

CLAN



# MACGILLIVRAY

Journal of the  
Clan Macgillivray  
Society - Australia

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## EDITORIAL (1)

This journal is now in its eleventh year of publication. Each year, the cost of its production and postage has increased with inflation, and of all demands on the Society's finances, it remains the most expensive item.

And, as each year passes, your Editor asks himself some questions, such as: Do our members want, or feel the need of a Journal? Could the money involved be put to better use in the Society's activities?

These questions arise because, ever since our first issue, your Editor has urged members to become involved by submitting articles of any sort to fill the pages of the Journal, and, although some have been received, the response in some years has been such as to suggest an almost complete lack of interest. (It is to be hoped that the increased flow of contributions this year will continue in the future.)

He has long abandoned all hope of receiving a deluge of contributions from our adult members, but, before deciding to throw in the towel altogether, is prepared to try a new idea.

All you youngsters — up to 18 years of age — in whose hands lie the very future of the Clan MacGillivray Society — how about YOU writing something! Anything at all that relates to the Clan, particularly your own family history. Worry the life out of your parents and grand-parents, who might be willing to divulge stories of the past to you, if not to the Editor. Get out those family albums, ask questions, take up your biros and paper and get started. Particularly we need articles for our "Roots and Branches" segment, but your choice of subject is wide open.

For the best essay or other article received, your Editor will award a handsome book prize!

## EDITORIAL (2)

At the risk of being somewhat repetitious, your Editor feels that the time has come to raise again a matter of importance mentioned in earlier editions, namely, the appointment of a new editor for this Journal.

Your present Editor has now advanced beyond that traditionally allotted span of three-score-years-and-ten. His health over the past few years has not been good, a fact which



limits his ability to perform his task with the energy it deserves. He believes a new editor would bring an infusion of new ideas. A verse of Thomas Hardy comes to mind:

*"As newer comers crowd the fore,  
We drop behind—  
We who have laboured long and sore  
Time out of mind,  
And keen are yet, must not regret  
To drop behind."*

This verse, however, is not quite appropriate, since there do not appear to be many newer comers 'crowding the fore'; and while without doubt there are several of our members capable of filling the post, so far not a single volunteer!

The hard fact of life is, however, that sooner or later, a new editor will have to be found, and if sooner rather than later, the present editor might, hopefully, be still around to assist him or her in the 'breaking in' period.

Your editor has found the task challenging, but rewarding, and has enjoyed it; but, as the verse says, he must not regret to drop behind.

**He now declares the position open and invites applications!**

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#### **"EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT"**

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When Ian wrote the above parts 1 and 2 of his usual meaningful editorial he was unaware of the very serious cardiac arrest which was to strike him down on 10th May. Whilst we can rejoice in the fact that he is now back at home recuperating slowly, we must also accept the fact that the imminent retirement he foreshadowed is now a must — indeed it has happened.

Fortunately, the majority of the task of assembling material for this issue had been completed by Ian before his illness — all that remains is for the writer to steer it through the final stages with a new printer. The best tribute we can pay to Ian in return for his labours as our editor and enthusiastic researcher for over ten years, is to ensure that this annual Journal continues into the future with its present deserved reputation of being one of the most respected Clan journals published anywhere in the world. For this to happen, we need the participation of all members and the emergence of a new editor in the way that Ian has urged.

P. McG.

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#### **FROM THE PEN OF OUR HONORARY CHIEF**

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As I sit at my desk to write my annual piece for this journal, I have fresh in my mind the splendid day so recently enjoyed at the Ringwood Highland Games, where once again the MacGillivray tent made an outstanding contribution to the multi-clan display and our group of about twenty made a favourable impression in the march of the Clans. There is no doubt that we who live in or near Melbourne are very fortunate in having the Ringwood Games, associated with the Victorian Pipe Band Championships, as a venue for a mini-gathering each year. The site is so very attractive, especially when the weather is as perfect as it was this year, we always seem to attract some interstate visitors and some new members, and there is ample opportunity for contact and fellowship with all the other clans who participate.

My thanks are extended to those MacGillivray families who support this day in many ways, even to providing cups of tea and coffee to the public in return for a "donation" which helps to defray expenses. Our members in other States are urged to keep an eye out for the right venue to man a clan tent or even just a table to handle enquiries.

Reverting to the latter half of 1988, we held another successful Annual Gathering at Seaford and it was very encouraging to find that we already have volunteers offering to organise a similar function when Victoria's next turn comes around. David and I were pleased also to participate in Melbourne's first Kirkin of the Tartan at Scots Church.

Then in Sydney during Scottish Week/International Gathering of the Clans there was another very well attended "Kirkin" ceremony, and a small but enthusiastic participation by MacGillivrays in the clan picnic in The Domain and the "wet" march to the Opera House. These events, or some of them at least, are referred to in greater detail by other contributors, and that reminds me to urge all members to support our Journal editor, and secretary David, who prepares the Newsletter, by regularly sending them material which may be of use for one or other of these publications. I often receive very favourable comments about our Journal from officials of other Clans who openly admit that Clan MacGillivray puts out one of the best, if not the best, Clan publications in Australia. However, I have been impressed with the way in which Clan Davidson members feed in personal and family news items to their newsletter editor, and I feel that we can do better in this regard.

Hopefully Ian will find room in this journal to include the text of a radio broadcast I made last December on 3EA's Scottish Gaelic program — in it I described very briefly the unveiling ceremony, on St. Andrews Day, of Scotland's bi-centenary gift to Australia, namely the huge cairn that stands in Rawson Park on Middle Head in the suburb of Mosman. That event was undoubtedly the highlight of 1988 Scottish Week, and the cairn should long remain a focal point for all folk of Scots ancestry.

Recently, I have enjoyed an interesting exchange of correspondence with a Dr. Robert Ralph of the Department of Zoology, University of Aberdeen, who hopes to write a biography of Professor William MacGillivray, the distinguished naturalist at the same university in the early 19th century. Dr. Ralph plans to draw upon articles that I and others have written for earlier issues of this journal which dealt with two of Professor William's sons, Dr. Paul Howard and John McGillivray, themselves both distinguished natural scientists in Australia and the Pacific. One of our members, Mrs. Carol Tebbutt, is a grand-daughter of Dr. Paul H. McGillivray, and she has now been put in direct contact with Bob Ralph.

My very best wishes to all members and their families.

Peter McGillivray





Left to Right - John & Heather McGillivray, Cynthia Garrick, from S.A. Heather McG., wife of David, Bill Shaw (member and heavy games judge) and Ian McGillivray of Traralgon enjoying the day at Ringwood.



David McGillivray Sec., John McGillivray and Assist. Sec. Ted Foster relax a bit after a big day at Ringwood Carnival.

## WILL WE HAVE A CHIEF AT LAST?

Our esteemed Patron, George Macgillivray, who unsuccessfully claimed the Chiefship of Clan MacGillivray 43 years ago, has lodged a petition with Lord Lyon to be appointed as "Commander of the Honourable Clan MacGillivray" for a period of five years, and notices of the petition have appeared in Scottish newspapers.

If his application is successful, it could pave the way for a second attempt to be recognised as Chief. As Commander, George would be responsible for organising a Clan Society and co-ordinating the search for the true heir to the last Chief. However, if no natural successor can be found, then the Clan could elect George as Chief.

Chiefship of Clan MacGillivray has been dormant for so long now that it would seem unlikely that another successor will be found, and a Clan MacGillivray Society is already flourishing right here in Australia — so we all wish George success and assure him of our support!

## COMMEMORATED

In an earlier article which appeared in this Journal in 1982 under the title 'Forgotten' I expressed my dismay at the way in which the name and accomplishments of a noted clansman, James Pittendrigh Macgillivray, had faded from the Scottish scene. Even in the small Aberdeenshire burgh where he had been born, the son of William MacGillivray (Pittendrigh appears to have made this slight insignificant, change in the spelling) a local stonemason, and where he had spent his early years, no one could tell me about the family. Then in last year's Journal I recorded my pleasure on reading in "The Scotsman" of an exhibition of his work being put together to mark the 50th Anniversary of his death. In due course the Exhibition took place and, paradoxically, it provided some of the answers to the question: "How could the memory of a man who in his time was acknowledged to rank among the most eminent of Scotsmen fade so easily?"

