

THE SCOTS CANADIAN

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Fall 2021

Professor Linda Bauld named Scot of the Year 2021

Since 1993, the Scottish Studies Society has been recognizing individuals who have achieved distinction through their contribution to Canadian society or the international community at large by presenting them with its Annual Scot of the Year Award and we are delighted to have Professor Linda Bauld as this year's recipient.

Normally the award would be presented in person in Canada. However, due to current restrictions, the 2021 presentation will take place online via Zoom on Monday, November 8 at 11 a.m. EST (Eastern Canada and USA) / 4 p.m. (UK and Ireland) and Scottish Studies Foundation members and supporters are invited to attend this event. To register, kindly contact David Hunter by email at davidhunter@scottishstudies.com.

You will then be sent the appropriate Zoom login information. Please register no later than Sunday, November 7th.

During the event, Linda will be giving a



Professor Linda Bauld

short talk followed by a Q & A session so we do hope you will be able to join us on Zoom to find out more about this talented Canadian.

Linda holds the Chair of Public Health at the University of Edinburgh and the CRUK/BUPA Chair in Behavioural Research for Cancer Prevention at Cancer Research UK. She has previously worked at the Universities of Stirling, Kent, Glasgow and Bath. From 2014 to 2021 she combined her academic roles with serving as Cancer Research UK's cancer prevention adviser.

She is Co-Director, along with Professor David Weller, of the Centre for Population Health Sciences within the Usher Institute. She is a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Academy of Social Sciences and the UK Faculty of Public Health. Linda is also a Trustee of Diabetes UK and the Institute of Alcohol Studies, as well as a Board member of the Canadian Institutes for Health Research Institute of Population and Public Health.

In 2021 she was awarded an OBE for her services to guiding public health responses to and public understanding of Covid-19.

Her current focus is on aligning communicable and non-communicable disease responses within public health which includes leading the 10 University SPECTRUM Consortium. In September

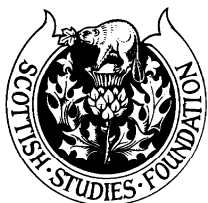
2021 she was appointed as chief social policy adviser to the Scottish government.

Linda was born in Edinburgh in 1970. Her parents emigrated to Canada from Scotland in 1979 when she was a child and she spent her teenage years on Vancouver Island and attended Glenlyon Norfolk School in Victoria. She completed high school at the top of her graduating class (dux) in 1987 and was awarded a Governor General's Medal by the Province of British Columbia. She spent a year in Grenoble, France as an exchange student between 1987 and 1988.

She completed her Bachelor's degree in Political Science at the University of Toronto in 1993. During her time as an undergraduate she was involved in the Hart House Debating Society and competed in public speaking and debating competitions in the USA and Canada. In 1991 she was awarded best individual debater at the North American Debating Championship.

She earned her PhD in social policy at the University of Edinburgh. Linda is among most searched celebrities in Scotland and has been a constant presence on TV and other media since the outbreak of Covid. She has become one of Scotland's best known voices and faces as she spoke to the media on Covid-related issues.

She jokes that her trademark vase of fresh flowers on video links gets as much fan mail as she does!



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From the President

Dear fellow members,

On behalf of all of us on the Board of Directors, thank you for your support, contributions and encouragement. It is much appreciated and has enabled us to remain operational at this difficult time. Our focus is now concentrated on providing Scottish Studies students with financial support by way of in-course scholarships with an emphasis on undergraduate students who energetically participate in the University's diverse Scottish Studies classes, and who are key to the continuing dynamism of the University of Guelph's Centre for Scottish Studies.

For the best part of two years, we have had to find ways to replace our normal in-person activities and, thanks to the technology now available, we have been able provide a number of online events which have been enthusiastically received by our members and supporters worldwide.

Since October 2020, Professor Kevin James and his team at Guelph's Centre for Scottish Studies hosted a series of Zoom lectures thereby extending the reach and impact of Scottish Studies around the globe.

We were also delighted to have Professor Graeme Morton from Dundee University arrange a couple of Zoom talks which were given by two of his PhD students; and fellow board member Douglas Gibson delivered a fascinating online talk on the topic of Canadian authors with links to Scotland.

Again, due to the pandemic, the University of Guelph's 2021 Scottish Studies Fall Colloquium is being replaced by an online event hosted on Zoom, which will feature the launch and exhibit of its valuable medieval Scottish land charter collection. The event will take place on November 6 and the keynote speaker will be Prof. Cynthia

Neville, formerly of Dalhousie University, now of the University of Guelph's Centre for Scottish Studies. The event is free and open to the public worldwide. (Details on how to register are on our website.)

