



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
FLAG IN THE WIND
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
WHAT'S NEW

HELP TERMS OF USE CONTACT US

Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for August 29th, 2014

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

We've been taking a wee break from our normal activities. John in Cyprus is in the middle of the hottest and most humid period and decided to take a 2 week break. Likewise I decided to take a wee break myself so not much work on new content and that will likely continue for the next week as well.

I see Alex Salmond won the second debate. It was also interesting to note that Archie MacPherson, the noted football commentator, was reckoned to have shown up the big NO supports with his interesting address as the Daily Record reported...

"Veteran commentator Archie Macpherson upstages Gordon Brown and Alistair Darling with passionate speech against independence".

See <http://www.dailyrecord.co.uk/news/politics/archie-macpherson-upstages-gordon-brown-4118503>

Electric Canadian

Writings of John MacLean

This author wrote a couple of books revolving around the Native Indians of Canada and also of the missionary work carried out with them. He's writing with a background of many years living and working with the native people.

I found a couple of old pdf scans of two books by him. The first I had to unpick, edit and reassemble but the second one was in not too bad a condition so apart from removing a few blank pages and small amount of editing it is pretty much as I found it.

The books are...

The Hero of the Saskatchewan

Life with the Ojibway and Cree Indians in Canada.

This is about George MacDougall and as it happens I have a much larger book about him written by his son at

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

The Indians of Canada

Their Manners and Customs (Third Edition).

PREFACE

NINE years spent among the Blood Indians of the Canadian North-West, studying their language, stories, mythology and traditions, have given me opportunities of learning much that may prove interesting to young and old. After three years' residence among the Indians, I was requested to send information on the North West tribes to the British Association, the Smithsonian Institution, and other learned societies. I then begun earnestly to collect a good library of books on the Indians, and to study with enthusiasm among the lodges everything pertaining to the life and labor of the Red Men of the West. I soon found that many of the books written were of a

sensational character, and at once determined to try to write something that would be reliable and, at the same time, interesting to all. The strange life of the dwellers in the lodges, the wonderful mythology and traditions, and the peculiar customs which are essentially their own, reveal to us a civilization that is fascinating, and yet but little understood. As I sat in the wigwams and lodges of the Indians listening to their strange stories, I thought I could not do better than record them for the benefit of the young; and as tales of adventure among cowboys in the Far West were recited as we were camped upon the prairie, they were preserved for the good of young and old. Herein are written stories of missionary heroism, episodes of every-day life in the camps of the red men, records of life among the cowboys, and facts and fancies of the Bedouins of the Western Continent. May the readers of these pages have their ideas changed as mine have been, by coming into closer contact with our dusky brethren, through their languages, literature, native religion, folk-lore, and later Christian life.

JOHN McLEAN.
London,
February, 1892.

You can download these books at http://www.electriccanadian.com/Religion/john_maclean.htm

The Flag in the Wind

This weeks issue was compiled by Fraser Hudghton and there is no Synopsis this week.

You can read this issue at <http://www.scotsindependent.org>

Electric Scotland

The Northern Highlands in the Nineteenth Century

Some years ago I published the 2 volumes in this set. Well I have now found a third volume is now available and so have started to work on it.

Added Appendix 2 which is a journal of an English servant written about a visit to the West Highlands and Skye in 1782.

