



The Rowan Tree



Number 51

Clan Lachlan Association of Canada Inc.

www.clanlachlan.ca

Hon. Patron, Euan Maclachlan of Maclachlan, Chief of Clan Lachlan

President's Message

Dear Clan Members,

The recent extreme weather is like the 2040 weather forecasted as a result of global warning. The 2040 future appears to be here now!

I joined the Society when it was formed in 1979. For the first 20 years, the Society was a source of Clan family history. For the next 20 years, the information has been increasingly available from ancestral sites on the internet. In this period, the preservation of Kilmore Chapel and Castle Lachlan has formed new goals for joining the Clan family.

Recently my computer system was hacked. Data and programs developed over 20 years were destroyed. It has been quite a challenge to reconstitute the system. This will use my available time for the immediate future. I hope to develop some plans for the future development of the Society.

I wish you and your family good fortune in these interesting times.

Duncan MacLachlan - #41

Editor's Note: I have repeated the list of 'Volunteers Required' below, in hopes that someone would wish to volunteer for one of these positions. Note that, with e-mail, these can be done from anywhere in the world.

Volunteers Required

Webmaster who would be responsible for maintenance, upgrading, etc.

Assistant to David MacLachlan - re matters of the Lachlan Trust of Canada

Librarians. (Hopefully there will be several - filing digital magazines, assisting with Family Histories etc., entering Members Data, etc.).

Clan MacLachlan on Facebook

You might want to look at the CMS Facebook page, which enables you to post information, ask questions, and view updates (as they occur).

<http://www.facebook.com/ClanMacLachlanSociety>

Ceud Mile Failte: 100,000 Welcomes to our New Members

Full Members

5282 Ian Cooper – Aurora, Ontario, Canada

5283 Ian Macfarlane – North Vancouver, BC, Canada

Note: Due to privacy concerns, stemming from new Federal legislation, we are no longer publishing full addresses of new members. However, should an individual member wish to contact another member, we can put both in touch with each other.

Flowers of the Forest

Phyllis MacLachlan - #943

We regret to announce the passing of Phyllis MacLachlan in her 93rd year.

Phyllis Hope MacLachlan passed away unexpectedly, yet peacefully, in hospital in Ottawa, on Wednesday, May 30, 2018 at the age of 92. Loving wife of William "Bill" MacLachlan. Gracious and devoted mother of Janet Purcell (Jon) and Deborah McLachlan (late Ernie Mahoney). Cherished grandmother of Devon and Julianne Purcell.

Phyllis and her husband Bill (now 95), were among the early members of our Branch. In 1994, Bill was Vice President of the Branch for Ottawa and Northern Ontario. During World War II, Bill was involved with the early development of Radar, which was crucial to the success of the war effort. He continues his work for Veterans with the Royal Canadian Legion.

CLA Membership Renewals

Please check out the website at www.clanlachlan.ca. Remember your access codes are User ID (either macxxxx or LACHxxxx) and password is your postal/zip code!

You can renew easily via the secure on-line payment. CA-21 at \$25.00 for twelve months brings annual Lachlan Library Membership with the Clan Lachlan magazine and "The Rowan Tree" newsletter, Canadian Branch membership &, world-wide Clan Society membership; or CA19 at \$100.00 for five years! For web payment use www.clanlachlan.ca/paypal.php and select CA21.0 or CA19.0 and your currency. Cheques are payable to Clan Lachlan Association of Canada, and may be sent to Jim MacLachlan, 1639 Bateau Lane, RR3, Gananoque, ON, Canada, K7G 2V5 (20jrmac@gmail.com)

For those members with access to the Lachlan Library, you will have received a copy of the new electronic newsletter. We hope you enjoyed it. We are dependent on members to keep us supplied with new content.

Editor's Note: As we are now working with our new Membership Secretaries (jointly held by Richard and Brenda McLauchlan) at the present time, in an attempt to update our records, please check your own records, and keep your renewals up to date by payment through our website. If you are receiving this as a complimentary issue, and have not been a member for some time, we would welcome your return via membership payment at our website.

Scottish Studies Foundation News re Upcoming Events – Fall Colloquium

September 2, 2018:

Once again, the crew of the *Empire Sandy*, Canada's tallest sailing ship, hoisted her sails to get the Scottish Studies Foundation's annual cruise underway on Sunday, September 2, 2018 (Labour Day Weekend). More information at <http://www.scottishstudies.com/940-empiresandy-2018.htm>

The **Fall Colloquium** will take place at the University of Guelph, in Guelph, Ontario., on Saturday October 13th. and Sunday October 14th., 2018. See below for the complete program for this wonderful 2-day event!

— PROGRAM —

Note: This year's Colloquium will be held in The Robert Whitelaw Room. (Room No. 246 on the second floor of the McLaughlin Library.)

Saturday, October 13, 2018

9:00 - 9:30 am Registration & Coffee

9:30 - 9:45 am Opening Remarks

9:45 - 11:15 am Travelling, Tales and "Trifles"

Mariah Hudec (Guelph)

"Learned botanists, too wise to overlook trifles, set themselves to study even fairy-eggs": John Francis Campbell's Collection Methodology in *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*.

