



AUSTRALIA

Clan Munro Australia
Newsletter of the Clan Munro (Association)

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Blether

Good news in that Ray Munro has volunteered to take over my position as the Australian Representative our Chief, Hector Munro of Foulis. This will be formalised when we can get together after the coronavirus has gone.

If fact I had two volunteers within days of each other. Michele Herbert Morley also volunteered to help out but as she is a very busy lady – a headmistress and a councillor - she was quite happy for Ray to take on the job.

The coronavirus had one positive effect for us. Ron Munro and his wife Carol were in WA visiting their daughter when the borders were closed, so they were stuck here. Good news for us as we were able to have two very pleasant visits from them. Some of you older members might remember that Ron filled in the gap between Chief Hector’s Representatives Allan Munro and Peter Tibbet.



As I said in our previous newsletter, I have been making a list of what I call “Ship Arrivals” from our membership forms but that, of course, is only since I took on this job. I would like the list to be as complete as possible, so could you send me where your ancestors came from; where they embarked; what ship they came on; where they landed; dates, etc. If you are not sure if I have already got your details, contact me and ask and I will let you know. I will let you know when it is complete.

If you are thinking about visiting Foulis Castle here is an update about what you must do. Tours of the castle are conducted on Tuesdays and could you give at least three weeks notice of your intended visit. Times are either 10.30am or 3.00pm. There is no charge for your visit but a donation put in the Clan Munro Association box for the castle restoration fund is appreciated. An appointment to visit the outside and the grounds is not required but please let the Castle when you intend to visit.

Contact our webmaster Ian Munro at info@clanmunro.org.uk and he will arrange your visit.

Visit the clan Munro website at www.clanmunro.org.uk where you will find lots of interesting information about the happenings at Foulis and the Clan in general.

New Members

None to report this month

Sorry Business

Passing of Gomeroi Elder Uncle Lyall Munro Senior

Prominent Aboriginal land rights activist Lyall Munro Senior has passed away and has been given a state funeral. The NSW Aboriginal Land Council has given me permission to reprint what they have said about him.

NSW Aboriginal Land Council (NSWALC) and the Land Rights network mourns the passing of Gomeroi Elder Lyall Munro Senior.

Uncle Lyall was a dedicated and life-long member of the Land Rights Movement, who spent his lifetime advocating for the rights of all Aboriginal people

He called for independence, self-reliance, and the social rights necessary for all Aboriginal people to share in society: the rights to education, legal services, medical services, and a decent standard of living.

Uncle Lyall was at the forefront in Moree when Charles Perkins' Freedom Ride drove into the town in 1965, where the Freedom Riders successfully challenged a local racial ban on Aboriginal children being able to swim in the then Moree Swimming Baths.

There is a famous photo of a prominent land rights march through Sydney City in the early 1980's. You can't miss Uncle Lyall, proudly leading the mob, marching out in front in his plaid trousers. He was a leader who stood tall and campaigned for all Aboriginal people.



He helped establish the NSW

Aboriginal Legal Service, actively contributed to the Royal Commission into Aboriginal Deaths in Custody and was awarded the NSW Law and Justice Foundation's Aboriginal Justice Award in 2013, to name just a few of his achievements.

Uncle Lyall and his late wife Maggie Munro cared for and mentored many young Aboriginal people in addition to rearing their own 12 children, and

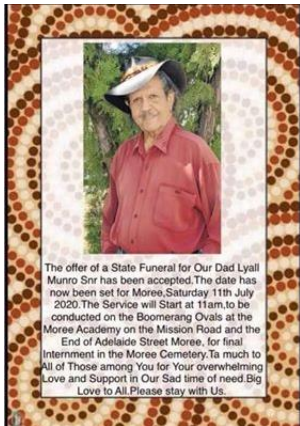
actively advocated for access to genuine employment, education, and a life of choices, free from discrimination.

NSWALC Chair Anne Dennis said that with the sad passing of Uncle Lyall, we have lost another Land Rights Legend, and his dedication to Land Rights will be one of his greatest legacies.

"Uncle Lyall Munro Senior was deeply involved with Land Rights for decades and his commitment to his people remained constant, focused and dedicated for his entire life," she said.

"I have had the honour and pleasure of knowing and working with Lyall Munro Snr over the past 30 years. His perseverance in fighting for justice has benefitted Aboriginal people not only in his local community, but across NSW."

