



The Raven

Monthly Newsletter of the
Clan MacDougall Society of North America



Faillte air mo charaidean. (*Welcome my friends.*)

Hello Clan MacDougall Society readers. It's October again and hopefully you are experiencing the beginning of Autumn and all its splendor. Autumn was my Grandma's favorite season. As a child, mine was summer. As the years have passed by, I have turned to the Fall season. It's a time of gathering, celebrating, and cozy times.

Samhain has always been a marker for the end of the harvest season and the beginnings of the "darker half" ~ winter. I hope that you get to celebrate many chilly mornings full of mist and fog and firepit talks, hot tea, cocoa and coffee, not to mention the occasional dram. Costume parties to come and many gatherings of friends and family are hopefully in the near future for you as well. I know we will have our fair share here in my home. I will also be in Choctaw, OK at the Scottish Festival on October 20, 21, & 22. If you're in Oklahoma and want a fall festival, come and visit with us! Be sure to check our website for MORE events happening near you.



I want to say a special "thank you" to those volunteers who have worked with me closely throughout September and October. It's great to have a team that efficiently works together. "Thank You" Barbara Osgood, Barry Marler, Kyle Jones, Heather MacDougall, Lindsay Davis, and Valerie McDougall. Another big "Thank You" to our communications team who will be working on our Fall Contribution Campaign. This campaign is what funds our activities for the coming year. You are the reason we get to volunteer and share heritage, traditions, and all things Scottish and MacDougall/MacDowall with you.

Yours Aye,

Misha Lowther

Indianapolis Games By Catherine MacDougall

The Indianapolis Scottish Highland Games and Festival on September 30, 2023 at the Marion County Fairgrounds in Indianapolis, Indiana. It was the first time back since 2020!

It was a very warm fall day we were set up across from the athletic field, which allowed us to enjoy the games. We had a few Clansman come through the tent and to tell us that they were glad to see the MacDougalls represented at the festival. Here is a [link](#) to see a lot of great photographs.

Catherine MacDougall-Dunham & Ben Dunham



Loon Mountain Games By Anne Carine

Hello all from the North East! Hope this beautiful Autumn day finds you well.

Loon Mt, NH area is considered the Scottish Highlands of the N.E. and the home of the beloved three day NH Scottish Festival. This year's memories were made from September 15 - 17, 2023.

Clan MacDougall was happy to be present to welcome and converse with folks and kinsmen! Our clan was represented by Shelly and Lance Trembley, Sheila and Ed McDowell, Sarah and Ian Nason, my son Aaron and myself!

We greeted and enjoyed Friday and Sunday! Saturday was canceled due to high winds on the mountain!

We were delighted to be immersed in Scottish environment and be among friends.

God's blessings on you
Beannacht De' ort
Anne

Tam o' Shanter is a poem published by Robert Burns in 1791. It is considered one of Scotland's best spooky narratives. Take read, if you dare!

When chapmen billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors, neibors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
And getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame.
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonie lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale!-- Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither--
They had been fou for weeks thegither!

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent-new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He scre'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.--
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some develish cantraip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light.--
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murders's banes in gibbet-airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutt'd frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name was be unlawfu'.
Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout;
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile in every neuk.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens,
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
wi' favours secret, sweet and precious
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious.
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white--then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.--
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg--
A better never lifted leg--
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire;
Despisin' wind and rain and fire.
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glowing round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares:
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Chairlie brak 's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,

I wad hae gi'en them off my huries,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Louping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder did na turn thy stomach!

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie:
There was ae winsome wench and waulie,
That night enlisted in the core,
Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore;
(For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear.)
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie,-
Ah! little ken'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was, and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollo.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy commin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,

Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.--
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll:
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!--
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventured forward on the light;
 And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight

And win the key-stane o' the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle -
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail;
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

No, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed;
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think! ye may buy joys o'er dear -
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

Upcoming Games



Seaside Highland Games

October 13-15, 2023
 Ventura Fair Grounds
 10 W Harbor Blvd
 Ventura, CA 93001

Tickets



Stone Mountain Highland Games

October 20-22, 2023
 Stone Mountain Park
 1000 Robert E. Lee Blvd
 Stone Mountain, GA 30083

Tickets



United Scots Fest

Choctaw Creek Park
 2001 N. Harper Rd
 Choctaw, OK 73020

Tickets



Salado Scottish Highland Games

November 10-12, 2023
 Salado Museum & College Park



Book your accommodations as soon as possible! Due to other events taking place in and around the region, Dunollie is expecting lodging to go fast, so book now!

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Free Scottish Banner

The Scottish Banner is our community's
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Click below for the October 2023 issue!

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Thank you for your continued support!

Persons wishing to submit articles, photos, or items of interest may contact:

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OUR NONPROFIT MISSION

To perpetuate Scottish culture through the collection, preservation, and distribution of literary, historical, and genealogical materials, especially those related to Clan MacDougall and Clan MacDowall. Preservation of heritage sites and relics is of particular importance, as is the education of our kin through learning opportunities and scholarships. Donations in support of these causes is tax deductible in the U.S.

Membership is open to all.

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