Robert Fell (Edinburgh)

Scotland's Travellers and the Narrative Negotiation of Worldview

Fergus Maxwell(Guelph)

Modern Subjectivity and the Travelogue Chapter Argument

BREAK

11:30 am - 12:30 pm National & Urban Identities in New Media

Lawrence Abrams (UC Davis)

"A Charm of Powerful Trouble": Scottish Folklore and History in Comics and Graphic Novels

Brendan Egan (Queens)

"Planned to bring life back into living": Image, Perception, and Identity in East Kilbride New Town

LUNCH

1:30 pm - 3:20 pm Scottish Religious and Moral Identities

Dr Jack Whytock (Haddington House Trust & North-West)

Gaelic Hymnody and Diaspora Scots in the New World

Dr Timothy Slonosky (Dawson)

Plague, Providence and Polemic: Literary Reactions to the Disasters of the 1540s

Jennifer Oldham (Guelph)

Where is the Scottish in Scottish Children's Chapbooks?

Dr Dave Nelson (ABAC-Bainbridge)

Caledonia Cancels Christmas: The Protestant Suppression of Yule in Scotland, 1560-1958

3:30 pm - 4:30 pm

Tour of Archives and Scottish Studies Collection

6:00 pm Please join us at The Shakespeare's Arms (35 Harvard Rd) for a relaxed evening of good food and conversation

Sunday, October 14, 2018

9:00 - 9:30 am Coffee

9:30 - 11:00 am Masculinity and Mythic Origins

Brendan Egan (Guelph)

James V's Great Seal at the University of Guelph

Laura Harrison (Edinburgh)

"Big Men Have Big Swords": William Wallace's Longsword as a Symbol of Medieval Masculinity in Scottish Popular Culture

Dr Marian Toledo Candelaria (Wilfred Laurier University Press)

When the "Popular" is Really Political: Reconsidering the Origins of the Macbeth Narrative.

BREAK

11:30-12:30 Scotland's Supernatural Landscapes

Amanda Kentish (Edinburgh)

The Big Grey Man of Ben Macdui: Supernatural Tales of Giants from Deeside, Aberdeenshire, Scotland

Jos Collins (Edinburgh)

Rethinking Scottish Folk Drama: How the Supernatural World Engages Us with Our Environment

12:30pm - 1:30 pm Jill McKenzie Lecture

Dr Lizanne Henderson (Glasgow)

Registration fee is \$35 for Scottish Studies Foundation members, \$40 for the general public and \$15 for students.

You can register via the Scottish Studies Foundation by [mail](#) or [online](#).

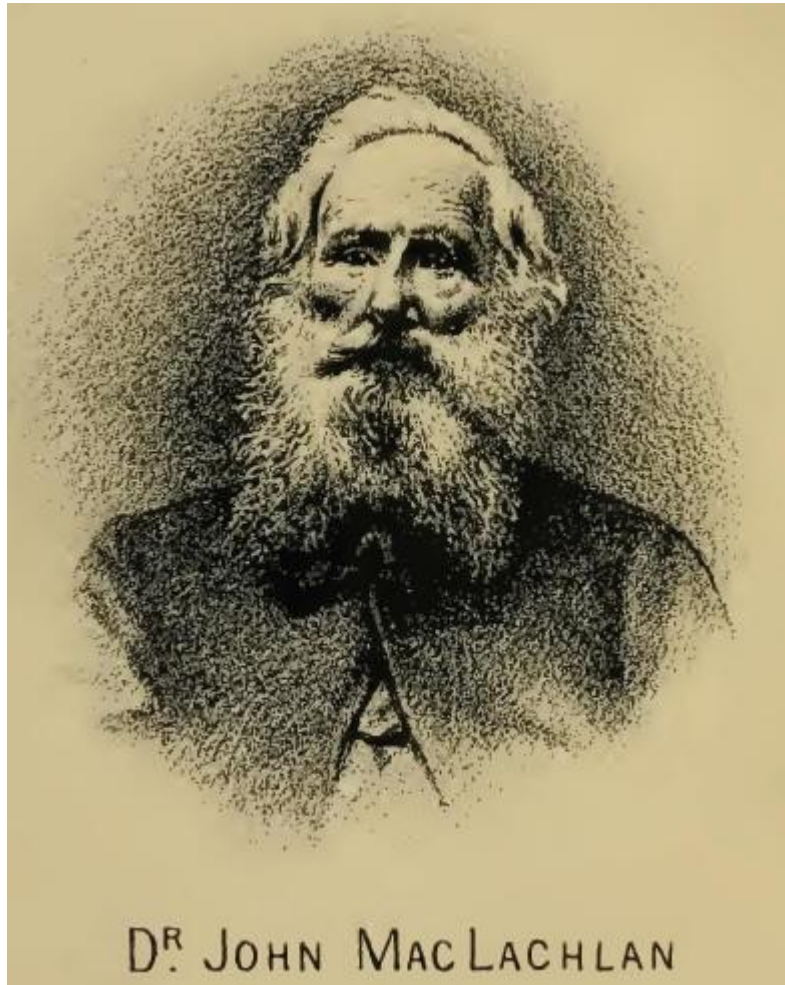
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Dr. John MacLachlan Poet - per Electric Scotland

Source: <https://electricScotland.com/gaelic/MacLachlan.htm>

Following is an excerpt from the book, [The Gaelic Songs of the Late Dr. MacLachlan, Rahoy](#) published in 1880, hence the somewhat archaic language used.

