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## Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for September 10th, 2021

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

<https://electricscotland.com/scotnews.htm>

### Electric Scotland News

With a number of elections coming up in the next few months I confess I'd really like to see people being able to vote through the Internet. I can't see why if countries put their minds to it it couldn't be done in a secure fashion and I'd expect many more people would cast their vote.

One other thing I'd like to see is the ability to vote for a party but at the same time chose not to vote for that parties chosen candidate in your own constituency. As it is the likely outcome is not to vote at all.

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Covid vaccine passports in Scotland become law after MSPs back controversial scheme

Covid vaccine passports will be mandatory to gain entry to some venues from October 1 onwards - and Scots could face prosecution if they attempt to use a fake certificate.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-scotland-politics-58506013>

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 and world news stories that can affect Scotland and as all the newsletters are archived and also indexed on Google and other search engines it becomes a good resource. I might also add that in a number of newspapers 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 which I do myself from time to time.

First look: Diageo opens incredible Johnnie Walker Experience in Edinburgh  
The new tourist attraction is set to be a must for whisky fans visiting the capital.

Read more at:

<https://www.dailyrecord.co.uk/scotland-now/first-look-diageo-opens-incredible-24904304>

Brexit Britain victory as major health deal struck with Japan, 3.5m Brits could benefit  
BREXIT BRITAIN is set for a healthcare win after a UK firm partnered with a Japanese pharmaceutical company to help the 3.5 million Britons with rare diseases.

Read more at:

<https://www.express.co.uk/news/science/1486052/brexit-britain-uk-healthcare-japan-rare-diseases-ono-healx-artificial-intelligence>

Solar storm warning as scientists fear space TSUNAMI could spark Internet apocalypse  
A new study put out by researchers at the University of California, Irvine, has identified the biggest danger to global Internet security comes from space. Major solar activity - the kind that has not occurred in more than 100 years - has the potential to unleash a devastating Internet apocalypse. In a world that relies on the Internet for its smooth operation, solar storms have the power to disrupt critical services and rack up losses to the value of £5billion (\$7billion) a day in the US alone.

Read more at:

<https://www.express.co.uk/news/science/1485919/solar-storm-warning-tsunami-space-internet-apocalypse-outage>

Solheim Cup 2021

Matilda Castren claims winning point as Europe retain the trophy

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/sport/golf/58470233>

Mary's Meals feeding the world - now more than 2 million kids getting proper food in schools

Scots charity now helps double the number of children in Scotland in 19 war-torn and famine-affected nations.

Read more at:

<https://www.dailyrecord.co.uk/news/marys-meals-feeding-world-now-24927534>

The Colour of genius

Gallery to salute pioneering giant of Scottish art Samuel John Peploe

Read more at:

<https://www.sundaypost.com/fp/samuel-john-peploe-exhibition/>

Spirit of Scotland fuels dreams of a new distillery in one of Japan's historic whisky towns

Visitors will soon witness what might seem like another strange scene on the mist-clad slopes of Asama: a Scottish distillery and the Amontillado sherry casks and Rothesay-made, swan-necked copper stills of the forthcoming Komoro Distillery are not simply creating new spirits in the area but, in many ways, will resurrect old ones too.

Read more at:

<https://www.sundaypost.com/fp/karuizawa-whisky>

Start Tough and get tougher

By Keith Aitken in the Scottish Review

Read more at:

<https://www.scottishreview.net/KeithAitken584a.html>

Elections

The UK government this week moved to honour its Manifesto promise to tighten up on fraud at elections

Read more at:

<https://johnredwoodsdiary.com/2021/09/09/elections/>

Christie can't wait another decade

Ten years ago, the Christie report set out an inspiring agenda for change that would put people at the heart of public services. Unlike many reports, it has shown remarkable longevity. Its ongoing relevance reflects that fact that the need for change persists.

