



# Clan MacKenzie Society in the Americas



## Cabar Feidh

The Canadian Chapter Magazine

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he was always getting a bad press. It was by chance that a book by the same man came up for sale on e-Bay under the title A VINDICATION OF THE GOVERNMENT IN SCOTLAND UNDER KING CHARLES II. At last we could hear from the man himself and I could publish his comments. The book itself was published in 1691 and had only 65 pages. But it was an original book and so I went for it at US\$75. About an hour before the sale closed I had a notification from e-Bay that I was outbid so I thought to myself, well, get it any way and upped my bid to US\$125, only to be told that that bid was outbid also. So I upped my bid to \$150 but that was not enough either. I elected to withdraw. Somebody wanted it more than me. That was not the end of the bidding, however, and the book eventually sold for US\$212.50. Phew!!

### NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following members who have joined since the last Newsletter:

Gordon McKenzie,  
P.O. Box 1392,  
Gravenhurst, ON P1P 1V5

Heather MacKenzie,  
1829 Dublin Street,  
New Westminster, BC V3M 3A2

Joe MacKenzie,  
General Delivery,  
RAE, Northwest Territories X0E 0I0

### THE MACKENZIE "YOGH"

Why did the Mackenzie surname change its pronunciation of the letter "Z"? It was all because of the letter yogh! What is a yogh? See page 7 for an interesting article from the BBC News Magazine.

### SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE

#### BLUIDY MACKENZIE

In the last issue of Cabar Feidh I mentioned in a footnote to the article about Sir George Mackenzie that

### Cabar Feidh Newsletter:

Members who wish to write to the Society with contributions to the Newsletter please send submissions to The Editor, Clan MacKenzie Society, 580 Rebecca St., Oakville, ON L6K 3N9. or e-mail to alan@mkz.com  
Clan Web Pages: www.clanmackenzie.com & www.electricscotland.com/mackenzie

Malcolm Mackenzie,  
931 1st Avenue N.W.,  
Calgary AB, T2N 0A6

Ryan MacKenzie,  
P.O. Box 65, RAE  
Northwest Territories X0E 0I0

LoriAnne MacKenzie  
Muzzerall,  
775 Drummond Way,  
Victoria, BC V9C 3R5

### MEMBERS' LETTERS

We enjoyed a nice wee ceilidh at Willie and Jennifer's in Coquitlam last Sunday evening with a few drams, excellent food, one or two songs, piping and good fellowship; even good Haggis to put the right flavour on things. What more could a Highlander want?

*Willie MacKenzie, White Rock, B.C., Nov 22, 2005*

### TORONTO POLICE TATTOO

Toronto Commissioner Norman S. MacKenzie is once again the Producer and Director of the increasingly popular Toronto Police Tattoo. This event is being staged at the Ricoh Coliseum at the CNE in Toronto on Sunday, July 16th at 7 p.m. Tickets are available from Ticketmaster.

### CLAN MACKENZIE COACH TO ATLANTA

The Clan MacKenzie Society in Canada has decided that it will arrange a coach to Atlanta, Georgia to attend the Stone Mountain Highland Games which are taking place on October 21 and 22. The reason for this decision is that our Clan Chief, Cabarfeidh will be the Honoured Guest and the Clan

MacKenzie the Honoured Clan at this very large and important Highland Games.

The coach will leave Toronto early in the morning of October 17th picking up passengers en route and stopping overnight at a suitable hotel, probably Cincinnati, and staying four nights at the Mackenzie Host Hotel, the Atlanta Marriott Century Center. The coach will transport members to and from the campsite at Stone Mountain Park. There are plans for one of the US members to show us the sites of Atlanta and there is a wide range of activities taking place for the Clan both at the hotel and the Stone Mountain Games.

The Society will underwrite part of the cost of the coach and we are setting the price to members and spouse at \$90 for the coach. The coach will have a toilet and video and audio equipment for our entertainment on this long trip. There will be many stops for stretching legs and having meals.

Hotels (six nights) and meals are for members own cost.

These trips are particularly popular and are enormous fun. It is a great way to meet a large number of MacKenzies and establish some lifelong friendships.

If you are interested then feel free to contact with me (Alan McKenzie, address on page 1) or Secretary Mary-Lou Oyler at [secmloyl@sympatico.ca](mailto:secmloyl@sympatico.ca) as soon as you can. We need to know how large a coach to charter.

### NEW HIGHLANDER BOOK DUE FOR PUBLICATION IN MAY 2006

Three proud Highland regiments fought in North America during the Seven Year's War - the 77th

Foot (Montgomery's Highlanders), the 78th Foot (Fraser's Highlanders), and the famous Black Watch, more correctly known at the time as the Royal Highland Regiment. Undoubtedly, the exploits of the 42nd, 77th and 78th Highlanders in some of the most bloody and desperate battles on the North American continent were a critical factor in transforming the overall image of Highlanders from Jacobite rebels to Imperial heroes in the latter half of the 18th century. But the everyday story of these regiments - how they trained, worked, played, fought and died from their own point of view - has never been seriously told.

**Sons of the Mountains: A History of the Highland regiments in North America during the French & Indian War, 1756-1767**, is a two-volume set due to be co-published Spring 2006 by Purple Mountain Press and the Fort Ticonderoga Museum. It chronicles the Highland regiments' fighting performance and experiences from the time they were raised in the Highlands and stepped ashore in North America, to their disbandment in 1763; or, as in the case of the 42nd, reduced in establishment and left on lonely garrison duty in the American wilderness until their recall and return to Ireland in 1767.

Volume One of **Sons of the Mountains** follows all three regiments on their various campaigns in the different theatres of war. As they range from the wilderness of the Ohio Forks to the wind-swept crags of Signal Hill in Newfoundland, and from the waters of the Great Lakes to the torrid swamps and cane fields of the "Sugar Islands", the reader will be

exposed to all the major conflicts and actions of the "Great War for Empire" as seen through the eyes of the Highland soldier.

Cluny, the 27th Hereditary Chief of Clan Macpherson, writes from Blairgowrie, Scotland:

"As a direct descendant of a Clansman who was present on the Heights of Carillon and at Fort Ticonderoga in July 1758 I feel that I understand now far better how my forebear and his fellow Highlanders must have felt and lived and fought, and relate much more closely to those "Sons of the Mountains" of long ago. I warmly commend Lt. Colonel McCulloch's book to readers across the Atlantic and here in Scotland. He has done a great service to the memory of those who fought and died with these distinguished Regiments."

Volume Two of **Sons of the Mountains** will appeal to all families of Scottish descent and serious genealogists. It features comprehensive biographical histories of every regimental officer from all the major clans (over 350 entries) who served in North America. For example,

**James MacKenzie, 4th Ardloch (c.1740-1781)**

Ensign: 7 May 1757, 78th Foot;  
Lieut: 25 September 1759, 78th Foot; half-pay, 24 December 1763; full pay, 27 December 1770, 12th Foot; transferred on promotion;

Capt: 19 December 1777, 1st/73rd Foot (MacLeod's Highlanders) [Ed: this regiment was raised by the Earl of Cromartie's son, John Mackenzie, Lord MacLeod, and was to become, eventually, the Highland Light Infantry, wearing the Mackenzie Tartan.];

Major: 24 September 1778, 1st/73rd Foot.