The outstanding exhibition ran first for some four weeks in Aberdeen, the administrative centre for Grampian Region and city of the former County which bore its name, before transferring for a time to Glasgow. The catalogue carefully prepared for the exhibition opines that Pittendrigh's work has been almost forgotten partly because of changes in taste but also because of his extremely difficult character which was to alienate him from both the public and from the art world. In later life Pittendrigh summed this up in his own inimitable way: 'I don't get any commissions because I do the work in my own way — and take my own time to do it — the time I find necessary to make things the way I want them. The result is a tendency to tell the mob to go to hell.'

Even his best friends were not spared from his peevishness. One of them, Charles Richard Cammell, in his book 'Heart of Scotland' published in 1956, wrote: "He had moods of contradiction which were amusing; for from him one took such trifles in good part, knowing the friendliness that underlay his asperity. "Don't talk so loud!" he would fire at one suddenly in the midst of conversation, and when one had lowered one's voice, he would growl, "Speak up! I can't hear a word you're saying!" He would show one a drawing, and then pull it out of one's hands, growling (and growling is the word) "Don't hold it like that! Hold it this way!" Punctuality was with him a mania. If one arrived five minutes late, he would greet one ironically: "And how is the late Mr. Cammell?"

As Cammell goes on to relate, this attitude rebounded on him on one particular occasion. Pittendrigh met Ramsay MacDonald, the then Prime Minister, who asked him if he had



heard the speech he had made earlier that day. "And how did you like it?" asked the Prime Minister when Pittendrigh affirmed that he had. "Far too long!" was the retort. At that time proceedings were afoot for Pittendrigh's knighthood; the matter indeed was as good as settled. But after this rejoinder no more was heard of it.

Pittendrigh could be, and often was, scathing of his fellow sculptors. One he described as "a pig of the most obtuse type"; and another simply as "a mutton head". But he did not like criticism of himself. In another article I wrote about the quarrel he had with a fellow clansman, William MacGillivray, a delightful man much older than Pittendrigh, when William gave him his view that some illustrations for one of his little books which Pittendrigh had volunteered to provide, did not express the true feeling of the work. The two, who had until then been good friends, never again spoke to one another. In later life Pittendrigh appears to have regretted this incident. But it was his inability to restrain his words, the difficulty people experienced in dealing with him and his self-opinionated nature that led to him being accorded the nickname 'Macdevilry'!

Many great artists have shown similar irascibility and not been forgotten. It was a great pleasure therefore to see the greatness of his talent commemorated by an excellent exhibition and that it should have been arranged by the Aberdeen Art Gallery for it was an Art Gallery which Pittendrigh always held in high esteem and one he encouraged to buy his work, often at reduced prices, right up until his death in Edinburgh in 1938.

The exhibition featured about fifty items, among them the bronze maquette for his statue of Burns which stands in Irvine, Ayrshire, and his busts of Sir George Reid and of the writer William Alexander. But it was the range of exhibits, including oils, watercolours, sketches, prints and poetry, which testified to the genius of this uniquely gifted fellow clansman. A lasting reminder of this exhibition is the beautifully produced 40 page catalogue with its account of the artist's life and times, a favourable criticism of his creations, and fine photographs some in muted colours of several of his works. One, of great charm, is of the bronze bust 'ein elfchen', first cast in 1895 and later cast in 1913 on Pittendrigh's own recommendation for the Aberdeen Art Gallery. The sitter was Pittendrigh's younger daughter Ehrna Mycale, only 3 or 4 at the time; her mother Frieda Rohl, born in East Prussia, was a German speaker and this may have suggested the title. This is a catalogue I am only too pleased to add to my 'MacGillivray library'.

Pittendrigh Macgillivray was a sculptor of international standing. But although he did travel on the continent, he was firmly based in his native land. He described his attachment to Scotland in these lines:

*He is the kindest Land on all God's earth;  
The heart's own, sweetest haunt - the Native Home:  
With ways akin, and scenes where memories roam,  
Sounding the names which give us pride of birth.  
Nowhere for us, but here, can be such worth  
Of soulful precious things: of sky and sea  
Such blue: such green of field and tree -  
Nowhere for us, such wealth of love and mirth.*

When I wrote of my realisation these several years ago that even in his home town Pittendrigh was forgotten, little did I think that the Art Gallery he had thought so highly of would come to pay tribute to him by staging such a worthy event. Nor did I expect to be able to write a further article which I could rightly title 'Commemorated'.

## THE INTERNATIONAL MARCH OF THE CLANS

It must be a strange form of madness which makes hundreds of normally sane Australian march down Macquarie Street Sydney, on a wet Sunday afternoon to the sound of paper band! Yet it is with a great sense of pride that most of us line up to march behind our Clan banner for the Scottish Heritage Week procession.

Scottish Heritage Week 1988 was even more special, it was the International Gathering. Secretary David and his wife Heather and I traveled to Sydney on the Sydney Express, just for the first weekend of the International Gathering. We joined Chief, Peter and his wife Leila, and members of his family, and Allan from Willoughby, for the most impressive Kirkin of the Tartan Service at the Scots Church. The church was absolutely packed for this very impressive ceremony.

After Peter and his sister Robin were interviewed on television, we walked from Wynyard to the Domain. Attempts to purchase a take-away lunch en-route proved fruitless, and Peter and Leila invited us to share their picnic lunch.

And then the rain came down!



Kevin McGillivray of Taree (our Nth coast Rep) leads the way in the Sydney International March of the Clans during a heavy rain storm.

Although it was raincoats and umbrellas, and shoes which squelched, our spirits weren't dampened.

Kevin McGillivray from Taree, joined us in the Domain and for the march to the Opera House. Peter, David, Allan and Kevin, Robin, Leila, Heather and I made up the MacGillivray Contingent — which was up on most years, but I do believe it is a shame that more of the NSW members could not make it to the march. It certainly stirs the blood. More than half of our number this year came from Victoria. The majority of the Clan McInnes contingent came from New Zealand.





*Peter McGillivray (Chief) and Council member Allan McGillivray during the 'Kirkin of the Tartan' in Sydney.*

Chieftan David and his wife Nan, were missing this year. Although not able to march, they had often been in the Domain to wish the marchers well as they set off.

What a contrast to the previous year, when all, including the MacKintosh and his wife Celia were looking for the shade!

The singing and the dancing were, as usual, a delight, and the massed bands were a highlight.

It was back to Victoria on the Melbourne Express that evening, and weren't the railway staff delighted to see David in his kilt! As I disembarked at Wangaratta, I am unable to report the reaction of David's colleagues at Spencer Street Station.

On another matter, how many of our members were disappointed, as was this family, that the ABC did not present the Edinburgh Tattoo this year. Instead they presented the Australian Bi-centenary Tattoo, which we enjoyed, but it did not adequately replace the looked-for presentation of the Edinburgh Tattoo.

*Jill McGillivray.*



*Sec. David takes time out from the International Clan March in Sydney to see some of the sights.*

## **2 PRIZE WINNERS**

The February Newsletter offered a prize of two Clan label badges to the member who submitted the best article for this Journal. The judges confined their consideration to first-time contributors only, and decided to declare a two-way tie, with each one winning a badge. Congratulations and thanks to Betty Gerrish for 'Eleven Hundred Kilometres on Horseback' and to F.S. McGilvray for 'Going Back'.



## 'STONE UPON STONE'

For me, the highlight of Sydney's recent Scottish week and International Gathering of the Clans was the official handing over and dedication of Scotland's bicentennial gift to Australia, which took place on St. Andrew's Day, Wednesday 30th November, 1988. This gift is the imposing cairn, built of 1760 stones of many colours and shapes, collected, one from each parish in Scotland.

After all the indecision and sometimes bitter arguments over where the cairn should be sited, the final choice of Rawson Park on Middle Head in the suburb of Mosman, appears to have been an excellent one. Mosman is named after a Scot; it has many streets with Scottish names, and the road leading to the cairn has been renamed, in Gaelic, 'Sraid na H'Albann' — which must surely be a first in Australia. By a coincidence, Flight Lieutenant Keith Anderson, an heroic Australian aviator of Scottish ancestry, is buried nearby, his grave being marked by a huge Iona cross, which is the closest man-made edifice to the cairn, and it enhances the overall appearance of the site.



