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## Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for November 25th, 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

I got in a copy of an email that Dr James Wilkie wrote which you might find of interest...

I welcome Trump's election victory, which can hardly pan out other than beneficial for Scotland. His mother was born in Lewis, his ancestry is Scottish and German, he knows Scotland more than well, and while he will no doubt not be indulging in any more investment projects personally (although his family might), we can reasonably expect a Scotland-favourable attitude to pervade the White House. Let's bear it in mind till we see how things develop.

As for the EU, it was an anachronism before it was founded. It has not only been overtaken by global governance, but also by the beginnings of consolidation on a Eurasian basis. This is already at the initial planning stage, as you can read:

<http://www.iiasa.ac.at/web/home/research/researchPrograms/AdvancedSystemsAnalysis/161018-eurasian7.html>

It is essential that Scotland is in on the ground floor in this new phase of global development. That is the reason why I am doing my damndest to get the Royal Society of Edinburgh (RSE) elected a National Member Organisation of the International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis (IIASA), which is spearheading the relevant primary research. IIASA itself is very keen to have the RSE with its prestigious scientific history since 1783, and the RSE itself can play a prominent and vitally important global role in continuing the work that Adam Smith started in Scotland.

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 where we list news from the past 1-2 weeks. 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.

Le Pen Takes Commanding Lead in Presidential Election Polls

Front National leader Marine Le Pen has taken a substantial lead in the latest French presidential election poll

Read more at:

<http://www.breitbart.com/london/2016/11/20/le-pen-takes-commanding-lead-presidential-election-polls/>

Robert Burns project wins funding to complete Bard's works

The 10 volume Oxford edition of Burns' life works will be the result of 15 years' research.

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/lifestyle/culture/books/robert-burns-project-wins-funding-to-complete-bard-s-works-1-4295543>

SNP accused of publishing vanity blinkered puff piece on EU

The Scottish Government has said it will publish proposals aimed at keeping Scotland in the single market, even if the rest of the UK leaves, in the coming weeks.

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/news/politics/nicola-sturgeon/snp-accused-of-publishing-vanity-blinkered-puff-piece-on-eu-1-4295670>

On why the SNP is struggling

By Gerry Hassan of the Scottish Review

Read more at:

<http://www.scottishreview.net/GerryHassan98.html>

Defacing the Facts: SNP MP Paul Monaghan

The problem with political debate in Scotland is not that people aren't well informed, it's that the SNP ensure they're very well misinformed.

Read more at:

<http://chokkablog.blogspot.ca/2016/11/defacing-facts-snp-mp-paul-monaghan.html>

A very predictable Scottish Fiasco

By Kenneth Roy of the Scottish Review

Read more at:

<http://www.scottishreview.net/KennethRoy99a.html>

Don't forget that nearly four in ten Scots voted Leave

Theresa May must ensure their voice is heard

Read more at:

<http://brexitcentral.com/henry-hill-dont-forget-four-ten-scots-voted-leave-theresa-may-must-ensure-voice-heard/>

Scotland wastes 1.35 million tonnes of food

Scotland has been wasting 1.35 million tonnes of food and drink annually, according to Zero Waste Scotland (ZWS).

Read more at:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-scotland-politics-38086062>

Scottish homelessness charity plans village of low-cost eco homes

Social Bite, whose supporters include Leonardo DiCaprio, wants to build 10 houses as model for ending homelessness

Read more at:

<https://www.theguardian.com/society/2016/nov/24/scottish-homelessness-charity-social-bite-village-low-cost-eco-homes-edinburgh>

IIASA

It is essential that Scotland is in on the ground floor in this new phase of global development.

Read more at:

<http://www.iiasa.ac.at/web/home/research/researchPrograms/AdvancedSystemsAnalysis/161018-eurasian7.html>

Oil revenues rebound to net Treasury £6.8bn, forecasts suggest

Oil and gas revenues are expected to rise over the next six years and net the Treasury a total of £6.8bn by 2022

Read more at:

<http://www.scotsman.com/business/oil-revenues-rebound-to-net-treasury-6-8bn-forecasts-suggest-1-4300241>

## Electric Canadian

Chronicles of Canada

Added Volume 6 - The Great Intendant: Chronicle of Jean Talon in Canada 1665-1672

You can read this at: <http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/chronicles/index.htm>