James was eldest son of

Alexander Mackenzie, 3rd Ardloch, Factor to the estate of Assynt for the Earl of Sutherland and, Margaret Sutherland, a daughter of Robert Sutherland of Langwell, sister to George, 12th of Forse. During the recruiting of officers for the two new-raising Highland battalions, the Mackenzies, Sutherlands and Sinclairs provided a high number of the officers to the 77th Foot. Captain John Sutherland, 13th of Forse, writing from Caithness to Lord Loudon, put in a good word for his Mackenzie cousin with his old regimental commander from the previous war: "My Dear Lord - As many of my Friends believe that your Lordship honours me with some share of your Regard, I am often called upon for recommendatory letters to you: and tho' I'm not fond of being reckoned a troublesome Sollicitor, I now and then am forced to give your Lordship trouble this way, tho' not once in twenty times that I am dunned for such credentials - This will be delivered by a Cousine of mine, one James Mackenzie son to Ardloch, who is a very fine young Lad, at least he promised mighty well when I knew him 2 or 3 years ago in this Country. He is, I'm told, made Ensign some weeks ago in Colonel Montgomery's Battalion. If he behaves well I know your Lordship will give him your countenances and do him justice in point of promotion, which is all I have a right to expect for him ...." Forse was brother-in-law to John Sinclair, senior captain in the 77th, and had intended that young James join Montgomery's "MacKenzie-heavy" regiment. However, Forse's letter was incorrectly annotated by some staff officer with the words

"Capt. John Sutherland, Nottingham, May 7th 1758 [sic] recommends Ensign James Mackenzie of Ardloch in Col. Fraser's Regt." James was duly gazetted an ensign in the 78th Foot on 7 May 1757 and served at Louisbourg. He was wounded "slightly" at the battle of the Plains of Abraham, 13 September 1759. Parson Robert Macpherson wrote in 1761 that "James McKenzie Ardloch our fourth [mess] member is an amiable sweet blooded genteel young fellow and an extream good member of Society." Ardloch exchanged to half-pay in December 1763 on the regiment's disbandment but returned to active service as a lieutenant with the 12th Foot in December 1770. He transferred on promotion to captain in the new-raising MacLeods Highlanders in December 1777 and his regiment was initially assigned garrison duties in Jersey, largest of the Channel Islands off the coast of France. He was promoted to major before it was shipped out to Madras, India where it distinguished itself in fighting against the armies of Hyder Ali and the Tippu Sultan. He was killed in action at the Battle of Perambaucum, 28 August 1781.

Also included in the glossaries are regimental muster rolls and land petitions of discharged Highlanders. Marie Fraser editor of Canadian Explorer, newsletter of the Clan Fraser Society of Canada writes:

"Besides being compelling Highland history, SOTM is a valuable genealogical resource for all of Scottish heritage. With over 350 officers' biographies, career details and genealogical notes in the

annexes, McCulloch has identified the complex ties of kinship, marriage and friendship that bound the most prominent Scottish families of the day together during the Seven Years War between Britain and France fought in North America, known to some as the French & Indian War."

Lavishly illustrated with artwork by Robert Griffing, Steve Noon, Peter Rindisbacher, Gary Zaboly, Charles Stolz and John Buxton, as well as with contemporary prints, maps and portraits from the collections of the Black Watch Museums of Scotland and Canada, the Fort Ticonderoga Museum, the Fort Ligonier Museum, the William L. Clements Library, the National Army Museum, Chelsea, the David M. Stewart Museum, Montreal, the National Archives of Canada and the Library of Congress, **Sons of the Mountains** is a visual delight.

Without a doubt, **Sons of the Mountains** is the most complete and informative work on the history of early Highland regiments of the British army in North America to date and will be published in Spring 2006. For further details on pre-ordering and prices, see Purple Mountain Press website at <http://www.catskill.net/purple/order.htm> or write for details at: Purple Mountain Press, Ltd., PO Box 309, Fleischmann's, NY, 12430-0309. Phone: 1-845-254-4062.

#### CUTE SAYINGS

Having some nine grandchildren, some of whom are very young, we are hearing almost on a daily basis some remark made by the youngest in their early attempts at speaking.

My two-year old granddaughter

Delia McKenzie Jansen was watching her mother doing the washing up. Out came the comment, "What doing mummy, what doing in my house?" Obviously a strong sense of home ownership coming through at an early age. Another comment on seeing her parents having dinner. "mummy dinner, daddy dinner, where Delia dinner?"

Grandson 7-year old, Sebastian Sullivan was seeking a suitable Christmas present for his two-year old brother, Daniel. So with his one dollar firmly in his fist he went to the local school present table and bought a baseball cap. The same one his mother had donated weeks earlier. He also consulted his grandmother on what to get for me for Christmas. "I do not know what to get for grandad" he said, "he's kind of picky!"

#### PICTISH DNA

Mark Courtney, our intrepid source of intelligence from Scotland has cleverly picked up on this article from The Time newspaper of September 21, 2005.

"Scots with the surname Reid, Robertson and Duncan are to have their DNA tested to see if they are related to an 8th-century Pictish warrior. Perth Museum has agreed to allow samples to be taken from the Pictish skeleton, nicknamed Nechtan, and a reconstruction of his skull will reveal his facial appearance. Members of the worldwide Clan Donnachaidh society expect that some of their members will be found to resemble their 1,200-year-old relative."

We copied this article to Family Tree DNA of Houston, Texas, to see if they might be able to access the results.

#### SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH ANCESTRY IN THE UNITED STATES

Here is another press report of interest. The United States census of 2000 reported 24,515,138 people with English ancestry - 8.67 per cent of the total population - the majority residing in California, Florida, Texas, New York and Ohio.

The Irish-American population outnumbers the Anglo-American, the same census listing 30,528,492 people claiming Irish ancestry, 10.8 per cent of the total U.S. population and more than seven times the population of Ireland.

Estimates for Scottish and Welsh Americans were 4,890,581 and 1,753,794 respectively. Together those Americans claiming British or Irish ancestry far outweigh those from other European countries.

This shows that the Canadian probably have almost as many people of Scots descent as the United States, which has ten times the population.

#### MAMMOTH BAGPIPES

Another press cutting from Mark Courtney is interesting. A Scottish craftsman has sold the first set of bagpipes made from woolly mammoth tusks.

Tim Gellaitry, 45, of Stirling, got the idea of using tusks from the long-extinct beasts after the use of elephant ivory was banned in a bid to combat poaching. Other manufacturers use wood or plastic to make their pipes.

Scientists are allowed to remove mammoth remains from Alaska and Siberia for research with the surplus tusks being sold off.

An Italian musician paid £3,500 for the pipes.

This mention of mammoth tusks



*Cabarfeidh 2005*

was reported elsewhere and if I remember correctly there are thousands of these remains in Siberia.

### **MORE ON DNA**

Here is a part of an interesting article which appeared recently in the newsletter "Ancestry Daily News" on the Ancestry.com website. It certainly helps to clarify the importance of DNA in family research.

### **Honoring Our Ancestors Have You Already Been DNA Tested? by Megan Smolenyak Smolenyak**

A few months ago, I was interviewed as part of an "expert panel" on the future of genealogy. Not surprisingly, I spouted off about my confidence in the ever-growing role of genetic genealogy, which I like to condense to 'genetealogy.'

### **Eye-Opener**

When the article came out, I received a bit of an education. Others had remarked that genealogy wouldn't be much of a factor until the databases of genetic data were as large as those of genealogical data -- until the entries numbered in the millions as they do at Ancestry.com, FamilySearch.org and so forth.

It was only then that I realized for the first time that many -- and possibly most -- genealogists are unaware of an important, fundamental aspect of genealogy. While it's true that genetic databases are measured in the thousands rather than millions, each person whose results are included is representing tens or hundreds of relatives by proxy. In other words, the DNA databases are far beefier than their absolute numbers would seem to indicate.

### **A Little Background**

This might be a good time to back up a bit for a quick refresher. For those who are new to genealogy, it helps to know that Y-DNA testing is by far the most popular. Only men have a Y-chromosome and it's passed intact from father to son down through the generations. It travels through the centuries and worms its way through our family trees essentially the same way that surnames do, and that's why surname projects are such a popular application.

