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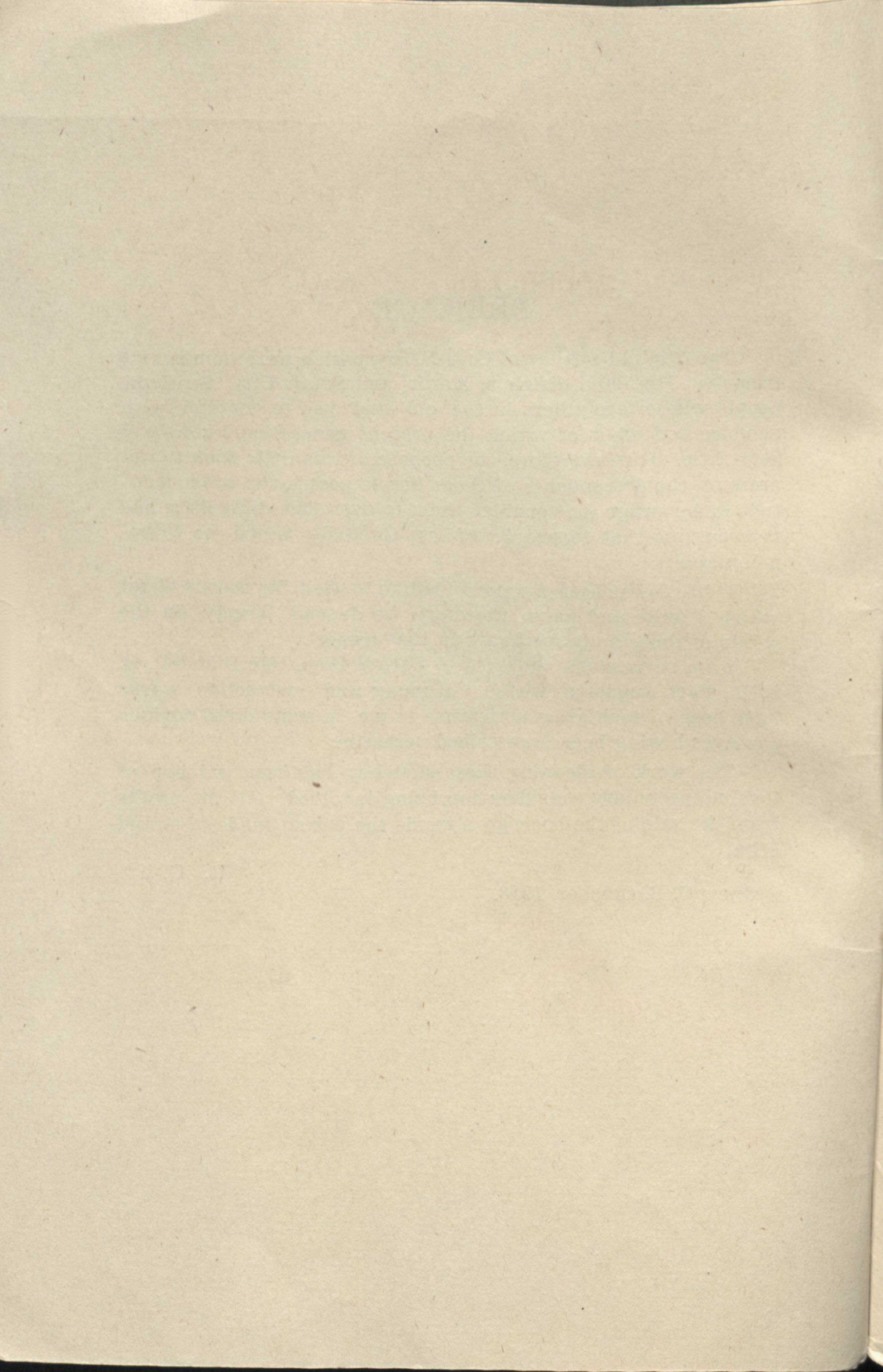
MAJOR R. GILLIS



WITH INTRODUCTION AND APPENDIX BY
REV. D. J. RANKIN, P. P.

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PREFACE

The original settlers of Grand Mira parish were immigrants from two Highland districts, Morar and South Uist, Scotland, people whose forefathers in the old land had to contend with troubles and trials of which the present generation knows but very little. It is, therefore, the purpose of this little book to impress on the descendants of those heroic people the great fortitude and courage that enabled them to overcome difficulties and persecutions that to people of less fortitude would be insurmountable.

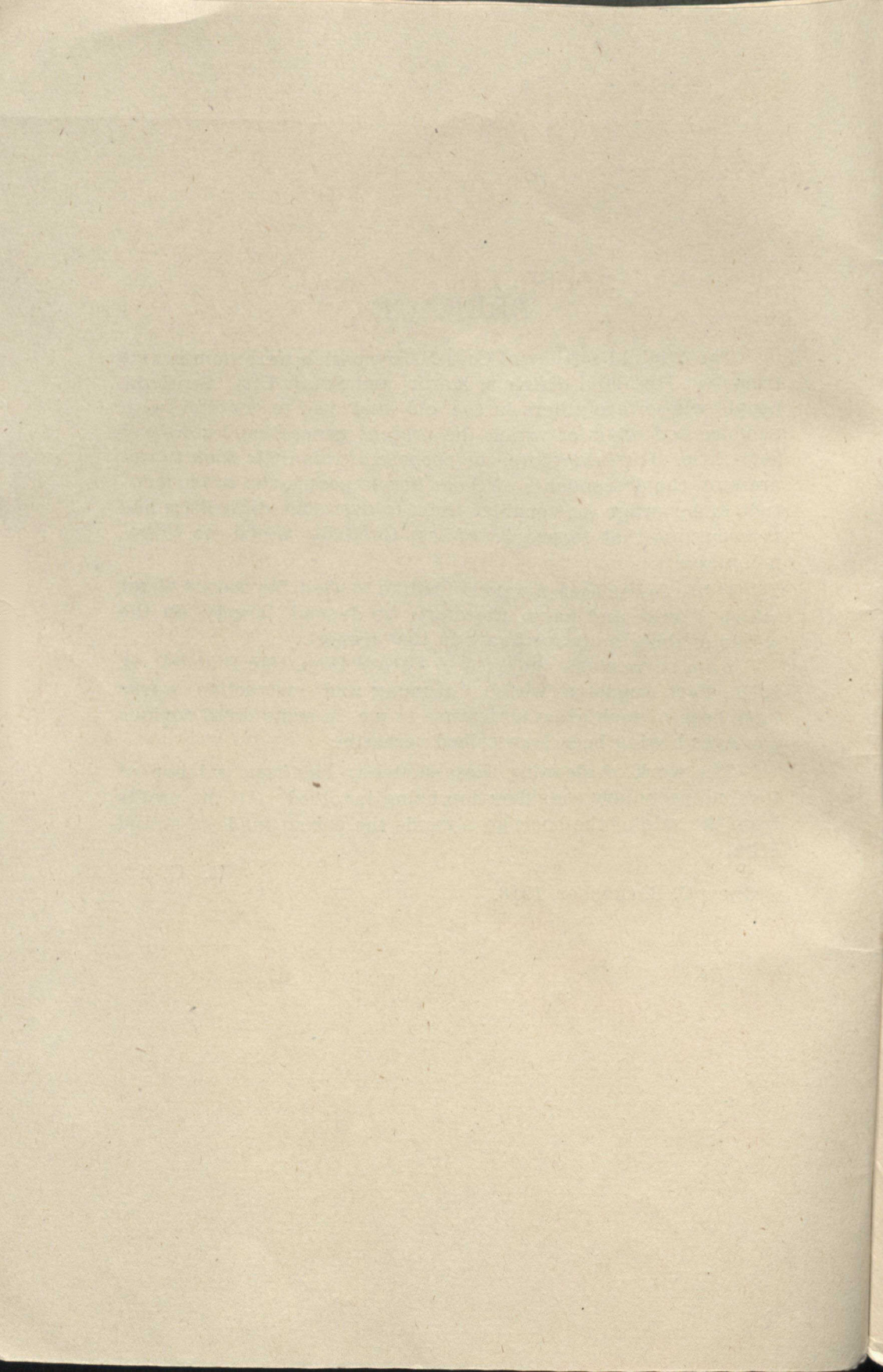
It has never been my good fortune to visit the scenes about which I write and have, therefore, to depend largely on the works of those more fortunate in that respect.

I am particularly indebted to Father Dom. Ode Blundell, O. S. B., Fort Augustus, whose charming and instructive works have been of such great assistance to me, in some cases copious passages having been transcribed verbatim.

The work of gleaning these sketches has been a labor of love, no pecuniary consideration being involved. All the profits from the sale of the book go towards the parish funds of Grand Mira.

R. G.

Sydney, C. B. October, 1918.



