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GATHERING OF THE SCOTS, PERTH-ANDOVER, RETURNS

IN UMBRA CARDUI VIOLAE VALESCANT (In the thistle's shadow, violets grow stronger)

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Down Memory Lane with the FSSA Pipe Band

James D. Campbell, Former Pipe Major, FSSA Pipe Band and Past President of the Fredericton Society of Saint Andrew

Recently, just in time for the **90th Anniversary of the Fredericton Society of Saint Andrew Pipes and Drums (1927 - 2017)**, this story came back to light.

Written at the time of the Band's 50th Anniversary, 1977, by James D. Campbell, he looks back to the Band's earliest days, when he was a member and Pipe Major of the band.

For Canada's Diamond Jubilee celebrations, 1927, Fredericton had a gala street parade. Alas, none were "oor ain folk".

The Society of Saint Andrew was soon to remedy that, through the efforts of Dr. Donald J. MacLeod, a Society member who had been a bass drummer in his native Ontario. The Society already had a piper, John H. MacFarlane.

MacLeod and MacFarlane were soon joined by two more pipers – Samuel Lean Sr. and James D. Campbell, recent arrivals from Scotland, each with his own bagpipes. A bass drum was acquired from a defunct brass band; it had to be cut down for the pipe band style of drumming. Side drummers Teddy and Sandy Voyer used their own drums, at first.

Only MacLeod had a uniform; the rest borrowed what they could from ex-servicemen who had been with Highland units in the Great War. Thus the Fredericton Society of Saint Andrew Pipe Band came into being, making its debut in 1929, with MacFarlane as Pipe Major. They were joined later by piper, George White, and side drummer George Adams.

In the beginning it was truly a labour of love. Money was scarce – and about to become much scarcer – as the Great Depression was just starting. The funds of the Society were at their habitually low ebb, but they did allow for the purchase of a piper's uniform, two drummers' uniforms and two regulation side drums. MacFarlane, Lean and Campbell purchased their own uniforms, so an order was sent post-haste to the

Do You Have a Renewal Notice Stuck to Page 2 of this Scottish Journal?

If so, it means that, according to our records, you have not paid membership dues for 2017 yet,

To save the cost and effort of mailing out invoice-like Renewal Notices separately, Notices are included in this April 2017 issue of the Journal.

Simply peel off the Renewal Notice sheet. Send it back to the NB Scottish Cultural Association with your cheque for 2017. Payment details are on the Renewal Notice, including payment online, rather than using a cheque.

Don't wait for an invoice-like Renewal Notice to come in the mail, as in previous years. **It's not coming!**

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Readers of the electronic version of the Journal will receive their Renewal Notice by e-mail.

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Life Members need only keep NBSCA up-to-date on their postal and e-mail addresses. membership@nbscots.com

Army and Navy Stores in Glasgow.

The Band played at all meetings of the Society, the picnic and annual Church Parade, local parades and celebrations and, for several years, was featured at the grandstand show at Stanley Fair. It also played for parades at various towns along the Maine-New Brunswick border.



Fredericton Society of Saint Andrew Pipe Band 1929. (l. to r.): J.H. MacFarlane, PM; C.A. (Teddy) Voyer; James D. Campbell; Donald J. MacLeod; Samuel Lean; J.A. (Sandy) Voyer.

The Band's identity had spread much further afield. The *Canadian Geographical Journal* published an article, 'The Bagpipe in Canada', by Pipe Major Stephen MacKinnon of the C.N.R. pipe band in Montreal. This article, with its list of all the pipe bands then known in Canada, was widely circulated as a reprint in connection with the May 1932 visit to Montreal of the Scottish Trade Mission Exhibition Ship, the *Letitia*.

Listed alongside the best of them was the Fredericton Society of Saint Andrew Pipe Band, its tartan and Pipe Major. There were 54 pipe bands in all, from coast-to-coast, then.

In the mid-1930s MacFarlane, Adams, and then MacLeod dropped out. J.D. Campbell became Pipe Major and the ranks, in time, were filled by drummers E. McFee, N. Downie, and pipers T. Foster and Ivan Downie.

The Society bought two more piper's uniforms and another set of bagpipes. Downie bought his own pipes, and the Band played on. It played for the Royal Visit of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth to Fredericton in the Spring of 1939.

A bit later that year the Band stole the show in Bangor, Maine. The American Legion held a State Convention there June 30 – July 2 and had invited the Fredericton Branch, Royal Canadian Legion, as guests for the closing ceremonies and parade. The Legion not only accepted but also adopted the Band as their own for the occasion.

Fresh off the Royal Visit parade, for which the Legion had

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

purchased new Legion dress, the 70-man contingent, plus the Pipe Band, made a tremendous impression. There were 33 bands on parade that day, but the Society Pipe Band led the way. When the pipes struck up, rheumatism disappeared, old aches and limps were forgotten, and once again the 'Old Sweats' were storming Vimy Ridge.