Dr John MacLachlan



In reissuing the songs of the late Dr. MacLachlan, the Association is actuated by a desire to give their countrymen, in a handy form a measure of the pure mother tongue, which is at once healthy, elevating, and inviting; and they hope that while this may be of more peculiar interest in their own native districts, it will prove acceptable to the Gaelic-speaking people at large.

To a people essentially poetic, but whose force of spirit is now because of oppression sadly abated, it is hoped that these songs though their bulk be not large, nor their literary merit very high, contain so much of the true, healthy Gaelic life and language as will make them very welcome. The morbid hopelessness which stamps the face of every poor remnant of a departed greatness really calls for what of healthy breathing can be communicated to them by their fellows who, enjoying greater freedom, and to whom life being real, have grown up in sympathy with the expressed inspiration of their best life, beautifully and healthily breathed by their bards.

Many seek life and get unhealthy excitement, in low works of fiction, and the effect is certainly not good. The healthy Highlander has no pleasure in such literature; he does not require, and does not appreciate excitement of this kind, but he has a pleasure and a delight in the beautiful, the pure, and the good, as these are so well set forth in his Gaelic lyric poetry. There are exceptions we know

“arising on the side of beauty and taste from vulgarity; on the side of morals and feeling from coarseness; on the side of mind and spirit from unintelligence,” for which maladies we cannot possibly prescribe any remedy of a better kind than this savoury morsel of song from Dr. MacLachlan.

John MacLachlan was born at the farm-house of Ralioy, in the year 1804, in the centre of a district whose ancient history, rich traditional lore, and gorgeous scenery all combined to make it peculiarly a home of inspiration.

Morvern and Morn and Spring and Solitude!
In front, is not the scene magnificent.

And bathing its winding shores on the north “A Highland Loch—Loch Sunart” All shadowed there as in a spiritual world “Where time’s mutations shall come never more”.

The beauty seems

“All of one element; nor wonder finds” An end of wondering, nor Love of love “Gazing together down the abyss divine”.

Further to the west it is washed by the mighty flood of the-Sound of Mull

Dark Mull thy mighty Sound
Where thwarting tides in mingled roar
Part thy swarth hills from Morvern’s shore

Of which Sir Walter Scott further says “In fine weather a grander or more impressive scene both from its natural beauties, and associations with ancient history and tradition can hardly be imagined.” To the testimony of Professor Wilson, and Sir Walter Scott, it is not necessary that we should add, that of the many other writers who declare this region “the most delightful in the British Islands.” It was here then that —

Roaming o’er the wilderness, the bard
Whose genius gave unto his native glens
A beauty and a glory not their own,

Peopling the mists with phantoms—the wild bard
Whom Morven in her sacred memories,
Dreaming of Ossian, aye will link with pride
To that great son of song—

Of sunshine, calms, and storms of thunder-gloom,
Did celebrate the virtues, and the forms
In which they were entwined.

In Gaelic lyrics untranslatable.

His father was of the family of Dunadd, which estate, famous in history as the capital of the ancient kingdom of the Dalriads, his ancestors long possessed. After studying Medicine in the University of Glasgow, he practised his art in his native district, and so successful was he, especially in some branches of his profession, that his fame was in all the land. In Mull, Morven, Ardnamurchan, and Sunart, his services were greatly prized. He was much beloved by the poor, and commanded their confidence, affection, and respect throughout his lifetime in a peculiar degree. His professional labours though extensive were not of the most remunerative kind, so that often towards the close of his life he was in straitened circumstances. He owned a small property at Dumbarton, but it is

known, and here mentioned to the honour of his memory, that whatever his difficulties, however much his need, he never appropriated one penny of the income from this source but uniformly gave it towards the comfortable support of his two sisters, one of whom is yet alive.

According to a peculiar trait of their character, the people entwined his life with many wonderful, and marvellous incidents. His student days are especially enriched by unspeakable resurrectionist adventures. We with abated breath, have often heard it told by the Oracle of the "Ceilidh" with a creeping pathos that made the very oldest juvenile hair stand on end, how in one of these adventures the integrity of a sack, in which he carried off a "subject" giving way, led to consequences which to the lay mind were altogether unearthly. .

He had rehearsed with such familiar power,
With such an active countenance, an eye
So busy, that the things of which he spake
Seemed present

In affairs of the heart his accidents are no less wonderful and accredited. It is told how on an errand of this nature in which it was necessary for him to cross a considerable arm of the sea, he availed himself of the accommodation of a Highland bull that happened to be grazing in the neighbourhood in order to get across more conveniently. Getting the-bull afloat, and "holding on" he, it is said, managed to effect a fairly expeditious transit in this unfamiliar way. He was seen in the course of his progress by some natives, who, not being in the way of seeing Highland bulls made available in this manner, were not slow in ascribing his transport to another uncouth agent, who was generally accredited with a readiness to give a mysterious assistance to certain persons and on this occasion the matter was beyond all doubt or hesitation, "for" said they "we saw his horns."

Nothing short of a special providence can have delivered him from the many straits, into which he often led himself in affairs of this kind, but it is remarkable that he always made a creditable escape; never once even did he fail. Perhaps this explains the extent to which these stories contain any truth.

So much of his life as we have in his songs, is essentially pure and healthy. It is true he had our common weaknesses in full measure, and sensitiveness of spirit in much greater measure than goes to constitute that more cautious, but less noble, uncharitable spirit of the "sons of arithmetic and of prudence," that would frown on a life with which it was impossible for their coarser clay to be in sympathy.