"He was a true Black leader. On behalf of the Land Rights network, I send my deepest condolences to the Munro family."



The following is from an ABC item in 2015

Feb 20, 2015 was the 50th anniversary of activist Charles Perkins leading a group of University of Sydney students on a bus tour of regional NSW to highlight racism and the poor state of Aboriginal health, education and housing.

Prominent local Aboriginal man Lyall Munro told the crowd that had gathered for the occasion that a lot has been achieved in the intervening years, but there is still much more to be done.

"When these people here de-segregated this town, the pebble that was chucked in the water that day sent ripples all over this country, and all the apartheid systems in this country and all the segregation laws in the country fell like the proverbial dominoes," he said. "Whether or not anything's changed, I'll leave that to the community to assess that."

"From my heart, as far as I'm concerned, nothing has changed, until someone explains to me why we are losing all our people at such a great rate per year, and our people in Toomelah and Walgett in particular."

"We need answers."

The Death of Munrow

This is another article given to me by Colin Munro from Glasgow and has been reproduced or adapted with permission from the London Review of Books. You might wonder about the spelling “Munrow” but as you read through the article, you will see that it is from the spelling used when the tragedy was written about in the UK. The tragedy was also the catalyst for the production of a number of pottery items depicting the attack. I have scattered these through the story.

On 21 December 1792 the *Shaw Ardaseer*, bound for Madras, was taking on cargo at the mouth of the Hooghly River near Calcutta. ‘With a view of diverting the tedium of a ship at anchor’, four passengers, among them a young man called Munro, went ashore to hunt deer on Saugor Island. Another member of the party, Captain Henry Conran, described what followed in a letter to a friend:

About half past three we sat down on the edge of the jungle, to eat some cold meat sent us from the ship, and had just commenced our meal, when Mr Pyefinch and a black servant told us there was a fine deer within six yards of us. Mr Downey and myself immediately jumped up to take our guns; mine was the nearest, and I had just laid hold of it when I heard a roar, like thunder, and saw an immense royal tiger spring on the unfortunate Munro, who was sitting down. In a moment his head was in the beast’s mouth, and he rushed into the jungle with him, with as much ease



as I could lift a kitten, tearing him through the thickest bushes and trees, every thing yielding to his monstrous strength. The agonies of horror, regret, and, I must say, fear (for there were two tigers, male and female) rushed on me at once. The only effort I could make was to fire at him, though the poor youth was still in his mouth. I relied partly on Providence, partly on my own aim, and fired a musket.

I saw the tiger stagger and seem agitated, and cried out so immediately. Mr Downey then fired two shots, and I one more. We retired from the jungle, and, a few minutes after, Mr Munro came up to us, all over blood, and fell ...

I must observe, there was a large fire blazing close to us, composed of ten or a dozen whole trees; I made it myself, on purpose to keep the tigers off, as I had always heard it would ... The human mind cannot form an idea of the scene; it turned my very soul within me. The beast was about four and a half feet high, and nine long. His head appeared as large as an ox's, his eyes darting fire, and his roar, when he first seized his prey, will never be out of my recollection. We had scarcely pushed our boats from that cursed shore when the tigress made her appearance, raging mad almost, and remained on the sand as long as the distance would allow me to see her.

Munro was carried back to the ship, but despite the attention of surgeons from the East Indiamen *Valentine* and *General Goddard*, both anchored nearby, he died the following day. His body was 'committed to the deep' on 23 December. The killing of a European by a tiger was not unusual; a Calcutta silversmith called Dawson had met the same fate nearby five years previously, and a member of a woodcutting party from the *General Goddard* two years after that. Neither East Indiaman's journal mentions the death of Munro.



When the news finally reached London in July 1793, however, it spread quickly. The victim was reported to be the only son of General Sir Hector Munro of Novar KB, MP, who had played a famous part in the British conquest of India; he was victorious at the Battle of Buxar in 1764, which secured control of Upper India, and responsible for the capture of Pondicherry from the French in 1778. This success had been parlayed into a Parliamentary seat (for Inverness, held for 36 years) and, through the influence of Pitt and Dundas, the colonelcy of the 42nd Regiment, prior to his promotion to general. Conran's graphic account of the incident was quoted in numerous newspapers, and printed in full in magazines in Britain and America. (Blake's 'Tyger', first known to have existed in October 1793, may have drawn inspiration from the tiger's 'eyes darting fire'.)

