

CLAN



MACGILLIVRAY

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## EDITORIAL

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The Rev. John MacKinnon of the Skye Parish of Strath, in writing for *A Statistical Account of Scotland* in 1845, had a few unkind words to say about his congregation; and one of the things he deplored was their addiction to a certain beverage - not whisky, but that new-fangled, imported devil's brew, tea! No doubt he considered it an unmanly drink for a Highlander. Every Scot today, though separated by several generations and thousands of miles from his ancestral fatherland, is, seemingly, expected to have inherited a taste for *uisgebeatha*.

Since our first Journal, three or four items concerning the manufacture of Scotch have been printed, and we even went to the trouble of having a local distributor of Scotch bring out a product labelled *Clan MacGillivray Scotch Whisky*.

Nevertheless, it must be said, that not all our members are particularly partial to *the water of life*, and in fact, many are total abstainers who prefer a nice cup of tea at our gatherings - no doubt the good minister would consider this a strange choice!

One of our most esteemed members has actually resigned because he believes our Society is chiefly concerned with whisky and bagpipes, for neither of which he has any liking.

As editor, I feel I must accept some responsibility for having, quite unwittingly, projected a false image of the real aims and interests of our Society, as stated in our first edition: To inform, to record, and to research. Perhaps I have placed undue emphasis on the wrong subjects, and from now on, little if any mention of whiskey will appear.



However, I do not intend to apply such censorship to the subject of bagpipes, because, to my mind, they embody the very soul of our Highland heritage.

To the non-Celt, of course, I admit that the bagpipe, with its musical limitation to a diatonic Celtic scale in the key of A with the seventh flat must appear to be a most primitive musical instrument, which cannot be incorporated in any symphony orchestra. Yet, to a Highlander, the stirring marches cause the hair on the back of the neck to bristle, the dance tunes bring sheer delight, and the laments bring a lump to the throat and can reduce the most hardy to the point of tears as no other instrument in the world. It is quite incomprehensible to me that anybody with a proud Highland name could react otherwise.

The objects of this Journal however, remain as previously stated: to inform, record and research. But for information, the editor has to rely on a steady flow of contributions of an informative nature. He wants to place on record the stories of the early days of Scottish settlement in Australia - material desperately needed to make further research possible. Ideally, he would like all members to become personally involved with the Journal, if only to make suggestions as to content, etc., and help to keep it alive. After all, it is YOUR Journal - he is only the editor!

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FROM OUR HONORARY CHIEF

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SYDNEY SCOTTISH WEEK, 1986

With the acknowledgement that we will be required to attend the Mackintosh of Mackintosh and his lady when they come to Sydney as honoured guests of the Scottish Australian Heritage Council for Scottish Week later this year, from 29th November to 6th December, Leila and I decided that we should get a feel of the proceedings to advance by going to some of the main events in 1986.

We thoroughly enjoyed the week, and I hope that this year more members of our Clan will be able to attend at some of the colourful activities. The opening Sunday was bright and sunny for our picnic lunch under the giant fig trees in the Domain, and as I strolled round looking for a familiar face or a flash of MacGillivray tartan, a *Herald* photographer 'snapped me' and so I became the sole representative of the Picnic of the Clans to appear in *The Sydney Morning Herald* the next morning, above the caption "A sturdy Scotsman striding out --".

Regrettably, I was also the sole MacGillivray to line up for the March of the Clans that day, although I was cheered on by Chieftain David and his wife, Nan, who had travelled up

from their home at Bomaderry for the day. Also at the Domain it was a delight to meet for the first time other Clan Chattan Association members in Duncan Price and Frank Davidson.

Monday, 24th November, saw the official opening ceremony in Martin Place, where visiting Chiefs and Chieftains, supported by various armigers and banner-bearers were paraded before the public, and a ceilidh was held in Merrylands that evening. On Tuesday 25th we gave the Warwick Farm races a miss, but that night thoroughly enjoyed a civic reception at the Polish Club in Ashfield, where the Earl of Lauderdale Chief of the Maitlands, delivered a stirring address on the historical connections between Scotland and Poland.

The weather was not so favourable on the Thursday when a ferryload of kilted Scots, led by Gilbert Robertson of Straun, Chief of Clan Donnachaidh (The Robertsons), journeyed to a civic reception across the harbour at Manly, but it failed to dampen the enthusiasm of the participants. The next thing for us was the 'Grand Scottish Ball' on Friday night, and indeed, it was grand, with the world-renowned Sydney Thistle Band giving a stirring performance.

On St Andrew's Day, Sunday 30th, this memorable week concluded with the Scottish Games at Fairfield Showground, and here I was delighted to be joined in the kilted parade by Allan McGillivray of Willoughby, and later to meet Allan's mother and sisters. Let's see if our Clan can turn out in some strength on both Sundays at the 1987 Scottish Week.

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PROBLEMS OF PRONUNCIATION

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We are all familiar with the subtle changes which take place in the pronunciation of some words over a period of years, and to some extent this can be attributed to the spread of American influence in this part of the world. Our friends in Scotland have always been somewhat critical of the way our late Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies used the anglicised pronunciation instead of the Scottish 'Mingies', but now there is a growing trend in Scotland itself to say 'Menzies', no doubt due to the growth of a large chain store of that name; and Robert McGillivray of Edinburgh has sent the following humorous extract from *The Scotsman* newspaper.

There was a young damsel named Menzies,  
Who asked: "Do you know what this thenzies?"  
Her aunt, with a gasp, replied: "It's a wasp,  
And you're holding the end where the stenzies!"

While on the subject of pronunciation, it was interesting to read in a recent issue of *Clan Chattan*, that back in 1927 a Mr Donald MacGillivray, aged 84 years, and claiming to be the oldest living native of Culloden, wrote to *The Times*



pointing out that the folk born in the neighbourhood of that famous battlefield, always pronounced it as 'Cul-LO-den' with the long O and with the accent on the second syllable. Donald deplored the modern use of the short 'o' as in 'Flodden', and who among us can argue with a man whose great grandfather claimed that his lifelong limp was the result of being dropped by his nurse as she fled Culloden Moor during the battle!

- Peter McGillivray

The scholar asked the Scot - "How do you pronounce 'neither'? Neether or nyether?"

A sip of the unmentionable, a smoothing of the kilt and a twinkle in the good eye, and the answer came: "Nether!!"

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### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

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Two most important events in our Society's activities are due to take place: Firstly, THE SYDNEY SCOTTISH WEEK 1987, and secondly, THE INTERNATIONAL GATHERING OF THE CLANS as part of our bi-centennial celebrations in 1988

Dealing with the event most imminent - Scottish Week 1987 - our Honorary Chief, Peter, who, as you know, is also Australian Corresponding Secretary and member of the Council of Clan Chattan Association, has asked me to remind our members of the special significance of the occasion, at which we, and other member clans of the ancient Clan Chattan Confederation, will be hosts to two overseas guests of honour - Lieutenant-Commander Lachlan R.D. MacKintosh of MacKintosh, Chief of Clan MacKintosh and Lord Lieutenant for the districts of Inverness, Strathspey, Badenoch and Lochaber, President of the world-wide Clan Chattan Association and proxy in Scotland for the Chief of Clan Chattan who resides in Zimbabwe. He will be accompanied by his wife.

All member clans of Clan Chattan would surely wish the Australian Societies to have the opportunity of honouring these distinguished visitors during their short stay in Australia, and with this in mind, Peter has provisionally arranged a dinner at The Pitt Club, 49 Market Street, Sydney, for Saturday, 5th December, 1987. Although no final details have been decided, it has been ascertained that we could have a good three-course buffet-style dinner for \$22-\$25 per head (including room hire) with drinks extra.

Peter wants to know your reaction to the above concept, your willingness to take part in the Dinner, or indeed, any counter-suggestions you may care to offer.

Now - the second item: THE INTERNATIONAL GATHERING OF THE CLANS 1988. This is being organised by the Scottish Australian Heritage Council, and will bring Chiefs and

Clanfolk from all around the world. Sydney promises to be ablaze with tartan!!

It has always seemed to me that, unlike our Victorian members, Sydneysiders are a little shy about attending such public functions - but on this occasion we SIMPLY MUST turn out in as great a number as we can muster, particularly on Sunday, 27th November, 1988, for the Great March of the Clans.

What we need is somebody to organise our own Society's participation in the event. It has been suggested that we could have a picnic-style Gathering in Hyde Park (weather permitting), or perhaps a night or a dinner at a club, provided that the club would admit juniors, as some clubs do.

This big event is still nearly a year-and-a-half away, but time slips by quickly enough. Has anybody any suggestions - or, better still - is anybody prepared to undertake the arrangements for the occasion?

If so, drop a line to our Secretary, David. And please, don't delay, or put this appeal in the 'too hard' basket!

(Please don't ask me - I'm too darned old! - Ed.)

