



THE SPECTATOR



Saint Andrews Society of Williamsburg

April, May, June 2000

President's Report

Such a place! Is there no other place like it? In Duncan Bruce's Book The Mark of the Scots, you get the message, there probably isn't. Scotland is tiny, about the same size as South Carolina but as big as the planet in its accomplishments. Though one-half of one percent of the globe's 5.7 billion people is Scottish by descent, they have done well.

Look at the beneficial advances attributed to Scotland. Scientists of Scottish ancestry are accredited with a staggering number of achievements, the steam engine, railroads, roads, telegraph, telephone, television, radar, computer, and on and on. Scottish physicians developed insulin, vaccines for typhoid and smallpox and penicillin. Though fewer than five percent of Americans claim Scottish ancestry, 75 percent of American presidents were partly of Scottish ancestry. All of this is some contribution to America isn't it? To recognize such contributions, the Senate passed Resolution 155, establishing April 5th as National Tartan Day.

Tartan Day is a celebration of the Declaration of Arbroath, a petition to his Holiness, Pope John XXII in 1320 by the clergy

and barons of Scotland to recognize Robert the Bruce in his right to rule as well as their rights as free Scots. Some of you may not be aware that Thomas Jefferson modeled the Declaration of Independence after the Declaration of Arbroath. Not only was he a pupil of Scottish teachers but he was of Scottish ancestry.

On April 6th members of our Society wore tartan with pride and celebrated our ancestors and their contributions. The Kilmarnock members and their friends and families along with the Kilmarnock and District Pipe Band, did a marvelous job in presenting a festive Scottish weekend, April 8 & 9. This added immeasurably to the celebration of Tartan Day. The Center For the Arts presented Brigadoon on Saturday night and Sunday afternoon. Also on Sunday the fifth annual Kirkin O' the Tartan was celebrated at Christ Church with a gathering of the Tidewater/Richmond area Scottish organizations and The Foundation for Historic Christ Church.

My thanks to all who participated and made the effort to celebrate the tartan. Look for a more detailed description of the activities in the newsletter. *Byron Adams*, President

The Black Watch at Bareilly

The Sikhs and our light company advanced in skirmishing order, when seven to eight hundred matchlock-men opened fire on them, and all at once a furious charge was made by a body of about 360 Rohilla Ghazis, who rushed out shouting, 'Bismillah! Allah! Allah! Deen! Deen! Sir Colin was close by, and called out, 'Ghazis! Close up the ranks! Bayonet them as they come on.' However, they inclined to our left, and only a few came on to the 93rd, and those were mostly bayoneted by the light company, which was extended in front of the line. The main body rushed on the center of the 42nd, but as soon as he saw them change their direction, Sir Colin galloped on, shouting out, 'Close up, 42nd! Bayonet them as they come on!' But that was not easily done. The Ghazis charged with blind fury, with their round shields on their left arms, their bodies bent low, waving their tulwars over their heads, throwing themselves under the bayonets, and cutting at the men's legs. Colonel Cameron, of the 42nd, was pulled from his horse by a Ghazi, who leaped up and seized him by the collar while he was engaged with another on the opposite side; but his life was saved by Colour-Sergeant Gardener, who seized one of the enemy's tulwars, and cut off the Ghazi's head. General Walpole was also pulled from his horse and received two sword-cuts, but was rescued by the bayonets of the 42nd. The struggle was short, but every one of the Ghazis was killed. None attempted to escape; they had evidently come on to kill or be killed, and a hundred and thirty-three lay in front of the colours of the 42nd.

From Forbes Mitchell's *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny, 1857-1859*

The Finest Vessels Afloat

At the beginning of the 19th century, the finest vessels afloat were the East Indiamen, large and stately craft with superb lines and lavish furnishings, their hulls made of the highest quality teak. In these ships, the British East India Company carried the oriental spices and fabrics, the basis of its wealth and influence. Great care was placed on the precious cargoes, ensuring that they reached their destinations intact, for such was the profit motive. No less were their successors, the famed clippers carrying China tea. What happened to these ships once they were considered unfit to carry such precious cargo? Lumber.