Also, as mentioned on page 1, this year's Scot of the Year event will also be taking place virtually, again providing an opportunity for international participation. It will be the first time we have been able to give the award to a Canadian living in Scotland.

Earlier this year we launched our first Chapbook Competition in which writers were invited to submit a manuscript of between 2000 and 5000 words on any topic or theme with a Scottish connection. All participants were given a Certificate of Participation and the task of judging all entries was carried out by Canadian editor, publisher and writer Douglas Gibson, C.M. who, given the eclectic range and high standard of submissions, faced the unenviable and difficult challenge of selecting the winner. (Authors' names were not revealed to him.)

Douglas eventually settled on the entry by James Grant titled *Malcolm Gillespie (1778-1827), King of the Gaugers*. "Gauger" is a term used for an excise officer and James Grant's story is about Malcolm Gillespie one such gauger who, despite remarkable instances of effectiveness and personal bravery, died on the scaffold for the then capital offence of forgery. James will have his manuscript published in the form of a chapbook and will receive \$500 and 20 copies of the book.

My thanks to everyone who participated in this contest and for taking the time and effort to prepare their manuscripts.

In view of the interest in this contest, I received many requests from members asking me to seek permission from participants that would permit their work to be published in future issues of our

newsletter but for understandable reasons, such as it preventing them from submitting it to other contests, not everyone was able to agree. However, a number of participants have given the OK and I am pleased to include two entries in pages 3 to 7 of this issue.

In closing, I thank you again for your support. It has been crucial in ensuring that the Scottish tradition in Canada at the academic level remains both strong and secure. Best wishes to you all, and stay safe.

David Hunter

Dr. Cathryn Spence joins Guelph's Centre for Scottish Studies



Professor Kevin James has announced that as of July 1, Professor Cathryn Spence (pictured above) has joined the faculty to fill the vacancy created by the retirement of Dr. Elizabeth Ewan. Cathryn is an early modern Scottish historian with a sterling record of research and publication, and strong connections to Guelph, where she undertook her MA and post-doctoral scholarship, and to Edinburgh University, where she completed her PhD. Kevin is thrilled to welcome her as a core member of the team.

Cathryn comes to Guelph from teaching at Vancouver Island University and before that from the universities of Dalhousie, Keele, and New Brunswick (Saint John). Her expertise is in 16th century economic history.

Cathryn's research examines the economic and social history of women in early modern Scotland. Her research interests include urban and economic history, and the impact of gender and socioeconomic status when navigating economic relationships in early modern Western Europe.

She is the author of *Women, Credit, and Debt in Early Modern Scottish Towns* (Gender and History series, Manchester University Press, 2016) and co-editor of the *Edinburgh Housemaills Taxation Book, 1634-6* (Boydell, 2014). She has also written several chapters and articles that explore the intersecting topics of Scottish women, credit and debt, and work.



Scottish Studies Online Event, Saturday, November 6, 2021
10 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. (Eastern Canada and US)
Registration details at www.scottishstudies.com

The Anomaly of Christian Shaw

By Patricia von Holstein-Rathlou

In 1696, near Paisley, Scotland, eleven-year-old, Christian Shaw claimed she was plagued by witches. Subsequently, seven were convicted, six hanged and one man strangled himself with his scarf in his cell. By her mid twenties, Shaw had found her niche; she had become a wealthy industrialist in the booming thread industry of Paisley. The following are three letters: two by Shaw and one by Katherine Campbell who was executed.

*To My Dear Lord God and Saviour,
To My Loving Father, the Laird of
Bargarran and my Loving Mother*

I am compelled to tell you true circumstance of the Devil's possession of my body, those ten months ago, on August 22, in the year of our Lord, 1696. This was only five days after I reported our new servant Katherine Campbell to you Mother, as I had observed her deviously stealing a glass of milk from our larder. Katherine cursed me cruelly, wishing that the Devil would haul my soul through Hell.

Only two days later, old Agnes Naismith came begging to our door, as she had many times before. I sent her away as you had told me to. Waving her walking stick at me and muttering under her breath, she limped through the yard towards the stream at the back of our garden. Remembering the kindness of our Lord Jesus, I ran after her to give her a slice of bread and bit of cheese that were in my apron pocket. Hearing me approach, old Agnes swirled around to face me, but gratefully took the food from my outstretched hand.

"May the Lord Jesus bless you child," she said. I have never told anyone that part of my story. Poor old Agnes.

