



ELECTRICCANADIAN.COM
AGRICULTURE & WILDLIFE
ARTICLES
BETH'S FAMILY TREE
BOOKS
BUSINESS
CHILDREN'S STORIES
CLANS & FAMILIES

CULTURE & LANGUAGE
DONNA'S PAGE
ELECTRICSCOTLAND.NET
FAMOUS SCOTS
FAMILY TREE
FORUMS
FOOD & DRINK
GAMES

GAZETTEER
GENEALOGY
HISTORIC PLACES
HISTORY
HUMOR
JOHN'S PAGE
KIDS
LIFESTYLE
MUSIC

NEWSLETTER
PICTURES
POETRY
POSTCARDS
RELIGION
ROBERT BURNS
SCOTS IRISH
SCOTS REGIMENTS
SERVICES

SHOPPING
SONGS
SPORT
SCOTS DIASPORA
TARTANS
TRAVEL
TRIVIA
VIDEOS
WHATS NEW

HELP TERMS OF USE CONTACT US

Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for January 27th, 2017

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

Got this email in and hoping someone out there can help...



Dear Mr McIntyre

Maureen Burns of the Grangemouth Heritage Trust advised me to contact you to seek your help on the Electric Scotland site.

I am working with the Friends of Zetland Park, Grangemouth, on a Heritage Lottery bid to regenerate the park.

In an extensive public consultation, one of the most popular ideas was to restore the 1882 fountain. Several components of the fountain are missing and we hoped to get funding to recreate these missing elements, and return the fountain to working order. However, Historic Environment Scotland are not able to fund this because our photographs of the missing elements are not of a high enough quality.

We have put out a public appeal to get people to submit any family photographs they might have, but so far we are drawing a blank.

There is no maker's name on the fountain, and the local history archives (including newspaper accounts of the opening of the park and unveiling of the fountain) reveal nothing. The fountain pre-dates the local Grangemouth foundry.

I wondered if you could publicise our appeal on your website?

I attach the poster and also a document containing the only images we have.

Many thanks

Jessica

Please contact G.H.T. - Grangemouth Heritage Trust (01324) 666 603 –
Annfield Place, 13a La Porte Precinct or info@grangemouthheritagetrust.co.uk

I would guess they are looking for an old photograph to get the missing detail so perhaps your parents or grandparents may have something?

Removed from the Knights Templar

Sad news this week as it was deemed that my YouTube rant about the leadership of the International OSMTH order and on the Grand Prior of Canada was deemed to have broken my oath and so I was removed from the order.

I was allowed to appeal the decision which I did but to no avail.

Of course no one even tried to answer my complaints or tried to justify my accusations so we're no better of as a result. That means no transparency, no improvements in communications and we still have an incompetent Grand Prior in Canada. On well... at least I tried. I also have to wonder if the CIA is involved with the leadership of the order and is perhaps the reason we never hear from them.

Should you wish to learn more you can watch my video and under that you will find links to other information at:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bpkABrMjnOM>

Universal Basic Income

I created a page to explore this option and today there is a report that the Scottish Government is watching developments and I've added a link to this story below in our news summary. For more information on this scheme view my page at <http://www.electricscotland.com/independence/sip/basicincome.htm>

And can I remind you that should you read of any reports on innovative new ideas from around the world please email me with the links and I'll look at featuring them within the SIP section.

Scottish News from this weeks newspapers

Note that this is a selection and more can be read in our ScotNews feed on our index page where we list news from the past 1-2 weeks. I am partly doing this to build an archive of modern news from and about Scotland as all the newsletters are archived and also indexed on Google and other search engines. I might also add that in newspapers such as the Guardian, Scotsman, Courier, etc. you will find many comments which can be just as interesting as the news story itself and of course you can also add your own comments if you wish.

