

# CLACH·AN·AIRM

Vol. III, No. 4.

Journal of Clan MacGillivray Society USA

2021



## Napoleon McGillivray: Adventures in the American West

### Other features:

**Stories on Simon McGillivray's  
Descendants**

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**Shinty: The Most Scottish of Sports**

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**Scots in the North American West**

“Shooting the Rapids.”

This spectacular painting by Canadian artist Arthur Fleming, done in 1930, catches the drama of an HBC party headed west in one of the firm's iconic York boats. The factor in the top hat, seated amidship, might easily have been Simon McGillivray, Jr.

Credit: Goldi Productions.

# In Loving Memory of Ishbel McGillivray-McGregor

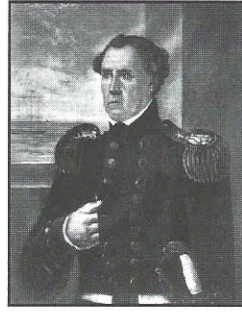
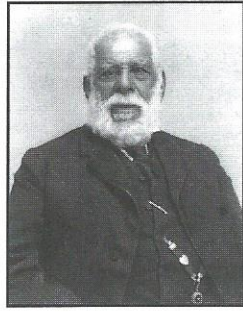
*May 7, 1925 - December 31, 2020*

*Burial, Dunlichity Cemetery, January 28, 2021*



Photo credit: William T. Fraser & Son

- . Commissioner for the United Kingdom for Clan MacGillivray .*
- . Founding member of Clan MacGillivray International Association .*
- . President of the Clan MacGillivray International Association .*
- . Organizer of quadrennial gatherings in Scotland of Clan MacGillivray .*
- . Coordinator of placement of commemorative plaques at Petty Church and the chiefly enclosure .*
- . Friend and supporter of MacGillivrays everywhere .*



# CLACH·AN·AIRM

“STONE OF WEAPONS”

Volume III, Number 4

Journal of Clan MacGillivray Society USA

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Rodney McGillivray

## FROM THE EDITOR

Tom Cox

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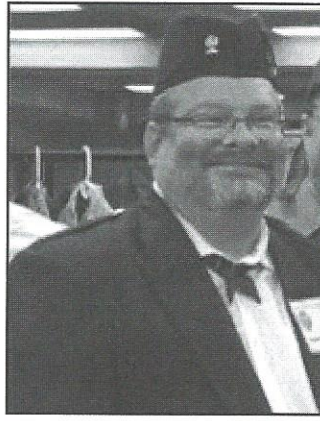
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*Published for the Society.*

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## From the President

*Rodney McGillivray*



Greetings to the Clan MacGillivray family:

The effects of the COVID-19 global pandemic continue to challenge us in our efforts to organize Clan MacGillivray events. The situation is fluid and uncertain at best. I postponed writing this message to the last possible moment because of the ever changing landscape. What I write today may be out-of-date by tomorrow.

Our hopes of holding in 2021 the International Gathering that we were forced to cancel in 2020 were dashed by the on-going international travel restrictions that remain in place. We were due to hold our 2nd Derbhfine in 2021 as well in order to hold our 2nd election for Commander of the Clan. Our current Commander, Iain MacGillivray, is seeking re-election. The 5 year appointment that was made in 2016 was due to expire in 2021. An inquiry has been sent to the Lord Lyon for guidance on how to proceed with the Derbhfine process given the pandemic travel restrictions. Clan MacGillivray leadership will pass along the Derbhfine arrangements as they become available.

Due to the further postponement of the International Gathering the USA leadership attempted to re-ignite plans for a 2021 USA gathering. We felt that vaccination programs would lead to restrictions being eased inside the United States. We tried to arrange the gathering in conjunction with highland games in Massachusetts in July, but those games were canceled by the organizers. Then we attempted to coordinate with the massive annual games held in New Hampshire in September, but we found that those are being held with major restrictions making them far less enjoyable for our members to attend. We eventually decided a gathering under those conditions would not be particularly enjoyable for our members to attend. Therefore we decided against further attempts to hold a 2021 USA Gathering.

At this writing we are still hoping for an International gathering in 2022. If that plan holds, we will hold the next USA Gathering in 2023, most likely in the New Hampshire/Massachusetts area. It is far too early to know if the pandemic restrictions will ease soon enough to make these plans concrete.

The good news is that Pam Adams has volunteered to restart our newsletter. She is going to attempt to publish quarterly. Please keep an eye out for Pam's requests for news to publish in the newsletter. We will provide further updates to our event planning efforts in that newsletter.

The pandemic has certainly slowed our momentum for growing interest and participation in Clan MacGillivray. When conditions allow, we will do our best to regenerate what we had rolling along so nicely in 2019. Watch for our coming announcements.

With Warmest Regards,

*Rodney E McGillivray*

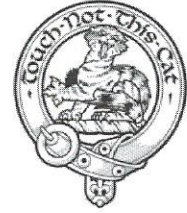
## CLACH AN AIRM

Journal of  
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SOCIETY USA

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## THE STORY OF THE CLACH AN AIRM



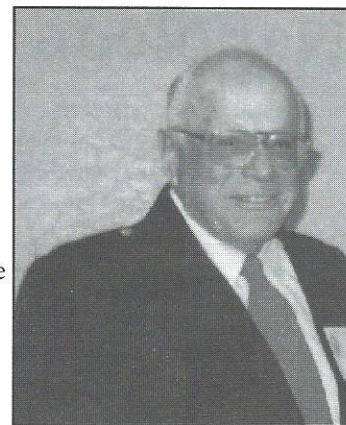
The object known in Clan MacGillivray lore as the Clach an Airm (roughly pronounced: Klak an Airm) is a stone. It stands on a hillside of the Gask farm, a former MacGillivray property about five miles south of Inverness in upper Strathnairn. Today the hill is covered with a forestry plantation, so to find the stone requires someone well acquainted with the local country. But earlier, the hill was treeless and the stone visible from a distance.

The importance of this stone is hinted at by its name, Clach an Airm, in Gaelic meaning "Stone of Arms," that is, weapons. The time was 1746, during the Jacobite Rebellion in favor of returning the Stuart line to the crown of Great Britain. The MacGillivrays of Strathnairn were stout supporters of the Rising and came out in force with their chief. They mustered for the battle looming at nearby Culloden Moor by this stone at Gask. As they did, they sharpened their blade weapons on the stone.

The battle, and the Rising with it, was lost, with great misfortune to our people and forever changing the Highland way of life. But we remember this stone as a rallying point for our Clan in time of peril, when the song of steel against stone rang out in our homelands.

## From the Editor

Tom Cox



The past year and a half has been difficult to say the least, but in an effort to keep some semblance of order in our society's affairs, Allison and I have pushed hard to keep our journal on schedule. As I write this, it looks as if we will make it.

In each of our past issues we have tried to include material on both affairs in Scotland and those in North America. This time, I fear, Scotland gets short shrift, but we do have pieces on Shinty and the European descendants of the Hudson's Bay Company's Simon McGillivray so some semblance of balance remains. And if things work out as planned we will be returning to the Strathnairn for our lead article in 2022. By that time if the Covid-19 pandemic has run its course, we will have had a gathering of our society in New England, and we will be getting ready for our long-delayed international gathering in Scotland. In other words, there seems to be light at the end of the tunnel—I just hope it is not an oncoming train!

I want to extend special thanks to Don MacGillivray who grubbed through a mountain of obscure materials to piece together the little-known story of Napoleon McGillivray. Don lives in Portland, Oregon, where Napoleon is buried and just across the Columbia River from where he spent a good portion of his life—and where McGillivray Boulevard is still a main thoroughfare. Moreover, Don was born and raised in Davis, California, located near the site of many of Napoleon's adventures. It has been my pleasure help Don bring the story together.

I also want to extend thanks to Raymond Starr, a long-time colleague of mine at San Diego State University where he taught California history. He is now a resident of Goliad, Texas, where he is an active worker for the local historical society. He may not be a MacGillivray, but he brings to his review of Ferenc Szasz's *Scots in the American West* a perfect background of skill and experience—and it is always fun to put old friends to work!

And more than ever I want to thanks Allison McGillivray for her work in putting this issue together. Recently I have been afflicted with some major medical problems that have forced me to lean on her even more than usual. As you read this issue, please remember that it is her work as much as mine that has made it possible.

Onward!

Tom

# Napoleon McGillivray: Adventures in the American West

*By Donald Bruce MacGillivray*

The role of the Hudson's Bay Company and of Simon and William McGillivray in the exploration and settlement of the Canadian West is well known. Any number of books and articles chronicle their activities. What is less well known is that their efforts led to considerable activity in what would become the western reaches of the United States including areas well beyond the vast territory in which the HBC operated. No one demonstrates this better than Napoleon Bonaparte McGillivray.

Napoleon McGillivray was born on April 28, 1825, at the Hudson's Bay Company post on Rainy River where his father, Simon Jr., was at the time in residence as a principal in the company, newly merged with the North West Fur Company. Both his father and mother were apparently métis, probably of Scottish-Ojibway ancestry. Why his father named him after the French general—by then imprisoned on St. Helena—is unclear; all his siblings had more conventional names.<sup>1</sup>

As a child of the fur trade, Napoleon McGillivray studied bookkeeping at the Red River settlement, a community of retired fur traders, mixed bloods, and Scottish settlers near today's Winnipeg that was the largest settlement in the Canadian west. But McGillivray's education involved more than bookkeeping. Early in 1832, at only seven years of age, he journeyed to Missouri with his father and from there to the HBC trading post at Fort Nez Percés (later known as Fort Walla Walla, a more appropriate name since it was located in Walla Walla, not Nez Percé tribal territory). There his father served as Chief Trader for roughly a year, and Napoleon apparently stayed on with him. The trip whetted young McGillivray's appetite for adventure as bookkeeping never could and initiated a connection to American events that would continue throughout his lifetime.

Having received a rudimentary education at Red River, in 1839 McGillivray signed on with the Hudson's Bay Company and, together with his brother Montrose, older by three years, joined a party led by the company's Francis Ermatinger that crossed the Great Plains and Rocky Mountains to the HBC's Fort Vancouver on the lower Columbia River.<sup>2</sup> For the next five years Napoleon worked as assistant clerk at the company store at Fort Vancouver entering expenditures for nails, provisions, liquors, and more into company account books.

This was a key period. American explorers and fur traders were busily probing the vast stretches west of the Mississippi, and the United States was casting covetous eyes on territory beyond Thomas Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase. There were



Top: Napoleon McGillivray in 1895. Credit: Portland Oregonian. Bottom: Historic arms of the Hudson's Bay Company. Credit: Wikimedia Commons.

more exciting things afoot than bookkeeping, and after five years Napoleon was ready to move on. He left the Hudson's Bay Company to become his own master and in 1844 settled in the Willamette Valley where, in addition to farming, the nineteen-year-old worked as a trapper and fisherman along the Columbia River.

Longing for something more adventurous (or promising), in 1846 McGillivray departed for California where exciting developments were afoot. At first McGillivray engaged in hunting; the Sacramento Valley was, he said, the best hunting ground that he had ever seen. The area around Suisun swarmed with fat antelope and droves of elk; deer were everywhere as were grizzlies and mountain lions, while "great bands of wild horses roamed all over the country." McGillivray and his partners shot horses for their manes and tails to make horse hair riatas—considered to be the strongest, most flexible, and best lariats that could be made.<sup>3</sup>

