alexander, thinking him to be dead, carried him to a nearby inn where his head was bandaged in a napkin. Although he was able with the help of his brother, to walk home the next day, his condition deteriorated and he died on the fourth day after the riot.

Apart from the absence of fire-arms, the scene outside the hotel must have resembled a clip from a western movie. Dozens of men were lying on the ground 'bleeding profusely'. The police, though present, no doubt deemed discretion the better part of valour, and declined to interfere in the fracas. Apparently, party divisions had become somewhat blurred at the height of the riot; everybody lashed out at the person closest to him.

The Attorney-General conducted the prosecution and in his opening remarks stated: "The deceased had met his death under circumstances which must be deplored by every lover of good order and regularity. . . particularly as it was on the occasion of the first introduction of the free institutions of the mother country into the colony."

It is interesting to note that almost all evidence given against Kelly was taken through an interpreter, as the witnesses spoke only Gaelic. They were a Mr Muir, Hugh McMaister, Walter Scott, Duncan McIntyre, and Hector McDonald.

Mr Purefoy, appearing for Kelly, called as a character witness, Chief Constable John Sullivan. (There has to be a moral here, somewhere!)

The trial lasted from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., the jury retired for ten minutes and returned a verdict of guilty of manslaughter.

A Portrait of our Secretary-Treasurer as a young man.

In 1930, at the height of the depression, I was leader of a stage and show band, working in Perth, Western Australia, at a theatre which, with the advent of the talkie film decided to go over to the new entertainment medium. The band received one week's wages in lieu of notice; and thus we were stranded and broke, 2400 miles from Sydney.

Three of us— Fred Tuller (sax and clarinet), Hec Rene (banjo and vocals) and myself (drums)— decided to 'jump the rattler' back home, busking in the main towns on the way.

We packed our best clothes and instruments and left them in charge of the ship's band in M.V. **Manoorra**, then at Fremantle and bound for Sydney where we would eventually pick them up. The drummer of this band informed us that there was very little work for musicians in Sydney, but if we could get to Bowen in Queensland, he had an aunt there, a pianist and a band leader until her players had deserted her and left her without a band.

A look at the map showed Bowen was situated about midway between two flourishing ports; Mackay, a sugar town to the south, and Townsville with meat works as well as being the sea outlet for the Mount Isa mines, to the north. We decided to give it a try.

After buying a ground-sheet, a blanket and a pair of bib-and-brace overalls each, we were left with £15 between us, and a journey of some 4000 miles ahead of us. Naturally, I had to leave my drums behind on the ship, but I carried my pipes in a sheepskin bag.

Scouting through the railway marshalling yards at Perth, and with the help of a sympathetic shunter, we found a train already assembled— destination Kalgoorlie— boarded it and bedded down for the first leg of our journey.

Two days and one night and 560 miles later, we found ourselves in the railway yards at Kalgoorlie, filthy and hungry. After a clean up and a meal, we obtained permission from the local police station to play in the streets; a procedure we were to follow throughout our long journey. After three days busking, we were ready for the next stage of our journey— 1050 miles across the Nullarbor Plain.

Each week, a supply train called the '**Tea and Sugar**' leaves Kalgoorlie for Port Augusta, and stops at the fettlers' camps which are spaced at 40 to 60 mile intervals. This train has a grocery van, butcher's shop and bakery van. It also hauls trucks loaded with sleepers, rails, and other materials required for the maintenance of the line.

Local musicians had warned us not to attempt to board this train at Kalgoorlie, because the police would be waiting at Golden Ridge, the first stop; and would unload us and bring us back to the lock-up at Kalgoorlie where we would be charged with fare evasion. Instead, two of their number took us by car to Coonana, about 100 miles down the line, where we 'jumped' the train the following day.

This train travels during the daylight hours and at night pulls off into a siding to allow faster trains to use the main line.

We were by no means the only free passengers to ride the railways in those days. At a siding called Rawlinna, about thirty of us who had dodged the police and the railway officials, were camped in the bush around a roaring log fire. We decided to give an impromptu concert and a sing-song. Then, taking out the pipes I was soon playing marches and highland dance music to a most appreciative audience, one of whom, a boy of about ten years approached me when I had finished playing, and said, in broad Scots: "Mr piper man, my dad wants to see you at our hoose".