From a Scottish island to New York's elite

Donald Trump's mother, Mary Anne MacLeod, was born and brought up on the Hebridean island of Lewis but emigrated to New York to live a very different life.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-38648877>

Scotland's economy: Mind the gap

Grim: the most common word used by those reflecting on the latest Scottish economic data.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-38675008>

Brexit strategy includes energy storage and battery research centre

Theresa May's industrial strategy will include a move to make post-Brexit Britain a world leader in cutting-edge energy storage and battery technology with the creation of a new research institution.

Read more at:

<https://www.thecourier.co.uk/news/politics/353724/pms-post-brexit-strategy-includes-energy-storage-and-battery-research-centre-2/>

Robert Burns paintings found to contain hidden Masonic signs

Tiny letters and symbols - such as a comet and hooded figures - have been painted in minute detail invisible to the naked eye in a series of paintings by Alexander Nasmyth, a contemporary of Burns, according to an expert on the Bard.

Read more at:

<http://www.dailyrecord.co.uk/scotland-now/robert-burns-paintings-found-contain-9626931>

How pipers called the shots at the Somme

A war correspondent reporting from the Battle of the Somme described the powerful impact of the pipes as Highland regimental pipers went into battle

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/heritage/historic-events/how-pipers-called-the-shots-at-the-somme-1-4345344>

Scottish fishermen fear Brexit bonanza will slip through the net

It's been like a noose tightening around our necks for years, says John Buchan, and now we're going to be free of it.

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/business/companies/farming/scottish-fishermen-fear-brexit-bonanza-will-slip-through-the-net-1-4345464>

Scottish company convinced The Queen to embrace solar power

Such is its reputation, the Moray-based firm's technology can be found in both Holyrood and Balmoral, The Queen's private estate in Royal Deeside.

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/future-scotland/tech/scottish-company-convinced-the-queen-to-embrace-solar-power-1-4344666>

Polmont Boys

Two inmates of Polmont young offenders institution have died within a few days of each other.

Read more at:

<http://www.scottishreview.net/KennethRoy147e.html>

Court rejects Scottish government Article 50 argument

Judges at the Supreme Court have rejected the Scottish government's argument that Holyrood should get a say on the triggering of Article 50.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-scotland-politics-38721681>

The Scotsman marks 200th anniversary with special edition

A souvenir edition has been published which includes the original front page and a letter of congratulations from The Queen.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-scotland-business-38735265>

Robert Burns and the fight to end slavery

Robert Burns, the great Scottish bard, never travelled to America but his poetry and songs had a profound effect on the emerging nation.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-38648878>

Health of children in Scotland amongst worst in Europe

The health of children in Scotland is amongst the worst in Europe, according to a major new study.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-38748722>

Ayoub Sisters Robert Burns tribute top iTunes chart

Two musical sisters from Bearsden are celebrating after their record released in time for Burns Night topped the classical charts on iTunes.

Read more at <http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-38741778>

Scots exports to UK massively greater than EU trade

The value of being part of the UK single market is four times as lucrative to Scotland as being in the EU, official figures today show.

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/news/politics/brexit-scots-exports-to-uk-massively-greater-than-eu-trade-1-4348225>

The man who can cook a gourmet meal for £1

Miguel Barclay is an Instagram and YouTube hit for his low-budget meals. Do they actually taste as good as they look?

Read more at:

<http://www.thetimes.co.uk/edition/times2/the-man-who-can-cook-a-gourmet-meal-for-1-hvmfrr7y>

Beacon to shine from Iron Age seat of power

A torchlight procession to one of Perthshire's greatest seats of Iron Age power will begin seven months of archaeological celebrations

Read more at:

<https://www.thecourier.co.uk/fp/news/local/perth-kinross/356797/beacon-to-shine-from-iron-age-seat-of-power-as-biggest-ever-archaeology-event-takes-place/>

What do senior MEPs make of Brexit?

