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Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for August 19th, 2016

To see what we've added to the Electric Scotland site view our What's New page at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/whatsnew.htm>

To see what we've added to the Electric Canadian site view our What's New page at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/whatsnew.htm>

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

<http://www.electricscotland.com/>

Electric Scotland News



The Makar's Court at Edinburgh Writers' Museum in Lady Stair's Close, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, is an ongoing project to celebrate the lives and works of Scottish writers.

George Campbell Hay/Deòrsa Mac Iain Dheòrsa (1915 - 1984) was an outstanding Scottish poet, and one of the very few to write in all three languages of Scotland: Scots, Gaelic and English. George was a life long nationalist and his poems appeared regularly in the pages of Scots Independent.

George deserves the recognition which a commemorative stone in The Makar's Court would give, and which many of his contemporaries already enjoy.

Anne Artymiuk, who started this campaign, is a doctoral student at Scotland's University of the Highlands and Islands, and George

Campbell Hay is the subject of her doctoral thesis. She has obtained the approval of the Saltire Society who oversee The Makar's Court for a stone to commemorate George Campbell Hay to be placed there, and the Court stonemason is currently working on a design for it. The cost will be in the region of £2,500.

Fundraising for these stones is normally undertaken by associations devoted to the writer concerned. There is no George Campbell Hay Society to undertake fundraising, so in this instance, Anne has undertaken to raise the amount required through gofundme.com.

It is hoped that the stone will be ready for unveiling in the autumn. This campaign will run until the end of September. The funds raised are being collected in a dedicated bank account set up for the purpose and will be sent to the appropriate City Museums Officer at Edinburgh City Council at that date.

Please donate at: www.gofundme.com/2ht4984

You can learn more about this poet at:

<https://www.theguardian.com/books/2003/mar/01/featuresreviews.guardianreview13>

Here is one poem to read here...

MEN AND WOMEN OF SCOTLAND

By George Campbell Hay

Men and women of Scotland, tempestuous race that I love,
People who are not to be trampled upon, and who will not trample
On the necks of others – oh, hearts that are not dull and dead, may
You be a sea that will never ebb in the towns and glens of Scotland,
On her rough knowes and her plains.

Land of my forebears, Scotland, children of Scotland, my
Kin – you are my flesh and the sap of my heart, my courage and
My right hand.

The old blue land of the mountain pinnacles, it is she that
Has given us being and pith. She is rough, she is cheerful and kindly,
She is interwoven in every one of us. On plain and on upland we
Have suckled at her breast. Be we Lowland, my dear, or Gaels,
It was she that nurtured us.

Land of my forebears, Scotland, children of Scotland that
Will not yield, my food, my drink and my breath are you ...
I will not see you brought low.

Scottish News from this weeks newspapers

Note that this is a selection and more can be read in our ScotNews feed on our index page. I am partly doing this to build an archive of modern news from and about Scotland as all the newsletters are archived and also indexed on Google and other search engines. I might also add that in newspapers such as the Guardian, Scotsman, Courier, etc. you will find many comments which can be just as interesting as the news story itself and of course you can also add your own comments if you wish.

Rare pistols made by Perthshire gunsmith

The finely engraved steel and silver inlaid pistols were made by Alexander Campbell of Doune around 1730.

Read ore at:

<https://www.thecourier.co.uk/fp/news/local/perth-kinross/269395/rare-pistols-made-by-perthshire-gunsmith-go-under-the-hammer/>

Scots conductor and the orchestra that crossed Iraq's divides

A Scottish conductor spent five years working with the Iraqi National Youth Orchestra, a venture that began while he was having a quiet pint in an Edinburgh pub.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-highlands-islands-37057504>

Response to Herald Letter from a GERS denier

The Herald's Readers' Opinon section today featured a letter headlined: "GERS tells us nothing about prospects of an independent

Scotland"

Read more at:

<http://chokkablog.blogspot.ca/2016/08/letter-in-herald-re-gers-response.html>

UK biggest foreign investor in US, says CBI study

The UK is the single biggest investor in the US and supports more than one million jobs, according to research

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/business/markets-economy/uk-biggest-foreign-investor-in-us-says-cbi-study-1-4200978>

Glasgow deserves better

Scotland's powerhouse has been in the shadow of its party-loving rival for too long

Read more at:

<https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2016/aug/13/glasgow-deserves-better>

Field Marshal Montgomery Pipe Band reclaim world title

Field Marshal Montgomery Pipe Band from Northern Ireland have been crowned world pipe band champions.