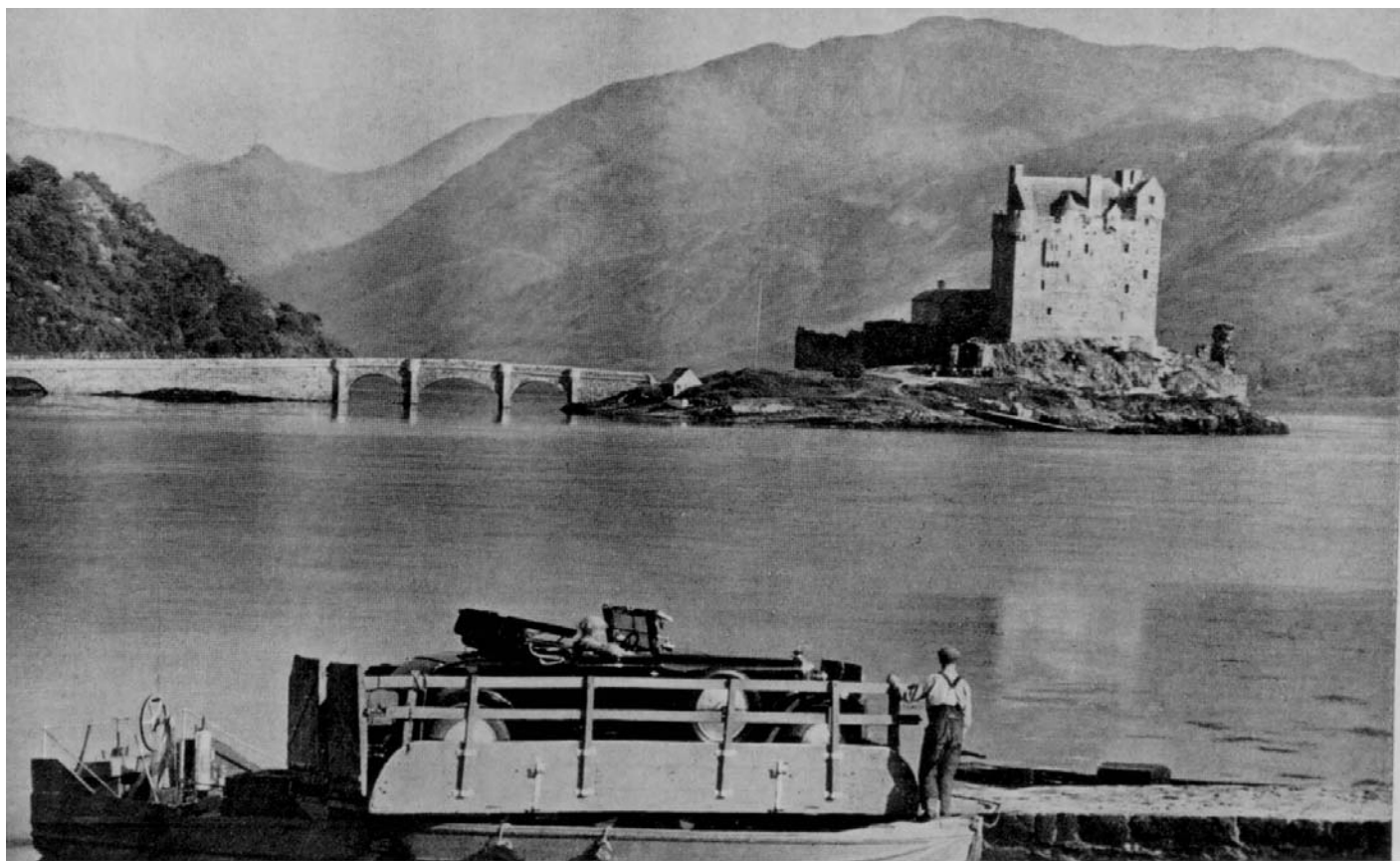
Simply put, Y-DNA and surnames go hand-in-hand. Because of this, when one man gets tested, he represents a number of others sporting the same surname. His father, brothers, paternal uncles, and paternal cousins (both living and back in time through the generations) all share the same Y-DNA.

For instance, being female, I don't have Y-DNA, so when I wanted to test the Smolenyak family I was born into, I asked my father. But I could have also turned to one of my brothers, my father's brother, or a male Smolenyak cousin. Similarly, when I wanted to get my maternal grandmother's maiden name (Reynolds) represented in a Reynolds surname project, I sought out a male Reynolds cousin -- in this case, a first cousin once removed -- to take the test.

### **One Y-DNA Test Goes a Long Way**

I was curious about the ripple effect of a single DNA sample, so as an experiment, I counted how many people in my family tree were represented by proxy by my father's test. The result? 62. Of these, 32 are alive. Of course, that figure will grow over time as I continue my research and identify other Smolenyaks





*Thanks to Mark Courtney once again for this interesting old photograph of Eilean Donan Castle, taken about 70 years ago. The Dornie Motor Ferry is in the foreground with a laird enjoying the view from his car.*

-- and as fresh sprouts are added to the branches of our family tree!

On the day I wrote this article, the largest testing company's website [Ed: Family Tree DNA] indicated that their database contained 47,857 Y-DNA records. If my father is typical, then 47,857 x 62 people have been tested by proxy -- about 2,967,134 people by just one company.

Ed: This is an important point Megan Smolenyak makes. In my own family I have just one brother with the name McKenzie. Two sons and two grandsons. All my numerous other relations and cousins have other surnames through female McKenzie lines. But the whole point is that my McKenzie grandfather had six other male sons who survived to adulthood and their whereabouts and families are

unknown to me. Similarly my great grandfather had another four male sons, other than my grandfather, and there are more family trees out there to be discovered. And in fact I have proved through DNA my relationships with the vast New Zealand branch of the McKenzie family, who descend through just one known son of my fourth great grandfather, Andrew Mackenzie, born in Nigg, Ross and Cromarty around 1700. My family tree contains 258 people with the surname McKenzie and the vast majority of those are the descendants of Thomas Urquhart McKenzie who emigrated from Scotland to New Zealand in 1841 and had 21 children! That is just a single line. There must be many thousands more out there and only DNA will discover them.

By the way, I have volunteered

and have been accepted as the Regional Coordinator for Ontario of the International Society of Genetic Genealogists. I did think about acting for all of Canada but that would involve holding meetings across Canada and that gets a trifle expensive for a volunteer.

### **THE STRANGE CASE OF THE STAMPEDING COW**

*The following article was sent by Mark Courtney. It was reported in The Inverness Courier, November 11, 2005 by Willie Morrison.*

**A**n Ardersier exile who appealed to homeland contemporaries through the Courier's Shennachie column for confirmation of one of his favourite stories has received corroboration from readers

Maurice Horsburgh, who emigrated to Australia 20 years ago, now has ample proof for his friends

Down Under that his tale of a runaway bull taking refuge in an upstairs Inverness tailor's shop was not a lot of bull - except for the fact that the "bull" which escaped from Inverness auction mart and careered down Eastgate to wreak a trail of damage, was in fact a seven-year old Friesian cow called Sally, belonging to farmer Hugh Munro, of Balmore of Leys.

Marlene Sutherland, now widowed and living in Dalneigh, has more reason to remember the incident than most - because it nearly ruined her start to married life.

Mrs Sutherland was working in the Buttercup Dairy in Hamilton Street on the day it happened - 2nd March 1955 - when the cow charged into the close leading to MacKenzie Bros premises and mounted two flights of stairs before falling through the ceiling into the dairy.

"I remember the date well, because my late husband Alex and I were due to get married on 17th March," she recalled.

"Mr MacKenzie the tailor had given us the lease of the flat above his shop and we had already moved some furniture in.

"My boss, Buntie Cameron, was in hospital recovering from an operation and I was looking after the shop.

"I could hear a commotion up stairs but I didn't know what it was until I went outside and saw a lot of people.

"A policeman said there was nothing to worry about. 'It's only a cow upstairs,' he told us, so I went back inside the shop.

"Suddenly the cow plunged headfirst through the ceiling and landed on the sink, breaking off a

horn, turning on a tap, blocking the sink and flooding the shop.

"I was asked later if I wanted the horn as a keepsake but I'd had enough of the cow.

"We couldn't use the flat upstairs after the damage the cow caused. The building was taken down soon after that, but fortunately we were able to get another flat in Tomnahurich Street."

Retired photography shop proprietor Jim Nairn also recalled the incident. "I was in the shop in Baron Taylor's Street when a customer came in and told me that the cow had escaped and was causing havoc in the dairy," he said.

"I grabbed a camera and went up to the dairy and I could see the staircase had collapsed.

"Then I turned and the beast was behind me. A van had stopped at the traffic lights and I took a quick snap of the look on the driver's face as the cow charged past him."

Sally had just emerged from the dairy and continued her way down High Street and across the Suspension Bridge.

According to a report in the next issue of the Courier, she was cornered in a garden at Bishop's Road and humanely destroyed.