Fredericton Society of Saint Andrew Pipe Band circa 1935. (l. to r., back row): J.D. Campbell, Pipe Major; Samuel Lean; S. Foster; Thurston Foster; George Campbell; (front row) Teddy Voye; Eric McFee; (unknown)

In less than 3 months Canada was again at war. Those that could served with the Forces, and the rest carried on with T. Foster as Pipe Major, with frequent changes of personnel as

members came and went. In 1945 Campbell resumed as Pipe Major as the world tried to adjust to peace again.

The Band continued on its way and was in the forefront of the City of Fredericton's Centennial celebrations in 1948. Campbell dropped out in 1949 and Ivan Downie took over as Pipe Major. When Fredericton celebrated Canada's 100th Birthday, it was a hometown Band with a Fredericton-born Pipe Major.

The winds of change were beginning to be felt. Shortening work hours brought more leisure time to more people; vastly improving transportation facilities were shrinking distances; a new affluence; and a sharp upsurge of interest in piping were all bringing about a great proliferation of pipers, Pipe Bands, Highland Games and piping competitions everywhere, but the Band stayed abreast of the times.

Many people passed through the ranks over the years, each contributing something, but it was the diligence of Pipe Major Ivan Downie and Drum Major B. Downey that brought the Band to a higher level of size and proficiency. Instead of the small, casual group of long ago, the Band is now a large group of semi-professionals. With increasing success in Canadian competitions, the Band entered the World Championships in Glasgow in 1975, where they were awarded the Shield for Best Overseas Band, Grade 3.

The Band still plays on, but what a difference 50 years has made! Indicative of the times was that they could travel to Britain by jet in the time it took the old Band to travel to Ban-gor by car, over rough gravel roads, 36 years earlier.

De Tha Dol? What's Going On?

Sunday, April 2

Tartan Day in Miramichi

Beaverbrook Kin Centre. Dinner 6pm. Showtime 7pm
Special Guests 'Atlantic Bridge' from Woodstock
Tickets \$35 Adult - by Reservation Only
Tel. 506-622-1780 or susanbutler@xplornet.com

Thursday, April 6

Tartan Day Flag-Raising, Provincial Legislature, 11am

Organized by NB Scottish-Cultural Association

PLUS

Tartan Day Flag-Raising at Fredericton City Hall, 12 noon

Organized by Fredericton Society of St. Andrew
Lunch at the Lunar Rogue, at individual expense

Thursday, April 6, 11am

Tartan Day Flag-Raising, Saint John City Hall

Organized by St. Andrew's Society of Saint John
After ceremony, Pete's Pub, Shoppes of City Hall

Saturday, April 8, 2-4 pm

Tartan Day and Robbie Burns Celebration

Restigouche Art Gallery, 39 Arran Street, Campbellton

Saturday, April 8, Fredericton, 8:30am start

Kate Gaddess Memorial Dance Competition

Host: Fredericton Highland Dance Association
Nashwaaksis Middle School Theatre
Admission: \$5.00; Children 12 and under \$2.00

Saturday, April 22, Sussex, 8:30am start

Pat Murray Dickey Memorial Dance Competition

Host: Anderson School of Highland Dance
St. Paul's United Church, 4 Morrison Avenue
Admission and Program \$7; Children 12 and under Free

Saturday, April 29

Whisky Pairing Dinner, Perth-Andover Elks Lodge

Organized by the Gathering of the Scots
Tickets \$85, from Rod MacIntosh at 506-273-6710

Saturday, April 29

Robbie Burns Supper and Tribute to Jean Armour

St Andrew's Society of Saint John
Riverside Golf & Country Club, Rothesay, 6:30 p.m. for 7pm
Formal or Scottish Dress would be appropriate. Tickets \$55

Wednesday, May 3, 7 pm

Caledonian Society of Restigouche AGM

Campbellton Centennial Library, 19 Aberdeen Street

Saturday, May 6, Moncton, 9am start

NB Selection Meet and Pre-Premier Championship

Moncton Wesleyan Church, 945 St. George Blvd

Thursday-Sunday, May 30 - June 4

16th Gathering of the Scots

Veterans' Field, Perth-Andover. See pages 12 and 13.

Saturday, June 17

Moncton Highland Games and Scottish Festival

Hal Betts Sportsplex, 250 Assomption Blvd

Bathurst Chapter Gathers for Robbie Burns Night

Isabel MacLaggan.

An explanation of Scottish Country Dancing was presented to those attending the annual Robbie Burns Night held January 21 at Bathurst Curling Club. Rev. Glen Sampson, originally of Cape Breton, told his listeners that he has been participating for 35 years in this Scottish social dancing exercise.

"Exercise-wise, it is second only to aerobics. It has athletic dance moves and is unlike Highland dancing which is an individual dance", he explained.

Sampson likened Scottish Country Dancing to Cape Breton square sets or square dancing as it is known locally, with or without a caller. He mentioned the French influence, referring to such dance calls as "allemand left".

