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Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for January 30th, 2015

To see what we've added to the Electric Scotland site view our What's New page at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/whatsnew.htm>

To see what we've added to the Electric Canadian site view our What's New page at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/whatsnew.htm>

For the latest news from Scotland see our ScotNews feed at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/>

Electric Scotland News

GOLF MANAGEMENT BA (HONS)

Scotland is known as the 'home of golf' and the industry contributes £220 million to the Scottish economy. One in every 125 jobs is dependent on golf. The BA (Hons) Golf Management, based in Dornoch close to the world-renowned Royal Dornoch Golf Club and the first Honours degree of its kind in the UK, is aimed at those aspiring to a career in the golf industry, and offers the opportunity to work in various roles, with a particular focus on all aspects of managing within a golf context.

The degree provides a balance of golf-specific and management subjects to give graduates the range of skills necessary to take advantage of excellent employment opportunities. Our strong links with the industry provide opportunities for work placements, guest lectures from leading industry figures and study trips.

You will work alongside our BA (Hons) Professional Golf students.

Special features

You will benefit from our strong industry links, including the Royal Dornoch Golf Club; the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews; and Castle Stuart; as well as top clubs in the UK and abroad.

You will gain event management experience at various venues eg Dunhill Links Championships (Ryder Cup 2014) and the Scottish Open.

Work placements can be arranged locally, across the UK and internationally, including an international internship programme.

We have a full-time member of staff who is a PGA Professional.

You will enjoy a unique student experience and can participate in activities such as running the student golf club; individual coaching; personalised training and development; regular play; and competition, including Scottish Student Sport and British Universities and College Sport events.

Learn more at <http://www.uhi.ac.uk/en/courses/ba-hons-golf-management#tab-summary>

You think English is Easy?

This thread was started by Gordon in our Electric Scotland Community and enjoyed reading it so thought you might also. You can read it at

<http://www.electricscotland.org/showthread.php/4753-You-think-English-is-easy>

Electric Canadian

Old Man Savarin Stories

Tales of Canada and Canadians by Edward William Thomson (1917) (pdf)

Stories in this book include...

THE CANADIAN ABROAD
PRIVILEGE OF THE LIMITS
THE WATERLOO VETERAN
JOHN BEDELL, U.E. LOYALIST
OLD MAN SAVARIN
GREAT GODFREY'S LAMENT
MCGRATH'S BAD NIGHT
SHINING CROSS OF RIGAUD
DOUR DAVIE'S DRIVE
PETHERICK'S PERIL
LITTLE BAPTISTE
RED-HEADED WINDEGO
THE RIDE BY NIGHT
"DRAFTED"
A TURKEY APIECE
THE SWARTZ DIAMOND
BOSS OF THE WORLD
MISS MINNELLY'S MANAGEMENT

You can read this book at <http://www.electriccanadian.com/pioneering/oldmansavarinstories.pdf>

Electric Scotland

Enigma Machine

Have added puzzle 96 which you can get to at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/lifestyle/enigma/enigma096.htm>

Kincardineshire

By George H. Kinnear, F.E.I.S. (1921).

We're now up to Chapter X which starts...

The Alexandrine geographer Ptolemy gives the dwellers between Dee and Tay the name of Venicones. These were part of the race of Picts, who occupied Eastern Scotland from the Pentland Firth to the Forth. Through the district now called Kincardineshire ran the dividing line between the Northern and the Southern Picts—the Grampians. Gaels also from the west found their way into this region.

Traces of the Pictish and the Gaelic occupation are discernible in place names. "There is no district," says Dr Don (.Archaeological Notes on Early Scotland),- "in which Scottish land names may be better studied than in the ancient and still linked provinces of Angus and Mearns . . . they hold almost every type of Celtic and Saxon place name found in the country." Pit or pet and fother are Pictish, as Pitnamoon, Pitforthie, Pitskelly, Pitgarvie, Pitbeadly, Fordoun, Fettercairn. Of Gaelic origin are names of rivers, as Esk, Bervie, A an, Cowie, Luther ; of mountains, as Clochnaben, Kerloch, Cairnmonearn, Knock, Carmont, Bruxie; as well as Kincardine, Mearns, and the names of many of the parishes.