Marlene Sutherland's boss subsequently sued for damages but her case was rejected on the grounds that the cow's escape was an "Act of God".

Another Courier reader remembered that, as a boy, he was at the Playhouse Cinema a few yards away, watching the film "Conquest of Everest" with fellow school pupils. He said the children were kept in the cinema until all danger had passed.

Mr Horsburgh received at least

two e-mails from others confirming the incident.

One was from Alison Maclean, of Inverness, whose parents-in-law lived in Ardersier, and another came from Kenneth Aitken, whose grandfather was Kenneth MacKenzie the tailor.

#### **WHY IS MENZIES PRONOUNCED MINGIS AND WHY IS MACKENZIE NOT PRONOUNCED MCKENYIE?**

The BBC News Magazine looked into this problem and here is what they came up with:

Sir Menzies Campbell is the front runner for the Lib Dem leadership, (in the UK) but why is Sir Menzies Campbell's first name pronounced Mingis?

Blame the "yogh", a letter in old English and Scots (see image, above) which has no exact equivalent today.

Pronounced "yog", it used to be written a bit like the old copperplate-style "z" with a tail, which helps explain the discrepancy between the spelling of Menzies and the pronunciation.

The rise of printing in the 16th Century coincided with the decline of the yogh, and so it tended to be rendered in print as a "z", and pronounced as such.

But there's more to saying Menzies than simply transposing the "z" for a "g" when speaking the name.

"You've got the upper 'y' sound from the back of the mouth and the 'n' sound going to meet it," says Chris Robinson, director of the Scottish Language Dictionaries. "There's a sort of assimilation of the two sounds."

According to the BBC

*continued on page 10*

## COVENANTERS

We received this letter from Dr Hugh Mackenzie in Powell River, BC

Dear Alan,

Compliments of the season, and many thanks, as ever, for your splendid work with *Cabar Feidh*.

I must confess to a little disquiet with your Covenanter-Taliban analogy. You probably have not heard of the ship "Crown" which was wrecked on Scarva Taing in Orkney, while carrying a cargo of the more recalcitrant survivors of Bothwell Brig, to be sold as slaves in Barbados? The crew escaped ashore, leaving the hatches battened on the holds.. Apparently a sympathetic deck-hand broke open one hatch, permitting the escape of a few prisoners, Some 200 perished, and a cairn marks the spot. However, family legend has it that two of the survivors, Ritch and Stout by name, were my ancestors! They settled on the west coast of Hoy, a very out-of-the-way place, where they were subsequently joined by escapees from the Risings (yes, I notice that I say Rising too) and the Clearances, and, I dare say, others who did not welcome too close communion with the law. They apparently lived in as much harmony as do most small settlements, so perhaps religious zeal had evaporated.

The nastiest part of the story is the local belief that there was never any intention of taking the "Crown" to the Americas. She was apparently ill-found and not provisioned.

I have not yet got round to sending my DNA for analysis, but fully intend to do so! Enclosed is the cheque for my annual dues.

Again, many thanks.

Hugh

Ed: I thank Hugh for this very interesting letter. I suspected I might get some sort of reaction to the comparison of the Covenanters to the Taliban and it was not intended to be insulting to the primary Scottish Christian religion. I recall saying something similar at a talk I gave to the local Burns Club, and one of the members said that he thought my comment to be "very unkind." My own family were devout Presbyterians, grandfather Archibald McKenzie read the lesson and Aunt Mary McKenzie played the harmonium in the Presbyterian Church in Woolwich, London. The Covenanters of the 17th century were extreme Presbyterians (they were thoroughly anti-Catholic) and many were quite prepared to lay down their lives for their beliefs in resisting the policies of Charles II (whom they suspected of being a Catholic at heart). Sir George Mackenzie was one who helped Charles crush any resistance.

I spent a considerable amount of time downloading a lengthy book for the website [www.electricscotland.com](http://www.electricscotland.com) entitled "Ladies of the Covenant" written very much from the Covenanters' point of view of that most dangerous time in Scottish history. Sad as many of their stories were, (including Lady Anne Mackenzie) I still find that form religious extremism difficult to justify; much in the same way as those people in the Middle East who are just as willing to blow themselves up for their religious beliefs. That was the comparison I was trying to make. Apologies to all if I offended.

For those interested in this subject the aforementioned book "Ladies of the Covenant" can be found at [www.electricscotland.com/history/ladies/](http://www.electricscotland.com/history/ladies/)

Alan McKenzie



## GENEALOGY

*We had the following letter from **Kenneth A. McKenzie, #421 10103-111 Street, Edmonton, Alberta T5K 2Y1.** There is enough detail here that perhaps members may be able to trace a family connection. If so, get in touch with Kenneth (and us). We welcome more such detailed search requests.*

William McKenzie and his wife Elizabeth are my great grandparents.

William died June 11 1875 at the age of 56 years according to his tombstone. In the Huron Expositor of June 18 1875 there was a death notice confirming William McKenzie's death on 11 June 1875. His birth date would be approximately 1819.

Elizabeth died April 15 1872 at the age of 52 years according to her tombstone. Her death notice published in the Huron Expositor stated that Elizabeth McKenzie aged 52 years, wife of William McKenzie, died on the 15 April 1872. Her birth date would be approximately 1820.

Both tombstones were located in the graveyard of the Free Presbyterian Church of Brucefield in Tuckersmith Township on lot 27 Concession 1 on the east side of the London Road south of Brucefield.

The tombstone of Elizabeth bore the words, "a native of Sutherlandshire Scotland". Elizabeth's maiden surname is not known, but might be found on her marriage record.

The 1861 census states that William and Elizabeth were both born in Scotland, and each of their 5 children were born in Upper Canada. Their 5 children listed on the 1861 census were:-

Elizabeth, born in 1847; Agness, born in 1849; John, born in 1851; Margret, born in 1852; Kenneth, born in 1855.

I do not know where in Ontario (Upper Canada ) that William & Elizabeth lived prior to 1851.

However William on 30 Nov 1850 bought by land lease from the Canada Company Lot 16 Concession 4 London Road Survey, which was located in Tuckersmith Township, in Huron County. His third child, John, was born on that property in 1851. John was my grandfather. Title to the above land was transferred to William on the 28th of Feb. 1861.

The census for 1861 states that William & Elizabeth were married in 1841. If that is correct, they had no children for the first 6 years of their marriage, and then a child every 2nd year. In the Edmonton Public Library there are volumes that record some of the marriages that took place in Upper Canada in the 1840's. On Dec 14 '04 I searched these records for the years 1841 to 1846 inclusive and failed to find a record of the marriage of William & Elizabeth McKenzie.

I wanted to search the 1851 census but was advised that census, on film 11728, Township 147, Tuckersmith, was missing.

The census records for 1861, & 187 I disclose the following:-

Name	1861 Census Age	1871 Census Age
William McKenzie	40	48
Elizabeth McKenzie	42	42
Elizabeth McKenzie	14	24
Agness (Nansia) McKenzie	12	22
John McKenzie	10	20
Margret McKenzie	6	17
Kenneth McKenzie	4	15

This is clearly the same family, although the wife reported the same age on two censuses ten years apart, and there are other small discrepancies, perhaps due to the time of year.

Commencing early in 1829 the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon had an arrangement with the Secretary of State for the Colonial Dept. that he could send successive groups of emigrants to Canada where each family would receive a grant of 100 acres. After several groups had successfully emigrated the arrangement was changing so that instead of a grant of land, the emigrant would be required to purchase the land offered to him. The emigrants came mainly from the Duke's lands on the Isle of Arran. A group of 35 emigrants left Scotland in April of 1831 and the list included a William McKenzie from Lochranza on the Isle of Arran. If this person was my great grandfather, he would then have been about 12 years of age. The Scottish Church records could be checked to see if they record the birth of a William McKenzie

*continued from page 7*

Pronunciation Unit, the name can be phonetically transcribed as “MING-iss”.

“It rhymes with ‘sing’ but with-



*Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Scatwell  
with piper Evan McKenzie*



out the hard ‘g’,” says BBC pronunciation linguist Catherine Sangster. “Think of the difference between ‘finger’ and ‘singer’. In Menzies, you want the ‘n’ to immediately form into the soft ‘ng’ from singer.”