The lad's father was a ganger who introduced himself as Dougal Munro and demanded to know "what the de'il are ye doing on the track". When we told him we were 'battling' our



18
way home, he said: "Get your two mates and forget about the 'tea and sugar'. We'll get your across!"

Taking the motor rail 'trike' out of its shed, and laying some tarpaulins on the floor, he soon had us a good camp. The families of other fettleers arrived, and we had a party which lasted till early morning.

Dougal explained that his gang went by trike to a point about halfway to the next camp where they would meet the gang from that camp, boil the billy, have a yarn, and would then return to their own camps, inspecting the line on the way. By passing us along to each gang in turn, we were finding ourselves each day to be about 40 or 50 miles nearer our destination.

At Forrest, we met Major Brearley who had pioneered an air service from Adelaide to Perth, and at Ooldea, we met the legendary Daisy Bates, who had spent most of her life among the Aborigines. With straw hat and blouse buttoned to the neck, long sleeves and ankle-length skirt, in a temperature always around the century mark, we didn't know how she survived!

Arriving at Port Augusta we had a brief moment of anxiety when the police sergeant insisted on examining our swags; and on seeing my pipes, formed the opinion that they were undoubtedly stolen from the Kalgoorlie Caledonian Society. "If they're yours," he said, "let's hear you play them!"

I obliged, and the music must have done something to his dour Scottish soul, because he issued us with three times the authorised 'track rations'!

We arrived in Broken Hill railway yards after two days in an empty iron-ore truck from Port Pirie— really filthy, covered with red iron-ore dust; but luckily, we met another sympathetic shunter who led us to an out-house equipped with hot showers and laundry tubs, so that, having washed our clothes as well as ourselves, we were able to present ourselves to the local police station looking almost respectable, to collect our track rations and ask permission to busk the town.

Luckily our arrival coincided with pay week at the mines, and over the next three days we increased our fortune by £50, plus another £10 gift from the local Caledonian Society, handed to us whilst having a drink at the Workers Club. With so much in hand, we were able to cut our planned busking stops between Broken Hill and Sydney to two; Parkes and Bathurst.

Arriving at Parramatta, we left the 'rattler' and purchased our first rail ticket (1/6) to Central— after travelling 2476 miles in eight weeks.

We spent a week in Sydney, busy retrieving our belongings and instruments shipped by the "Manoora", and repacking them for the trip north to Bowen. One sad casualty was Hec's beautiful string bass, which had been damaged beyond repair.

We bought tickets to Hornsby and from there, jumped the first freight train to Newcastle. One unrewarding day busking, then on the next train towards Brisbane by the New-England route, stopping to busk in Tamworth, Armidale, Glen Innes and Tenterfield. Then over the Queensland border to Stanthorpe.

One of the locals advised us to keep going. "We have a cranky old Irish sergeant here," he said, "and you'll all end up in the clink." We decided to take a chance, and opened up with Hec singing a bracket of sentimental old Irish favourites, with Fred on the clarinet.

We caught occasional glimpses of the 'cranky old Irish sergeant' standing in doorways with a most soulful expression on his face. Music surely hath charms— we were not arrested! Instead, we had a visit from the local priest who bought us a couple of rounds of drinks and asked if we would help out at a church dance the following night. We agreed, and played most of the dances on the program. The good father then organised a collection which brought us £13.

Another unrewarding day at Warwick, thence a lift by truck direct to Brisbane. From Brisbane, a rail ticket to Cabulture, then once more on the 'rattler', with stops

at Gympie, Maryborough, Rockhampton, Mackay, and finally, our goal— Bowen. We had travelled a total of 3900 miles in 14 weeks, at a total cost in fares of about four shillings each!

After making ourselves presentable, we set about locating the lady who needed a band— Ann Delaney. We found her playing piano at the Queens Beach Hotel, and invited her to inspect 'her new band'. Ann dissolved into tears. "Nearly four thousand miles!" she said, "I never thought you b---s would make it!"