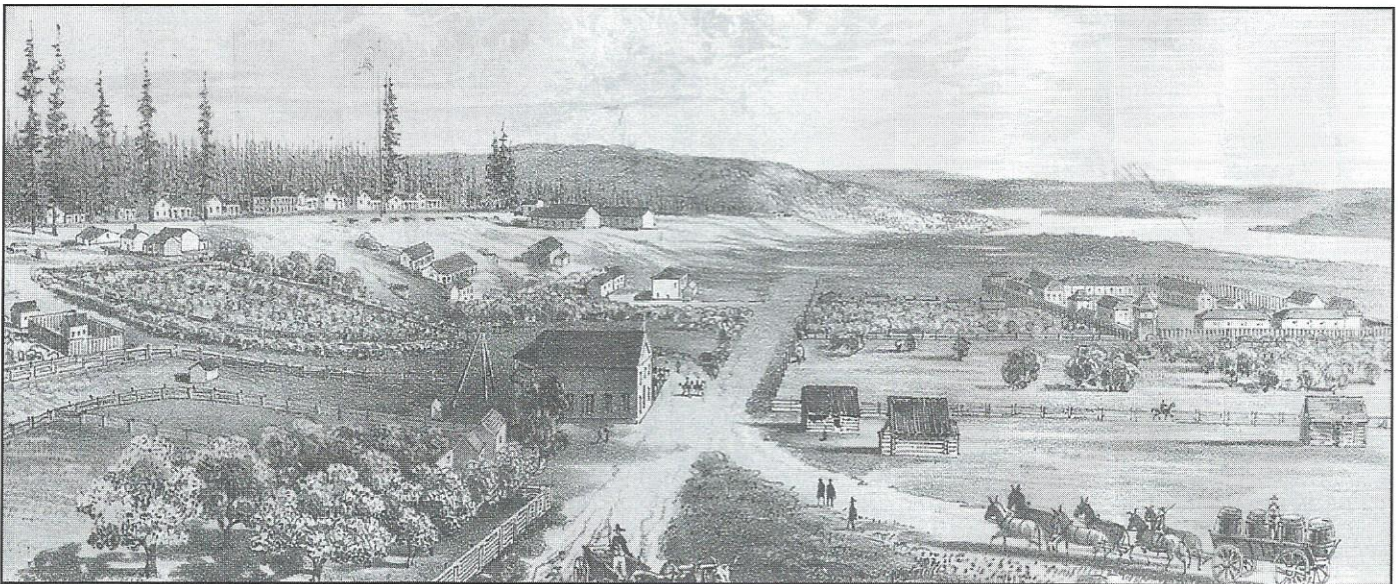
In June McGillivray was hunting along the Sacramento River near Knight's Landing when he heard volunteers were being recruited to wrest California from Mexico. He hurried to enlist in the company. On June 14 the motley group took Sonoma—site of Mission San Francisco de Solano, the northernmost of California's 21 missions—without firing a shot and raised the Bear Flag of what they called the California Republic. As McGillivray later recalled, "at a given signal we rode into town with a yell. We found a few peaceful old padres at the mission and that was all." Referring to Mexican-government horses they had captured just days before, William B. Ide, the group's "commander," harangued the body: "Choose ye this day what you will be! We are robbers, or we *must* be conquerors!"<sup>4</sup>

In the meantime Captain John C. Frémont, ostensibly on a surveying mission for the United States, had returned to California (after being expelled the year before) hoping to

take California from Mexico in the war he saw coming. In late June a body of Ide's men crossed from north of the Golden Gate (Frémont's term), as did Frémont's force of some sixty men and a launch with a few men from the Pacific Squadron. On July 1 they captured the unguarded presidio in San Francisco (then known as Yerba Buena). With its partisans increasingly operating under the Stars and Stripes, the California Republic faded away (although in due course the Bear Flag would become the flag of the State of California). A week later Sloat's forces took control of Monterey, the capital of Alta California, again without firing a shot.



The only known photo of Napoleon McGillivray.  
Credit: Carol Heckroth.



Ft. Vancouver, 1855 Credit: Library of Congress

Frémont was ordered to Monterey to reinforce Commodore John D. Sloat's meager forces. He arrived on July 19 with his original command, 160 volunteers (McGillivray among them), and some 300 extra horses. The group's arrival presented a most unusual sight. An English observer wrote:

Frémont's party naturally excited curiosity. Here were true trappers. These men had passed years in the wilds, living on their own resources. They were a curious set. A vast cloud of dust appeared first, and thence in

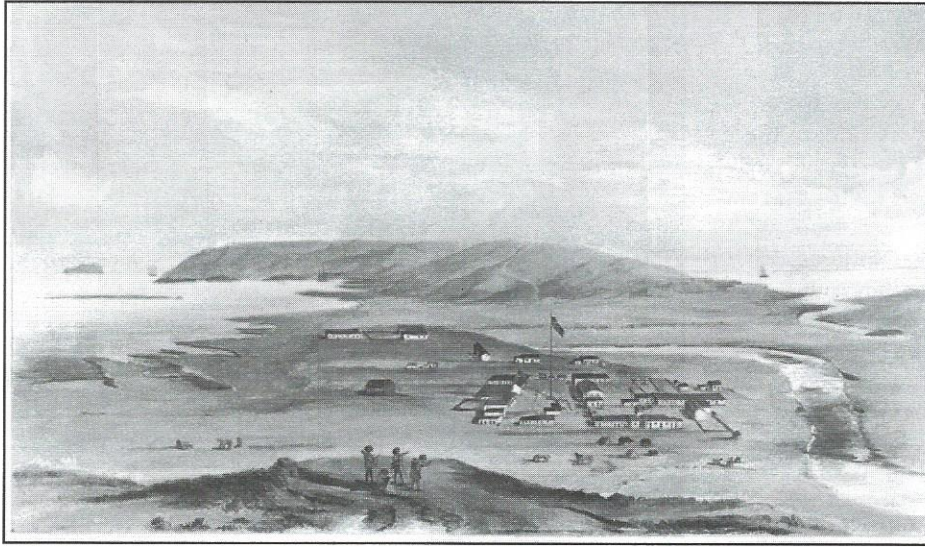
a long file emerged this wildest wild party.

Frémont rode ahead, a spare, active looking man, with such an eye! After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his body-guard [The rest] many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle.

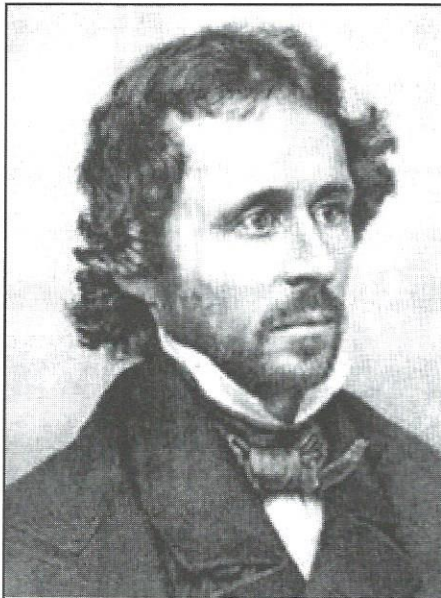
... The ground seemed to tremble under their heavy tramp while their untrimmed beards, flowing out

from under their foraging caps, and their black beards, with white teeth glittering through, gave them a wild, savage aspect.<sup>5</sup>

At this point Commodore Sloat had no further plans for action for it was not clear to him that the United States and Mexico were officially at war, but Commodore Robert Stockton arrived on the scene in the frigate *Congress* and on July 24 took command of the Pacific Squadron from the hesitant Sloat. Stockton promptly mustered Frémont's California Battalion into the United



Left: **San Diego 1850.** Credit: Vintage Prints. Right: **The California missions.** Credit: California Missions Resource Center.



Left: **John C. Frémont** Credit: Daniel Kalfas. Right: **Robert F. Stockton** Credit: Wikimedia Commons.



States Army and ordered them to sail to Southern California where Mexican control was still strong. Napoleon was among the 400-500 troops thus dispatched, and after the relatively bloodless take-over in the north it seems they did not have any great foreboding. On the slow trip south, Napoleon remembered, we “had a grand time.” It was then that he apparently first observed Frémont close up, describing him as “thin, wiry, with a very high forehead, an expressive face, and a quick sharp style.” He judged Frémont a man who could stand a good deal of hardship, a real compliment coming as it did from a hardened frontiersman.

According to McGillivray, en route south on the chartered American trading vessel *Sterling* with Frémont’s forces aboard was becalmed and before it could reach San Diego was met by Captain William Mervine in the USS *Savannah* who reported the defeat his forces had suffered trying to capture.

Los Angeles (the largest community in Mexican California).<sup>6</sup> The Californios had cannon, Mervine reported, which gave the Americans pause, for they had none—the *Sterling* promptly returned north to allow its forces to get more appropriately outfitted. They supposedly arrived at Monterey just in time to thwart a Californio attempt to re-take the community.<sup>7</sup>

Back in northern California, Frémont marshalled his men near Mission San Juan Bautista in preparation for returning south by land. They scoured the surrounding countryside to acquire horses and provisions for the march. As McGillivray put it, they were “busy prowling all over the Salinas for horses and saddles. We took ‘em wherever we could find ‘em.

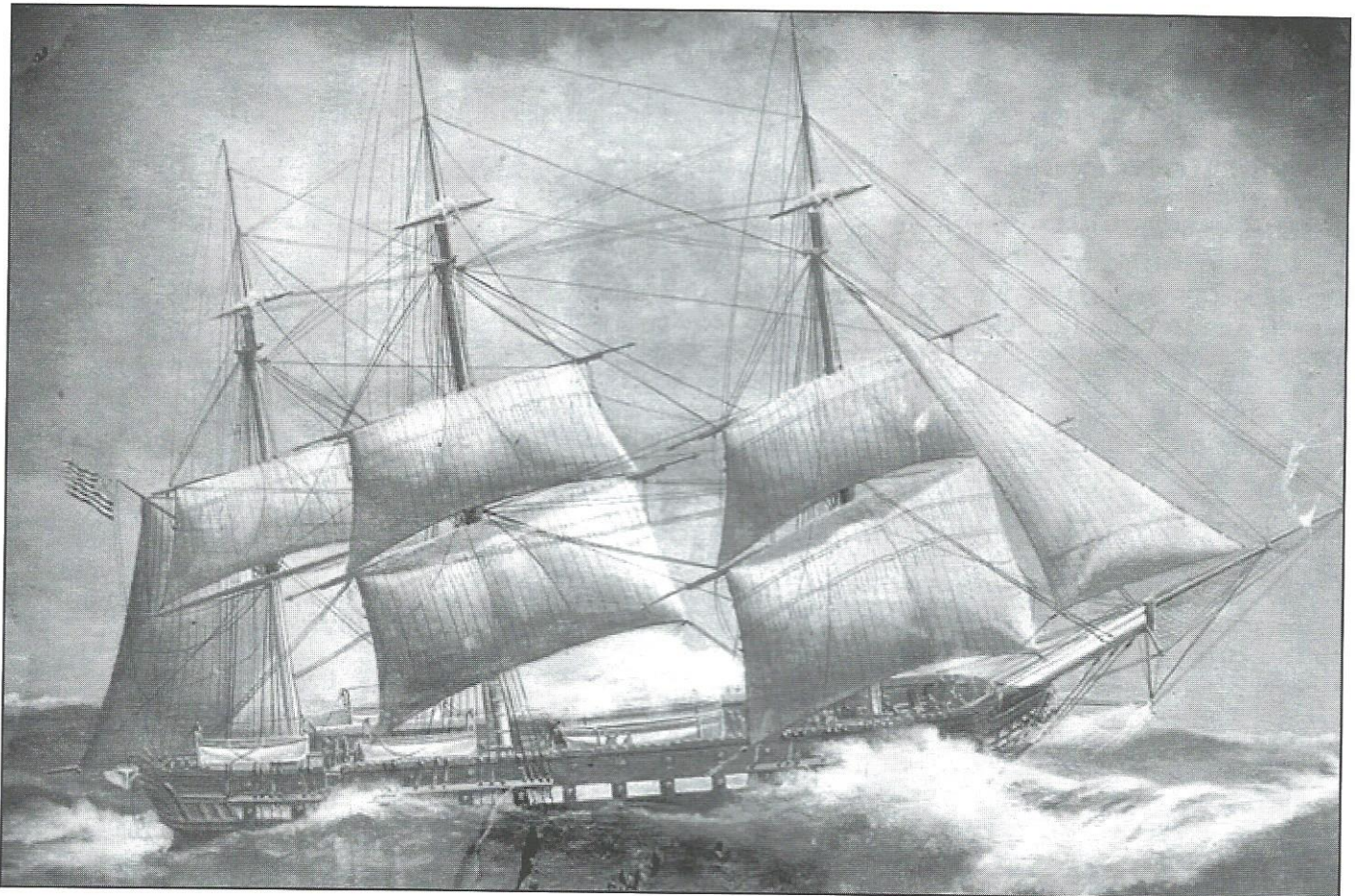
We used to surround houses at night and search the premises for horses, saddles, and bridles. We [also] found quite a bit of powder hidden away and

destroyed a good many old muskets. . . .” In short, he said, we “got rather used to taking things under Fremont.”

But their requisitioning did not go unchallenged. On November 16 a foraging party under Captain Charles Burroughs was returning to Frémont’s base with horses they had “requisitioned” when they saw a large force approaching from the direction of Monterey.

Assuming they were fellow Americans, six men rode out to meet them. It quickly became clear, however, that they were Mexicans, and the group—made up mostly of sailors who were poor horsemen—dismounted to take up a defensive position in a patch of oaks. When Captain Burroughs saw what was happening, he led the rest of

Continued on page 18



USS Congress Credit: NHHC.



*Simon McGillivray was my great-great-grandfather. He worked in the NWC as chief administrator, operating both in Canada and in London, and he was well known for his diplomacy, shrewdness, and skillfulness in managing difficult situations.”*

## Stories on Simon McGillivray's Descendants

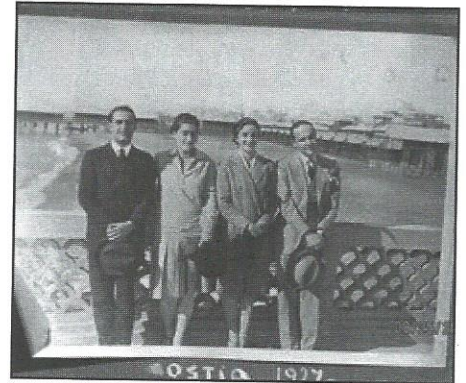
*By Gianni Lombardi*



1960s: Richard Dawkins Mazzarrini with his war medals and Légion d'honneur.