Read more at:

<https://sceptical.scot/2021/09/christie-cant-wait-another-decade/>

If Britain wants a slice of India's digital economy, it should start investing now  
No country has more English-speaking coders, designers and engineers than India

Read more at:

<https://capx.co/if-britain-wants-a-slice-of-indias-digital-economy-it-should-start-investing-now/>

Canada federal election: Party leaders spar in first national debate

Canadian federal party leaders clashed over vaccines, climate policy and the economy in the first national TV debate of this general election campaign.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/world-us-canada-58482596>

## Electric Canadian

Thoughts on a Sunday morning - the 5th day of September 2021

By the Rev. Nola Crewe

You can watch this at:

<http://www.electricscotland.org/forum/communities/rev-nola-crewe/26088-thoughts-on-a-sunday-morning-5th-september-2021>

The Cities in the Suburbs

By Humphrey Carver (1965) (pdf)

You can read this at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/lifestyle/Cities-in-the-Suburbs-1962.pdf>

The Canadian Pioneers

By Abbé H. R. Casgrain, Translated from the French by A. W. L. Gompertz (1896) (pdf)

You can read this at:

[http://www.electriccanadian.com/pioneering/canadian\\_pioneers.pdf](http://www.electriccanadian.com/pioneering/canadian_pioneers.pdf)

The Canadian Magazine

Volume II 1893 (pdf)

You can read this issue at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/magazines/canadianmagazine02.pdf>

# Electric Scotland

## Beth's Video Talks

Beth has another video for you for September 1st 2021 - Potpourri medical names prove Indian Heritage

You can watch this at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/bnft>

## A Genealogical Account of the Barclays of Urie

For upwards of seven hundred years with Memoirs of Colonel David Barclay and his son Robert Barclay author of the Apology for the People called Quakers and other material (1812) (pdf)

You can read this at:

[https://electricscotland.com/webclans/atoc/Genealogical\\_Account\\_of\\_the\\_Barclays\\_of.pdf](https://electricscotland.com/webclans/atoc/Genealogical_Account_of_the_Barclays_of.pdf)

## Factory Industry and Socialism

By William Smart, M.A., Lecturer on Political Economy in Queen Margaret College, Glasgow, and in University College, Dundee. Read before the Society, 16th November, 1887. (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricscotland.com/business/factoryindustry.pdf>

## Clan Buchanan International

Got in their October 2021 newsletter which you can read at:

<https://electricscotland.com/familytree/newsletters/buchanan/index.htm>

## The Scotch Settlers in Raphoe, County Donegal, Ireland

A Contribution to Pennsylvania Genealogy by William M. Mervine which you can read at:

<https://electricscotland.com/history/scotsirish/SCOTCHSETTLERSINRAPHOE.pdf>

## Updated the Mini Bio of John Shepherd

You can read this at: <https://electricscotland.com/history/shepherd/index.htm>

## Clan Lachlan Association of Canada

Got in their Fall 2021 newsletter which you can read at:

<https://electricscotland.com/familytree/newsletters/lachlan/index.htm>

# Story

## The Story of Conal Grund

[This story was written down in Gaelic by the late Rev. J. G. Campbell, of Tiree, who has done much to preserve a record of the Tales of the Western Highlands. Mr. Campbell translated it also into English, and intended that it should form the first of a volume of such Tales. Writing in 1889, two years before his death, he said: 'The occurrence of the whale in the western islands seems to have been quite common at one time, and there is a story of one having come ashore in the island of Tiree, of such dimensions that sixteen steps of a Udder were required to reach its top, In 1887, one came ashore in the same island, that was above 80 ft. in length.']

HE was of noble descent and heir to an estate; but ill feeling and oppression had sprung up against himself and the family he belonged to, and they were driven from the place. He betook himself to the shore, where he built a hut for himself, and he lived there on whatever he could pick up from the sea or on shore.

It is said that in these days men were scarcer in those parts of the world than their food; that they would rather see sons than anything else they could wish for themselves; and that ships would be coming from distant regions for an opportunity of taking men away with them. At any rate, one day a ship came to the shore where he was, and he went away with it in expectation of meeting with his fortune, and when he returned wealthy he would get his rights restored to him. When they had sailed three days, a great storm arose, and they were in danger of being drowned. They thought it was some one among them who had done harm, and that they should cast lots. The lot fell three times on Conal Grund. There was nothing for it then but to throw him into the sea, let him sink or swim.

What happened to him was, that before he reached the bottom of the sea a whale swallowed him up. He was then inside of it, and both of them traversing the ocean, until at last when he was tired of trying every plan he could think of to get outside, he remembered his little jagged knife that frequently had relieved him. Taking it out, he began to rip the walls that were about him with it. This made the whale go on, and it never stopped till it went ashore in Ireland. When the people saw it coming they gathered to the shore to tear it asunder. When they were nearly at him he cried out, 'Don't kill me.' Whenever they heard the voice, they ran away with terror; but coming to their senses, the most courageous amongst them returned to see what it was. He gave another loud cry to take him out from where he was. The one who came back asked who he was. 'It is I,' he said, 'you are long enough standing there looking on, you had better try to help me,'—and he asked him to take him out, as none of them had the sense to do it themselves. The one who had returned waved his hands to the others, to show that it was an earthly being. When they understood that it was, this is what they said: 'Woeful is his plight. It is a pity for any one to be in his place.' They then attacked the whale, and in an instant it was in pieces, and he was out.