After a few weeks rehearsing, we opened to a packed house. We continued to play to packed houses in fact for a full year before we left with an augmented band of seven musicians to open in Mackay, where we stayed three years.

* * * * *

Looking back at our epic journey after the passage of so many years, I often wonder if those Australians who spend all their lives in the capital cities actually realise the immensity of this vast continent; or can possibly appreciate the isolation and loneliness of life in some parts of the out-back, particularly the Nullarbor Plain.

At a time when even radio was a novelty, those families of railwaymen must have regarded the visit of a trio of musicians as a most memorable event, and it pleases me to think that possibly we brought a little pleasure into their lives during our brief stay with them.

-- John D. MacGillivray.

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INTERNATIONAL GATHERING OF THE CLANS

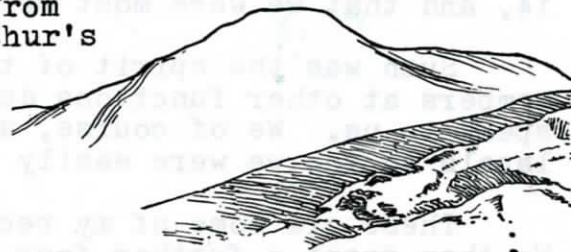
In 1977 my husband and I were fortunate to be able to attend the International Gathering of the Clans in Scotland.

We arrived in Edinburgh looking forward to a great week of activities, and we were not disappointed.

We began by attending the Annual General Meeting of the Clan Chattan Society on April 30 - and what a great attendance there was! During the supper which followed, the hand of friendship was extended to members, with invitations to attend functions to be held during the second week of the Gathering in our Clan centre of Inverness.

On the Sunday morning we set out from our hotel to walk to the summit of Arthur's Seat for the Dawn Service.

We didn't quite make the top, but we could hear the hymns from where we were seated some 500 metres from the summit.



The view was magnificent, with the city lights surrounding us, and later when the sun came up over the Firth of Forth, the beauty had to be seen to be believed.

On the knoll where we were, Morris Dancers were performing their annual rite to ensure the rising of the sun for the next twelve months.

On our way down we passed many groups cooking their breakfasts of sausages and bacon and eggs on spirit stoves, and the aroma of freshly brewed coffee did strange things to our taste buds. We could only trudge wearily, but happily back to our hotel and wait for breakfast.

Later the same day we attended the opening ceremony at Meadowbank Stadium, and a most impressive spectacle it was, with the massed pipes and drums, military bands, and fabulous Scottish dancing. The most stirring event for us was when we marched with some fifty fellow Australians behind our flag, leading the overseas contingents onto the arena.

This elated feeling was unsurpassed even by the many and varied entertainments arranged for the following week. We chose those in which we were most interested, regretting we could not attend them all.

One we particularly enjoyed was a ceilidh and dinner at the Learmonth Hotel, where we were treated to the piping-in and the address to the haggis, after which we were served a portion.

Contrary to our expectations we really enjoyed it! Although I found it very rich and could not eat all my serve, I believe Robert would have asked for more!

Other highlights were a visit to Lodge Canongate Kilwinning No.2 off the Royal Mile, and the beating of the retreat at Edinburgh Castle esplanade.

At the end of a wonderful week we returned to Meadowbank Stadium for an equally impressive closing ceremony.

Tired but elated we then journeyed north in our little hired car to our Clan's homeground of Inverness to take part in the festivities arranged specifically for Clan Chattan.

Robert MacGillivray, of Edinburgh, had kindly marked a map with some places of special significance to our clan which we duly visited, including the battlefield of Culloden, the McBain Memorial Park overlooking Loch Ness, and the Dunlichity cemetery.

One night we inadvertently attended a Gaelic ceilidh held at a hotel. The music was delightful and the singing beautiful, but we could not understand a single word of the songs.

Our ignorance must have been most noticeable, as towards the end of the evening the chairman came over and spoke to us - in English - and, during the course of the conversation said that they would be at the Grande Finale of the International Gathering of the Clans on May 14, and that we were most welcome to visit their tent.