The following are extracts from a MS. journal or narrative, written by an English servant who came to the north in 1781, with his master Captain (afterwards Major) Macleod, whom he had served in America. Major Macleod died at Fort-George, March 24, 1782, leaving a widow and four children— the eldest of the latter a son. Captain in the 59th regiment. It was the dying request of the veteran officer that his servant should remain with the widow and family. Their means were very limited, but Captain Macleod, the son, assisted his mother, and she had also her pension. It was arranged that they should all go for a time to reside with the late Major's relatives in the Highlands; and, accordingly, they sold off their effects and went to the House of Mr Macleod, a brother of the deceased, who lived at the farm of Arnisdale, in Glenelg. There they remained for about fourteen months. They were then invited to spend the winter in Skye with Mr Macleod of Gesto, a sister's son of the late Major's. At length, Captain Macleod, the son, came to Scotland, and took a house in Inverness for his mother, where she resided with her family till her death. Abram (for this was the servant's Christian name; his surname does not appear in the MS.) seems to have been a faithful domestic, strongly attached to his mistress and her children. He had a dislike to the West Highlands, and complains of hard work, poor diet, and harsh treatment—his mistress not being able to do much for him. His journal is written in a good hand, but is ill spelt and ungrammatical. He had the feelings and prejudices of an illiterate English servant, with apparent honesty and simplicity of character:

You can read this appendix at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/highlands/3appendix2.htm>

Enigma Machine
Now have up puzzle 76.

You can get to this one at <http://www.electriccanadian.com/lifestyle/enigma/enigma076.htm>

Beth's Newfangled Family Tree

Got in section 1 of her September 2014 issue. which you can read at <http://www.electricscotland.com/bnft>

Easter Ross

By Alexander Polson, J.P., F.E.I.S. (1914). A new book we're starting.

I have continued to add chapters to this book and so far have up...

Easter Ross

The Attractions of the District
History
Ecclesiastical History, Tain, Fearn and Nigg
Tain
Invergordon
The Villages
The Castles
The Golf Courses, Tain, Castlecraig (Nigg), Tarbat

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

The Recreations of a Country Parson
By Andrew Kennedy Hutchison Boyd (1866). A new book we've started.

Each chapter is quite lengthy and here is a bit from the first chapter to help set the scene...

THIS is Monday morning. It is a beautiful sunshiny morning early in July. I am sitting on the steps that lead to my door, somewhat tired by the duty of yesterday, but feeling very restful and thankful. Before me there is a little expanse of the brightest grass, too little to be called a lawn, very soft and mossy, and very carefully mown. It is shaded by three noble beeches, about two hundred years old. The sunshine around has a green tinge from the reflection of the leaves. Double hedges, thick and tall, the inner one of gleaming beech, shut out all sight of a country lane that runs hard by: a lane into which this gravelled sweep of would-be avenue enters, after winding deftly through evergreens, rich and old, so as to make the utmost of its little length. On the side furthest from the lane, the miniature lawn opens into a garden of no great extent, and beyond the garden you see a green field sloping upwards to a wood which bounds the view. One-half of the front of the house is covered to the roof by a climbing rose-tree, so rich now with cluster roses that you see only the white soft masses of fragrance. Crimson roses and fuchsias cover half-way up the remainder of the front wall; and the sides of the flight of steps are green with large-leaved ivy. If ever there was a dwelling embosomed in great trees and evergreens, it is here. Everything grows beautifully: oaks, horse-chestnuts, beeches; laurels, yews, hollies; lilacs and hawthorn trees. Off a little way on the right, graceful in stem, in branches, in the pale bark, in the light-green leaves, I see my especial pet, a fair acacia. This is the true country; not the poor shadow of it which you have near great and smoky towns. That sapphire air is polluted by no factory chimney. Smoke is a beauty here, there is so little of it: rising thin and blue from the cottage; hospitable and friendly-looking from the rare mansion. The town is five miles distant: there is not even a village near. Green fields are all about; hawthorn hedges and rich hedge-rows; great masses of wood everywhere. But this is Scotland: and there is no lack of hills and rocks, of little streams and waterfalls; and two hundred yards off, winding round that churchyard whose white stones you see by glimpses through old oak branches, a large river glides swiftly by.

It is a quiet and beautiful scene; and it pleases me to think that Britain has thousands and thousands like it. But of course none, in my mind, equal this: for this has been my home for five years.