INTRODUCTION

The oldest province in Canada, Quebec, through the wisdom and industry of its scholars, many of whom were priests, has its history, that which relates to its early settlement, to the parts of France from which its pioneers came, the genealogy of its present inhabitants, and a detailed history of those who have achieved any success beyond the ordinary, well written. Some parts of Nova Scotia, too, has had a fair attention given to its history, notably Annapolis, Louisburg and Halifax. Abbe Casgrain has done more than any other Canadian to put on record the early history of Quebec and those parts of Nova Scotia in which people of French origin have lived. Any historian who desires to give the early history of these provinces, as well as that of Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, some parts of Ontario and Manitoba, will find the learned and industrious French priest his most reliable aid. Abbe Casgrain has also written up the genealogical history of all the families of French origin who have lived in any part of Canada. Very little effort has been put forth to record the earlier Scottish settlers' history, their place of origin, their reasons for coming to America, their hardships undergone while clearing away the forests primeval, their virtues as far as they should be regarded as Christians and nation builders, and their qualities of head and heart which made them good citizens and enabled them to grow and prosper. At least to the descendants of the pioneers should a short description of their place of origin and their genealogy be interesting. The present work then is intended to do for the parish of Grand Mira what has been done already for other parts of Nova Scotia, and what the Abbe Casgrain has done for the Province of Quebec.

The writer of the sketches of Morar and South Uist has already given a paper at the Old Home Week celebration held at Grand Mira in September, 1916, treating briefly of the history

of the parish, which was highly appreciated and very well received. He himself is a native of the parish of Grand Mira and has always regarded any effort put forth to benefit the people of his native parish as solely a labor of love. The family name Gillis is the most numerous in the parish and has, therefore, contributed much towards the welfare of the community.

The genealogical history has been gathered up from the oldest people living in the parish, who have gone from our midst during the last thirteen years. It would, indeed, be difficult to get the same information today unless the work were begun while the dear old people still remembered their native home and cherished incidents in the earlier days of the settlement. There is much discussion of the settling of returned soldiers on the land, and there is no doubt but many of the forty-nine soldiers who have responded to the call of their country while in need of men to defend our hearths and homes, and to fight for true liberty, freedom and democracy, who have been born in this parish, may, when they realize why their good fathers chose Grand Mira as a place of settlement, for their memories' sake return to their place of birth. The six who have to date given up their lives for their country's cause will be regarded by us for all time to come to be worthy of a place in the records of the parish that no lapse of time will permit any others to occupy.

I should also beg leave to take advantage of this occasion to express my deep appreciation of the kind reception given Souvenir of Old Home Week.

D. J. RANKIN,

Grand Mira, October, 1918.

SOUTH UIST

The Island of South Uist, one of the outer Hebrides, situated about 60 miles from the west coast of Scotland, has been for many generations a Catholic community of considerable importance. The people are noted for great hospitality and cheerful and happy dispositions, fond of all innocent amusements, a few of which are here given. At Christmas three masses are said at midnight, one after the other. Most of the men bring their shinty clubs, even to the midnight mass, and at dawn go—not home—but to the machar for shinty. Even old men put off their shoes for the game. For the Christmas dinner each household invariably kills a sheep, and have the best dinner of the whole year.

On New Year's Eve boys and young men go from house to house and have to say a piece of poetry before they are admitted, and before they sit down say, "God bless all here," to which the eldest person in the room replies: "God bless you! God bless you!"

At Easter the children go from house to house gathering eggs, and then play amongst themselves. One strikes an egg against his opponent's, and the winner will have whichever cracks. People rise early on Easter morning to see the sun rise believing that it dances for joy.

Michaelmas is a great feast and holyday of obligation. Sports are held in the machar, especially horse racing. In the evening there is a ball in every township. A special cake is made for each member of the family, and frequently cakes are sent to friends in Glasgow and other parts. St. Andrew's Day is the beginning of the shinty season, which affords endless amusement during the winter season, whilst the evenings are enlivened with song and story, the bagpipes and fiddle, several of which may still be seen in almost every cottage. Little wonder that Catholic Uist should be a happy home, where the ancient songs and ballads survive better than elsewhere.

Unfortunately, efforts have been made and are still being made in certain quarters to curb the tendencies of the people for innocent amusements such as named, and strong efforts have been put forth to stamp out the old Gaelic poetry and customs. In some sections the people no longer dare to repeat the old tales to each other, though their minds are still strongly tempered by them. One instance may be related as a sample of cruel bigotry where one would expect better sense. A young girl was sent to

Islay to attend the parish school in order to be taught arithmetic by the schoolmaster, a man from the mainland. She used to join in the Gaelic songs of the children and take part in their games, but as the schoolmaster, a narrow bigot, denounced Gaelic songs and Gaelic speech, they could only enjoy them out of school. "One day," she says, "the schoolmaster heard us and called us back. He punished us till the blood was trickling down our fingers, although we were big girls with the dawn of womanhood upon us. The thought of that scene makes me thrill with indignation."

In ancient times when there were but three schools in the whole range of the Highlands, one of them was in Uist, the other two being one in Barra and the other in Morar. Of course, good schools are numerous enough all over Uist today, and have been for many years, and education is on a sound footing.

There are three Catholic missions in the island, including Benbecula, one at Ardkenneth, in Ichor, erected in 1829. It is seated for 400 persons, but 800 persons may assist at mass without inconvenience. It has no gallery. The dwelling house is merely a continuation of the walls and roof of the church. The whole building measures 105 feet in length by 32½ feet in breadth. It can be seen at a great distance and has a very imposing appearance.

Killrana, or Cill-Bhainan, dedicated to St. Bain, or Bhanan, is a thatched chapel and stands about three miles from Ardkenneth, erected about the year 1820, by Mr. Roderick McDonald, a Scion of the Clanranald family. It accommodates 300 persons.

Benbecula, to the north, had a thatched chapel which was built about 1790 by Ranald McDonald, cousin-german to the late Marshall McDonald, Duke of Terantum, which afforded accommodation to about 400 persons. In its day it was considered a handsome building, but has become a complete ruin.

Balie-Mhanich (Monktown) where it stands, on the verge of the Atlantic, was in days gone by possessed by monks, of which some small traces are still to be seen.

When this old chapel became unfit for further service matters were in a very unsatisfactory condition. With a considerable congregation at a distance of six miles from Ardkenneth, the priest of which mission had to attend to them, always with inconvenience, and sometimes with danger owing to a perilous ford, it was therefore proposed to form it into a separate mission and build a chapel and priest house.

The priest's house was finished in 1878, when the priest in charge appealed for funds to build a chapel.

It is interesting to watch the growth of these chapels; what a few generations ago was the pride of the priest and the people at Moydart, Braelochaber, and Kilvahar, is in these recent years looked upon, and justly so, as little worthy of the services of the Catholic church, and efforts are being made to replace them with the very picturesque chapels which now adorn so many of the Catholic parishes of the West Highlands of Scotland. At the same time there has also, of course, taken place a vast improvement in the homes of the people and in their manner of living.

The new church at Benbecula was finished in 1884, and the account of its opening ceremony is very interesting.

It was apparently a real Uist day, the rain falling in sheets, yet no less than sixteen miles of road and water had to be traversed by the greater number of the company. Little wonder that they had to encounter some difficulties, as the following extract from the records show:

"About 100 miles N. W. of Oban (the port for mails and passengers for the outer Isles' lies the Island of Benbecula, separated from the Island of North and South Uist by tidal fords 3 and 1½ miles in breadth respectively. These together with Barra, Harris and Lewis form what is locally known as the 'Long Islands'. They have always contained a large Catholic population who have carried down their faith through all persecutions to the present time.

"In Benbecula there are about 700 Catholics. Two years ago the priest in charge found it necessary to ask for subscriptions for a new church, the old one, of stone, being in a ruinous state. On 4th of August last a large steam yacht, chartered by Mr. Campbell, of Lochnell Bay, with the Bishop and a numerous party on board left for Lochskippon, and from there drove to Benbecula, a distance of 14 miles. The next morning a large party came from South Uist, in a downpour of rain.

"After some difficulties, necessitated by being compelled to take a longer route of 16 miles, the church was reached at 1 p. m. and Pontifical mass sung. Many strangers and a large number of islanders were present. The islanders were rejoiced beyond description at seeing ceremonies which had been unknown in the island for centuries, and in their enthusiasm they followed His Lordship and the visitors for a long way on their return journey."

About the year 1765 South Uist became the scene of one of the most violent religious persecutions known under the British flag.

Alaistair Mor McDonald, Laird of Boisdale, who in his

younger days had been a Catholic, was publicly censured by the priest, Rev. Fr. Wynn, an Irishman, because he compelled his people to work on St. Michael's Day, the patron saint of the island, and observed by the people as a holiday of obligation. The priest ordered Boisdale out of the church, at that time a frequent penance and one which was well understood to mean a temporary punishment, as on the following Sunday the person so punished would return to the church as usual. But Boisdale never returned.

The Island of South Uist, one of the larger of the western islands of Scotland, was at the time mentioned the property partly of Clanranald and partly of his cousin-german, McDonald of Boisdale. This last in addition to what he possessed as his own property, had also very large tracts of land in lease from his cousin Clanranald, so that he may have had between 200 and 300 families of tenants under him, all Catholics. He seems to have made up his mind to cause all the people under him to embrace the Protestant religion and extinguish the old religion as far as his power reached.