An interesting podcast which you can listen to at:

<http://brexitcentral.com/heart-brussels-senior-meps-make-brexit/>

Scottish government interested in universal basic income

Social Security Minister Jeane Freeman said she was watching the impact of pilots in Finland, Holland and Canada.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-38757098>

Theresa May: UK and US must stand strong together

Theresa May has told US Republicans the UK and America must stand up for our interests but cannot return to failed interventionist policies.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-politics-38747979>

Electric Canadian

Chronicles of Canada

Added Volume 15: The War Chief of the Ottawas: A Chronicle of the Pontiac War

I might add that I've found text copies of these volumes so have added a link to them on the page.

You can read this at: <http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/chronicles>

Trails of the Pathfinders

By George Bird Grinnell (1911)

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

Electric Scotland

A Role for Parents, Students, and Teachers in School

Self-Evaluation and Development Planning by John MacBeath (1992)

Continuing my research into Scottish education and you can read this at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/education/rollforparents.pdf>

SIP - Education

Should all countries use the Shanghai maths method?

You can view this at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/independence/sip/Shanghai.htm>

A Case Study of a new Scottish Open Plan School

By David Hamilton (pdf) which you can read at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/education/openplanschool.pdf>

Hylton Newsletter

Got in the January 2017 edition with lots of pictures which you can read at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/familytree/newsletters/hylton/index.htm>

Scots Innovation Party

Added a page for Fisheries at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/independence/sip/fisheries.htm>

Added a page for Agriculture at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/independence/sip/agriculture.htm>

The Diary of the Reverend John Mill

Minister of the Parishes of Dunrossness, Sandwick and Cumminsburgh in Shetland 1740-1803 with selections from Local Records and original documents relating to the District. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Gilbert Goudie, FSA Scot.

You can read this book at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/shetland/johnmill.pdf>

The Celts

A 6 part BBC documentary which you can view at:

<http://www.electricscotland.org/showthread.php/5157-The-Celts?p=18194#post18194>

Shetland

I noted a video I'd put on our Shetland page was no longer available so have removed the link to it and replaced it with a couple of new videos.

You can view these at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/shetland/index.htm>

The Orkneyinga Saga

The Orkneyinga Saga is the history of the Orkneymen, Earls and Odallers of Norwegian extraction, who established an Earldom of Norway in the Northern Scottish Isles a thousand years ago.

The Orkneyinga Saga is the history of the Orkneymen, Earls and Odallers of Norwegian extraction, who established an Earldom of Norway in the Northern Scottish Isles a thousand years ago, and whose descendants for several centuries held sway over the Hebrides and Northern Mainland of Scotland Commencing with the conquest of the Isles by Hamid Harfagri, the Saga relates the subsequent history of the Earldom of Orkney under the long line of its Norse Jarls, and is, for a period of three centuries and a half, the principal authority for the history of Northern Scotland.

The narrative is mainly personal, and therefore picturesque, portraying the men in person and character, impartially recording their deeds, and mentioning what was thought of them and their actions at the time. Occasionally the Saga-writer is enabled to do this in the words of a contemporary Skald. The skaldic songs, so often quoted, were the materials from which the Sagas were subsequently elaborated.

In estimating their value as historical materials, it must be borne in mind that all history has begun in song. When great events and mighty deeds were preserved for posterity by oral recitation alone, it was necessary that the memory should be enabled to retain its hold of the elements of the story by some extraneous artistic aid, and therefore they were welded by the word-smith's rhymes into a compact and homogeneous "lay." Thus, worked into a poetical setting (as the jeweller mounts his gems to enhance their value and ensure their preservation), they passed as heirlooms from generation to generation, floating on the oral tradition of the people. Snorri Sturluson tells us that the songs of the skalds who were with Harald Harfagri in his wars were known and recited in his day, after an interval of nearly four centuries.

"These songs," he says, "which were sung in the presence of kings and chiefs, or of their sons, are the materials of our history; what

they tell of their deeds and battles we take for truth; for though the skalds did no doubt praise those in whose presence they stood, yet no one would dare to relate to a chief what he and those who heard it knew to be wholly imaginary or false, as that would not be praise but mockery.”