The yogh takes a softer “y” sound in the word capercaillie, the name of a large grouse, which the Oxford English Dictionary spells “capercaillie” or “capercaillie”.

The same goes for the Scottish surname Dalziel, pronounced Dee-ELL.

The yogh owes its origin to the Irish scribes who arrived in Saxon Britain in the 8th Century and began teaching the Anglo Saxons to write - before this, old English was written in runes, says Ms Robinson.

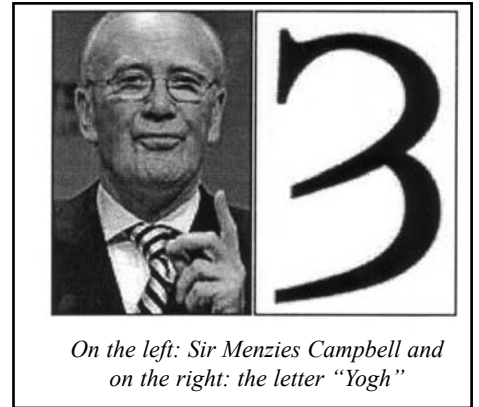
It fell out of favour with the Normans, whose scribes disliked non-Latin characters and replaced it with a “y” or “g” sound, and in the middle of words with “gh”. But the Scottish retained the yogh in personal and place names, albeit mutating into a “z” to please the typesetters of the day.

Inevitably, however, the euphemistic “z” became a real “z”, in some quarters at least. The surname “MacKenzie” now almost universally takes the “zee” sound although it would have originally been pronounced “MacKenye”.

“I had two girls in my class at school with the

surname Menzies, one pronounced ‘Mingis’ the other ‘Menzees’,” says Ms Robinson.

Often pronunciation can be an indicator of class and status, or



*On the left: Sir Menzies Campbell and  
on the right: the letter “Yogh”*

geography. But in the case of Menzies it’s purely arbitrary, says Ms Robinson, who advises to always check.

Those south of the border {England!} might be surprised to know that the newsagent chain John Menzies takes the old pronunciation, and so should be John Mingis.

The company’s website has a bit of fun with the potential for misunderstanding, invoking the following poem to make its point:

A lively young damsel named Menzies

Inquired: “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.”

*[Ed: This is the first time I have seen this definition of the yogh and at last puts to bed this old argument of the old pronunciation of Mackenzie. Thank you BBC!]*

#### ALBERTA CHRISTMAS GATHERING

On the left are a couple of pictures from Calgary taken by Frank Starratt.



Vancouver - top left gathering for the pot luck dinner.

Top right: The two Joans - Commissioner Joan MacKenzie is on the left. Everett's wife Joan is on the right.

Far left: Everett MacKenzie presents the Haggis

Near left: Ian and Everett piping, sporran, the nubby socks and tied shoes, engage in the pipes, the song and the traditions... my oh my!!

Until then...Cheers to you and all the best for the year ahead.

Joan.

*[Joan MacKenzie is a Commissioner of the Clan in British Columbia]*

### REPORT FORM VANCOUVER

Cheers from the Vancouver MacKenzie Clan!

Late in November, 2005, we had 25 people gather at William and Jen's home for an evening around a potluck dinner. The fog was thick that night but we tenderly found our way and safely home too. We found it easy to move around the house and pockets of people were chatting everywhere. William and Jen's offspring joined in, adding to our numbers and our delight. Both Ian and Everett brought their pipes and each and together they played some tunes. Even at one point,

music came out and songs were sung. A new fellow, Glenn Fyfe brought a haggis and it was not only piped in, but Everett presented it in overwhelming traditional style. I'm amazed as I think about it now; even the haggis must have been proud as it burst open. The potluck presented a wide array of food which was finger-lickin' good and by 9:30pm, we were on our way home leaving Jennifer and William with the cleanup duties. We missed a few people but maybe on the next occasion, we will find them again.

I must comment on the fact that the men are beautiful. When they put on the kilt, the tartan, the

### CABARFEIDH OBJECTS TO WIND FARMS IN THE HIGHLANDS

ALISTAIR MUNRO, a Highland laird with a stake in controversial plans for an £89 million wind farm on his estate is a for-

mer chairman of the National Trust for Scotland.

Top banker Hamish Leslie Melville's Lochluichart Estate, near Garve, is a partner in a proposed 43-turbine development on the 30,000-acre property.

The turbines - which would stand 125 metres high - would form the furthest inland wind farm in Scotland. It would be visible from a number of famous mountains including the Fannichs, Ben Wyvis, Beinn Dearg, ConaMheall, Torridon and Strathfarrar, plus a couple of Corbetts.

The plans have prompted outrage among anti-wind farm campaigners. In particular, they have hit out at Melville's backing of the project in light of his previous role with the National Trust for Scotland - the nation's prestigious heritage protection body.

One protester, who wished to remain anonymous said: "It seems quite hypocritical that a man who once chaired an agency aimed at protecting land can back such a scheme. It will be a scar on the landscape, but a scar which could make a lot of money for the backers."

Mr Leslie Melville, the 61-year-old managing director of international bankers Credit Suisse First Boston, served as NTS chairman between 1995 and 1998.

It is estimated the massive development, which would sit at the gateway to the north-west Highlands, could make its various partners £625 million over 25 years.

The developer, LZN, is a combination of Dutch wind farm giant KDE, Savills property consultants and Lochluichart Estate.

Campaigners claim a wind farm

would threaten wildlife - including golden eagles - and the wild Highland landscapes which are a favourite for tourists and walkers who enjoy the area's mountains, hills and scenery.

Garve and District Community Council, which covers just 330 people in the scattered glens, has lodged an official objection and called for a Public Inquiry.

The Mountaineering Council of Scotland - headed by near neighbour the Earl of Cromartie from Castle Leod, Strathpeffer - also has lodged an objection with the Scottish Executive.

A spokesman said: "The local



*Yellowknife Pipe & Drum presentation to Floyd Adlam.*



*Commissioner John R. MacKenzie and Josephine MacKenzie - Yellowknife Burns Supper*



*Some early Highland Dancing steps in Yellowknife - I just love this one!*



*Some rather more experienced Highland dancers in Yellowknife*



*Addressing the Haggis in Yellowknife*

community is small and widespread and they do not have the manpower or resources to create effective opposition.

“Should these developments go ahead they will have a huge impact on the cultural, landscape, tourist and recreational assets and interests of this area.”

### **ROBERT BURNS ALIVE AND WELL IN NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES**

*This report and photos comes from Commissioner John R. MacKenzie in Yellowknife, NWT.*

Please find a small report on the Robbie Burns evening which Josephine [MacKenzie] and I attended on Saturday evening [January 28th]. It was a great evening! You will be pleased to hear that I am forwarding by post some completed applications for new memberships! I was also asked for more membership pamphlets during the course of the evening, so you may be getting even more requests for membership in the near future! On a passing note, I was also asked for

info on my kilt as well as the sash which my wife was wearing, so I passed out my sister’s business cards as well! [Ed. The sister is, Joyce Mackenzie Hirasawa [joyce@sonsanddaughtersofscotland.com](mailto:joyce@sonsanddaughtersofscotland.com) in Mississauga, who is a fine kilt maker!] As I state in my report, hopefully next year, I will be able to fill a table or two with Society members.

Regards

John R. MacKenzie

*Here is John’s full report:*

I am enclosing a report of the recent Robbie Burns supper, which my wife Josephine and I attended on Saturday, January 28th. It was held at the Elk’s Hall in Yellowknife, sponsored by the Yellowknife Pipe and Drum and being aided by the Ladies of the Royal Purple Society.

Tickets to the event cost \$45.00 per person and there was a full house by the time cocktails were being served. It was a great occasion to meet friends and make new acquaintances.

There were the traditional Toasts, and the tongue in cheek mastery of “Rabbie” himself administered by the Master of Ceremonies.