Gray Jay named Canada's national bird

See <http://www.electriccanadian.com/lifestyle/grayjay.htm>

### **Life in the Clearings versus the Bush**

By Mrs. Moodie

You can read this at: <http://www.electriccanadian.com/pioneering/lifeintheclearings.pdf>

### Electric Scotland

Tarragal or Bush Life in Australia

By E. T. Hooley (1897)

This was written in a bush-hut in North-West Australia whilst engaged in forming a new sheep station and can be read at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/australia/tarragal.pdf>

William Carstairs

Character and Career of the Revolutionary Epoch (1649-1715) By Robert Herbert Story (1874)

You can read this at: [http://www.electricscotland.com/history/other/carstairs\\_william.htm](http://www.electricscotland.com/history/other/carstairs_william.htm)

Thomas Thomson

A memoir by Cosmo Innes.

You can read this at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/nation/thomasthomson.pdf>

Through Scotland

By the Caledonian Railway written by George Eyre-Todd (pdf)

This can be read at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/travel/throughscotland.pdf>

Winter Evening Tales

Collected among the Cottagers in the South of Scotland by Jamea Hogg in 2 volumes (1820)

These can be read at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/books/pdf/wintertales.htm>

Robert Burns Lives!

Edited by Frank Shaw

Blue Devilism: Physical and mental health in the life and work of Robert Burns by Moira Hansen

I remember how thrilled I was when my first article was selected for publication...like yesterday but actually it was years ago and has gone the way of so many other things I have lost or misplaced during my lifetime. I easily remember the first time I was actually paid for writing an article for a Scottish magazine. The check still is taped to the end of my Burns book shelves within arm's reach of my credenza. The poor soul who sent me the check has never been able to balance his company's checking account...the check meant more to me than the money! It was the very idea that I had been paid for submitting the piece. Suffice it to say the check will never be cashed even though the writing on it continues to fade.

You can view this article at: [http://www.electricscotland.com/familytree/frank/burns\\_lives248.htm](http://www.electricscotland.com/familytree/frank/burns_lives248.htm)

### The Story

This is a story taken from the book "The Gentle Persuasion" by Alan Gray

The Major

THE good folks of Drumscondie set much store by old saws and proverbs. They certainly adhered to the belief that "A green Yule maks a fat kirkyaird"—it had so often come true in their own experience. So when snow fell continuously for twelve hours on a stretch one Christmas Eve, every one heaved a big sigh of relief, as if the snow spirit had, by a touch of her wand, lifted the burden of a

gloomy foreboding. Up went the spirits of old and young; the salutations of the gossips were redolent of good cheer; youngsters shouted with glee as they pelted one another with snowballs; even in the church itself the infection of joy had spread, and the church decorators sang snatches of carols as they hung up wreaths of red-berried holly on arch and pillar and window.

Then when the gloamin, came and all met in church for the first Christmas vespers, their hearts went out in happy thanksgiving for the Nativity, which had wrought such wondrous good to them and to all mankind.

Now, there's no doubt the gentle falling of the snow had not a little to do with this happy state of things. Our villagers were a very simple people, and somehow or other could not realize Christmas to be Christmas unless it was heralded by the snow. To them Christmas was more than a mere social feasting time. They had been trained in their young days to follow the course of the Church's year with reverent attention, and to meditate on the special teaching that each season inculcated.

Oh! how they enjoyed the Church's services at Christmastide! They were transported, in thought, to the holy fields of Bethlehem, where they kept watch with the humble shepherds; they heard the angelic song, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo;" they set out to seek the newly born King; and, when they found Him, they bent in lowly adoration. It did one good to note their realistic appreciation of the sweet old story of the Christ child.

The snow storm which began that year on Christmas Eve was one of the heaviest we had experienced for many winters. Towards the end of the year blowing commenced, and the light snow was piled in great drifts. Traffic on the country roads was for some time suspended and railway communication was stopped; on several lines of railway, notably those among the hills, the stoppage was of several weeks' duration.

My dear friend and neighbor, the Rev. Hugh Arnott, had gone, after Christmas, to pay a long-promised visit to a country house in the romantic Carse of Gowrie, and his home-coming was delayed on account of the storm. Meanwhile one of his parishioners had died and would have to be buried before he could possibly return. He telegraphed his difficulty to me, and I agreed to take the burial service. Mr. Arnott's church was in the county town, but the home of the dead girl was in the little fishing village of Carronmouth, a mile to the north. There was no church in the village at this time, but every soul in the place was a hereditary Episcopalian. I made my way down the hill from the railway to the seaside, where Carronmouth stood at the base of a great overhanging cliff; but, as it was my first visit to the place, I looked about in some perplexity, wondering which was the house I wanted. I was soon out of my dilemma. A cheery voice called out to me:

"This way, your reverence."