His first step was to invite all the children in the place to learn English and writing with a Presbyterian preceptor whom he engaged in his family for the education of his own children. This the poor people, suspecting no harm, gladly agreed to, and large numbers were sent accordingly; but how greatly were the parents astonished when, after some time, they understood that the most shocking methods had been used to corrupt their children; that impious blasphemies had been duly incalculated against their religion; that wicked, immoral, and even immodest sentences had been given to be copied over by those who could write, and when the time of lent came flesh meat was forced into the mouths of those who refused to eat it, in contempt of the laws of the church in that season.

No sooner were the parents apprised of those things than with one accord they called their children home and absolutely refused to allow them to attend such a school any longer. This exasperated Boisdale to the highest degree; he stormed and threatened to eject them out of their homes, but the poor people were prepared to endure any punishment rather than neglect their duty to God and preferred the peace of their own conscience to any advantages which Boisdale was prepared to offer them in exchange.

Suspecting that the priests had encouraged them in their conduct Boisdale's fury knew no bounds. He forbade the priests to ever set foot on his lands or exercise any of their functions amongst his people, threatening them with the last dregs of

vengence if they acted otherwise, and to treat them with indignity with his own hands when ever he should meet them. These gentlemen for prudence's sake kept retired for a time when the necessities of their duties did not call them, in the hope that a little cool reflection would mitigate his anger and make him more moderate.

But it was all in vain, he still continued fixed in his purpose, whilst the poor people, though exposed to every sort of maltreatment from him, were resolute in suffering rather than act against their consciences, so that not a single person yielded. At last, some time before Whitsunday, 1770, he called all his tenants together and told them that he had taken his final resolution and had drawn up a paper in English which he would read to them in their own language, and was determined that either they should sign the paper or be thrown out of their holdings. He then read the paper to them; which, to their utter amazement, they found to be a solemn renunciation of their religion and a promise, under oath, never more to go to a priest.

The poor people were shocked to hear such a proposal made to them, but he persisted in requiring them to agree to it or leave his lands. They made not the slightest hesitation on the part they had to act, but to a man renounced his service and gave up their lands, resolved to beg their bread from door to door rather than be guilty of such impieties.

This was a step which he did not expect and which confounded him, for he was sensible that if he should let them go his land would lie waste for want of tenants. Upon thus finding himself forced to yield he called them back and offered to give them terms. The first he proposed was that he would give them no further trouble themselves upon account of religion provided only they would allow their children to be brought up Protestants; to which they replied, unanimously, that the souls of their children were as dear to them as their own, and that to do a thing like that to their children would be prejudicial to them involving their own souls in the same destruction.

Upon this he seemingly complied with them and engaged them for another year upon his lands; to give them time, as he said, to think better of it. But no sooner had he got them fixed than he began his former solicitations, and endeavored by every means he could devise to force them to comply, all which they resisted with the most heroic constancy.

On Sundays when the people would leave their homes to walk to church he would meet them on the road and, with a heavy yellow staff which he carried, belabour them as if they were cattle, trying to drive them into the Protestant church, so

that to this day in Uist they refer to the Protestant religion as "Creidimh a bhata bhuidhe."

Then it was that a proposal was made to them by friends on the mainland to try to get them settlements in Prince Edward Island, where a gentleman of their clan had purchased considerable property, principally with the view of assisting them and others oppressed at home. But as the poor people for the most part were unable to transport themselves thither with the necessary provisions and utensils they were unable to leave, but hoped that their master would, at least, let them live in peace. But in this they found themselves mistaken, for he seemed to become even worse than before. He betook himself to all the artful means his malice could devise and reduced them in their circumstances, within two years, to such a degree that few of them were worth one-half of the stock they had before that time, and the greater part of them were reduced to beggary, with their numerous offspring, in a remote island, 30 leagues from the continent, not knowing what hand to turn to.

These are some of the means taken by Boisdale to effect his ends: 1st. By raising their rents three and four fold what they formerly were. 2nd. Keeping them in constant agitation, and that at the busiest season of the year, so that they were forced to neglect their crops. 3rd. Perpetrating all kinds of oppressions upon them, while they, being 100 miles from any Justice of the Peace, had no redress. But why continue this harrowing tale. A Moses appeared in the land in the person of John McDonald, Laird of Glenaladale, who sold his estate to his cousin, Alexander McDonald, whose family had long been settled in Borodale, and had rendered signal service to Prince Charlie. It was his grandson who, about the beginning of the last century, erected the beautiful monument to Prince Charlie at Glenfinnan in commemoration of the raising of the standard at that place in August, 1745.

With the money obtained by the sale of his estate Glenaladale bought a large tract of land in Prince Edward Island and invited the persecuted people of Uist to move there with their families, which offer many gladly accepted, the terms on which the land was being sold to them being so favorable.

Meantime public subscriptions were opened and a memorial printed and sent to the Catholic of London which met with a generous response. Enough money was obtained in this way to pay the passage of the emigrants, Glenaladale being unable to do this as well as supply them with all necessary food to enable them to subsist for a year on their land, which was a prudent provision, returns from new land being tardy, as

is well known to many a farmer in our own day.

In May, 1772, the first emigrant ship sailed for P. E. I. Among the number Rev. James McDonald, missionary priest to the exiles. The voyage was uneventful, taking seven weeks and only one death, that of a child.

On landing the emigrants were kindly received by the French settlers there, whom they found to be kind and excellent people in every way.

It is pleasant to know that the new settlers were successful and had splendid prosperity, paying off in a very short time all their indebtedness for their passage money, also their debts to Glenaladale for the land which he advanced to them on such easy terms.

Glenaladale himself, who accompanied them to their new home, prospered and had high honor offered him by the British Government. He took a prominent part as a Loyalist in the revolutionary war, being instrumental in raising the "Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment." For his several services on behalf of the Crown he was offered the office of Governor of the Island, an honor which he could not consistently accept because of the obnoxious oath which had to be taken.

The Glenaladales seem to have a most wonderful record for vocations to the priesthood; few families can rival them in this respect. Indeed, from the time when the young Laird, Angus, became a priest about 1675, there has seldom been a generation which did not give a priest to the church in Scotland. The present generation, however, afford a striking instance in this respect, for of the children and grandchildren of John, Laird of Glenaladale, who died in 1830, three were nuns and six were priests, of whom three became bishops. The Rt. Rev. Angus McDonald was consecrated Bishop of Argyll and the Isles in 1875, and in 1892 was transferred to the metropolitan see of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, which he filled until his death in 1900, at the early age of fifty-six, worn out by ill health and hard work. His brother Hugh was consecrated Bishop of Aberdeen in 1890. He, too, died at fifty-six. Bishop Hugh McDonald was succeeded in the see of Aberdeen by his cousin, the Rt. Rev. Aenas Chisholm, the present Bishop.

After the departure of the emigrants from Uist, Clanranald interposed and insisted on obtaining from Boisdale religious tolerations for the poor people who remained. The Pope also brought the matter to the notice of the young Duke of Gloucester, who was then living in Rome, and instructed the Nuncio at Paris to speak to the British ambassador on the subject. The

result was highly satisfactory and favorable to the Highland Catholics. The persecution was ended, not only in Uist, but in other parts of the Highlands where the proprietors had begun to follow the example of Boisdale.

South Uist has had its share of those horrible evictions which are a disgrace to those responsible for them. In some missions the chapels were left practically in a wilderness, the population having been evicted from all the homes for miles around. The scenes at these evictions were similar to those at Barra, Knoydon and elsewhere, and there is no need to repeat the harrowing tale. Suffice it to say that they have left memories of injustice and suffering which half a century has done little to efface. But happier days are dawning here also, for in 1913 the Board of Agriculture for Scotland came to an arrangement with the proprietrix, Lady Gordon Cathcart, whereby the three farms of Milton Ormaclete and Bornish were made into small land holdings and divided amongst the descendants of those evicted in 1851, who have never ceased to clamor for the land on which their forefathers had been settled for generations. One cannot but hope that a few years will see a thriving and contented population in these districts, clustering around their church for which the people of Uist have always had such a marked affection and veneration.

Of all the Lairds who figured so prominently in the Highlands at the time of the Uist prosecution all have long since disappeared, with the single exception of the Glenaladales, who still exercise the same influence for good as they always did.

It is the irony of fate that Boisdale's "palace" of which he was so proud, should have been torn down and used for the ignoble purpose of building cow barns and pig-stys. "How are the mighty fallen."

While there have been, no doubt, in by-gone times some sectarian bitterness throughout the Highlands the sentiments between fellow Christians are quite different today; Protestants show the greatest kindness towards their Catholic neighbors, who, as is well known, are in a minority in most all communities. I know of many cases which could be cited, but will recite just one.

Some few years ago a young man from the Lowland country with apostolic zeal determined to devote his life to the service of the poor Highland crofters. He studied for the priesthood, also the language of the Highlands, which to him was an alien tongue. On being ordained his first charge was to the mission of South Uist, where he labored with all his strength for the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of his flock. For a long

time the Catholics of South Uist had been deprived of certain rights which had been enjoyed by them for generations. The young priest, with great zeal, took up with Lady Gordon Cathcart the matter of having those rights restored. Meantime one of those virulent epidemics of typhoid fever broke out, the country being subject to them owing to large tracts of the land being low-lying, marshy and malarious, and so serious was the situation that it was very difficult to get anyone, outside of close relatives, to attend the sick, the fever being of a very infectious nature and exceedingly malignant. One case that came to the notice of the priest was that of a poor widow and an only son both down at the same time, with no one to venture near them to give aid.