*The Scotland-Australia Cairn  
The Bicentennial gift from the people of Scotland to the people of Australia.*

The site is a high point which can be seen from nine neighbouring municipalities, and the views from it on three sides are superb, with glimpses of Manly, through the Heads to the Pacific, the city skyline and the blue of Sydney Harbour viewed over a fringe of native bush which surrounds the cleared summit of the Park. The cairn itself is about three metres in height, and stands on an elevated platform which has a 'piper's balcony'. By the steps to the platform are plaques inscribed in Gaelic and in English with a message which includes the following verse:

*A nall as a h-uile aird, gach clach air cloich  
'Nan cumail comhla a dh'aindeoin dile's doinnion,  
Cuimhne na h-Alba a b'uair ar duthchas.'*

Which translates:

*'Here from the Highlands, stone upon stone,  
Held together through wind and rain,  
Reminders of Scotland that once was home.'*

Some 2000 people, the majority of them kilted, attended the official ceremony, among them being the members of Clan societies from interstate, New Zealand, U.S.A. and Canada, as well as many dignitaries from Scotland. They were thrilled and impressed by the large Scots College Pipe Band which piped in the official guests and the colour party.

The master of ceremonies was Sir Iain Noble, Bt. of Ardkingles and Eilean Larmain, Isle of Skye, Chairman of the Scottish Bicentennial Cairn Committee, who is committed to reviving the Gaelic language and culture. The Cairn was unveiled and dedicated by the Duke of Argyll, Chief of Clan Campbell.

The Duke's speech was repeated in Gaelic by Duncan MacLeod, and Duncan could not resist the opportunity to make a plea that Highland clan societies, especially those big clans that have an active Chief, should lead the way in preserving the Gaelic language in Scotland, and he said that he hoped that a future Chief of the Campbells would be able to give his own speech in the Gaelic. Typically, some members of the media seized on this apparent interclan criticism as the only part of the ceremony worth reporting.

The colourful Duncan Mathieson, a Highland crofter who had been brought out specially to build the cairn, was presented by Sir Iain Noble with a silver quach, suitably filled. Girls from the Dorothy Kerr School of Dancers, accompanied by the 17th Battalion Pipes and Drums, entertained the crowd with a selection of dances specially choreographed for the occasion.

All in all, it was a most successful day (even though I acquired a sunburnt nose) and the cairn should well become the focal point for Sydney's and Australia's Scottish fraternity in the years to come.

*Peter McGillivray  
(in a talk given on 17th December, 1988 on SBS Station 3EA,  
Scottish Gaelic Program.)*



## THESE MACGILLIVRAYS

There are three names which immediately spring to mind whenever I hear the name of MacGillivray.

Foremost, of course, is that of Chief Alexander of Dunmaglass who fell at Culloden when leading the charge of the Mackintosh regiment. Secondly, the name of that redoubtable man of the cloth, the Rev. Martin MacGillivray who always wore a broadsword, and at the point of which he demanded and was paid the tithe owing by Allan MacLean of Lochbuie, who had decided not to pay. These two MacGillivrays have featured in previous editions of this journal.

But my theme today is of another, and more peaceful MacGillivray, who, though born in the ancestral Dunmaglass, was outstanding among the Highlands for his social and spiritual work. He was the Rev. Donald MacGillivray, whose first ministry was in Maryburgh, as the present Fort William was then called, and, says Professor John MacLeod, "was instrumental in making the very first break in the heathenism of the superstitious Highlanders of his native land." He was known as 'Gille Dubh na Toiseach' — the 'Black Lad' of Ferintosh. He was a fearless preacher in rebuking sin, and always trying to suppress the ancient superstitions that floated around these Highland counties. He was not afraid to tackle the great Sir Walter Scott, who was busy at this time collecting the old legends and traditions of the Highlands: vide "Tales of a Grandfather", "The Fair Maid of Perth", etc. etc.

Worthy of his better-known forebears he was passing Loch Awe and going through the township of Bovuy, where a big group was gathered, idlers and athletes, who were 'tossing the caber', 'throwing the hammer' and 'putting the stone'. They all hailed him as the local blacksmith.

Suddenly, his solemn service was interrupted and invaded by these heathen athletes, and Donald stopped the service. He cheerfully invited them to come on in, saying: "Come here, you Bovuy folk, and see the blacksmith wielding his hammer — using the sword of the Word".

His was a ministry which was much blessed, and left abiding fruits of a successful ministry in Kilmallie. They no longer took their 'shinty sticks' to church for the play just after the kirk service was over, and before the congregation went home.

It was said that it was due to a sermon of his at the General Assembly in the "West Kirk" of Edinburgh that Dr. John Abercrombie, head of the medical profession in Edinburgh, found a turning point of living, and took up a new and healthier way of life.

Rev. Donald MacGillivray drew around him, wherever he went, a wide circle of admirers, and the tale is often repeated, that among them was a rather weak-minded man who followed his minister to a service held at the northern end of the Caledonian Canal. Some of the great preachers of the Highlands — Dr. MacDonald, 'the Apostle of the North', Kennedy of Redcastle, and the Rev. MacGillivray were among the chief speakers, and cheerfully MacGillivray spoke with ease and power to the waiting congregation. But his ardent admirer could not restrain himself, and he stood and yelled: "That's yerself, Donald — Ye're head and shoulders above them all."

The Rev. MacGillivray's elder son Donald was a minister in Kilmelford in Argyllshire, and was once reminded of his father Donald by an old Kilmallie listener — "Ah, Donald, you haven't got your father's music!" The younger son, Robert became the minister in "Glasgow Hope Street Free Church", where your present padre was himself ordained to the Ministry for work in Australia in 1929.

**WE SALUTE TODAY THE REV. DONALD MACGILLIVRAY!**

Neil MacLeod  
"The Auld Padre"

## THE ARMS OF THE EARLY MACGILLIVRAY CHIEFS

Some twenty-five years ago I decided to decorate the blank wall over my fire-place with the chiefly arms of the Clan MacGillivray. At that time I had no idea of what they were, so I went to the Public Library and consulted Mclans 'Clans of the Scottish Highlands' written by a James Logan but illustrated by R.R. Mclan, in 1845. Therein I discovered the description:

*'Party per pale arg. and az; in the dexter chief a hand fesswise coupée, holding a dagger in pale; in the sinister a cross crosslet fitchee arg. Crest, a cat, sejant, proper. Supporters, two armed Highlanders with steel caps, tartan jackets and feilebeags, and bearing targets on their exterior arms, all proper. Motto, Touch not the cat bot (without) a glove.'*

For those who don't understand the peculiar jargon of heraldry, 'party' means divided; 'pale', vertical; 'arg. (argent)', silver; 'az (azure)', blue; 'dexter', the right side (viewed from behind the shield); 'chief', the top part of the shield; 'fesswise', horizontally; 'coupée', cut off clean; 'sinister', the left side; 'cross crosslet', a cross with its top and both arms also crossed; 'fitchee', when the bottom of the cross is sharpened to a point; 'sejant', sitting; 'proper', in natural colours.

Armed with this information, I set to work to sculpt the arms in plaster, and after a few days work had it ready to apply the paint — when it occurred to me that something was wrong.

Unless the Chief was a baron, earl, thane, or whatever, he would not, according to the rules of heraldry, have any right to have 'supporters' on his arms. (Supporters are those figures on each side of the shield, as the lion and the unicorn in British royal arms, or the emu and kangaroo in the arms of Australia.) I could find no record of any MacGillivray chief having been so ennobled, so I wrote to Lord Lyon in Edinburgh for clarification.

The reply from Lyon left no doubt at all that the arms described in Mclan were quite spurious, and had apparently been concocted from the arms of Cluny Macpherson. Also, I was informed that no chiefly arms of MacGillivray had ever been recorded or applied for, and were therefore officially, non-existent!

