

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

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Wylie and Mary McDougall - Founding Editors

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MacDougalls and the beautiful, new cairn at Antigonish. Left to right: Donald, Charles and Bernadette MacDougall all of Antigonish, Ian MacDougall of Stellarton, Sadie and Lauchie MacDougall of Port Hastings, Nova Scotia.

MACDOUGALL CAIRN AT ANTIGONISH

Thursday, July ninth, was a perfect day in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, and a day of special pride for Clan MacDougall. At two P.M. on the Field of the Clans, directly across from Saint Francis Xavier University, a beautiful MacDougall cairn was dedicated in a service conducted in Gaelic and in English and made all the more stirring by the call of the pipes.

Following the dedication ceremony, MacDougalls gathered at the Claymore Motel for lunch and celebration.

The base of the cairn is built of stones collected from farms in Antigonish County which were cleared by MacDougall immigrants. Bound most appropriately with these stones is a rock from Dunollie Castle. The upright pillar is made from white stone flecked with silver and gold mica. The column carries a plaque which bears the MacDougall Clan Crest in color.

Built by local craftsmen and the labor of clansfolk, the cairn is a magnificent symbol of the living spirit of our Clan existing in unity and strength. Our Clanspeople around the world send both their congratulations and their expression of appreciation to the members of our Society in and near Antigonish.

Up with the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk and the feather and 'a!

CLANFOLK GATHER WITH CHIEF

On June third the walls of Dunollie again echoed with the sound of the bagpipe. "MacDougall's Gathering" was the pipe tune, and it was most appropriate. Over fifty clanspeople from Scotland, Canada, the United States, and England were gathering with their Chief.

It was not the sending around of that ancient summons, the fire cross, which brought them, but a call just as potent - a kindly invitation from the head of our Clan family. The response was not one engendered in duty sworn but rather in the love of Clan and for the person who is our Chief.

The piper was Ronald Lawrie, former Pipe Major of the famous Glasgow Police Pipe Band which was formed in 1883 - the first such organization outside the British armed forces. Pipe Major Lawrie's family has long been associated with the MacDougalls of Dunollie, and the piping that afternoon was of the quality which can truly be characterized as "great music."

The gathered clansfolk were piped into the dining room of Dunollie House for a buffet lunch after which our Chief welcomed those assembled and expressed her own pleasure in this very special event.

The afternoon was spent in tours of Dunollie House, the grounds, and the castle which for centuries has been one of the principal seats of the Chiefs of Clan MacDougall.

Nancy Black, whose MacDougall ancestors include the family which once held the distinction of being pipers to the Chiefs of our Clan, brought polished stones from the sacred Isle of Iona which she generously gave as mementoes to those gathered. It is certain that, in the future, these stones will call up many memories of friendships renewed, new friendships made, and of a very special afternoon spent at Dunollie with our Chief.

BOYHOOD ON THE TOBEQUE

As told by George MacDougall

The Tobique is a New Brunswick tributary of the Saint John River. At the turn of the century, a great many Scots lived and farmed along the Tobique. There were MacKellers and MacNabs, MacNairs, Frasers, and Campbells. Like many of these families, the MacDougalls had come directly to New Brunswick from Scotland. William MacDougall had settled in Muniac, below Perth on the Saint John, in the 1830's. He was one of three brothers who came to Canada along with their father, Malcolm. Family tradition has it that the three MacDougall brothers had been drummer boys in the Napoleonic Wars, and perhaps this story accounts for the fact that William named one of his sons Wellington. Some of Wellington's sons went west to Wisconsin to work in the woods, but Abram, George MacDougall's father, stayed in New Brunswick to farm along the Tobique, and it was there that George enjoyed his boyhood.

Looking back, it was the independence and freedom which made life on the banks of the Tobique meaningful. There was only one game warden in the county of Victoria. George never did catch sight of him though George began hunting at the age of ten. Sheriff Miles MacFee was seldom seen and infrequently needed. Law was in the home - a matter of family pride and accepted principles. Of course, one didn't count the game laws as a matter of civil importance. A common sense conservation was considered sufficient when it came to such regulations.

The nearest doctor lived twelve miles down river. There was a blacksmith who lived closer than that. He was a genius of sorts who could temper steel and fashion good springs for bear traps. More convenient still was the presence of saw and grist mills on nearly every good sized stream.

The earth gave in abundance for those willing to contribute their sweat to the process or who had the ingenuity to gather what the wilds provided. The MacDougall farm produced the family's flour, buckwheat, and vegetables. In season they gathered fiddleheads along the river banks, sandplums, highbush cranberries, wild onions, and butternuts. Half a dozen cows produced milk enough for a surplus of butter which was put-down in earthen jars until there were two hundred pounds to be taken into Plaster Rock for sale. The turkeys and ducks had the run of the yard until around Christmas time when their freedom and life came to an abrupt end. The whole operation of family and farm was nearly self-sufficient. Two trips to town a year and the acquisition of thirty gallons of molasses, one hundred pounds of sugar, and sufficient salt was all that was needed to round-out the bounty.

Hunting provided a good deal of the meat. You could strike off through the mixed growth and go for twenty miles, and while moose were few, the deer could be found in herds in the cedar swamps. It didn't matter if it rained during those day-long hunting trips.

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Our Clansman, Michael MacDougall, heaves a caber of solid beech at Newcastle Games in Maine.

FROM OUR KINSMEN IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

(Editor's Note: Society member Barbara McDougall sends us this most welcome news and information from another continent in another hemisphere where our fall issue is their spring edition of The Tartan.)