1973: Richard Dawkins Mazzarrini at his retirement ceremony.



1927: Riccardo Mazzarrini and his sister Cristina (on the right), with friends at a beach near Rome.

Donald McGillivray (d. 1803) and his wife Ann McTavish (d. 1807) are both buried in the MacGillivray chiefly enclosure at Dunluchity Church in the Strathnairn. Donald and Ann had 12 children. Three of them (William, Simon, and Duncan) emigrated to Canada in the late 1700s to work with Simon McTavish, their uncle, founder of the North West Company (NWC), a large enterprise dealing in beaver pelts. When Simon McTavish died in 1804, William succeeded him as head of the NWC, while Simon and Duncan became partners in the company.

Simon McGillivray (1782-1840) was my great-great-grandfather. He worked in the NWC as chief administrator, operating both in Canada and in London, and he was well known for his diplomacy, shrewdness, and skillfulness in

managing difficult situations. An art expert, in London he had an impressive collection of works of famous painters, was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a member of the Beaver Club.

Like his brother William, he was a freemason, and he became Grand Master of the Second Provincial Lodge of Upper Canada. When, in 1821, the NWC experienced financial problems and merged with the Hudson's Bay Company, he returned to London and ended up working in a newspaper he had some financial interest in, the *Morning Chronicle*.

In 1838, Simon married Anne Easthope, daughter of Sir John. They had two daughters, Anne Elizabeth (1838-1872), who never married, and Mary Louisa (1840-1896). Mary Louisa McGillivray and her

second husband, Richard Dawkins (1807-1892), a Rear Admiral in the Royal Navy, had three sons and three daughters. Although there was great potential for many offspring of the Dawkins-McGillivray line, things turned out differently. Of the three sons, George lived for only one year, and Richard and John, who both added MacGillivray (Mac instead of the Mc of their mother) to their surnames, had no issue.

Of the three daughters, Annie Theodora (1876-1936) never married, travelled a lot, and spent the last few years of her life in Italy. She died and was buried near Rome. At the end of the 1800s, Mary Katherine (1874-1971) and her sister Edith Louisa (1873-1944) went to Italy as part of the Grand Tour, visiting Venice, Florence,

and Rome. They met two Italian brothers, fell in love with and very romantically married them in 1903, initially living in Città della Pieve, a small town in central Italy. Mary Katherine and her husband, Guelfo Mazzarrini (1880–1923), had a son, who married but had no issue, and a daughter, my mother. Edith Louisa and her husband, Bruno Mazzarrini (1875–1963), had a daughter, Cristina, who married and had no issue, and a son, Riccardo, who had a daughter. From Simon McGillivray only four third-generation descendants remained.

Cristina (1904–1990) was tall, good looking, and red-haired, as were her mother and brother. When young, she had lung problems, and as therapy she went to a mountain hotel in South Tyrol, where she met Rheinold Kollensperger, the hotel manager. They married in 1932. He subsequently moved to work in a hotel at Predigtsthal, situated at an altitude of about 5,000 ft above the town of Bad Reichenhall in Germany, close to the Austrian border. The couple lived the rest of their lives there, in a place that could be reached only by the oldest cableway in Europe, operational since 1928. They had no issue.

Her brother, Riccardo (1906–1974), had a successful life and was a good example of the American dream: emigrating, working, and making progress. When young, he lived in the small native town of Città della Pieve. He was rather unruly and did not want to study. Sent to Oxford to improve his English, he was thrown out because he was too undisciplined. In 1928, he decided to move to the United States, where he worked for Pan American Airways (PAA), initially as a laborer, and later in an office. In 1930, he married Beryl Lucille Mennell (1904–1994), born in Jamaica from an English family that emigrated to the States when she was 6 years old. Initially, they lived in New York. In 1933, he became a US citizen and changed his name from Riccardo to Richard. Brilliant! With good knowledge of English that he learned from his mother, he worked

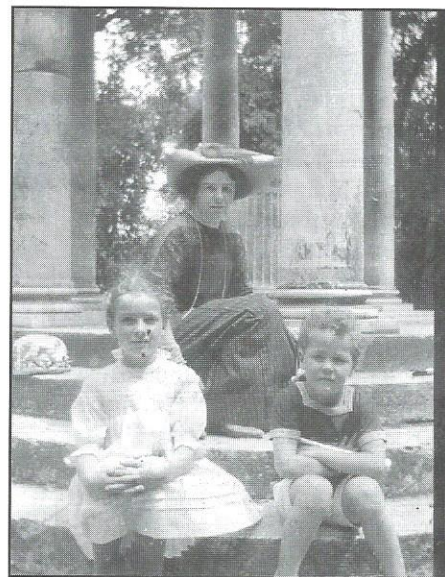
and advanced in his career in PAA. In 1935, he was in Miami as an executive in charge of the Express Department.

During the Second World War, Richard served as a civilian in the Office of Strategic Services in the European theatre, operating on the front lines. He took part in the Normandy landings, during which he was declared missing in action (MIA); actually, he was a prisoner of war (POW) in a German camp from which he managed to escape to catch up with his unit. When his wife learned that he was MIA, her hair turned white almost overnight, but she never wanted to change its color back afterwards. In 1946, Richard was awarded the Medal of Freedom for his services in the Second World War. His mother, daughter of Mary Louisa McGillivray, died in 1944 during an Allied bombing attack on Rome.

Richard's sister Cristina told me a nice story. In the spring of 1945, Richard was in Germany with the Allied troops. He succeeded in reaching Bad Reichenhall, the very place where his sister lived, which, as mentioned above, could be reached only by a cableway. At its base station, Cristina was bent over, securing her bicycle to a rail, when she felt a man's hand heavily clutching her bottom. Although such behaviour was not

so badly thought of at the time as it might be nowadays, she nevertheless turned round furiously, and there was her brother Richard, whom she had not seen for 17 years.

Back in the States, in 1945, Richard resigned from PAA and went to work for Trans World Airlines (TWA), where he served in various executive positions from 1947 to 1962.



1913: Riccardo and Cristina Mazzarrini with their aunt Mary Katherine Dawkins (Gianni's grandmother).



1960s: Richard Dawkins Mazzarrini with his wife Beryl and daughter Christina Diane.

Initially, he was district manager for Italy. Based in Rome, he was appointed vice president of Linee Aeree Italiane (LAI), a new Italian airline established in 1947 in which TWA held a forty percent stake. In 1948, Richard became assistant to the chairman of TWA's Board and, after leaving LAI in 1953, he held the post of regional TWA vice president for sales in Europe, based in Paris.

In that period, he asked his uncles, Richard and John MacGillivray Dawkins, if he could add MacGillivray to his Mazzarrini surname. A MacGillivray-Mazzarrini surname would be a nice asset on the American scene, he thought, with good acceptance by both the Italian and the WASP communities. However, his uncles refused to give authorisation because he had changed his nationality and they were not exactly great fans of Americans. Undaunted, Richard added the surname of his mother and became Richard Dawkins Mazzarrini, an acceptable fifty percent WASP surname. One should not be too surprised by the uncles' very British high-handed attitude. In 1963, when London's Hilton Hotel (affiliated with TWA) was inaugurated, Richard invited his uncle John MacGillivray Dawkins, who at the time was living in Oxford (about sixty miles away) to the opening ceremony, he refused to attend. He wrote his sister (my grandmother): "The Hilton will open next week. I hope it keeps American visitors out of good hotels in London..."

Richard's final three years with TWA were spent as vice president in charge of international sales development. In 1962 he went to work as director for sales of the Hilton International Company for Europe, the Middle East, and Africa, and moved to Rome, where he lived for many years. Red-haired, clever, very good company, generous; I liked him very much. He got on very well with our family, and he came to our home many times to see his aunt Mary Katherine, my grandmother. He had only one wife, his beloved Beryl,

and one daughter, Christina Diane (1934-2016). Christina Diane spent her younger years in, where he was working. She then went back to the States, married a USAF pilot. They had three daughters, Christina Dora (b. 1957), Jennifer Beryl (b. 1959), and Karla Sue (b. 1965). Christina Diane divorced and remarried, but then fell ill with Alzheimer's disease; she spent the last year of her life institutionalized in a private hospital. Most of Richard's descendants live

in the States and I have had recent contacts with Christina Dora, whose home is in Manatee county (Florida).

Awarded the Medal of Freedom in the USA and decorated as Cavaliere di Gran Croce (Knight Grand Cross) in Italy, Richard retired in 1973, went to live in Naples (Florida), and there he died at 68, one year after his retirement. His ashes were dispersed in the ocean that he loved dearly.

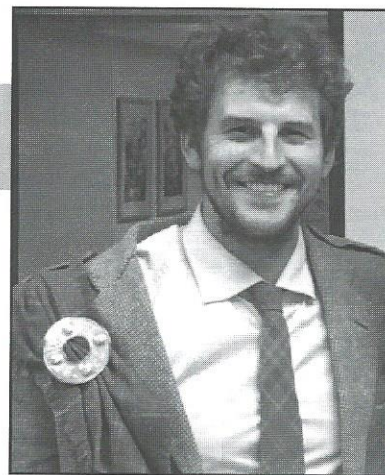
## Thistle Diaries



Ron McGillivray, Clan MacGillivray Commissioner for the eastern United States, hosts an online website called "Thistle Diaries." Open to all, it is a group devoted to Scotland, Scots, and their extended heritage worldwide. It includes a wide range of Scottish related topics—photos, history, food, and more. The contributed photos alone make it worthwhile. Free and easy to join, MacGillivrays who are not already members of the group should give it a look.

## From the Commander

*Iain MacGillivray*



It's been a strange year for everyone, and in some cases a very tragic one.

As most of you know, we had to cancel our 2020 Clan MacGillivray International Gathering. It was to be our largest Gathering by far—we were expecting some 700 people to attend.

MacGillivrays were expected from Scotland, of course, but also England, Netherlands, France, Italy, Spain, Gibraltar, Germany, Poland, the United States, Canada, Argentina, Uruguay, South Africa, India, Japan, Indonesia, UAE, Oman, Qatar, Australia, and New Zealand. We had made arrangements to host the entire MacGillivray Pipe Band from Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada.

We produced a promotional video for the Gathering. I believe this was the first clan to create a promo video for a gathering. It was so well received that Event Scotland, Visit Scotland, and Heritage Scotland all wanted to use it. On opening night I was also planning on releasing an album of music composed for and dedicated to the Clan MacGillivray.

Such was the fervor surrounding our Clan and the interest the Gathering received from those outside it, we decided to open certain events to the public, a decision that went down very well with our government agencies.

We are hoping for all these things to be transferred over to the summer of 2022 if we are able at that time to make an International Gathering happen. So far July 2022 is the date set for the Gathering—and we will keep it that way until something forces us to change, but we cannot make any promises until we get more of a go-ahead and clearance from the way things are at present.

In other news, I am one of many people working to stop the developments on Culloden Battlefield. For my part, I am mustering support from various Clan Chiefs, many of whom have already pledged their support. I have also been contacting and making friends with Native peoples in other parts of the world to gain cultural and international support for our cause at Culloden Battlefield.

Other news includes Dunlichity Church and its situation. I have been in touch with Kathleen Matheson, who oversees the church which is under Church of Scotland jurisdiction while the grounds are maintained by the Highland Council. At present authorities are looking to sell the church, and I have posed an interest in our

obtaining it with the idea of creating a Clan MacGillivray Museum there. At the moment, everything is on hold.

I have been working on a lot of music during the lockdown. I started off piping national anthems as we had so many flags that I had ordered for the planned International Gathering. Many went viral on YouTube. I started with the Italian anthem, as Italy was the first country to experience the brunt of Covid-19, and my heart was going out to all those poor souls who were suffering and all the emergency workers facing the tsunami that was this Coronavirus. The Italian National Anthem took off, and I received messages from people all across Italy. It was inspiring, so I kept on playing for the next countries facing the brunt of Covid. In addition to Italy's, I played the Spanish, American, French, Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, Argentine, Brazil, Mexico, Japan, India, South Africa, Poland, and Netherlands anthems. Unfortunately, some anthems do not fit the bagpipes very well—some just do not sound right when restricted to the bagpipes' nine notes!

My sister Annia and I are working on our next single release of our Scottish-Celtic Electro Dance music. The single, called "Freedom," is very poignant and fitting for the current lockdown scenario. We got excellent feedback from our debut single release "Mouth Music," which has encouraged us to keep going. We submitted "Mouth Music" to various music video contests around the world and were delighted to be a finalist in the Roma Short Film Festival in Italy in the best Music Video 2020 category. Not bad considering it was entirely shot on mobile phone footage!