He got food and clothing; and he then went for a walk round about, but had not gone any great distance when he saw a handsome woman at the mouth of a river, washing clothes and weeping. He asked those who were with him who she was, and what was the meaning of her mourning like that. 'It is easy to see,' they said, 'that you are a stranger in the place, when you do not know what has happened, and what cause she has. That's the wife of Archibald the Haughty washing her husband's clothing, as he is now dead.' He then asked what sort of a man Archibald the Haughty was. They said he was a man who had plenty of the world and took plenty of the world with him. When he heard this he stepped up where she was, and asked her why she wept. She said it was easy to see he was a stranger when he was ignorant of what took place and the occasion she had for weeping. 'I am weeping for Archibald the Haughty.' 'Alas! and my utter loss weeping for Archibald the Haughty. Well acquainted with each other were Archibald the Haughty and I. That was a man of great riches when I knew him, Archibald the Haughty,' said he. 'Yes, he was,' she said. 'He took plenty with him and left abundance behind him.'

He then went with her to the house. Food was prepared and set before him. He sat at it, and when no one was looking at him he would take a great gulp of it, but when any of them returned he would drop the food and begin to wring his hands, deploring himself. 'Alas! and my utter loss my Archibald the Haughty dead.' When they left his presence, he would take another big gulp of meat, but as soon as they returned he would tear his hair and say, 'Alas I and my utter loss! my Archibald the Haughty dead! What a good man that was, and how well acquainted I was with him!' And when he pulled his hair the lock came away with its having been rotted when he was inside of the whale, until the people who were in the house thought he was in earnest. When he had finished, and had rested from his fatigue, they went away to see Archibald the Haughty's grave, himself and Archibald the Haughty's wife both together, and they were mourning at the gravestone. It was evening before they returned. She said to him, since he was not acquainted with any other place, that it would be better for him to remain where he was that night. He would not stay, but left goodbye with them all. When he left them behind and got out of sight, he went to the burial ground, opened the grave of Archibald the Haughty, took the lid off the coffin, and he and Archibald the Haughty began to wrestle. The one that would be uppermost now would be below next, and they were thus lifting and throwing down each other till the cock crew. At that time Archibald the Haughty was underneath,

and he remained so ever after.

He (Conal) took with him as much as he could of the gold and silver, and off he set as fast as he could. He was for some days wandering and indifferent where he might go, without any object in view or thought of returning, but ever pushing on. In the dusk of the evening he saw smoke at the edge of the shore. He took the way it was. As he came near he heard weeping and lamenting, and when he reached he found it was from a cave, with a fire, at which sat a woman as handsome as eye had ever seen, with a manchild on her knee. She asked him what had brought him there to-night. He answered that what brought him there was that he did not know of any better place to go to. He then asked her what she was weeping for. She said that the child she had on her knee was to be ready boiled for the big giant who kept the cave when he came back from the hunting hill. 'You also had better be off, or he will kill you when he comes home.' He said, 'There is only but death before me and after me at any rate, and I think I will undertake to stay where I am to-night.' She then told him that she had been stolen by the big giant. 'Perhaps we may find a way of saving your child to-night yet,' he said, catching the child and taking off the point of its little finger, telling her to put it in the giant's supper, and that he would think the child was altogether minced into it when he would see the bit of finger.

The big giant now came home. Conal Grund hid himself behind some old wickerwork that was in the cave when he heard the giant coming. That one came with a rushing sound and a stamping, and with the humming of a song in his mouth. 'You have the odour of a wayfarer with you here to-night,' he said, going down and looking hither and thither. He got a sight of Conal Grund at the back of the pieces of wickerwork, and he caught hold of him and brought him with him. The giant had a big log of oakwood full of holes, and he thrust Conal Grund's finger in one of them and put a wooden stake above it, and hung him up to the side of the cave, and there were sixteen steps in the ladder by which he hung him. While he was hanging, and the big giant asleep, he cut off his finger with the little jagged knife that had often freed him in many troubles and difficulties. Whenever he did this he fell, and the bump he gave on the floor of the cage was worse for him than any difficulty in which he had ever been before. He caught the roasting spit, made it red in the fire, and thrust it in the one goggle eye of the big giant, who then was throwing himself vigorously from side to side till the end of the spit struck the wall of the cave and went through his head. With that he gave a yell,<sup>1</sup> and stood on the door step. Conal Grund pushed him backwards till he fell into the sea, and he was drowned. He himself and the mother of the child went away together next day, and were travelling through a hill. At seven o'clock in the evening they came upon two roads, one leading south and one east, and she went south.