Let me begin by telling you a little about where I live. Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, and its suburbs are situated on a plain between the sea and the hills with the suburbs stretching about forty miles along the coast. Last year I moved from the foothills to within a three minute walk of the shores of the Gulf of Saint Vincent and eleven miles from Adelaide.

After nearly two hundred years of white settlement, the population of Australia is about fourteen million with the greatest number of people living close to the coastline - the interior of Australia being mostly barren desert lands.

Scots have played an important part in the exploration and in the development of Australia, and like Scots the world over they brought their customs and their place names which remain to this day as a reminder to later generations. In the year 1845, Alexander C. MacDougall gave the name of Dunollie to a town in Victoria naming it after Dunollie Castle. There are other "Dunollies" named, probably, by MacDougalls now long forgotten.

From the very earliest times, Australian MacDougalls have served in local governments, in Parliament, and in world affairs. Then there are all the anonymous MacDougalls who have farmed the land and worked in a variety of occupations and who, in the time of war, have fought for their country like their clansmen of old. Two brothers, Ronald Lachlan MacDougall and Alan Frederick MacDougall, were both awarded the Military Cross. Alan reached the rank of Brigadier in the Australian Military Forces and Ronald rose to the rank of captain. Another MacDougall, Stanley Robert, was awarded the Victoria Cross.

Recently Ian Lachlan MacDougall, the son of Ronald Lachlan mentioned above, completed his course in Architecture. His sister Jennifer completed her medical course and after a year's internship now has a position at the Institute of Medical and Veterinary Science in Adelaide. So the record of our Clan in Australia moves from past to present and on into the future.

The early Scots came here never to return to their native land, but in recent years many descendants have visited the land of their forebears. Richard MacDougall as a member of the Western Australian Police Pipe Band which played at the Edinburgh Tattoo two or three years ago was one of those fortunate clansmen. He had the opportunity of seeing the homeland of his great-great grandfather.

My great grandfather James MacDougall, a shepherd, and his wife Jean left their home on the Isle of Mull, journeyed to Liverpool, and after a voyage lasting five months arrived in South Australia in June, 1839. The Province was then just two and a half years old. In this land of opportunity, James became a sheep farmer, but after fifteen years he died and left his widow with eight young children. Their many descendants have spread into the other Australian states where they played a part in opening-up new farm lands, and some of them still farm the land. Still others have set sail once more - this time to South Africa.

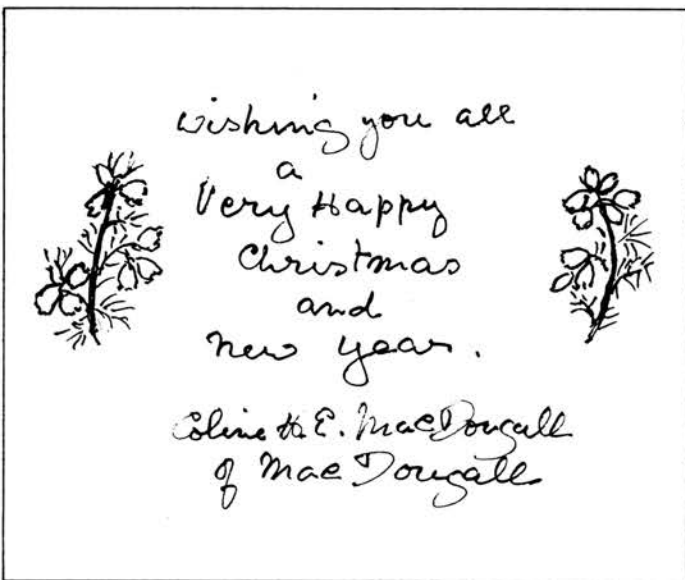
The name MacDougall has never been a very common name in South Australia. However, each year sees the list of kinsmen in the telephone directory grow. There are now sixty-one in that list.

With such a long and honorable record in education, business, politics, and philanthropy, the Scottish community in Australia is justly proud of its contributions. No wonder the member of the House of Representatives in Canberra had a sympathetic audience when last April he raised the question of why full duty was levied on imported kilts and on no other form of national dress. The minister of Business and Consumer Affairs, having been reminded that both the Prime Minister and the Speaker of the House were known to wear the kilt, gave quick assurance that the matter would be looked into.

Highland games are held in Adelaide in March of each year with a full day of interest including massed pipe bands from all over South Australia, caber tossing, Highland and Scottish dancing, but no gathering of the clans such as you have - perhaps that will be something for the future. This year in South Australia the Royal Caledonian Society is celebrating its Centenary with special functions throughout the year.

I am involved with the South Australian Genealogical Society. Members of the Clan MacDougall Society may be interested in the project which we are about to start. This project involves the recording for posterity the known information of every person who lived in South Australia from its founding in 1836 up to the year 1885. We hope that

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THE CLASACH

Harp of the North! that moldering long has hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,

Still must thy sweeter sound their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?
(*Lady of the Lake* - Scott)

The mellow light of the evening sun is highlighting the green hills of Kerrera. The mountains of Mull lie half hidden by the white veils of passing showers. Sitting in a window of Dunollie Castle, one listens to the sounds which have filled so many twilights here in this ancient place - the rothe of the sea upon the gravels and rocks below and the cry of the gulls turning upon the wind.

Listening, one imagines other sounds which would have been heard when our Chiefs lived within these walls - the bark of a dog from the walled courtyard before the keep and the sound of dinner being cleared from the table in the hall. Then as dusk spread over island, sea and headland, perhaps - yes, almost certainly - would be heard the arpeggio of the clasach, the Highland harp of our ancestors.