Kindest regards MacGillivrays everywhere,

Slainte agus le moran Beannacdan!

# Memories

By Ishbel McGillivray-McGregor

“*Why Scotland? My mother was born in Inverness and my father adored Scotland. With a pipe band practicing in our small house and my brother and I failing to sleep upstairs, my share of Scottish blood was always being nurtured*”

**Editor's Note:** *Late in her life Ishbel McGillivray penned an autobiography—“A Potted History”—intended primarily for her children. Reproduced upon her death as an attachment to the materials for her memorial service, it is edited and condensed here for our members.*

I was born under a much-blessed star, but the blessings did not kick in until later in life. I have a photograph of myself at 12 months and I was a bonny bairn. Sadly as a toddler I fell off a swing and fractured my spine. . . . It was three years before my parents had me home again. . . .

At fourteen I left school and went to a commercial college to study shorthand and typing. . . . At the end of my course I attended an interview for employment at the local newspaper and a gentleman dictated a letter for me to type. As the way with touch typists, I put the paper in the machine and did not even look at the paper as I typed the letter back from my shorthand. When I did look I was horrified to see a spelling mistake in every word. . . . It was then that I discovered that I had been trained to type on a keyboard that was not standard, and seventy years later I am still not able to touch type due to the programming my brain received. My career ended before it even started.

For a few years I drifted from job to job and in 1942 I applied to join the WRNS [Women's Royal Naval Service] and went before a selection board. They discovered I was not yet seventeen and a half but that I would be called up when I was. . . . At that point I was assigned to the staff of SHAEF [Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Expeditionary Forces]. About 18 months after I joined up, I travelled by train with my family to spend a holiday in Inverness.

Why Scotland? My mother was born in Inverness and my father adored Scotland. With a pipe band practicing in our small house and my brother and I failing to sleep upstairs, my share of Scottish

blood was always being nurtured. . . . We set off for our first real holiday together and it was wonderful to have some quality time with them. . . .

We motored on until we were nearing Inverness. . . . At Daviot we started looking for a bed and breakfast and knocked at the door of a Mrs. MacKenzie. Sadly she could not take our family. . . and I remarked that the luck of the MacGillivrays was out. She immediately perked up and invited me in. I was very surprised and asked why? She informed that we were in MacGillivray country and started ringing around to find some accommodation. Eventually she told me that a Margaret MacLean had room. . . She directed us miles down Strathnairn, and we eventually landed at Gask Farm. We got a great welcome and discovered that the farm had once been the town residence of the Chief of the Clan MacGillivray and initials of Chief Farquhar MacGillivray were carved into the wall of the house.

We came back every year or so for many more years. Margaret knew everyone and on one occasion told us that an event called the Field Sports Fair was taking place at Moy, so the next day we went to have a look. What a fascinating day that was and it became even more fascinating when I looked in at the tent of the Clan Chattan Association and a tall handsome man shook my hand and said “I'm Robert McGillivray.” He was very surprised when I replied “And I'm Ishbel McGillivray.” When he discovered that we were staying at Gask Farm he told us that he had wanted to visit that farm for years. He was Clan Historian and knew all about it. I told him that if he cared to call around after dinner that night I felt sure he would be made very welcome, as indeed he was. He regaled us with stories about the farm, the Clan, and the Strath, which had our heads reeling. . . . We came back year after year and got to know all the best places for fishing and swimming and other interesting things, and grew to really love the area.

Following the war I married Ralph McGillivray. Those were difficult years in England and they became more so following for me and our children following separation from Ralph, but in 1960 I established an insurance brokerage business in London. It saw my children and I through as it grew steadily.

1976 was the year of a heat wave that went on for six months or more. . . . By September, the heat had become so oppressive that I phoned Margaret MacLean and asked if she could give me a bed for a few days, as I was desperate for some cool Scottish air. She agreed and I arrived. . . . to find that she had marked several houses in the local paper for me to look at. When I asked her why she told me that it was high time that I shook the dust of London from my feet and moved to Inverness. . . .

I had not envisaged moving to Scotland and suddenly my world had turned upside down, but something sneaky inside me was very

excited. . . . In due course I made an offer on a house. Everything absolutely sailed through as though it was meant to be. . . . In the event it proved impossible to sell my London house until April 1977, but in those five months I wrote more business than I have ever done in such a short period . . . which increased my "nest egg" in the bank. . . . With my knowledge of the Highlanders, I felt this was going to be very necessary because I was an incomer with an English accent, a woman in a man's world, and had nothing going for me but my good Highland name. Having worked from home for so long I saw no reason to change that arrangement when I moved to Inverness, so I fitted out one of the three bedrooms as an office. . . .

To my surprise, the business built up steadily until we outgrew the small "office" . . . so I decided to build an office-cum-reception area in the front of the house. . . . Still the business grew and Margaret, who was now my right hand girl, was typing so many reports that I decided it was time to buy a word processor, and so I arranged for her to have some training.

Up until then, we had a marvelous arrangement that would have blown the minds of most London businessmen. Because we lived in the country, the postie's round was rural and he had a van. I would dictate letters and reports and each morning I would hang on the front door a carrier bag containing a letter folder and tapes. The postie would deliver my mail, pick up the carrier and deliver it to Margaret who was about five stops further on his round. Margaret would type the letters and reports at home and return them to me, sometimes by hand, sometimes by one of her sons on a bicycle, and sometimes by her husband Hamish on a tractor. The word processor changed all that. . . .

Meanwhile I had begun to make friends in Inverness. I had joined Soroptimists and became the founding president of the Inverness Ladies Speakers Club . . . [which] taught me a great deal about how to put together a speech and how to deliver it. It also made me face up to the handicap of increasing deafness, with which I had lived since I was about 20. Since then I had become progressively more deaf, and when I came to Inverness I discovered that the voices were often so soft that I had to resort to a hearing aid.

I retired in 1989 [and that year] received a telephone call from an American gentleman called George Macgillivray. He told me that Lord Lyon King of Arms had just appointed him Commander of the

Clan MacGillivray for an initial period of 5 years. George was already in his 70's so this was not unreasonable. The office of Commander is used where there is no living Chief and dates back to the days when, if the Clan was in danger and the Chief was aged or a lassie, the Clan would owe its Commander the same allegiance that they would owe to the Chief. He also said that he had heard that I was to be in America soon and would I please send my itinerary so that he could fly to meet me. I was amazed. Why? He said he wanted to appoint me to the office of UK Commissioner for the Clan MacGillivray with a mission to rally the Clan.

As Secretary-Treasurer of Clan Chattan, a position I then held, I knew George as one of our Canadian members who was renowned for



Credit: William T. Fraser & Son

all he had done for the Clan. He had heard that I was an efficient administrator and as I knew a lot about the Clan systems in the Highlands he thought I would be an ideal candidate. . . . I agreed to meet him in his Scottsdale home. . . . We had a wonderful visit and I agreed to accept the nomination.

He had already appointed Commissioners in the USA, Canada, Australia, and Holland . . . [and] they were all busy rallying the Clan in their home countries, so I decided to organize the first ever International Clan Gathering. In 1992 people came from all over the world and it was a spectacular success. We went on to have further gatherings every five years until the events of 11th September 2001 put an end to them. . . . The increasing costs of accommodation and the possibility of having to cancel a gathering if there was another terrorist attack made it an impossible risk.

One of the events attendees loved most was the . . . Kirking of the Clan, which took place at Dunlichity Church where many of our Clan Chiefs are buried. Our

final Gathering in 2002 was especially remarkable when the Priest from the local Episcopalian church was invited to reveal, and tell, a wonderful story of treasure which had been presented to his church by the last Chief of Clan MacGillivray. This magnificent collection of silver chalices and plate had been missing for 100 years. It was discovered when the church treasurer caught his tie in a large cupboard. In extracting him from his predicament a secret panel was discovered at the back of the cupboard, thus revealing the treasure preserved in beautiful velvet containers. . . .

And what of you my children? When I look back on the difficult years of your childhood, I have to thank God for the way you all turned out.



**Ishbel:** Our beloved Ishbel McGillivray-McGregor, a central figure in Clan MacGillivray and Clan Chattan affairs for over three decades, died at age 96 on December 31, 2020. Some five years ago as her health began to fail she moved from Inverness to London to be nearer family. Family services were held in the south on January 22. Burial services followed on January 28 at her beloved Dunlichity Church cemetery near the MacGillivray chiefly enclosure. Commander Iain MacGillivray read the eulogy at the burial and his father Duncan provided a bagpipe farewell. A celebration of her life followed. Details, including a link to an autobiographical essay by her, may be found at [www.mcgil.co.uk/Ishbel.html](http://www.mcgil.co.uk/Ishbel.html).



**Love of the Isles:** Nova Scotia's Celtic Colours International Festival is scheduled to be held this year on October 8-16. This annual event is an unparalleled showcase of traditional Scottish music which has remained strong especially on Cape Breton Island. Last year's festival had a remarkable MacGillivray presence. Featured participants included noted fiddler Kendra MacGillivray, her pianist and fiddler brother Troy, and her sister Sabra, a step dancer, pianist, and bodhran player.



**Cats:** Breeding programs for the endangered Scottish Wildcat, so important to Clan MacGillivray, are proceeding apace. In

2020 fifty-seven wildcat kittens were born, the most since record-keeping began. Since almost no pure wildcats remain, DNA tests are done to insure that kittens are at least 75 percent wild, the level deemed needed to keep wildcats going. The three born this year at the Aigas Field Center tested 83%, 85%, and 89% wild (figures on the other breeding programs are not available at this time). The Royal Zoological Society of Scotland maintains the wildcat studbook and recommends breedings that will prevent too much inbreeding while keeping the lines as pure as possible.



**The pipes are calling:** There is nothing like the bagpipes, and MacGillivrays are among its foremost practitioners.

Duncan MacGillivray, father of our Commander Iain, is one of the most noted, but so is Canadian Jim McGillivray. Jim has won a number of top awards for his piping and over the years became aware of the difficulties facing pipers in obtaining music and quality equipment. To fill the gap he created a boutique piping company and a website from which pipers may obtain the music for 1,600 tunes and counting. Talk about dedication!



**Dream big:** The Boston Marathon was back on schedule this year with our Dave McGillivray in charge once again. But Dave is in charge of a

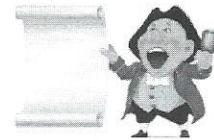
different sort of marathon as well. Dave believes that "To make big dreams come true you need to be fit—physically, mentally, and emotionally."

In an effort to encourage young people to exercise more, he wrote the children's book *Dream Big* in 2018 (recommended for children 7-10 years old, copies are still available at booksellers). And now Dave has launched a program called the Dream Big Marathon. Over a period of 26 weeks participating youngsters are urged to run a total of 26 miles, read 26 books, and perform 26 acts of kindness. Those completing the challenge receive a Dream Big Marathon medal. More information is available on the web at [DreamBigWithDave.org](http://DreamBigWithDave.org).



**Society Gathering:** Commissioner Ron McGilvray pushed hard for a potential gathering of the Clan MacGillivray Society USA this

fall. The gathering was to be held in conjunction with the New Hampshire Highland Games on September 17-19. Unfortunately, the plans had to be scrapped.



**Society newsletter:** Pam Adams is taking over as compiler/editor of the

Clan MacGillivray Society USA Newsletter. She hopes to have an issue on-line at least twice a year. Please send items you may have her at [macgillivraynews@gmail.com](mailto:macgillivraynews@gmail.com).



# Shinty: The Most Scottish of Sports

By Tom Cox



MacGillivray Cup & Duncan.  
Credit: Aberdeen Press and  
Journal

Nothing is more Scottish than the sport of shinty (Scottish Gaelic: *camanachd*), a team game played with sticks and a ball that resembles a cross between field hockey and lacrosse. It has been played since at least the 17th century and remains especially popular in the Highlands and amongst Highland migrants to the big cities of Scotland. It was formerly more widespread in Scotland and was even played in northern England into the second half of the 20th century as well as other areas in the world where Scottish Highlanders migrated.

As competition became more formalized, the northern region was organized into the MacGillivray Leagues. Changes came, but the MacGillivray name remains. Today the winner of the North Division Two (the fourth tier of competition) earns the MacGillivray Junior Cup, pictured here with clan piper Duncan MacGillivray. Like so much else, the Covid-19 pandemic brought a halt to competition in 2020, but the sport's governing body managed for its return on a full scale this year.