Conal Grund arrived at the house of a great man, who was there, and he stayed some time. This man had three young sons who were fond of riding. At that time the King of Ireland had three yellow mares with a white spot in their faces, and no one ever went to steal them who escaped alive but was hung. The great man thought if any one could steal them Conal Grund could, and he asked him if he would be willing to go. He gave him no answer the first or second time, but the third time he said he would go, if his (the great man's) three sons were allowed to go with him, as he was now growing old, and would never be as active as he once was. They went. It was a habit with the mares not to cat a morsel when any one was coming to steal them. It was on wine and wheaten bread they were fed. When Conal Grund and his companions arrived they hid themselves in the manger, and from that the three white-faced yellow mares did not eat a bite nor take a sip. The King understood that the matter was as usual. He gathered his people, and the strangers were caught, and the four of them were brought before the King. They were bound and thrown to one side. The King's wife was idly looking at them. At last she said to the young King, 'Will you not ask a tale from the old man?' The young King said, 'I am sure he is not in the humour for telling tales. If I ask a story, I must ask a story.' The first story from the man of the house, and from nightfall till morning from 'the guest,' but at any rate he said thus to him: 'Old grey man, I like your own appearance, and would very much like your story. Were you ever in a worse plight than being tied here to-night, and in expectation of being hanged to-morrow?' 'Unloose from the noose the youngest of these lads there (the youngest had the tenderest skin), and allow him the play and merriment of the house all night,' said he, 'and I will tell you that.' This was done, and, when the youngest of the lads was released, he then told how he was on the ship, and the lot had fallen

on him three times, that he was thrown out of the ship into the sea and the whale gulped him up, that he was for such a time inside of it until it went ashore in Ireland, and they tore him out of it, and 'I thought that worse than to be here with you to-night and in expectation of being hanged to-morrow.'

Next night the Queen and the young King said the same, when he asked the second youngest of the lads to be set free to spend the night in share, and play, and merriment of the house. When this one was unbound, he told how he met Archibald the Haughty's wife washing at the river side, and how they were at the grave mourning together, and when he got food he was strong to open the grave,—how he took the lid off the coffin, and how they were struggling in the grave till cockcrowing, and—'I felt it worse to be that night fighting with Archibald the Haughty at his grave, than the King having me bound here to-night, and being perhaps hanged to-morrow.'

The following night, in the same way, the wife of the King requested the young King to ask a story from the old man. As before, he said to him, 'Old grey man, I like you, and I like your stories, but were you ever in a worse plight, except those you have told, than being here to-night and in doubt of being hanged and quartered nad bhloidhean to-morrow?' He then asked the eldest of the lads to be released, and he would tell that. This was done, and he gave a history of what happened to him, after he went away with the treasure he succeeded in getting from Archibald the Haughty, that he was going on all day, and in the dusk of the evening he saw smoke at the edge of the shore, that it was from a cave, and what he found there, and the misfortune that overtook him when the giant put his finger in the oaken log and hung him to the wall,—how he cut off his own finger, and the hard bump he got when he fell on the floor of the cave,—that he made the roasting iron red hot before he put it in the goggle eye of the giant who kept the cave, and it went through his head,—and how he drove him back till he stood on a lump of stone that was in the doorway,—how he got a chance of pushing him with both hands backwards until he fell in the sea and was drowned,—and that he himself and the handsome woman he met in the cave went away together, and at seven o'clock in the evening they came to two roads, one trending south and one east. 'So she went her own way and I went mine, taking the fish we had found with us. I did not ask who she was, nor where she came from,—and she did not ask where I was going.'

When the Queen heard this she rose, and took off his bindings and told him that she was the one who was there,— that the young prince was the child she had with her, when they parted she was near her father's house, and that he was welcome to remain with them always. He said that he would remain, if the three sons went home safely. He got the three yellow mares with the white spot on their faces, and he put the three sons and the three yellow white-faced mares home together, and lived himself with the King and the King's daughter and her son ever after.

END.

And that's it for this week and hope you all have a great weekend.

Alastair

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