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### THE MACGILLIVRAYS AND CULLODEN

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*ANYONE SETTING OUT TO STUDY the history of the Scottish Highlands very quickly comes up against the Battle of Culloden, with its date of 16 April, 1745, firmly etched in the minds of Gaels. This momentous event in Scotland has several places in British history, for instance as the last battle to be fought on British soil. But in Highland terms it is the great watershed; nothing afterwards was quite the same.*

The battle was followed by a drastic reduction in the power of Clan Chiefs, a lessening of their patriarchal interest in their clansmen, and a century later, the eventual evil of 'The Clearances'. But history is a complex subject and the simplistic views frequently expressed can be a long way from the truth. The Battle of Culloden is no exception. It was not simply a Scots-English confrontation, for there were a good many Scots, both Highland and Lowland, on the so-called English side. It did not result in an abrupt end to the 'Clan System', for this 'system' had been crumbling for some time before that. It was not followed by massive evictions and deportations; the latter were restricted in numbers. The Clearances did not occur until several decades later, and even then they were at first voluntary. Nor did the suppression of "The Rising" (I was taught many years ago by a staunch Jacobite never to refer to it as a 'rebellion') see the wholesale destruction of the Highlands; even our own people, who lived not far from the battlefield, were able to



survive and carry on their agrarian pursuits in their own territory until they eventually diminished and died away in Strathnairn some 200 years later.

Nonetheless, the battle had more than usual significance for MacGillivrays. The part we played in the action, in leading that horrendous charge, meant that for a relatively small clan we suffered more losses than we could afford and the succeeding years in Strathnairn were a time of hardship for our people.

How it came about that the MacGillivrays were so well represented in the front line of the Jacobite forces is well known to us. They were a small clan, but with some influence within the confederation of Clan Chattan, and their Chief, Alexander of Dunmaglass, was much the same age as, and a close friend of, the Mackintosh Chief and his wife, Anne Farquharson of Invercauld. Mackintosh had his doubts about supporting the Jacobites but his wife had no such compunctions, and when she decided to raise the clan for Prince Charlie, the MacGillivray's fate was sealed. To be blunt, the Mackintoshes ducked the fight. Their leading men stood aside, as did their own chief, and it was the 'young set' who carried the day with Alexander MacGillivray appointed Colonel of the Mackintosh regiment and given the leadership.

Inevitably Alexander turned to his own clansmen and to those on his estates to provide the basis of his force. They were Jacobite in their outlook and conscious of the hardship their fathers had suffered during the previous rising of 1715. Alexander's father, Farquhar, had been a captain during the earlier event and had been taken prisoner at Preston. He spent some time in an English prison before obtaining his release; Alexander was born after his return home.

The procrastination by Mackintosh in 1745, and the delay in raising the Mackintosh Regiment, meant that it was too late in joining with the Prince's forces to take part in the march into England. They were in time however to take a prominent part in the successful battle of Falkirk, but from then on their fortunes were in decline.

Just how many MacGillivrays were involved or were actually present at Culloden can only be surmised. We are not even sure how strong the Mackintosh Regiment was, although it might have contained up to some 500 men. In putting this force together we can be fairly certain that Alexander was well supported by his clansmen. Certainly they were more heavily represented among the officers, with six of the 21 being MacGillivrays, than would normally have been the case, and with this evidence we might estimate that about 100 to 120 of the clansmen present in the ranks were also MacGillivrays. Many of them were killed, but again we have no way of saying just how many. The officers would have been in the forefront of the fighting and only two of the Macgillivray six survived. The ratio of the ordinary men killed

may, on the other hand, have been smaller, but even the loss of 50 to 60 men would have been a great blow to the clan in Strathnairn and its surrounds.

I had in mind at one time trying to establish a list of those MacGillivrays present at Culloden by drawing on such published accounts and documents as are available. But it was a task beyond the time I had at my disposal. Perhaps some day I will, or, hopefully, someone may beat me to it! There is a foundation on which to build. Apart from some accounts of the actions of some individuals, notably the officers, there exists in the Public Record Office the *State Papers Domestic* for 1746 which lists those persons who surrendered their arms following Culloden. A month or two after the battle, an amnesty was offered to those who gave themselves up and surrendered their weapons at various places. It does not follow of course, that those who did so were present at the battle. We know that the Regiment had been weakened, when the battle was joined, by some deserters and by those who had gone off seeking food after the abortive night march to Nairn. Those who eventually gave themselves up may or may not have been in the action; some may just have been supporters who deemed it safer to take advantage of the amnesty. Nevertheless they represented the Clan's fighting men at the time and may well have taken some part in the overall campaign.

During May and June, some MacGillivrays in the Parish of Daviot and Dunlichity gave themselves up to the Rev. John Campbell; at Aviemore some surrendered to Lord Loudon and from Dalrossie others surrendered to the Laird of Grant. Those who did had their names and places of residence recorded and we are thus able to begin our list by setting down the following:

Alexander McGilevray	Easter Strathnairn
Archibald McGilevray	Dunmaglass
Donald McGilevray	Colbran
Donald Og McGilevray	Colbran
Donald McGilevray	Cognashee
Donald McGilevray	Croadeg, Daviot
Donald McGilevray	Dalnagary
Donald McGilevray, Smith	Invermazran
Farquhar McGilevray	Cog-na-Scalan
Farquhar McGilivray	Elrigg
Farquhar McGilivray	Petty
Farquhar McGilivray	Torndoul
Finlay McGilivray	Achine
Finlay McGilivray	Dalnagary
John McGilivray	Aberarder
John McGilivray	Cog-na-Schlan
John McGilivray	Dunmaglass
William McGilivray	Corriebrough
William McGilivray	Dunmaglass
John McGilvile	Miltoun



(the place names are as roughly spelled as the surnames, but most are readily recognisable.) In addition to the above, there is listed in Sir Bruce Beaton's *Prisoners of the '45*:

Farquhar McGillivray Farmer in Doghtveire

This Farquhar seems to have been taken prisoner at the battle. He was held first in Inverness Prison and then Tilbury where he probably died.

The officers are well known to us and I have described their fates elsewhere (vide *A History of the Clan MacGillivray* and *Clan Chattan Vol.7*). They are:

Col. Alexander of Dunmaglass	
Major Iain Mor	Gask
Captain Alexander	Lonie of Petty
Captain Farquhar, Younger of	Dalcrombie
Lieutenant Robert Mor	Dalziell of Petty
Lieutenant Archibald	Petty

Of the officers, those who survived were Farquhar and Archibald. Farquhar succeeded as Dalcrombie on the murder of his father who had not taken part in the battle, but who had later been on his way to the battlefield to look for his son and other relatives when he unfortunately encountered some Hanoverian Dragoons. Farquhar went on to become the dominant figure in Strathnairn for the remainder of the century. Archibald founded the Daviot family. It is ironic that a century later, in the 1850's, on the death of the then MacGillivray Chief, it was the descendants of these two officers who contested the succession, Farquhar's son being successful.

So there we have 27 names with which to begin our list of MacGillivrays who participated in the rising of 1745. If anyone can add to it from any work they have read, or from family tradition (although that must be treated with some caution), then this Journal is the place to record further names. Perhaps between us we can continue to reconstruct the muster roll of the MacGillivrays in the last great Jacobite Rising.

- Robert McGillivray  
Edinburgh.

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A 65' monument marks the spot where PRINCE Charles Edward raised the standard and gathered the clans. In 1815, the MacDonalds of Glenadale commissioned a Lanarkshire sculptor, Greenshields, to do a statue of Charles for the top. Mr Greenshields didn't know what Charles looked like, but he heard that a local castle had a giant-sized portrait of the Prince, and he did sketches from the painting. Unfortunately, there were two paintings in the room, the other being the owner of the castle. He copied the wrong one - so it isn't Prince Charles on top of the monument after all!!

## THE DANCES OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

Highland dances, like bagpipe music, may all seem alike to the uninitiated, give or take a sword or two. A little familiarity with these dances, however, brings into perspective an abundance of varied rhythms, steps and feelings.

THE HIGHLAND FLING is the best known of Scotland's dances. It comes down to us as a triumphant warrior's dance done on his targe, or shield. Done today in competitions, exhibitions, or simply spontaneously at a ceilidh, it demonstrates the endurance and stamina demanded of the Highlander. The upward movement of the dance is typical of dancing in cold, mountainous countries where space is limited by rough terrain or the necessity to dance indoors with so much inclement weather. Confined to a small area, the steps are quick and crisp, serving to keep the dancer warm. Legend also has it that the Fling was prompted by the leaping of the Highland deer, and the fingers for all the Highland dances are held so as to represent the horns of a stag.

THE SWORD DANCE is traditionally done to a nursery rhyme tune called 'Ghille Callum', or 'Malcolm's Servant', but the nonsense words of the song give no indication of the warlike legend behind the dance, which was first said to have been done by Malcolm Canmore as he laid his sword over the sword of an opposing general when he defeated the forces of MacBeth in 1057. The careful, precise steps of today's Sword Dance done in a pattern of Celtic knot design are probably far different from the wildly exuberant sword dances of the past.