"There are thousands of different social dances, reels and waltzes, and they are done in ballrooms, homes and schools, sometimes part of the curriculum. They are danced worldwide, even in Tokyo and Dubai," he added.

He said one such dance was devised in a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany during WWII. Obviously intended for men only, the dance is known as the 'Reel of the 51st'.

A member of the long-established Caledonian Society in Restigouche County, Sampson serves Presbyterian congregations on the North Shore including Bathurst. A qualified teacher of the art, he said he would be willing to give instruction if there was local interest.

Several bagpipe selections by Craig Caldwell greeted attendees as they arrived for the evening. Caldwell is co-chair of Bathurst Chapter, New Brunswick Scottish Cultural Association, organizer of the special night.

Jim Walker, the other co-chair, was master of ceremonies. He combined "The Immortal Memory" of Robbie Burns with the "Toast to the Lassies". Mary Walker, a younger member, gave a rendition of a Burns poem.

Walker said Lisa Harris, provincial minister of Celtic Affairs, was unable to accept the invitation to attend as guest speaker. Expectations are this could be arranged

for a later date, hopefully embracing the local chapter of the Irish Canadian Cultural Association of New Brunswick.

Members were asked to renew their membership for 2017 as soon as possible so that the Chapter can receive its portion of the amount.

Newcomers were encouraged to join so they could receive the 4 issues of the NB Scottish Journal which present interesting and informative articles on Scottish history, accomplishments and events.

Mary Anne Riordon Barry, one of the Pokeshaw group in attendance, spoke about an organized tour of Ireland and Scotland October 1-15 for those interested.

The ham dinner was co-ordinated by Janice Cameron, treasurer of Bathurst Chapter. Winners of the special draws were Sharon Connolly, Joan White, Helen Knowles, Lorne Stymiest, Sybil Hills, Cameron Walker, Jessie Horsley and Linda Newell.

The evening closed with the traditional singing of Burns' Auld Lang Syne in circular cross-armed formation.

Left to right: Standing, Joyce Neuberg and Sharon Connolly. Seated: William Stymiest, Joan White and Stephen Brunet. Photo: Glen Vienneau/The Northern Light



Letter to the Editor

I keep admiring the NB Scottish Cultural Association's emblem and wondered if it is available as a pendant or brooch?

That symbol reminds me of a brooch representing the Scottish Thistle, given to me by the Scottish wife of a cousin of mine.

My cousin was killed during the invasion of Sicily in 1943. His wife kept her promise to him that, if he did not survive the war, she would bring their children to see their grandparents in Northern New Brunswick. It was during that time that she gave me



this treasured keepsake which I still often wear.

The Belt encircling the Association's emblem reminds me of the first half of my life when my great passion was dress-designing and dressing-making---and when waistlines were tiny. Nearly everyone wore belts on their dresses.

Strange how one beautiful emblem can also bring back wonderful old memories.

- Vetta Lapointe Faulds

St Andrew's Society, Saint John

Bruce M. Campbell, President

Social Notes

Thursday, 6 April Tartan Day

Commemoration of the Treaty of Arbroath signed by Pope John II, establishing recognition by the Holy See of the complete independence of Scotland on this date in the year 1320.

The Saltire (Scottish flag) will be raised at Saint John City Hall at 11:00 am, after which participants will retire to the Shoppes of City Hall to enjoy the festivities at Pete's Pub.

Saturday, 29 April

A Robbie Burns Supper and Tribute to Jean Armour, his one and only wife, will be held at the Riverside Country Club, Rothesay, 6:30 p.m. for 7:00.

Formal or Scottish Dress would be appreciated.

Tickets on sale @ \$55.00
Phone Mr. Patrick McCaffrey (Treasurer) 506-642-9669),
or mail to:

Saint Andrew Society of Saint John
P.O. Box 1061, Stn. Main
Saint John, NB
E2L 4E6



Fredericton Society St. Andrew's

Maxine Campbell, President

At the **Feast of Saint Andrew 2016**, we welcomed Her Honour Jocelyne Roy Vienneau and His Honour Ronald Vienneau.

All appreciated performances by the Barbara Murray Dancers and the FSSA Pipe Band. Following the blessing by the Reverend Doug Blaikie, Barbara MacKinnon gave a dramatic address 'To a Haggis'.

Toasts were given by MP Matt DeCoursey, MLA Kirk MacDonald, and Mayor Mike O'Brien.

Laura Wishart received the FSSA Scholarship from Maxine Campbell. President David Morrison presented the MacGillivray Award to Sandy Gordon in recognition of his many years of service to the Society.

The Jewel of Honorary President was passed to Huntley Wishart by Ramona Francis. Outgoing President David Morrison presented the Jewel of the President to Maxine Campbell, who thanked him for diligence, commitment, and leadership.

Burns Night 2017 was filled with fun, laughter, and camaraderie. Entertainment was provided by the FSSA Pipe Band, the Fredericton Highland Society Dancers, and the Scottish Country Dancers

Bruce Noble gave a spirited 'To a Haggis'. Attendees were entertained by presentations of the Immortal Memory and Toast to Robbie Burns by Ian Andrews.