Those of us who are just discovering our Scottish heritage are hearing more and more about the clasach. We owe a great deal to harpists like our own Chief, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, who have kept the music of the Celtic Harp alive and well for us and for our children to enjoy.

Six hundred years after the angels sang in Bethlehem, the Celtic harp had developed into an instrument capable of accompanying the antiphonal liturgy being sung in Iona and elsewhere as the new faith spread through the Highlands. By the time the MacDougalls were building the massive walls of present Dunollie and erecting the arches of Ardcattan, the clasach had matured into an instrument closely resembling the Lude harps now preserved in the National Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh.

The Celtic Harp became an instrument of consummate art both in technical design and decoration. An intricately carved and often richly inlaid pillar designed to support the strain of thirty taunt strings curved up from the harp's base to join the forearm with its graceful harmonic arch matched to the slant of the sounding board. Such a beautiful instrument had a range from C below the base clef to the D above the treble clef - a span to match the lowest and highest reach of the human voice. The scale was diatonic, and the clasach was tuned in the natural key termed the "leath gleas."

Before catgut came into vogue, the strings were made of brass with steel being used for higher strings. A quill or metal plectrum was sometimes used to strike the strings, but more commonly the strings were set to singing by the use of finger nails carefully cultured as the mark of the harpist.

Interestingly, the Celtic harpists pictured in old manuscripts are shown striking the cords with the left hand in the treble while the right hand played the melody in the base.

Early Celtic Harps were small enough to be held in the lap. The classic clasach, or Lude Harp, outgrew the lap of the harpist. It stood thirty inches and higher. The modern version often stands still higher - closer to four feet with the strings increased to thirty-four.

A HOLIDAY RECIPE FROM OUR CHIEF CHESTNUT STEW

Madam MacDougall of MacDougall

We used to love going into the big kitchen to watch our cook, Lizzie MacNiven, make scones, pancakes, and oatcakes on an iron griddle on the big, black coal fired range, let into the arch of the early seventeenth century fireplace. The kitchen floor was great slabs of stone, and there was a large, scrubbed wood table down the middle. The whole area was presided over by our cook who was of ample proportions and enveloped in a clean white apron with a bib. In front of the range lay an assortment of cats and dogs, large and small, round which our cook picked her way. Here is one of the recipes which added its savory smells to our kitchen. One large onion; three carrots; one pound chestnuts; one pound steak; pepper and salt, one tablespoon flour; one pint stock (or one beef cube, one pint of hot water). Place chestnuts in water and boil for ten minutes. Cut up onions and carrots and fry to a nice brown. Mix flour, salt, and pepper and roll steak (cut in fork-sized chunks) in it and fry with the vegetables for a few minutes only. Place in casserole and cover with stock. Add skinned chestnuts. Cover tightly and cook in a moderate oven for two hours. If you have difficulty obtaining fresh chestnuts, ask for dried ones in a health food store. Soak chestnuts overnight then follow the recipe.

(Reprinted in part from a new and beautiful book, *The Clans Cook Book*, published by Macdonald Publishers, Edgefield Road, Loanhead, Midlothian, Scotland (2H2O, 9SY).

The Clasach con't.

Those who wish to learn to play the clasach or who simply wish to hear the music of this beloved instrument of our ancestors may write Mrs. Christina Tourin, R.D. 2, Duxbury, Vermont. Mrs. Tourin is both an accomplished harpist and the maker of beautiful Celtic harps. Another source is Robinson's Harp Shop, P.O. Box 161, Mt. Laguna, California, 92048.

(Editor's Note: We are indebted to Mrs. Tourin who supplied the information for the above article.)



Our Chief at her harp which was presented to her on her twenty-first birthday by the Clan MacDougall Society of Glasgow.

A NOTE ON ARDENCAPLE HOUSE - The house on the northern shore of the Island of Seil was the principal home of the MacDougalls of Ardencaple until the end of the nineteenth century. It is now the residence of the mother of Lady Diane, the new Princess of Wales.

SOCIETY DIRECTOR WEDS

Washington Cathedral, Washington, D.C., was the scene of the marriage of Jeanne Rae Rodgers to Alan Miles MacDougall on May sixteenth. Miss Rodgers is the daughter of the late George Alvin and Jessie Black Rodgers of McKeesport, Pennsylvania; Mr. MacDougall is the son of the late Albert Thomas and Gladys Osborne McDougall of Winchester, Massachusetts.

The marriage was performed by the Reverend Doctor Edward Elson, Chaplain Emeritus of the United States Senate, and the Eucharist was celebrated by the Reverend Elizabeth L. Weisner of the Cathedral staff.

Given in marriage by her cousin, James P. Orr, Sr., Miss Rodgers wore a gown of white chiffon over taffeta with a cathedral train. The dress' collar, bodice and skirt were accented with Venice lace. The bride carried a bouquet of white orchids, lily of the valley, white heather, and ivy.

Mr. MacDougall and all the male members of the wedding party wore highland dress. Mr. MacDougall's kilt was of the MacDougall Tartan in the old colors.

The flower girls wore tartan sashes in the family tartans of the bride (Lamont) and the groom (MacDougall) and carried baskets of white daisies tied with ribbons of the same tartan as their sashes. The ring bearers were attired in Black Watch kilts and green velvet jackets.

Mrs. Irene H. Hornberger of Wilmington, Delaware, the bride's aunt, was piped into the Cathedral by Matthew F. Kuldell, Pipe Sergeant of the Washington Scottish Pipe Band. The groom's aunt, Mrs. Gerald O'Conner of Lowell, Massachusetts, was similarly honored by Piper Randolph Swart. The bride and the groom were piped from the high altar by both Mr. Kuldell and Mr. Swart. The recessional pipe tune, "Jeanne Rea's Wedding," was composed by Mr. Swart in honor of the bride.