If you look carefully at the steps in the middle and end of the dance you may be able to see where the game of hopscotch received its name.

THE SEANN TRIUBHAS (pronounced 'shorn trews'), or 'Old Trousers', came along after the uprising of the '45 when the Sasunnachs - the English - forbade the wearing of the kilt with the hope that this would curtail the political passions of the Scots. The switch from kilt to triubhas, or 'trews', may have made one particular passion less spontaneous, but as any woman can tell you, trousers are hardly an obstacle to political freedom. The trews were, however, uncomfortably tight for clambering up mountains and fording streams, and, unlike the kilt-plaid combination, the trews were useless as a sleeping bag. But the main objection to the trews was their traditional use by members of a pampered, dandified (at least in the eyes of the Highlanders) set of Scots nobility. Note the step showing the dancer attempting to shake off the tight trews; another step where the dancer imitates the mincing walk of the trews walker, and the final third of the dance in which the tempo quickens and the Highland Fling steps appear, symbolising the return to the wearing of the kilt.



The word 'Hornpipe' originally referred to a crude woodwind musical instrument common in Britain. Later it became attached to a number of tunes with a particular rhythm style, thence to a number of dance steps which we see as the ancestors of today's tap dance. There were hundreds of different hornpipe dances, and a number of sailors' dances, so it was only a matter of time before a hornpipe with a nautical theme evolved, with the SAILOR'S HORNPIPE becoming the best known of these hornpipe dances.

Scotland's dances aren't limited to those seen in competition; there are a number of national dances such as the LILT and HIGHLAND LADDIE; other Highland dances include THE REEL OF TULLOCH and THE STRATHSPEY; variations of the sword dance involve two dancers over a pair of swords in THE JACOBITE SWORDS and four dancers for the ARGYLL BROADSWORDS; and the country dances such as THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT are the forerunners of American reels, square dances and country-western dances.

Scottish dancing combines a martial spirit with great elegance, strength and vitality, with discipline and precision, and gaiety and spontaneity with dignity, and a long, colorful tradition.

- Sylvia de Freitas  
Caledonian Society of  
Arizona, USA.

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## KING ARTHUR AND THE CELTIC WORLD

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*The following is a transcript of an address delivered by Professor Stephen Knight, on the occasion of the second meeting of the 'Geoffrey Ferrow Chair of Celtic Studies Appeal Committee' held at Scots Church, Sydney, on 13th September, 1985, and now published with the kind permission of the speaker.*

There is a special relevance in talking about Arthur before a body of Celtic people. Not simply because the whole tradition of Arthur has an undoubted Celtic origin, but more generally because what has happened in the legend of Arthur is both an example and a symbol of what has happened to the Celts. King Arthur as he is usually understood and presented today is a figure who represents royalty of a particular English sort; he is a grand and medieval king, but he is also the chief executive of a complex, widely delegated but basically centralised state. Such a state was foreign to Celtic society.

But if Arthur is an image of that sort of king, his tradition is also a model of how that sort of kingdom grows

strong by appropriating to itself riches and talents drawn from the areas under its control. Arthur himself was originally Celtic and the stories that have throughout European culture filled out the figure of the potent monarch are themselves almost all basically Celtic. In England itself, these Celtic traditions of Arthur have been adopted as patterns of authority by the ruling establishment. In that way the Arthurian traditions have been cultural versions of the well-known material appropriations - tin from Cornwall, rents from Ireland, coal from Wales, soldiers from Scotland are classic examples of that process.

To say that in origin Arthur was Celtic is a statement rejecting the scholarly tradition that he was Roman or part-Roman part-Celtic. The name Arthur is certainly a British version of Artorius, a Roman family name. 'British' refers to the language often called Welsh, though that name is based on the Anglo-Saxon word for foreigner and so is anachronistic in the context of post-Roman Britain. The Latin basis of the name need by no means indicate Roman blood, as some scholars have suggested, no doubt finding ancient Rome a more comforting source of royal authority than Celtic Britain. Arthur is not like Emrys Wledig, as the Welsh knew the figure who is also referred to by contemporary British historians as Ambrosius Aurelianus and who was no doubt of Roman stock. Arthur is not called Artorius. He represents one of those British Celts who were given Roman names in a Celtic form, like Tegid Voel, whose name came from that of a famous Roman official and writer, Tacitus. There are many similar examples of such cross-cultural naming, then and since.

The name Arthur, then, suggests a British Celt living in the context of Roman culture. But did a person exist to match the legendary name? I think the answer is probably, rather than possibly, but not certainly. The rarity of the name Arthur in British myth and the fairly rapid and widespread references to it after the sixth century make it seem likely that there was, as has been suggested, a war leader of that name who fought against the invading Anglo-Saxons around 500 A.D. The recent argument that he was most famous for deeds in the mid-fifth century in Gaul seems unlikely.

If the man Arthur existed, what sort of Celt was he? The Welsh have been perhaps a little sanguine in this, assuming that mentions of him in their own British language somehow located Arthur in the territory the Welsh now occupy, west of Offa's Dyke. There are some folk tale linkages of Arthur with South-East Wales, but none of the battle sites connected with Arthur from the very early period lie there. The places mentioned in a ninth century source and probably derived from earlier Welsh tradition are Lincolnshire, Chester (or perhaps Caerleon) and the Caledonian forest, an area between Glasgow and the border. An early British poem



connects Arthur with the warriors of the South-West; another indicated he was known among the tribe of Gododdin, around modern Edinburgh.

The Arthurian locations from the early period contain a strong northern element and several recent scholars have argued that the historical Arthur hailed from the north of border or at least as far north as Carlisle, which incidentally appears as a site of Camelot in several early French texts.

This view was put forward with force by Nora Chadwick, a very fine Celtic scholar whose library we were fortunately able to buy for the University of Sydney's Fisher Library; it is a major part of their Celtic Collection, since increased by Dr H.W. Leaver's fine set of Welsh books and by other gifts, including, recently, books donated by the Celtic national associations in Sydney.

If Mrs Chadwick and others are right, then Arthur might have been a Scotsman, or more exactly a northern Briton. But it is really the nationalist division into Scots, Welsh, Cumbrian, Cornish that is dissipated by studying the figure of this early Arthur. As *dux bellorum*, war leader for the British kings, he was a travelling soldier, with a presence in Cornwall, remembered at Kelliwig (near modern Wadebridge, in all probability) and by later tradition at least at Tintagel. No doubt from there his traditions became well known in Brittany: there is strong evidence in personal names that French artists learnt of Arthur through Breton sources, as well as some intriguing and very early traces of Breton Arthurian stories that have been lost or never recorded elsewhere.

Arthur does not belong so clearly to the Celtic people of Ireland, the Isle of Man and Gaelic Scotland. There are only two Gaelic Arthurian stories of any substance, 'Eagle Boy' and 'The Crop-Eared Dog'. The major reason why Arthur was never really domiciled in Gaelic is that the role he filled in other cultures was already provided for. Irish had its own powerful heroic epics, especially the Ulster cycle, with Cuchulainn as the supreme hero; and in the later, less formally tribalised Ireland and Scotland the Gaelic idea of martial value were embodied in Finn MacCool, who has many resemblances to Arthur.

Whether he was in origin historical or a figure of tradition, the early British Arthur was remarkably variable. It is the later Europe-wide development that sets him in one role as an awesome king. In the early British tradition, preserved in both Welsh and Latin, there are several distinct versions of Arthur. There are the brief Latin references to the British freedom fighter, opposing the Anglo-Saxons, and the couple of Welsh poetic references to much the same figure. But the widest tradition has no knowledge of such nationalistic activities, it just records

Arthur as a Celtic hero, leader of mighty warriors like Bedwyr or Cai. The latter is in fact more warlock than warrior; he fights nine witches, he kills a terrible Cat-monster, and the heat of his body is so great that his colleagues shelter against him in wet weather - a quality much admired, it seems, by the Welsh, and for good reason. Arthur leads his formidable band right into the Celtic otherworld, where they seize the cauldron of the lord of that mysterious place. In the best preserved Welsh Arthurian story, there is an extraordinary list of Arthur's followers as well as a riotous account of quest and conquest: it is called *Culhwch ac Olwen*, 'Culhwch and Olwen' and is to be found with other Welsh material in *The Mabinogion* - the Everyman translation by T. & G. Jones is outstandingly good.

The surprising thing about the legend of Arthur is not that it existed - many major figures in British tradition had a developed legend of that type - but that it became known in a wider world. Some aspects of that Celtic legendary structure responded to the interests of succeeding societies.

The crucial development of the legend outside British culture came in the early 12th century, when Geoffrey of Monmouth shaped an Arthur who was much like the fierce and organisationally powerful William I himself. Geoffrey was at least part Welsh and knew British tradition well; he provided the biography of the symbol of medieval kingship; the Arthurian pattern of story we know today was basically developed by a great French writer of the late 12th century, Chretien de Troyes. In his hands Geoffrey's military saga became the complex adventure-filled Arthurian world that has filtered down through later writers in English, especially Malory and Tennyson.