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-glasgow-west-37076425>

Watch a video at:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CV9uuT0esCY>

Andy Murray wins gold medal

Andy Murray wrote his name into the Olympic history books by becoming the first tennis player ever to win two singles gold medals.

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/sport/tennis/andy-murray-beats-del-potro-in-olympic-final-to-win-gold-medal-1-4202979>

Scotland in Europe

Got in some interesting comments on our Scotland in Europe page. Scroll to the foot of the page to read them.

Read more at:

http://www.electricscotland.com/independence/scotland_europe.htm

Everything you need to know about Scotland's North Coast 500 road trip

You can take in the ruins of Ardvreck Castle on the NC500

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/news/everything-you-need-to-know-about-scotland-s-north-coast-500-road-trip-1-4204367>

Cloudless Scotland snapped from space

An astronaut has captured a stunning picture of an almost cloudless Scotland from the International Space Station.

Read more at

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-37105709>

Electric Canadian

Did a feature this week on the Moravian Indian Tribe which includes books....

Contributions on the Early History of the North-West

including the Moravian Missions in Ohio by Samuel P. Hildreth M.D. (1861) which has been added to our section on the Delaware at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/first/delaware/moravians.pdf>

The History of the Moravian Mission

Among the Indians in North America from its commencement to the present time with a preliminary account of the Indians, compiled from Authentic sources by a member of the Brethern's Church at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/first/delaware/moravians2.pdf>

And to the above have also added

History of the Mission of the United Brethren among the Indians in North America

By George Henry Loskiel (1794) translated from the German text. Note that this book given its age has the s spelt as an f which makes it a bit challenging to read at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/first/delaware/moravians3.pdf>

In celebration of **Acadia Day in Canada** we bring you the book, **The Acadian exiles: a chronicle of the land of Evangeline** by Doughty, Arthur George, Sir, 1860-1936 (1916) (pdf) and you can also listen to this book being read as well and you can get to this at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/acadia/index.htm>

Electric Scotland

Dictionary of National Biography

I have worked on bringing you some more biographies from this publication. In most cases I have added a link to these at the foot of the page for the name in our "Scottish Nation".

Carmichael <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/nation/carmichael.htm>

Carson <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/nation/carson.htm>

Cathcart <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/nation/cathcart.htm>

Thomas Caddell

Added some information about this gun smith from Doune to our Scottish Nation at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/nation/cadell.htm>

The Life or Mansie Wauch

Tailir of Dalkeith (1828) which you can read at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/books/pdf/mansiewauch.pdf>

Scottish Firearms

By Claude Blair

Having read the news article on the Pistols I did some research and found this article which you can read at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/scotreg/scottishfirearms.pdf>

Joseph Anderson

Added this antiquarian to our Significant Scots section at:

http://www.electricscotland.com/history/other/anderson_joseph.htm

The Oliphants in Scotland

By Joseph Anderson which we've added to our Clan Oliphant page at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/webclans/ntor/oliphant.html>

Cherokee Indians

Added links to two documentaries about the Cherokee Indians at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/america/cherokees1.htm>

Beth's Newfangled Family Tree

Got in section 2 of the September 2016 issue which you can read at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/bnft/index.htm>

Memoirs to His Majesty's Treasury respecting a Geological Survey of Scotland

By J. MacCulloch, (1836)

An interesting read and especially if you are into old maps and you can read this at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/books/pdf/memoirs-majesty-treasury.pdf>

John Murray Forbes

Added a 2nd publication in 2 volumes for this American Railroad builder of Scots descent which you can read at: http://www.electricscotland.com/history/america/forbes_johnmurray.htm

Robert Baillie

One of the most eminent, and perhaps the most moderate, of all the Scottish presbyterian clergy during the time of the civil war. Added a publication about him in three volumes.