I looked, and saw approaching me a youngish man of middle stature, attired comfortably but plainly in a suit of dark blue, over which he wore a heavy reefer coat buttoned up to the chin. His whole appearance told that he was not one of the fishermen.

I followed him into one of the cottages, in which were assembled a large gathering of silent men and women, evidently waiting for the service. The coffin of the young girl was in the "ben" end of the house, and there most of the women were; I retired to the "but" end, where the men were, to put on my surplice; and as I was getting ready I could not help observing that in the horny hand of each fisherman was a well-thumbed Prayer Book, the place turned up at the Burial Office.

I noticed also that in every face there was a look of affectionate respect when my companion spoke, as he did to almost every individual. He seemed to move about, and to interest himself in the arrangements, as if the dead girl had been of his own kin; and the utmost deference was paid to him.

While the Psalm was recited, verse about, by clergyman and people, I was astonished, but delighted, to hear the whole company joining, in clear earnest tones, led by my unknown friend.

When the coffin was ready to be "lifted," one of the women put into his hands a spotless white linen sheet, which he wrapped around the plain deal coffin and on which he laid a wreath of sweet winter flowers; and, when the procession started up the hill to the peaceful resting-place on the top, it was he who walked immediately behind the coffin in the place of the chief mourner.

As soon as my duty was performed I retired to the ruins of the old church that stood in the churchyard; there I unrobed, and made ready for a smart walk back to the station, to catch my return train. One of the fishermen came to carry my bag, and as soon as we were well on our way, I asked him the name of the gentleman who had so aroused my curiosity.

"Oh! the Major, you mean; I thocht a'body hereabout kent the Major. He's the Laird o' Carron, and owns the hale toon o' Carronmooth. He bides in yon big hoose amo' the trees, On the tap o' the hill. He's an awfu' fine man. Aye, gin a' the lairds were like him, you wouldna hear sae muckle grumblin' frae the workin' fowk. There's no a bairn in the place he disna ken. Noo, there was wee Mirren that we've juist beeried—she was an orphan, an' the Major an' his leddy never loot her want for anything that could do her good, a' the time she was sick. Aye, there's nae mony fowk like the Major!"

"Is he a wealthy man, then?"

"Na, sir; as lairds go, he's a poor man. He disna gie himsel' a chance to grow rich. The rents frae the estate dinna come to a great deal, an' he spends the feck o' it. When he cam' here, aifter the auld laird deed, things were in a gey bad wye. He made nae fuss about it, but in his ain quaiet style he set himsel' to the wark o' local improvement.

"The first big job he startit was to repair a' the cottages, an' to get in a regular set o' drains. There's nae half the sick fowk noo that there used to be.

"Syne he fitted up ane o' the hooses as a schuil, and got Miss Emslie an' her twa nieces to teach the bairns. They're maybe nae sae weel trained as the toon's teachers, but they can teach readin', an' writin', an' coontin'— an' what's better than a', they see that a' oor young folk ken the Gospels, an' the Catechism, an' the Momin' an' Evenin' Prayer.

"Weel, he fand oot that there was a wheen auld fowk that werena able to traivel to St. James' Church, an' so he gaed to the Bishop, an' got a lay reader's license, an' noo we hae a service in the schuil ilka Sunday aifter-noon. The Major reads the prayers, an' gies a bit simple sermon, an' his leddy plays the harmonium.

"But that's no a' he's done. He's paid the hale cost o' makin' oor fine wee harbor, an' noo oor boats are safe when they're no oot at sea.

"Aye, he's a grund man, the Major—never thinkin, aboot himseP, but a' the time plannin' for ither fowks' weelfare."

I was sorry when the arrival of my train cut short this interesting chat; but it was not long before I had an opportunity of coming into closer contact with the Major. We met again, one afternoon, at Glendouglas House, when we were formally introduced to one another. In the course of conversation the subject of golf as a healthful recreation came up.

"We have a capital golf course at Carronmouth, Mr. Gray; some day soon you must come and spend the afternoon with me, and I will take you over it."