A reception, dinner and dance followed the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. MacDougall honeymooned in Scotland and England, returning on The Queen Elizabeth 2. They reside in Alexandria, Virginia. Jeanne is a Foreign Service Staff Officer currently assigned to the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs of the Department of State, and Alan is Chief of the Korea Branch of the Defense Intelligence Agency.



The wedding party of Alan and Jeanne MacDougall. First row: Kevin Scott, Zachary Dziedzic, Aelisa Dziedzic and Kathryn Scott. Second row: Meredith Morrison, Annette Chorley, Kathleen Ables, Margaret Irvine, Jeanne MacDougall, Alan MacDougall, Clark Wilson, Charles Ables, Michael Dziedzic, Robert l'Anson, and John Cahill. (Photo credit: Paul Sarokin)



No one can out do G. Simms McDowell in giving the "Ode to the Haggis." Clan MacDougall Society's dinner party - Linville, North Carolina.

ITEMS OF NOTE

The family of Curtis D. MacDougall (see *The Tartan*, Fall 1980, p. 4) continues to collect well earned awards. PRISCILLA RUTH MACDOUGALL has become the nationally recognized expert in women's right to their own surname. A KENT MACDOUGALL of the *Los Angeles Times* has won two major awards - The Lowell Mellett Award for improving journalism through critical evaluation and a John Hancock Award for excellence in business and financial journalism. GENEVIEVE MACDOUGALL, wife of Curtis D., has been named Educator of the Decade by Northwestern University and the Foundation for Illinois Archeology. A classroom teacher for twenty-five years, Genevieve, is the founder of the Junior High Field School and Student Laboratory which now has permanent teaching and research facilities at Kampsville, Illinois. Over the past ten years, this unique program has given a hands-on experience in archeology and the recovery of history to twelve thousand youths from over thirty-seven states and seven foreign countries. In addition these students have shared in the enthusiasm and sincere interest in young people which characterizes Mrs. MacDougall both as an educator and a friend.

JOHN MCDOWGALL, Executive Vice President of Ford International Automotive Operations has been honored by being elected a Fellow of the Engineering Society of Detroit and of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

HUGH C. MACDOUGALL is off once more in the service of his country. This time he has been posted to the Rangoon Department of State.

Two youths DONNIE AND BRENT MACDOUGALL have been slamming the puck into the net for their champion Antigonish hockey teams - the Bulldogs and the Nova Midgets.

MARI MCDOWGALL of Midlothian, Illinois, shot three straight birdies in her brilliant capture of the Chicago Women's District Golf Association Championship. Mari plans to return to her senior year at Arizona State University.

DOROTHY K. MACDOWELL of 113 Gregg Avenue, Aiken, South Carolina (29801) has compiled and published a 616 page genealogy of the *MacDowalls and MacDowells* (\$27.50). This indexed and source filled volume is the result of forty years of research.

The Clan MacDougall Society sends congratulations to the following proud parents: to Richard and Anita MacDougall on the birth of PAUL DUNCAN MACDOUGALL, born June 24, 1981 - Society director Howard MacDougall and his wife Marie are the happy grandparents; to G. Simms McDowell, III, and his wife Elsa on the birth of their daughter CHARLOTTE CORDES MCDOWELL; to James and Libba Glenn on the birth of their son JAMES ROBERT GLENN - we understand that grandfather John McDowell Moore is

THE PRESIDENTS REPORT

There are more than just a few consoling rewards in reaching the young age of eighty. Friends and members have phoned me, they have written me and they have congratulated me personally for passing my eightieth milestone safely and I would like to use this means to thank them for their kind words. I would like to brag to our golfing members that I shot my age this year, but I cannot. The best I have done is to come within four strokes of this mark.

It has been a good year for me, but a better one for the Clan MacDougall Society. We have put fifty new names on our membership roster in the last twelve months. Our seventeenth annual Gathering and membership meeting in July was one of the best. There were eighty-three at our meeting and at the cocktail party and dinner that followed. Fourteen of the eighteen members of our Board of Directors attended our board meeting. A donation of \$750.00 to go to our Chief for maintenance and upkeep at Dunollie Castle was approved. We had two tents at the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games. All seats were taken in the tent used for viewing the events of the games. Our loyal members that manned our reception tent were busy signing up new members and visiting with prospective members. There were one thousand guests at the Tartan Ball held Saturday evening, all dressed in their finest Scottish attire. Five tables were set aside for Clan MacDougall and every seat was taken. Fortunately, we had a weekend of perfect weather and a good time was had by all.

It has saddened me to lose the few staunch members whose names are listed in the "They Will Be Missed" column. Mrs. Margaret McDougal Leonard lost her husband, Lowell, recently. He was a fine, fine man. Margaret arranged the meeting between her Clan MacDougall relatives in Chicago and my brother and myself that brought about the founding of the Clan MacDougall Society.

I received an interesting letter a few days ago from a new member, Mrs. Zella Marie McDougall Barber of Stevens Point, Wisconsin. She had read in the Tartan about my twin brother, Wylie, and remarked that her elder brothers were identical twins. Her uncle, Eugene McDougall, had twins and her cousin, Dr. Joseph McDougall, had twin grandsons. Through the years other members of our Society have mentioned there were twins in their family. It may be a far fetched speculation but I have wondered if it might be possible that twins are a genealogical phenomenon in our Clan MacDougall family. I would be interested in hearing from any member that knows of there being twins sitting on one of the branches of their family tree.