That night my bedroom window was blasted open by a growling wind. As the heavy woollen curtains parted, the Devil stepped into my room. Dressed in a well-worn black suit with his long curly hair about his shoulders, he doffed his woollen, wide brimmed hat and gave me a satisfied smile.

"We have found you at last," he murmured.

I could not speak. I tried so hard to call out for you Father and Mother, but not even a whisper would pass my lips. I do not recall what happened that night, but I seemed to be frozen to my bed. When dawn broke my

shaking began. Mother, you rushed to my side, but I could not speak, and my body was hot as cinders and as cold as ice. As you prayed beside me, God's sunlight shone through my window and when the beams touched my bed, the convulsions ceased.

I had no idea what had caused this terrible affliction but then I remembered the curses Katherine Campbell had rained down on me five days before. She had cursed me to Hell and then the Devil had visited me last night. I slid out of bed and vomited bile into the chamber pot. Mother, you left the room to send for the doctor and minister and I deliriously scrambled around on the floor looking for last night's food tray. I grabbed small items from under my bed, in the wardrobe and on the windowsill. I was sure they were nuts, a bit apple and a crust of dry bread. When the local physician arrived, I was vomiting up straw, hair, and tiny silver pins. I felt so cursed that the Devil had forced those objects into my body, without me knowing anything about it.

Within a few weeks, you took me to the renowned physician Doctor Matthew Brisbane in Glasgow, but by then I was pulling balls of hair and straw out of my mouth that had been put there by the young witch Katherine Campbell and the old one Agnes Naismith. Last spring, there was talk in Bargarran about a place across the ocean, Salem, Massachusetts that hanged witches in 1692. I think Father you had a pamphlet in your study, called Salem Witches, but I am not sure.

Of all the torments I went through what frightened people the most was when my eyes rolled back, my tongue stretched down to my chin then flipped up to my nose. And then I went into a trance. And I even talked to Katherine and Agnes as if they were in the room.

When our local Reverend James Brisbane, a distant cousin of Doctor Matthew Brisbane, kept asking me if anyone else was torturing me, I named more.

Father, you used your influence as Laird of Bargarran to find at least thirty-five witches that were plaguing me.

I cannot remember the names of all the witches that tortured me only the dead ones, Katherine Campbell, Agnes Naismith, John Lindsay, James Lindsay, Margaret Lang, Margaret Fulton, and John Reid. John Reid hung himself with his scarf in his cell the night before his execution. That was just yesterday, June 9th because today is June 10th, in the year of our lord, 1697 and six witches were hanged, then their bodies burned at Gallows Green, in Paisley.



Paisley locals in costume parade through the town, retelling the story of Christian Shaw and the Paisley witches. Photo by Colin Templeton

Someone told me that the Lindsay boys were brothers, fourteen years old and eleven years old, and I was told they were garrotted holding hands. I do not know if this was true. They were close to my age, but I did not know them or knew that they cursed me. Someone told me. I do not remember who.

Father and Mother, since I have suffered so greatly over the last year, I have decided to write down my feelings and place this letter in my brown calf skin pouch and bury it under the hemlock tree at the back of our garden. Maybe many years from now it will be discovered. Maybe my family, my village and my country will grieve for me since I have suffered so by the hand of the Devil.

Your devoted and loving and God-fearing daughter,

Christian Shaw

*To my Dear Lord and Saviour, please
forgive me for my sins, your servant
Katherine Campbell*

That clever, precious, little bairn Christian, with her hateful lies, has led to my ruin.

Oh, woe is me! Her lies have led to my death!

I know I should not have cursed her soul to Hell, but she has never starved as I have. My family is poor and live far from this comfortable town. I needed to leave Balfour and come south, for work. After my parents died, six months ago, my aunt sent me away. This village and the Shaws treat me like an outsider. They lack Christian charity. I know I should have asked for the glass of milk, but I had not eaten since the day before and thought no one would see me. I know that Christian, the Laird's daughter has never wanted for anything. She has never suffered from hunger pains like I have.

The nasty bairn said I pinched, scratched, and slapped her. Not true. Oh well I did give her a little pinch as she turned from me and ran off to report me to her mother. She has never seen or suffered a famine as I have.

I was hired by the Laird last May in the year of our Lord, 1696 and now it is June 1697, and I am in the Paisley Tolbooth accused of being a witch by that evil child.

When I first arrived at Bargarran, the child was always clinging to her mother demanding attention. Well she has lots of attention now, from her parents, the church, and the whole village.

Christian must have a venomous hatred for me. The warden said the girl claimed she had conversed with me at her home, but I was locked in jail. Other witnesses said they saw me dancing in the woods with the Devil. These are nasty lies.