Father Brigg, that being the name of the young priest, at once undertook to attend the poor widow and her son. In a few days the son died and had to be placed in his coffin by the priest, who also assisted to carry him to the grave. Shortly afterwards the mother died, when the same service had to be rendered her. Just after the last death he was stricken down with the fever and in a short time was dead, at the early age of 36 years, having sacrificed his life in an endeavour to save that of others. His coffin was borne part of the way to the grave by six neighboring priests, and as the story of his heroic death became known great was the admiration which it excited and loud the praise lavished upon the young hero in the far distant land of South Uist.

But this is not the whole tale. On the death of poor Father Brigg the people at once thought that their case with Lady Cathcart was doomed to failure, but to their great surprise, some time afterwards they were relieved to learn that all that they had been asking for had been granted by Lady Cathcart.

On making enquiries they discovered that the Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mr. McKenzie, had taken the matter up on the death of Father Brigg and had obtained for the Catholics of South Uist rights that had been denied to them for many years.

The Scottish Highlanders have always been zealous in their endeavours to give their children an education, and their highest ambition to have one of their sons enter the church. If Protestants the brightest boy should become a minister, and the Catholics were equally concerned to have a priest in the family. This characteristic has followed emigrants from the old land into the most remote corners of the earth, and wherever a Highland settlement has been established education has been placed on as firm a foundation as the means of the people could accomplish.

In the year 1811 there was born in Morar, Scotland, of poor

but God-fearing parents, a boy who was destined to have his principal life work in Cape Breton, the late Rev. Allan McLean, P. P., for so many years the pastor of the parish of Judique.

His parents were blessed with a large family, and following the dominant characteristic of their race determined to have one of the sons educated for the priesthood while another was to be a doctor. Both boys being clever and industrious made rapid progress with their studies, and in due course were far enough advanced to enter college, when both were sent to the Scots College, Valadolid, Spain. The young men studied hard and after a brilliant course were ready, one to be ordained to the priesthood, the other to graduate as medical doctor. But, sad to relate, Norman, who was destined for the priesthood, sickened and in a short time died. Allan, just ready to enter on his career as a doctor, was so affected by the death of his brother that he at once returned home. The poor mother, who had worked so hard to help the boys along with their education, was disconsolate, and like Rachel of old after the massacre of the innocents in Judea, "refused to be comforted". In her wailings she would cry out, "If it were you Allen I could endure the affliction, but having lost Norman my hopes of having a priest in the family are forever blighted." Allan, with his tender Highland heart already torn with grief, decided that he would change his whole career and, as far as lay in his power assuage his mother's anguish, said that he would return to Spain at once and take up theology and become a priest.

And this is how the brilliant and cultured Father Allan McLean changed the whole course of his life and the parish of Judique, in far off America, became the scene of his labors and where a long and useful career was ended by death.

After Fr. Allan's return home his first pastorate work was in South Uist as assistant to Rev. Father Chisholm, but he did not remain there very long, leaving for America in 1857.

At the time that Fr. Allan came to Judique the place was largely a wilderness, but he met kindred spirits, men of true old stock, who knew what difficulties and persecutions were, and being hardy and strong, in due course the parish became one of the most prosperous and happy in the whole diocese.

Father Allan was accompanied to America by four sisters and three brothers, while some of the family emigrated to Australia, where they seem to have done well, a nephew of Father Allan's having been at one time premier of Queensland.

Father Allan was of a cheerful and happy disposition, extremely hospitable and given to playing practical jokes, even when his best friends were the subjects, but his tricks while often

extremely funny were always of such a refined nature that no one could take offence at them.

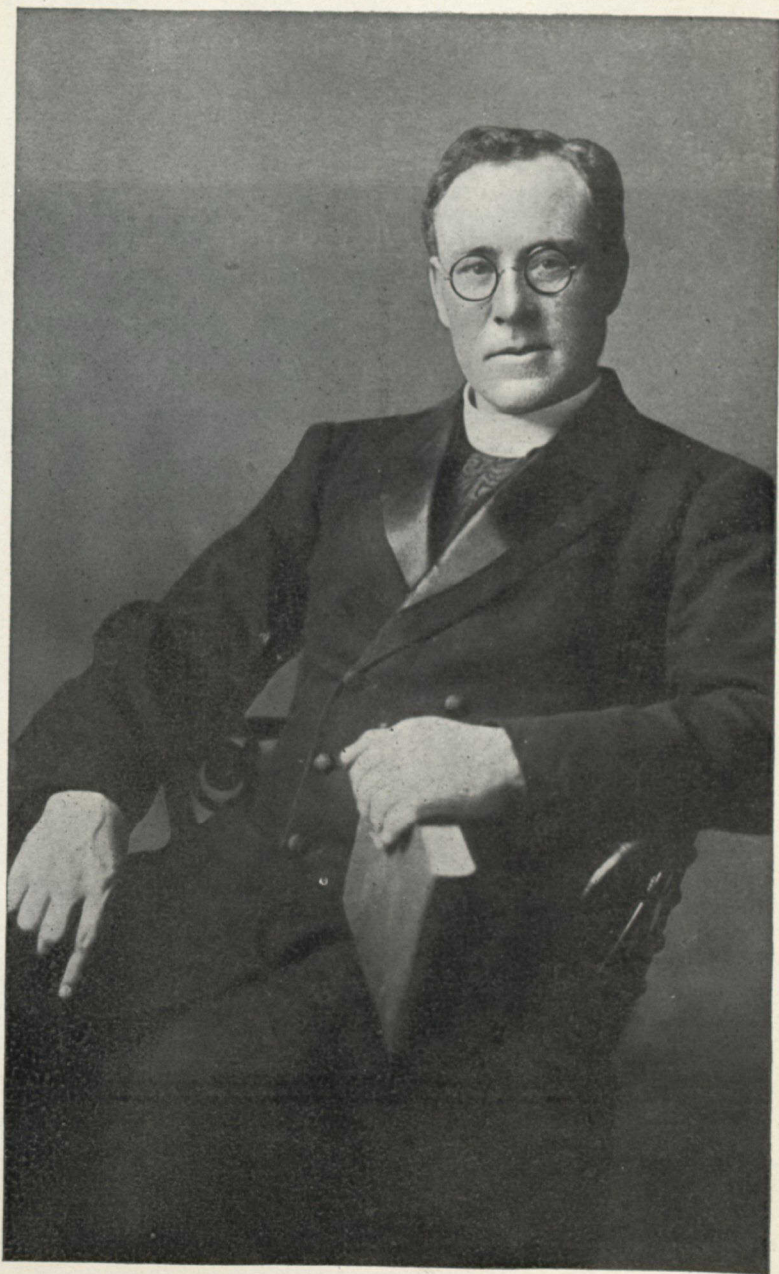
Some of his parishoners were, as is so often the case, inclined to exceed the bounds of decency and trespass on his good nature, but he usually got even with them. One in particular used to come quite often for fodder for his cattle, which was cheerfully given, but being of a greedy nature he thought that he could do better for himself than the priest was doing, so he commenced to steal from his benefactor, which the servant noticed and reported to the priest, who decided to lock himself in the barn and watch for the thief. In due course the thief came and made up his bundle of fodder, tied it over his shoulder and made off. The priest followed a short distance, the night being stormy the rogue could not hear him, and set fire to the bundle, which soon was in a great blaze. The thief had great difficulty in getting the bundle off his back and was badly burned and his hair singed off. Next morning he appeared before the priest, who pretended to be surprised at his condition, with his hair singed off and his ear and face scorched. He told the whole story, saying that the devil set fire to his stolen bundle, and that he had a narrow escape which would for the future be a lesson to him.

MORAR

The district of Morar, situated near the west coast of Invernesshire, Scotland, is divided into two parts by Loch Morar, a beautiful fresh water loch twelve miles long, lying due east and west, and connected with the Atlantic Ocean by a stream slightly over a mile in length. The district is divided into two parts by the loch—Morar Mhic Alaister, on the north, and Morar Mhic Dhugall on the south. A small island, Eilean Ban, near the western end, and about one-half mile from the shore, has a most romantic history. In 1705 an ecclesiastical college was established here for educating young men intended for the priesthood, and considering the disadvantages under which it labored, did excellent work, but in 1767, with the intention, no doubt, of improving conditions the college was transferred to Bourblach, a few miles distant, but after a stay of ten years it was again transferred to more commodious quarters at Samalaman, on the sea-coast of Moydart. Again in 1804 the college was taken to Lismore, Argyllshire, where excellent work was done for many years, and several clever priests prepared for entering into one or other of the continental institutions where students get their final training and ordination. It may be of interest to relate that the late Bishop Fraser, I think the first bishop of this diocese, received part of his education at Lismore. But the college was not allowed to rest here very long, but made what will likely be its last journey to the College of St. Mary, at Blairs, Aberdeenshire, situated on the magnificent river Don, with some of the most beautiful and historic scenery in view. Blairs is one of the finest institutions of learning in the British Isles and a credit not only to the Catholics who were instrumental in having it established but to the whole of Scotland as well.