Celtic patterns underlie Chretien's stories of knightly adventure. Arthur is king of Britain and his heroes and their stories are basically Celtic. Yvain is the French version of Owain and becomes lord of what is evidently Lothian (the Scottish connection again); in another romance Erec is a Breton version of the South-Western hero Geraint; the famous story of Lancelot and Guinevere was ultimately based on a British tradition referred to in an early Welsh couplet about Guenevere, or Gwenhwyfar:

Gwenhwyfar ferch Ogrfan Gawr  
Drwg yn fechan, gwaeth yn fawr.

That is, 'Gwenhwyfar, daughter of Ogrfan the Giant, Bad when little, worse when big'. In a diluted way, that tradition lived on in the later stories about Arthur's unfaithful queen.

Merlin himself is a figure who comes from a non-Arthurian part of British tradition. Just described at some length,



and with some fantasy too I think, in Nikolai Tolstoy's book *The Quest for Merlin*, he is one of a series of Celtic wise men who are found in Scots Gaelic, Irish Gaelic, and Welsh in similar forms. In Scots tradition Lailoken, in Irish Suibhne, he is known as Myrddin in Welsh and associated with Caerfyrddin, meaning "Myrddin's Forfress", Anglicised as Carmarthen.

The other major story close to the Arthur legend is the tragedy of Tristan and Isolde, passionate lovers of the Middle Ages; this too is certainly Celtic. Tristan was very likely an historical figure, a northern Pict called Drwst - to whose memory it seems, a stone is (rather surprisingly) standing in Cornwall, the location of the Tristan and Isolde story. He was a sea traveller, it would appear.

In these major formations of the Arthurian legend, as well as in many less renowned parts of the Arthurian world, the Celtic tradition was crucial. A whole world of new and fascinating story opened up for the French as they contacted Celts in Brittany and Wales and Cornwall - and through them came in touch with the cultural power of an ancient and rich culture that had once been the dominant power in Europe, as the heavy cavalry of Normandy and France now were. So, Arthur and his warriors changed from free-ranging Celtic fighters to mounted knights, and their image has remained like that until the present, however many times and in however many ways the structure of the legend has been reinterpreted. For Malory, the knights were figures of the civil war of his time, the Wars of the Roses; for Tennyson, they enabled him to explore the moral and political tensions of the mid-19th century, especially the fear of women and a commercial egalitarian world. In later versions Arthur and his knights have been the base for pungent political satire by Mark Twain *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*; they have channelled agonised distaste for the human race in T.H. White's *Once and Future King*; they and the legend have figured in many versions of romance and escapism in film, novel and comic.

In all the development since Geoffrey of Monmouth, there has been little awareness that the Arthurian legends were Celtic. That has changed to some degree in the recent past. Tennyson knew a good deal about the Celtic tradition: he actually learned Welsh to read some of the sources, and used the myth of the birth of Taliesin to provide a mysterious origin for Arthur, one a little less morally doubtful than Uther's magical and passionate visit to Igraine. But it has only been in the last few decades that Arthur has been to any degree re-Celticised, since the idea has been put about widely that there might have been a real, historical and British Arthur....

One of the earliest and most completely Celtic ideas about

Arthur is the tradition that he is not dead, that he will return again. The early Welsh poem called *The Stanzas of the Graves* lists, in its gloomy and not un-Celtic way, just where the graves of the heroes of Celtic Britain are to be found. The relevant stanza goes:

Bedd i March, bedd I Guythur  
Bedd i Gwan Glededyfrud  
Anoeth bydd i Arthur.

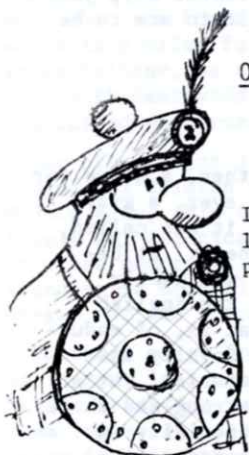
That is, "A grave for Mark, a grave for Gwyther, a grave for Gwan of the blood-red sword; a mystery for ever, a grave for Arthur." That is the 'British hope' as it was called, their version of the myth of the returning hero. It belonged early to the legend of Arthur and it was subtly Anglicised by several writers to be part of the English royal myth of endurance through crisis - that is, of endurance of power and the retention of riches. Royalty and riches largely eluded the Celts for some centuries, but at a time when an interest in Arthur is still strong and there is growing interest in Celtic matters and especially in Celtic studies it might be appropriate to remember the Celtic origin of the British hope and to suggest and indeed now to hope that Celtic studies is itself not in a moribund state. Especially to suggest and hope that current interest in matters Celtic is a sign that the death of Celtic traditions will be just as elusive and unimaginable as the grave of the hero Arthur himself.

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*The inclusion of the above article in a journal dedicated to recording the history of the Clan MacGillivray, Clan Chattan, and the Highlands generally, may evoke some criticism, since it deals with a legendary figure who might or might not have existed, was certainly not a MacGillivray or a Highlander, and only possibly Scottish. However, the fact that Professor Knight believes Arthur was Celtic, and that our Society is committed to support of the movement to establish a Chair of Celtic Studies seems reason enough.*

*There are other points of interest to us: when the old British kingdom of Gododdin, Strathclyde and Rheged vanished, the traditions of the 'Men of the North' were preserved in Wales, the only place where their language survives today. Tradition says that Arthur was driven south and eventually set up his kingdom at Tintagel. But the name Arthur strangely survives in such place names as Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh; Arthur's Oven, near Falkirk; and other places in Scotland. The Clan MacArthur has claimed since the 13th century to be descendant from the legendary hero, and if such a claim has any real substance we can thank a scion of that same hero for establishing the Australian wool and wine industries! - Ed.*





OUR  
VIKING  
CONNECTION

In the 7th century there lived in what is now part of Sweden, King Ingiald, 'Ill Ruler'. He was the last of the 'Peace Kings' of Uppsala, whose huge burial mounds can still be seen. These kings claimed to be descendants by ritual

incarnation of the ancient goddess-spirit Nerthus ('Mother Earth'). They practised human sacrifice, even from within their own families. Olaf 'Tree-Hewer', a descendant of Ingiald and king in Vermaland (modern Varmland, Sweden) was himself sacrificed to Woden by his own subjects during a famine, about 710 A.D.

What interests us is that their royal emblem was the crescent-shaped galley which today appears on the chiefly arms of some 28 clans - most of them of Clan Chattan, and including Clan MacGillivray.

The exact order of succession of this royal line is now somewhat of a mystery, but includes a number of rulers with quaint nicknames, who were the first of the Viking sea raiders. There was Halfdan 'White Leg', King of the Upplanders (Opland, Norway) from whom descended the Jarls of Orkney. Another Haldan, 'The Stingy', King of Vestfold (just south of modern Oslo) had descendants who became the first kings of Man and the Western Isles.

All these Norsemen had nicknames. Having only one true name of their own, a man named Svend, son of Ranald, would be distinguished from Sven, son of Bjorn, by an added name according to his personal characteristics. Harald 'Blue-tooth' and Svend 'Forkbeard' are well known. Sometimes only a place name was added. Harald of Greenland cannot be mistaken for Harald of Vik (a province of Norway). A woman called Thora was 'surnamed' "Sun of Lunde" because she was beautiful and lived at Lunde. A poet was Audun 'Bad-bard' because it was discovered that he had borrowed lines from another poet. There were names which indicated respect, like Ari 'The Wise', Bjarnhardt 'The Intelligent', and Bart 'The Learned'. 'Star' Oddi was a superb navigator who could tell the date by the stars.



Some of the nicknames give a clue to the boisterous and somewhat ribald nature of the Vikings. 'Constipation' Hedin probably complained of his gastric disorder; Eystein 'Bad-fart' and his namesake Eystein 'Breakwind' were apparently not entirely airtight. Sex and its associations gave rise to many nicknames too improper to mention in this sedate journal!

It is interesting to note that the Scots seem to have carried on this Scandinavian custom of constructing surnames from nicknames. We have Cameron (Gaelic Cam sron) which means wry nose, and Campbell (Cam beul) wry mouth; Kennedy (Ceannaidheach) means ugly head; Donald (Dhomnuill) world ruler. MacLeod comes directly from the Norse ljet, and means ugly.

The Viking Age, so far as Scotland is concerned, began when the Northmen attacked Shetland, Orkney and Caithness between 780 and 850 A.D. At about the same time they occupied the Hebrides, Man, and Ireland (where they were known as the Eastmen), and Iona was raided repeatedly from 795 onwards and sacked in 802. Torgiol, a Norwegian Viking, conquered most of northern Ireland about 840, and in 852 Olaf 'The White' founded the Kingdom of Dublin which lasted three centuries. Waterford and Limerick also became Viking possessions.