They have tried to force me to confess by not letting me sleep, constantly questioning me and starving me. When the witch pricker arrived, I felt that God had abandoned me.

I am no witch, but I do have a harsh tongue and am quick to anger. But no witch.

The witch pricker was paid by the parish to push long needles into my body looking for the Devil's Mark, the spot that did not bleed. Three men in long black robes came to my cell, stripped me naked, and watched as the pricker bloodied my body. It took him quite awhile to find the mark. Smiles spread across their faces when the pricker was doing his job. Even the young minister, James Brisbane was a witness to my humiliation.

I was so terrified, but I did not care that they could see my shame.

The pricker declared that I, Katherine Campbell possessed the Devil's Mark. I knew I was doomed to a horrible death. However, the men pushed and pushed me to confess that I had consorted with the Devil, but I refused. I would not lie before God. I will never confess not even when they drag me to Gallows Green tomorrow.

Nevertheless, I will curse them all to Hell before they extinguish my life, the life of a bonny Highland lass.

Late last night, when the wind was howling, two drunken men stumbled up to my cell window, taunting me. I recognized one as John Williams, a church clerk and as one of the men who was salivating as the witch pricker thrust a long thick needle all over my nakedness. I remembered his sea blue eyes peering over an embroidered handkerchief he held up to his mouth while I was being tortured. Late last night, he thrust his arm between the bars of the cell window and dropped a broadside. It was about me. The crude woodcut showed one woman kneeling in front of Satan and another crawling unto the back of the Devil. They do not resemble me.

This broadside has allowed me to leave my story behind. I can write on the back.

I will stuff this bit of paper wrapped in my petticoat behind the loose brick under my cell window. Maybe a kind man will find it one day and pray for my soul.

Blessed Jesus, I beg you to save me.
Katherine Campbell

*To My Dear Lord and Saviour
To my long-departed Father and Mother*

On today June 24th in the year of our Lord, 1736, the Devil was defeated in Scotland. Our Parliament has repealed the Witchcraft Act of 1563 and declared that it is a crime to claim that any human being has magical powers, or any human being is guilty of practicing witchcraft. This is a momentous occasion for our country, but it brings to the surface all the horror and pain I suffered as an eleven-year-old girl. My hands are cold, my breath is short, but my tears cannot wash the shame and sadness away.

All those years ago, I was positive that Katherine Campbell cursed me and brought the Devil to my window. But I wish Agnes Naismith had not died. She was only a poor, old, discontented woman. In the early days, when the witches' curses were plaguing my young body, Mother had told me that Agnes Naismith came to our home and prayed for my soul with great sincerity.

However, by the time I was aware of her heartfelt kindness, it was too late. She also, had been accused of being one of my tormentors and by then I was lost and caught up with the Devil inside my head.

Strangled and burned!
Strangled and burned!

That is all I remember. On June 10th in the year of our Lord 1697, it was over. The agents of the Devil were dead, and I was free.

I started spinning thread—a skill I had been taught as a child. I produced an excellent product creating a fine linen yarn and discovered how to twist the yarn into thread.

The kind-hearted Lady Balantyre, whose husband had been great friends with Father during my troubles, took a sample of my work to the lace manufacturers in Bath, who gave my thread their stamp of approval. We needed the newest style of mills to create more of our product and the companies in

The Netherlands were not very welcoming to Mother and me when we visited trying to procure their innovative twisting mills. Since not a single person would sell us one, Mother and I smuggled out a twist mill under our voluminous skirts. I had copies made of this twist mill and taught local young girls at my spinning school. Bargarran Thread developed a good reputation in the growing thread industry of Paisley.

I even perfected the technique of whitening and twisting yarn into my sewing thread, which was so much stronger than the Dutch product. The Glasgow and Edinburgh

newspapers wrote wonderful accounts about my Bargarran Thread. You could purchase this thread from myself, Mrs. Miller in Johnstone or at John Seton's shop in Edinburgh or at William Selkirk's shop in Glasgow.

I became, no I am the first Lady of the thread trade in Scotland and the founder of Paisley's world-famous thread industry. Now I will marry a second time on February 20th in the year of our Lord 1737, to William Gillespie, a prosperous Edinburgh glover. I have had a barren and childless life, but I have become a notable and famous public figure. I control my own business, something no other woman in Paisley has been able to do. God did not bestow to me a child, but He awarded me wealth and fame. I am sure the good Presbyterians and the good industrialists in Paisley and Glasgow concur.