You can read these at: http://www.electricscotland.com/history/other/baillie_robert.htm

Last Years of the Prince Consort

Found this interesting article so added it to our Queen Victoria page at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/leaves/princeconsort.pdf>

Clan Munro of Australia

Got in a copy of their August 2016 newsletter which you can read at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/familytree/newsletters/munro/index.htm>

William Carstairs

Added further information on this eminent political and ecclesiastical character and links to a couple of books about him and his work which you can get to at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/nation/carstairs.htm>

Robert Burns Lives!

Edited by Frank Shaw

The Twa Bards: Robert Burns and William Shakespeare by Patrick Scott

I have met several men in my lifetime that I hold in deepest respect and, ironically, many of them are in academic affairs and are much more than gentlemanly scholars. Their work is not a burden to them or their families, and it is a joy to be in their midst whether it be at club meetings, conferences or social gatherings. One of those special persons is Professor Patrick Scott who recently retired from the University of South Carolina and who has written many articles for magazines, journals and books throughout his career. Patrick may be retired but he is still working, cranking out articles for various publications, books and quarterly reviews. He has been a staunch supporter of the Robert Burns Lives! website from inception many years ago. Again, it is an honor to welcome Patrick to the pages of our humble site! (FRS: 8.17.16)

You can read this article at: http://www.electricscotland.com/familytree/frank/burns_lives242.htm

The Story

This is a chapter from the book "A Doctor of the Old School" by Ian MacLaren published in 1896.

A General Practitioner

It was impossible for a doctor to earn even the most modest competence from a people of such scandalous health, and so MacLure had annexed neighbouring parishes. His house—little more than a cottage—stood on the roadside among the pines towards the head of our Glen, and from this base of operations he dominated the wild glen that broke the wall of the Grampians above Drumtochty—where the snow drifts were twelve feet deep in winter, and the only way of passage at times was the channel of the river—and the moorland district westwards till he came to the Dunleith sphere of influence, where there were four doctors and a hydropathic. Drumtochty in its length, which was eight miles, and its breadth, which was four, lay in his hand; besides a glen behind, unknown to the world, which in the night time he visited at the risk of life, for the way thereto was across the big moor with its peat holes and treacherous bogs. And he held the land eastwards towards Muirtown so far as Geordie, the Drumtochty post, travelled every day, and could carry word that the doctor was wanted. He did his best for the need of every man, woman and child in this wild, straggling district, year in, year out, in the snow and in the heat, in the dark and in the light, without rest, and without holiday for forty years.

One horse could not do the work of this man, but we liked best to see him on his old white mare, who died the week after her master, and the passing of the two did our hearts good. It was not that he rode beautifully, for he broke every canon of art, flying with his arms, stooping till he seemd to be speaking into Jess's ear, and rising in the saddle beyond all necessity. But he could rise faster, stay longer in the saddle, and had a firmer grip with his knees than any one I ever met, and it was all for mercy's sake. When the reapers in harvest time saw a figure whirling past in a cloud of dust, or the family at the foot of Glen Urtach, gathered round the fire on a winter's night, heard the rattle of a horse's hoofs on the road, or the shepherds, out after the sheep, traced a black speck moving across the snow to the upper glen, they knew it was the doctor, and, without being conscious of it, wished him God speed.

Before and behind his saddle were strapped the instruments and medicines the doctor might want, for he never knew what was before him. There were no specialists in Drumtochty, so this man had to do everything as best he could, and as quickly. He was chest doctor and doctor for every other organ as well; he was accoucheur and surgeon; he was oculist and aurist; he was dentist and chloroformist, besides being chemist and druggist. It was often told how he was far up Glen Urtach when the feeders of the threshing mill caught young Burnbrae, and how he only stopped to change horses at his house, and galloped all the way to Burnbrae, and flung himself off his horse and amputated the arm, and saved the lad's life.

"You wud hae thocht that every meenut was an hour," said Jamie Soutar, who had been at the threshing, "an' a'll never forget the puir lad lying as white as deith on the floor o' the loft, wi' his head on a sheaf, an' Burnbrae haudin' the bandage ticht an' prayin' a' the while, and the mither greetin' in the corner.

"Will he never come?' she cries, an' a' heard the soond o' the horse's feet on the road a mile awa in the frosty air.

"The Lord be praised!' said Burnbrae, and a' slippit doon the ladder as the doctor came skelpin' intae the close, the foam fleein' frae his horse's mooth.