The Toast to the Lassies was given by David Morrison, and the Response to that Toast by Koral LaVorgna. The evening concluded with a high-spirited singing of 'Auld Land Syne'.

Songs, music and folklore from Scotland and Canada
In English, Gaelic and French

ALLIANCE
Gilles Losier and Mary Calder



Jul 17

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The Fredericton Society
of Saint Andrew



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**Bidh mìr a' ghill' èasgaidh
air gach mèis.**

**The smart fellow's share is
on every plate.**

Moncton Highland Games & Scottish Festival



Hal Betts Sportsplex, Moncton
250 Assumption Blvd.
17 June, 2017

On the Ancestral Trail

Hugh MacDonald of Glasgow visits New Brunswick to meet Canadians who still cherish their connections to Scots who built their country

Photo by Andrea Grant. Visit <http://www.outpostmagazine.com/articles/45-changing-tides>

THE MIST ROLLS IN over the Bay of Fundy, reducing the vast expanse of its 180-mile stretch to a ribbon of still water beneath a suffocating, glowering cloak of cloud.

It is difficult to see ahead. This matters little when one is consuming lobster in a delightful bayside inn. The mist is merely an innocuous act of nature in a 2016 summer. But there is moment for reflection when one realises that this enduring, eternal landscape, this fog that rolls in almost daily, was once fresh to some and capable of causing the sort of angst that is prompted by exile, provoked by staring into a vast reservoir of unknowing.



Photo, Anders and Liz Treiberg 2011

This is New Brunswick, Canada. This bay is one of the natural wonders of the world. This scene that changes in kaleidoscope fashion because of the vagaries of tide and mist can be almost absurdly beautiful. It was also once the route to a new life, one that offered opportunity but promised hardship, anguish and the possibility of early death. There was brutal reality amid the natural beauty.

This fog, timeless and dense, once confronted John Mann. It once offered its grim greeting to William Davidson. It wrapped itself like a premature shroud around tens of thousands of Scottish immigrants who sailed in hope, perhaps even desperation, to a new land. Davidson was the first European to arrive in New Brunswick, settling in 1765 with a mission to populate land around the Miramichi River with fellow Scots. Mann came later. In November, 1816, he was one of 136 Scots to arrive at Saint John, at the head of the Bay of Fundy. He had sailed in *The Favourite* in an era when immigrants were not to be feared, despised or abused but to be welcomed, even lured.

On the 200th anniversary of Mann's arrival, this alone is enough to cause a pause for consideration.

He came as part of a plan. The New Brunswick government and a businessman, James Taylor, had entered into an agreement to supply a ship, *The Favourite*, to bring settlers from Scotland to invigorate a sparsely populated land. All were to be under the age 40. All were to have certificates of good character. One was John Mann, an 18-year-old from Kenmore, Perthshire.

If Davidson was the first, Mann was typical of the mass in background, yet removed from them in that he committed his experience to a book. He shared the experience of immigration

not only with his fellow travellers down the centuries but with those of us who, by grace and fortune, have felt no need to uproot a life and plant it elsewhere. In *Travels in North America*, Mann stripped his travel to Canada and his treks on foot of any frivolity, any

sense of childish adventure. "This is a most excellent place of banishment," he writes. This land is of "a dismal and wretched appearance".

His attitude softened even as his body hardened under the tests and trials of primitive New Brunswick. He returned briefly to Scotland before settling finally in Canada in 1828. He had found his new life, even though the reality owed little to romance. He wrote to his father about the chances of his brother tolerating Canada: "After one minute he would not live in it even if he was fed in a king's fashion."

These words lie in New Brunswick historical records. But they resonate down the ages. Mann is speaking of the immigrant experience. It is as true today for Syrians or Somalians entering Scotland as it was for those generations of Scots entering Canada. It is a story of what a people did for a country and what a country did for a people.

On November 20, 1816, Mann was on the threshold of his new life. He sat in the gloom of the Bay of Fundy. "A thick fog came on then which compelled us to remain there during two days, for fear of being cast on some rocks." That mist cleared and Mann was to see a future clearly. But it is an immigrant's fate to be taunted by anxiety, tested by hardship.

TRAVELS
IN
NORTH AMERICA

PARTICULARLY IN

THE PROVINCES OF UPPER & LOWER
NEW BRUNSWICK

AND IN

THE STATES OF MAINE, MASSACHUSETTS,
NEW-YORK:

CONTAINING

A Variety of Interesting Adventures and
Author encountered in his Journey at
Dutch, French, and Indian Villages

ALSO,

Several Remarkable Interpositions of
preserving him from dangers, by sea and
land.

BY JOHN MANN

AUTHOR OF THE EMIGRANT'S

GLASGOW,

PRINTED BY ANDREW
150, Trongate

1824.