The world will only faintly remember the little girl possessed by the Devil with her accusations causing the deaths of seven villagers. After all, my greatest accomplishment was founding the Paisley thread industry. That will keep me famous forever.

It was like a candle blowing out in a cold wind and then the warmth of a fireplace bringing me back to life.

The years travelled by swiftly and I learned how to manage Father's estate of Bargarran. I was the oldest and there were no brothers. However, the suitors did not come my way. People have long memories and the horrors of 1697 were forgotten by none.

Reverend John Miller, the minister of Kilmaurs in Ayrshire, came looking for a wife, so we married on September 11th in the year of our Lord 1719. No longer was I an unwanted spinster at 23 years of age. However, John was much older than I and died just three years later, in September of 1721. And my life changed again.

After moving to a small house in Johnstone, I only needed three servants and a gardener, as I was a widow. Then my life changed again.

I am placing this letter in an embossed folder and it will be locked securely in the desk in my bedroom. I hope who ever finds this will pray to my Lord Jesus that I rest in Peace.

Christian Shaw

Epilogue

Christian Shaw-Miller-Gillespie died seven months after her marriage, in September of 1737. She was 54 years old. She is buried in Greyfriars Kirkyard in Edinburgh. However, contrary to Shaw's opinion of herself, she is remembered for her role in bringing seven innocent souls to their deaths.

Following the Trail of the Glen Nevis Rose

By Blanche McMillan

This is a story about the journey of a rose called 'Maiden's Blush' of the Rosa Alba family. Legend says that this rose was brought to Scotland from today's Syria by the Crusaders in the 11th century. The trail of the 'Maiden's Blush' begins in the gardens of Glen Nevis House in Glen Nevis, Inverness-shire, Scotland. There were extensive gardens at Glen Nevis House as far back as the 16th century, where our rose grew and it became known as the 'Glen Nevis Rose.' Glen Nevis House is now lived in and owned by Ewen A. Cameron, who is the source of this charming story.

This beautiful rose managed to travel from Scotland to Canada via the USA with a family of Camerons. The two young people beginning this story are John Cameron of Clunes, and Mary Cameron of Glen Nevis. Clunes is the name of the house where John Cameron was born and it is at the entrance to Loch Arkaig, Inverness-shire, Scotland. Mary Cameron was born at Glen Nevis House at the foot of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in the United Kingdom, in Glen Nevis, Inverness-shire, Scotland. As our story unfolds, it is necessary to use the descriptive names John 'Clunes' Cameron and Mary 'Glen Nevis' Cameron to distinguish them from the many other Johns and Marys connected to this story!

The background of this story takes place in 1745-1746 during the time of Charles Edward Stuart's attempts to restore his Royal Stuart family again as rulers of the kingdom of Great Britain where they had ruled for 300 years. His ancestor Robert II became King of Scots in 1371, and through the years the Stuart dynasty held sway until 1688 when Charles' grandfather, James VII of Scotland and I of England, was ousted and fled to France. Charles Edward Stuart, better known to all as Bonnie Prince Charlie, had one aim from his early days; to restore his father, as James VIII of Scotland and II of England, to the British throne. These attempts to restore the Stuart line to the throne are known as the Jacobite uprisings (from 'Jacobus', Latin for James). There had been two earlier failed attempts to regain the throne by Bonnie Prince Charlie's father, in 1715 and again in 1719.

On 23 July 1745, Bonnie Prince Charlie, who was 24 years old, landed on the Isle of Eriskay in the Western Isles of Scotland, with no money, no arms and no troops. He had started out from France in a frigate that carried Charles and 12 companions, accompanied by a warship called Elizabeth,

with 700 French troops on board. Unfortunately, Elizabeth was so badly damaged by a British man-of-war that it had to turn back. By the sheer force of his personality, Bonnie Prince Charlie managed to convince the Highland Chiefs in Scotland to rally support for him in his quest to claim the crown of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt.

He succeeded in winning battles and invading England as far south as Derby in central England. There, with false intelligence and no French troops to back up his dwindling Jacobite supporters, he began a retreat back to Scotland on 6 December 1745. Very few soldiers were lost during the campaigns in England. The Duke of Cumberland, head of the army of the then reigning King George II, who was regarded as the usurper of the throne, had been closely pursuing the Prince's army without being able to catch up with it. Bonnie Prince Charlie was advised to move his army north and they captured Inverness Castle on 20 February 1746. The Prince had to concentrate his forces against the army of the Duke of Cumberland. Charlie was determined to have another try and with tired, outnumbered Jacobites, drew up at Culloden Moor to oppose the Duke of Cumberland's army on 16 April 1746.