Highlights of the evening included an award given to Floyd Adlam for his long time commitment to the Yellowknife Pipe and Drum Band. 32 years being with the band. It was a touching ceremony for all concerned. Members of the band had even composed a song in his honor and placed it in a frame along with the Yellowknife Tartan and Badge. (See photo). Other highlights included dancers of various ages and experience performing traditional and contemporary highland dances. Some of us were asked to join and Josephine and I did our best not to step on anyone’s toes. It was a grand time! (See pictures).

It was a great evening! The Haggis was delivered in a fine fashion, and the neeps and tatties were cooked to perfection! For those that didn’t care for the Haggis (of whom there were very few I’m sure), there was a fine cut of Prime Rib.

A trip to Scotland was drawn after supper and I am pleased to say that it was a close friend of mine who held the winning ticket. I am very happy for him as it has always been his wish to visit Scotland and his ancestral home. Congratulations Dave and Norma Maclean.

My wife and I look forward to next year’s Robbie Burns Supper and plans are to reserve a complete table for the MacKenzie’s in attendance!



## ELECTRIC SCOTLAND

Many of the members will know that I have been singularly lucky in being able to meet Alastair McIntyre who runs the electricscotland website, the largest Scottish website in the world. It just so happened that he decided to emigrate from Scotland to North America to expand further his interest in this magnificent site from the USA> However, the situation in the United States was too prolonged and arduous and in the end he came to Toronto and that is how I got to meet him. He decided to settle in Ontario and eventually bought a home in Chatham. He has got very involved with the group I have been involved with for the past 20 years - The Scottish Studies Foundation and he is now on the Board of the sister society, The Scottish Studies Society where we both serve as directors. It was also Alastair who urged me to set up a website for the Canadian Branch of the Clan MacKenzie Society on his website and this he helps us with free of charge. I plague him constantly with updates to the DNA charts which change as new results come in, but he seems to enjoy receiving anything that is Scottish.

Recently he put out an offer on his e-mail newsletter to anyone who would copy Scottish history books for the website. This would involve scanning out of print and out of copyright books with the stunning offer that such people could keep the books afterwards.

Since I happen to be a prolific collector of Scottish books (over 1,000 at last count) I took him up on the offer and I scanned and put together the book "Scottish Influences in Russian History" by A. Francis Stuart, published in 1913, a subject of interest to me as I happen to be a major collector of Russian stamps and had studied Russian History. That book is now up on the website and can be read at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/russia/russiandx.htm>

I have recently transcribed a second book: "The Scots in Sweden Being a Contribution Towards the History of the Scot Abroad" by Th. A. Fischer, published in 1907. I chose this work as we are aware that the son of the third Earl of Cromartie, John Mackenzie, Lord MacLeod, became a Marshall in the Swedish army and was ennobled with the title of Count Cromartie in Sweden. The book surprised me and it appears that the Scottish officers seemed to run the Swedish army and they went over in their hundreds. Indeed John Mackenzie got a short note in the

Supplement, which was a disappointment. Nevertheless, an interesting history and that can be found at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/sweden/swedenndx.htm>

Quite apart from our own Clan Contribution at [www.electricscotland.com/mackenzie](http://www.electricscotland.com/mackenzie) there are countless books, articles, songs, and even jokes and stuff for kids to be found. It is well worth exploring if you have an interest in Scotland.

### HENRY MACKENZIE - THE MAN OF FEELING

*I have just started transcribing yet another book "Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century" by Henry Gray Graham. One of these men of letters is Henry Mackenzie. I was once told by Graeme Mackenzie, the Clan genealogist, that he might be a relation of mine, but I have no proof of that. Henry Mackenzie was famous for two reasons. The first was his book "The Man of Feeling" which was one of the most popular books ever written in Scotland and today is never heard of. I have actually read it and it would not suit modern tastes. The second reason for his fame is he was the literary critic who "discovered" Robert Burns and whose favourable reviews created the start of Burns own great fame.*

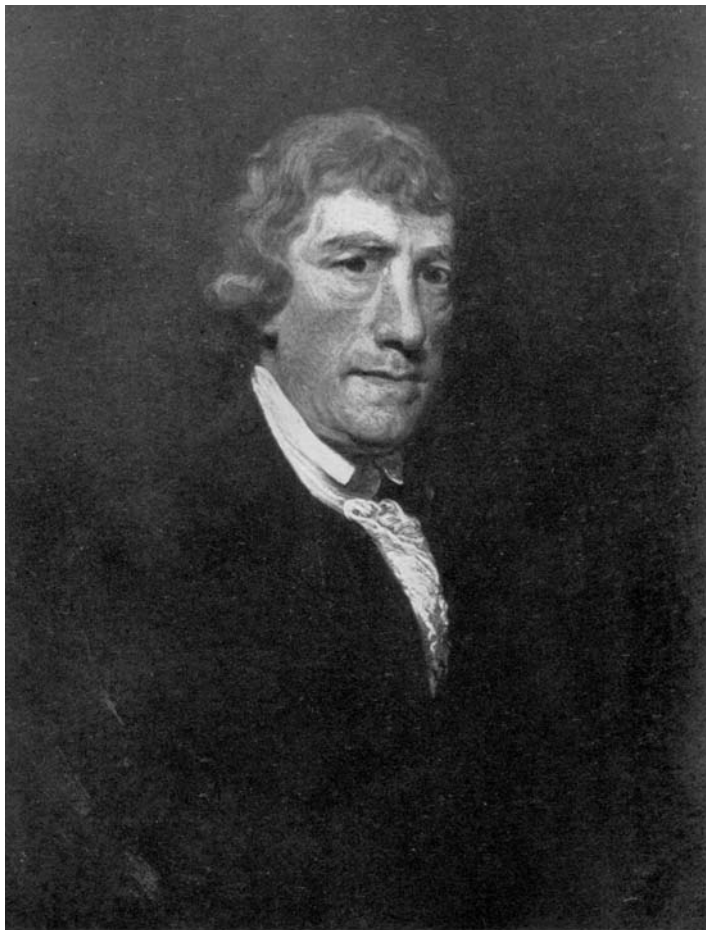
*Here is what Mr Graham has to say in his witty way on Henry Mackenzie (published in 1908).*

In 1771 a small volume appeared anonymously called The Man of Feeling. Soaked with sentiment, it gives the story of a man sensitive to his finger-tips to every form of emotion, who passes through a succession of harrowing scenes, by which he is wrung with agonised compassion. At once it gained popularity. The libraries of Tunbridge Wells, Bath, and Cheltenham were besieged by ladies demanding to be the first to read it; it lay on the drawing-room tables of every one pretending to fashion, who, jaded with routs and gaming-tables, wept till their rouged and powdered cheeks presented runnels of tears, like cracks on old china, over "dear, good Mr. Harley," who would not let a beggar pass without a shilling and a sigh, though the reader herself would not cross a puddle to save a life. This novel appeared at a period when the tide of sentiment had been



set flowing by Clarissa Harlowe, which was then affecting “feeling hearts” in England, to whom Sterne’s *Sentimental Journey* appealed adroitly with its falsetto pathos.

The author, whose name the public did not know, was a kindly, lively, hard-headed man of business. Born in August 1747, in Libberton’s Wynd, Henry Mackenzie from his earliest days was familiar with the brightest, liveliest literary company in Edinburgh. As a boy he heard the best talk in High Street flats, when up



*Henry Mackenzie*

*From the Painting by W. Staveley in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh*

the dark stairs ladies and men of note picked their steps carefully over the dirt to reach them. As they drank their tea he was proud to hand round cups and napkins for their laps, and listened wonderingly to

great literati’s talk. Destined for the legal profession, he studied Exchequer business in London, and married and settled as a lawyer in his native town.

In a lofty tenement in M’Lelland’s Land, where the Cowgate joins the Grassmarket, for years lived old Dr. Mackenzie, his second wife and family, with Henry Mackenzie, his wife and children - all forming a harmonious and genial household. On the third floor Mrs. Sym, Principal Robertson’s sister kept boarders - one of them being young Mr. Brougham of Brougham Hall, who was to marry the daughter, Eleanor, and become father of Lord Brougham. From the windows they looked down on the twenty carriers’ carts which came from and departed to all parts of Scotland from Candlemaker Row.