In the following decades, the death of Munro was recounted dozens of times, in volumes of natural history and books of instruction or cautionary tales for children. In *A Short Description of Sixty-four Beasts, Birds, Fishes & Insects such as Generally Excite the Curiosity of Young Persons* (1818),

Augustus Caulfield asks his aunt, 'Is not the tiger esteemed one of the most beautiful as well as the most ferocious of animals?' to which Lady Collins replies with a verbatim recital of Conran's letter. The story was also related in *The Third Chapter of Accidents and Remarkable Events Containing Caution and Instruction for Children* (1801); *Scenes in Asia for the Amusement and Instruction of Little Tarry-at-Home Travellers* (1821); and *The Terrific Register, or Records of Crimes, Judgements, Providences and Calamities* (1825). In September 1829, the Royal Pavilion Theatre in Whitechapel staged 'an entire new Indian Spectacle, called THE TIGER'S VICTIM; or, The Death of Major Munro'. The part of the major was played by Mr Wood; the tiger, by 'the famous Dog Bruin'. And as late as 1845 the advertisement for a sideshow in Bristol ran: 'To be seen within, the same tiger that killed Major Munro on Saugor Island, with the major in his mouth, in the agonies of death, and his two friends firing at the tiger and endeavouring to save their friend.'

But the most long-lasting legacy of Munro's death is the fame of 'Tipu's Tiger', a mechanical organ in the form of a tiger savaging a soldier in European dress that was among the treasures the British recovered from the



palace of Tipu Sultan, ruler of Mysore, after his death in the siege of his capital Seringapatnam in 1799. The organ attracted great public interest when first exhibited in London in 1800, and is still a popular exhibit at the V&A. When a handle on the side of the organ is cranked, the soldier waves his arm and wails "Thus were the British defeated." However, while the tiger is undoubtedly emblematic of Tipu, the self-styled Tiger of Mysore, and his fierce resistance to European colonialism, there is no evidence he had a particular European in mind. He may well have heard about the death of Munro – two of his sons were being held hostage by the British in Calcutta at the time – but Susan Stronge of the V&A has pointed out that a similar scene is depicted on a silver mount from a gun dated 1787-88, five years before Munro's death.

The arrangement of tiger and soldier may have inspired the Staffordshire pearlware figures entitled 'The Death of Munrow' which began to appear around 1810 and are usually attributed to the potter Obadiah Sherratt (though he had many imitators). The figure with his head in the tiger's mouth, formally dressed after a military fashion, was probably borrowed from a pre-existing mould and appears remarkably unconcerned by his plight – even when shown with one of his legs missing. In 2003, one of these figures was sold in New York for \$50,190. The ghost of 'Munrow' reappears in more recent works, among them, Roger Michell and Danka Napiorkowska's *Sauce Boat Inspired by Tipu's Tiger* (1976), Bill Reid's *Bunny Eating Astronaut* (2006), and, more pointedly, Karen Thompson's *Death of a Species (The Death of Munrow)* (2013), in which a nonchalant pipe-smoking Munrow stands on a tigerskin rug.



Of Munro's three companions on Saugor Island, Pyefinch died besieging Pondicherry later that year, but Captain, later General, Conran lived until 1827. The Irish satirist William Maginn reported that Conran 'shot a tiger one day, who was engaged in the diversion of eating a gentleman of the name of Monro; and he told the story so often that he got the nickname of Tiger Conran'. George Downie (Downey), who died in Bengal in 1808, may have been equally keen to share it: in *Travels in India a Hundred Years Ago* (1893) Thomas Twining told of meeting in about 1800 a 'Captain O'Donald' who claimed to be one of those present at Munro's death. Having just broken his thigh in a hunting accident, he began to tell the story while awaiting rescue.