The 5000 Jacobite Highlanders were defeated roundly by the Duke of Cumberland's troops of 9000 well-equipped men. The remaining Highlanders fled the battlefield where 1000 of them lay dead or dying. Wounded Jacobites were slaughtered where they lay. Charlie escaped and the Duke ordered his men to kill any Highlanders remaining, and then hunted Charlie by land and sea for 5 months. Charlie always managed to keep just ahead of his pursuers and even with a massive reward of 30,000 pounds for his capture, he was never betrayed. Guided by faithful supporters, he lived very rough, hiding in caves and hiking at night through the harsh mountainous terrain.

It is during these violent days while Cumberland's army was scouring the countryside for any Jacobites that our story begins.

John 'Clunes' Cameron was a son of Donald 'Old Clunes' Cameron of Clunes. Donald could not fight with Bonnie Prince Charlie because he was an elderly man, but he helped on the Jacobite side and sheltered the Prince at Clunes on his flight through Glen Pean down Loch Arkaig after the battle of Culloden. Donald found Charlie secure hiding places around Achnacarry, the home of the Camerons of Lochiel. He also ferried the Prince and Lochiel across Loch Lochy. For his assistance to the Prince, Donald's



The Glen Nevis Rose or 'Maiden's Blush'

house at Clunes was burned to the ground by Cumberland's soldiers.

Mary 'Glen Nevis' Cameron was the daughter of Sir Alexander 'MacSorlie' Cameron, 12th Chief of Glen Nevis, and his wife Lady Mary Cameron, who in turn was a daughter of Archibald Cameron of Dungallon and his wife Isabel Cameron, who was a daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron (Dubh) of Lochiel. Mary 'Glen Nevis' Cameron's father Sir Alexander did not actively fight in the Jacobite rebellion, but he also helped behind the scenes, as John 'Clunes' Cameron's father Donald had done. After Culloden, Sir Alexander was imprisoned but released a year later in July 1747. While he was away, his wife Lady Mary had to leave Glen Nevis House because soldiers were looking for any traitors. She buried the family valuables from the house in the garden of Glen Nevis House, where our roses were blooming, and fled to live in a cave at the foot of Ben Nevis. Mary 'Glen Nevis' Cameron of our story would have been seven years old at that time.

Her mother and her siblings were finally discovered in the cave by a party of soldiers. Lady Mary "suffered much rude treatment" because she refused to say where the valuables were hidden. As the soldiers were about to leave the cave, one of the soldiers, observed that she was hiding something bulky under her plaid that was fastened with a silver brooch. He tried to snatch the brooch and when she resisted, he drew his sword and made a thrust, which cut open the plaid, revealing the treasure she was hiding. It was her infant son that she was carrying under her plaid and the thrust of the sword had wounded the baby. The soldier took the brooch and left. The child recovered but bore the scar on his neck his whole life. Glen Nevis House was also set aflame when the soldiers couldn't find anything of value. Such turbulent times.

John 'Clunes' Cameron was born in 1725. As a young man he was an ardent supporter of the Jacobite cause and served in the uprising of 1745. He survived the bloody Battle of Culloden in April 1746. After Culloden he returned to farming. Mary 'Glen



Waterfall in Glen Nevis

Nevis' Cameron was born in 1739 and met and married John Cameron of Clunes. There are differing accounts of their marriage: one says they were married at Glen Nevis House in 1758, and another says they eloped and were married in Fortingall, on 27 January, 1758 when Mary was 19 years old. Accounts say they lived at Glenmoriston, Scotland after they were married. Records are not totally clear on the birth dates of their children, but all report they had 12 children in total.

There were years of oppression for the Highland people after the defeat of Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden. John and Mary wanted to find a more peaceful life than they could establish in Scotland and in 1773, sailed for America. After what must have been an arduous crossing of the Atlantic, they travelled via Fort St. John and Lake Champlain to the Mohawk River Valley in the British Colony of New York, North America. John leased a one hundred acre lot in Kortright Patent, New York, from Sir William Johnson. They came with children, possibly four or five, household goods, and also some of Mary's Glen Nevis Roses from the large gardens of Glen Nevis House. Mary planted them while they were living on Sir William's land, where they flourished. The roses were treasured not only for their beauty and fragrance, but also for making medicines, tea and delicacies from the flowers' stalks leaves and hips. These Scottish immigrants became known as Loyalists because of their allegiance to the British Crown during the American Revolution between 1765 and 1783. John and Mary had landed in the middle of a revolution as colonists in British North America. The American Revolution arose from growing tensions between the residents of Great Britain's 13 North American colonies and the colonial government that represented the British crown.