Such was the spirit of the gathering. We saw some of their members at other functions during that week and they always came to speak to us. We of course, always wore the Australian flag in our lapels so too we were easily recognised.

These are some of my recollections of a most memorable fortnight. We then spent a further four weeks touring Scotland, enjoying the beautiful and majestic countryside.

If, as I have read, there is to be a similar gathering to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the formation of the Clan Chattan Assocn., in 1983, God (and pocket) willing, we will be there!

--- Roma McGillivray; Milawa Vic.

* * * * *

SCOTTISH CLANS AND TARTANS- Ian Grimble; Hamlyn Publishing Group.

Although this book was first published in 1973, and in paperback edition in 1977, it has not been readily available in Australia.

The present edition, also paperback is a 1979 reprint, produced in Verona, Italy, and is now available in most large bookshops at around \$9.00.

Most of us are familiar with the various books available on the subject of tartans. The format is usually much the same in each-- a coloured plate of each tartan represented, with a very brief and sometimes quite banal history of the Clan on the page opposite.

Grimble has illustrated no less than 150 tartans, a far greater number than most books on the subject; for example, Moncrieffes 'Highland Clans' has 60, and 'Clans, Septs and Regiments of the Scottish Highlands', the most authoritative work, includes only 110.

In a small-sized book of 270 pages, Clan histories must of necessity be somewhat truncated. Nevertheless, Grimble has succeeded in putting before his reader a scholarly compilation of facts which are certainly more than superficial, and immensely readable.

Although described as a paperback, it is well-bound, with a stout though flexible cover, and the quality of the paper and the colour reproductions of the tartans are truly excellent.

For those seeking a handy reference work on tartans, this book would be hard to beat. Nevertheless, Mr Grimble should be soundly spanked for omitting the tartan of Clan Chattan!

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NE'ER FORGOT SHALL BE - A Genealogy of Clan MacGillivray of Glenelg and Skye, 1761 - 1979. Mrs Marjory McGillivray Waters. (Copies are available direct from the writer, 50 Fitch Avenue, Darien, Connecticut 06820, USA; price in US Currency \$18.00.

Anybody who has set out on the journey back into time in search of ancestors, knows that what begins as a leisurely stroll down the road soon becomes a nightmare of crossroads, each of which must be explored; and the crossroads have their own crossroads, and so on ad infinitum, until the traveller finds himself hopelessly lost.

One has to be selective from the start, choosing only the road he will take, for it is almost impossible to travel them all.

Mrs Waters has embarked on that journey with great vigour and seemingly has not been over-awed by the complexity of her pilgrimage. The end-product of her labours should be for her family at least a most valuable genealogical document.

In seeking out the considerable number of MacGillivray families who once lived in Glenelg, and of whose existence nobody seems to have any record, Mrs Waters has copied out Parish records, census records and lot of miscellaneous information picked up from early press-cuttings etc., and because of the possibility that these Glenelg families might have spilt over from the Isle of Skye, she has continued her researches into the Skye Parish of Sleat. It is regretful that her researches went no further, because in the neighbouring Parish of Strath, there were dozens of McGilvray families living up to the mid nineteenth century.

This book will not be everybody's cup of tea. It is quite large (11"X8½", hard-covered, 362 pages), and cannot be just read, but

must be studied at some depth. Criticism is not intended when I say that the work abounds with trivia, because so called trivia is the stuff history is made of and an ingredient often overlooked by the academic historian.

But it is certainly a criticism, though a mild one when I note the numerous quotes from Robert Burns and her selection of a title for her book from the words of a lowland song. This seems to be an indication of how the passage of time and generations can erase from the mind any appreciation of the fact that there were two Scotlands, Highland and Lowland, bearing but slight resemblance to each other, and with different languages and customs. Many people of my generation, living in Australia, have been surprised to learn that "the Border" referred to in ballads was not the border between Scotland and England, but the border between the Highlands and the Lowlands. Burns does not seem appropriate in a work on Highland history.

Nevertheless, This book is a valuable addition to any genealogical library.

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FROM THE HILLS AND HEATHER OF SCOTLAND By Mary Miller (nee McGillivray, of 244 Crawford Street, Invercargill New Zealand, from whom copies may be obtained direct, price \$NZ8.00 plus postage 50¢.