Lumber was not in the same class as spices. It did not need to arrive quickly. Ton for ton, it was much less valuable than spices, tea, sugar, or coal. Financially speaking, it made no sense to use good expensive ships to carry lumber, rather, "...worn out ships, unfit to carry dry cargoes." As a matter of fact, some ships were so bad that they were held together by *swifts*, a process where chains were passed across the decks and under the keels to keep the hulls from pulling apart. Most lumber ships were bought fourth-hand, fifth-hand and sixth-hand, and could not be insured. Disasters were frequent. Timber from Quebec, and St John wound up on Western Isles beaches as well as the bodies of the ill-paid misfits conveying the lumber to the UK. Sometimes, 30 or 40 were wrecked in a single season. The *Frances Mary* was discovered in 1826 by a Royal Navy frigate, two months after leaving St John, Newfoundland, dismantled, waterlogged, but not lifeless. The boarding party found two women, who had kept themselves alive by eating the liver and brains of fellow-crew members. But if these ships carried timber to the UK, what did they carry back to the new world?

Once the Canadian or American lumber was unloaded, the ship was converted. Rough decking was installed, with tier after tier of 18inch wide wooden bunks, suitable for emigrants. "Another load of poor emigrants is arrived in our harbor, we know little of them yet, except that they brought with them some bad cases of malignant smallpox. Four are dead, three more, I understand, are dying; and happy we will be if the contagion does not spread over the country", so recorded Thomas Crawley, surveyor-general of Cape Breton Island, September, 1827. An emigrant ship was only a timber ship in disguise, the dregs and dross of maritime commerce. Thousands of emigrants drowned, thousands more died of disease, smallpox, cholera, diphtheria, influenza, whooping cough, measles, pneumonia, typhus, and even seasickness. What was it like on board?

Ten, maybe 15 weeks, in the face of the Atlantic's prevailing winds, it took to cross. And, in stormy weather, the hatches were battened down, shutting into the heaving, pitching gloom, the shivering passengers. Down there, on narrow, hard bunks, huddled the men, women and children of Skye, those whom MacLeod of Dunvegan, or MacLeod of MacLeod, thought his estates well rid of. Down there, few adults could stand upright, hot food did not exist, water bad, sanitary facilities confined to overflowing wooden buckets, seasickness constant, air foul, stench so strong and appalling that such ships were detected over a mile downwind. "I smell emigrant" 19th century Canadians said on encountering a *skunk* ship. By comparison, the notorious vessels transporting slaves were much better.

In 1801, two ships that sailed from the West Highlands for Nova Scotia were of such a size, that if they had been slavers from Africa, they would have been permitted a combined cargo of 489 slaves. But they carried evicted emigrants, 700 of them, of which three of every twenty died en route. No slaving skipper could tolerate such a death rate, his success depended on sales in America. But emigrant ship skippers took their fares from the people upon embarking. If they died in mid-ocean, provisions were saved, and profits realized. Little wonder that so many never reached the other side of the Atlantic.

In 1826 and 1827, 1300 people left Skye for Nova Scotia and the North American colonies. The little valleys of Meadale and Sumardale, occupied since the Norsemen, were forcibly depopulated. The chieftains and the lairds were now expelling their clansfolk to make room for sheep. Along the narrow road from Meadale the people came, raggle-taggle bands of them, all leaving their island for the last time. Every stone, stream and hillock would be familiar to them, each with a gaelic name, each with its own story, legend, myth. These people would feel the terrible sadness of knowing they were leaving all these things forever. But, on they went, past Glas Bheinn, Coillore, Dun Garsin, Creag Dhubh, across the moor to Portree. There, out in the bay, would have been moored a grim and dreaded ship, once the finest vessel afloat.