Sir William Johnson, whose land Mary and John were living on, was a merchant, fur

trader, and a colonial official who was born circa 1715 in Smithtown, County Meath, Ireland. Johnson played a prominent role in British North America. As a landowner and militia officer in the Mohawk Valley, in present day New York State, Johnson was very wealthy by the 1740s. He rose to distinction as a diplomatic negotiator and

cultural go-between for the British Crown, helping to secure a strategic alliance with the Iroquois – also known as the Six Nations Confederacy – against the French, in north eastern North America during the Seven Year's War (1754-1763).

Sir William Johnson's bond with the Mohawks (part of the Confederacy) was particularly significant and deepened the relationship shared between the Loyalists and allied members of the Six Nations Confederacy. This strong Confederacy joined the conflict on the side of the British during the American Revolutionary War in 1777. The French had entered the American Revolution on the side of the colonists in 1778. This French assistance helped the colonist army force the British surrender at Yorktown, Virginia in 1781. The Americans had won independence, which formally did not come until 1783.

Sir William Johnson was a trusted companion and partner to the powerful clan mother Mary (Molly) Brant who became Sir William's wife. Molly's brother was the famed Mohawk Chief, warrior and statesman Joseph Brant, who became a close confidant, friend and translator for the indigenous people, to Johnson.

In May 1777, John 'Clunes' Cameron and his eldest son Alexander (born 1762) left the family in the Mohawk Valley, to enlist in the King's Regiment of New York. Because of their ages, one too old, the other too young, they were discharged to join their family and they served in a British spy network until hostilities ceased. John received a certificate saying he had been "of very material use to the Secret Service."

Rather than finding the peaceful life they wanted as Loyalists, John and Mary and his family suffered periodic plundering by rebel neighbouring colonists. In 1784, realizing their lot would not improve in New York State, they joined the northward trek of the dispossessed pushing north from the

Mohawk Valley, losing their lands in New York State. They were among the roughly 2,000 forced to abandon their ancestral lands for Upper Canada, where they joined others who were loyal to the British Crown. These Loyalists had a 230 mile trek over the Adirondack Mountains in upstate New York, to the Cornwall area of Ontario, Canada.

Loyalists were very welcome in Upper Canada. John and his son Alexander were granted two hundred acres at lot 6, Concession 4, which fell within Cornwall Township, Upper Canada. John received a daily ration for ten people and Alexander for one until he was married. So the family was able to establish themselves in this new land fairly quickly.

Mary and John brought cuttings of the Glen Nevis Rose with them to Ontario. The roses had crossed the Atlantic, were nourished in New York State and now flourished in Upper Canada before being passed on to family and friends. One of their daughters, Margaret (Peggy) Cameron, born in Mayfield, New York State, in 1775, shared her wish to keep growing the beautiful "cupped, very doubly fragrant pink rose, bushy and densely branched" Glen Nevis Rose. She married Captain Alexander MacLeod (1769-1850) in December 1796 and took the roses with her to their new home in Lochiel Township, Glengarry County, Upper Canada.

Captain Alexander MacLeod had entered the army in Scotland as a young man, but in 1793 he was so dissatisfied about conditions there, that he decided to emigrate to Canada. With his father, Kenneth MacLeod, he succeeded in getting a ship called the Argyll to come to Glenelg, Scotland, to embark 150 persons (40 families). When only halfway across the Atlantic in June 1793, there was a violent storm and the ship had to return to Greenock, Scotland for repairs. Here the passengers landed and waited while Capt. Alexander secured another ship. This second ship was 4 days out at sea when it ran into a heavy squall that took away the upper masts and sails. They returned to the Isle of Arran, Scotland, while repairs were made. Again they set sail and after a tedious voyage of 18 weeks, they arrived at St. John's Island (now Prince Edward Island) Canada on 18 October 1793, with a formidable layer of ice on their decks!

In early 1794 these immigrants made their way to Montreal, Quebec by two schooners. One called the Simon Gallon carrying 115 passengers, and the second called the John with 42 more on board. Then they were accommodated on the King's bateaux that carried them to the Raisin River in an area then called Lancaster County, Upper Canada, first called Glenelg after the place where the voyage had begun. Many of them settled here. Many of the immigrants proceeded

overland to what was then called North Lancaster, now Lochiel Township, and settled on the two hundred acres of land granted to the heads of families. Captain Alexander applied for the two hundred acres and was given lot 18, Concession 15, North Lancaster. Captain Alexander's father Kenneth also applied for the two hundred acres that was granted in 1798. The same year, Capt. Alexander's wife Margaret Cameron (Peggy) also applied for two hundred acres which she received as a daughter of United Empire Loyalists John 'Clunes' and Mary 'Glen Nevis' Cameron. They created a settlement called Kirkhill.