A soft-bound book of 110 pages in much the same genre as the book by Mrs Waters; though a somewhat less ambitious work, which tends to make it more readable. Because it is a collection of genealogies collected during research into the ancestry of a New Zealand family of MacGillivrays, it will probably be of greater interest to Australians, since quite a few Highland migrants went first to Australia, and then decided to try their luck in New Zealand and some who went first to New Zealand later turned up in Australia. When a family disappears from Australian records and turns up in the New Zealand records. it is quite a genealogical find.

A lot of what I have said about Mrs Waters book also applies to this one, and both are welcome additions to my library.

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It is both remarkable and gratifying to observe the interest in the Clan MacGillivray which has occurred since the publication of our first authentic History.

The formation of the Clan MacGillivray Society, Australia is only one manifestation of that interest. The two books already mentioned, provide further evidence of the keenness with which MacGillivrays everywhere are searching and recording their family origins.

Yet another book is being written, this time concerning the MacGillivrays (or McGilvrays) of Skye, and the authors would welcome correspondence from members who have information about Skye families.

If your ancestors came from the Isle of Skye, and if you have information likely to assist, would you please drop a line to Mrs Doris McGilvary-Steiner, P.O. Box 4626, Las Vegas, Nevada, USA 89106.

As a Skye descendent myself, I await this book with great interest.

CONGRATULATIONS !

- * To Clansman Donald MacGillivray Elder of Christchurch, New Zealand, for distinguished academic achievement.

Even while attending pre-school kindergarten, Donald showed signs of his academic potential when he displayed a reading ability equal to a ten or twelve year old student. He crowned his primary education by winning a scholarship which took him to Christ's College, Christchurch; a school very much in the British Public School tradition (even to the fagging system!) and with many of the demanding elements of Gordonstoun.

In this environment he thrived, not only in academic studies but also in sport. Although Rugby was the chief sport in most New Zealand schools of this type, he succeeded in introducing Soccer, and captained the team to first place in the schools competition. He was also captain of the hockey second XI and vice captain of the hockey first XI.

He became an under-officer in the School cadets and was chosen by the army as a paid instructor of cadets throughout the schools of the Dominion.

While still at school he gained the Duke of Edinburgh Award-- first the bronze, then the silver and finally the gold-- a most uncommon achievement.

Winning another scholarship which took him to University in the faculty of Civil Engineering, he extended his sporting activities to include tramping, mountain climbing, tennis, and volleyball. In 1977, he won a McMillan Scholarship for all-round work, -- and finally a Rhodes Scholarship' with a senior University scholarship added, in 1980.

He leaves New Zealand shortly to continue his studies at Oxford. I am sure all members will join me in the salute: "Well done, Donald!"

- * To Alex, eldest son of our Honorary Chief, Peter, and Leila McGillivray, on his marriage on 17th May 1980 at Toowoomba, Queensland, to Ruth Clarence.

The young couple have made their home in Sydney, so we may expect to see them with us at future gatherings of our Society.

- * To Colin, son of members Waddick and Edith Tyrus of Noble Park Victoria, for winning the Walkley National Journalism award for the best radio report of 1979. Colin is with station 3XY Melbourne.
- * To our Press and Publicity Officer, Jillian McGillivray of Summer Hill, N.S.W., on her elevation to the rank of Journalist First Class. Jill has been a tower of strength in disseminating information about our Society and its activities throughout the newspapers and journals published in all states.
- * To Deborah McGillivray, eldest daughter of John and Heather McGillivray of Rushworth, Victoria, on her engagement to Charles Harris, of Tongala, Victoria.

ABOUT OUR DANCERS--

Members attending our last Gathering must surely have been delighted at the standard of excellence attained by the Clan MacGillivray Junieur Dancers.

These four youngsters are: Cathy and Andrew Savage, the children of members Bruce and Gay Savage of Belrose; and their cousins, Mellanie and Naomi Iarace, the children of members Sam and Carola Iarace, of Davidson, NSW.