His certainly were natural talents of a very high order, which well directed should have carried him far into the front—his a poetic gift, of which we have but the few appended glimmerings, doubtless of the finest quality, and which cultivated might have borne great fruit. The life of a Physician, however, and his training are of such a kind, showing human life and human affairs in a light too often of a nature not at all calculated to inspire the spirit of poetry, as may in some part account for the limited exercise of his powers in this direction.

It is almost incongruous to meet with such exquisite tenderness in one having nothing of the typical man of feeling about him, but rather in an eminent degree the stature and bearing of the warrior with an expression of face royal in the highest sense. In person he was tall and powerfully built, erect and free—almost musical—in his motion; and a large affable dignity of presence, and a thoughtful yet cheerful countenance gave a splendid character to an uncommonly well-proportioned frame. Even in his latter years when pity, hitherto locked within, asserted itself on his features, and possibly also a discernible shade of remorse, when paralysis marred motion and expression, and when his circumstances and conditions of life had much changed, and doubtless much affected him, even then the nobility of character remained, inseparable to the last. He could not be small. We regret very much that no better portrait of him can be got than the poor amateur effort from which our lithograph is taken. It cannot serve much purpose to such as never saw him. To those who were acquainted with him in life, it may serve a blank outline into which they perhaps more easily can

recall the living expression.

Though his songs may not claim equal importance or value with the great hoary epic of Ossian, with the vigour of Mac Mhaighstir Alastair, with the passion of William Ross, or the healthy rill of Donnacha Ban, yet they possess several of the best qualities of poetry in such degree as makes them well worthy of preservation.

Dr. Clerk, Kilmaillie says “as to his poetical powers and his exquisite ear for rhythm, there need be no reticence: he was a poet and a very sweet singer.” Of this quality noted by Dr. Clerk, we may instance

'S iad a chuireadh an iomainn's a leanadh i teann Cho luath ri buic earba feadh gharbhlach nam beann,

Than this last line we know nothing more exquisite, and this beauty of melodious rhythm is not attained at the sacrifice of idea, for in this same line we have a complete picture which to any one in sympathy with it is quite delightful.

His word paintings are always well toned, never heavy, often charming.

Tha guth na cuthaig air do stuclid,
An smudan air do glidig,

Os ceann do lon tha 'n uiseag ghrinn Ri ceileir binn's an speur.

Tha suaimkneas air gach luib fo bhlhth Baigh air gach creig 'us cluain 'Toirt a'm chuimhne mar a bha 'S na laithean thKrladli uainn.

No one can read these scenes but would wish he had his lot in some such. One feels the crust of his spirit, the rigidity of life softened and warmed by the imagination even of so great a suaimhneas and such overflowing baigh.

His use of words is also remarkably choice. Some of his passages can compare favourably even with the recognised beauties of Donnacha Ban.

Cluinnidh mi ' n fhaige ri borbhan 'Co-fhreagairt ri torman nan dos;
Cluinnidh mi braoilick nan aimhnean 'Co-fhreagairt ri raoicick nan eas.

This is a pretty piece of a word-weaving that is quite common with him; there is no artificial stiffness about it; it is just as if the sea and the torrents had themselves spoken, and each in its own great and peculiar dialect.

Akin to this quality is the peculiar suitableness of the airs to the words of the songs. If one could conceive the songs planted in a genial soil, these pretty airs would be their natural flowers in bloom. They can not, in many cases, be separated but at the complete sacrifice of meaning and effect. One has no conception of the beauty of some simple expressions till they are sung.

We find this beautiful simplicity, and sympathy with the tenderness of beauty, combined with large humane affections which get adequate hearty expression; and departing further we find him at times throwing himself into the great harmony of the troubled elements, and putting their great commotion into human speech—into Gaelic, than which, for such expression it has been long admitted, none other speech is better or perhaps equally adapted.

Feuch a nis beithir na beucaich A' srachdadh nan speuran le fuaim;
'S ann sbaoil learn, 'n uair chuala mi 'n riasladh,

Gu-n tuiteadh an iarmailt a nuas.

With this we leave them to the reader, and heartily recommend them to his study; they will amply requite the trouble.

To the present edition there are added a few pretty pieces which did not appear in the first edition published by Mr. Sinclair, though they all are given in his lately-published splendid collection, the Oranaiche. "Ho ro gu'm mi ga d' chaidh," is here given. We have every reason to believe it is in its proper place from personal testimony as well as from the evidences in the song itself. Other pieces are given about which never was any doubt.

We regret that we cannot give the airs with the songs. Should it be found desirable we shall endeavour to give the music in a convenient form as soon as possible.

We also give a "Marbhrann" to Dr. MacLachlan, by Mr. Duncan MacPherson, which requires no apology—a creditable production, well expressing the affection and respect in which the subject of it was held by the people among whom he lived and died.

[The Gaelic Songs of the Late Dr. MacLachlan, Rahoy \(1880\) \(pdf\)](#)

Submitted by Alastair McIntyre - #5250

Clan Gathering at Castle Lachlan - 2018



The weekend of 25 May – 27 May 2018 saw a gathering of 67 plus members of the Clan MacLachlan society gather in StrathLachlan (pronounced Stra'lachlan). This was the first of the new triennial gatherings although events have already caused the next one to be put back an extra year. The reason for the change is down to cost—the last event was very expensive and the organising is very time consuming. The plan now is to hold smaller

events for fewer numbers.