However, many excellent authorities agree that it was a mistake to have taken the original college away from Loch Morar, with its central location, picturesque scenery, as well as the additional advantage of being surrounded by people so thoroughly attached to their church and everything connected with it, Morar having been for generations the recognised meeting place for the few Catholic priests who then attended the Highlands of Scotland.

During the troublous times of the 45, Lord Lovat, who, whatever his faults may have been, was an ardent Jacobite, took refuge with, many others, on this island, among the number being Bishop Hugh McDonald, brother of the Laird of Morar, and



REV. D. J. RANKIN, P. P.

a strong guard of resolute men. Having taken all the boats on the loch to the island, and being well armed, they thought that they were quite safe. But a strong military and naval force had been dispatched to the western Highlands to hunt up refugees from Culloden, and all those who sympathized with the Jacobite cause, and having discovered Lord Lovat, against whom a deadly hatred existed on the part of the Hanoverians, boats were hauled over the strip of land between the ocean and the loch and a large body of men appeared on the scene, when it became clear to those on the island that if they remained their capture was sure. So they took to their boats and rowed up the loch with the attacking party following on both sides, but the pursued gained the head of the loch and escaped into the mountains where the soldiers could not follow them. But poor old Lovat, being infirm and lame, could not get away but hid in a cave, where he was apprehended three days afterwards and carried on board one of the ships of war waiting to receive him, thence to London, where, after a farcical trial, he was condemned to death and the estates and title confiscated.

Bishop McDonald later escaped to France, whence he several times returned to Scotland, being on one occasion apprehended and sentenced to perpetual banishment, but the sentence was not enforced. He died in Invergary in 1773.

A strange thing in this connection is that the heir apparent to the Lovat estates, Hon. Simon Fraser, twelve years after Culloden, was able to raise a force of 800 men for service under the Crown, and that at a time when he did not possess one inch of land. To the above number were added 700 more, brought by the gentlemen to whom he had given commissions. The memory of their deeds in Canada is still fresh in the Dominion, where they greatly distinguished themselves under the command of their natural leader, Hon. Simon Fraser.

In consequence of his services the British government promoted him to the rank of Lieutenant General and restored to him the family estates of Lovat forfeited in 1746. Again in 1775 General Fraser raised two battalions of 2,340 men, known as the "Fraser Highlanders"—the old 71st Regiment. The general himself was a great favorite with all the men under his command.

It will be of interest to many to know that the present Lord Lovat, a lineal descendant of General Fraser, during the Boer War raised a troop of scouts on his own estate for duty in South Africa where they rendered signal service under command of the noble lord, who distinguished himself by his bravery and skill in leading men.

At the outbreak of the present war Lord Lovat at once volunteered for service at the front, also a younger brother who was killed early in the war.

Many interesting anecdotes are still preserved of the gallant Highlanders while on service in Canada. A few will be related as samples of the great prowess of the men under all conditions of the service.

John McDonald, a tenant on the Fraser estate, joined the Fraser Highlanders for service in Canada. He was known by the patronymic of Ian Budhe-mor. The men were on the eve of their departure for the north, being assembled at Inverness waiting to be ordered on board ship for Canada. All were ordered to be in readiness to embark the next morning and every precaution taken to carry the order into effect. Our hero, John Budhe-mor, found that he had urgent business at his home and determined to make the attempt to carry his desire into effect. He could not pass over the bridge, which was well guarded, and he could not swim across the river, so his only means of getting away was a boat which was securely fastened by a chain to a large stone. He could not break the chain without making a noise which would betray him, but a bright thought came to him. He would lift the stone into the boat, and being of herculean strength he succeeded, and got safely across. With all the speed he could command he went off to his home, a distance of more than thirty-two miles. He gave his wife and children some important instruction about the farm, bid them an affectionate farewell and retraced his steps towards Inverness.

As the roll was being called the next morning John was found to be missing, which led to unfavorable comments, but General Fraser would not listen to the supposition that he had deserted. Just as the men were about to embark a man was seen running in great haste, in shirt and kilt, who turned out to be the missing Ian Budhe-mor, having walked over sixty-four miles during the night. "John," said the general, "where have you been?" "Only to see my wife and children," said John.

Another private in this distinguished regiment was Alex. McDonald, known by the patronymic of Alaistar Dubh. His courage and daring seem to have been the admiration of the whole regiment. While stationed in Canada he was one of a camp occupying some outlying post where military stores under their charge were disappearing in a mysterious manner. The officers determined to detect the thief, and with this intention placed a sentry to watch the stores every night until the thief was detected. Strange to say, the first sentinel placed on duty

never returned. Sentry after sentry took their turns but not one of them ever was seen again. One night the duty fell to the lot of some faint-hearted man who firmly believed that he would never return and naturally was much disconcerted. Alistair Dhu, as compassionate as he was brave, pitied the poor man and bade him cheer up, asking him what he would be disposed to give if he would mount guard for him that night. "Everything I have in the world" was the reply. Alastair did not ask for more than the loan of his bonnet, his great coat and his musket for that night only, all of which were readily placed at his disposal. Alastair began his preparations by crossing two pieces of wood on which he placed the great coat and bonnet that he had borrowed. He loaded the musket with two bullets. He then primed and loaded his own musket with a similar charge, remarking that such was his favorite load when deer-stalking at home. He mounted guard at the appointed time, took his two muskets along with him and one bayonet and the dummy in great coat and bonnet. He stuck the dummy in the snow within fifty or sixty yards of the sentry box in which he stood, ordering the man he relieved to retire, saying that the contents of the two muskets would give a warm reception to the first two thieves who approached the stores and that the bayonet would likely satisfy the curiosity of a few more of them.

During the night he noticed a huge object, under cover of a thick snow squall, coming towards the stores by a circuitous route, apparently with the view of getting behind the dummy. In this the monster succeeded, and getting within a few paces of it he, tiger-like, sprang upon it, when both fell on the snow. The strange object was soon on its legs, but no sooner was he up than the two bullets from Alastair's musket brought him again to the ground. After a minute's rolling and moaning on the snow he managed to get up and attempted to reach the sentry box, but McDonald fired his second musket at him sending two more bullets through him, which brought the monster again to the ground, this time to leave it no more.

By this time the whole garrison beat to arms and soon crowded around the body of a gigantic Indian. A strong party was sent on the track made by the Indian in the snow in his approach; they thus managed to trace and reach his cave, which was found guarded by a squaw and a young Indian, both prepared to give battle. The squaw was killed in the struggle which ensued. The soldiers ransacked the cave and found every keg of rum, box of sugar and other articles that had been stolen, either wholly or partially consumed, in this cave. Horrible to

relate they also found the heads of every man of their missing comrades in the dreadful place. Just as if exhibited for trophies each head was suspended by its queue, or pig-tail, then worn by all British soldiers, from pegs around the inside of the charnel-house.

Just one more tale connected with this fine corps and I will bid it an affectionate farewell.

Among General Fraser's officers was one Donald McDonald, generally referred to as "Donull Gorm", having a peculiarly swarthy countenance with a bluish cast. He was cruel and heartless, but brave and clever as a soldier. In his younger days was head of a press gang whose duties were to go through the Highland districts impressing all eligible young men for service in the army, paying no heed to the conditions of the families of those men, whether they were the sole support of aged and infirm parents or not. Great hardships and cruelties were inflicted on poor people in this way, but Donald seemed to have no heart for their afflictions nor paid any heed to their wallings.

On one occasion he visited the shealing of a poor widow with an only son as her sole support. The son was at once seized, and despite the pleadings and wailings of the woman the young man was taken away. The mother at first pleaded, but when she found that of no avail she poured the most terrible curses on Donald, ending with the prophecy that he would never die a natural death, but would be taken away body and soul into the infernal regions.

Many years passed and Donald went through all the hardships and dangers of battles and engagements of all kinds, but escaped without a wound.

After the wars were over and peace restored, Fraser's men were at Quebec waiting for a transport to carry them back to their homes. One evening just about dusk a group of officers were resting in front of their quarters enjoying the beautiful Canadian spring weather, when a man was seen coming up the steep hill on which they were lounging. Just as the man came near enough for them to see all above his waist over the skyline, he halted and hailed the group of officers asking if Donald Gorm was present. Donald replied in the affirmative, asking what did he want of him. The stranger said that he wanted a private interview which would have to be at the foot of the hill. The other officers advised Donald to have nothing to do with the stranger, but his reply was that he never feared man or devil and would meet the stranger as requested, and he immediately got up and went towards him, when both of them walked down the hill apparently in deep contro-

versy of some kind. Hours passed but Donald did not return, when searching parties were sent in all directions, but no trace could be found, dead or alive, and to this day the Highlanders firmly believe that the prophesy of the widow was literally fulfilled and Donald Gorm carried off by the evil one into the infernal regions.