Towards the end of the fifth century the English invasion began. Over the North Sea strangers came sailing from Frisia and the adjoining districts to settle along the coast and originate the fishing villages. From these settlers, who in time pushed inland and intermarried with Picts and Gaels, the bulk of the people have sprung. This blending has produced the robust type of character that distinguishes the inhabitants to-day. Place names indicating English settlements are those ending in ton, ham or hame, kirk.

You can view this book at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/kincardineshire/index.htm>

Christopher North, A Memoir of John Wilson

By His Daughter Mrs Gordon (1863). A new book we're starting.

I have with much misgiving taken upon myself the duty of writing a Memoir of Professor Wilson, believing that my father's life was worthy of being recorded, and that it would bear to be truthfully told. I was well aware of the great difficulties attending its performance, and they proved not less than I anticipated; and I knew that I rendered myself liable to the charge of presumption in undertaking a task declined by abler hands. But I could not give up my persuasion that an imperfect picture of such a man was better than none at all, and in that conviction I have done what I could.

The many-sided character of the man I have not attempted to unfold; nor have I presumed to give a critical estimate of his works—they must speak for themselves. Now and then, in the course of the narrative, where letters are introduced referring to literary subjects, I have made a few observations on his writings; but in no other way, with the exception of those chapters devoted to Blackwoods Magazine and the Moral Philosophy chair, have I departed from my original intention of giving a simple domestic memoir. If I have in any way done justice to my father's memory in this respect, I am rewarded.

I have availed myself of the letters of my father's principal correspondents, so far as they served to throw light on the main subject, or were in themselves interesting and characteristic. I trust, in doing so, that I have inserted nothing calculated to displease or give pain to any now living. If I have erred in this or other respects, my inexperience in literary work must be my excuse.

I have spoken of the difficulties that I had to encounter. It is now my pleasing duty to thank the friends who have so kindly lent me their assistance, without which I should indeed have been much at a loss.

To my brothers, Mr. John Wilson of Billholm, Mr. Blair Wilson, and my brother-in-law, Professor Aytoun, I am indebted for memoranda and many domestic letters.

Others, too numerous to mention by name, will, I hope, accept my thanks for their courteous kindness in rendering me such service as lay in their power.

To the various students of former days, who have so heartily contributed their reminiscences of the "old man eloquent" whom they loved, I offer my most grateful thanks. Those parts of the work which are chiefly made up of such contributions, will, I am sure, be regarded by many as among its most valuable and interesting contents. To Mr. Hill Burton, the Rev. William Smith, and Mr. A. T. Innes, I am under very special obligations in this respect.

To Messrs. Blackwood I am indebted for a complete list of my father's contributions to the Magazine from 1826, which has enabled me to make use of autobiographic details otherwise inaccessible.

To Mr. Macduff of Bonhard, and Mr. John Boyd, Publisher, I am obliged for their kindness in placing at my disposal the correspondence connected with the publication respectively of the Isle of Palms and of Jamas.

Sir David Brewster and Sheriff Cay have conferred a most valuable favor upon me in permitting the use of Mr. Lockhart's portfolios.

To my friend, Mr. Alexander Nicolson, Advocate, I am especially indebted: his warm encouragement aided my labors, and his judicious advice guided me in the arrangement of my materials, which, both in MS. and in type, he also carefully revised. The trouble which he has kindly taken in connection with this work is such as could have been expected only from one of those whom Professor Wilson loved to call his "children."

In conclusion, I may express my humble hope that this volume, however it may come short of expectation, will prove acceptable to my friends and that portion of the public who love and respect the name of John Wilson.

Edinburgh, October, 1862.

You can get to this book at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/north/>

Robert Burns Lives!
Edited by Frank Shaw

I want to thank my friend Terry McGuire who keeps me updated on articles about Burns that are constantly being published in Scotland. Some days I receive maybe one article from him and other days perhaps five or six. One day I hope to meet Terry, look him in the eye, shake his hand, and raise a dram of thanks and friendship!