Munro's first name is rarely given, and when it is he is usually, and incorrectly, called Hugh, who was a younger son of General Sir Hector Munro. The report of his mauling in the *Madras Courier* in January 1793 named him as Hector, but the *Madras Courier* appears not to have reached London. Most museum representations of the 'Death of Munrow' describe him as Lieutenant Hugh Munro. In other accounts 'Mr Munro' is either a 'writer' (the term for junior servants, or secretaries) on leave from the Madras establishment of the East India Company, or a lieutenant, captain or major in their army. The victim's full name was actually Hector Sutherland

Munro, and he was born on 10 July 1775 to Sir Hector and a woman called Sarah, though his surname was omitted from the record of his baptism at St Marylebone in London. In May 1792 he was sponsored for a cadetship by Robert Thornton MP, an East India Company director. A note signed by Sir Hector corrected the error in the baptismal record. Young Hector was a 'cadet for Madras' and sailed on the Earl Talbot a month later, arriving at Calcutta on 8 November. His expected arrival was also recorded in Madras, the destination of the Shaw Ardaseer.

Sir Hector was unmarried but supported and educated several children by different mothers out of his huge fortune (he was one of the original nabobs, bringing back £30,000 from his first tour of India alone). Both of his other acknowledged sons also took their chances with the East India Company. Hugh, two years the tiger's victim's junior, enlisted as a writer in 1796 and rose to be collector and mintmaster at Bombay, before dying on the voyage home, aged 37. Alexander, the youngest, enlisted as a cadet in 1803, and the following year was 'devoured by a shark' off Bombay aged 18. Of Sir Hector's children, only Hugh survived him. His Novar estate near Dingwall was inherited by his legitimate nephew, Hugh Andrew Johnstone Munro, who 'lived a sensuous life' and was a friend, travelling companion and patron of Turner, and used the money he inherited to amass the so-called Novar collection, which contained many works by Turner, including Rome, from Mount Aventine, which sold for £30.3 million three years ago.

In his biography of Saki, whose real name was Hector Hugh Munro, A.J. Langguth asserted that 'another of Hector's military relatives had also perished in India when a tiger ate him.' It has been suggested that the victim was Saki's great-uncle, and that his story, 'Sredni Vashtar', in which a polecat ferret makes a meal of a young boy's tyrannous elder cousin, was inspired by the tiger. Saki's grandfather Charles Adolphus Munro was born in Calcutta in 1784, but Sir Hector was by then back in Scotland and, other than having given names common in the clan, there is no evidence that the two Munro branches were closely related. While in Burma Saki kept a 'tiger-kitten', a more likely model for the ferret. As for the fate of the tiger and his fellows, in 1819 the Saugor Island Society was formed to reclaim and develop the island. William Dunlop, a Scottish army surgeon and adventurer, was appointed to superintend the clearance of the land, which included clearing it of tigers. The usual government reward of 10 rupees was to be paid for every tiger killed, to which the society would add another

five. In 1821 the society's report noted that 'the accidents from Tigers in the course of this year have not been very numerous; the society has lost altogether only three persons.' The society was wound up in 1833, after a devastating cyclone. 'Tiger' Dunlop went to Canada, where he became involved in politics.

There are no more tigers on Saugor Island.

Zulu Boats

In the Cromarty firth, just outside the Storehouse of Foulis, are the remains of Zulu boats. This Wikipedia item describes the boat and its origins. These boats were used all along the east coast for herring fishing and were left to rot when their owners and crew went off to WW1. Coincidentally, just after I had finished this article, I logged onto the Munro Scotland website and found that the Zulu boats have been commemorated by a plaque at the Storehouse of Foulis.

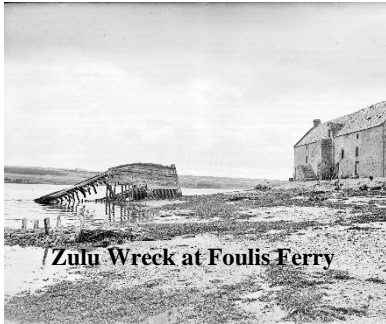


In 1879, Lossiemouth fisherman, William "Dad" Campbell came up with a radical design for his new boat.

It had the vertical stem of the Fifie (a fishing boat developed on the East coast) and the steeply raked stern of the Skaffie (another Scottish fishing boat) and he called this boat *Nonesuch*. She was relatively small, 52 feet (16 m) overall with a 39-foot keel length (12 m). The *Nonesuch* had her registration closed on 12 January 1901 after having been broken up.

The Zulu War raging in South Africa at the time gave the name to this new class of boat.