(Continued from page 8)

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT on the good and the kilted and the merry and the be-tartaned. It is Fredericton 2016. The 35th New Brunswick Highland Games has colonised Government House. There are more pipe bands than one could shake a swagger stick at in the capital of New Brunswick. Tents are filled with those investing in a Scottish heritage, either in whisky tasting, investigating genealogy or just enjoying the craic.

New Brunswick, in Canada, just across and down from Nova Scotia, was once part of the royal French colony of Acadia. The French settlers stayed close to the coast line and the interior was not populated by Europeans until the advent of William Davidson, a Scot from Moray, and his ilk. It was officially named New Brunswick, in deference to King George III and his German *Braunschweig* connection in 1784, almost two decades after Davidson had found a clearing near the Miramichi River and set up business as a lumber merchant.

The immigration experience is thus viewed at a distance of centuries for many on the grass outside Government House. But this concentrates the focus. The Highland Games are a communal celebration but they have an individual significance. This patch of Fredericton is a Highland zone, where people walk with a sense of pride, belonging and inquiry.

Chris Robbins, of the New Brunswick Scottish Cultural Association, sits in the shade in his tent on 'Clan Alley', a map of Scotland is marked by names of clans and there is a regular stream of visitors. Robbins, who grew up in Nova Scotia, has always been tugged back to Scotland. He tells me his mother was a MacPherson, points out the importance of censuses in tracing lineage and is quietly but eloquently forceful on the significance of heritage.

"It is a beautiful thing," he murmurs at one point while reflecting on ancestry. He is keen to share it with others. He spends the afternoon at the Games fielding questions and guiding others towards the past. "I help people with tricks I have learned along the way," he says simply.

He is in awe of the immigrant experience. "The MacPhersons on my mother's side left the Isle of Eigg, Scotland in the 1790s, probably because of what motivates most immigrants, the belief that the system no longer works for them."

He believes his investigations of the past have informed his present. "First, there are so many good stories to learn. But it also gives depth to your understanding of yourself," he says.

But how does this manifest itself?

He pauses. "I think it is important to realise what your people

went through, to know where you come from. We need a story. It helps us understand ourselves."

He knows this is not a complete answer and is one that will not satisfy some. When he first visited Eigg, the land of his forefathers and foremothers in 2009, he was asked by a Scot why he made the journey. His response was met by an exasperated Caledonian retort of "Ach, why bother?"

Robbins could not quite answer that question then but does so now. "Approaching the island was such an exhilarating feeling. It was the culmination of something. A great feeling just welled up in me. There was a sense of coming home."

IT IS AN EXPERIENCE SHARED by many descendants of immigrants. There is a desire, almost a need, not only to look at the past but to travel back into it to make something of substance for the present and the future. Such is the experience of Helen McKinnon-Bagnell and her sister Catherine Mhairi Homer. Their childhood was extraordinary.

Their father was a Canadian serviceman who found a war bride in Lewis [photo right]. "He could speak eight languages fluently, a smattering of many more. His favourite was the language of our heritage, Gaelic. Our mother was a Gaelic speaker, born and bred, but she believed very strongly that Gaelic was the language of the uneducated and the poor because that had been drilled into her. My father's view prevailed: we spoke Gaelic at home."

"Our father said that when the language went, the culture would die with it. We were brought up to

believe it was very important to keep this language alive. I still teach it. We both have bilingual dogs. We speak Gaelic to our dogs but our husbands speak to them in English."

But the bond with culture goes beyond the gently humorous. Both sisters made a visit to Lewis a few years ago that was profound, spiritual and ultimately crucial to their understanding of Scotland and themselves. A relative, the last of a generation, was dying. A decision was made that Aunt Chrissie must be seen.

"It was extremely emotional," says Helen. "I cannot describe to you the feelings I had that I was coming home. I could not talk to anybody about it, it was so overwhelming. We arrived four days before she died so the timing was incredible. We thought we were saying goodbye to a shared past but we met all our cousins so the link continues. We have family in Lewis. We have our roots there."



Aerial photo of Eigg, <http://www.isleofeigg.org/>

Sandy Gordon, in contrast, seems to find his bond in music. A member of the Fredericton Society of St Andrew Pipe Band for more than 40 years, he stands in the shade of a tree and nods towards the stands where bagpipes play. "When you put so much of your life into piping and then 14 pipe bands come to your home town...well, that is very exciting. It is like Christmas. This Highland Games has been going since 1981 and the Christmas analogy holds true in that you look forward to it every year; it is very similar every year but it is always one of the greatest days of the year."

Born and brought up in Nova Scotia, Sandy moved to northern New Brunswick, heard a pipe band, and quickly acquired a chanter and a College of Piping tutor book. "It was one of the happiest days of my life when that book came in the post," he says. "I was about 13. Piping almost immediately became the biggest thing in my life."

He has travelled all over the world with the pipe band. "The first time we booked a ticket to Paris, France, I could not believe we were doing this. We did a Mardi Gras in Nice too. And there were the world championships at Glasgow Green."