He was at the age of twenty-six when he turned from his writs and his law cases to write the book on the fame of which his memory and his familiar title the “Man of Feeling” rest. As no one claimed this anonymous work, a Mr. John Eccles, an Irish clergyman living in Bath, thought it a pity that its authorship should go a-begging, so he carefully transcribed the whole book, made appropriate blots and pseudo corrections to give his papers a plausible appearance of being an original manuscript, and fatuously proclaimed it to be his own. The publishers denied the claims of this poor creature, whose death in trying to save a boy from drowning in the Avon may be allowed to atone for his mendacity. Evidently in Bath his imposture was not known, for in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* of 1777 there are verses “by an invalid” “on seeing the turfless grave” of the Rev. Mr. Eccles, winding up with an epitaph which begins:

Beneath this stone "The Man of Feeling" lies:

Humanity had marked him for his own,  
His virtues raised him to his native skies,  
Ere half his merit to the world was known.

[*Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1777, pp. 404, 452;  
Boswell's *Johnson* (ed. Hill), i. 423.]

The phrase "beneath this stone 'The Man of Feeling' *lies*" is excellently appropriate.

In the tale the Man of Feeling sets forth for London, on his journey encountering characters that touch his "sensible heart" - for "sensible" was not the prosaic cold-blooded quality of to-day. Beggars on the road who steal hens and tell fortunes win his charity and his tears; humorists in inns impose on his infantine simplicity; he visits Bedlam - then one of the favourite sights of London for pleasure-parties - where he witnesses with anguish the lunatics, on straw and in fetters, who moved the visitors to merriment. From scene to scene he passes, his good-nature imposed on by rogues and his heart touched by the misery of unfortunates whom he restores to peace. At last, after a quaint love episode, Mr. Harley dies. The book is moist with weeping. The hero is always ready with "the tribute of a tear." An old cobbler turns out to be a friend of his youth. " 'Edwards,' cried Mr. Harley, 'O Heavens!' and he sprang to embrace him, 'let me clasp thy knees on which I have sat so often' "; and after hearing his tale he "gave vent to the fulness of his heart by a shower of tears." " 'Edwards, let me hold thee to my bosom, let me imprint the virtues of thy suffering on my soul,' " etc. A shepherd blows his horn. "The romantic melancholy quite overcame him, he dropped a tear." The lachrymal ducts are in

excessive working order in all the characters, and Mr. Harley is an inveterate sobber. There is in the novel a gentle humour which reminds us of Goldsmith's, a pathos that recalls that of Richardson, and a lack of strength which is the author's very own. Yet here is a tale which in a few years Burns was to prize - of course "next to the Bible" - which he bore about his person as he ploughed, and fingered till two copies were worn out; one of the books of sentiment on which he says he "endeavoured to form his conduct," and which he loved incessantly to quote. [Chambers's *Life and Works of Burns*, i. 64: "In the charming words of my favourite author, 'May the Great Spirit bear up the weight of thy grey hairs and blunt the arrows that bring them rest.' " (Chambers's *Burns*, iv. 180).] Samuel Rogers in his youth went to Edinburgh, anxious to see - not Dr. Robertson or Adam Smith, but the author of *The Man of Feeling*. [Clayden's *Early Days of Rogers*, p. 112.]

The success of his story stimulated Mackenzie to write *The Man of the World*, a contrast to the tearful Mr. Harley. Here is a man who rushes into selfish pleasures, and consequent misery and ruin. Even here the sentimentalist plies his business - good persons in the pages are strongly addicted to tears. Though it tries to be vivacious, it is dull reading to-day. In fact, the only things not dry in the novel are the eyes of its personages. In *Julie de Roubigné*, his next work, he strikes a more tender chord, and works out a finer theme, though not too powerfully. There is, however, pathos in this epistolary romance. Sir Walter Scott called it "one of the most heart-wringing histories that has ever been written"; but "heart-wringing" is not the sensation one feels to-day as we take it from the highest shelf, blow the top and

bang the boards together to dispel the dust of years that has fallen undisturbed upon it. Allan Cunningham said it was too melancholy to read; Christopher North pronounced it of all Mackenzie's works the "most delightful."

It is sad destiny which makes the fine thoughts of yesterday the platitudes of to-day, and the pathos of one age the maudlin sentiment of the next. We cannot weep over what our fathers, and especially our mothers, cried half a century ago. One day at a country-house the company wanted something to be read aloud. *The Man of Feeling* was selected, though some were afraid it might prove too affecting. Lady Louisa Stuart tells the result: "I, who was the reader had not seen it for many years [this was in 1826]. The rest did not know it at all. I am afraid I perceived a sad change in it, or myself, which was worse, and the effect altogether failed. Nobody cried, and at some passages, the touches that I used to think so exquisite - oh dear! they laughed. I thought we never should get over Harley's walking down to breakfast with his shoe-buckles in his hand. Yet I remember so well its first publication, my mother and sisters crying over it, dwelling on it with rapture." [*Lady Louisa Stuart*, edit. by Home, p. 235.]

While writing touchingly, and with a gentle humour too, books to which he never put his name, the author was passing an active, prosaic legal existence in Edinburgh. No pathetic lachrymose Mr. Harley was he, but Henry Mackenzie, Writer to the Signet, keen as a hawk over a title-deed, shrewd as a ferret over a pleading - indifferent to the tears of defendants in his insistence on the claims of his clients. He had his sentiment under perfect

control. See him at a cock-fight in a Canongate slum, among an eager throng of beaux, burglars, and bullies, in the dirty, ill-smelling, ill-lighted cock-pit, his kindly face all alert, and his heart palpitating with excitement as he watches the "mains" and the mangled bodies of disfeathered, bleeding combatants, which would have made Mr. Harley sob his heart out. After the fight of fowls was over, up the turnpike stair to his house jubilant he would go, proclaiming that he had had "a glorious night." "Where had he been?" "Why, at a splendid fight!" "Oh, Harry, Harry," his wife would plaintively exclaim, "you have only feeling on paper!" [Burgon's *Life of Patrick F. Tytler*, p. 25.]

The "Man of Feeling," by which name the literary lawyer became and remains known, was incessantly busy with literature. There were plays which managers declined to take; plays, such as the *Prince of Tunis*, which the public declined to see; there were essays in the *Mirror* and the *Lounger*, which were published weekly in Edinburgh, modelled after the *Spectator* or the *Adventurer*, containing contributions from lawyers addicted to polite letters, like Lord Craig and Lord Hailes, by not very humorous humorists, mildly facetious, politely moralising, with literary reviews which were sensibly critical. The best papers were by Mackenzie - such as his "La Roche," in which he delineates delicately David Hume, and his warm appreciations of the new poet, Robert Burns, in 1787. Characteristically the amiable literary sentimentalist singles out for special praise the addresses "To a Mouse" and "To a Mountain Daisy." His novels, his essays, his abortive plays, with his biographies of John Home and Blacklock, form the staple of works which he consigned to posterity in

eight volumes octavo.

It is really the character of the man rather than his writings which retains our interest in the patriarch of letters, who died in 1831, the last survivor of a brilliant age. In his young days he had danced in the Old Assembly rooms in Bell's Close, and danced attendance at the concerts of St. Cecilia's Hall in Niddry Wynd. He had been a welcome guest and pleasant entertainer of Hume and Blair, and of Adam Smith and Lord Kames. He was the gentlest visitor in the little parlour of Dr. Blacklock, where the blind poet would stand to recite his verses with his strangely swaying body, and there he had seen great Dr. Johnson talk loudly and swallow slobberingly the nineteen cups of tea which caused such dismay to good Mrs. Blacklock. He had seen, as time passed on, the men who had shed lustre on Scottish literature grow old and feeble, attired still in the cocked hats and trim wigs, each bearing the long staff, which were old-world fashions to a new century - surviving as toothless shadows of their olden selves. He saw them die one by one, leaving fragrant memories behind them, as link after link was broken with the quaint past when literature was styled "Belles Lettres."