The Zulu boats were built to the carvel method of planking ie



where hull planks are laid edge to edge and fastened to a robust frame, thereby forming a smooth surface. Traditionally the planks are neither attached to, nor slotted into, each other, having only a caulking sealant between the planks to keep water out. Modern carvel builders may attach the planks to each other with glues and fixings.

The shape of the Zulus gave the boats a long deck but a shorter keel, which greatly improved their manoeuvrability. Zulus were two-masted boats and carried three sails - a dipping lug fore, a standing lug mizzen and a jib. A lug sail, is a fore-and-aft, four-cornered sail that is suspended from a spar, called a yard. When raised the sail area overlaps the mast.

For "standing lug" rigs, the sail may remain on the same side of the mast on both the port and starboard tacks. For "dipping lug" rigs, the sail is lowered partially or totally to be brought around to the leeward side of the mast in order to optimize the efficiency of the sail on both tacks. The sails were very heavy and difficult to haul, and the masts had to be very long and strong. Masts could be 60 feet (18 m) tall on boats of 80 feet (24 m) in length.

Their design produced very fast boats that became invaluable to herring fishing fleets. They got to the fishing grounds quickly and returned swiftly with the catch. Because of these qualities, the Zulus rapidly became very popular along the entire east coast. As the 20th century approached, steam capstans were introduced, and this made the hauling of the sails and nets much easier for the crews. One of the best of those was the capstans patented and built by MacDonald Brothers of Portsoy, in 1908.

The Eagle Stone *Hugh Munro and The Eagle*

The story of the Eagle Stone is well known but I recently found a folk tale by Rodger Moffet in ScotClans about the Eagle Stone and linking it to a story much further back than the traditional Eagle Stone story. The ScotClans website is <https://www.scotclans.com>. I give you both stories here.

Close to the town of Strathpeffer in the north of Scotland stands a stone about three feet high with Pictish carvings on one face and known as The Eagle Stone. Its Gaelic name is Clach an Tiompain, the "Sounding Stone". The top carving looks a bit like a horseshoe but as it is unlikely that the Picts used horseshoes you will have to guess what it really represents. The bottom carving is another story, as it is obviously an eagle and may well be where the Munros got their eagle, as legend has it that it was placed there to mark the site of a battle in which the Munros defeated the MacDonalds.



I am sure most of you will have heard of the Brahan Seer, or Coinneach Odhar, who was able to see into the future. His prophecies are many and one of them is about the Eagle Stone. He said that if the stone fell down three times the Strath would be engulfed by the sea and boats would moor to the stone. The stone has fallen down twice and as we Highlanders don't take too many chances the stone is now set in concrete!

But there is an old folk tale from much further back and it goes something like this.

On a high ridge on the other side of the valley lies the remains of an iron age fort known as Knockfarrel ('stone fort'). The very first chief of Clan Munro lived here as the clan established its presence in the area. Around the fortification a small village or 'clachan' grew. The valley has lush

farmland, ideal for grazing and growing all manner of crops, sheltered from the worst of the weather. Knockfarrel is easily approached via a gently sloping trail up the side of the ridge but treacherous cliffs fall steeply away to one side – high on a rocky pinnacle in these cliffs a great eagle had made its nest. The clansmen saw the eagle as a good omen and were happy to share the valley with this magnificent creature. Even when the bird would lift a young lamb or goat kid they would take this as just an acceptable loss and the chief forbade anyone from doing harm to the eagle.

All was peaceful in the valley until one summer evening. It had been a beautiful day and the womenfolk worked preparing the evening meals and sewing. The children laughed and played between the small houses, outside one house towards the edge of the village one small boy sat, Lachlan, barely a toddler he rested on the grass and watched as his mother busied herself around him.

All at once a great dark shadow was cast across the valley and a terrible screeching was heard, In a blur of feathers and claws the huge eagle swooped down from its nest and caught the poor child in its massive talons. Before anyone could react, he lifted the boy high into the air and carried him up the cliffside.



The cries of alarm went up throughout the village and the wailing of the grief stricken mother alerted young Hugh, the chieftain of the clan. When Hugh arrived at the scene, he realised that he had to act and act quickly. He called for a length of rope and set off up the cliffside in pursuit. Not entirely sure what he would face when he reached the pinnacle.