The district of Morar has always been a centre of Catholic activity, and nearly always well supplied with priests and never subjected to those cruel evictions on a large scale which had the effect of nearly depopulating so many of the other Highland districts. The house on Eilean Ban in the loch was a favorite resting place for many of the Lovats and other gentry. At Morar chapel-house is preserved a set of green vestments with red and white intermingled, bearing the date 1745. It still has its original lining; there is also an altar frontal to match the vestments. These were probably brought over from France by the adherents of Prince Charlie, and must have been part of the furnishings of the chapel on the island, although it is not known how they were saved when the building was ransacked and burnt in 1746. The same remarks apply to the old chalice which bears a Latin inscription, and is of silver and very small; it has its paten to match.

After Lord Lovat had been apprehended the party returned to the island, taking their prisoner and all the boats belonging to the loch. The officer in command reported with great glee that they quickly gutted and demolished the Bishop's house and chapel, the sailors merrily adorning themselves with the spoils of the chapel. In the scramble a great many books and papers were tossed about and destroyed.

Even yet the place of the college can be traced on the island, whilst the walls of the garden are still standing and enclose a fair amount of ground of which the soil is excellent.

There are several chapels in the district of Morar, some of them not in use, or, if so, but rarely. There was a chapel at Bracora which was succeeded by the one at present standing, which was built in 1836; towards its erection J. A. Fraser, Esq., grandfather of the present Lord Lovat, contributed £100. In 1889 it was superceded by the very fine new chapel erected entirely at the cost of the Lovat family in memory of Simon, Lord Lovat, who had a special affection for the Morar portion of his estates and who often stayed for long periods together at Morar Lodge, the great beauty of its surroundings having a special charm for him. Mass is sometimes said at Bracora and the school continues to be conducted there, whilst there are few

churches in the Highlands which are better attended than the church of St. Cumin at Morar.

On Sundays it is a most picturesque sight to see the keepers and gillies coming down the loch in their boats, while the roads in all directions are crowded with people. One can't but hope that this ancient mission may long flourish and that its people will remember how two hundred years ago Morar was the centre of Catholic life in the Highlands of Scotland, and so entirely Catholic was it that they still boast, "There never was a minister's sermon in this country until the railroad came." This was in 1890.

The Lovat family have generally been staunch supporters of all matters relating to Catholic interests in the Highlands, and although the event which I am about to relate does not directly concern Morar in an indirect manner it is of far reaching importance, not only to Morar, but to the whole Highlands. I refer to the establishment of the Abbey of Benedictines at Fort Augustus.

"The history of this site is very remarkable. In 1232 it was given by Sir John Bisset of Lovat, to Beaily Priory, and remained monastic property till 1558, when it was granted by the last Prior to the sixth Lord Lovat. After 1715 it was forfeited by Alexander Fraser, of Fraserdale, who at that time held the Lovat estates, on account of his part in the insurrection. A barrack was then built to overawe the disaffected Highlanders. This was strengthened and enlarged in 1730 and the name changed from Abartarff to Fort Augustus, out of compliment to William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. It was at that time capable of accommodating 300 men, with a bastion at each angle mounting twelve six-pounders, and a moat, covert way, and glacis.

"In March, 1746, it was taken and dismantled by Prince Charlie's men, after a siege of two days. In May of that year Cumberland formed a camp at it, at which amongst other prisoners was old Simon, Lord Lovat, who was carried on a litter. Restored to more than its former strength it was occupied by a garrison down to the Crimean war. In 1857 it was sold by the government to Thomas Alexander, Lord Lovat, for £5,000, and his son, the late Lord Simon, presented it in 1876 to the fathers of the Benedictine Order, along with sixteen acres of land and the rental for nineteen years of the Borlam farm, an adjoining holding of 100 acres.

"On September 30, 1876, the Marquis of Ripan laid the foundation stone of a college, monastery and hospice. The college was opened on August 24th, 1880, the buildings, so far as they were completed, were inaugurated by a solemn triduo. They

occupy four sides of a quadrangle 100 feet square, the college on the north, the hospice on the west, the monastery for forty monks on the east, and on the south the chapter-room and church, the foundation stone of which was laid in 1890. Fine cloisters run around the quadrangle and open into the library, which contains 18,000 volumes, and into the refectory the fifteen windows of which are filled with the arms of benefactors—Lords Lovet and Bute, the Duke of Norfolk, Lords Ripan, Stifford, Herries, Denbigh and Beaumont, Sir David Hunter Blair, O. S. B., Bart., and others.

A Scottish Baronial tower with clock and nine bells rises to a height of 110 feet, whilst over the monastery is another tower 140 feet with its own great bell of one and one-half tons. The whole is in early English style by Pugin and Pugin. Its terraced gardens sloping down to the shores of Loch Ness, which extends for twenty miles before it, and its beautiful situation between the ranges of Glen Mohr makes it vie with the grandest religious houses of pre-reformation days.

Of the thousands who were so cruelly evicted throughout the Highlands, many made their way to Glasgow where employment had been assured them by the leading merchants of that city. But owing to the outbreak of the war between France and England, consequent on the French Revolution, the poor people lost their employment and their means of livelihood and were in terrible straits when that wonderful person, Rev. Alexander McDonell, became their guide and benefactor.

Father Alexander McDonell was born at Glen Urquhart, Invernessshire, about the year 1760. He received part of his education at the Morar college, finishing at the Scots College, Valladolid, Spain, which he entered in 1778, and where he was ordained in 1787. He went to Glasgow in charge of the evicted Highlanders, to whom he was everything—their priest, father, lawyer, and protector. On the men being thrown out of employment and left destitute, he conceived the idea of forming them into a Catholic regiment. A meeting for this purpose was held at Fort Augustus, attended by Bishop John McDonald, the Chief of Glengarry, Father Alexander McDonell and many other prominent persons. It was unanimously resolved that a Catholic regiment be formed with a Catholic commander and Catholic chaplain.

The uniform was a close-fitting scarlet jacket, kilt, and plaid all of the McDonell tartan—dark green, blue and red.

The officers carried the broad bladed basket hilted claymore and dirk, also the long Highland pistols.

The regiment numbered over 800, and they were described

at their first parade "a handsome body of men." (The writer's grandfather was one of the number).

The chief officers were:

Colonel.—Alex. McDonald, of Glengarry.

Lt.-Colonel.—Charles McLean.

Major.—Alex. McDonell.

Adjutant.—Donald McDonald.

Surgeon.—Alex. McDonald.

Chaplain.—Rev. Alex. McDonell.

The regiment at once gained the good will of the War Office by volunteering for service anywhere in Great Britain or the Channel Islands.

After service in different parts they were sent to Ireland in 1798, where they took part in restoring order after the rebellion of that year.

Father McDonell was now sorely perplexed what to do with the fine fellows, the life of a soldier in peace time being a very poor calling. After many difficulties he, in 1803, literally extracted from the government "a grant of land under the sign manuel of the king" for every officer and soldier whom he might induce to settle in Canada. Thus was founded the County of Glengarry, Ontario, which in 1848 numbered 15,000 inhabitants, and in 1900 over 50,000.

Father McDonell still remained with the immigrants, who on more than one occasion showed their loyalty to the British government.

In 1812, on the outbreak of the war with the United States, the "Glengarry Light Infantry" was raised, mainly through the exertions of Father McDonell. They took part in no fewer than fourteen engagements, and on all occasions where fighting had to be done "Maighter Alaister" was on hand to see that it was well done. Different from some of our Canadian "safety first" officers in the present war, whose greatest achievements have been to get as far as London, and after having what they think a "good time," taking the salute from real soldiers, some of whom had returned from the bloody fields of Flanders, and like Burns' Jolly Beggars, might with truth say:

"And there I left for witness a leg and an arm."

Many interesting tales are told of how Father McDonell stood for all that is best under all conditions and circumstances, and today his name is revered by all classes where he was known as a truly great and good man. The shiretown of Glengarry County was named Alexandria out of compliment to him.

At the taking of Ogdensburg the British forces were at Prescott, on the north side of the St. Lawrence, which is here



MAJOR R. GILLIS

about three miles wide. Being early in the winter the newly formed ice was none too safe, but the brave lads were eager for the fray so it was arranged that they would cross the ice in extended order, Fr. McDonell at one end of the line holding aloft a crucifix, and the Presbyterian chaplain at the other end holding a bible in the same manner. Who could withstand a body of Highlanders so fortified? Certainly not the Yankees, who, after a short but sharp and bloody fight, broke and fled leaving the town in the hands of the British, also all the killed and wounded.

After the battle Father McDonell went to attend the wounded, many of whom were in sore need of medical aid. It was learned that in the town was a store with liquors of all kinds, but the proprietor on the approach of the British had fled taking the key with him. Father McDonell appealed to the wife of the proprietor, but she positively refused to open the door; thereupon he gave one kick to the door which sent it flying off the hinges, when the men, both wounded and well, got all the liquor that was good for them.

In 1819 Father McDonell became Vicar Apostolic of the newly created district of Upper Canada, and in 1826 Bishop of Kingston. He died in 1840 at Dumfries, Scotland, whilst on a visit to Britain in connection with his immigration projects.

The evicted crofters who were brought to Canada through the exertions of Father McDonell and settled in the County of Glengarry prospered, and in quite a short time were in better circumstances than they could ever expect to be in their Highland homes, although they left those homes with regret and their departure was sad.

The following letter written by a gentleman on a visit to Canada, to a friend at home will, I feel sure, make interesting reading:

“Chambly, Canada,
26th December, 1814.