The MacGillivray Cup, was named after Commander Iain's great grandfather, Captain John MacGillivray MBE. He was a big shinty player and was very

influential in the game. In fact Captain John tried to start a team in Tain, now Iain's home town, but unfortunately the locals never took it up. The MacGillivray League (or, more correctly, what used to be called the MacGillivray League) was named after him. He was born and raised not far from Tomatin in the heart of MacGillivray country. Shinty was the first and foremost sport there and even today when you drive through the area's wee town of Farr, you'll see that the shinty pitch occupies a central location. As Commander Iain puts it, "shinty was huge all around that whole region and my great grandfather was a champion of the sport."

And MacGillivrays continue to have a significance presence in the game. Among them are Jamie MacGillivray of the Lochside Rovers and Craig MacGillivray who, in spite of living on the English side of the border, has been selected as a member of the team that will play Russia and Belgium in September.

Incidentally, shinty was the founding influence behind ice hockey in Canada. The first game of shinty was played there by Scottish immigrants to Nova Scotia in the 1800's, and the first ever official team was of Scots at McGill University, in Montreal. There are even unverified stories of Scottish immigrants to Nova Scotia playing the game with the Mi'kmaq Native people of the area—and this was long before the more official games were ever started in Montreal at McGill University. Canadians, so the claim goes, just put shinty on ice and that's how that sport came to be.

Words like 'shinny' or 'shinney' in Canada for an informal game of street hockey are a direct derivative of 'shinty' and also the word, 'puck' for a hockey puck is derived directly from the Scottish Gaelic word of 'puc' which means something hard, or to deliver



Shinty contest. Credit: West  
Highland Free Press

a blow. "Interesting stuff all round," as Iain notes.

While comparisons are often made with field hockey the two games have several important differences. In shinty a player is allowed to play the ball in the air and is allowed to use both sides of the stick, called a *caman*, which is wooden (usually ash) and slanted on both sides. The stick may also be used to block and to tackle, although a player may not come down on an opponent's stick, a practice called *hacking*. Players may also tackle using the body as long as it is shoulder-to-shoulder.

The game derives from the same roots as the Irish game of hurling and the Welsh game of bando, but has developed its own rules and features. These rules are governed by the Camanachd Asssocation. A composite-rules shinty-hurling game has been developed which allows Scotland and Ireland to play annual international matches. Another sport with common ancestry is bandy, which is played on ice. In fact, in Scottish Gaelic the name for bandy is «ice shinty» (*camanachd-deighe*) and once upon a time bandy and shinty (and shinney) could be used interchangeably in the English language.

## Napoleon cont.

his men in a wild dash to rescue the surrounded and outnumbered men. Four Americans, including Captain Burroughs, were killed in this battle as well as two dozen Californios.

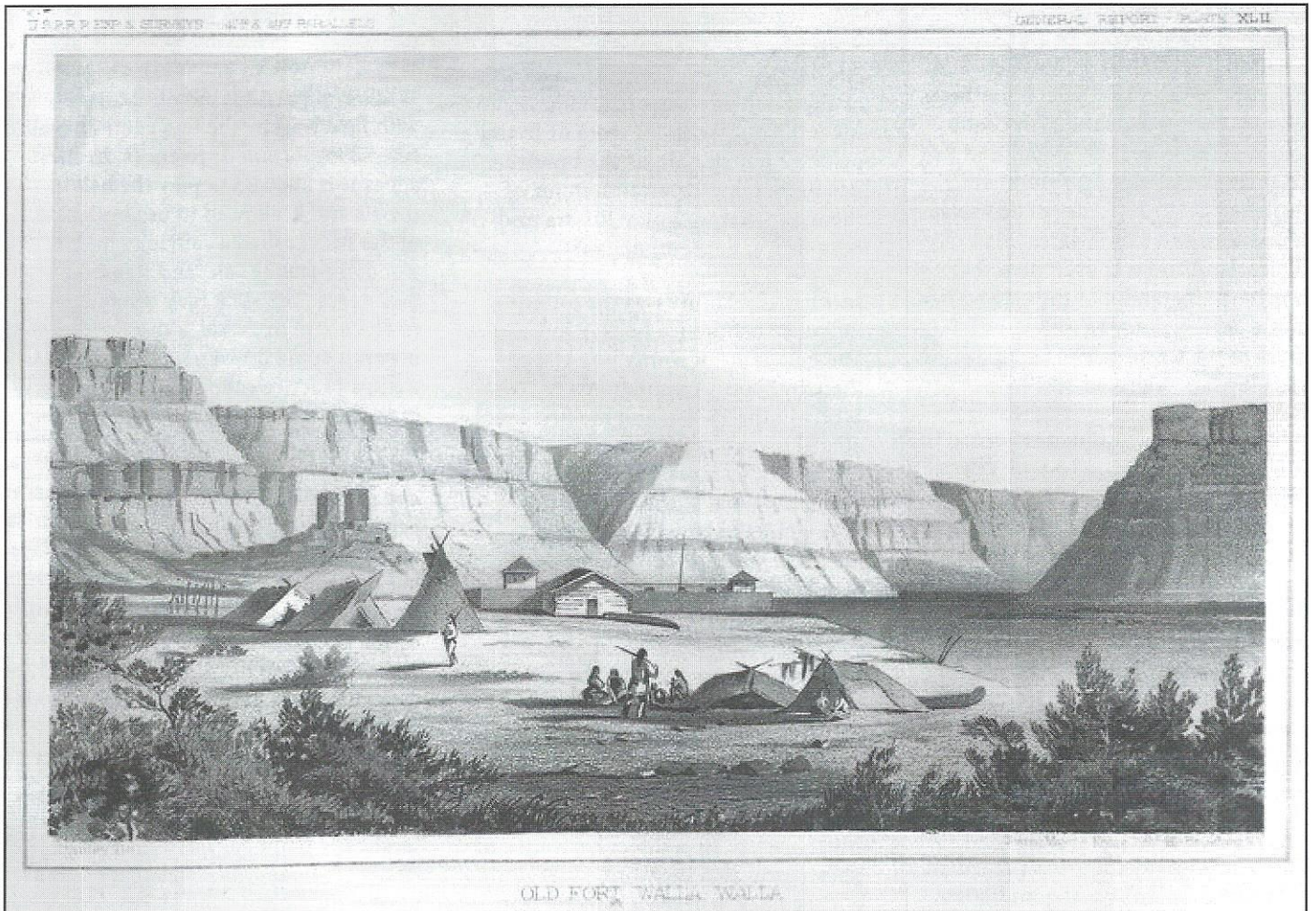
McGillivray was in the group that arrived the next day and buried the dead. In the midst of all this, a man rode by swearing at the Americans, calling them thieves and cowards. Quickly captured, he was tried and sentenced to be whipped. McGillivray was asked to do the honors. "I was taken aback by the prospect at first but . . . you know, we had just buried our dead, and under such circumstances men don't like cursing from the enemy. . . ." The man was stripped to his waist, tied to a

cannon, and, with all the men watching, flogging with a horse hair lariat began.<sup>8</sup> Afraid the man would not survive, the group's surgeon halted proceedings before the full sentence could be carried out. As it turned out, "the fellow was not a Mexican, as we at first thought, but a Frenchman, who should have known better." When McGillivray ran across him again a few years later he remembered the incident, but showed no ill feeling.

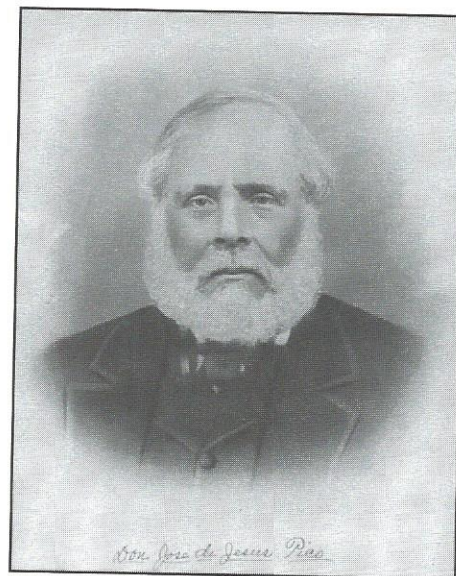
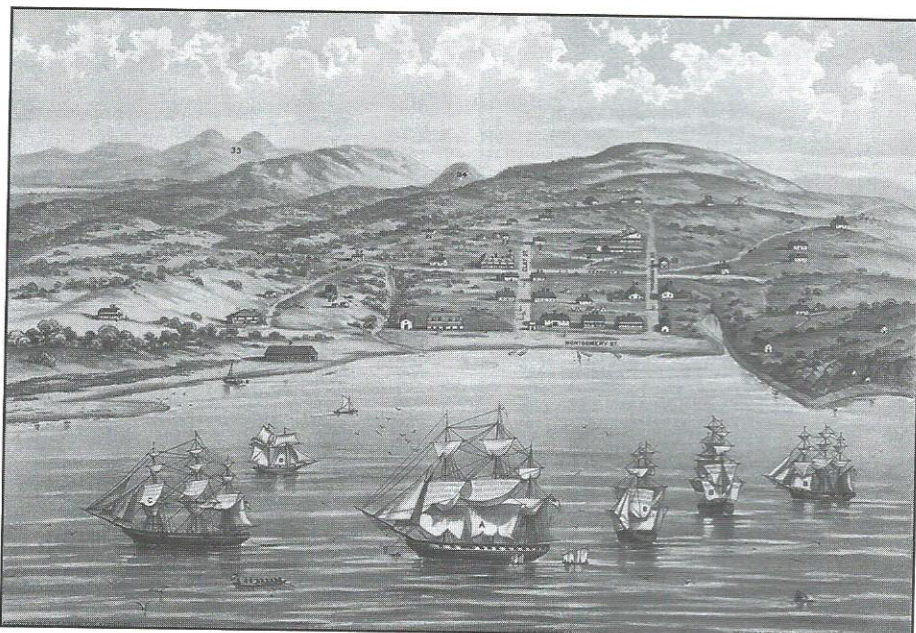
After a month of preparation, Frémont's force of 428 men began its march south. They reached San Luis Obispo on December 14. That night, while the American forces were surrounding the place, McGillivray and others got into a patch of prickly pear cactus—"a mighty smarting experience," as he put it. But when the Americans rode into town with a yell, as had been the case at Sonoma, no one was there except a few

padres at the old mission.

From San Luis Obispo Frémont sent a detachment to the nearby ranch of Pío Pico, the governor of California who had fled to Mexico in search of support against the American invaders. His cousin, José de Jesús Pico, was present. Captured earlier and freed on his promise of good behavior, he had violated his parole by frequent contact with resistance leaders. In bed when the Americans arrived, Pico jumped up and hid in the cellar. As McGillivray put it, "we dug him out and brought him trembling back to San Luis Obispo" where he was tried for treason, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. Pico begged for his life as did the women of the house who followed Frémont around on their knees begging him to spare the prisoner. Finally Frémont relented: "Turn him loose." Pico danced with joy, joined the detachment, and,



Fort Nez Percés, 1853. Credit: Wikipedia Commons.



José de Jesús Pico. Credit: California State Library



Top: San Francisco, 1847. Credit: Wikimedia Commons.. Bottom: Original Bear Flag allegedly raised at Sonoma. Credit: Wikimedia Commons.

as McGillivray later recalled, went with them everywhere.<sup>9</sup>

Frémont's party continued south through the Santa Maria Valley to Santa Barbara, along the coast to San Buenaventura (modern Ventura), and on to the Los Angeles Basin. Continuing on they camped at Mission San Gabriel and from there scoured the countryside almost to San Diego looking for hostiles. It was hardly difficult duty. They "chased some Indians" and at Mission San Fernando met some friendly Mexicans who had been defeated by Stockton.

The latter were, McGillivray recalled, "the only Mexican forces we met on the campaign." Moreover, by then it was spring and "the countryside was lovely."