When the Norsemen were finally expelled from Scotland, under the rather generous treaty of 1266, they were given the option of staying or departing with all their goods. Many elected to stay. After such a long occupation they had intermarried and became absorbed into the local population, particularly in the islands to the north and in the Hebrides.

Thus, there is a strong Viking strain in the blood of most Highlanders, and those clans which display the galley in their chiefly arms can claim kinship with those early Scandinavian sea raiders. This probably explains why the western isles of Scotland have for generations provided such large numbers of superb seamen for the Royal Navy and the British Merchant Service.

TO EDITORS OF OTHER CLAN SOCIETY JOURNALS:

*Since the Editor has little conscience when it comes to pinching copy from other Clan Societies' journals, he considers it fair to give permission to other editors to reprint any article which appears in 'Clan MacGillivray' - with due acknowledgement of source, of course!*



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S H E E P   D R O V E   S C O T S   T O   A U S T R A L I A

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What reason made families of Scots migrate to Canada and Australia? From childhood I heard stories of Australia's early settlers arriving as convicts. New South Wales and Tasmania were certainly convict settlements.

But later, shiploads of Anglo-Saxon-Celtic immigrants arrived unfettered as settlers to a strange, harsh country. Few knew what lay ahead, and it must have taken much courage to uproot a family and sail for months beneath hatches on badly equipped ships to a land offering nothing but toil.

Until I visited Scotland in 1982, I thought little of the pressures which made Scots leave their homeland. Wandering through a small bookshop at Portree on the Isle of Skye, I bought two books which seem to unravel much of the mystery. The books are *Mightier than a Lord* by Iain Fraser Grigor, and *The Highland Clearances* by John Prebble.

Suddenly from within came the story of the Scottish 'Clearances'. The Isle of Skye was under the control of two lords - MacLeod who controlled the northern half from Dunvegan Castle, and MacDonald of Sleat who controlled the southern part from his seat at Armidale Castle.

All land, plus birds, fish and game legally belonged to the lords. The best land with forests was reserved only for deer hunting. The rest was issued for rental to the bulk of the population, mainly crofters and tenant farmers. The small plots - sometimes less than the area of a football field - were not blessed with much more than wind-swept grass. The families lived in self-built, stone-walled houses with thatched roofs and earthen floors. Their food was basic - vegetables and the products of poultry and goats. The agent of the Lord, the factor or tacksman, called for rents which were often in arrears. There were no written leases and the tenants were on call to arms if their lords indulged in any disputes.

But the ultimate threat to the security of the tenant farmers was not a rival army. It came on four legs, clad in a woollen overcoat. The black-faced Cheviot sheep was a much more economic proposition than miserable tenants. From northern England 200,000 sheep moved into Scotland every year.

On Skye the problem was how to displace the tenants with sheep. Immigration, mainly forced, proved the answer. Houses were burned and the occupants forced to choose which unknown destination - Canada, or Australia. In the middle 1800's thousands of displaced persons came from Scotland to

Australia. They must have been apprehensive - yet somehow most adapted.

- Neil G. McDonald

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*Editor's Note:* Neil's account of the 'Clearances' is quite accurate, but of course, too short to deal entirely with the complexities of the situation. The social class distinction existing between landed gentry and peasantry was much in evidence at the time, but in fairness it has to be said that it was less so in Scotland than anywhere in Europe. Lord MacDonald, in the beginning, was quite benevolently inclined: he even went into serious personal debt buying food for his starving tenantry. The depressed state of Skye was not of his making - it was caused by the great famine, the blight in the potato crop and the disease in the black cattle, plus the over-population of the island. But the hopelessness of his position soon became apparent, and migration seemed to be the only option. However, having reached the conclusion that this course was inevitable, and faced with the reluctance of his tenants to migrate voluntarily, he put his plan into action with savage and heartless energy.

MacLeod and MacDonald, never the best of friends, acted together on one occasion and herded their tenants onto a rotten ship, so poorly fitted out that she only got as far as Cork before having to put into port for food and fresh water, and with typhus already rampant aboard. The passengers were bound for Virginia where they were to be sold as bond servants (slaves).

Yet, the lords, whose self-interest was never entirely absent, firmly believed that their action was entirely humane. They were replacing certain starvation with the chance to begin anew in a new land.

And, in retrospect, it would seem they did, intentionally or not, just that. My Skye ancestors could not have survived had they not migrated to Australia where they prospered and multiplied, and helped to build our now great nation.

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THE SCOTTISH THISTLE: *The national emblem of Scotland. Why?*

*'According to tradition, a party of invading Danes came upon the Scots unperceived in the dead of night. Fortunately, one of the invaders stepped on a thistle, and loud was his cry of pain. Thus aroused, the Scots 'upped and at 'em and gained a complete victory.' (From the Scottish Australian Heritage Council Annual No 4 (1984-85).*



A

HIGHLAND  
GENTLEMAN

Reprinted from 'Clan Chattan'  
1973

The passing of Duncan MacGillivray (Dunc Mhuillean Beag) was of great significance to his clan. For he was the last of his race, the last bearer of his proud name to live in upper Strath Nairn - the land of the MacGillivrays and kin of Clan Chattan. The Clan is now the poorer and we too, who live and belong in Strath Nairn, mourn the loss of a well-loved friend.

Until four years of his death on 6th February, 1972, at the big age of 93, Duncan farmed at Little Mill. But his forebears were in Aberchalder, a property long in the possession of the MacGillivrays of Dummaglass. Of striking appearance, tall, broad and erect, even in his old age, he was every inch one of the 'handsome MacGillivrays'. It was said that he, his brother and two sisters, were the two best-looking couples who walked into the Free Church and that in the days when the Strath Nairn Free Church, with its seatings for 950 people, was overflowing at every service.

Duncan was a quiet, rather shy, unassuming man, never known to have spoken badly of anyone. Indeed the writer was quietly rebuked for saying of someone, "he drinks like a fish". Duncan, in his quietly humorous and perceptive way, said, "Perhaps he has troubles and that's why he doesn't drink as the fish drinks".

Duncan was a hard-working man who took an obvious satisfaction from his work on the land which he worked so well.

He knew a lot about, and took a great interest in the old days. The present writer feels fortunate in having learnt much of the lore of the Strath from him, especially as Duncan was the last of the old people who knew the stories of the east end of Strath Nairn. He had many stories of the aftermath of Culloden in the Daviot end. Of the man who, from a hillock, defied the redcoats with 'dorlacan' (pebbles). Of the wounded MacLean who married his nurse, the daughter of the house, and how until lately the house was called 'Dail MacEachainn', now also corrupted to 'Dell Cottage'. Of the boy at Lairgandur who directed the Dragoons to the back of beyond in their search for a person who lived only yards away.

To hear Duncan speak of Montrose at the west end of the Strath, or of the 'queer' Gaelic of Coll Ciotach's (Cokit-to's) men was to feel that it happened yesterday. He had tales galore of witches, brownies and the periodic famines.

The humour and wit of the people, as expressed by himself, were a delight to hear.

A man of deep personal piety, he loved to tell of the Godly ministers and men who lived in the Strath. Duncan was no narrow-minded bigot but tolerant and understanding of the follies of others.

A great shinty player in his youth, when the New Year's Day match between Strath Nairn and Strath Dearn was an eagerly looked forward to event, he followed the game actively until a few weeks before his death.

A beautiful speaker in Gaelic or English, he was truly one of Nature's gentlemen. I have heard people who met him for the first time comment on his courtesy and gentle manner. In his own home his welcome was so warm yet unostentatious that one almost felt a part of the family.

He had a great love and knowledge of horses and dogs. I remember when he finally retired he had an old dog that was blind and crippled with rheumatics. Duncan used to butter bread and put a fried egg on the top and give it to the dog. An observer said that such an old useless dog wasn't worth it. Duncan's typical reply was "Many and many a day he was". The nearest to a sharp retort I ever heard from Duncan.

Duncan was quietly proud of his name and Clan and was ever willing to assist anyone wanting to know about them. His one regret was that in many cases the Chiefs 'went away' from their people and no longer spoke Gaelic; but he could remember the Chiefs and could tell many a story of their exploits.

Duncan never travelled very far from Strath Nairn. Although it is said that 'travel broadens the mind', Duncan never needed his mind broadening, for a more tolerant, broad-minded man never wore leather in Strath Nairn.

Alas, his funeral was very poorly attended. He had outlived all his contemporaries and many now living in his native glen knew him not. One felt that this man should have gone to join his ancestors to the wail of An Cumha (The Lament) and a guard of honour from his clansmen.