As he grew old his memory was stored with curious recollections of the past, to which persons of another century loved to listen, when the modern political air was filled with talk of a Reform Bill. He could remember when the ground covered by the New Town was fields and meadows; and cattle browsed where Princes Street now stands; he had caught eels in the Nor' Loch when Princes Street Gardens were not even a dream of the future; he had shot snipe and coursed hares where

George Street now runs; and got curds and cream at the remote inn called "Peace and Plenty," on the place where Heriot Row, in which he was living, was built. [Scott's *Works*, iv. 178.] The High Street when he was young had been thronged with the finest of Scottish fashion and learning and wealth, who dwelt in those miserable flats which, when he was middle-aged, he saw abandoned to the poor and the squalid. In his old age he looked back on that poor and dingy past with romantic affection.

When he was past eighty, visitors at Heriot Row found the lively little patriarch in his study, [*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, i. pp. 106-9.] seated in the high-backed chair, with his black velvet cap, his brown wig, his face with innumerable wrinkles, his blue eyes shrewd beneath his white eyebrows, munching out his words with mouth sans teeth, while his wife, the graceful old lady, sat in black silk gown, high cap, fixed with lace beneath her chin; and as each visitor came in there was the eager talk of all that was going on that day. Sir Walter Scott describes [*Lockhart's Scott*, vi. 240; iii. 140.] the old gentleman on his visit to Abbotsford setting forth on a shooting expedition attired in white hat turned up with green, green jacket, green spectacles, brown leather gaiters, a dog whistle round his wrinkled neck, like a venerable Mr. Winkle - a juvenile of eighty years of age, as eager after a hare as after a law deed, sharp as a needle on politics or trout. The attenuated figure was to be seen on days when hardly any mortal could venture out, as the wind blew hurricanes, tottering across the North Bridge before the blast, his big surtout clinging close to his fragile figure. [R. P. Gillies's *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran*, iii. 51.] On such a tempestuous day he would pass eagerly

and panting into the printing-office of John Ballantyne - the clever, lively, and bibulous printer receiving him with profound obeisance, as he came to look over some proofs for his friend Walter Scott. At last the familiar face was seen no more - thin, shrivelled, yellow, and "kiln-dried," with its profile like that of an amiable Voltaire.

[Cockburn's *Memorials*, p. 265.]

When he died on the 14th of January 1881 the new generation had almost forgotten the writings of the "Man of Feeling," though the old remembered in their youth having read with moist eyes the once famous books of which Lockhart speaks with unwonted gentleness: "The very names of the heroes and heroines sounded in my ears like the echoes of some old romantic melody, too simple, too beautiful to have been framed in those degenerate, over-scientific days. Harley, La Roche, Montalban, Julie de Roubigné, what graceful mellow music is in the well-remembered cadences!" [Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk, i. 109.] Where are they now? Where are the roses of last summer?

#### IMPORTANT EVENTS COMING

Toronto Commissioner, Norman S. MacKenzie is heavily involved with a number of attractive events taking place in Canada this year. Here are some of them which he particularly recommends:

**NOVA SCOTIA INTERNATIONAL TATTOO**, 1st to 8th July at the Metro Centre Halifax. [Norman is once again the Tattoo Drum Major.]

**TORONTO POLICE TATTOO**, 16th July at the Ricoh Coliseum, Exhibition Place, Toronto. Tickets \$20.00 from Ticketmaster.

**VICTORIA CROSS TATTOO**, 14th October Tilsonburg, Ontario.

For further information on any of the above contact Norman at: [dmjrmac@sympatico.ca](mailto:dmjrmac@sympatico.ca)

#### HIGHLAND GAMES AND CLAN EVENTS

The following Highland Games are reported to be ones in which the Pipers and Pipe Band Society of Ontario will have pipe band competitions. Will Commissioners please let me know what other Highland Gaes and Socttish Festivals are taking place in the rest of Canada in time for the June Newsletter please?

We hope to have more information by June.

June 11 - Georgetown

June 25 - Hamilton

July 1 - Embro

July 2 - Kincardine

July 9 - Chatham

July 16 - Cambridge

July 16 Orillia Scottish Festival ??

July 29/30 - Maxville

July 31 - Montreal

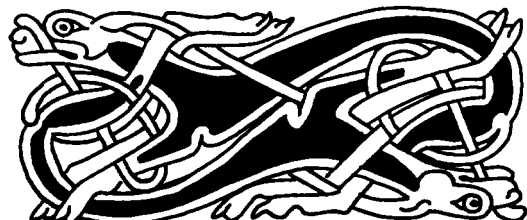
Aug 13 - Fergus

Aug 20 - Sarnia

Aug 20 - Almonte

September 10 - AGM and Picnic - Toronto

October 20-22 - Stone Mountain Highland Games  
(Cabarfeidh - Honoured Chief!)





## PUNCH ON SCOTS

Punch magazine was always intrigued by the Scots (that they called “Scotch”) and there were lot of cartoons and articles to keep the Londoners laughing.

### *The Lunnon Twang*

I've heard a Frenchman wag his tongue  
Wi' unco din an' rattle,  
An', 'faith, my vera lugs hae sung  
Wi' listenin' tae his prattle;  
But French is no the worst of a'  
In point o' noise an' clang, man;  
There's ane that beats it far awa',  
And that's the Lunnon twang, man.

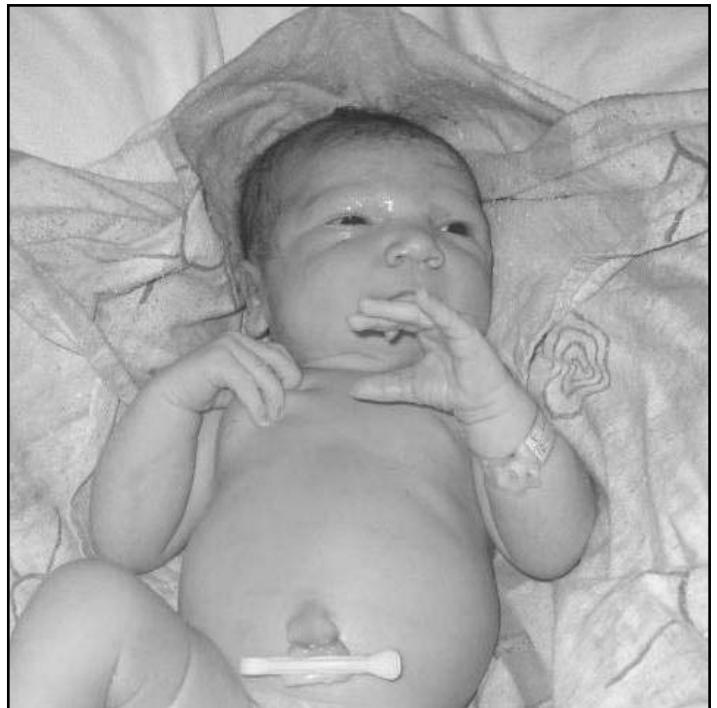
You wadna think, within this land,  
That folk could talk sae queerly,  
But, sure as death, tae understand  
The callants beats me fairly.  
An', 'faith, 'tis little gude their schules  
Can teach them, as ye'll see, man,  
For—wad ye credit it?—the fules  
Can scarcely follow *me*, man.

An' yet, tae gie the deils their due,  
(An' little praise they're worth, man,)  
They seem tae ken, I kenna hoo,  
That I come frae the Nor-r-th, man!  
They maun be clever, for ye ken  
There's nought tae tell the chiels, man:  
I'm jist like a' the ither men  
That hail frae Galashiels, man.

But oh! I'm fain tae see again  
The bonny hills an' heather!  
Twa days, and ne'er a drap o' rain—  
Sic awfu, drouthy weather!  
But eh! I doubt the Gala boys  
Will laugh when hame I gang, man,  
For oo! I'm awfu' feared my voice  
Has ta'en the Lunnon twang, man!



CATECHISM UNDER DIFFICULTIES  
*Free Kirk Elder (preparatory to presenting a tract). "My friend, do you know the chief end of man?"*  
*Piper (innocently). "Na, I dinna mind the chune! Can ye no whustle it?"!!*



*Congratulations to Ron and Ann Ship of Timmins, Ontario. Here is a picture of their new granddaughter Sophia Ella Lesperance born December 24th, 2005 at 1:00 a.m, Parents Steeve and Paula. Ann Ship, a long term member of the Clan MacKenzie Society; her mother was a MacKenzie.*