It was not until some years later that I learned that the MacGillivray Chiefs did in fact bear arms, and that the gravestones at their traditional burial place at Dunlichity, dating from the 18th century all had them engraved quite clearly, if somewhat crudely, but they bore no resemblance to those in Mclan's book, except for the motto. The fact was that no Chief of the Clan had ever bothered to matriculate arms with Lyon Court, probably because they refused to acknowledge a Lowland authority.

However, in 1967, our worthy Patron, Colonel George Macgillivray of Ontario, Canada, petitioned Lord Lyon to officially recognise the arms at Dunlichity, and his petition was granted, except that the motto was changed to 'Touch not This Cat', and these arms are now official, and the ones we display at our Gatherings.

These armorial bearings, however, are comparatively new, dating from the time when the Clan became part of the great Clan Chattan Confederacy.



In the 16th century, the degree of importance of a Chief or Chieftan could often be estimated by their use of Seals of Arms, usually on property deeds. The principal 16th century MacGillivray seals did not feature the cat or the galley, but rather the Strathnairn buck's head. Two of these buck's head seals were used by senior members of the name on deeds of 1535 in connection with the Campbells of Calder (Cawdor), and the lands of Dunmaglass. These were the seals of Duncan and Alexander, both described as being sons of Farquhar, great-grandsons of Ian Ciar. The seal of the former shows 'the attires (antlers) of a stag with a mullet (five pointed star or spur rowel) between them', that of the latter, 'a stag's head contournée (facing sinister) and in base two roses'.

The use of the stag's head was perhaps another instance of 'patronage' or 'vassalage' to the House of Cawdor, since this family bore as its main charge a hart's head cabossed (head viewed frontally and not showing the neck). A comparison of these MacGillivray seals with several of the Cawdor seals of arms suggest that the early MacGillivray charges, saving the dexter red hand, the salmon, and later the Highland wild cat, may have been borrowed from the Thanes of Cawdor, the powerful, ancient proprietors of Dunmaglass.

Of the charges on the early MacGillivray seals, the only one which has not persisted would seem to be the 'roses in base' of the 1535 seals, which were probably not roses at all, but 'fraises' or strawberry flowers representing a Fraser connection by marriage; since the Frasers and MacGillivrays were neighbours with several records of intermarriages.

When the Hon. William McGillivray of Montreal matriculated arms in 1801 the stag's head was used as the crest, and until quite recently, and indeed even at present, those wall charts one can buy purporting to display the chiefly arms of the Clans, displayed his arms, though he was never a chief. He was, at the time, the only MacGillivray who had matriculated arms at Lyon Court.

The stag's head as a crest also turned up again when our Patron, George, matriculated arms in 1947. Perhaps neither Lord Lyon of the respective times knew of the existence of those MacGillivray headstones at Dunlichity, and unwittingly, bestowed on the arms of both recipients, charges of more ancient and venerable antiquity!



While on the subject of Arms, we announce that our Honorary Chief, Peter has been granted Arms, or 'Ensigns Armorial" by Lord Lyon, described as:

*Quarterly, First, Or, a cat-a-mountain sejant guardant proper, his dexter forepaw on the ground, his sinister forepaw in a guardant posture and his tail reflexed under his sinister paw; Second, Argent, a dexter hand coupé at the wrist apaumée Gules; Third, Azure, five mullets in saltire Argent; Fourth, Or, a galley sailing sinisterwise Azure its oars in saltire and flagged Gules.*

*Above the shield is placed an Helm befitting his degree, with a Mantling Gules doubled Or, and on a Wreath of the Liveries is set for Crest a cat-a-mountain guardant proper supporting in his dexter paw an escallop Or; and in an Escrol over the same this Motto "NA BEAN DO'N CHAT SEO".*

These arms are remarkably similar to the Chiefly arms, except that in the third quarter the salmon has been replaced by five mullets in saltire. 'Mullets' are really spur rowels, but look like stars, and this is probably the nearest one could get to the Southern Cross. The cat in the crest holding an escallop shell signifies Peter's long association with Shell Oil. The motto, 'Touch not this Cat' is reserved for Chiefs, but the same motto in Gaelic has been allowed.

Congratulations Peter! You are now a 'Gentleman at Arms' and listed as a Noble in the Noblesse of Scotland!



THE ARMS OF PETER MCGILLIVRAY



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## GOING BACK

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The heather and bracken were wet from the mist that had drifted in from the Atlantic Ocean across Iona onto the Ross of Mull. I walked through the village of Kintra towards the low hill to the east. What would I find on the other side of the hill?

My story begins in 1852 when Malcolm and Margaret McGilvra (my great grand-parents left their home on the Ross of Mull and set out for a new life in Australia. With them was one year old baby Flora. Their first child Donald, had died the previous year in the first year of his life.

The family joined 750 other emigrants who sailed from Liverpool in May 1852 and landed at Geelong, Victoria, on 3rd September, 1852. Their ship the 'Bourneuf' was one of the 'plague' ships, more than 80 of the passengers died on the voyage, including little Flora.

In Australia, the young couple began a new family, that lived and flourished in the Western District of Victoria, where many of their descendants can still be found.

An Edinburgh researcher has traced the family back to Malcolm's parents who were born about 1780. The families associated with the McGilvra's (later McGilvray) worked on the properties of the Duke of Argyll and were moved from place as required by the Duke or his Factor. The researcher had located Malcolm and Margaret on a farm known as 'Innes' before their departure to Australia.



*"Inver" near Kintra, Ross of Mull.*

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Footnote: In addition to the Inver/Innes spellings of the property name, the Gaelic name 'Eoniar' gets a mention in the old records. An historian from Oban, with whom I correspond informs me that all three words have a meaning "near the mouth of a stream", which applies to the property.

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My opportunity to seek out the family roots came in 1986 during a visit to Great Britain and Europe. The schedule provided for one week on the Isle of Mull. Mrs. MacNeil's Bed & Breakfast house in the heart of the Ross of Mull was home for the week.

Mrs. MacNeil introduced me to the local residents who had connections with the many McGilvray families that once lived in the district. Sadly the Clan name is no more in the Ross of Mull. At various times the McGilvras had lived at Fidden, Creich, Kintra and Iona. I visited these places wandering through the abandoned crofts which had once been home for many families that faced illness, starvation and death before emigration gave them another chance.

Although the Mullons were most helpful, I was not able to locate 'Innes' or anyone who knew the name of such a place. On the last day of my visit to Mull I met Miss MacFarlane, whose dog only understood the Gaelic, and she told me about a family of McGilvrays who formerly lived at 'Inver' only a short distance away beyond Kintra. It took me a little while to register the similarity between 'Innes' and 'Inver'. Something lost in translation, perhaps.

Now I was going back to my roots. As I walked through the heather and bracken and over the brow of the hill I saw, nestled in the glen beyond the burn, a small stone cottage with a slate roof. The name 'Inver' was painted on the gate. This was the home of Malcolm and Margaret 140 years ago.

Who lives at 'Inver' now? I do not know, there was no one at home the day I found the house.

*F.S. McGilvray*

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## ELEVEN HUNDRED KILOMETRES ON HORSEBACK

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When the whole of Australia was celebrating our bicentenary in various ways, an event called 'The Federation Ride' — the largest horse-trek ever undertaken in Australia — set out from Melbourne for Canberra. Our member, Betty Gerrish of Mansfield, Victoria, who took a prominent part in the event, sent us this account:

Of the 350 horses and riders who were sent on their way by Victorian Premier, Mr. John Cain, on April 17, 230 completed the 1100 kilometre ride. I was one of the five riders from the Mansfield District, and all five of us were at the finishing post at Canberra after 22 days riding through some of Australia's most inhospitable but beautiful country.

There were a few withdrawals in the early stages when inexperienced riders were causing a few problems, but by the end we were all in good shape. We all lost weight as there were long stretches where we walked the horses to ease the strain on them.

Looking at the sketch map of the route gives little indication of the terrain encountered. Narrow tracks around high and precipitous mountains, rotten bridges, and the remote camp sites poorly serviced by connecting roads caused difficulties and delays in getting the 150 tonnes of gear through to the camp sites in time for the riders' arrival. The ride to the top of Mount Terrible was so tough and steep that the 4WD vehicles with food and water were unable to make it through to supply our lunch.