Our earliest Scottish chroniclers did not disdain to make use of the lay-smith’s craft, as a help to history, long after the Iceland skald had been succeeded by the Saga-writer, and the flowery recitative of an unclerkly age superseded by the terser narrative of the parchment scribe.

The art is as old as Odin mid the gods, if indeed it be not older, and these its creations. But its golden age had passed ere Paganism began to give way before Christianity, and the specimens we have in this Saga are mostly of the period of its decadence and by inferior skalds. Yet it is significant of the esteem in which the art continued to be held by the settlers in the Orkneys, that we find Earl Sigurd honouring Onnlang Ormstunga with princely gifts, Amor Jarlaskald enjoying the special favour and friendship of Earl Thorium, and Earl Kogmvald, the founder of the cathedral, courting for himself the reputation of an accomplished skald.

You can read more of this account and download the book at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/orkney/Orkneyinga.htm>

Export Statistics Scotland 2015

This publication covers estimates of both Scottish international exports and Scottish exports to the rest of the UK and can be read at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/independence/Scottishexports2015.pdf>

The Story

THE SHIPWRECKED DOCTOR

There were three of them of the same name, my class-mates in the dear old University in the High Street of Glasgow in the late fifties, when life was young and hope was high—good fellows all of them, and distinguished students. Each rejoiced in the name of William, and they had each the same surname. In calling the class roll, this identity of names was apt to cause some little confusion, so the learned professor distinguished them by the addition of the Latin ordinals as an affix to their names respectively, and they came accordingly to be thus individualized as Primus, Secundus, and Tertius. At the close of our studies, and having each received the degree of Medicus Doctor, we left our “Alma Mater,” and, for a time at least, lost sight of each other. Not long after, however, I became aware that Tertius had settled down in practice in a suburban district of a great and prosperous city, and was gathering around him a considerable clientele as his merits entitled him to anticipate he might do. Primus, I learned, had entered the army, and some years afterwards had met a soldier’s death in the rear of the fighting line in one of our foreign wars, when bravely discharging his professional duties to wounded comrades brought from the immediate front, a true doctor and a brave man. Secundus I entirely lost sight of, and all that enquiry could elicit was the fact that he had gone to sea as medical officer aboard a steamer bound for South America several years before, and that nothing had since been seen or heard of either the ship or the doctor. In these circumstances, the apparently inevitable conclusion began to be accepted that he had been lost, and slowly he began to pass out of memory. But his old acquaintances agreed in thinking that his strenuous efforts had deserved a better fate. He was a son of the profession, his father having been a much respected medical practitioner through a long life-time in a country district in Ayrshire.

Time rolled on, and it was not till possibly thirty years afterwards that I was visited by my old class-fellow Tertius, who drove up to my door in his dog-eart. From time to time, I should premise, my friend Tertius and I had been in the habit of interchanging visits with one another, when “the pleasing memories of the past” were generally brought under review. But on this occasion he had a gentleman with him, a stranger apparently. I immediately recognised my friend from the window as he pulled up at the gate of my front garden, and hastened out to receive him, when he introduced me to the friend who accompanied him. But either he pronounced the name in a very slipshod manner or my attention was pre-occupied when he did so, as I quite failed to catch the stranger’s name. This, however, was matter of small consequence at the time, and as I was anxious to prolong the pleasure of the visit, I insisted that he should put up his horse in my stable for a time, which ultimately he agreed to do, and, after seeing that everything was right there, I returned to the company.

It was early in the evening, and in the meantime my wife had been busy and supper was on the table when I entered. On sitting down, and that I might join in conversation with the stranger, I informed Tertius that I had failed, on introduction, to catch the name of his friend, when he immediately rejoined, “Do you not know him?” In answering in the negative, I further enquired if I should know him, and was told, “I think you should.” In these circumstances, I instituted a more deliberate scrutiny of the stranger, and from a glimpse I got as he slowly turned his face towards me at request, I began to recognise the features of my long lost friend, and exclaiming, “44 Secundus,” I at the same time reached over the table and shook him heartily by the hand. The pleasure of our meeting was mutual, nay, I might safely say the happiness of the reunion was common to all three.