Condensed from *Skye The Island* by James Hunter and Cailean MacLean, 1986

Battles

The principle battles fought on Scottish soil have either been battles of Civil War, or battles against invading English. Clan battles, of which there were hundreds, are not included here.

1263: Largs—The Scots under Alexander II, (with a little help from a storm), defeated the Norwegians under King Haco, and ended predatory excursions of the Norse.

1296: Dunbar—The English under Edward I defeated an army under John Balliol.

1297: Stirling Bridge—The Scots under Wallace defeated the English.

1298: Falkirk—The English under Edward I defeated Wallace and a Scots army.

1314: Bannockburn—King Robert I (Bruce) and the Scots defeated the English, who began with an army of superior numbers, but who ended in flight, leaving behind over 30,000 dead.

1333: Halidon Hill—An English army under Edward III defeated the Scots.

1411: Harlaw—An army under the Earl of Mar defeated the army of Donald, Lord of the Isles.

1449: Sark—A Scottish force under Douglas defeated an invading English army.

1488: Sauchieburn—The nobles defeated James III, who was afterwards killed.

1545: Ancrum—The Scots army under the Earl of Angus routed the English, who left their leaders dead on the field.

1547: Pinkie—The English defeated the Scots.

1568: Langside—Moray and his rebel army defeated the supporters of Queen Mary.

1645: Inverlochy—Montrose defeated the forces of Argyle.

1645: Kilsyth—Montrose defeated the Covenanters.

1645: Philiphaugh—The Covenanters under Leslie defeated the Marquis of Montrose.

1650: Dunbar—The English Cromwell defeated an army of Covenanters under Leslie.

1679: Drumclog—An army of Covenanters defeated the Viscount Dundee (Claverhouse).

1679: Bothwell Bridge—The Covenanters routed.

1689: Killiecrankie—A Highland army under Claverhouse defeated a rebel army who were supporting the claims of William of Orange.

1715: Sheriffmuir—An army of rebels against the Scottish Royal House of Stuart defeated the Royalist Jacobites under the Earl of Mar.

1745: Prestonpans—The Scottish Royalist army under Prince Charles defeated the English under Sir John Cope.

1746: Falkirk—Prince Charles Edward and his Scottish army defeated the English and a few Scots rebels and traitors who were supporting the House of Hanover.

1746: Culloden—Following the tribulations of a long winter retreat from the midlands of England the Scottish Royalist army of Prince Charles was defeated by the English under Cumberland.

Summer's Day

Laughter from Heaven's window in the east
Thrown open wide to show the gleam of
day,
And the lark returns, shivering its speckled
wings
In luminous silver from the early spray.

Noonday a loch of overspreading gold
That laps the stones of many colored hours;
And evening comes, trailing her fingers
grey,
Crooning sleep-songs to the tired flowers;
Sighs and grey sleep
Among the variant flowers.

Wendy Wood

The Port of Glasgow

In 1668, Glasgow made an offer to the Town Council of Dumbarton to construct harbor works. They declined because they felt that "the influx of mariners would raise the price of butter and eggs to the inhabitants." In that same year, a Crown Charter was granted for a harbor at Port Glasgow. Twenty-six years later, a quay was constructed on the Broomielaw, and Glasgow became its own port, dominating the Clyde for centuries.

Running Man

A hearty welcome back to our President Byron Adams who just participated in the Leadville, Colorado marathon along with two others from Williamsburg. Well done Byron.