"Whar is he?' wes a' that passed his lips, an' in five meenuts he hed him on the feedin' board, and wes at his wark—sic wark, neeburs—but he did it weel. An' ae thing a' thocht rael thochtfu' o' him: he first sent aff the laddie's mither tae get a bed ready.

"Noo that's feenished, and his constitution 'ill dae the rest,' and he carried the lad doon the ladder in his airms like a bairn, and laid him in his bed, and waits aside him till he wes sleepin', and then says he: 'Burnbrae, yir a gey lad never tae say 'Collie, will yelick?' for a' hevna tasted meat for saxteen hoors.'

Jamie's cynicism slipped off in the enthusiasm of this reminiscence, and he expressed the feeling of Drumtochty. No one sent for MacLure save in great straits, and the sight of him put courage in sinking hearts. But this was not by the grace of his appearance, or the advantage of a good bedside manner. A tall, gaunt, loosely made man, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body, his face burned a dark brick color by constant exposure to the weather, red hair and beard turning grey, honest blue eyes that look you ever in the face, huge hands with wrist bones like the shank of a ham, and a voice that hurled his salutations across two fields, he suggested the moor rather than the drawing-room. But what a clever hand it was in an operation, as delicate as a woman's, and what a kindly voice it was in the humble room where the shepherd's wife was weeping by her man's bedside. He was "ill pitten thegither" to begin with, but many of his physical defects were the penalties of his work, and endeared him to the Glen. That ugly scar that cut into his right eyebrow and gave him such a sinister expression, was got one night Jess slipped on the ice and laid him insensible eight miles from home. His limp marked the big snowstorm in the fifties, when his horse missed the road in Glen Urtach, and they rolled together in a drift. MacLure escaped with a broken leg and the fracture of three ribs, but he never walked like other men again. He could not swing himself into the saddle without making two attempts and holding Jess's mane. Neither can you "warstle" through the peat bogs and snow drifts for forty winters without a touch of rheumatism. But they were honorable scars, and for such risks of life men get the Victoria Cross in other fields.

MacLure got nothing but the secret affection of the Glen, which knew that none had ever done one-tenth as much for it as this ungainly, twisted, battered figure, and I have seen a Drumtochty face soften at the sight of MacLure limping to his horse.

Mr. Hopps earned the ill-will of the Glen for ever by criticising the doctor's dress, but indeed it would have filled any townsman with amazement. Black he wore once a year, on Sacrament Sunday, and, if possible, at a funeral; topcoat or waterproof never. His jacket and waistcoat were rough homespun of Glen Urtach wool, which threw off the wet like a duck's back, and below he was clad in shepherd's tartan trousers, which disappeared into unpolished riding boots. His shirt was grey flannel, and he was uncertain about a collar, but certain as to a tie which he never had, his beard doing instead, and his hat was soft felt of four colors and seven different shapes. His point of distinction in dress was the trousers, and they were the subject of unending speculation.

"Some threep that he's worn thae eedential pair the last twenty year, an' a' mind masel him gettin' a tear ahint, when he was crossin' oor palin', and the mend's still veesible.

"Ithers declare 'at he's got a wab o' claith, and hes a new pair made in Muirtown aince in the twa year maybe, and keeps them in the garden till the new look wears aff.

"For ma am pairt," Soutar used to declare, "a' canna mak up my mind, but there's ae thing sure, the Glen wud not like tae see him without them: it wud be a shock tae confidence. There's no muckle o' the check left, but ye can aye tell it, and when ye see thae breeks comin' in ye ken that if human pooer can save yir bairn's life it 'ill be dune."

The confidence of the Glen—and tributary states—was unbounded, and rested partly on long experience of the doctor's resources, and partly on his hereditary connection.

"His father was here afore him," Mrs. Macfadyen used to explain; "atween them they've hed the countyside for weel on tae a century; if MacLure disna understand oor constitution, wha dis, a' wud like tae ask?"

For Drumtochty had its own constitution and a special throat disease, as became a parish which was quite self-contained between the woods and the hills, and not dependent on the lowlands either for its diseases or its doctors.

"He's a skilly man, Doctor MacLure," continued my friend Mrs. Macfayden, whose judgment on sermons or anything else was seldom at fault; "an' a kind-hearted, though o' coorse he 'hes his faults like us a', an' he disna tribble the Kirk often.