Walter MacDougall, our editor has just returned from a three week trip to the MacDougall country of Scotland. I have just finished reading a thirty-six page story he has written of his travels. It was so interesting that I read it again with a map in my lap, retracing his steps as the story unfolded. Walter was warmly received by our Chief, Madam MacDougall, of MacDougall and her two sisters. He visited the MacDougall Castles of Dunollie, Gylen, and Dunstaffnage and Ardchattan where early MacDougall Chiefs were buried. He picnicked with Miss Hope MacDougall of MacDougall on the battle field of Dalrigh where the MacDougalls defeated Robert Bruce's army. Walter will write of his experiences in future issues of the Tartan and I can promise you his articles will be intensely interesting.

John W. McDougall, Sr.
John W. McDougall, Sr.
President

Items of Note con't.

elated, and to Lloyd and Melinda McDougall of Toronto on the birth of their son IAN RUSSELL MCDUGALL.

LEO MURDOCH MACDOUGALL, son of Charles and Bernadette MacDougall of Antigonish was married to Joan Marie MacGillvary at Saint Timothy Church in Willowdale, Ontario. Organ and pipe music graced this wedding. The bride wore a gown of white peau de soie styled with a mandarin collar. Both the groom and the best man, David MacInnis, wore formal Highland attire and the MacDougall Tartan. Our best wishes to Leo and Joan!

BERNICE MARIE MACDOUGALL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John MacDougall of Antigonish, was married to Mark Valvasori this summer. Members of Bernice's dancing class entertained at the reception. Both bride and groom are recent graduates from Saint Francis Xavier and will be making their home in Hamilton, Ontario.

Our congratulations to HOWARD and MARGE MACDOUGALL of Charleston, South Carolina on being the recipients of the A. WYLIE MCDUGALL MEMORIAL AWARD and our sincere thanks for all you have done to advance our Clan and our Society.

THEY SHALL BE MISSED

Death's dark glen leads onward
To a fair and brighter land.

LOWELL LEONARD. Lowell was eighty-five and a native of Chicago, Illinois, and a former resident of Riverside where he was an executive with the Imperial Brass Company.

SISTER MARIE MACDOUGALL, a resident of High Level, Alberta, who passed away on May 13, 1981.

EARL T. EVERETT, a resident of Forest, Virginia, who passed away in August of 1980.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, a resident of West Somerville, Massachusetts who passed away in March of 1981.

WILLIAM G. MACDOUGALL, a resident of Annandale, Virginia, who passed away January 22, 1981.

JAMES A. MACDOUGALL, M.D., a resident of Rumford, Maine, who passed away May 20, 1981. Doctor and Mrs. MacDougall were early and enthusiastic members of our Clan Society.

MRS. EDITH PEARL STOREY (nee McDougall) who passed away midway through her ninety-sixth year. She was dearly loved and shall be fondly remembered by the McDougalls of Grand Valley, Ontario.

CLAN AND SOCIETY REPRESENTED AT GAMES

Clan MacDougall and our Clan Society was represented at the following Highland games and Scottish gatherings. Our thanks to all those who helped to make the warm feeling of kinship felt across our two nations. If we have missed any representation, please let us know.

Stone Mountain Games, Atlanta, Georgia - Mr. and Mrs. John A. MacDougall.

Charleston Highland Games, Charleston, South Carolina - Mr. and Mrs. Howard W. MacDougall.

Virginia Scottish Games, Alexandria, Virginia; Williamsburgh Highland Games, Williamsburgh, Virginia; and Ligonier Highland Games, Ligonier, Pennsylvania - Mr. and Mrs. Alan M. MacDougall.

Tidewater Scottish Festival, Virginia Beach, Virginia - Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Patterson.

Jacksonville Highland Games, Jacksonville, Florida - Mrs. Evelyn McDougall MacEwan and Mr. George MacEwan.

Antigonish Highland Games, Antigonish, Nova Scotia - Mr. Charles MacDougall.

Newcastle Highland Games, Newcastle, Maine - Mrs. Jean Macdougall Horr and Mrs. Leah Macdougall Rawding.



Dancers at Grandfather Mountain. (Reprinted by permission of Newsweek, Inc.)



Alastair Livingstone, Baron of Bachuil and Walter M. Macdougall with the Holy staff of Saint Moluag.

SEPTS, SURNAMES AND SURMISES - Part One

Amid the excitement over Scottish heritage one sometimes encounters a charming misconception which goes like this: Once upon a time in old Scotland there were clans in which every member was a cousin of some sort to the chief and in which every member wore the same tartan and shared the same surname. There were also families called septs which had their own surname but which swore allegiance to a certain clan forever and forever. Altogether, these people of clan and sept ate oatmeal porridge in the morning, haggis every noon, and stole cattle when the moon was not too bright.

Fortunately, the true story of the Highland clans is more fascinating just as the complex relationship represented in the term "sept" is more interesting.

One needs to approach the whole business of septs with caution. Take the Livingstones for instance. They are listed in *Kith and Kin* and in *The Clan, Septs, and Regiments of the Scottish Highlands* as a sept of Clan MacDougall and of the Stewarts of Appin as well. Moncreiffe speaks of the Livingstones as a "small, sacred clan." If one is not confused by all of this, then consider that some with the surname "Livingstone" may not be of Highland descent and some may not be Scottish at all, for there are Livingstones who trace their ancestry from the lowland family of West Lothian and some from the Pennsylvania Dutch.