Sparring For the Prize

During the month of April, Hazel and I scurried around Scotland and the north of England like two free lance treasure hunters, turning over any curious looking stone, hoping a precious gem might lay under it. Sometimes it did, sometimes not. Sometimes as soon as we upturned a rock, we'd look up and a sudden snow squall blasted us in the face with the salt-scent of the Irish sea, watering our eyes, causing us to shiver and blink and, only then, even as sudden, to drink in the sight of a hebridean sunset, lighting in its descent a sea of silver. As everyday brought miles of highway and back road, we took our pleasure as we found it. In the Barras in Glasgow, an old treasured friend shared his concern, over many pints of bitter, about the changes under his feet, his trembles, about the broken veins of the young Scots, the stipends stripped from his ilk, the wings of exodus to unholy lands, of broken knees. In an auction room in Paisley, Willie waxed poetic of the windmills of Quixote, the sun-drenched land of greener pasture. Not far away, a Celtic son painted scenes of glory for our benefit, relishing the outpouring of our recompense for red and yellow gold he had found under his green rocks. On another day, a setting sun found us in a distant tavern, which was once a monastery, built of ancient stone, huge beams and hanging greenery, a quiet place, a place where, perhaps a millennium ago that same setting sun illuminated a thing of great importance, now forgotten. But

that day, it was just Hazel and me, tired from the struggle, lifting a glass to the full day, a day of confrontation, of celebration, of victory over old stones and trolls. Back in the north, we dealt cards among our sisters, broke bread with the brother and his own, toasted to *auld* times and family, and allowed the brother-in-law to rage in jest; such was the laughter. While running along the beach with youth in our heads, memories of days gone, Max sprinted before us, not like a Labrador, but, charging into the spray like a black stallion. In the west the Carrick hills outlined the deep blue sky as they had done for multitudes of men and women for eons. For a while I stood transfixed, allowing myself to be standing alongside Burns as he gazed at this same sight. I felt for a moment to be feeling what he could have felt, to be inspired, as he, to pour out the very essence of human passion. But, he was Burns, and I am not. But then, I had my inspiration walking beside me. And you know, inspiration is paramount in creativity, be it poetry, painting, singing, or just living day to day. Besides, for auld sake, could a man or woman not be more inspired then to be in Scotland, with their life's partner, to hold hands and stroll among ancient ruins, sit in a field of blossoming heather, crack with old friends, play a hand of cards with sisters, watch the waves crash on the rocks below Dunure, or cross swords in the halls of antiquity, sparring for the prize? *Don Dixon*

Captain Kidd's Sad Career

William Kidd was born in Greenock in 1645. By 1690 he was a respected merchant captain, had his own ship, a nice house in New York, a rich wife and little girl. At that time the North American coast all the way down to the Bahamas was pirate alley. Mostly English, the pirates would intercept ships of any nationality. The East India Company pleaded with the king to send the Royal Navy to stop the pirates. No such luck. But the king did come up with 3000 pounds to outfit a vessel, a privateer, and Kidd was ordered to command it. He was granted two commissions, one to apprehend all "pirates, freebooters and Sea Robbers..." and of course one to seize all French ships.

On September 6, 1696 Kidd set out on the *Adventure Galley*, a new ship, with a crew who were only offered a share of the booty. One year later he captured the French ship, *Rouparelle*, and split the plunder among his men. Then in 1698 he took the *Quetta Merchant*, then returned to the Leeward Islands where he learned that he and his crew had been declared pirates. He left the *Quetta Merchant* anchored at Hispaniola and took a sloop to Long Island Sound. There he communicated to Bellomont, governor of New York, that he had always acted to the "...king's commission." That didn't matter. He was imprisoned and later sent to England.

William Kidd was arraigned on five charges of piracy at the Old Bailey in May 1701. He had brought with him the French papers of the *Rouparelle* and the *Quetta Merchant*, but when he asked for them to be produced, they had vanished. He was subsequently hanged on May 23, 1701. Justice was swift, but was it justice?

Two centuries later an American scholar, researching through old documents in the Public Record Office in London found the two French passes. It seems they hanged an innocent man. His treasure, worth thirty thousand pounds in the 18th century, has never been found.

Tartan Day

At Christ Church in Irvington on Sunday April 9th your Society sponsored the Kirkin O' the Tartan. This was the fifth consecutive year that the Foundation for Historic Christ Church hosted the service and activities. The weather cooperated with the ceremonies and processions of tartan clad members who carried banners and flags.