All four are grandchildren of our foundation member, Yvonne Jones. Their dedication has been quite outstanding. Cathy Savage won first prize at the City of Sydney Eisteddfod in 1979, and, if you are a regular viewer of Channel 10 News, you may catch an almost sub-liminal glimpse of her legs in action in the opening titles— but you'll have to be mighty quick!

Our Senior dancers are the young ladies of the Veronica Law School of Highland Dancing. They have won many first class awards, and we are indeed fortunate that they have made themselves available for our gatherings held in Sydney.

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A PIPER IN TRAINING!

Colin, the young son of David and Heather McGillivray of Frankston, Victoria, has taken up the study of the bagpipes, with I am told, great enthusiasm. Good for you, Colin— it may be some time before you can take over from Jimmy Jackson, but it is good to know that our Society has its first piper-in-training.

How about a few more of you youngsters having a blaw! Who knows— we could end up one day with our very own MacGillivray Pipe Band. Now, there's a thought for you!

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SKYE RE-VISITED.

Sam and Carola Iarace, and their two daughters, Mellanie and Naomi,— our junior dancers already mentioned— have recently returned from an extended tour of Europe.

They visited all the countries on the Continent, but the highlight of their tour was their visit to Scotland, motoring up through the beautiful English countryside.

Carola is a descendant of the McGilvrays of Skye who came here by the barque "Ontario" in 1852, and a pilgrimage to that misty isle was, of course, a 'must'.

After visiting Broadford with its kirk where their ancestors worshipped, they went in search of the old McGilvray croft, lot 10, Lower Breakish. They found the lot, but the crofter's cottage which had stood for so long, had been recently destroyed by fire, and all the stonework removed.

Nevertheless, the scenery has altered but little over the past century or so, and it required little imagination to conjure up a vision of great-great-grandfather Charles McGilvray, and great-great-grandmother Betsy, with their six children, busily at work extracting a livelihood from their small holding!

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- PATRON: Colonel George Brown Macgillivray, B.A.,C.D., K.L.J.
Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada.
- HON.CHIEF: Peter McGillivray, 45 Boyd Street Doncaster Vic 3108
Phone (03) 848 5796. Peter is also Australian Correspondent of Clan Chattan Association, Edinburgh.
- CHIEFTAIN: David MacGillivray, 21 Clyde Street Guildford NSW 2161
Phone 632 3816.
- SECRETARY/TREASURER: John Duncan MacGillivray, 17 Wandella Road, North Manly
NSW 2100. Phone 93 5315.
- ASST.SECRETARY
TREASURER (Vic): David McGillivray, 35 Candle Bark Crescent, Frankston,
Victoria 3200. Phone 786 5218.
- PRESS & PUBLICITY: Miss Jillian McGillivray, 2/16 Lackey Street Summer Hill
NSW 2130.
- RESEARCH OFFICER: Ian MacGillivray-Elder, 21 Daintrey Street, Fairlight NSW
2094. Phone 977 1546.
- NORTH COAST
REPRESENTATIVE: Mrs Gwen McBean, 53 George Street Cundletown NSW 2430
- WESTERN AUST.
REPRESENTATIVE: Mrs Barbara Knight, 34 Brabant Way, Hamersley WA 6022
- ADDITIONAL
MEMBERS: Robert McGillivray, Post Office Residence Milawa, Vic 3678
Phone (057) 273200.
Donald McGillivray, Wattle Avenue Brighton Vic 3741
Phone (057) 551495.
Peter McGillivray, 17 Day Street Wyoming NSW 2250
Allan McGillivray, 28 McMahon Street Willoughby NSW 2608
Phone 407279.
Ronald McGillivray, 61 Warren Rd Woodpark NSW 2164
Phone 632895.
Mrs Yvonne Jones, 90A Melford Street Hurlstone Park NSW 2193
Phone 55 3406.
- HONORARY MEMBERS: (For outstanding service to the Clan MacGillivray Society)
- Pipe-Major James Ross Jackson
- Pipe-Major William Hart
- Daniel and Muriel Carling
- Squadron-Leader William Shaw, D.F.C.