He learned a bit of Gaelic while studying piping in Cape Breton and is aware that his existence in New Brunswick is far removed from the experience of his ancestors. "I have not gone too far into the ancestry," he says. "Piping has been my passion rather than tracing ancestors."

But he is aware of the depth of winters in Canada, knows the landscape and respects the fortitude of those who forged a way for him and the others who are gathered around a spectacular celebration on a beautiful summer's day.

"It must have been so tough for them," he says. "But they had to get on with it. You didn't have much choice."

DOWNTOWN FREDERICTON nods to the past in a genteel manner. The old barracks form a row of shops, the green at the centre of the town hosts a spirited changing of the guard. There is an air of troubles survived and prosperity gained.

Mr Bradley Sturgeon, high school principal, is almost a human emblem of this theme of endurance becoming something more amenable. He is the great-great-great-grandson of William Davidson, the first Scot to settle in New Brunswick, whose immigrant experience was wonderful, draining, exciting, testing, adventurous and ultimately tragic.

"William died when he was 50, with 5 children under the age of 12. He caught a chill when snow-shoeing. It is almost unfathomable how his wife and children survived, left with the debts, businesses to run and a life to lead in a log cabin where winter temperatures would drop to -30," says Bradley.

Davidson was energetic, if regularly unfortunate in business. He was given huge tracts of land to disperse but found it difficult to populate them. This was forbidding territory. He im-

mersed himself in the business of fishing, furs and timber, then in building masts and ships. He was beset by ill fortune but doggedly persevered until his untimely death. Descendants in New Brunswick have memories of him that are fresh and physical even at a distance of 250 years.

"My grandfather still has 300 acres of that Elm Tree tract that William Davidson divided. My father has 100 acres. I grew up with William Davidson history. If I was not at my place I was at my grandfather's place. My grandmother would show us the old coins from the 1700s that were found on the property and the First Nation axes too. We grew up with the stories.

"They had a neighbour who was a descendant of Davidson too. When I was 10 and he was 98 he remembered stories that his great grandfather, who knew William's son, told him.

"This neighbour was legendary; he was 6ft 8, weighed 280 pounds. There was no fat on him. He worked the boons where they would wrap logs. He worked 10 kilometres away from his home and every day he brought a coil of rope weighing 200 pounds draped over him.

"It is incredible how they survived. My father worked in the wood industry and he was always shocked at how his forefathers had done all the work by hand. The life had a simple theme. From the time you got up on the morning until you went to bed at night it was all about survival. Good times had to be used to guard against the bad times."

The depredations of fate, illness, and the weather were not the only difficulties. The Davidson settlement was once besieged by a ship of privateers from the USA. "They had raided several settlements and then anchored off William's property. They were yelling they were coming ashore to take what they wanted. William and his wife took two muskets and ran up the hill to shoot at them but the ship replied with a small cannon. A musket shot hit the ship, however, and it sailed off.

"Anyway that was the story we heard as kids. But one summer my grandfather cleared a small section of the field at that hill and he found three cannon balls. We used to play with them in my grandfather's barn. There's no proof they came from a ship of privateers but..."

The cannon balls have become lost in history, possibly lying in the back of a barn on the Miramichi. The stories live on. And so do the descendants of those who became immigrants by choice, need or desperation. On a sunny day in Fredericton, the fog of the mind clears to reveal a substantial truth

These exiles did not just come to a country. They made it.

Hugh MacDonald has worked in Scottish journalism for more than 40 years, mainly for **The Herald** newspaper in Glasgow, as a literary editor and a sports writer, but is increasingly drawn to Scottish history and the Scottish diaspora.



Following the 'Wee Mad Road' to Assynt

Barry MacKenzie, first published in the newsletter of Clan MacKenzie Society of Canada, Autumn 2016

My interest in my MacKenzie roots goes back to my childhood, when I spent a great deal of time with my paternal grandfather, Byron MacKenzie.

We knew that the first of our line to arrive in Canada was Rodrick MacKenzie, born in Scotland in 1808, died at Black River, NB, in 1893. The name of his first wife, by whom he fathered 3 children (the eldest, John, born in Scotland in 1837, being my great-great-grandfather), remained a mystery until more recent years. And we knew that Rodrick had a brother, Hector, who settled in Black River at the same time.

Over the past 15 years, I've learned a great deal more about the family, including the fact that with Rodrick and Hector (and their respective families) came their sister, Effie, and her husband Alexander MacKenzie and family.

My wife planned a short trip to Scotland with our children in 2016. I was determined that - even if I did nothing else - I wished to see the parish of Assynt, to which my research up to that time had led me. I was equally determined to do further research on the family and to find conclusive proof about Rodrick's parentage.

In the course of my research, I purchased two small books by Malcolm Bangor-Jones, an authority on the history of Assynt. We exchanged emails which shed new light on Rodrick, Hector and Effie, and their likely parentage.

Family historians often do not have a full understanding of the geography of the places from which their forebears came. Place names in the old Assynt parish register meant little to me. Had I paid closer attention, I would have noticed that all three of the known siblings, Rodrick, Hector, and Effie, were living in a place called Unapool at the times of their marriages in the early to mid 1830s and all were living there as late as 1839, the year before their emigration.