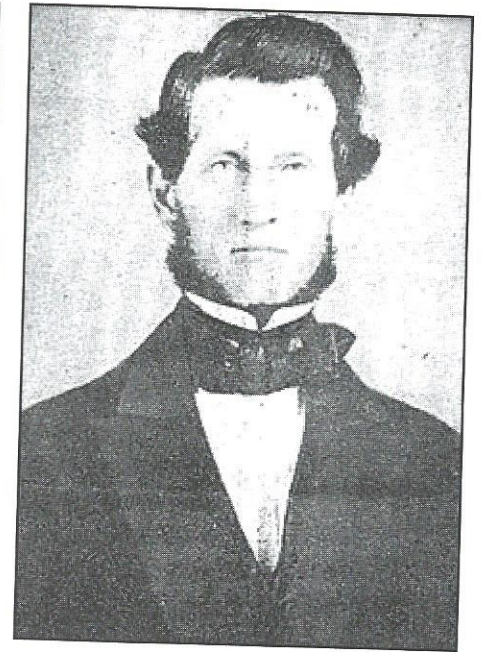
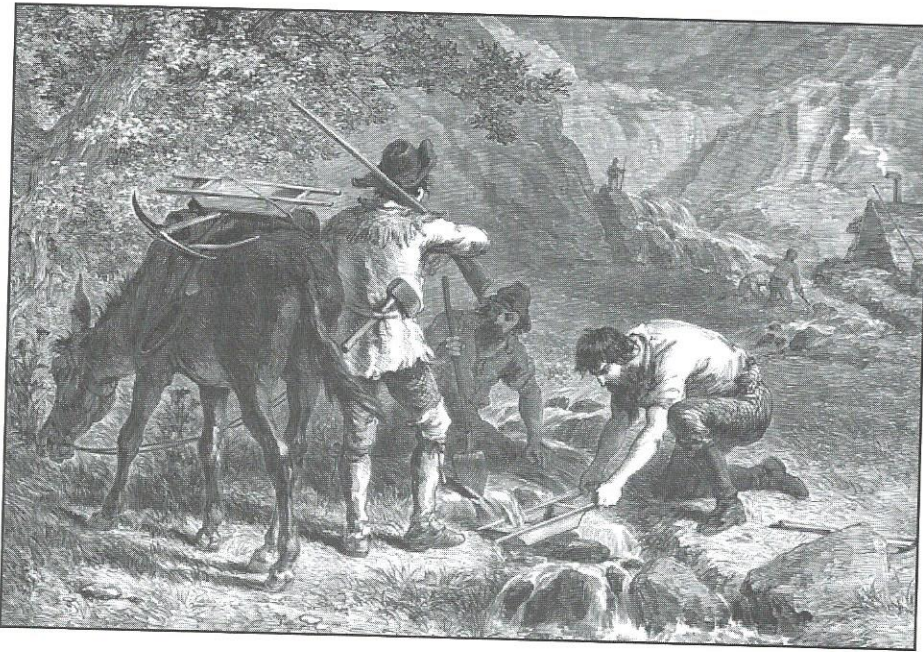
The war was clearly over, so Frémont's battalion returned to Los Angeles. There McGillivray received his discharge and an I.O.U. for \$140 for back pay. With little prospect of prompt payment from the United States government McGillivray sold his note to a lawyer for \$40 and contracted with ten others to drive a band of mules to Monterey for the soon-to-be military

governor of California, Colonel Richard Mason.

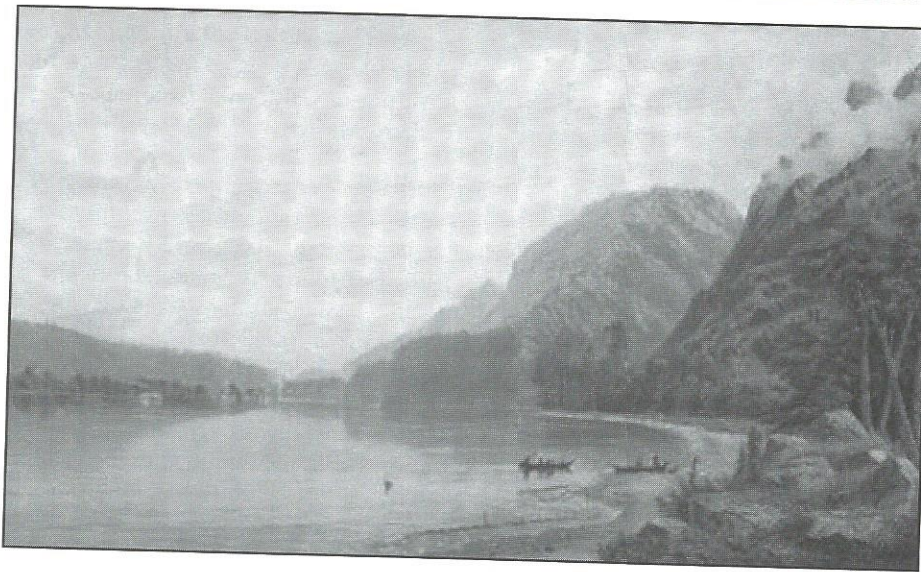
From Monterey McGillivray continued on toward Sacramento, swimming his horses across the bay at Benicia while he and his companions rode in a shamelessly commandeered boat belonging to an old Mexican named Martinez (after whom the town that arose there would be named). For a time McGillivray joined Duncan Cameron hunting deer and antelope in the valley, but he grew tired of it and took his hides to San Francisco to sell, getting "very little money" for his efforts.

In San Francisco McGillivray heard Commodore Stockton was organizing a party to return overland to the states. On the spur of the moment McGillivray decided to join the cavalcade, but he was told they already had all the men they needed. However, when he told the recruiter he had just been discharged from Frémont's command, he replied "Is that so? Well, you are just the man we want!"

Early in 1847 the party would cross the Sierra with McGillivray in their number. He and three others were chosen to serve as body-guards for Stockton as he pursued his passion for hunting. "He was," McGillivray later said, "one of the best shots I ever saw."



Captain William H. Warner.  
Credit: Wikimedia Commons



Top left: Gold mining on the Yuba River. Credit: California Historical Society.  
Bottom left: Indian canoes on the Columbia River. Credit: Rockwell Museum of Western Art.

The trip east was not without drama. Near the big bend of the Truckee River Indians stampeded their horses, but McGillivray and five others managed to get them back.<sup>10</sup> Some of the men wanted to shoot “the cowardly scamps” who visited them, assuming they were the guilty parties, but Stockton would not allow it. As the group continued east up the Humboldt River valley McGillivray complained it was “fearfully hot,” a revealing admission from such a seasoned frontiersman. At Fort Hall, several men (including McGillivray) caught measles. Stockton doctored

them, and by the time they reached the buffalo country most had recovered.

Along the Platte, with many of their horses giving out, the group met Mormon leader Brigham Young “travelling along in great style.” Young offered to help the group by carrying some of their equipment, but “the commodore would have nothing to do with him.”

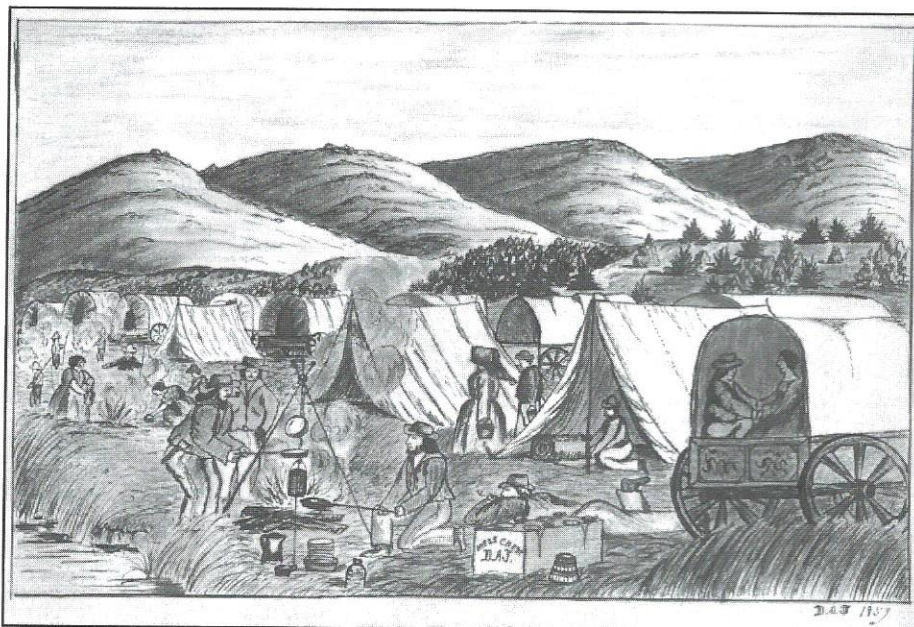
Buffalo hunting was another matter; Stockton loved the sport and drew McGillivray into it: “Oh, what hunts

we had!” By the time Stockton and McGillivray went their separate ways in St. Joseph, Missouri, the two had become good friends and regretfully shook hands as they parted.

McGillivray wintered along the Missouri and in the spring of 1848 joined a party of California-bound emigrants whom he guided as far as Fort Hall. There he re-entered HBC service and departed alone for Fort Vancouver. Pushing on alone, he passed the site of the Whitman massacre, using all his wilderness skills to avoid hostile Indians along the route.

Reaching Fort Vancouver in safety, he delivered the messages and papers entrusted to him, and found that “everyone was leaving for the [gold] mines.” McGillivray quickly decided to join them: “I only stayed two days, got a couple of fresh horses, swam them across the Columbia, paddling myself in a canoe, and struck out again for California. The whole country was going in the same direction. It looked as if there [soon] wouldn’t be a settler left in the Willamette valley.”

In California, McGillivray spent the next two years mining “with varying success” along the Yuba River. Tiring of that, he then joined Captain William



Emigrant encampment on the Humboldt River. Credit: Wikimedia Commons.

H. Warner's surveying party being dispatched to find a better route to California than the tortuous crossings of the Sierra then in use. He received \$400 a month pay for his service, not much in the gold-rush inflated economy of the time. The expedition traveled up the Sacramento to the Pit River and then followed it northeast to Goose Lake on the Oregon-California border. At Goose Lake Warner divided his forces; McGillivray went with Warner and eight others north to Abert Lake and then east and south through what is now known as Warner Valley. Somewhere south of today's Adel, Oregon, the party stumbled into an ambush: "We had ridden up a very long hill slope and were picking our way . . . under a ledge of rocks, when all at once a cloud of arrows came down upon us." Half the party was killed, including Captain Warner, and the survivors hastened south to the relative safety of the main California Trail along the Humboldt.<sup>11</sup>

There McGillivray fell in with a party of emigrants, but "didn't stay long" and soon moved ahead on his own. He was appalled by conditions along the trail crowded with California-bound gold seekers. "I shall never forget the trip back to Sacramento" he later told an interviewer from the *Portland Oregonian*. "Dead cattle were rotting

by the hundreds all along the road [and] for miles on either side . . . every particle of feed had been stripped down [i.e. eaten]. The bodies of animals choked every water hole. Hundreds of wagons . . . were scattered along the way," providing firewood for those following and loot for Indians.<sup>12</sup>

After his return to California McGillivray was up and down the Sacramento River Valley, paying as much as \$100 for fare from Sacramento to San Francisco, while he decided on his next step. He then returned to Oregon on the brigantine *Piedmont*, paying \$100 to get from San Francisco to Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia and another eighty dollars to get from Astoria to Portland by Indian canoe. Except for a brief stay in Yreka, California, center of a minor gold rush of its own, McGillivray worked in the Willamette Valley until 1853 driving cattle and (perhaps) doing a bit of rustling. At this time he is said to have also built the first grist mill in Oregon, a dubious assertion.

In 1853 McGillivray married Sarah Flett, a daughter of immigrants of 1841 and "a woman of great personal attractions." After their marriage the young couple crossed the Columbia and took up a 321 acre claim west

of Fort Vancouver. They had four children and lived there for nearly forty years with the exception of a brief interval in 1855 when McGillivray joined a force headed for the Yakima country to aid in putting down an uprising of the Yakima and their allies. The expedition was halted at The Dalles by the so-called Massacre of the Cascades and was never able to join the main campaign further east. Still, the expedition benefitted McGillivray, for in time the Society of Indian War Veterans recognized his service, and he was granted a small government pension.

As he grew older McGillivray was forced by ill health to retire from farming and move into town, first Vancouver (where a McGillivray Boulevard is still to be found) and then across the Columbia to Portland to live with his daughter Katherine. He suffered a paralytic stroke in 1905 and died on July 13, 1906, at the age of eighty-one. He is buried in Portland's now-nearly-forgotten Greenwood Hills Cemetery.

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1 Actually Simon Jr. was a son of William; thus Simon Sr. was Napoleon's uncle.

2 Some sources say the party was led to Oregon by Ezra Meeker. Although Meeker is much remembered for his activities on the Oregon Trail, he certainly did not lead McGillivray's party as he was only nine at the time and did not arrive in Oregon until the 1850s.

3 Wild horses became so numerous that they were over-grazing the range and organized efforts were made to kill them off. Unless otherwise indicated, all McGillivray quotes are from his reminiscences published in *Portland Oregonian*, Aug. 4, 1895.

4 Ide quoted in Neal Harlow, *California Conquered: The Annexation of a Mexican Province, 1846-1850* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1982), 102.

5 Quoted in Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco: The

History Co., 1886), 5: 248-49.

6 Los Angeles had initially fallen to the Americans with ease, but Captain Archibald Gillespie, commander of the small force left to garrison it and govern the town, was so imperious and tactless that resentments mounted and the garrison was forced from the town. Unbeknownst to Merritt, the Mexicans who defeated him as he approached Los Angeles had only a single brass four-pounder and little gunpowder.

7 Californios were natives of Alta California with a separate identity from Mexicans who were dispatched there from Mexico proper. Friction between the two was not infrequent, with Californio leaders at one point declaring Alta California independent from Mexico proper.