"He aye can tell what's wrang wi' a body, an' maistly he can put ye richt, and there's nae new-fangled wys wi' him: a blister for the outside an' Epsom salts for the inside dis his wark, an' they say there's no an herb on the hills he disna ken.

"If we're tae dee, we're tae dee; an' if we're tae live, we're tae live, concluded Elspeth, with sound Calvinistic logic; "but a'll say this for the doctor, that whether yir tae live or dee, he can aye keep up a sharp meisture on the skin.

"But he's no veera ceevil gin ye bring him when there's naethin' wrang," and Mrs. Macfayden's face reflected another of Mr. Hopps' misadventures of which Hillocks held the copyright.

"Hopps' laddie ate grosarts (gooseberries) till they hed to sit up a' nicht wi' him, an' naethin' wud do but they maun hae the doctor, an' he writes 'immediatly' on a slip o' paper.

"Weel, MacLure had been awa a' nicht wi' a shepherd's wife Dunleith wy, and he comes here without drawin' bridle, mud up tae the een.

"What's a dae here, Hillocks?" he cries; 'it's no an accident, is't?' and when he got aff his horse he cud hardly stand wi' stiffness and tire.

"'It's nane o' us, doctor; it's Hopps' laddie; he's been eatin' ower mony berries.'

"If he didna turn on me like a tiger.

"' Div ye mean tae say—'

"'Weesht, weesht,' an' I tried tae quiet him, for Hopps wes comin' oot.

"'Well, doctor,' begins he, as brisk as a magpie, 'you're here at last; there's no hurry with you Scotchmen. My boy has been sick all night, and I've never had one wink of sleep. You might have come a little quicker, that's all I've got to say.'

"'We've mair tae dae in Drumtochty than attend tae every bairn that hes a sair stomach,' and a' saw MacLure wes roosed.

"'I'm astonished to hear you speak. Our doctor at home always says to Mrs. 'Opps 'Look on me as a family friend, Mrs. 'Opps, and send for me though it be only a headache.'"

"'He'd be mair sparin' o' his offers if he hed four and twenty mile tae look aifter. There's naethin' wrang wi' yir laddie but greed. Gie him a gude dose o' castor oil and stop his meat for a day, an' he 'ill be a' richt the morn.'

"'He 'ill not take castor oil, doctor. We have given up those barbarous medicines.'

"'Whatna kind o' medicines hae ye noo in the Sooth?'

"'Well, you see, Dr. MacLure, we're homeopaths, and I've my little chest here,' and oot Hopps comes wi' his boxy.

"'Let's see't,' an' MacLure sits doon and taks oot the bit bottles, and he reads the names wi' a lauch every time.

"'Belladonna; did ye ever bear the like? Aconite; it coves a'. Nux Vomica. What next? Weel, ma mannie,' he says tae Hopps, it's a fine ploy, and ye 'ill better gang on wi' the Nux till it's dune, and gie him ony ither o' the sweeties he fancies.

"'Noo, Hillocks, a' maun be aff tae see Drumsheugh's grieve, for he's doon wi' the fever, and it's tae be a teuch fecht. A' hinna time tae wait for dinner; gie me some cheese an' cake in ma haund, and Jess 'ill tak a pail o' meal an' water.

"'Fee; a'm no wantin' yir fees, man; wi' that boxy ye dinna need a doctor; na, na, gie yir siller tae some puir body, Maister Hopps,' an'

he was doon the road as hard as he cud lick."

His fees were pretty much what the folk chose to give him, and he collected them once a year at Kildrummie fair.

"Well, doctor, what am a' awin' ye for the wife and bairn? Ye 'ill need three notes for that nicht ye stayed in the hoose an' a' the veesits."

"Havers," MacLure would answer, "prices are low, a'm hearing; gie's thirty shillings."

"No, a'll no, or the wife 'ill tak ma ears off," and it was settled for two pounds.

Lord Kilspindie gave him a free house and fields, and one way or other, Drumsheugh told me, the doctor might get in about 150 pounds a year, out of which he had to pay his old housekeeper's wages and a boy's, and keep two horses, besides the cost of instruments and books, which he bought through a friend in Edinburgh with much judgment.

You can read other chapters at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/doctor/index.htm>

And that's it for this week and hope you all enjoy your weekend.

Alastair