We had to erect tents and horse yards when we got in each night, sometimes having ridden 65 kilometres. By the time we unpacked our gear, bedded down the horses, had tea, and a shower (if available) we fell into bed and just died!

The Federation Ride organisers had done a good job working closely with local communities





to provide civic receptions, parades through towns and camp fire concerts.

The welcome we were given by some communities was really special, and local hospitality was magnificent, such as transport to local pubs after the day's ride and access to watering holes for the horses. In Mansfield, we faced a challenge to a 'Bush Olympics' from the students of Prince Charles' old school, "Timbertop". Nevertheless, I was concerned that folk in many places we rode through had no knowledge of what the ride was about, which was such a pity.

On arrival at Canberra, I had to present an address to the Prime Minister, Mr. Bob Hawke, from the Shire President at Mansfield. We were surprised to find no welcoming committee at the Yarralumla Equestrian Centre, except for the hundred or so relatives and friends of the riders. Bob Hawke did arrive eventually, after the races, when we had all unsaddled and put the horses away.

The next day we formed a guard of honour at Government House for the Queen who was on her way to open the new Parliament House. She just waved as she went past, and about 50 of us waited for an hour and a half until she returned, in the belief that she was bound to stop for a few minutes — but she just zoomed past again! "1100 kilometres for just that!" exclaimed one disgruntled rider.

Nevertheless, I count this ride as the greatest experience of my lifetime.

*Betty Gerrish.*



*Betty Gerrish on 'Topaz' at Mansfield.*

## ALEXANDER MACGILLIVRAY AND THE "YOUTH'S COMPANION"

The first known Gaelic book to be both written and published in the New World was a modest little volume printed at Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1836, under the title "Companach an Oganach, no An Comhairliche Taitneach" (The Youth's Companion, or the Friendly Counsellor).

The author, Alexander MacGillivray, belonged to a talented family. His father, John the Piper, was born in Moidart and there was appointed by the Laird of Glengaladale as family piper. John was something of a bard as well as a musician. He emigrated to Prince Edward Island and finally settled on the Nova Scotia shores in Antigonish County, but before he left his homeland he wrote "The Song of the Gaels", in four Gaelic verses extolling the manliness and ferocity of the Highlanders in battle.

His son followed in his footsteps and was the epitome of a Highlander. He stood six foot five and was large in mind as well as in body. He was a promising student and began to prepare for the priesthood, but his health was not equal to the requirements of his calling. He therefore tried to serve his neighbours by devoting his considerable command of the Gaelic language to the gathering together and translating of timely reflections on the principal moral and spiritual issues of his life.

These he arranged in book form and his "Youth's Companion" contains essays on a varied range of topics such as "Temperance, Wisdom and Courage", "Women, Love and Marriage", and "Death and Eternity". Regardless of the weight of its topics it is a pleasing book and appeared at a time when the young in Nova Scotia were perhaps in need of guidance. Even in Halifax, the capital city, there was at the period only one bookseller and his shop contained nothing but law books, school books, etching and drawing paper. There was an active disinterest in anything of a didactic nature, but despite this MacGillivray's book won an appreciative audience among the Gaelic-speaking settlers in the province. It apparently found its way into even the humblest settler's cabin and appealed to the Highlanders.

Alexander MacGillivray was devoted to his mother tongue, as had been his father. He was fortunate in that he was not obliged to rally his countrymen to the support of their native language as those who came after him were forced to do; the majority of his readers, especially those of advanced age, spoke Gaelic fluently and had little or no English. He was concerned, however, to encourage the younger generation to preserve the language of their forefathers in all its purity. In one lengthy footnote he complains that an English word 'prisoner' had been adopted into the Gaelic language as 'priosanach' and seemed to be replacing the ancient native word 'ciomaich' which should more correctly be used. It is easy to judge from this that MacGillivray was not merely interested in the moral welfare of his countrymen, but also in the welfare of their mother tongue.

*W. Rex Davidson  
(From Clan Chattan Journal, 1989)*

**CONGRATULATIONS** to new member Harold McGilvary of the Perth suburb of Dianella on being awarded the ORDER OF AUSTRALIA in the 1989 Australia Day list for Maritime Services to Western Australia. We intend to give our readers a full account of Harold's life in next year's issue.



This Journal has been rather remiss in the past for not including any items of special interest to the lady members. Not the fault of the Editor — no such contributions have ever been received before. Our member, Joyce Matthews of Laurieton, NSW, makes superb tartan rugs and is prepared to share her expertise. She submits the following instructions:

**CROCHETED ROYAL TARTAN RUG**

Nº 4 hook. 8 ply wool

Quantity of wool in 100 gram balls:

4 red

3 black

1 white

1 yellow

1 blue

2 dark green

(Holiday, K Mart, or Carnival, Woolworths)

Using the red, make 214 chains (107 spaces)

1st row: 1 treble into 4th chain, 1 chain, miss one chain, 1 treble into the next chain, repeat to the end = 4 chain turn.

2nd row: 1 treble into next treble, 1 chain, repeat to the end.

Crochet 8 rows in red pattern

1 row blue

2 rows black

1 row yellow

1 row black

1 row white

1 row black

3 rows green

2 rows red

1 row black

1 row red

1 row white

1 row red

1 row black

2 rows red

3 rows green

1 row black

1 row white

1 row black

1 row yellow

2 rows black

1 row blue.

Repeat pattern three times starting with 8 rows of red and finishing with 8 rows of red. >>

>> Then crochet lengths of chain the length of the rug. Thread through the spaces with the effect to form tartan, starting from the right as follows:

5 lengths of red

1 blue

2 black

1 yellow

1 black

1 white

1 black

3 green

2 red

1 black

1 red

1 white

1 red

1 black

2 red

3 green

1 black

1 white

1 black

1 yellow

2 black

1 blue

Then start again with 5 red and follow as first and end with 5 red. You will need 107 lengths of chain. Put fringe on both ends of rug.

Colours can be changed to one's own fancy, remembering what changes are made: Red for blue or green for red are good changes. Acrylic yarn suggested, probable cost between \$25 and \$35.

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*(Your Editor doesn't understand a bit of the above so cannot answer queries! Direct any requests for further information to Joyce).*



**The Perils of the Cattle Drover**

During the latter half of the year 1871, I was travelling in North Queensland with a mob of fat cattle from the country near the Gulf of Carpentaria, going south, 1000 miles or so, looking for a market. The party consisted of two white men — myself and a man called Ned who had charge of the horse cart in which we were carrying our swags and provisions — and two black "boys" called Charlie and Toby.

We had been travelling nearly three months over a country which was inhabited only by blacks, when we struck a river called the Thompson, which we followed down for 120 miles to its junction with another river called the Barcoo. Below the junction of these two rivers it is called Coopers Creek. The Thompson comes from the north-east and the Barcoo from the south-east. They only run as a rule about once a year during the flood season which extends over about three months, generally during January, February and March. During the remainder of the year they are simply dry channels; with water holes, large and small along their course at different distances.

I may explain here the way we travel with a mob of cattle. About midday the man with the horse cart or dray comes up with or overtakes the cattle. The cattle are then allowed to rest, when most of them lie down, and the men make a small fire, put the billy on and make some tea; spread an empty bag on the ground, put the damper down on it, likewise the lump of cold salt beef, when all hands get their pocket knives and cut away at the damper (flour and water baked on the coals) and the beef, and stow away as much as they can. Of course, no puddings or pies or dessert of any sort; simply damper, meat and tea from day to day and week to week.

After the midday spell of about a couple of hours the cattle begin to get up and move away slowly, feeding along. The men get their horses and move away from them, some riding and others walking along and leading their horses. Ned with the dray stows away the dinner things which may be simply a tin plate each, puts the damper and beef into a bag and slings it upon the dray; gets up the horses which had been hobbled, harnessed up and follows on the tracks of the cattle. The person in charge of the cattle goes on ahead and looks out a place to camp the night. He returns and meets the man with the dray and tells him the camping place, then stops with the cattle and boys and keeps on moving along slowly and gets up to the camp just before dark. Gradually and quietly he keeps rounding up the cattle in front of the camp fire, and soon after they all lie down. Two horses are set apart as night horses, and when there is a small mob of cattle like we had, they are used night about by the party taking four-hour watches each. The last or morning watchman goes on with the cattle at peep of dawn. The black boys go out after the riding horses, get their breakfast and come on after the cattle. The man with the night horse then goes back to the camp and has his breakfast and see the dray started on the cattle tracks. He then goes on and overtake the cattle and then goes on and looks out a proper place for the cattle to drink and camp for the noon rest — and so on from day to day when the country is good and there is plenty of grass and water.