Bangor-Jones wrote in *The Assynt Clearances*: "Half of Unapool had been held by Isaac Jopling who sublet to the sheepfarmer, Charles Clarke, and the other half was under small tenants. A good number remained as Clarke's subtenants and were given land to the north of the old township."

Bangor-Jones found an assessment list from 1825 with Murdo MacKenzie (Bain) as well as a son, Hector. In another assessment list from 1830, Murdo is listed with the names Alexander, Hector, and Roderick MacKenzie all listed immediately afterwards. Effie had married Alexander MacKenzie earlier that year.

In 1834, a list of road assessments provides 3 key names listed one after the other: Alexander MacKenzie (son of) Donald (presumably Effie's husband), Hector MacKenzie (son of)



Murdo, and Rory MacKenzie (son of) Murdo. This suggests that Murdo MacKenzie (Bain) and Isabela Urquhart, his wife, are the parents. Furthermore, all 3 siblings who came to New Brunswick had daughters named Isabella and two had sons named Murdock. More work needs to be done before we can say that we have found proof of the parentage of

our three emigrant siblings.

Although our trip to Scotland was brief (5 days and 6 nights), we spent a full day in Assynt exploring the parish and the landmarks relevant to our clan and my family. We had as our capable guides Malcolm and his patient wife Trish (who'd been dragged along on such excursions before).

We enjoyed stops in Inverkirkaig, where our guides live; Lochinver, the main hub of the parish; Ardvreck Castle, one time stronghold of the MacLeods before the MacKenzies drove out the laird; Calda House, a comfortable stone mansion constructed on Loch Assynt by MacKenzie of Assynt in the 1720s, which the family later burned down so it wouldn't fall into the hands of the Sutherland family; and Inchnadamph, site of the old parish church and the graveyard which most likely holds the mortal remains of Murdo MacKenzie (Bain) and his wife and extended family.

The highlights were the stops at Unapool. We first visited the site of the "new" township of Unapool to which the tenants who decided to stay on after the clearances were moved in the 1820s. It was not difficult to see how challenging it must have been to make a living on such unforgiving land. I was moved to know that I was standing on ground that my ancestor Rodrick MacKenzie would have known well.

At the old township of Unapool we viewed the very meagre remains of one of the houses cleared in 1820. Malcolm's vivid description of the type of homes the MacKenzies would have lived in was made all the more real when one could stand within their foundations and see how small they were.

The scenery in Assynt is quite incredible, particularly along Loch Assynt and Kylesku. I mentioned at one point that it must have been difficult to leave the beauty of the Highlands. The point was made, however, that "you can't eat scenery".

There were also spectacular views along the single track 'wee mad road' we took from Ullapool north through the hills to Inverkirkaig on our way to meet the Bangor-Joneses.

Scotland was as beautiful as I ever dreamt it would be. What I couldn't imagine was how it would feel to have the privilege to be the first descendant of these pioneering MacKenzie emigrants to return to where they lived and worked.

In the Highlands of New Brunswick

Rod MacIntosh

On a recent trip to Scotland, I took an early morning stroll in the small community of Moy. I was accosted by a gentleman from his door-yard. "Hey Lad", he shouted. "Are you one of those Canadians staying up the road"? "I am", I replied as we met and shook hands. "Why'd ye come"? he asked.

"I needed to see this place", I said. "It has been a part of my life from a young lad, through the stories of my ancestors who left here so many years ago." He replied with a smile, "Aye, well, I can tell you're from *the east of Canada*. I can still hear a wee bit of us in you! You and me, we're different you know, but the same, aye?"

Far too soon we parted ways. "Tell our brothers and sisters across the pond we are sayin' "Hi", he said as we shook hands. "Scots are Scots nae matter the place we sleep!"

The Gathering of the Scots festival in Perth-Andover will move into its 16th annual celebration of Scottish culture and heritage this Spring. Those words continuously return: *different but the same*. My friend at Moy would be impressed!

For over 15 years now, a dedicated group of volunteers have worked to ensure the cultural heritage and traditions of Scotland have not been allowed to fade into oblivion.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29 - Whisky-Pairing Dinner - The Perth Elks Lodge hosts an evening of 5 carefully prepared dinner courses expertly matched with 5 Scottish single malt whiskys. Only 64 tickets will be sold in 2017 at the price of \$85 each.

TUESDAY, MAY 30 - Picaroons/Railcar Beer-Tasting - Benjamin Masonic Lodge #31 in Perth-Andover holds their first Beer-Tasting Workshop for \$30 per seat, limited to 50 guests. Get your tickets from a Mason in Perth-Andover.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31 - Kilts, Bagpipes and evening Golf "The Celtic 4-man Scramble" - a light-hearted round of golf at the Aroostook Valley Golf Club in Four Falls, NB.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1 - Heavy Athletics Workshop - Starts at 5 pm for everyone - male and female alike. Register via our website : www.gatheringofthescots.com

FRIDAY, JUNE 2 - Masters Heavy Athletics - Don't miss the Masters (40 years plus) Heavy Athletics competition, starring Dirk Bishop at 3:30 pm.