The Reverend Hugh White III, Rector of Grace Episcopal Church and Christ Church, officiated. He addressed the crisis in our schools and the current emphasis on standards of learning; observing that standards of loving are more important, instilling pride in young people, authority with love.

Afterwards was the "Flowers of the Forest", piped in memory of those Scots who died during the past year. There was a formal blessing of their tartans.

Grace Episcopal Choir, under the direction of George Yeatman, provided the choral music, accompanied by organist Claudia Gale and trumpeter James Kulpa. Don Fisher, Everett Fairlamb Stuart Butler and Millard Robey served as ushers. Alex Jarvey was acolyte. Neil Smart offered the opening prelude.

The Kilmarnock and District Pipe Band was founded a year ago on the birthday of Robert Burns. Led by Pipe Major Michael Harran, members include Jim Stuart, James McCaig, Dave Hersheiser, Neil Smart, John Friday, Fred Byrum, Sean Fearing and Christopher Taylor. In addition to the marches, the band performed a resounding rendition of "Amazing Grace".

The procession Marshall was our own Byron Adams, President of The Society. James McCaig coordinated the arrangements for the Society. He thanked the Foundation on behalf of the Society, giving special thanks to Anne Dickerson, Executive Director Bob Cornelius and his wife Sharron.

A lot went on that weekend and a lot of us missed it. Those of you who were there shared a special time. Tartan Day is special. It should be celebrated. It certainly was that weekend.

Scottish Golf

How many of you attempt to hit the little ball without hitting the big ball under it? How many of you long to be in touch with what's happening in the Scottish world of golf? Those of you who are in the know about such things probably already know about the existence of Scottish Golf, but for those of you who don't, check out the web site at www.scottishgolf.com.

Scottish Proverb

I would rather be your Bible than your horse. (Your Bible is not used much).

Pity the Poor Wolf of Scotland

Long after the wolf had disappeared from the lowlands, it found refuge in the great forests of the highlands. However, man was determined to exterminate the species. He passed numerous acts aimed at just that. In 1427 the reward for killing a wolf was only two shillings, but by 1621 it was six pounds, 13 shillings and four pence. The fear of the wolf drove men to erect special refuges, or spittals, for travelers to seek safety in against attack. They cut down, and burnt, vast areas of old growth forest to drive off the wolves. During the reign of Mary, there was an increase in the wolf population. Therefore there was an ever-increasing drive to eliminate them. So successful were these measures that by 1685, the wolf was extinct in many parts of the Highlands.

There are oral and written traditions of the last wolf and how it met its end. Funny enough,

The Romans admired the 'great Caledonian bears' and shipped them to Rome for use in the arenas.

they are all similar in that some hunter has the wolf by the tail to stop it retreating into its den, so it can be killed by hand. The most widely accepted version of the killing of the last wolf is one that takes place in 1743 in Morayshire. This wolf must have been a real nasty fellow for it supposedly had killed two children. Stalker MacQueen, appointed by the Laird of MacIntosh said, "I came through the sloch (hollow) by east the hills there, I foregathered wi the beast. My long dog there turned him, I buckled (fought) wi him and kirkie (overcame) him, and syne whuttled his craig (cut his throat), and brought awa his countenance (cut off his head) for fear he might come alive again, for they are precarious creatures."

Not much more precarious then Stalker MacQueen I think. Wonder what PETA would say about that episode of Scottish history.

Scottish Proverb

Raise nae mair deils than ye can lay. (Don't start anything you can't stop)

Ceud Mile Failte

Saint Andrews Society sends a very warm and hearty welcome to the following new members: Reverend Donald J. McLean and his wife Ruth of Whitestone, Virginia who claim Clan McLean. He joined in March 2000 and attended the Spring Kirkin'.