On this occasion, when we commenced to follow down Cooper's Creek from the junction of the Thompson and Barcoo rivers, we found it very wide, consisting of many creeks or billabongs — from 10 to 15 miles apart with level flooded flats between — from 20 to 30 miles wide for many miles downward, all of which country at flood times is completely covered with water, and after the water subsides it grows green as a wheat field with flocks of emus depasturing all along in lots of 20, 30, 40, and in fact many hundreds were



to be seen all the way on the green herbage as we went along from day to day.

During our journey across the country to Cooper's Creek we had seen a good many blacks at different places, but on almost every occasion they at once darted off into the nearest cover, or jumped into water-holes and kept diving away to the other side, or went under the banks or hid in the weeds or long grass. On one occasion while riding on ahead of the cattle, I noticed a number of gins and piccaninnies out on a plain, and when they noticed me they at once started off for the creek timber, but I galloped in between them and the creek and rounded them up. Some of the old ladies commenced a great yabbering, and faced my horse and myself with their yam sticks; and while they occupied my attention one of them who carried a firestick ran out a little way, and the grass being long and dry, she set it on fire all around me, and the wind blowing pretty strong, I had to beat a hasty retreat to save myself and the horse from being scorched.

Another time when going down Cooper's Creek, and riding ahead looking for a place to water the cattle at noon, on turning around a bend in the creek, I came in sight of an immense number of blacks, camped in a great half-circle, and they seemed to be greatly excited about something. On this occasion I had the black boy, Toby, with me. We had seen tracks and camps of great numbers of blacks for several days previously, and I had hopes that the boy would be able to understand their language, and so to explain to them that we were merely passing through their country, as I could at once see that they were much too strong for us if they should be inclined to do us any harm. Toby was a native of the Wilson River, about 150 miles further to the south. As soon as they saw us they came running and surrounded us, and I was very glad to find that Toby could understand and talk to them a little. We then walked on to their camp and found that they had just concluded an emu hunt, and we went around the large half-circle of their camp and counted 73 full-grown emus lying dead, ready for cooking. The gins were preparing large ovens to do the cooking part of the business, while a number of rowdy natives were busy fighting with nulla-nullas about the division of the spoil, and kicking up a great row.

When the cattle came up we took them on half a mile further to water and camp at noon, and before we started on again I took a rifle and shot a big bullock that was showing signs of disease, and gave him to the blacks to eat. A mob of them came and with their small stone knives — small bits of flint — soon had him skinned and cut up and carried away to their camp.

They very kindly told Toby to tell us that they had plenty of emu and bullock meat, and so "did not want to eat white fellows today".

One great tall fellow, about 7 feet came up to me with two immense clubs, one in each hand and laid across his shoulders. I went up alongside of him and tried to stretch myself up as high as him, but then had to look up to him. When he saw what I was up to, he dropped his clubs and slapped me on the shoulders with his two hands and laughed heartily at my impudence in trying to compare my height with his. He was the tallest and finest specimen of an aboriginal I ever saw!

*George MacGillivray, c.1875*

FOOTNOTE: George MacGillivray, who has featured in previous editions of this Journal, was a pioneer settler in the then untamed Gulf Country of northern Queensland. He was also a great diarist and chronicler of his times.

The Aborigines of the north of Queensland, unlike the majority of tribes elsewhere, did from time to time indulge in cannibalism, especially when food was scarce. Many Chinese gold prospectors in the areas were eaten by them.

So, when George was informed that the tribe had plenty of food and 'did not want to eat white fellows today', he would most certainly have known that the remark was more than a mere pleasantry!

## OUR 1988 GATHERING



*Our Chief Peter 'Tossing the Caber' at the Gathering under the watchful eye of Ted Foster.*

Our 13th Annual Gathering, held at Seaford, Victoria last November, in spite of a smaller turn-out (only 116 attended) was nevertheless a great success. The weather was just perfect, and the Flinders Shire Caledonian Pipe Band put on a magnificent performance, with our own drummer, Michelle McGillivray joining in with the band.

Our official piper, Colin McGillivray piped in Honorary Chief, Peter, to the strains of the MacGillivrays March, and, since 1988 was our Bicentennial year, piped him out with "Waltzing Matilda".

That remarkable virtuoso of the musical saw, Don McGillivray, delighted us with his art, which seems to get even better each time we hear him.

The bright sunny weather allowed us to include an event that had been first introduced at Wingham in 1987 — tossing the caber. The caber used was not

excessively large as cabers go, nor did it conform with laid down specifications for this sport — 19 feet (5.79m.) long and weighing 160 lbs (72.58Kg), but it proved too much for some of the older participants, (refer photo), who should have known better! Amongst a number who succeeded in tossing the caber, secretary David again showed hidden talents in giving the best performance.

Jill McGillivray from Milawa, who holds the record of having never missed a Gathering attended with her sister Suella, who won the raffle for the MacGillivray doll, which she took home safely strapped with the seat-belt in the rear of her car. Jean O'Day travelled all the way from Adelaide to be with us, and David's mother who is a very fit lady of 76 years of age attended for her first time and enjoyed the day very much.

Santa Claus made a somewhat early call, the role this year being played by David's Uncle Norm. The kids enjoyed the event.

David and Heather are going to have a well earned break from organising the Clar gatherings in Victoria, and wish to thank all their friends and relatives who have worked hard to help them stage these successful events at Seaford over the years.



## A KEEPSAKE FROM HARRY LAUDER

Mrs Beryl Hamilton of Pretoria Avenue, Junee, NSW, long-serving member of our Society and cousin of former members, the late Glad Holmes and the late Mick McGillivray, has donated to our archives a large photograph of famous Scottish singer and comedian, Harry Lauder. This photograph has been autographed by Harry as follows: "Yours faithfully, Harry Lauder to McGillivray" (sic.)

Unfortunately, no one in the family knows the full background to the occasion, but Harry Lauder personally gave the photo to Beryl's father, Arthur Charles McGillivray, who died in 1960.

Arthur Charles, born at Chiltern in Victoria, was a son of James McGillivray, born in Dundee, Scotland, and whose first home in Australia was a tent at 'Canvas Town' on the Victoria goldfields, soon to be renamed Ballarat. For much of his working life Arthur C. McGillivray was a traveller throughout New South Wales, for the Nicholas Company, and it is intriguing to wonder when, where, and in what circumstances his meeting with Harry Lauder took place.

## WHAT HAPPENED TO THE JUNIOR MCGILVRAY DANCERS?

Those who attended some of the early Gatherings at the North Manly home of founding secretary John will remember the talented group of youngsters who entertained us with Highland dancing. One of them, Andrew B. Savage, turned 18 on 26th February, 1989, and is now a full member of Clan MacGillivray Society. Andrew is currently attending the University of Technology in Sydney, hoping to one day "set the world on fire" in the fields of Art and Photography.

Another, Mellanie Ierace, also now a full member, is studying Law at Macquarie University. We wish them both well in their chosen careers.

## PERSONAL PARS

Council member, Yvonne Jones, is active in her role as Secretary/Delegate of the Hurlstone Park Women's Bowling Club, but complains that her bowling prowess is on the decline these days. Yvonne is looking forward to a visit later this year by her grandson, Dr. Philip Willman (a micro-neurosurgeon) and his wife from the USA, and she hopes that Philip's mother Peg, who resides in Columbus, Georgia, will come out also with her husband, George Connor.

**CONGRATULATIONS** to Carola Ierace, who has been elected to membership of the Australia Council of the Gould League in recognition of her hard work on wildlife and environmental protection. Carola is Infant's Headmistress at Forestville Primary School.