If we seek the Livingstones who were long and honorably associated with Clan MacDougall before the Lordship of Lorn passed to the Stewarts of Appin or ever the Campbells came to power, we find them in Argyll where for centuries they were the hereditary keepers of the Bachuil Mòr. However, they were not known by the name of Livingstone in those far past days.

It was not until the seventeenth century that these close neighbors of the MacDougalls of Lorn began to adopt "Livingstone" as a surname. Before this adoption, they were identified as MacLeays (Gaelic: Mac Dhunnshleive) - a designation derived from their ancestor Dunsleve who was descendant of a Scottish princess and a prince of the royal house of Aodh O'Neil, King of North Ireland.

The relationship which existed between these MacLeays and the Chiefs of our Clan exceeded the factors of time and geographic place, for the MacLeays held a special position in the religious and social tapestry which surrounded the MacDougall Lords of Lorn. The MacLeays made their principal home upon the Island of Lismore - the island whose name means the "great garden" and which lies northwest and in view from Dunollie. There on Lismore they dwelt on the abbey lands as keepers of the Bachuil Mòr, the pastoral staff of Saint Lughaidh or Saint Moluag as he is called today. While it is not certain by what ancient inheritance that MacLeays received the sacred trust, it is clear that they early fulfilled this role of guardians commissioned by church and by temporal rulers within that portion

of the old Kingdom of Dalriada which fell to Somerled, Overlord of Lorn and the Isles and progenitor of Clan MacDougall.

It is, perhaps difficult for us to understand the importance which our ancestors placed in religious relics. They were bearers of a sacred continuance which, over the years, acquired the reputation of miraculous powers. In the seaside world of the MacDougalls and the MacLeays, the staff of Saint Moluag was such an emblem of sanctity. It symbolized the promise of authority and the hope of healing.

Alastair Livingstone, Baron of Bachuil, still keeps the staff which has been entrusted to his family through all the years of faith and red sword. He lives upon the island of Lismore upon the lands of his fathers and close beside Coeffin (Caifean) Castle which was once a part of the MacDougall "ring of power." To him we are indebted for the loan of some notes written by himself and for the permission to utilize this information in giving the following account of Saint Moluag and his staff.

The Saint's name, Lughaidh, means "gleaming light," and in the dusk of the world in which he lived he was just that. He was an Irish Pict who came from the Monastery of Bangor and landed on the shore of Lismore at a place still called Port Moluag after the Saint's pet name. Using the island as a base of operations, this man spread his message northward founding, it is said, one hundred monasteries. He was in the north of Scotland and hard at work when he died on June 25, 592. Legend says that twenty of his followers brought his body back to Lismore. More than seven hundred years later, close to the place where tradition says the Saint was laid to rest, there rose the old cathedral church dedicated to his memory. This holy place was in time and for a while the seat of the Bishopric of the Isles. One who aided in the building of this cathedral was Bishop Martin, a Dominican and a MacDougall whose home was Dunollie.

Few crozers (pastoral staffs of the old Saints) which were once treasured possessions in Scotland and which were guarded by hereditary dewars or almoners, survived the Reformation. The Bachuil Mòr of Saint Moluag is one. The staff is also known as the Bachuil Buidhe, the yellow staff, a name which probably refers to the metal foil with which it was once encased. The bachuil, itself, is black thorn wood. The black thorn bush still grows on Lismore "in unwelcome profusion" as the present Baron of Bachuil comments in his notes. He adds "the length of the staff is presently two feet and nine inches. Wafer thin fragments of metal adhere precariously to it. The wood, itself, seems robust and not the least brittle or desicated."

This is the Bachuil Mòr which the MacLeays, as Barons and keepers of the staff, carried in church processions and before the forces of Lorn into battle.

The MacLeays shared in the victories of the MacDougalls, and they fell beside our clansmen in their defeats. It is said that the MacLeays of Achnacree were almost annihilated supporting the MacDougalls against the Campbells of Inverawe, and, in 1647, at Dunavertie at least three MacLeays were massacred along with the garrison of MacDougalls which stood with its back to the sea and its face to the troops of General Leslie.

One hundred years before the massacre at Dunavertie, the society in which the MacLeays lived had greatly changed both in terms of religious and secular power. In 1544, the MacLeays of Lismore sought a charter from the Earl of Argyll - an act which was, perhaps, an attempt to preserve both their lands in Lismore and their sacred trust. Argyll granted the charter confirming both the lands of Lismore and the right recognized in the past of keeping "the great staff of the blessed Moloc" - a right, so the charter reads, which had been granted in the past by "our predecessors, Lords of Lorn." Appropriately, the charter was witnessed by John M'Coul (MacDougall) of Dunollie, fourteenth Chief of our Clan, and by John M'Coul (MacDougall) of Raray. This charter, however, was not to circumvent the troubles which lay ahead for the MacLeays.

In the mid seventeenth century, James Livingstone of Skirling (one of the Lowland Livingstones) became the overlord of Lismore, and it was probably about this time that the MacLeays assumed the surname Livingstone. It has been suggested that this name-taking may have been an attempt on the part of the MacLeays to disentangle themselves from the power plays between the Campbells, Stewarts of Appin, and the MacDougalls. Such may represent a motive, but it must be remembered that the general use of surnames in the Highlands was only then becoming an accepted practice and that at that time many Scottish families took the name of the land holder under whom they lived. Moreover, the MacLeay-Livingstones continued to be closely associated with both the Stewarts of Appin and the MacDougalls. For their support of the Stewarts of Appin at the Battle of Culloden in 1746, the dwelling place of the Livingstones of Lismore

Con't. on page 8, col. 1



THE BELL HEATHER

None of the emblems which represent the unity of clan membership has deeper roots in the past than the plant badges. Perhaps that statement is a bit too clever, but it appears to be correct. Having commented on the silver clan badges worn in bonnets since the eighteen hundreds, Sir Iain Moncreiffe in his fine book, *The Highland Clans*, writes:

The older badges were the lucky plants of the clans. The idea of a sacred plant is very ancient, going back to the Dawn Religion of the New Stone Age.