Dr Robert B. Webb and his wife Faye of Williamsburg, Virginia who claim Clan Buchanan. He joined in April 2000 and attended the March luncheon with his friend, neighbor and sponsor, Dr. Dave Borland.

Scottish Place Names

Aberdour-Fife-'mouth of the river Dour', *aber*, (Brittonic) mouth; *dobhar*, (Gaelic) water.
Aviemore-Highland-'big hill-face', *aghaidh* (Gaelic) hill-face; *mor* (Gaelic) big.

Clan Leod

By tradition the Clan Leod are descended from the kingdom of Manx and the Isles, which paid tribute to the kings of Norway. Of course after the Battle of Largs things changed and it was incorporated into Scotland in 1265. Leod held lands in Lewis and interest in Skye, having married the heiress of the islands' Norse administrator. From his two sons, Tormod (Norman) and Torquil sprang *Siol Tormoid* (the MacLeods of Skye and Harris) and *Siol Torquil* (the MacLeods of Lewis).

The only certain fact about Leod's origins was that he was a leader of the Norse-Gaelic warriors who dominated the Hebrides and adjacent mainland areas until they were forcibly brought under the Scottish Crown of David II around 1342. From the outset of the 14th century Clan Leod associated with the Lords of the Isles, though holding their estates from the earls of Ross. When MacDonald lost the Lordship of the Isles in 1493, Leod survived intact, but their resistance was undermined when the MacKenzies came acquiring.

James VI decided to uproot the clan from Lewis and replace them with the Fife Adventurers, Lowland Colonists. The MacLeods resisted this plantation with help from Lord Kintail, Kenneth MacKenzie. But he was only looking out for his own interests; he wanted Lewis, and got it in 1616.

Continuing their land grabbing, the MacKenzies placed military, financial and judicial pressure on the principal branches of *Siol Torquil*, and the MacLeods surrendered Assynt by 1690. *Siol Tormoid* too was pressured by the Scottish Crown at the beginning of the 17th century because of their feuding with the MacDonalds of Sleat. This feud was primarily over Trotternish in Skye and it became so intense that so little resources remained that both clans were reduced to eating horses, dogs and cats.

In 1613 Ruairdhi Mor (Big Rory) was knighted, thus transitioning from troublemaker to respectable landowner. Nonetheless, he continued to enjoy an intemperate reputation. He hired a fleet of wheelbarrows to carry guests from their beds back to his table. Respectability was not clearly present on succeeding generations. According to clan bards there was excessive rent-raising, absenteeism and large debts run up by the MacLeod chiefs. At the battle of Worcester in 1651 the Clan suffered heavy casualties fighting for Charles II against Cromwell. Thus clan chiefs were cautious about getting involved militarily on behalf of deposed kings in the Jacobite movement.

In the late 18th century, General Norman MacLeod delayed land clearance by amassing a fortune in India. Nevertheless, Harris, Glenelg and large portions of Skye were sold off by 1811. General Norman's grandson, another Norman, accumulated debts of 103,000 pounds trying to become an MP, making bad investments and spending wildly. And due to the outbreak of the potato famine he could not pay these debts. However, his humane expenditure of over 9,000 pounds to alleviate suffering during the famine has been called the last genuine act of clanship in Scottish history.

Register of Deaths

September 6-At Dumfries, Mrs Janet Paul, aged 80, wife of Mr William Taylor, watchmaker. She was the only surviving sister of the celebrated *Paul Jones*. From *Scots Magazine*, Vol. I, August-December, 1817.

Flowers of the Forest

It is with a great sense of loss that I must report the death of Tom Henry Nichols on March 27, 2000. Tom had been a member of the society since 1983. His parents had emigrated from Motherwell Scotland to Buffalo, New York, where he was born in 1925. Tom had an illustrious career in the Air Force, a marriage of 49 years to Delores, a family of six and a grand family of 13. He loved old cars and all things Scottish.

“Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die;
And I lay me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me,
‘Here he lies where he longs to be:
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.’ “

RLS

University of Edinburgh founded in 1582.