Higher and higher Hugh clambered up the sheer face, as the village fell away below, he heard a beating of wings and a rush of air – the great eagle was bearing down upon him. Holding onto the rope for dear life he tried to fend off the angry bird. The eagle soared away and Hugh pressed on. In the fading light he caught a glimpse of a tangle of branches above him and with one last effort he hauled himself up and into the eagle's nest.

Lying in the centre of the nest lay baby Lachlan. cooing away to himself as if nothing had happened. Hugh was relieved that the boy, despite his ordeal had barely a scratch on him but he realised that the hardest work lay ahead. No sooner had this thought crossed his mind than the huge eagle appeared again – even angrier than before. Hugh grabbed a large branch and swinging it like a club tried to fend it off, time and time again the eagle pecked and clawed and Hugh soon became exhausted. His clothes torn and his body bruised and bloody from the ferocious attack.

As the eagle made one more pass Hugh decided on another tactic; he ducked under the thrashing wings and grabbed at the bird's legs. Unsettling the creature just for a second, he was able to pull it towards the nest and turn it over onto its back. With the advantage of surprise, he reached up and got hold of the bird by the throat and squeezed with all his might. Gradually the bird began to lose its grip on life, its struggles grew weaker and with one last effort Hugh squeezed the life from the mighty creature.

Meanwhile far below the cliff the villagers looked up, not knowing if the poor boy or Hugh for that matter was alive or dead. They had heard the terrifying shrieks of the bird and feared the worst. Then suddenly the distant figure of Hugh appeared, holding the corpse of this massive Eagle in his hand. They cheered and shouted and Hugh tossed the bird down, A gust of wind caught the feathers and the eagle's broken body wheeled and glided down to the valley below, coming to rest at the edge of the village. Where the eagle fell the villagers placed a stone – the Eagle stone in recognition of the brave deeds of their chief and from respect to the noble creature that was such a powerful symbol of their clan.

Can You Help?

I received this in May from Debbie Ringersma If you can help, contact her on ringdeb@hotmail.com. I have since found two of her relations on the internet, so who knows how many more are out there.

I have recently discovered that I had a great great great grandmother "Isabella Jennings" Born in Bombay India and married Alexander Andrew

Munro from Falkirk, Scotland, in India, who was of the British army They moved to Australia I am hoping to find direct descendants from their daughter, who should all originate from Melbourne, Isabel May Munro, who married Ernest gibbons - their daughter Myrtle married Frederick Saunders. Also, I'm just keen to know anything that connects to the Scottish origins.

Another one I received in May is from away out of left field but who knows what might happen. There is not much to go on but it would be great if we could help Thomas Marshal-Wood find his father (he doesn't know his name). If you can help, contact Thomas on thomasm-w@outlook.com

I was adopted at birth (13/1/55) and am trying to find my father. Have found a second cousin, John Munro, born 1961 and lives in Southampton, England. His family are from S.W.Scotland. I emailed him a while back, but no reply.

My father was in Melbourne on 23 April 1954, he may have been in the forces or a seaman. My mother was Iris Perrie from North Shields, Northumberland, she named me Carey Perrie.

Tom lives in East Gippsland, Victoria.

Whisky Toddy

With this cold weather getting a cold is inevitable, so why not try this good old Scottish remedy. It is a bit more involved than the one I use, so adjust it to your taste.

Ingredients

Well Matured Scotch Whisky - 50 ml (2 fl oz)

Boiling water

Lemon juice - 1 tablespoon

Cube sugar (four pieces)

Method:

Half-fill a tumbler with hot water. When the glass has reached a comfortable temperature, pour it out and put 3/4 pieces of cube sugar in the glass. Pour in a wineglass of boiling water and stir (silver spoons are recommended!). When the sugar is dissolved, add a wineglass of whisky and stir. Sip with "tender loving care" If one doesn't work - try another one!

Membership

Annual:	\$25.00	Spouse or children of member under 18 years	\$8.00
Three Years:	\$55.00	Spouse or children of member under 18 years	\$20.00
Ten Years:	\$160.00	Spouse or children of member under 18 years	\$70.00

Life Membership is calculated according to age as follows: -

Up to Age 40:	\$500.00
Age 40 to 50:	\$350.00
Age 50 to 60:	\$250.00
Age 80 and over:	\$80.00

*Clan Munro (Association) Australia
Newsletter*

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