During the war of 1812, Capt. Alexander served in the 2nd regiment of the Glengarry Militia "the duties of which he most faithfully continued to discharge until old age and loss of sight precluded his continuing longer in the command". He applied for land again in 1837 submitting a detailed history of his efforts to bring a shipload of immigrants to Canada. He asked for an additional grant of one thousand acres of land: request denied!

Margaret (Peggy) and Capt. Alexander MacLeod had 11 children born in Lochiel Township, Glengarry County, Ontario. The Glen Nevis roses were planted, nourished and passed on to family members and neighbours and the trail of roses can be followed through this Cameron-MacLeod family history. Peggy and Alexander's daughter Mary (1812-1875) married Capt. Norman MacLeod about 1840 and settled near Dunvegan Village, Glengarry County. As this family genealogy traces down, it becomes evident that gardening and cultivating these roses were necessary attributes to be a member of this family! Norman and Mary's son Alexander married Flora McDonald about 1876. She passed the prize rose to her daughter Isabella who became Mrs. Fred K. MacLeod about 1905. Their daughter Flora married Cecil Johnston in 1948. It was said that Flora's brother had a green thumb and became the prime rose gardener. He married Ethel MacLeod and they had a flourishing garden in Willowdale, Toronto.

Ethel researched the history of their ancient rose and the story was first published in the National Geographic magazine in 1975. The article focused on the Loyalist aspect of this rose and Ethel registered our "Glen Nevis Rose" as "The Loyalist Rose" on the International Registry for roses. She then donated it to the United Empire Loyalists' Association of Canada. It was planted at Ottawa's Experimental Farm, Ontario, Canada in 1998, but its cultivation and preservation has now been taken on by the Royal Botanical Gardens headquartered in Burlington, Ontario, Canada. They also own extensive natural areas and garden lands

in Hamilton, adjacent to Burlington, Ontario, at the western end of Lake Ontario. The gardens began to be developed in the 1920's and have become a wonderful large garden complex covering 2,422 acres. Formal permission was obtained in 1930 from King George V to call the gardens the Royal Botanical Gardens.

There is another little coincidence in the telling of this story. In the year 1784, the same year that John 'Clunes' and Mary 'Glen Nevis' Cameron made the arduous journey to the north from New York State into Upper Canada following the American Revolution, Joseph Brant, who was Chief of the Mohawk Indians who was mentioned earlier, led the Mohawk Loyalists and other indigenous peoples to a large tract of land on the Grand River in Ontario. It was granted to the Six Nations in compensation for their losses in the war. This became Brant's Ford, now Brantford, Ontario, named after him. It is about 20 miles from Burlington, Ontario where the Glen Nevis, or Loyalist Rose, is now being cultivated at the Royal Botanical Gardens. In his later years, Joseph Brant lived quietly in his magnificent house, now Joseph Brant Museum, in Burlington, Ontario on Burlington Bay, Lake Ontario, Canada.

So almost 250 years after the beginning of this story, The Maiden's Blush Rose, also known as the Glen Nevis Rose, now called the Loyalist Rose, is still growing strong, thanks to the foresight of John 'Clunes' Cameron and his wife Mary 'Glen Nevis' Cameron in bringing roots of this beautiful rose with them on their journey to North America. John and Mary both lived to be 91 years old and are buried in a cemetery still known as the 'John Cameron Cemetery' in Stormont County in eastern Ontario.

The rose has survived Jacobite uprisings in Scotland; rough voyages over the sea to New York State; battles over John and Mary's loyalty to Britain; a long trek north over the Adirondack mountains into Glengarry, Ontario; wending its way to Burlington, Ontario. This all happened because the Cameron and MacLeod families kept planting the roots of this rose and passing them on to the next generations for posterity. When the article was written for the National Geographic magazine, a root of this rose was given to the photographer to be taken back to New York State, USA to flourish again there.

The Maiden's Blush/Glen Nevis/Loyalist Rose returned to Glen Nevis House, in Glen Nevis, Lochaber, Scotland, in the summer of 2020, waiting to be planted in 2021, back into the gardens from whence they came. This is where our story began. The journey has come full circle and the rose is still as beautiful and fragrant as it ever was and is still growing strong in Scotland, USA and Canada.

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