I have been sitting here for an hour, with a book on my knee; and upon that a piece of paper, whereon I have been noting down some thoughts for the sermon which I hope to write during this week, and to preach next Sunday in that little parish church of which you can see a corner of a gable through the oaks which surround the churchyard. I have not been able to think very connectedly, indeed: for two little feet have been pattering round me, two little hands pulling at me occasionally, and a little voice entreating that I should come and have a race upon the green. Of course I went: for like most men who are not very great or very bad, I have learned, for the sake of the little owner of the hands and the voice to love every little child. Several times, too, I have been obliged to get up and make a dash at a very small weed which I discerned just appearing through the gravel; and once or twice my man-servant has come to consult me about matters connected with the garden and the stable. My sermon will be the better for all these interruptions. I do not mean to say that it will be absolutely good, though it will be as good as I can make it: but it will be better for the races with my little girl, and for the thoughts about my horse, than it would have been if I had not been interrupted at all. The Roman Catholic Church meant it well: but it was far mistaken when it thought to make a man a better parish priest by cutting him off from domestic ties, and quite emancipating him from all the little worries of domestic life. That might be the way to get men who would preach an unpractical religion, not human in interest, not able to comfort, direct, sustain through daily cares, temptations, and sorrows. But for preaching which will come home to men's business and bosoms, which will not appear to ignore those things which must of necessity occupy the greatest part of an ordinary mortal's thoughts, commend me to the preacher who has learned by experience what are human ties, and what is human worry.

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

Breton Elliots
Got in research on the Breton Elliots which you can get to at the foot of the page at:
<http://www.electricscotland.com/webclans/dtog/elliott2.html>

Autobiographical Journal of John MacDonald

Preface

The following autobiographical journal, for which I have drawn up an introduction and notes, is copied from the holograph MS. of John Macdonald now in the possession of his great-grandson, Dr J. Mackay Macdonald, Acton, Ontario. When gathering material for "The Book of Mackay," my attention was drawn to this MS. journal by Miss Catherine Macdonald, Reay, granddaughter of the author and maternal aunt of the doctor; and now, by the kind permission of aunt and nephew, I am at liberty to publish this interesting addition to our too scanty northern literature of a kindred character.

The graphic account, from the pen of a Highland piper, of the memorable defence of Gibraltar, during the early years of the tenth decade of the eighteenth century, should prove acceptable to the general reader but Highlanders in particular will be pleased to get this glimpse of the social life of more than one hundred years ago through the little window opened so artlessly by the schoolmaster-soldier.

This volume is dedicated to the Edinburgh Sutherland Association, through James Macdonald, Esq., W.S., its treasurer—an association that has ever striven with gratifying success to uphold the torch in the shire of Sutherland. Nay more, as fostermother to the publication by Mr Kemp of "Bishop Pococke's Tours in Scotland," to this association pertains the honour of leading the way to the formation of a Scottish History Society, whose first issue upon formation was an unabridged edition of the said bishop's tours.

The book then falls into 2 parts with a very good introduction and then the second part is the journal itself. You can read this at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/macdonald/index.htm>

Clan Wallace

Got in a copy of the Summer 2014 newsletter which you can read at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/familytree/newsletters/wallace/index.htm>

Life Sciences in Scotland

Added some information on Life Sciences in Scotland and used our community to do this as I was able to provide a couple of interesting videos to go with it.

You can get to this at

<http://www.electricscotland.org/showthread.php/4565-Life-Sciences-in-Scotland>

The Home Life of Sir David Brewster

By his daughter Mrs. Gordon (1881)

Have now added the final two chapters to complete this book which you can read at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/brewster/index.htm>

And Finally...