The Friday afternoon was taken up with registration and everyone was greeted at the community hall with a welcome pack and timetable of events. There was time to meet friends from times past and to make new ones before the grand entrance of the Chief, Euan Maclachlan of Maclachlan, at 5pm. This was well done with a young piper playing, before Donald MacLauchlan called members to stand and introduced the Chief. He stayed for over an hour meeting people and being photographed by all and sundry, whilst fizz and nibbles were provided. Following this we were given a short dance class on Scottish ceilidh dancing so people had an idea of what to expect on Saturday evening. Friday evening was then free time with many adjourning to Creggans Inn at Strachur for a meal and a bit of socializing.

Saturday started with the International Clan AGM. This was chaired by Kaye Gilchrist and she stood down from that role at the conclusion of business. Kaye was presented with a glass decanter by Clan Chief Ewan and thanked for the amount of work she had undertaken on our behalf during her 4 year tenure.

Chair of the International committee now Tony McKewan, current chair of Britain and is now privileged to hold both positions.

In the afternoon there were tours of the old whisky tasting session. Whisky tasting sessions the faint hearted if you partake fully. Sniffing sampling 5 Speyside single malts, poured in a measure, can leave you a little tipsy if you are

Later there was a talk by Doctor Alison Rosie, National Register of Archives for Scotland, boxes of MacLachlan historical papers recently returned from solicitors where they had been stored and forgotten. Her enthusiasm for old records came through strongly and she emphasised that some of the records threw new light on life in the 17th and 18th centuries. There were contracts between a tenant farmer and the Chief to provide the best cow to him (the Chief) each year as payment of rent. Another for a Piper to be available to play for the Chief, subject to his, the piper, needs on the farm. Another concerned a Chief's son joining the militia and provided details of his troops and service records. All throw an light on life in times past. She was particularly intrigued by the the earliest recorded census of people living on St Kilda. (See Clan magazine, number 76, Winter 2017, Page 26 for a full report.) How document was in the Clan files is a mystery.

In the evening we gathered in the castle Drawing Room for drinks dinner. The meal was excellent and followed by coffee. The tables cleared away and a splendid ceilidh band called Canned Haggis



passes to Ireland. He

castle or a are not for and generous not careful.

Head of the concerning

interesting finding of Lachlan this



prior to were played the

night away for us. As each dance was announced they took time to walk us through the steps before letting us loose. It was great chaos. We were also entertained by Arya McLachlan, grand-daughter of David McLachlan, Secretary of the New Zealand clan society, who gave a demonstration of competition Highland dancing.

Sunday saw a few of us attend a service at Stralachlan parish church before heading back to the hall for the Britain and Ireland AGM. In the afternoon we assembled at the castle for photographs and farewells before packing our bags and departing to all four corners of the circular globe. We had visitors from New Zealand; USA; Canada; England, Wales and Scotland. Many new friends were made and old friendships renewed -that is what the Clan gathering is about. It reminds us of our global family and the bond that holds our clan together. The weather for the weekend could not have been better. Non-stop sunshine each day, a light breeze and no midges.

See you in 2022 for the next gathering?

Editor's Note: The above article was re-printed, with the kind permission of the Editor, David McLaughlin, of the "Lachlan News Round Up", which is the Britain and Ireland Branch's newsletter.



CLAN MACLACHLAN
SOCIETY

2018 Clan MacLachlan Gathering
Castle Lachlan, Strathlachlan, Scotland
25-26-27 May

Now, for a Canadian member's perspective of the same event. There may be some repetition from the above B&I article, but please forgive any duplication.

From far and wide Clan MacLachlan members gathered at Castle Lachlan and surroundings, in Argyll Scotland May 25 to May 27, 2018. The Clan Chief, Euan MacLachlan and his son actively participated and supported the activities. There were representatives present from New Zealand, Australia, Continental Europe and North America as well as the United Kingdom.

The weather surprised everyone with blue skies, warm temperatures and lots of sunshine for all three days. This gathering was organized on a limited seated basis and it appeared that all 80 seats were occupied. My congratulations to Kaye and Rick Gilchrist who handled the registration and kept us informed of the program. I don't have the names of all the volunteers who helped with the organizing and tours but they deserve commendation. Kaye is Chair of the Clan MacLachlan Society (CMS) Council. One of the excellent initiatives was to place a flag on the corner of everyone's name tag to designate their home country. This helped in connecting with others both from home and afar.

The program started with registration at the 'Wee School' on Friday afternoon, followed by drinks with the Chief and dance practice. On Saturday there was an Annual General Meeting of the Society in the morning, followed in the afternoon by tours of the old castle and Kilmorie Chapel, whisky tasting at the Wee School, and a presentation on the MacLachlan papers by the head of the National Register of Archives for Scotland.

The highlight was pre-dinner drinks on the front lawn of the New Castle in glorious sunshine looking out on the Lachlan river, the meadow, sheep and frolicking lambs and the old castle in the distance. This was followed by an excellent dinner in the New Castle, coffee in the drawing room, a demonstration of Scottish dancing, and the Ceilidh in the dining room.



Pre-dinner Drinks on the Front Lawn



John & Peter obviously enjoying the occasion!