His innate modesty kept him from telling me that it also was a gift from him to his people, and that the idea was a partial carrying out of a scheme which he had formulated as a counterfoil to more questionable modes of enjoyment. Needless to say, I took advantage of this kind invitation. What a glorious afternoon that was! Our game did not amount to much, but there was ample compensation in our pleasant intercourse. Simply and unassumingly he told me of the primitive manners and customs of his fisherfolks, and of their loyal devotion to the faith of their fathers. Ignorant of many of the ways of the great world beyond them, they were, nevertheless, endowed with an amount of traditional lore that many with greater pretensions could not claim. One could easily see that he was a feudal superior of a grand type; that these homely folks were bound to him by ties of the most enduring character; that their interests were his, and his responsibility, in regard to them, a very sacred tiling in his eyes.

I happened to mention that I intended having lantern services for my people during Holy Week. This at once aroused his interest. Would I come to the Carronmouth School on Good Friday evening and give his people such a service? I was only too glad to have the privilege of assisting him in his splendid work; and so, on the evening named, I was there. The school was crowded with fisherfolks, and right on the front bench sat the laird between two of the fathers of the place. With hymn, and prayer, and picture, and meditation, the evening sped; the silence was almost breathless—they had never experienced such a service before; and when I threw a beautiful reproduction of Gabriel Max's "Ecce Homo" on the canvas the effect was marvellous. I turned to give the benediction, but it was with difficulty I could utter a word. Laird and fisherman, old and young, gazed awestruck on the "Man of Sorrows," and tears were streaming down many a rugged face.

The gentle laird rose and said: "It is all too sad and yet too sweet for me to say anything. God bless you, sir, for coming here to-night; it is a night we'll remember for a long time."

The following evening saw a very different sight. All day a terrible storm had been raging, and all the boats were out at sea. The women were in awful anxiety, each fearing the worst for her "man" or her boys. Down to the village in the afternoon came the Major—in sou'wester and oilskin coat. He had a cheery word of comfort and hope for all; and he did not return home till every boat came in. He was ready to shake hands with every man as he came ashore, and to remind him that he must give thanks to God for His mercy.

Years have passed away since that time; the Major's "sweet leddy" has gone to the rest of Paradise; he himself, in obedience to the call of the Master, has exchanged his rank in the army of Great Britain for the rank of a priest in the Church of God, and is devoting his life to mission work in a large and busy centre of the fishing industry—but in dear little Carronmouth, where he began his work for Christ, old men love to speak of "The Major."

This book can be read at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/books/pdf/gentlepersuasion.pdf>

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

And talking of Thanksgiving I was asked if Canada celebrates it and so here is some information for you...

The earlier Thanksgiving celebrations in Canada has often been attributed to the earlier onset of winter in the north, thus ending the harvest season earlier. Thanksgiving in Canada did not have a fixed date until the late 19th century. Prior to Canadian Confederation, many of the individual colonial governors of the Canadian provinces had declared their own days of Thanksgiving. The first official Canadian Thanksgiving occurred on April 15, 1872, when the nation was celebrating the Prince of Wales' recovery from a serious illness. By the end of the 19th century, Thanksgiving Day was normally celebrated on November 6. However, when World War I ended, the Armistice Day holiday was usually held during the same week. To prevent the two holidays from clashing with one another, in 1957 the Canadian Parliament proclaimed Thanksgiving to be observed on its present date on the second Monday of October. Since 1971, when the American Uniform Monday Holiday Act took effect, the American observance of Columbus Day has coincided with the Canadian observance of Thanksgiving.

Much as in Canada, Thanksgiving in the United States was observed on various dates throughout history. From the time of the Founding Fathers until the time of Lincoln, the date Thanksgiving was observed varied from state to state. The final Thursday in November had become the customary date in most U.S. states by the beginning of the 19th century. Thanksgiving was first celebrated on the same date by all states in 1863 by a presidential proclamation of Abraham Lincoln. Influenced by the campaigning of author Sarah Josepha Hale, who wrote letters to politicians for around 40 years trying to make it an official holiday, Lincoln proclaimed the date to be the final Thursday in November in an attempt to foster a sense of American unity between the Northern and Southern states. Because of the ongoing Civil War and the Confederate States of America's refusal to recognize Lincoln's authority, a nationwide Thanksgiving date was not realized until Reconstruction was completed in the 1870s.

On December 26, 1941, President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed a joint resolution of Congress changing the national Thanksgiving Day from the last Thursday in November to the fourth Thursday. Two years earlier, Roosevelt had used a presidential proclamation to try to achieve this change, reasoning that earlier celebration of the holiday would give the country an economic boost.

Alastair