FOOTNOTE: Sir Harry Lauder was born Hugh MacLennan in 1870, and died in 1950. He was a music hall star who created the comic figure of a wry but sentimental Highlander. He appeared in an early silent film called, if I remember rightly, 'Hunting Tower', and visited Australia in the mid 1920's. (A piece of information for those too young to have heard of him!) — Ed.

## OUR NEXT GATHERING

Our 14th Annual Gathering will be conducted by the North Coast, NSW, Group in the hall at KILLABAKH, VIA WINGHAM, ON SATURDAY, 28TH OCTOBER, 1989.

DATE — 28TH OCTOBER, 1989

PLACE — KILLABAKH HALL

TIME: — 2.30 p.m. Annual General Meeting  
- all welcome

3.30 p.m. Gathering commences

6.30 p.m. Dinner — B.Y.O. liquid refreshments

8.00 p.m. Bush Dancing

**Dinner arrangements** — Dinner will be served by a contract professional caterer at a cost of  
\$10.00 for adults  
\$5.00 for children under 9 years

There will be a choice of cold seasoned roast lamb or hot or cold meat loaf with a range of salads, and the dessert choice is between apple slice and creme of caramel.

Those requiring a meal must notify Mrs Gloria Hayes, at Killabakh Creek, via Wingham, at least 2 weeks in advance, indicating choice.

Transport from Taree or Wingham can be arranged if sufficient numbers indicate their interest.

All persons attending the Gathering are asked to bring a donation of non-perishable goods for a giant food hamper raffle.



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## HIGHLANDERS OF ARIZONA

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When we Australians hear the name of Tucson (pronounced too-son) Arizona, we tend to think of cowboys, Wyatt Earp and sundry 'ornery hombres' made familiar to us through countless American films.

Tucson was established as a Spanish military post in 1580 — over 200 years before the first white settlement in Australia, so it certainly has a long history. While there are quite a few relics of its turbulent past still preserved, Tucson today is a thriving modern city. Surprisingly perhaps, it is also home to a large population of Scots — large enough indeed to be able to stage impressive Highland Games.

Our worthy patron, Colonel George Macgillivray, who lives in Canada but finds the Canadian winter a little too severe, and winters in Arizona, is (quite rightly!) accorded almost chiefly status by the Tucson Scots. He attended their Highland Games on 20th November, 1988, and presented the MacGillivray Trophy (a quaich) for the best mini-band, consisting of four pipers, a bass drummer and two side drummers.

The winner on this occasion was the 53rd Lt. Pipe Band of Los Angeles.

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## WAS PONTIUS PILATE A SCOT?

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After the year 10 B.C., the Roman Emperor, Caesar Augustus, wishing to consolidate his Empire after a series of defeats, decided to spread the Pax Romana by sending special envoys to all the Roman outposts to try to win over by persuasion and treaty all the tribes of barbarians.

His special envoys arrived in England, and a little later in Scotland, where they tried to charm one Metallanus, or Mainus, whom they supposed to be king of the Scots, but was probably a leader of a local tribal confederacy. His seat was on the summit of Dun Geal, in Perthshire. The Roman camp was set up below the summit, and remains of it have been found just south of Balnacraig farm at Fortingall.

Months of negotiations and exchanges of gifts followed. During this time the Roman officers played fast and loose with the local lasses who were quite amoral. One of these gave birth to a son who took his father's name of Pontii. The story goes that both mother and son were taken back to the central Italian region of Samnium, as household slaves. The father gave the son, now named Pontius, a good education, and when he grew up, made him a free man and gave him a 'pilateus', the felt cap worn by a freed slave.

Pontius Pilate married Claudia Procula, the illegitimate grand-daughter of the Emperor Tiberius, a marriage which ensured his promotion, first to the rank of eques (knight), and then as governor of the Roman Province of Judea in AD 26. As a Governor he was not outstanding and probably would have been forgotten had it not been for his part in the execution of Christ. He was eventually recalled to Rome to answer charges concerning the massacre of a band of pilgrims whom he thought to be terrorists. Found guilty, he was sent into exile in Gaul, and vanished from history.

In the meantime, Metallanus had sent his son Mansuteus to Rome to be educated, and he would have been in Rome at the time of Pilate's trial. When he returned to Scotland, did he bring back with him his kinsman to spend the rest of his days with his mother's people? Oddly enough, there was unearthed early this century, at Fortingall, a Roman burial slab bearing the initials P.P.!

Could it be that Pontius Pilate was not only born but also died in the remote hamlet of Fortingall? Quite a few archeologists and historians put some credence in this theory. Incidentally, the name Fortingall means 'fort of the stranger'.

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## TOURING THE CLAN COUNTRY

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That part of the Highlands inhabited of old by the several Clans of the Clan Chattan Confederacy provides a vast range of magnificent scenery and places of special interest to keep present-day clansfolk enthralled throughout visits to their homeland.

Standing astride the recently modernised A9, the trunk road to the Highlands, it stretches from the outskirts of Inverness southwards for around 50 miles to beyond Newtonmore. To explore all its nooks and crannies would take many, many visits, and to record all of its stories would require volumes.

The Clan Chattan Association in Scotland has issued an excellent brochure to point in the right direction those overseas visitors who wish to thoroughly explore the traditional homeland of all those Clans who belonged to the Clan Chattan Confederacy, and one of these brochures is available to any of our members on request. Sometimes, of course, holiday travel schedules don't provide enough time to do all that one would wish, and I have attempted to condense the guide in order to help members of Clan MacGillivray Society to find the main MacGillivray landmarks in the minimum of time:

**Inverness**, the 'Hub of the Highlands', is a good place to begin. Recall the long association of this ancient burgh with the CLAN MACKINTOSH, symbolised to this day by the wild cat which appears in the coat of arms of Inverness District Council. Visit the **Museum and Art Gallery** with its display of old Highland silver, weapons, costumes and Jacobite relics. And don't miss **Abertarff House** in Church Street. This old property now restored is a centre for 'An Comunn Gaidhealach', the association for Gaelic speakers (and learners!). The town is an ideal centre for touring sites of interest to Clan Chattan. **Culloden** is only four miles away, where in April, 1746, the brunt of the battle fell on Clan Chattan. The Visitors' Centre is a must. There have been many developments here in recent years, particularly the removal of the trees and the return of the area in appearance to the time of the battle. Look for the Clan Chattan marker, where the Mackintosh Regiment stood in the front line of the Jacobite Army, and sadly reflect on the fact that the names MACKINTOSH and MACGILLIVRAY appear more than any others on the memorial stones marking the mass graves. At the 'Well of the Dead' the young Chief of the MacGillivrays died. He had commanded the Mackintosh Regiment. His body was recovered and buried across the threshold of the now ruined church at **Petty** to the north and near the coast. Here was the burial place of the Chiefs of Mackintosh.

Next you should take the quiet road below the castle in Inverness and head towards Dores on the east side of the Loch. Look for the sign **Kinchyle** and follow the narrow twisting road up the hillside to the **MACBEAN** Memorial Park, created in 1961 by Hughston MacBain of MacBain, 21st hereditary Chief, with its magnificent outlook over Loch Ness. Carry on up the hill, straight over the cross road past **Loch Ashie** (named after an old Norse warrior), past Loch Duntelchaig (the water supply for Inverness), and come to the church at **Dunlichity**. Another way from Inverness is to take the Leys Road up the hill with its marvellous backward view of the town, and pass the farmhouse of **Gask**. It was here that the MacGillivrays mustered before Culloden, gathering at the stone, now hard to locate in the plantation to the north of the farm (not one of the stones in the neolithic ring near the road as is commonly stated). Turn right at the crossroads at Balnafoich.



Or, again from Inverness, take the main road to **Daviot** then the little side road on the right past the quarry and go straight over the crossroads. Both routes lead past **Tordarroch**, the home of John Shaw of Tordarroch, Chief of Clan Shaw.