Later in the evening he narrated to us the adventures of his remarkable voyage and singular career in his new home. The rumour we had heard at the time of his disappearance—that he had gone to sea—had been correct. His steamer sailed from the port of London

with a mixed cargo and a number of passengers for South America. When about ten days out, they passed Teneriffe, and a few days later reached the Cape de Verd Archipelago, but had no occasion to call at either place. The voyage south across the Atlantic being in short quite uneventful, the first call was at Bohia, for the double purpose of landing several passengers and discharging cargo; and "subsequently," he remarked, "we reached into Rio de Janeiro for a similar purpose. We then made track for Uruguay, that being our destination. In this run we were caught with little warning in a tremendous hurricane. The danger of our situation was immediately realized by all on board, and a most valiant endeavour was made to keep out to sea, but in spite of our most strenuous efforts, we got driven quite out of our track, and as night came down upon us we struck with great violence upon an iron-bound coast, where we broke up and became a total wreck. Of what all took place then I had only the most hazy recollections.

"When I came to myself it was now daylight, and I discovered I had been thrown among a lot of broken rocks at the foot of a tall cliff, by the violence of the sea rather than by anything I could have done for myself, and that though the storm had largely abated by this time, the waves were still running high on a wild sea. I could see no one around me, and though I shouted as best I could, I got no answer. It appeared as if I was the sole survivor of the terrible disaster. Some spars had been washed in near to where I lay, but the ship itself had entirely disappeared, and with her the hands that were aboard, for the passengers, I began to recollect, had mostly left us at the two ports where we had called. But oh! the misery of my lonely position as I lay there, bruised and sore, more dead than alive, reflecting on my dilemma, conscious that my whole earthly belongings were on my back, such as they were. Memories of the past crowded upon me—my university days, the hopes by which I was then actuated and upheld, the voyage that had just ended so disastrously from which I had expected much, my home, my parents, and friends. Still I was grateful for the escape I had made and thankful for having my life spared to me.

"As morning advanced, the heat of the sun made me feel more comfortable, but I was sick and, on trying to get up, I found I was too giddy to stand, and was fain to lean back and remain where I lay. I had no conception of where I was, or of any way of escape, and had almost begun to abandon myself to despair. The news of the wreck had apparently spread, however, or was possibly looked for or expected after such a gale, for as the day advanced, I began to hear people talking, some of them, I observed, in my own tongue on the cliff above me. I then shouted and called out with what power I could, and shortly after had the happiness of seeing several men endeavouring to reach where I lay by descending the steep rocky mountain slope that surrounded me. By these men I was carefully carried to a comfortable home and put to rest, and with kind attention was soon restored to such a degree of strength as enabled me to walk about again, and bye and bye, thanks to a good constitution, I soon recovered my usual energy. Of course, I had to acquaint my kind friends with all about the wreck and myself, who I was, and my station aboard the ship, the home port we had left, and our ports of call since, and what passengers we had after our last call. All that I could remember of the last was that there were few if any. Ere long I was admitted to very kind relationship not only with my more immediate protectors but also with the neighbouring families, for I found I had become an object of general interest with them all. It was a little peculiar how this came about. It turned out that, inland from where I had been thrown ashore, several English and Scottish better class families resided. They were not quite close together, but still were a kind of colony by themselves, with each a considerable tract of land, and were all engaged in carrying on eustancias, with herds of cattle and droves of sheep and horses.