*"Bha thu . . . gu sìobhalta farasanda, cho usaal ad inntinn 's gun bu ghrinn gach ri chanadh tu: mar bu dual duit a d'shinnsreachd thaugh gach linn a chaidh tharad diubh . . ."*

*(You were civil and affable and so noble of mind that all you said had distinction; true to your ancestors, knowing the ways of them who had gone before you ...)*

- ANDY CUMMING



The Editor Speaks: When I saw a photograph of Duncan MacGillivray taken in his old age, I was quite startled. I have a photograph of my grandfather, also taken in his old age, and when the photos are placed side by side, they look like twins - same figure, features and stance. Yet, as Strathnairners are always at pains to inform me - a son of a Skyeman couldn't possibly be related to the Strathnairn family . . . and yet, I asked myself, could it be possible that the MacGillivrays of Skye and of the mainland were in fact closer related than anyone knew? Skye is some 60 miles from Strathnairn, a distance which Scots seem to think places it on the other side of the earth, even though a good foot regiment could cover it in a few days or less if pressed. This perception of distance usually amuses Australians. I have blood relations ranging over an area of four or five million square miles - from Western Australia to New Zealand; from Tasmania to New Guinea. A distance of say 3,000 miles doesn't impress an Australian a great deal.

However, during my visit to the Highlands I met quite a number of Highlanders, many of whom, though not MacGillivrays, could pass as their relatives. Just as there are many features and characteristics which readily distinguish an Italian or a Greek from the Anglo-Saxon, so there is a Celtic likeness which is most pronounced when there has been little infusion of blood from other races.

Perhaps at the time of the Dalriadic invasions it would have been impossible for an Englishman to tell one Scot from another!

TO INCORPORATE OR NOT TO INCORPORATE: The Annual General Meeting at Seaford, Victoria in 1986, instructed your Council to further investigate, and if appropriate, to incorporate the Clan MacGillivray Society under the Incorporation Act in Victoria - the main objective being to protect office-holders and individual members from the possibility of huge awards of damages against them in the event of an accident at some future gathering.

We found that the statutory requirements of the Incorporation Act would be rather onerous and costly for a society such as ours which meets infrequently and in different States. As an alternative, however, we learned that, as an affiliate of the Victorian Scottish Union, our Society could obtain access to cover of \$1 million of public liability insurance for a mere \$25 per annum, and this action was taken immediately. This offers protection to all members and the general public at any authorised function of our Society in any State of Australia, and we think it is a satisfactory solution to our investigation.

- Peter and David McGillivray

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## THE ANCIENT HARP OF SCOTLAND

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Of the three 'national' musical instruments of Scotland - the fiddle, the bagpipes and the Caledonian harp, or Clarsach, the latter is by far the oldest.

Harp, of one kind or another, seem to have been in existence from pre-historic days. They are depicted in the mural paintings of ancient Egypt, and others have been unearthed in Mesopotamia dating back to 2800 B.C. The harp went from Gaul to Britain before the birth of Christ, and its use spread rapidly throughout Wales, Ireland and Scotland.

The clarsach, for a long time held an equal, if not superior, place with the bagpipes in Gaelic circles, and each chief had a hereditary harper as well as a piper. The clarsach was indeed THE instrument of the clans, and some clan harpers achieved great prominence and stature.

One of the earliest writers on Celtic instrumental music was a Welshman, Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote, about 1187: "In Ireland, they used for their delight only two musical instruments, the harp and the tabor. In Scotland we find three - the harp, the tabor and the choro (bagpipe) ... It is the opinion of many at this day that Scotland has not only equalled her mistress, Ireland, in musical skill, but has far excelled her, so that good judges are accustomed to consider that country as the fountainhead of the art".

James I is said to have played 'like another Orpheus', and it is recorded that 'both after soper and ynto quarter of the nyght' his court engaged 'yn synyng and pypyng, yn harpyng and in other honest solaces of grete plesance'. James IV had at least three harpers.

Of these ancient clarsachs two splendid examples survive in the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh - the Lamont Harp, and the more elaborate one called 'The Queen Mary Harp' left by Mary Queen of Scots, herself and accomplished harper.

The clarsach had, according to three different authorities, 28, 30, and 33 strings originally of brass wire, but later changed to catgut, because of the necessity for the harper to allow his fingernails to grow excessively long to pluck the strings. It is related that a celebrated but arrogant Irish harper who frequented the Highland, O'Kane, was often punished by being turned out of his patron's house with his fingernails cut.

The Highlanders, Irish and Welsh held their harp on the left side, but the Scottish one had certain structural peculiarities to the other two, in that it was bent to accommodate the arm, and also that the front arm was not perpendicular to the sound board, but inclined considerably to the left to afford a greater opening for the voice of the harper, who was also expected to be a singer. Says Alison Kinnaird, leading



contemporary exponent of the clarsach: "They were expected to perform on all special occasions . . . though the piper wakened the clan in the morning, it was the harper who played them to sleep at night".

After the '45, with the demise of clan life and the development of such instruments as the spinet and harpsichord, the use of the clarsach declined. However, the end of the last century saw a revival, leading eventually to the establishment of the Clarsach Society in 1931, with a membership now worldwide.

"There's a whole world of sound in this little instrument", says composer Ronald Stevenson. "You can produce sounds which cannot be obtained on the concert harp, despite its seven pedals".

The writer has heard the Irish harp played and found it quite enchanting, but he has yet to hear the clarsach, which, by all accounts, is even more beautiful in tone. Perhaps some of musically-minded members might think of acquiring and mastering the clarsach. What a wonderful item on the programme for one of our future gatherings!!

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The above white space has been included to remind you that articles and/or letters are always needed for this Journal. Tell us about your eccentric Great Uncle Farquhar who thought the picture he had of the Pope was Robbie Burns in his Masonic regalia. Or the time the wind blew off his tammie while walking home under the acclafuence of incahol across the cow paddock and he had to try on nine before he got the right one. You don't have to be as hilariously funny as the preceding two sentences, but a contribution is a contribution.

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## CLAN DAVIDSON IN AUSTRALIA

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The inaugural gathering of the newly-formed Clan Davidson Society in Australia was held at Tamworth, NSW, on Easter Saturday and Sunday, 1987, and at this Gathering, Douglas Graham Davidson, O.B.E., was installed as the first Honorary Chieftain of the Society. Also unveiled at the opening ceremony on Easter Saturday in the Nemingha Hall was the banner of William Davidson, ancestor of the widely-spread Davidsons of the New England family, for whom 14 of his descendants have matriculated arms with the Lord Lyon of Scotland.

Over 180 Davidsons from many different families from all States of Australia attended the gathering dinner on Saturday night, and then on the Sunday, a convoy of buses and cars took them to 'Mount Pleasant', a property near Dungowan, once developed and owned by a Davidson family, and on to the banks of the Chaffey Dam for a barbecue. The waters of this reservoir now cover another property formerly owned and farmed by a Davidson and her husband.

Of interest to our readers is the fact that the only invited guests of honour at this Gathering was our President and Honorary Chief, Peter and his wife, Leila. In his brief address in reply, Peter drew attention to the ancient historical links between the MacGillivrays and the Davidsons, and explained the significance of the Clan Chattan Confederation over many centuries of Scottish Highland history.

Clan MacGillivray Society thanks Clan Davidson for the honour extended to Peter and Leila and wishes it continued success in the future.

FOOTNOTE: We were all surprised and delighted to learn that Piper David Davie, who attended the Gathering, is the brother of Pauline McGillivray of Edinburgh, co-editor of 'Clan Chattan' journal.

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REMEMBER THE MCGILVRAY JUNIOR DANCERS? Well, in case you don't - they are the four grandchildren of member Yvonne Jones, who used to delight you all at our earlier gatherings with their brilliant performances. Unfortunately for us, the pressure of studies caused their disappearance from our midst, but we still keep track of them. Mellanie Ierace has just won her second scholarship to Sydney C. of E. Girls' Grammar School, 'Redland', Neutral Bay, Sydney. This is a full scholarship for two years. Hopefully, at the end of that time, she will, with the other three, be able to resume dancing for us'. Congratulations, Mellanie!



## THE HIGHLAND CREEK

The bravery and deeds of Geronimo, Sitting Bull, Cochise, or crazy Horse are widely known, yet how many Scots are aware that names like Ross, Grant, McIntosh, and McGillivray could also be added to a list of the greatest Indian chiefs? It is not generally known that some of the most powerful Indian chiefs were men of Scottish blood.

Alexander McGillivray (1759-1793) was perhaps the most colourful and controversial of these, but his name is rarely mentioned in history books on either side of the Atlantic.

McGillivray's life spanned critical times in the life of Great Britain and her colonies. Events after Culloden had driven many Highlanders to the New World. McGillivray's father, Lachlan, from Inverness, was one of many who went to Georgia.

In 1732, King George II had granted a 21-year charter to the colony of Georgia, and a successful settlement, Savannah, was founded. The defeat of the Spanish by the British in 1742 opened the way for trade and stability, and it was as a Georgian trader that Lachlan McGillivray hoped to make his fortune.