Continue along the road to **Dunlichity**, the Parish Church with its enclosures where the Chiefs of Clan SHAW and Clan MACGILLIVRAY are buried. Other features are the Watch House where a lookout was kept for bodysnatchers in the 19th century, and the score marks on the corner of the Shaw enclosure where clansmen sharpened their weapons. In the field behind the church clansmen gathered and archery was practised. Atop the hill behind the church is the 'clach na faire' (watch stone) under which clansmen sheltered when keeping a lookout for cattle thieves from Glencoe and Lochaber. The road opposite Dunlichity church leads past **Brin**, once the home of a prominent family of MACPHERSONS, and into Strathnairn proper. Head up the Strath to the 'Braes of Strathnairn' where MacGillivray Chiefs had their seat at **Dunmaglass**. The estate they sold in 1890 is now private property. The lodge only dates from the mid 19th century; the old house stood just below the Mains farm, and the spot can be seen from the road.

Returning along Strathnairn, through **Farr**, once the centre of a noted Mackintosh family, past Inverarnie, once home of MACPHAILS, come again to **Daviot** where there is a choice of roads south. The modern highway follows the General Wade Road of the 1720's through the pass, 'Stairsneach nan Gaidheal' — the threshold of the Highlands. The summit of the road marks the place where in February 1746 Donald Fraser and his five men defeated a whole Hanoverian army heading for Moy Hall to capture Prince Charles. This achievement known as the 'Rout of Moy' is one of the notable events in Clan Chattan history. The older road from Daviot leads around the other side of Meall Mor and passes **Moy Hall**, the home of Lachlan Mackintosh of Mackintosh. The original house at Moy was built on the island for security reasons. Now the principal feature on the island is the 70 ft high obelisk which commemorates Sir Aeneas Mackintosh of Mackintosh, 23rd Chief, 1770-1820. At Moy church are many graves of Mackintoshes and others of Clan Chattan, including the famous Moy blacksmith, the forementioned Donald Fraser.

If you can spare another day, two miles further south lies **Dalmagarry**, the home of Mr and Mrs Charles MacQueen, and to the east where the river enters the hills was Pollochaig. It was the home of a famous family of MacQueens, one of whom is reputed to have killed with his bare hands the last wolf in Scotland. **Tomatin** is a modern village dominated by the distillery. The road to the west leads to **Strathdearn** where prominent Mackintosh and MacGillivray families were settled. The church **Dalarossie** on the bank of the river Findhorn, has many tombstones bearing Clan Chattan names. Further up the valley were the summer shielings where the cattle were grazed much to the delight of the young folk who tended them.

The main road from Tomatin continues south through the Slochd, once a perilous route for travellers where the road was precipitous and robbers abounded. Just over two miles further, leave the main road on the left and head for the village of **Carrbridge** which affords many interesting and attractive walks. One path follows the River Dulnain upstream where, after about half an hour, there is a beautiful 18th century bridge over the river. Near Dalnahatchaid is a stone memorial to little John Macandrew who, with his crossbow killed a whole party of cattle thieves from Lochaber. The upper reaches of this river were also shieling areas. Traces of the small turf huts used by the cattle-herders can be seen. At the southern end of the village is the **Landmark Visitors Centre**, with its exhibition and multi-vision shows (bringing alive the history of the Highlands) craft and book shop and restaurant.

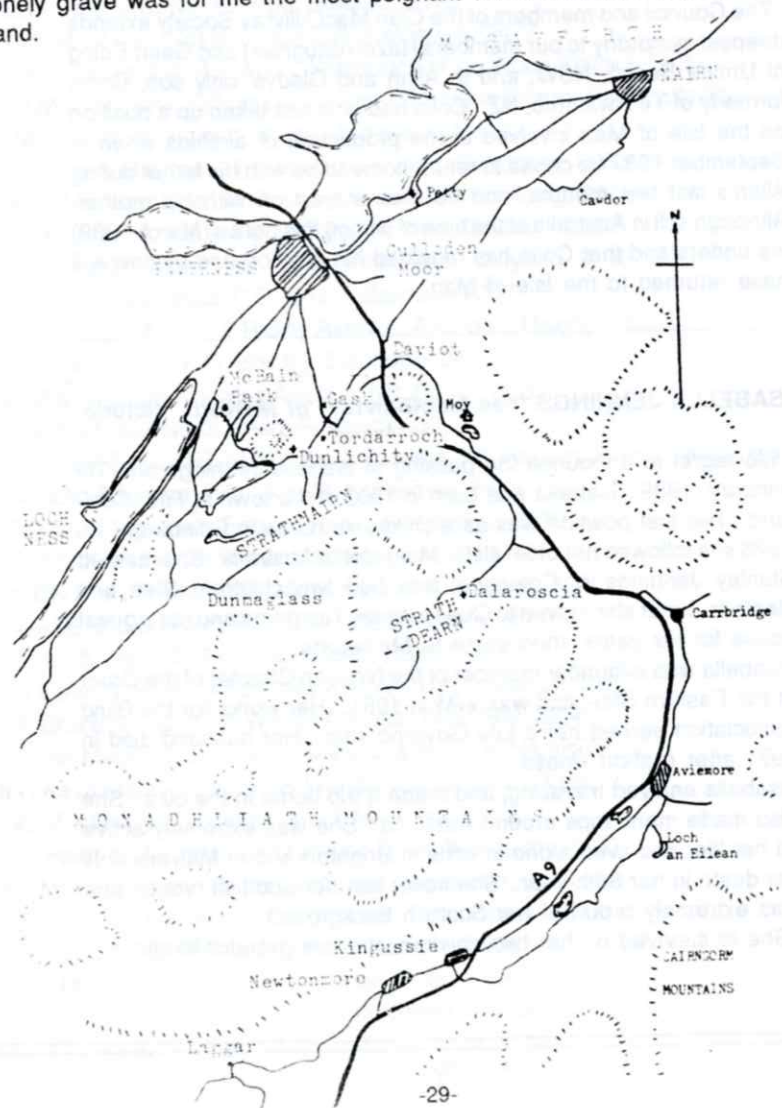
Further south is **Aviemore**, a popular tourist centre with many facilities and **Clan Tartan Centre**.

I realise that many of our Australian MacGillivrays are descended from migrant families who came from off-shore islands, principally Skye and Mull, who will want to find time to visit these places. Hopefully, some day somebody will devote his time to a guide to these Hebridean areas!

Peter McGillivray.

(The beautiful Elizabeth Campbell of Clunas, fiancée of Alexander MacGillivray of Dunmaglass, died of grief some four months after the Battle of Culloden, and lies buried in the now ruined church at Baredan, which should be included in any itinerary. Viewing her lonely grave was for me the most poignant and emotional moment of my visit to Scotland.

— Ed.)





## Obituaries

### GLADYS MCGILLIVRAY (nee Sanford) of Finley NSW

Last year we reported in this Journal the passing of Alan McGillivray of Finley, and we were saddened to hear later that, just as that issue was being printed, the death occurred in Finley of his widow, Gladys, on 27th June, 1988.

The Council and members of the Clan MacGillivray Society extends deepest sympathy to our members Hazel (daughter) and Geert Eding of Umina Beach, NSW, and to Allan and Gladys' only son, Colin, formerly of Te Awamutu, NZ. Colin had only just taken up a position on the Isle of Man involved in the production of airships when in September 1987 he chose to return home to be with his father during Allan's last few months, and he then stayed on with his mother. Although still in Australia at the time of writing this notice (March 1989) we understand that Colin has regained his position and by now will have returned to the Isle of Man.

### ISABELLA JENNINGS (nee MacGillivray) of Malvern, Victoria.

We regret to announce the passing of Isabella Jennings on 17th January, 1989. Isabella was born in 1903 in the town of Fife, Scotland. Her first position was as a children's nurse in Edinburgh. In 1928 she followed her older sister Margaret to Australia. She married Stanley Jennings at Coleraine, and had two children, Glen and Heather. Later she moved to Queenstown, Tasmania and ran a guest house for six years, then came to Melbourne.

Isabella was a founder member of the Nepean Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star, and was WM in 1961. Her works for the Blind Association earned her a Life Governorship. Her husband died in 1971 after a short illness.

Isabella enjoyed travelling, and made a trip home in the 60's. She also made many trips around Australia. She was extremely active all her life, and lived alone in units in Brighton and in Malvern until her death in her 86th year. She never lost her Scottish brogue and was extremely proud of her Scottish background.

She is survived by her two children and five grandchildren.

## CLAN MCGILLIVRAY SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP LIST FOR 1988/89

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