The "Castle Ceilidh" tonight! - Get your seat early at Perth-Andover's prestigious Castle Inn, Restaurant & Spa for an evening of great food and entertainment.

THE BIG DAY! SATURDAY, JUNE 3 - Highlander's Breakfast served 7 to 10am just across the street from the festival grounds at the Perth Elks Lodge.

Gates open at 8:30am - Musical performances, athletic competitions and so much more to absolutely overload the senses, genealogy and cultural displays, Celtic retail vendors, and food and refreshments offered.

The falcons are back! - See these majestic birds during two afternoon flight demonstrations and stop into the falconry booth after to learn more about this ancient sport of kings.



How about a workshop? - Whisky tasting; fly-tying; our "Sheanachie ar Puball" (Story-telling circle); learning to play the Highland pipes or drums; or Highland dance?

Rugby - The ever-popular Middle School tug-o-war challenge will get your blood flowing, along with hundreds of competitors in the day-long Rugby matches.

Put Your Fly Down! - Fly-Casting Competition, for the kids plus others with a serious fly-fishing fetish! Participation is free; winners get great fly-casting prizes!

The Longbow, the Recurve or the Compound? - Certified instructors from Perth-Andover's newly-formed Twin Rivers Archery club, will educate and let you try your hand.

Children's activity tents - with scheduled themes and Lightweight Athletics Workshop just after lunch. At the Souvenir Tent, sign out (free for the day) a "Kilt for Kids".

March with the Clans!

- Contact us ahead of time and we will provide a banner with your family crest that you can proudly carry during our Clan March.



Massed Pipe Bands!

A must see (and hear) is the Massed Bands Parade at 12 noon followed throughout the day by individual performances and the unique Piper's Circle at 4:30pm.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4 - The Kincardine "Kirk on the Hill" - say thank you for all of those who have come before us at the majestic Upper Kintore United Church Sunday at 11:30 am.

Larlee Creek and the "Kirking of the Tartans" - After a busy weekend, join us Sunday evening at Perth-Andover's 147 year-old Larlee Creek Church for a "Kirking".

1km & 5 km Running of the Tartans - 1 km run for the younger participants followed by a 5 km for the adults through many of the streets and trails within our community.

For more info, go to www.gatheringofthescots.com, follow us on Twitter at [GatheringScots](https://twitter.com/GatheringScots), like our Facebook page at [Gathering-of-the-Scots](https://www.facebook.com/Gathering-of-the-Scots) or phone Rod MacIntosh, 273-6710.



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Jul17

The Way It Was Along My Bay - The Harvies of Nash Creek

Vetta LaPointe Faulds, from *The Way It Was Along My Bay, Vol. 1, Nash Creek and Jacquet River*



Local merchant W.R. MacMillan said that Robert Harvie always walked the 6 miles to church, claiming that, after working 6 days, his horses needed their Sabbath rest.

Another story, told to me by the late Harvie MacMillan, was that Robert Harvie had walked the 200 mile journey to Fredericton for his deed and proved that he was faster than the stagecoach by racing it on the way home, The stagecoach did make stops along the way.

I have been told many times that Mr. Harvie was a tall man blessed with very long legs. That could no doubt have accounted for his speed-walking.

Mr. Harvie also ran an Inn at Nash Creek for a while. The home (*image, left*) became the property of adopted son, George (Hunt) Harvie, This home is well over a century old.

Robert Harvie Sr. (1797-1889) was born in Arran, Scotland, and spent some years at Doaktown before settling at Nash Creek. His grant for 200 acres of land was registered in 1831.

Mr. Harvie was married twice, first to Mary Strahorn. His second marriage was to Mary Murchie. He had 2 sons, Andrew and Robert Jr., as well as 5 daughters, Janet, Mary, Jane, Catherine, and Elizabeth. They later adopted George (Hunt) Harvie and also provided a foster home for John English, who arrived from Europe when he was 14 years old.



The farm house and out buildings of Andrew Harvie, Robert Sr.'s son, are among the oldest at Nash Creek. He was married to Ellen Cook and they had 7 children, Robert, Margaret, John, Andrew, Mary-Ellen, James and Alexander.

Andrew was a farmer, and a carpenter, as well as a magistrate. On this property was the court house (*image, above*), built by Andrew Harvie in the 1870s; it was used strictly for court purposes. If a court hearing required a jury, it was held in Dalhousie.

At one time 2 young lawyers, Max Aitken - who became Lord Beaverbrook - and R.B. Bennett - who became Prime Minister of Canada - attended one of Andrew Harvie's hearings.

In more recent times the farm and court house were the property of Harvie MacMillan and his wife, Jessie. The old court house was torn down in 1991.



Jan 18

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