What a pleasure it was for me to pop open the article below on the subject of Burns' hero Robert Fergusson written recently by Rosemary Goring. Ms. Goring willingly agreed for me to use this article for our readers. This piece answers questions about Fergusson that you may never have thought to ask and sends you seeking more material on him. Burns considered Fergusson to be his brother in the muse, and I have considered them to be united as closely as Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. Yet they never

broke the law, robbed a bank, jumped from a cliff together or sailed off to South America. But Burns and Fergusson did break open the minds of many of us through the years and it is difficult to think of Burns without also thinking of Fergusson. Relying on Fergusson, Burns changed the way the world thought of poetry and songs while preserving the auld Scottish language. I trust you will enjoy this article as much as I did and hope those of you who have access to Herald Scotland can thank Rosemary for sharing on these pages with an email. She is literary editor and columnist at the Herald, and I offer a huge thank-you to Rosemary for her intellect, writing talent and mind-grasping imagination, all displayed brilliantly in this article on Scotland's Bard, as well as appreciation to the Herald for their permission to print this column in Robert Burns Lives!. (FRS: 1.28.15)

You can read this article, "Red Red Roses on a Tragic Poet's Grave" By Rosemary Goring at http://www.electricscotland.com/familytree/frank/burns_lives209.htm

Irving of Bonshaw

Was told of the Lyon Court issuing arms to Irving of Bonshaw. Also did an update on this clan to fix links and add other content.

You can read all this at <http://www.electricscotland.com/webclans/htol/irvine.html>

Our Christmas Party

By Old Merry.

A pdf book we're added to the foot of our pdf books page at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/books/pdf/index.htm>

I really enjoyed this book with all the stories and I was sure I'd put this up on the site but couldn't find it. I then discovered I'd made it available for reading in the Canadian Templar newsletter so here it is now albeit a bit late for Christmas.

The Grange of St Giles

This is a book about the history of the Lauder family between 1056 to 1848.

You can read this on our Lauder page at <http://www.electricscotland.com/webclans/htol/lauder.html>

Gaelic Songs of Mary MacLeod

Edited with Introduction, Translation, Notes, etc. by J. Carmichael Watson (1934).

I've added this to our Gaelic Page at <http://www.electricscotland.com/gaelic/>

The Book of the Garden

Added this two volume book to our Nature page. Anyone interested in the history of how our gardens developed will enjoy this book and it's also a reference source to other old books.

You can download these volumes from <http://www.electricscotland.com/nature/index.htm>

Origines Parochiales Scotiae

The Antiquities Ecclesiastical and Territorial of the Parishes of Scotland in 2 volumes added to the foot of the page at <http://www.electricscotland.com/council/>

When this Work was first projected, nothing more was proposed than to collect the earliest mention of each parish church, the dedication to its patron saint, the nature and tenure of the benefice, and its value as found in the ancient church taxations; the chapels, hospitals, and minor foundations within its territory. The recent printing of a great body of Chartularies, the registers and records of the ancient bishoprics and monasteries of Scotland—hitherto inaccessible, had induced the compiler to attempt a Parochial classification of the ecclesiastical antiquities and statistics which they contained. But in drawing from these sources, other matters often presented themselves of such utility and interest, that it was impossible to exclude them. There were proofs of the earliest settlements of laymen, instructive descriptions of old boundaries, traces of an aboriginal population disappearing, and of the rapid colonization of their successors, indications of the modes of living among all classes at a very early period. Such things could not be rejected in the account of a parish, and these, with notices of the descent of lands and fragments of territorial history, have extended the Work far beyond the original plan.

Hebrew, Israelite, and Jew - The Unholy Truth Revealed

An inquiry into why the Jews think they are 'Chosen' above others, and entitled to other people's real estate as their 'Promised Land' by Robbie the Pict.

You can download this at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/articles/hebrews.pdf>

THE STORY

Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie
A book by John McDougall

I am giving you the first chapter from this book which tells something of the life of the native Indians in and around Alberta in Canada c1865.