“My Dear Sir:—

“Having just returned from a visit of a month to the new County of Glengarry, I cannot help endeavoring to give you some account of it as well as of the present condition of many of our countrymen who were driven from their native land and who directed their course to America in search of better fortune.

“The county is a square of 24 miles, all of which and the greater part of the next county (Stormont) are occupied by Highlanders, containing at this moment from 1,100 to 1,200 families, two-thirds of them McDonalds. More able fellows of that name could be mustered there in twenty-four hours than

Keppoch and Glengarry could have done at any time in the Mother Country.

"You might travel over the whole of the county and by far the greater part of Stormont without hearing a word spoken but the good Gaelic. Every family, even of the lowest order, has a landed property of 200 acres, the average value of which in its present state of cultivation with the cattle, &c., upon it may be estimated at from £800 to £1,000. However poor the family (but indeed there are none to be called so) they kill a bullock for winter consumption, the farm or estate supplies them with abundance of butter, cheese, &c., &c. Their houses are small but comfortable, having a ground floor and garret with a regular chimney and glass windows.

"The appearance of the people is at all times respectable, but I was delighted at seeing them at church on Sundays, the men clothed in good English cloth and many of the women wore the Highland plaid.

"The chief object of my visit to Glengarry was to see an acquaintance, Father Alexander McDonell, a priest who has been resident in this country ten years. A more worthy man is not in Canada; he is the mainstay of the Highlanders here; they apply to him for redress in all their grievances, and an able and willing advocate they find him. He is well known from the poorest man to the Governor, and highly respected by all. Were he ambitious of enriching himself he might ere now be possessed of immense property; but this appears not to be his object; his whole attention is devoted to the good of the settlement, and the great and numerous services which he has done cannot be calculated.

"The good conduct of the Glengarry Light Infantry as well as the militia regiments of the county has been so frequently noticed and thanked in public orders that it is unnecessary for me to say anything in their praise. They have on every occasion, when placed before the enemy, supported the character of the Highlanders."

The Scottish Highlanders at present are having their full share in the terrible war, and as usual maintaining their high reputation as fighters and loyal subjects; no plots nor other intrigues with Germans to be found amongst them, but as they always have been are loyal to the Crown. During the days of the "Great Marquis" of Montrose, and of "Bonnie Dundee," and later during the troublous times of 1715 and 1745, when their opponents were wont to call them "rebels", they were truly loyal to their King and Country while those who called them such names were in reality the rebels, some of whom were in receipt

of enormous bribes from the revolutionists, like the perfidious Duke of Argyll, who sold his lawful King Charles the First to the butcher Cromwell for £400,000. Like so many other tyrants, there are none today who claim kindred with Cromwell, his name is detested by millions, and there are none to do honor to his memory. How different the case of the Royal Stewarts; King George the Fifth being twelfth in direct lineal descent from Mary Queen of Scots, and every Court of Europe, with one or two exceptions, is well leavened with the blood of that chivalrous line.

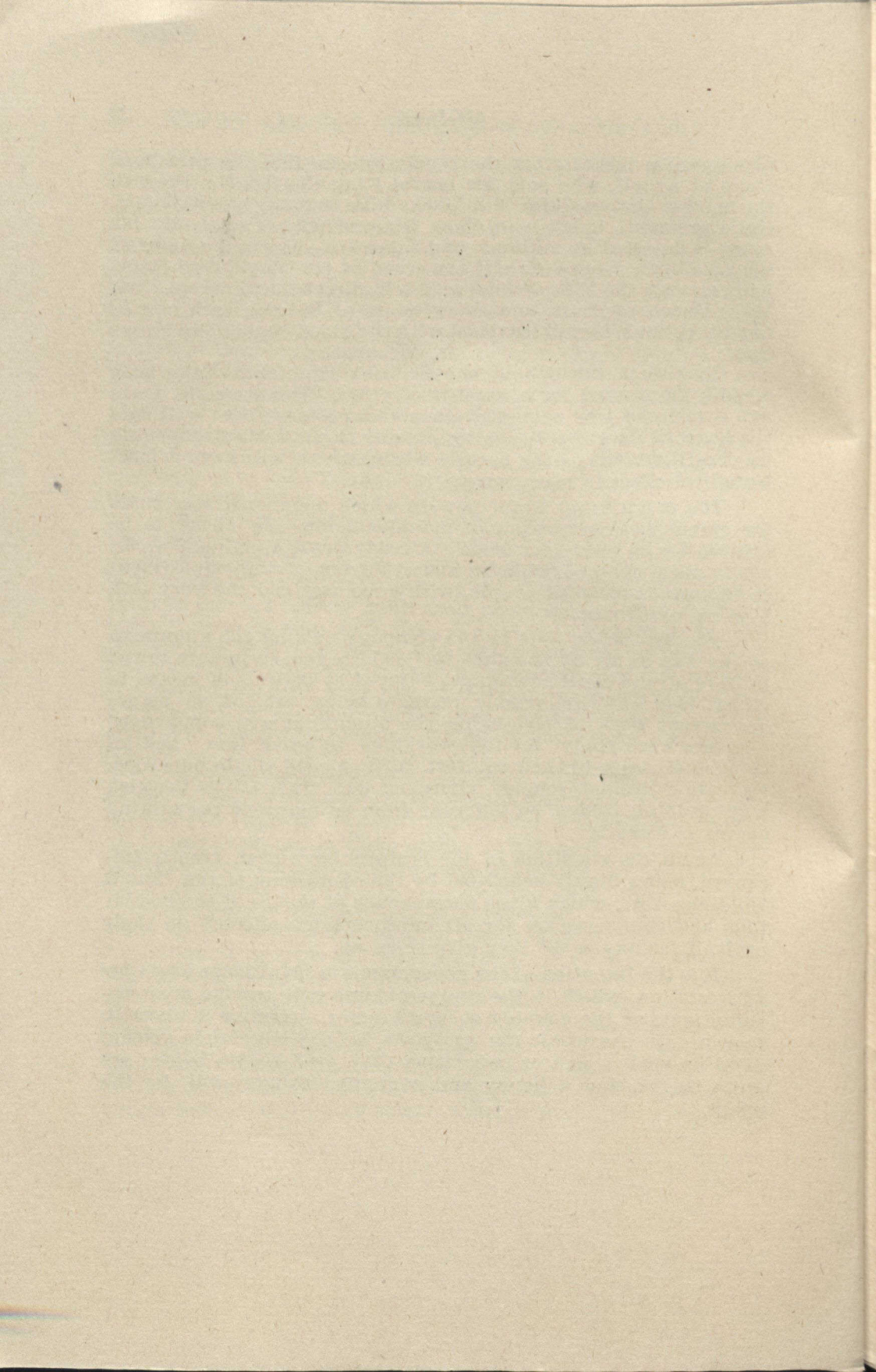
Conditions throughout the Scottish Highlands have been steadily improving for a number of years. Twenty-eight years ago a railroad was extended along the western coast well into the heart of the rugged country, passing through Morar, opening up the Highlands to the outside world, which will have a most beneficial effect in many ways.

The magnificent water powers which open such possibilities for extensive development of manufacturing are about to be utilized on an enormous scale. Already great aluminum works are in operation at Lochleven and at Foyers, giving employment to thousands of work people, with good pay and the very best housing conditions.

The first work done by the company owning the aluminum works was to lay off the sites for modern and up-to-date towns to have all the usual advantages enjoyed by persons of means in cities; neat and comfortable cottages being erected, so before any actual work of reclaiming the aluminum was commenced quarters were ready for the workmen to enter into, and all things necessary to their comfort, such as good wholesome food, recreation ground, schools, churches, &c. This is the Scottish way of doing things, so different from so many of the mining camps in Canada.

Again the condition of the crofters have been greatly improved, being highly benefitted by the operations of the "Small Holdings Act", which gives permanence of tenure of their holdings and compensation for all improvements effected on their croft, if for any cause they give them up.

It is the intention of the government to plant large areas for afforestation, which in the course of time will provide great results, making the country so much more attractive a place to live in. On the whole the prospects for the Highlands getting filled up with a greater population than ever known before are quite bright, and a happy and contented country will be the result.



APPENDIX

GENEALOGICAL HISTORY OF GRAND MIRA PARISH

BY REV. D. J. RANKIN, P. P.

McDONALD (DONALD RANOLD).

Donald McDonald came to Grand Mira from South River, Antigonish, where his father, Ranold McDonald, lived, in the year 1840 and settled on a farm formerly occupied by _____ Gilis. He was married to Mary Gillis of Grand Mira, daughter of Angus Gillis (Red). He was born in South River but his father was born in Scotland, being one of the first to arrive in that part of Antigonish from Scotland. He had brothers John and Michael, who with their father moved over to East Point, P. E. I., where the old man died and where their descendants still live. James, a son of Ranold, went over to Margaree where he lived and died; but none of his family live there at present. Elizabeth, daughter of Ranold McDonald, was married to Angus McDonald of Broad Cove. Besides Elizabeth there were seven other daughters of Ranold McDonald and sisters of Donald McDonald all of whom, except Catherine, who was married to John McDonald at Country Harbor, Guysboro County, moved over to P. E. I. with thier father. They were all married, excepting Mary, the eldest, and Teresa, the youngest. All the McDonald family, excepting Donald's who are living at Grand Mira and Sydney; and Elizabeth's family, who are living at Broad Cove; and James' family, who are mostly in the United States, are in P. E. I.