Head Table: (L to R): Cyndy & Rick Bowman, Chief Euan Maclachlan, Kaye & Rick Gilchrist

On Sunday morning there was the option of a church service at the Strathlachlan Parish church.



The Chief's Coat of Arms, as displayed in the Parish Church.

Brunch was offered at the 'Wee School', and a further tour of the Old Castle for those who missed out on Saturday. In the early afternoon, participants were invited to gather at the New Castle front stairs for a group photograph.

My wife and I enjoyed the program and the weather, although we were surprised by the heat. Hotels do not have air conditioning! It was a great opportunity to meet others with the MacLachlan connection from far and near. I was pleasantly surprised by how well Canada was represented - meeting other members from Ontario, British Columbia and Alberta.

There were challenges brought on by the rental car company not having any road maps and our decision to book a hotel in Inveraray. It is a full forty-five-minute challenging drive from Inveraray to the New Castle for someone not accustomed to driving on the left side of the road. Scottish road engineers are frugal with regard to road width and signage. While the organizers did send out maps in their initial communications, I failed to appreciate how far down the single lane road one needs to go to find the 'Wee School'. Fortunately, a neighbour was able to point us on our way, so that we arrived just in time to see the Chief piped in to the 'Wee School' on the Friday.

In summary, a great weekend, and I highly recommend this approach of limiting the size of the events. A grouping of eighty made for a more manageable gathering, but still providing lots of opportunity to meet new people.

Submitted by Peter McLachlan - #1473

Additional Photos from the Gathering (see below), submitted by Heather Racher - #1738.



Old Castle Lachlan – from across the bay



Old Castle Lachlan – close-up



New Castle Lachlan – front view



New Castle Lachlan – rear view

Ancestors in All Directions – Part II

by Jane E. Thompson - #1475

I chose to sail to Shetland to experience the sea of my mariner ancestors, and because the Airport is a long distance south of Lerwick. Disembarking from the overnight ferry in Lerwick in the pouring rain, I took a taxi to Glen Orchy House B&B. I walked around the town after the rain stopped and had a roast beef Sunday lunch at the Queen's Hotel.

Next morning an Australian lady invited me to sit with her at breakfast, and told me of her plan to follow the Craft Trail <http://www.shetlandartsandcrafts.co.uk/craft-trail/>

I headed to the Shetland Museum and Archives <https://www.shetlandmuseumandarchives.org.uk/> where I talked to an archivist, and looked at a few Kirk Session Minutes. After seafood chowder in the Museum restaurant, I walked to 6, Hillhead. Two volunteers from the Shetland Family History Society were ready to show me what they had on my family tree in their database, including my tree submitted in 1993! They had determined my missing link, and printed out my tree. Their database is accessible only by visiting or writing the Society <https://www.shetland-fhs.org.uk/>



Shetland Museum and Archives

My 3xgreat grandfather Sinclair Thomson left Shetland as a merchant seaman in 1815. I knew his paternal grandparents were Magnus Thomson and Margaret Banks. Their son and his uncle, the Reverend Sinclair Thomson was the founder of the Baptist Church in Shetland.

The mystery of which son was his father was solved – James whose wife's maiden name was Agnes Thomson. My first Pedigree collapse (the grandmothers were Banks sisters) and first patronymics Magnus Thomson/Thomas Manson/Magnus Thomson, etc. through the grandfathers (who were also first cousins once removed).

There's also a Shetland Genealogy Facebook group and a public online North Isles database operated by Tony Gott <https://www.bayanne.info/Shetland/>

Both of these sites are accepting GEDMATCH numbers. I have not yet found a DNA match to this branch of my

family and have a surprisingly low level of Scandinavian in my ethnicity estimates!

Next morning, I asked my Australian neighbour at breakfast if she would mind my company on her drive. We enjoyed the scenery with the sea always in sight, with stops at the textile museum and a jewelry workshop, and with good luck ended up at the Manse, Garderhouse, Sandsting, site of the 1768 wedding of Magnus Thomson and Margaret Banks. We also visited the site of earlier Sandsting churches and cemetery. On those winding one-lane roads I was glad to be driven by someone used to driving on the other side!

After dinner at a Thai restaurant, I watched the sun set at 10:20 pm on June 13.



Sandsting Church and Cemetery

Next day, I visited the Shetland Museum exhibits and 6, Hillhead again to print out collateral lines, and found a few books of interest in the Public Library, before my new friend and I caught the ferry. We ate dinner together before I got off on Orkney and she continued to Aberdeen. I took the bus (separate fare) across to Stromness where they were waiting to show me a cabin on the ferry to sleep before it departed in the morning for Scrabster near Thurso.