IT was during the last days of January, 1865, in the story of my experiences in our great Canadian West, that I parted company for a time with my readers in "SADDLE, SLED AND SNOWSHOE." We were domiciled for the night in Muddy Bull's lodge. The weather was intensely cold. I believe I am safe in saying that all through January the mercury never rose above 10 below zero, and that it ranged from this down to 50 below.

In our lodge, which was one of the best, with ordinary travelling costume on, a blanket or a robe over our shoulders, and a brisk fire in the centre of the tent, we were passably cosy; but even then we had to turn around every little while and "warm the other side." Great bright, brisk fires were kept up in those "thin leather homes" of our Indian people, entailing a vast amount of work upon the women and girls of the camps. Gradually, by example, perhaps, more than precept, we brought about a lessening of the labor of the women; but in the meantime, during the cold winter months, the furnishing of wood to keep those huge fires going gave them constant employment.. It must be said, however, they accepted the labor and drudgery with cheerful alacrity, and could be seen at all hours of the day stringing over the hills and across the plains with dogs and horses and travois, their own backs loaded to the utmost carrying capacity with wood.

The life of an Indian woman in those early days was, indeed, an extremely busy one. Packing and unpacking dogs and horses, making camps, providing wood— making making and mending moccasins and wearing apparel, cooking, cutting up, drying and pounding meat, rendering grease, chopping bones to get out the marrow fat, making pemmican, stretching, scraping and dressing buffalo hides to make robes or leather—a long, tedious process, in which not only the brains of the worker were needed in order to excel, but also those of the dead animals as well—kept her going early and late. Besides all this, the manufacturing of saddles, travois, tents and shagganappi also devolved upon the women; and yet, notwithstanding all this, they seemed, generally speaking, to be contented and happy, and with true feminine resource still found time to give to attire and adornment, and the practising of all those mysterious arts which have charmed and magnetized the other sex, doubtless through all the past of our race. No wonder these women and girls were at a premium, and cost all the way from a blanket up to a band of stolen horses! The more of them a man had, then the greater man was he.

Nor was the life of the male Indian altogether that of a sinecure. Somehow or other the idea has gone abroad that these Indians led a very lazy life. But if the man who thought this had spent some time with either wood or plain Indians, and had accompanied them on their hunting and war expeditions, he would have materially changed his views.

To follow a wood hunter on foot from before daylight in the short days, through brush and copse and heavy timber, over big hills and across wide valleys, on and on for many miles, sometimes until noon or late 'in the afternoon before a "kill" is made; or, having started game, to 'run for miles at a terrific pace, hoping to head off the quarry and at last secure a shot; then, having killed, to butcher or secure from wolf, or coyote, or wolverine the desired meat and strike as straight as possible for the camp, sometimes many, many miles distant, with thick forest and dense darkness now intervening; or it may be to have all the labor and exhaustion of such a chase without the chance of a shot, reaching camp late at night wearied and disappointed. To continue this for days, sometimes feasting and again famishing—and all this not from choice but of necessity—could be counted no easy matter. It is not for fun, but life; health, income, influence, honor, respect, all these are dependent on your efforts.

It may be with the same wood hunter you start a prime buck moose or elk during those glorious days in the beginning of autumn, and he bounds away in his strength and swiftness. Your Indian says, "We must run him down," and leads off in long, regular strides, and for a time you feel as if your lungs were in your throat and your heart is beating a double tattoo. Over and under fallen timber, down precipitous banks, up steep hills, and it takes some time for you to "catch your second wind," and to brace up your will and say to yourself, "I am also a man," and then settle down like your Indian to steady work.

He, however, is doing more than you, who are but following him. He is noting lay of land and direction of wind, calculating in order to &it across where your game may have gone around, watching the tracks, gauging the distance the buck is ahead of you, noting the settling of the earth at edge of pool or creek where the big fellow left his tracks as he ran, and you are encouraged and spurred on, or contrariwise, as the crafty hunter tells you in hushed tones what he knows.