Sharing this custom of selecting family and tribal plants with ancient peoples around the world, the Highlanders have long worn their plant badges in their bonnets and carried it before them bound and held aloft on spear or pole.

Our Clan MacDougall Plant Badge is the bell heather - a beautiful member of the heather family easily distinguished from the ling and common heath by its crimson-purple blossoms which are large, bell shaped, and grow in terminal clusters. The stems and nettle-like leaves are beautiful as well. The stems are a deep red, and the leaves are a brilliant green.

The bell heather blooms earlier than the common heather. Early July finds it in blossom across the land of our ancestors in Lorn-massed in splendid displays and mixed with yellow buttercups along the roadway in Strath Fillan, making a garden of a railroad cut in Glen Cruitten, bordering a sheep path on the high hills of Kerrera, and fringing a granite ledge above Loch Etive.

There seems to be no record of how long ago the bell heather became the plant badge of Clan MacDougall. There is no question that it was a choice which bequeathed to us a living, beautiful, and significant emblem.

THE SCOTS ANCESTRY RESEARCH SOCIETY

The Scots Ancestry Research Society, 3 Albany Street, Edinburgh (EH1-3PY), is a non-profit organization dedicated to assisting Scots in tracing their genealogy. The Society has helped more than 50,000 persons since its organization in 1945. The one-time registration fee is \$25.00 and the research costs are low considering the resources and expertise which is offered.

AN APOLOGY

This is an apology to those members that did not receive last spring's issue of the *Tartan*, or an invitation to the dinner party that followed our seventeenth annual meeting. To save money on postage we tried bulk mailing by permit. It was a mistake. Your Board of Directors voted to go back to first class mailing. If you did not receive the last issue of the *Tartan*, please let us know.

Frugal MacDougall

LINES FROM LETTERS

Franklin, Massachusetts

I want to take advantage of a rainy holiday to report to you on my recent trip to Scotland . . . This first trip lived up to every expectation and was certainly unforgettable . . . Scotland is an awesomely beautiful country, just as the tourist brochures tell you. But one is not prepared for the verdure, the greenness everywhere due to the almost daily rain . . . Everywhere one finds breathtakingly beautiful roses, lupine, and rhododendron, and a countless variety of other flowers.

One is surprised at the highlands. The planing action of the glaciers on these mountains rounded them and made them not unlike our northern Appalachians . . . But, in other places, they are different from anything one has seen before . . . One forgets how far north this country is - until your first partly cloudy night there in June when the sky never really gets dark and the sunset lasts for four hours instead of minutes. One night, about 12:30 A.M., I was frozen with wonder by a still pale blue sky on the western horizon and luminescent, salmon-pink clouds stretching across the entire arc of the heavens.

One of the highlights of our trip was a visit with Madam MacDougall, our Chief . . . she graciously invited us for coffee and cakes, a wonderful visit, and a tour through Dunollie House . . .

Dick MacDougall

Cape Coral, Florida

Just a note to express to you our pleasure in being members of such a marvelous Clan!

Never have we been to any games where the MacDougalls have a tent that we have not been warmly received and made welcome. I think that what surprises me most is that we are also remembered!

We have just returned from the Jacksonville Games, where we spoke with Evelyn who kept the tradition of graciousness alive. Thanks to you all.

I also thought you might like to know that one of your young members, my son Philip Nixon, is a Highland dancer. He has taken approximately sixteen medals and is in the Intermediate Class . . . Of course, his father and I are extremely proud of him, for at the age of fifteen he is already well on his way to carrying on our tradition in his generation. . . .

Margaret Nixon

CORRECTIONS

The Spring, 1981, issue of *The Tartan*: Page three, paragraph four of Commander Patterson's genealogical article - James MacCool was born in 1809 not 1909. Page four, They Will Be Missed - Louis Drum who lived in Burlington, N.C., was the brother-in-law of Society Vice-President Howard D. MacDougall who lives in Jamesburg, N.J. Sorry - our errors, the editors.



The ruins of Coeffin Castle - once a MacDougall stronghold on the Island of Lismore.

Boyhood con't.

George's mother knitted sweaters from the wool she had carded in a local mill - sweaters which would shed water from forenoon to sunset.

And there were fish. "My God," says George, "any brook big enough to float a trout was full of them." Fishing rights for salmon along the Tobique were held by "sports" from Boston and New York. These "sports" hired their own fish wardens to patrol the river, but these fellows went to bed before the night was getting gray and at about the time that the salmon were running best. All one needed was a boat, a light, and a spear.

Taxes were nothing to matter much. The school tax was about it, for the farmers contributed their own time and teams on the road work. Still one had to have some cash, and the men took their teams into the woods for the winter. When George's father left to haul logs and plaster rock, the running of the farm fell to George and his mother. One grew up expecting to work. George was sixteen when he followed his father into the woods driving a team of horses over the iced roads before daylight had come and when the mercury was too cold to rise in the thermometer.

One worked hard and played hard. School didn't interfere when it came to work. When a boy got old enough to be of real help on the farm, his presence in the one-room school became less frequent. There weren't many "frills" in the education offered and, perhaps, this fact explains why even the boys got their "three R's."