Indeed, the country belonging to the Creek Indians of Georgia could be described as a hunter's and trader's paradise. The forests of tupelo, cedar, hickory, sweet gum and walnut provided cover for bear, beaver, fox, opossum, raccoon and squirrel. Quail, ruffed grouse and turkey were plentiful, and the streams were swollen with bass, bream and trout. Rich soil supported cotton, maize, sweet potatoes and peach orchards, in addition to Cherokee roses, honeysuckle, laurel and rhododendron. It was truly a land of beauty and plenty.

Traders had to be men of courage and diplomacy, but Lachlan McGillivray had no trouble in obtaining the friendship and trust of the Creek Nation. He would know this tribe as a tall and slender people living in villages of about 50 houses in what is now Georgia and Alabama. The Highlander would have found that the Creeks lived under a clan system very similar to his own, a system where loyalty to clan went beyond loyalty to village, tribe, or even race.

As Lachlan McGillivray gained the further respect of the Creeks, he would have had more time to observe their customs. He would have seen boys playing lacrosse and learning to hunt with bow and cahamoteker (a long blow-gun) and

enjoying all forms of music. He might even see the mystical Corn Dance, an eight-day festival in honour of the ripening crop, when all old clothes and utensils were destroyed.

On one of his many trips to the Tallapoosa River trading post, he courted the beautiful Sehoy Marchand, the daughter of a French trapper and Creek mother. He presented Sehoy with a freshly-killed deer. To the Creeks, acceptance of the deer meant acceptance of the marriage proposal. Sehoy Marchand took the deer from the young Highlander, and Lachlan McGillivray was thus married into the powerful Wind Clan of the Creek Nation. His son, Alexander, was born in 1759 near what is now Wetumpka, Alabama.

Alexander was raised entirely by his mother according to Creek custom, learning Creek, but also speaking French and possibly Gaelic. He was never a healthy child but managed to acquire hunting and sporting skills well enough to earn the respect of his mother's people. By virtue of her clan's importance, Alexander's mother would be training him for a key role in the tribe's future.

Nor did his father ignore his son's early education. Alexander was sent to Charleston, South Carolina, to be educated by a relative, Farquhar McGillivray. It was recorded that Farquhar was somewhat vexed at the appearance and manner of Lachlan's son, but taught the boy Latin and Maths, and placed him as an apprentice in a Savannah countinghouse. He might well have remained there, but history had other plans for Alexander McGillivray.

By the 1770's, a fierce battle was being fought for control of the North American continent and the Creeks were in the centre of this struggle. The British, Americans, French and Spanish were all striving to expand their power right into Creek lands. Meanwhile, Georgia was divided into pro-British and anti-British camps. Lachlan McGillivray, who had never hidden his loyalist sympathies, had his property confiscated by the Americans. Sadly, this meant a final parting for father and son, for Lachlan McGillivray sailed to Scotland, never to see his wife and son again.

The reasons for leaving his family behind is unclear. Certainly, trappers often had many wives and children, but he must have seen, too, that his son and wife were very much attached to the Creek way of life.

Alexander returned to his native village in 1776, and almost immediately became a chief of the Creek tribe. Thus began a career beset with political intrigue, controversy and delicate diplomacy, all with an aim to preserve the ancient lands of the Creeks, to unite the Southern Indians and to resist American encroachment. McGillivray became a



colonel in the British army during the Revolution, and conducted sporadic warfare with Americans on the Georgia border.

The defeat of the British in 1781 made it clear that McGillivray could no longer count on their support against the Americans so he turned to the Spanish for help. In 1784, the Spanish appointed him commissary in return for trading rights with the Creeks. As always, McGillivray resisted American claims to tribal lands, and restated his goal to restore the "Indian Line" of 1773 which set the limits of westward expansion. In practical terms, this required that all Americans must evacuate several states, including most of Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia.

The weakening of Spain in 1788 forced McGillivray to negotiate with America. He was invited to New York City by George Washington and, amid much excitement and popular enthusiasm, signed a treaty "as strong as the hills and as lasting as the rivers" under which boundaries were fixed McGillivray was given the rank of Brigadier-General in the United States Army at a salary of 50 pounds per month.

The Creeks and the Spanish were furious at the terms of the treaty, but it was typical of McGillivray that he could satisfy them without offending the Americans. He hastened to New Orleans in 1792 to strengthen his alliance with the Spanish but, tragically, at the very height of his popularity was stricken with fever and died on February 17, 1793, in Pensacola, Florida, aged only 34. He was buried there with full Masonic honours.

It is impossible to understand McGillivray's achievements without noting several contradictions. He fought for the rights of his own people, yet owned negro slaves. He had the highest political ideals yet ruined his personal life through drink and debauchery. He could command as many as 10,000 armed braves at one time, yet was said to be a poor fighter and a coward in battle. He was a Creek Indian Chief, yet was half-Scots by blood and only quarter Creek. He lived in America all his life, yet his hatred of the new American nation was fierce.

Despite his personal failings, his achievements cannot be denied. He guided the Creeks through dangerous times. He dictated terms to no fewer than four nations and was employed by each of them. He won the unqualified respect of George Washington and other great men of his own time. He was a hero to his own people.

Had McGillivray lived, he might have realised his ultimate goal: complete independence for the Creek Nation, or a Creek state within the United States. He certainly inspired Indian resistance well into the next century. He foresaw the

day when Indians would have to act together or be destroyed and he hoped for a united body of Indian tribes of north and south.

Most historians credit McGillivray with postponing the fate of his tribe for at least another generation, when another American of Scottish descent, Andrew Jackson, defeated the Creeks at the Battle of Horseshoe Bend. In a sense, this was the Creek Culloden.

William McIntosh, another Creek chief of Highland blood, ceded tribal lands to America in 1825 and was murdered by angry braves of the tribe. Finally, in 1832, the Creeks were removed from their lands and settled in Oklahoma. McGillivray might have prevented or postponed this final tragedy.

McGillivray was always described as being very Highland in manner and appearance and, as such, is another remarkable example of Scottish adaptation in the New World.

Yet of all the contributions Scots have made to the New World, perhaps the greatest was their fierce devotion to freedom. These Indian chiefs of Scottish ancestry had fathers and grandfathers who were themselves driven from their ancient lands. They taught their sons well. Certainly, Chief Alexander McGillivray of the Creek Nation embodied that spirit of freedom, a gift from the Old World to the New.

- GORDON BRYAN

- Reprinted from 'The Scots Magazine' of March, 1983, in acknowledgement of the fact that it is a much better article than the one we published in CLAN MACGILLIVRAY, 1984 edition. - Ed.

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## SOLVING THE CASE OF THE MISSING PETREL

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In our 1982 edition (Vol 1 No.4) appeared an article, "The MacGillivray Naturalists", and in our 1985 edition (Vol 2 No.1), an article by Lieutenant-Commander Andrew David, entitled *The Voyage of HMS Herald to the Pacific, 1852-1861*. Both articles featured John MacGillivray, FRGS, who served as botanist/naturalist aboard the Royal Navy survey vessels, *Fly*, *Rattlesnake*, and *Herald* over a period of several years in the Pacific.

Among the ornithological results of these voyages was the discovery of two previously unknown species of petrel, now



named the Herald Petrel, which is widespread in the south Pacific, and the MacGillivray Petrel, until recently known from a single specimen taken in Fiji, and long since believed to be extinct.

The "Herald" spent nearly three years of its nine-year voyage in Fijian waters undertaking the first accurate hydrographic survey of the group of islands. The vessel made two visits to the tiny and relatively insignificant island of Gau, in 1854 and in 1855. John MacGillivray was naturalist on the first visit, but not on the second. While the ship was undergoing a refit in Sydney, he had been summoned to face a court of inquiry on charges of writing scurrilous letters to a Sydney newspaper, and of selling zoological specimens deemed to be the property of the Royal Navy. He was found guilty and dismissed from the ship and from the service.

MacGillivray had in fact become an alcoholic and perhaps had sold the specimens to sustain his addiction. He was replaced by the *Herald's* surgeon, Dr F.M. Rayner, who dispatched a number of birds to the British Museum including one which he described as a new species of sheerwater; but the Museum's zoologist, G.R. Gray spotted the misidentification and gave it the name of *Thalassidroma Macgillivrayi*, or MacGillivray's petrel.

Why he named it for MacGillivray is unknown. Perhaps he had not learned of MacGillivray's dismissal, and actually believed that he had collected the specimen; or he may have been sympathetic to the disgraced scientist and wished to reward this distinguished man of letters for the fine reputation he had acquired on earlier voyages to the Pacific. It has been suggested that Wilhelmina Gray, who married John MacGillivray in N.S.W. on 23rd March, 1848, may have been related to the G.R. Gray of the British Museum - but this has not been verified. In any case, the bird's scientific name is now *Pterodroma Macgillivrayi*, or, according to Lieut. Comdr. David's account, *Bulweria Macgillivrayi*.

Apparently John MacGillivray managed to control his alcoholism for a while after his dismissal, because he began botanising on his own account in Polynesia and New Caledonia up to 1860. In fact he is probably better remembered in Noumea than in his native Aberdeen. Although all his previous botanic specimens ended up in the British Museum and the Kew Gardens Herbarium, those gathered on his account were acquired by the Paris Museum.