THE WATER-CADDIES OF EDINBURGH

They were a very curious tribe, consisting of both men and women, but the former were perhaps the more numerous. Their business was to carry water into houses; and therefore their days were passed in climbing up lofty stairs, in order to get into flats. The water was borne in little casks, and was got from the public wells, which were then pretty thickly planted in the principal streets; and as there were far more candidates than spouts there was a group of impatient and wrangling claimants who, when not eloquent, sat upon their kegs. These encampments of drawers of water had a striking appearance. The barrels, when filled, were slung upon their backs, suspended by a leather strap, which was held in front by the hand. Their carriage was made easier by leaning forward, which threw the back outward; and hence stooping was the natural attitude of these sons and daughters of the well. They were known by this peculiarity even when off work. Their backs, which would otherwise have never been dry, were protected by thick layers of hard black leather, on which the barrels lay; and the leather had a slight curl up at its lower edge, which, acting as a lip, threw the droppings, by which they could always be tracked, off to the sides. Still, however, what with filling, and trickling, and emptying, it was a moist business. They were all rather old, and seemed little; but this last might be owing to their stooping. The men very generally had old red jackets, probably the remnants of the Highland Watch, or of the City Guard; and the women were always covered with thick duffle greatcoats, and wore black hats like the men. They very seldom required to be called; for every house had its favourite "water-caddie," who knew the habits and wants of the family, and the capacity of the single cistern, which he kept always replenishing at his own discretion, at the fee (I believe) of a penny for each barrel. Their intercourse with families civilized them a little; so that, in spite of their plashy lives, and public-well discussions, they were rather civil and very cracky creatures. What fretted them the most was being obstructed in going up a stair; and their occasionally tottering legs testified that they had no bigotry against qualifying the water with a little whisky. They never plied between Saturday night and Monday morning; that is, their employers had had hot water all Sunday.

These bodies were such favourites that the extinction on their trade was urged seriously as a reason against water being allowed to get into our homes in its own way! - Lord Cockburn

HUGH CHISHOLM

Shortly after writing the History of the Rebellion, I heard an anecdote of two Jacobites—one of them, Colquhoun Grant, who had been at the battle of Prestonpans, and there having mounted the horse of an English officer, whom he had brought down with his broadsword, chased for miles a body of Cope's recreant dragoons; the other, Hugh Chisholm, a Highlander, who had been also out in the '45, and lived in Edinburgh for a considerable period between 1780 and 1790. The anecdote is this: Hugh Chisholm, who had been associated with the Prince in his wanderings, was supported latterly by a pension, which was got up for him by some gentlemen. Lord Monboddo was much attached to this interesting old man, and once proposed to introduce him to his table at dinner, along with some friends, of more exalted rank. On his mentioning the scheme to Mr Colquhoun Grant, one of the proposed party, that gentleman started a number of objections, on the score that poor Chisholm would be embarrassed and uncomfortable in a scene so unusual to him, while some others would feel offended at having the company of a man of mean rank forced upon them. Monboddo heard all Mr Grant's objections and then assuming a lofty tone, exclaimed, "Let me remind you, Mr Grant, Hugh Chisholm has been in better company than either yours or mine!" The conscious struck Jacobite had not another word to say. Chisholm was accordingly brought to Monboddo's table, where he behaved with all the native politeness of a Highlander, and gave satisfaction to all present. He was very much struck with the appearance of Lord Monboddo's daughter, Miss Burnet, - Burns' Miss Burnet, - who presided over the feast. He seemed, indeed, completely rapt in admiration of this singularly beautiful woman, insomuch that he seldom took his eyes off her the whole night. One of the company had the curiosity to ask what he thought of her, when he burst out with an exclamation in Gaelic, indicative of an uncommon degree of admiration: "She is the most beautiful living creature I ever saw in all my life!"

WIT AND BRAVERY

When the brave Corporal Caithness was asked, after the battle of Waterloo, if he were not afraid, he replied - "Afraid! why, I was in a' the battles of the Peninsula!". And having it explained that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said - "Na, na, I didna fear that; I was only afraid we should be a' killed before we had time to win it!"

And that's it for this week and hope you all enjoy your weekend.

Alastair