First Scottish settlement in America, 1698.

Ben Nevis is Returning to Scotland

In 1834 Ben Nevis and a large tract of the Scottish Highlands was acquired by the Fairfax-Lucy family of England. A century later they sold the land below 2500 ft for a hydro-electric plant, keeping the summit for “sentimental reasons”. In 1969 Duncan Fairfax-Lucy inherited Ben Nevis. He had leased the top to Alcan Aluminum which owns the lower land. When their lease ran out in 1999, the decision was made to sell the mountain. Mr. Fairfax-Lucy did not wish to put it on the open market so instead will sell it to the John Muir Trust. This trust was founded in 1983 and has acquired 35,000 acres of Highland land. Its philosophy is to be custodian of the rural areas rather than the owner, ensuring that Scots can walk on and enjoy the rugged land of their own country.

This group was named after the Scot who emigrated to America in 1848 and became the saviour of the giant redwood trees and the founder of the National Park movement. Muir was born in 1838 in Dunbar, East Lothian, but he is best known in the USA as the father of the National Parks, with April 21st celebrated as John Muir Day. Hazel and I recently visited Muir Woods just north of San Francisco. All I can say is thank God for John Muir.

Old Stones

Thanks to Bruce Goodwin who entertained and educated everybody at the last luncheon on the geology of Scotland and eastern Virginia. If you missed it, you missed it. Minerals, resources, James Hutton, a Scot who formed the basis of the early concepts of geology; it was all there. Also there was a raffle for a bottle of Speyburn Scotch. Henry Wann won it.

The Origin of Tam O' Shanter

Mr. William Jolly, in his “Robert Burns at Mossgiel,” on the authority of the late Mr. John Smith, Dalry, who had it from the poet himself, thus tells the origin of “Tam O' Shanter”:-

The farmer of Shanter used to visit Ayr at the weekly markets. His mare, which was left tied by the bridle to the door of the hostelry to bide the weather till her master was ready to ride, had a very handsome tail. The fisher-boys of Ayr coveted the long hair for their sea-lines; and knowing that Tam would be in no hurry to mount, helped themselves to the same, till eventually “the feint a tale had Meg to shake.” Tam, exercised as to how he should excuse himself to his wife, determined to trade on her credulity, and on his way home concocted the story that he had been pursued by witches at Alloway, hardly escaping with his life, while Maggie had lost her tail in the chase!

This story getting wind through Tam's garrulous boasting, became, along with his own character, the groundwork of the immortal poem.

From Anecdotes of Burns, by John Ingram, 1893

Calendar of Events

Date	Event	Place	Point of Contact
Sept 30	Williamsburg Scottish Festival	Williamsburg Winery	Layton Clark (757) 564-1734
Oct 10	Members Night	TBA	Bill Weaver (757) 229-3432
Nov	Fall Kirkin	Williamsburg	Pete Stephenson (757) 357-2345

The Engineer

James Watt was born in Greenock on January 19, 1736 and died in Birmingham on August 25, 1819, aged 84. His family had long been renowned for math and scientific skill. His father constructed the first crane in Greenock used for unloading Virginian tobacco ships. While a teenager, James was given his own forge and a bench in his father's workshop. Here he experimented with ingenious models, one of which foreshadowed his great inventions, the most famous of which being the steam engine.

The Spectator is published quarterly by Saint Andrews Society of Williamsburg. We welcome comments. Is the print too small, too large, is there too much history, not enough current events, too much sex, wrong format, not enough political gripe, too much of Burns? Frankly, I do not know, so I produce what I consider to be a potpourri of things Scottish with official info as required. You can influence what I write. Please let me know. I welcome criticism; pour it on. You can e-mail me at thistlegate@aol.com or call me at (757) 898-1404 or (757) 868-8745. Write me at Don Dixon, 1 Wagner Rd, Poquoson, VA, 23662.

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