Sutherland and Caithness

My first experience with Airbnb at Cantick House was exceptional. Transportation was offered for an additional fee, so I was picked up at the ferry by my university student host and her father, a recently retired pilot from Saskatchewan. He and her maternal grandfather, a native of Thurso took me for a drive to the west. We saw the church at Tongue, connected to my Douglas ancestors, and the tombstone at Old Reay of Jane Grecian wife of Anthony Paterson, my ancestors whose daughter came to Canada in 1839. A stop at Strathnaver Museum is a must for researchers of the Clearances and Clan McKay. <http://www.strathnavermuseum.org.uk/>

Friday, I took a bus to Wick to the newly opened Nucleus, Archives of Caithness and its nuclear industry.
<https://www.highlifehighland.com/nucleus-nuclear-caithness-archives/>

Very helpful staff brought out bound newspapers and other documents, and suggested I contact Morris Pottinger, local historian and writer who had helped with a recent book on the Paterson family by a New Zealand descendant. It turns out Morris (age 88) and my host family are related. Next day the father drove me to meet Morris who guided us to many sites connected to my ancestor Anthony Paterson and his 2 brothers, who were very prominent in bringing the sheep from the Borders area of Roxburghshire and Northumberland, and organizing the Clearances (more humanely than some!) Morris mentioned me in his column in the local newspaper, and put me in touch with Martin Paterson of New Zealand, who sent me a copy of his book.

THE OUTER WORLD No 102 4.07.2017 *Caithness Diaspora by Morris Pottinger*

... The North Highland Archives sent my way Jane Thompson, from Toronto, who was searching for her Thompson forebears in Shetland. Then she came to Thurso to look for her ancestor Anthony Paterson.

There is a mountain of information on the Patersons, three brothers born in Oxnam who came to Caithness in the early 1800s with sheep. Their father James had gone bankrupt on 29th July 1777, and later moved to Northumberland. There the three brothers had grown up, working much in the sheep industry, with their main market in Newcastle. The respective wives of John - Jean McLean from Edlington, and Anthony - Jane Grecian, were Northumbrian. Thomas married Janet Henderson from Fresgoe. He died in Hallum and is buried in Reay Old Cemetery, as were his two Paterson brothers. His daughter Mary and son-in-law Michael Paterson from Borrowston emigrated to Australia on the emigrant ship James Moran in 1838 from Loch Broom with many family members. Another day, another story!!

There is so much on the diaspora of the Scots including the Patersons, but space precludes till the next article, or the one after!!

The movement of people from the Clearances, and others, is still to be found if we look under the stones!! Even if just moved to other nearby Caithness or Sutherland locations.

It opened another door for me. Martin Paterson from Wanaka, New Zealand, fifth generation from Thomas, has just published a family book on the Patersons, a copy of which he sent to the Northern Archive, Wick. "A Story of Land and Sheep", well researched. Spare a little time to look at it. The new Archive has comfortable seating and very helpful and good company!!

I now have several DNA matches with Douglas and Paterson descendants in Australia and New Zealand, and some later Douglas immigrants to BC, and am starting to understand the life of a Shepherd (more a farm manager)!

Next morning, I took a bus to Inverness, which I described in my previous article.

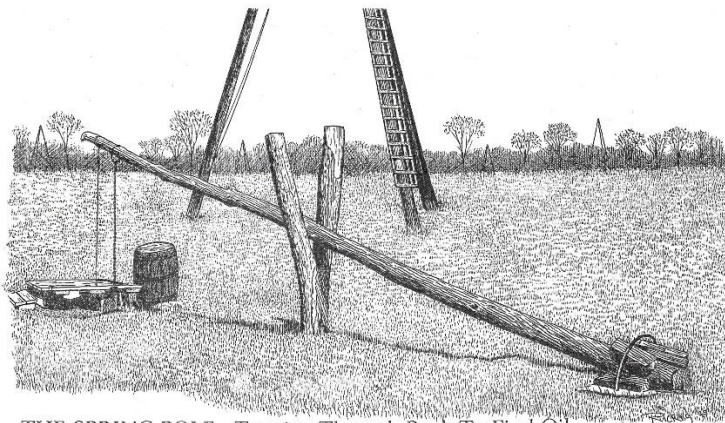
Submitted by Jane E. Thompson - #1475

DID YOU KNOW? By Jean & Neil Armstrong.

The First Oil Well in Canada was dug in 1858 near Oil Springs, in Southern Ontario. Some say it is the location of the first commercial oil well in North America.

The presence of oil in Enniskillen Township, Lambton County, was observed by early travelers and by the pioneer farmers who found the sticky tar-like gum beds where the oil had seeped to the surface. Like the California Gold Rush of 1849, this oil lured hundreds of men, all seeking their fortune. They called the oil "Black Gold".

In 1852 the Tripp brothers purchased 200 acres, and used the tar in the gum beds to produce asphalt for paving, transporting it in barrels about 12 km to the train in Wyoming. There was a market for it in Europe, as Paris, France had asphalt sidewalks since 1838. The Tripp business failed as it was too difficult to move the product by horse drawn stone boats on the muddy trails through the Enniskillen swamp. They sold their 200 acres to James M. Williams who in 1858 dug the first oil well in Canada and later established a refinery at Hamilton. In 1861, an Irishman by the name of Hugh Nixon Shaw, drilled the first oil well into the rock by jumping up and down on a spring pole. On the day he was about to give up, the earth began to shake. Not only did he strike oil, but brought in the first oil "Gusher" or "Wild Well" in the world. No one knew how to shut it off. The oil shot up over the tree tops for four days. One hundred thousand barrels of oil spilled across the land and down the creek to the St. Clair River until someone found a method to plug the well. From these early beginnings, developed one of Canada's most important industries.



THE SPRING POLE - Tapping Through Rock To Find Oil

The Tripp brothers also boiled the tar like substance in large kettles, producing kerosene for lamps.