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OBITUARY

It is with deep sorrow that we report the loss of one of our original members, Mrs Viola (Vi) Prangley, who passed away on the 15th April 1980 at the age of 82.

Vi was born at Wallabadah, N.S.W. in 1898 and was one of the fifteen children of the late David Barnett and Margaret Barnett, née McGilvray. She was the granddaughter of Charles and Flora McGilvray of Skye, who came to Australia in 1852 in the barque "Ontario".

A gentle, kindly lady of great charm and personality, she will be sadly missed by her many friends and kinfolk.

OUR NEXT GATHERING

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ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS ! Our Fifth Annual Gathering will take place at the home of Mrs Lil Hillas, 686 David Street, Albury, 2640, on Sunday 2nd November 1980, beginning at 2 P.M.

ALL ARE INVITED, BUT PLEASE INFORM LIL BY POST OF YOUR INTENTION TO ATTEND, so that adequate catering and seating arrangements can be made.

CATERING: The usual arrangement of previous gatherings-- ladies bring a plate, and Gentlemen to provide the liquid refreshments.

ACCOMODATION:

Although Albury is particularly well-served with excellent hotel and motel accomodation, visitors are advised to book well in advance, as we are informed that there will be a number of conventions in Albury at the time of our Gathering, and accomodation may be at a premium.

New Albury Motor Inn Kiewa Street, Phone 213599. \$22 twin, \$18 single.
Spotted Dog Hotel/Motel Hume Highway, 211922, \$24-\$25 twin, \$20-\$21 single.
Soden's Hotel, David & Wilson Streets, 212400. \$20-26 twin, \$10-\$18 Single-B&B.
Travelodge Motel, Dean & Elizabeth Sts, 215366. From \$48 twin, from 42 single.
Commodore Motel, Keiwa, 213344, \$27.50-\$30 twin, \$22-\$24.50 single
Albury City Motel 729 Young Street 217699, \$26-\$27 twin, \$22 single
Hume Inn 406 Wodonga Place, 212733, \$25 twin, \$19 single.
Matador Motel, 617 Young Street, 211877. \$26.50 twin, \$22 single
Viscount Motel, Hume Highway, 212444. \$25 twin, \$19 single.
Clifton Motel, Young & Smollett Streets, 217126. \$21 twin, \$15 single, B & B.
Lancaster Travel Lodge, 473 Young St., 213127. \$24-\$26 twin, \$12-\$16single, B&B.

Trek 31 Tourist and Caravan Park, Cnr Wagga Road(Hume Highway) and Catherine Crescent, Albury North. Postal address: PO Box 464 Lavington 2641. Phone 254355.
This is a new caravan park with on-site caravans for hire.

(All tariffs are those listed in the NRMA Accomodation Guide for 1980)
Area Code for Albury is 060.

RAIL SERVICES:

Sydney to Albury: Saturday; Daylight Express dep.Sydney 7.45 am, arrives Albury 4.40 pm. (Bookings only)

'Spirit of Progress' departs Sydney 8.10 pm; arrives Albury 6 am Sunday. (Bookings only)

Albury to Sydney: Sunday, 'Spirit of Progress' departs Albury 10.50 pm, arrives Sydney 8.45 am. (Bookings only)

Monday, day-train departs Albury 12.25 arrives Sydney 9.25 pm

Melbourne to Albury: Saturday, day-train departs Melbourne 8.35 am, arrives Albury 1.20 pm.

'Spirit of Progress' departs Melbourne 5.45 pm, arrives at Albury 10 pm. (Bookings only)

Albury to Melbourne: Monday, departs Albury 6.05 (Spirit of Progress) arrives Melbourne 11.20 am

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE ARE REQUESTED TO ARRIVE AT THE SITE OF THE GATHERING BY 1 P.M. FOR THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING. PLEASE BE ON TIME!

MEMBERS - This is only our fifth Annual Gathering, and our membership has already risen from a few dozen to the 200 mark. Each of our Gatherings so far has been bigger than the one before it, and this one should prove a memorable one. So come along and join in the fun-- and don't be shy about nominating yourself for a position on the Committee. All positions are vacant at the Annual Gathering and nominations are now invited. Send them to our Hon Secretary.