Then, by and by, after an hour or two, or three, perhaps, of such work, you stand beside the fallen carcass and wipe your forehead and wish you had a dozen towels; but while your exultations and congratulations are hot within you, a word of caution comes from the Indian beside you: "The sun is low and the camp is far; let us hurry," and the work of butchering and skinning the meat goes on, till presently, with a load of meat on your back, you start for the distant camp. Suppose, as you tramped and climbed and panted, some one had said, "What a lazy life yours is," you would have shouted back, "No, sir; not in any sense is this a lazy life."

Or it may be your hunter friend is in for a "fur hunt," and you start with him to make a line of dead-falls for marten, or to hang a hundred or so of snares for lynx. The snow is deep, and at every step several pounds of it fall in on your snowshoe; but from early morn until late in the evening you tramp and toil, chopping and stooping and grunting over snare and deadfall, and when night is on, having carried your provisions, blanket and kettle all day, besides the baits for dead-falls and snares for lynx traps, you dig away the deep snow, cut some wood and make a fire for the night. While the fire burns, you doze and chill, and pile on fuel and wait for morning, only to repeat yesterday's work, and so on, until, having made a big detour and hung your snares and carefully fixed your dead-falls, you in three or four days reach home. Then in a short time you must visit all these, and in the intervening days make your forays for food. No one who has tried this manner of obtaining a living will pronounce it a lazy life.

But suppose you were with some plain or buffalo Indians, and, as was about the average condition in the winter time, the buffalo were from fifty to two hundred miles from your camp—the rigor of the winter and the condition of grass and wood forbidding the camp moving any nearer to them—the hunting parties had constantly to be organized and the meat and robes brought from long distances home. Under such circumstances the hunter not only had to undergo great hardships, but also to run very great risks. Storms on the bleak, treeless plains, with deep snow, and travel of necessity slow and difficult, were indeed as "the powers of the air" and darkness to encounter and overcome, and the really indolent man was not in it when such work was engaged in.

Then it was incumbent upon every able-bodied man, under the code of honor of the time, to make an annual or bi-annual or even more frequent foray for horses and scalps. These trips generally took place in the spring and fall. With the melting of snow and ice in spring, or the making of the same in autumn, parties large and small would be made up. Each with lariat and a few pairs of moccasins, and, if possessed of a gun, with as much ammunition as he could obtain, or armed with bow and quiver full of shod arrows, in the dead of night these men would start for the enemy's country, depending on sustaining life by the chase on their way. Journeying on, sometimes by day and sometimes by night, fording rapid streams and swimming wide rivers, what signified the breaking up of the season or the plunge into ice-cold water of river and swamp to them? These must be considered as trifles. By and by, when the enemy's presence is felt there will come the weary watching and waiting, amid cold and hunger, for cunning and strategy are now pitted the one against the other, and endurance and pluck must back these up or the trip will be a failure. One, two, three hundreds of miles of steady tramping, with your camp always facing in the direction of where your enemy is supposed to be. Every day or night the scouts, making thrice the distance covered by the party, keep up their constant effort to discover and forestall counter war-parties, or to find the enemy's camp; and when this is found sometimes to hang for days on its movements, and, following up, watch for a favorable spot and time either to make a charge or to steal in under cover of storm or darkness and drive off bands of horses. Then in either case to start for home, and push on regardless of weather so long as men and horses will hold out.

After a successful raid those long runs for home were great tests of horse-flesh and human endurance. With scalded legs, blistered feet and weary limbs, and with eyes heavy for want of sleep, these men, now exultant with victory, would vie with each other in the race for camp. A lazy man assuredly had no place in such trials of endurance and of hardship. Furthermore, upon the men and boys of the camp devolved the care of the horses. The herding and guarding of these gave many a weary tramp or ride, and many a night in cold and storm, without sleep or rest. And finally, the constant need of protecting their camps from the wily enemy was a source of permanent worry, and always rested as a heavy responsibility upon these men.

The rest of this book can be read at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/pioneering/mcdougall/pathndx.htm>

That's it for this week and as the weekend is almost here hope it's a good one for you.

Alastair