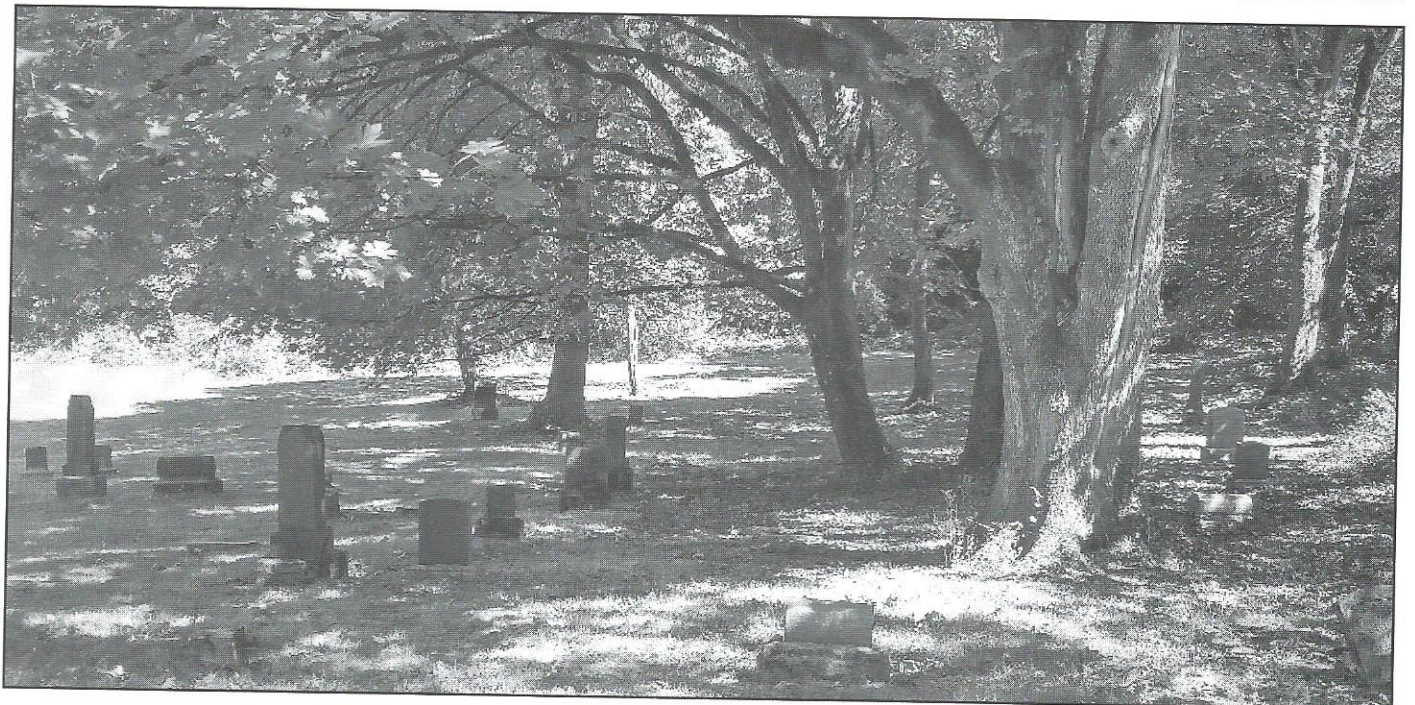
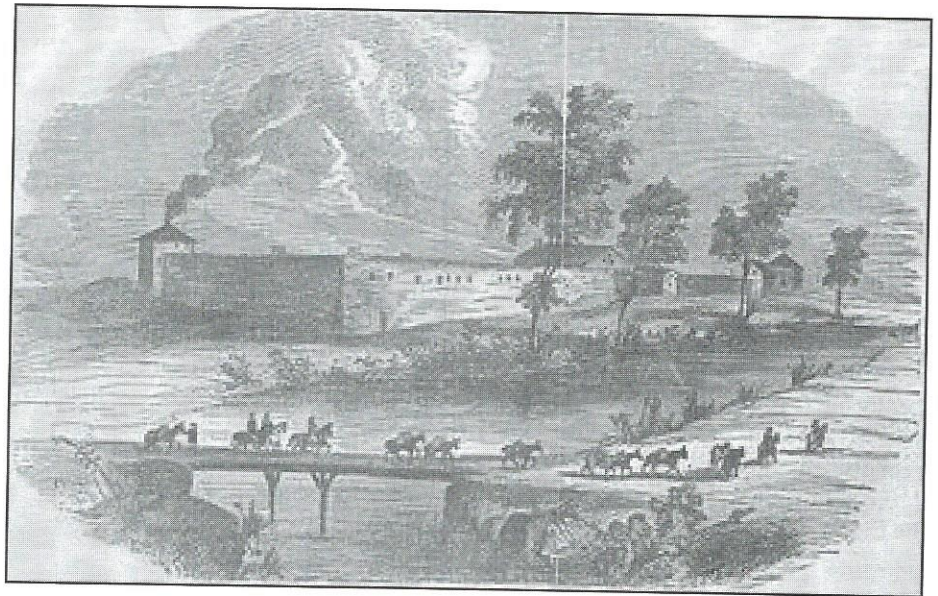
8 Among those watching was “a tall, slim, erect young lieutenant of artillery . . . a quiet fellow who was liked by his men and who attended strictly to his own business and did his duty.” The lieutenant was William Tecumseh Sherman, who, McGillivray said with remarkable understatement, “did some fighting in the civil war that will be remembered a long time.”

9 Fifty years later when interviewed for the *Oregonian*, McGillivray misremembered events and said it was Pío Pico, not José de Jesús Pico, who was captured—or perhaps he had never been close enough to the seats of power to have realized which Pico was involved. See: Dale L. Walker, *Bear Flag Rising: The Conquest of California, 1846* (New York: Doherty Associates, 1999), 234-35.

10 In all likelihood they were Pyramid Lake Paiutes.

11 The attackers were probably Pit River Indians (Achumawi) who were decidedly hostile to outsiders and through whose territory Warner’s forces had passed not long before, but they may have been Northern Paiute (Kidutokado band) whose territory was also nearby. Territorial boundaries were ill-defined and fluid.

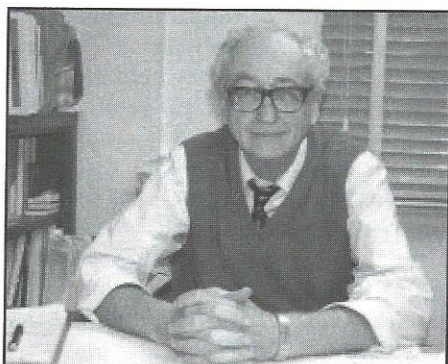
12 An estimated 70,000 people traveled the California Trail in 1850.



Top: Sutter's Fort in 1847. Credit: Wikimedia Commons. Bottom: *Greenwood Hills Cemetery, Napoleon's burial site*. Credit: Donald MacGillivray.

# Scots in the North American West, 1790 - 1917

By Raymond Starr



Ferenc Szasz. Photo credit: University of New Mexico

Ferenc Morton-Szasz (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2000. Pp. 272. Photographs, maps, tables, index, bibliography.)

Scots (Highland, Lowland and Irish) were among the many emigrants who settled the United States and Canada. Much has been written about the Scots in the formation of the United States and among the Indians of the Southeast, especially in the Revolutionary generation. The story of Scots in the Trans-Mississippi American and Canadian West, however, has not been written about as extensively, making it hard for people to learn about Scotland's rich role in the West. It is an impressive story which needs to be known.

Distinguished historian Ferenc Morton Szasz, in his book *Scots in the North American West, 1790-1917* (2000), helps fill that void with an accessible account of the Scots in the West, a work containing historical narrative, biographical sketches, and coverage of many aspects of Scottish culture. He usually notes the Scottish roots of each group he discusses. The coverage of everything is brief, but the book has 44 pages of notes and



Top: Buffalo Hunting. Credit: Smithsonian American Art Museum.

bibliography, enabling a reader to further pursue any topic of interest.

Szasz begins his story in the era of fur trapping (roughly 1790-1820). Scots dominated the fur trapping industry—both in Canada and the United States. The author says “Scots and Scotch-Irish fur trappers were ubiquitous. No area of the Trans-Mississippi west was without them.”

In the same era, Scots, reflecting Scotland's Enlightenment and excellent educational system, made major contributions as explorers and describers of the early West. An example would be Alexander Mackenzie (the Mackenzie River), whose writings helped Thomas Jefferson plan for the Lewis and Clark expedition. Many of the explorers

focused on the botany of the West—including Archibald Menzies, John Bradbury and Thomas Drummond, and especially David Douglas (of Douglas fir fame). Douglas sent approximately 7,000 specimens (1/3 of known plants in the world at the time) back to Britain. Another Scot, Alexander Forbes, focused on the Pacific coast, especially California in the pre-Gold Rush Days, when there were about fifty Scots in the area, including Napoleon McGillivray (although Szasz fails to mention him). The main impact of these explorers came from their extensive writings on the West. As Szasz says “no other books of the era began to approach these Scottish accounts, either for accuracy or for historical significance.”

Before continuing the narrative of

Scots in the West, Szasz inserts a quirky chapter on Scots and the Indians, whom he thinks shared a life similar to that of the Scots. There was considerable intermarriage of Scots and Indians, creating what Szasz calls "Scoto-Indians." Some of these played a major role in Indian affairs. In the Southeast the McGillivray clan was important, producing Alexander McGillivray, the major Indian leader of the American Revolutionary generation. This is only place in the book where the author discusses McGillivrays and, in spite of his work's title, most of them are in the Southeast, not the Trans-Mississippi West! Another example of a very significant Scoto-Indian was John Ross (who was 7/8 Scot, 1/8 Cherokee) whom Szasz calls the most famous Scoto-Indian of the nineteenth century.

Returning to the main narrative, Szasz reports that most Scots came to the West between 1815 and 1917. These Scots mostly came from the middle or lower classes, although there were a few aristocrats. They settled mostly as individuals, although there were a few communal settlements, and moved into every aspect of life—farmers, miners, missionaries, teachers, loggers, craftsmen, gardeners, stoneworkers, big game hunters, miners, merchants, sheep herders, cattle ranchers, and even prostitutes! The most significant impact of Scots was on the cattle and sheep industries, which mostly came as those industries were declining in Scotland after 1870, leaving a pool of prime settlers. In the cattle industry, Scots provided extensive capital and in time became ranchers themselves. In the sheep industry one Scot was so successful that he was known as the Sheep King of Idaho and the Andrew Carnegie of the West (a descendant is the current governor of the state).

Szasz thinks the Scots were successful because they fit well into the American system, embracing individual and economic achievement and opposition to privilege and caste. They worshiped hard work and self-reliance, and stressed education—

characteristics that served them well in their life in the West and fit perfectly into the emerging American culture and value system. This perpetuation of Scots characteristics alongside mainstream American ones, led to what Szasz calls a "Scoto-American identity"

The Scots who settled in the nineteenth century brought with them what Szasz calls a Scottish culture. This included ballads, which were often modified in America. For instance the young man dying of syphilis in the Scots ballad "The Unfortunate Rake" was modified in America to a dying cowboy in the "Streets of Laredo." Many Scottish writers wrote accounts of the West—Charles Augustus Murray and William Drummond Stewart, for example.

Scottish artists such as William Keith painted the Western landscape. They and photographers—especially Carleton Watkins, Eadweard [sic], Muybridge, and William Henry Jackson—did much to bring the West to the attention of the rest of the world.

Szasz's longest chapter details what he calls varieties of the Scottish experience in the West. In it he discusses religion, especially Presbyterianism and the connection with the Mormons. He notes significant women especially Lady Aberdeen and M. A. Pringle. He also describes the "remittance men," Scots, usually younger sons of aristocrats, who lived on checks from home. Although most Scots came from the middle or lower classes, one aristocrat, Lyulph [sic] Ogilvy, became a legend in Colorado. Szasz also details the West's influence on Scots—especially the case of Robert Louis Stevenson. Szasz thinks many of the characters in his stories could have been based on men Stevenson saw during his long years of residence in California. In addition the author notes that John Muir's reverence for nature, expressed in his sixty-seven books, was based on both his Scottish youth and his boyhood in frontier Wisconsin.

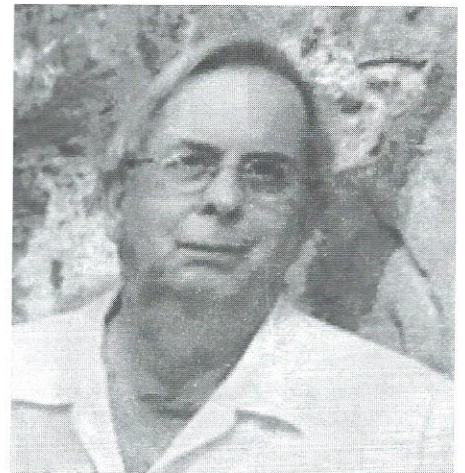
Finally, Szasz devotes a full chapter to *Scots in the Canadian West*, in much of which Scots were the largest immigrant group and had a much larger presence and significance than they did in the United States. They dominated Western Canada and were especially important in the promotion of education, in the influence of the Presbyterian Church, and in leadership—they held more than half of Canada's top positions

The material Szasz provides demonstrates both what Scots did in the West and how their actions often strongly reflected their home roots. He certainly proves his assertion that the impact of Scots on the West exceeded their numbers, and shows how Scots people and influences are still present in the West. While not without a few quirks, Szasz's *Scots in the North American West* is a good introduction to its subject. It is a book any Scot would want in his/her library.