I had now got thoroughly restored again, and was quite able to take long walks and enjoy riding about the district, and was beginning to think of how I might reach Rio or Monte Video with a view, if possible, of arranging for my return back again to Britain. But at this juncture, my good friends, who had evidently been talking over the matter among themselves, approached me with a very kind offer, which ultimately had the effect of changing all my plans. It appeared from time to time the* colony, as I may call it, had experienced very great difficulty when illness had overtaken any of them or their families in procuring medical aid of any kind, the only available doctors being so far off, and their offer to me, which I considered generous, was that, if I would stay where I was, amongst them, and take up my quarters in a house they would provide for me, and become medical attendant to the families around the district, they would guarantee me a reasonable income for my services, and I might possibly find other outlets for any spare time I had on hand. As already said, I considered their offer a generous one, and accordingly concluded to cast in my lot with the new friends my disaster had thrown me amongst, for a time at least.

"I thus began medical practice practically as poor as Lazarus, in a tract of country sparsely peopled by an intelligent, resolute, and industrious race in Uruguay, South America. My friends provided me with a horse, a tough willow native of the country, and I had plenty of scope in which to exercise him. The principal eustantia was held by a gentleman, an Englishman, who had shortly before my unexpected arrival, the misfortune to lose his wife. He interested himself much in my welfare, and, as a friend, I was a frequent visitor at his house—a very happy home indeed.

"For several years I thus went on the even tenor of my way. My work was not heavy, my neighbours were agreeable and generous, and the money given me was more than my circumstances required, and I was comfortable. But in the course of nature, my kind friend became severely stricken with cerebral disease, apoplectic in character, and passed away at a comparatively early age, leaving three children; and his testamentary settlement disclosed the fact that I had been appointed his sole executor, with ample allowance for management of the ranch, of which, from personal observation and frequent conversations with my friend, I had acquired a fairly practical knowledge and acquaintance. For a period of years, accordingly, I became responsible for the management of a large ranch, occupied chiefly by sheep, but also having horses and cattle upon it. During these years, I associated the sons of the family as much as possible with me in this management; and the elder son, a young man of capacity, early began to manifest a deep interest in what had been his father's affairs, and on coming of age, he, jointly with his sister and brother—who were neither of them destitute of parts

—was able to take over the control and supervision of the estate for themselves. For myself, thus relieved of much of my responsibility, I was happy in acquiring a considerable tract of land on favourable terms, on which I began ranching on my own account; while, at the same time, I continued to be adviser in chief to my young wards in their business. I need scarcely remark my medical practice now received less attention than formerly, as my time was pretty well taken up with what I was engaged in. But it is pleasing to be able to say that the concern proved a prosperous one, and that my business over in the old country just now is to endeavour to establish agencies throughout the kingdom, in the large centres of population, by which I may be able to reach the English and Scottish markets, feeling sure that I can place frozen meats in this country at a price that cannot be touched by the home producer.

“There now,” he observed, “you have my story, from which, I dare say, you may possibly be disposed to think, and, if so, I quite agree with you in so thinking, that I have had no occasion to regret, however painful at the time, being cast ashore even in shipwreck upon the sea board of far off Uruguay.”

Let me add that, before leaving the old country again for the home of his adoption, Secundus visited the village in the Cunninghame division of Ayrshire in which he had been born and reared, and where his father’s memory was still green though he had been deceased for years; and the result was the erection at the village cross of a handsome lifesized statue to the doctor who had served the village and district around it so faithfully and well through a long series of years, where it is still to be seen.

Whilst listening to this interesting narrative, time had hurried on, and we had now reached the “ Hour o’ nicht’s dark-arch the key-stane,” and my friends having a good long way to drive before they reached home, resolved on departing. The horse was accordingly brought round, and, having got well wrapped up in the dog-cart, we shook hands with a hearty good-bye as they started on their journey. Since then we have never all met again. But the affairs of Secundus continue to prosper, and he is now a man of large means and influence, so successful has been the rather romantic career of the shipwrecked doctor in his far off southern home.

While this article is passing through the press, it is pleasing to learn that he has cabled from Buenos Ayres his willingness to grant a free site and £2,000 towards building a public hall in the town of his nativity.

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

Alastair