A Canadian drilling rig, seen beside the museum below, was invented and by these early drillers. It could be dismantled and easily moved. "Hard Oilers" as the first drillers are known, took the idea of the Canadian rig around the world. A Jim MacLachlan is listed on the Honour Roll of Drillers who Pioneered the oil fields of the world. They took their expertise, gained in the early oil fields of Oil Springs to Russia, Africa, Persia, Trinidad and South America, Borneo etc.



At present many local volunteers are lobbying to have the Oil Museum of Canada near Oil Springs designated as a UNESCO World Heritage Site. Charlie Fairbanks, 4th generation oil family, still operates approximately 300 oil wells next to the museum and trucks the oil to Imperial Oil Refinery in Sarnia. This museum is located a few miles south of Oil Springs. 519-834-2840 for information. Horse drawn wagon rides through the oil field are offered on Sundays afternoons in August.

When oil production slowed in the Oil Springs area, further exploration resulted in new discoveries in what is now known as Petrolia. Refineries, nitro-glycerin factories and other businesses connected to the oil industry were built. Numerous derricks and pumps were located throughout the town producing the "Black Gold". Frederick A. Fitzgerald, first president of Imperial Oil constructed the brick building housing the Fitzgerald Rig in 1903. At first it was powered by a steam boiler, later converted to electricity. It efficiently pumped many wells using "Jerker rods" extended from both ends of the building, stretching in all directions.



The Large Fitzgerald Rig at Discovery



"Jigger Lines" at Discovery



Neil repairing window in Blacksmith Shop

Double jerker lines invented by John Henry Fairbanks, solved a problem by operating 20 wells or more from one engine. The poles ran parallel to the ground and were suspended one foot above it. Squeaking as they "jerked" back and forth pumping the wells.

In 1972 a concept of a "demonstrational oil field" to supplement the Oil Museum of Canada was proposed. Murray Bradley owned and operated a fifty-acre oil field in Petrolia from 1949 to 1972. When he was unable to continue, he offered the site to the town for the purpose of developing an historic oil site, now known as The Petrolia Discovery Foundation. Buildings such as the Imperial Oil pump house, Marthaville church, Enniskillen school house, a blacksmith shop, Watson Mill, etc. were moved to the site, but the main focus is seeing an oil field operate as it did in the 1800's. The Fitzgerald Rig, is an original building, still runs the jerker lines to pump the oil wells, others are now powered by electricity. The Petrolia Discovery historic site almost closed last November, but with new members on the Petrolia Discovery Foundation Board, volunteers are returning and this historic site has come back to life. The Petrolia Discovery site is located in Petrolia. Tours by appointment by calling 519-882-3459 or 519-882-0897.



Early post card looking north on Centre St. Petrolia. Wooden wagons that used to transport the oil.



References: Rivers of Oil by Hope Morritt; Petrolia Discovery: Canada's tale of toil and oil text by Patricia McGee; Crude Beginnings: a history of The Petrolia Discovery, text by Janice Mills. The Three Greats of the Oil Industry of Canada by K. Gordon MacLachlan.

Other sites of interest in the area besides the 2 Oil museums are – VPP -Petrolia's live theatre, Uncle Tom's Cabin at Dresden, with Parks blue berry farm close by, winery, golf courses, etc. Come for a visit!

Foot note: Yesterday I researched at the Oil Museum of Canada and at the Lambton County Archives in Wyoming, but could not find any information about the "Hard Oil" Jim MacLachlan. But I found that Beatrice MacLachlan had been Curator of the Oil Museum of Canada from 1961 to 1979, for 18 years. In 1970 her husband, K. Gordon MacLachlan wrote a small book "The Three Giants of the Oil Industry of Canada". This morning, I questioned their daughter, Mrs. Don (Anne) McGugan if they were related to "Hard Oiler" Jim MacLachlan, but she didn't know and regretted her mother was not alive to answer this question. Anne said their name was originally spelled McLachlin, and her father felt it should be MacLachlan so he changed it.

Submitted by Jean & Neil Armstrong - #1431

Scottish Humour

At present, Jean Armstrong is indexing the Alvinston Free Press, 1950-1960 for births, deaths and marriages for the Alvinston Library. Alvinston is a very Scottish community, or at least it used to be - with places like Kilmartin, Glencoe, Appin, etc. close by. John Kenneth Galbraith came from this area and wrote the book "The Scots", as people in this area referred to themselves as Scots instead of Scottish.

This was in the Alvinston Free Press Dec. 24, 1958:

A Scot sent an indignant letter to the editor of the newspaper. He said that if any more stories about stingy Scots appeared in the columns, he was going to stop borrowing the paper!

Submitted by Jean Armstrong - #1431

Editor's Message

Please tell me what you do and don't like about the items in "*The Rowan Tree*", so that we may try to improve its content. Remember, this is your newsletter, and it can only be as good as your input to it, so I welcome your submissions; especially those from new members, and those from outside of Ontario. It is only in this way, that we can expand the geographic appeal of the newsletter.

Ken Godfrey - #802

Remember: If you have moved recently, have you notified CLA of your new address, so you will receive all of your newsletters - i.e. *The Rowan Tree*, and your magazine - i.e. *Clan Lachlan*? Also, if you have recently changed your e-mail address, send any/all of your changes to James MacLachlan, our Treasurer, with a copy to Ken Godfrey, please, whose names and addresses appear below. Also, remember to keep your Membership Dues current as well. Thank you.

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