George MacDougall has a wonderful sense of humor, but there is no sparkle of amusement in his brown eyes when he compares our troubled and disjointed society with that life of independence and family solidarity which he knew as a boy on the banks of the Tobique. (Society member George MacDougall moved to Ripley, Maine, in 1927. He is now retired from a life of farming and is living in Burnham, Maine.)

Septs & Surnames con't.

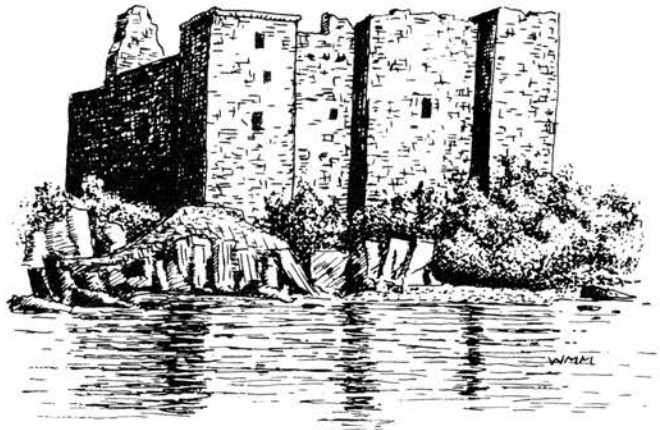
joined the ashes of the cathedral destroyed after the Reformation.

The MacLeays with their new name of Livingstone remained stout supporters of our Clan though our Chiefs no longer bore the title of Lords of Lorn. While the story of Chief Iain Ciar's exploits in Ireland against the Red Robber may be only legend, it is significant that in these tales of daring and adventure our MacDougall hero's companion was Duncan Livingstone. A sequel to the Red Robber stories tells that when Iain's grandson, Captain Duncan MacDougall, was in Ireland he accepted an invitation to dine with the Red Robber's grandson. Captain Duncan was saved from the treachery which followed by his body guard who was, of course, a Livingstone.

Within the MacDougall burying ground at Ardchattan, is the grave of Niel Livingstone who departed this life at Dunollie in 1751. John Livingstone, who died in Oban in 1793, is also buried there among those of our Clan with whom these families of Livingstones were united during life.

Before ending this account of the MacLeays, who took the surname of Livingstone, and their close association with Clan MacDougall, it is interesting to note that like our Clan treasure, the Brooch of Lorn, the Bachuil Mòr fell into the hands of the Campbells, and, as in the case of the Brooch, it was returned to its rightful keepers. In 1974, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll brought the staff to Lismore by open ferry and in the fury of a storm. A newspaper account of the return of Moluag's staff to the Baron of Bachuil was headed - "The Duke puts it right with the Saint." So in happy ending the black thorn staff of ancient sanctity is back in the keeping of the family who for so many years have kept their vigil beside the Fire Knoll on Lismore - a sacred place even before the coming of the Saint.

The Livingstone/MacLeays have their own tartan as shown in Bain's *Clans and Tartans of Scotland* and recorded on *The Official Tartan Map*. They have their own crest as pictured in Moncreiffe's *The Highland Clans*. During the long and troubled history of Argyll, the Livingstone/MacLeays were first associated with the MacDougalls and later with the Stewarts of Appin. Inevitably, they came to terms with the politics of the Campbells. Through all the turmoil and the pageantry, the Livingstone/MacLeays have carried the holy crozier of Saint Moluag before the alters and the battle forces of Lorn. In light of this, it is interesting to note that Frank Adam, in his book on the Highland Clans and Septs, states that one family of Livingstones were hereditary standard-bearers of the MacDougalls. For their early association with our Clan and for their continued support, our Chief retains the name of Livingstone in honor and respect upon the roles of those who have with our ancestors served a common cause.



MACDOUGALL CASTLES INNISCHONNELL

Loch Awe stretches diagonally across what was the MacDougall Kingdom of Lorn. The loch reaches from the base of massive Ben Cruachen to within three miles of Loch Craignish and the sea. Control of Loch Awe's twenty-five miles of inland waterway was important to the Chiefs of our Clan as the Lords of Lorn.

A key feature in this control was Innischonnell Castle. The ruins of this castle stand on an island just off the southern shore and midway up Loch Awe; its high walls still reflecting in the waters which the fortress guarded as a link in the MacDougall "ring of power" until 1308. In the spring of that year, John of Lorn - John Bacach as he was known and our Fifth Chief - was lying ill at Dunstaffnage awaiting the inevitable invasion of Argyll by Robert Bruce. From a letter written to King Edward by John of Lorn at this critical point in our Clan history, we know that John had done what he could in preparation. He had a fleet of galleys upon Loch Awe and was holding three major castles - probably Dunollie and Innischonnell in addition to Dunstaffnage (see Starforth, p. 18). It was to the stronghold of Innischonnell that John Bacach was to retire after the Battle of the Pass of Brander.

The castle was not to remain much longer in MacDougall hands. It was awarded to the Campbells by Bruce and for a time was the principal seat of Chiefs of that rising clan as the Barons of Lochawe.

Australia con't.

this project will be completed as part of the celebration of the one hundred and fifty years of the State's history of white settlement in 1986. Many people are working on the various facets of our country's history which has not been very well documented in the past. It is only now that people have become aware of the need to record before it is too late and lost forever.

My thoughts will be with all MacDougalls gathering in the United States and Canada and who will be gathering with our Chief in Oban.

With best wishes,
Barbara McDougall

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