Falling again deeply into alcoholism, John MacGillivray became a pathetic figure 'wandering around in a state of destitution' in Sydney where he died in 1867 at the age of

only 45 years - a sad conclusion to a brilliant career.

Although unsighted for 129 years, a specimen of MacGillivray's petrel was captured on 30th April, 1984, on the island of Gau, by Dr Dick Watling of Cambridge University, an intermittent resident of Fiji since 1965, after years of searching. After thoroughly documenting and photographing the bird, he set it free. He found that the Fijians know the bird as the Kacau and that it nested in burrows on almost inaccessible wind-swept ridges, and that it fed on squid caught on the reefs.

The full account by Dr Watling of his long and tedious search for the elusive petrel makes fascinating reading. It is included in the December 1986-January 1987 edition of Australasian Geographic Magazine GEO which contains some excellent photographs.

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#### OUR LAST GATHERING

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Thanks to the truly remarkable organisational expertise of our Secretary, David and his lovely wife, Heather, our 11th Annual Gathering held at Seaford, Victoria, last November was a great success in spite of the constant threat of bad weather which fortunately did not eventuate. A wide range of entertainment was provided. We had the Victoria Police Pipe Band; Narelle and Lisa Harkness from the Highland and National Dance Association; the Blues Brothers; and, of course, our young piper, Colin McGillivray and his sister, Michelle on the side drum. These youngsters seem to be getting better all the time, and really performed well. Michelle also entertained us with a display of Highland dancing. Mention should also be made of the vocal talents of Chieftain David and wife, Nan. We had two raffles - one for a 24 inch doll dressed in MacGillivray tartan, and another for a basket of liquor - and would you believe it - both were won by Ida Skurrie of Geelong! And the raffle WASN'T rigged, either!

An early appearance of Santa Claus in the form of Bruce Sanson, a gentleman who doesn't need any padding - gave the kids no end of fun.

The head count of the day was 170 which might not seem impressive unless you consider the size of our membership scattered all over Australia.





*Michelle, David McGillivray and Muriel Carling*

The trip to Melbourne was not without mishap. Your editor was staying at a motel alongside what surely must be Victoria's foulest waterway - Kannanook Creek. While feeding bread crusts to the seagulls he stepped onto some slippery mud and went for a dip into the creek, and emerged covered with mud and slime and other filth, and smelling like a feral billy-goat! However, this was a minor mishap compared with that of our kiltmaker, Nan Sanson, who took ill on the return trip to Sydney and ended up in Goulburn Hospital. However, we are pleased to report that at the time of publication, she is well on the way to complete recovery.



*Colin & Michelle McGillivray  
at Seaford Gathering, 1986*

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## OUR NEXT GATHERING

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Our 12th Annual Gathering will be held at the showground at Wingham (via Taree, N.S.W.) on SATURDAY, 17th OCTOBER, 1987.

We are most fortunate in having a most energetic North Coast Committee whose members always combine to make the Wingham Gathering an event to remember, and judging by the programme arranged, this gathering promises to be their best yet.

After the Annual General Meeting at 2.30 p.m., to which all members are entitled to attend, the Gathering will commence at 3.30 p.m.

The local pipe band will be attendance and organised games for all will take place. Dinner will be served at 6.30 p.m. and will be followed by evening entertainment and a 'bush dance'.

As for catering: Following the success of the last Wingham gathering, it has been decided to leave the catering to the 'professionals' who supplied us so bountifully on that occasion. Liquid refreshments, B.Y.O.



Tickets at \$7.50 for adults and \$3.50 for children should be purchased from Mrs Gloria Hayes, whose address is - Killabakh Creek, via Wingham, NSW, 2429.

**NOW - THIS IS MOST IMPORTANT !** Order your tickets early and don't leave it to the last minute. The Committee and the caterers will need to know exactly how many will be attending.

### THE RINGWOOD (VICTORIA) ANNUAL HIGHLAND CARNIVAL

The Annual Highland Carnival at Ringwood, Victoria, has for some years been a favourite meeting place for our Society's members in Victoria. Our Hon.Chief, Peter, and our Secretary, David (who somehow manages to be present at most of the Highland Gatherings held throughout Victoria) always attend and carry our banner in the March of the Clans.

There is also a 'Clan MacGillivray' tent always erected and manned by our enthusiastic Victorian contingent.

The following pics were taken at the last Ringwood Carnival held on 29th March, 1987.

*L-R Ted Foster, Peter McGillivray  
Michelle & David McGillivray, pre-  
paring for the March of the Clans.*



*Judy Hadley of Rossmoyne, W.A.  
who travelled across for the day  
at the Ringwood Carnival, pictured  
with David McGillivray.*

### OBITUARIES

It is with sorrow that we report the sudden death of our honorary piper, HARRY FRANCIS GALVIN on 17th December, 1986.

Our Society is particularly appreciative of the services he rendered us, when he volunteered to fill the gap in our ranks following the passing of Pipe-Major James Jackson in April, 1983. Since Harry was not associated with Clan MacGillivray in any way - in fact he was a Liverpool man of Irish descent, his willingness to pipe for us will always be remembered with gratitude.

Harry was a foundation member of the NSW Pipers' Society and a regular contestant at Highland gatherings, particularly in the piobrairachd section. He had quite a reputation as a fine piper - not surprisingly, since he had been trained in the Royal Irish Guards Regiment.

The Requiem Mass at Mary Immaculate Church, Manly, on 23 December, 1986, was attended by a large gathering, particularly of members of the NSW Pipers' Society, including Duncan MacLeod and Pipe-Major Bill Hart, both also members of Clan MacGillivray Society, and our Society was represented by Allan McGillivray and Ian MacGillivray-Elder.



A piper of the 17th Battalion piped at the church and Pipe-Major Bill Hart played the lament at the graveside at French's Forest Cemetery.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his wife, Sheila, and his family - Michael, Patricia, Fiona, Geraldine, Jeremy and Eugene.

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The sad news has reached us that our esteemed member, Mrs MARY MILLER of Invercargill, New Zealand, passed away on 19th March, 1987.

Mary, whose ancestors hailed from the very heartland of the Clan at Dunmaglass, was the grand-daughter of Alexander McGillivray who arrived in New Zealand in the ship *Timaru* in 1879, and Isabella nee Armstrong, who arrived in the same year by the ship *Tararua*. She was born at Ferndale and lived at Menzies Ferry until her marriage in 1939 to John Allen Miller, a Southland farmer; after which their home was at Invercargill.

Mary's interests were many. She won several awards for tapestry, embroidery and fine needlework. Her outdoor activities were mainly as a very competitive bowler. But perhaps her greatest achievement was the publication, after 9½ years research, of her most delightful book *From the Hills and Heather of Scotland* which made its appearance in 1978. This book, containing all the census returns of Strathnairn from 1841, has been a most valuable source document.

At the time of her death, Mary was engaged in preparing for this Journal an article about the New Zealand branch of the Clan MacGillivray which, regrettably was not completed. Over the past several years, she maintained a regular correspondence with your editor who came to regard her as a true friend.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to her husband, John (Allen) and her family.

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On 30th July, 1986, our Society lost yet another of its most enthusiastic and esteemed members, RONALD WILLIAM (Mick) McGILVRAY.

Born in the Newcastle suburb of Wickham in 1911, he moved to Goulburn at an early age and lived there for 59 years

and was employed in the Engineering Branch of the PMG's Department for 39 years until his retirement in 1971, when he and his family moved to a new home he had built at Durras, NSW. He was a life member of the Goulburn Apex Club.

Mick, who had a great love of all things Scottish, derived great pleasure in attending our gatherings and listening to the pipe music.

He was a very keen fisherman, and after a most enjoyable day out fishing, he retired to bed and passed away peacefully in his sleep.

He leaves his wife, Muriel, whom he had married in 1939, and a son, William and three daughters, Susan, Helen and Margaret, and 11 grandchildren... to all of whom our Society extends its deepest sympathy.

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#### MELANOMA RESEARCH ON CELTIC SKINS

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*Australians of Scottish or other Celtic descent are more prone to skin cancer than other groups; hence an interesting bit of research by Dr Bob Cameron and Professor W. H. McCarthy of the melanoma unit at Sydney's Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.*

*They are assembling pairs of siblings over 40 years of age, one of whom has lived in Australia for five years, the other in Scotland or any other Celtic country. A comparative study may show useful information on the ageing and changing of skins under Australian climatic conditions.*

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CONGRATULATIONS are in order to our Council member, ALLAN MCGILLIVRAY, who became a grandfather for the second time with the arrival of BRENDAN SCOTT MCGILLIVRAY on 3rd November, 1986.

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*Comedienne ANNA RUSSELL maintains that the pipes were invented for the piping in of the haggis. The music is to take your mind off what you're eating .....*

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