Raymond Starr

Professor Emeritus of History

Goliad, Texas





## Treasurer's report

### The Clan McGillivray Society USA, Inc. financial statement as of June 15, 2021

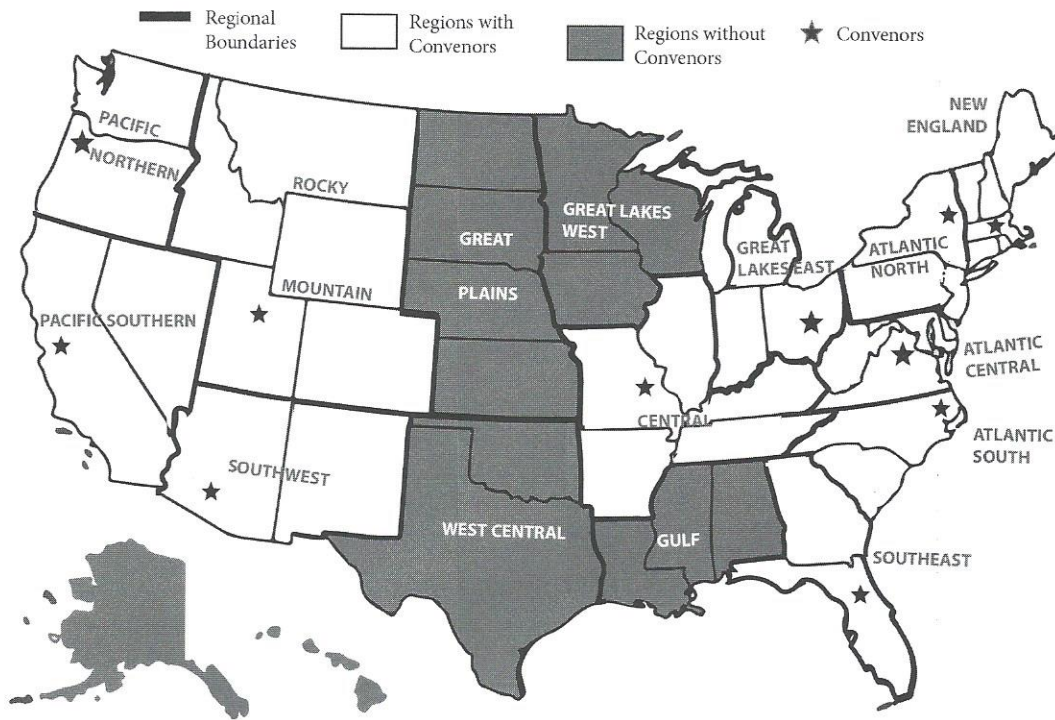
Beginning Balance		\$ 15,654.35
Cash Receipts		
General Fund/Dues Recv'd	\$ 1,000.00	
PP Fees	\$ (15.20)	
Scholarship	\$ 5.00	
Donations		
Total Cash Receipts		<u>\$ 989.80</u>
Cash Disbursements		
Scotland Magazine Ads***	\$ 225.00	
Postage, Supplies, Fees	\$ 22.00	
***Formerly known as The Highlander Magazine.		
Total Cash Disbursements		<u>\$ 247.00</u>
Ending Balance 6/15/21		<u><u>\$ 16,397.15</u></u>
Fund Balances 6/2021		
Memorials/Scholarships	\$ 3,991.68	
Commander-Travel	\$ 1,485.69	
-Dunlichity	\$ 1,060.00	
Total General Fund		<u>\$ 9,859.78</u>
		<u>\$ 16,397.15</u>
Memberships		
1 Year	20	\$ 500.00
5 Year	4	\$ 500.00
Lifetime		\$ -
		<u>\$ 1,000.00</u>

Halfway through 2021, we are seeing some sort of normalcy returning. It's been a little slow the last 15 months for obvious reasons, but I remain hopeful. Our Financial Statement continues to grow and the PayPal account has been very useful during this uncertain time.

*The Highlander Magazine* has become *Scotland Magazine* and all I can say is WOW. It contains lovely pictures, fascinating articles about Scotland and a good share of the Scottish Clans are listed including ours.

I hope all of you remain healthy and safe as the year progresses, and life starts to open up again. I hope to see you all soon.

Respectfully Submitted,  
Janice MacGillivray



7/1/2021

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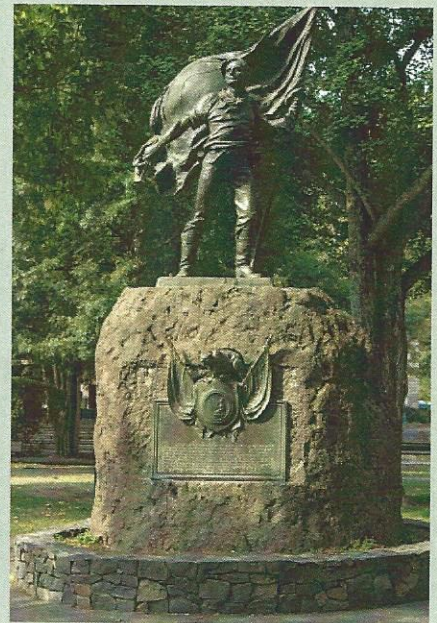
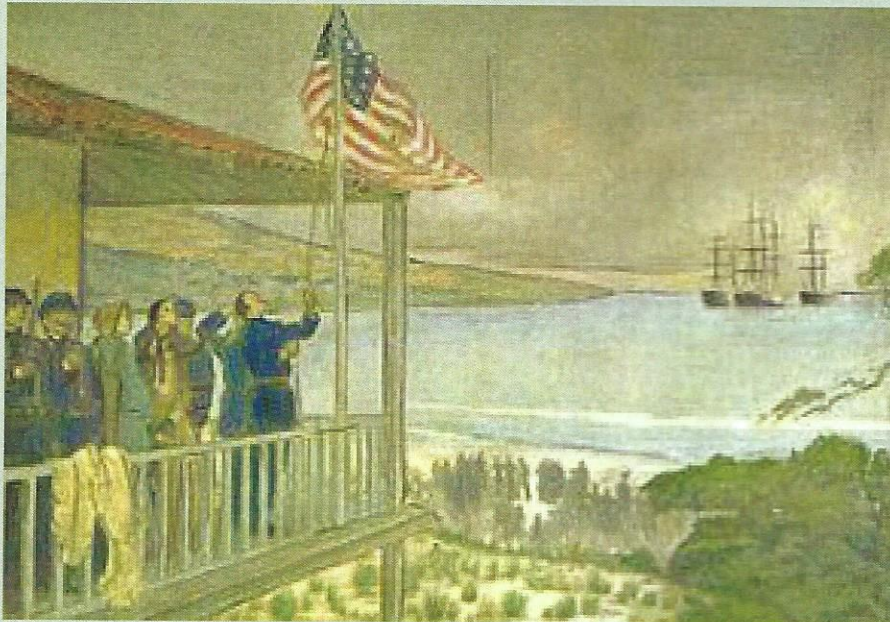
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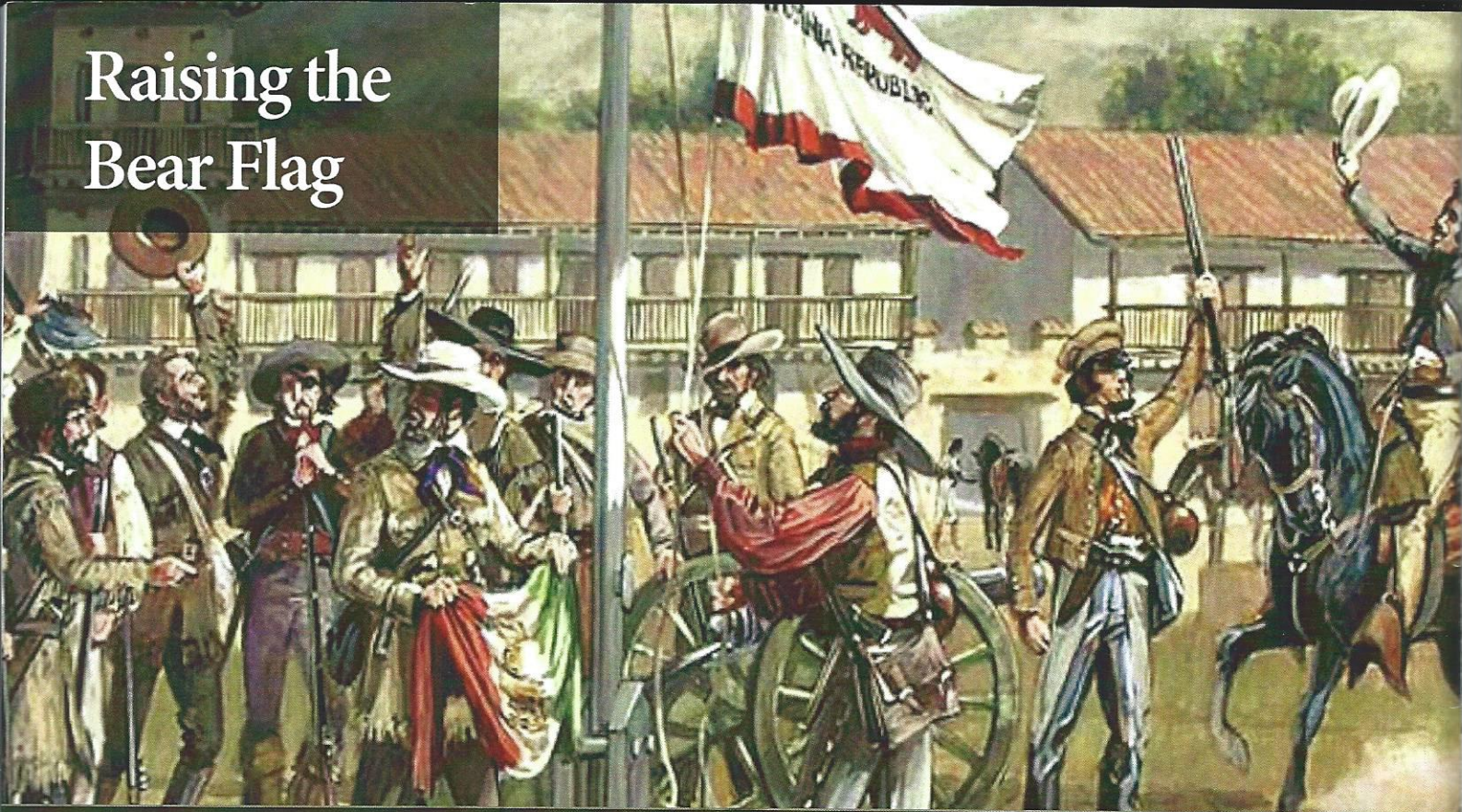
### Vacancies

Gulf  
Great Lakes West  
Great Plains  
West Central  
Alaska  
Hawaii



Top: Sloat's marines landing to seize Monterey. Credit: Presido of Monterey. Bottom left: Raising the flag over Monterey. Credit: Wikimedia Commons. Bottom right: Native Sons of the Golden West memorial statue in Sonoma. Credit: Wikimedia Commons.

# Raising the Bear Flag



Bear Flag Revolt. Credit: Michael Lamar

Raising of the Bear Flag at Sonoma on Jul 14, 1846, an event in which Napoleon McGillivray participated, jump started the American takeover of California. This romanticized painting showing the flag being raised is hardly accurate. The group was larger—and surely scruffier—than that shown; at least 33 men (including Napoleon McGillivray) were involved. The flag supposedly used was itself a crude affair cobbled together using a piece of unbleached muslin, some old red paint, and berry juice obtained nearby. The claim that the cloth came from a woman's petticoat is surely apocryphal as may be the story that this was the flag raised on the occasion. Peter Storm may not have designed it until shortly after the takeover. Some Mexican observers reportedly said the bear on Storm's flag looked more like a pig than a grizzly, which it certainly did. What was thought to be the original flag was preserved at the Society of California Pioneers in San Francisco until 1906 when it was destroyed in the great earthquake and fire of that year, but a later copy remains and is pictured on page 19. In 1911 an improved version, including a more heroic looking grizzly taken from a painting by Charles Nahl in 1855, became California's official state flag.