Donald McDonald returned to Antgonish and remained there four years where the youngest, Margaret, was born. He brought his whole family, consisting of six, in a small boat which he built himself and brought them back again in the same boat. The boat was 15 feet in length in keel and had two sails. On coming to St. Peters, there being no canal at the time, they hauled her overland. He died at Grand Mira about 19 years ago. He had sons, John, still living at Lewis Bay West; Angus in Sydney, and Augustine, who died 7 years ago. And had daughters, Mary, married to Allan Gillis, who lived at Lewis Bay West, but after the death of her husband in January, 1914, moved to Sydney with her daughters where she still lives; Jane, married to Rory Black of Salmon River; Christy and Margaret both dead. John

(son of Donald Ranold) was married to Ann Gillis of Upper Grand Mira and has a family of two sons and two daughters. Angus McDonald (son of Donald Ranold) is married to Teresa Gillis of Upper Grand Mira. He has a family of four boys—Martin in Boston Mass., married to Mary Margaret Gillis of Grand Mira; Joe, Stephen and Vincent in Sydney. The daughters are Katherine, married to Harry Farmer of Sydney; Mary and Margaret Ann, also in Sydney.

GILLIS (ALEXANDER ANGUS RED).

Angus Gillis (Red) came to Grand Mira from Morar, Scotland, in 1826. He was the only member of his family who came to Grand Mira. He was married in Scotland to Margaret Gillis and had a son Alexander Gillis, and daughters,—Margaret, married to Donald McAdam of East Bay; Mary, married to Donald McDonald of Grand Mira; Flora, married to Alexander Cameron of Christmas Island; Christy and Sarah (unmarried).

Alexander Gillis (son of Angus Red) was married to Margaret McAskill of East Bay, and had a family of six sons and seven daughters. His sons were:—Donald, still living, married to Catherine Gillis of Grand Mira, with issue; Ranold at Whitney Pier, married to Mary Ann Gillis of Grand Mira; Martin, at Whitney Pier, married to Margaret McMullin of Grand Mira; Alex. at Grand Mira, married to Margaret Gillis of Grand Mira; Mary, unmarried, at Grand Mira.

John (son of Alexander), who died February, 1914, was married first to Elizabeth McMullin of Upper Grand Mira, with issue; Alex. at Grand Mira, married to Agnes Gillis; Margaret Ann, at Sydney, married to John Gurney; Sarah Jane and John Joseph at Grand Mira. He was married the second time to Eunice, widow of Neil McEachern, of Grand Mira. Alexander (son of Alexander) is married to Margaret Ann McDonald of Salmon River, with issue, Mary Ann, Margaret, Rose and James Andrew, all at Grand Mira. The other sons of Alexander Gillis were:—Ranold, who died in Maine two years ago; Angus, who died at Grand Mira many years ago; Rory, who left Grand Mira when quite young. (It is not known if he is living). The daughters of Alexander Gillis were:—Mary, who died at Grand Mira about 12 years ago; Isabell, married to Donald McEachern of Grand Mira; Ann, married to Ranold Gillis of Grand Mira; Katherine, married to James McGorlic of Halifax; Teresa, married to Angus McLellan at Deepdale, Inverness County; Christy (unmarried) at Grand Mira, and Margaret (unmarried) in Augusta, Maine.

McARTHURS.

Alexander, Donald and Colin McArthur came to Upper Grand Mira about 1828, having settled previously at East Bay. Alexander McArthur was married to Margaret Walker and had sons, John (merchant), at Upper Grand Mira, married to Sarah McIsaac of Belfry; John (Ban) at Victoria Bridge, married to Ann Campbell of Upper Grand Mira; Dougald, at Upper Grand Mira, married to Sarah McKinnon of Framboise; Michael, at Upper Grand Mira, married to Agnes Black of Grand Mira North; Alex (unmarried) at Upper Grand Mira. The daughters of Alexander McArthur are:—Catherine, married to John Curry, Upper Grand Mira; Effie, married to Neil Campbell, Upper Grand Mira; Mary, married to Archie McEachern, Upper Grand Mira; Catherine, married to Mr. Hooper, Halifax; Bella, married to Dan J. McKinnon, Framboise.

Donald McArthur was married to Ann McMullin and had sons, John, married to Mary McKinnon, Framboise; Lauchlin, married to Mary Gurney, Forchu; Donald at Sydney, married to Jane Gillis of Grand Mira; Peter at Grand Mira, and one daughter, Mary, who is on the old homestead.

Colin McArthur died unmarried.

McDOUGALL.

James McDougall came to Grand Mira in 1826 and was married to Mary Gillis. He had sons, John, who married Mary Gillis, and who died September, 1905, at the age of 92 years; Donald, who was married to Catherine McDonald, is still living at East Bay with his daughter, Mrs. McPhee; Ranold, who was married to Catherine Gillis, died many years ago; Andrew, married to Isabell Gillis, both are living at Grand Mira. James McDougall was a good mathematician. He served mass and taught catechism on every Sunday during the time that Rev. Neil McLeod attended Grand Mira mission from East Bay. The records of the parish were kept by him, and it is interesting to note how neatly they were written. Quite a large number of his descendants are in the parish today. A great-grandson, James McDonald, lives in North Sydney, and a grand-daughter, Mrs. Allen McDonald, lives in Sydney. Another grandson, Angus McDougall, son of John, lives in Sydney.

James McDougall had daughters, Catherine, Flora, Ann. Catherine was married to John McKay of St. Peters. Flora was married to John McInnis of Grand Mira. Ann was married to Donald McIsaac of Belfry. Mary was married to John Quible of the mines.

John McDougall (son of James) was married (as stated

elsewhere) to Mary Gillis and had issue, John, Donald, Duncan, Angus, Margaret, Ann, Mary and Catherine.

Donald McDougall (son of James) was married to Catherine Gillis and had issue, Donald, who died when young; John, who died a few years ago; Mary, who is married to Joe McMullin of East Bay; Flora, who is married to Alex. McPhee of East Bay; Catherine in Montreal.

Andrew McDougall (son of James) is married to Isabell Gillis with issue, Joe, at Grand Mira, married to Jessie Gillis of St. Peters; Mary, married to John A. Curry of Upper Grand Mira; Catherine, in New Hampshire, U. S. A., married to Angus Curry of Upper Grand Mira; Maggie at Grand Mira North.

Ranold McDougall (son of James) was married to Catherine Gillis. Living issue are Donald, married to Catherine Gillis at Grand Mira North, and Mary Ann, married to a Mr. McDonald at Sydney.

John McDougall (son of John and grandson of James) was married to Ann McDonald of Salmon River, and had issue, James, at North Sydney, married to Annie Guthro; Joseph, at Grand Mira, married to Bella Gillis; John Allen, at Grand Mira, married to Mary Agnes Gillis; Stephen, now out in the western provinces of Canada. The daughters are, Maria, married to John R. Campbell of Upper Grand Mira; Annie Belle, married to Alex. Curry of Upper Grand Mira; Flora, married to Simon Gillis, Grand Mira; Lizzie Ann, married to John A. Thomas, North Shores; Agnes, married in Sydney to Joe McMullin, and Mary, in Boston, Mass.

Duncan McDougall (son of John and grandson of James) is married to Christy Gillis of Grand Mira North, and has sons, Vincent, Michael and Frank, and daughters Lucy and Annie.

Donald McDougall (son of John and grandson of James) was married to Margaret McDonald of East Bay. They lived first at Grand Mira North and afterwards moved to Sydney. They had a large family, but only one daughter, Margaret Ann, is living, in the United States.

Ann (daughter of John and granddaughter of James) was married to Rory Black of Grand Mira North. (First wife).

Mary (daughter of John) is married to Allen McDonald, formerly of French Road, now living at Sydney.

Catherine (daughter of John) is married to Ranold Gillis of East Bay.

About twenty-five years ago another McDougall family, Lauchlin McDougall (Red), moved over from Broad Cove Marsh, Inverness County, to Grand Mira North. He was married to Mary McLellan of Broad Cove, (whose mother was a McGillvary

from the Gulf Shore, Antigonish County). She is still living with her sons at Grand Mira, while her husband died twenty years ago. Two sons, Angus and Duncan, live at Grand Mira; and three daughters, Mrs. John D. Gillis, Lewis Bay West; Mrs. Andrew Gillis, Lewis Bay West, and Mrs. Peter Gillis, Grand Mira North, are living in the parish.

McLELLAN.

One family of McLellans, Donald McLellan (blacksmith), moved from Broad Cove Banks, Inverness County, to Grand Mira about forty years ago. Donald McLellan was married to Mary McIsaac, of Broad Cove, and had sons, (1) Angus, living in Berkeley, California, U. S. A., he lived in Sydney many years ago and carried on carriage work; (2) John, who died many years ago; (3) Frank, out west; (4) Vincent, who is at present in New Waterford, and (5) Donald, the only one of the family who resided permanently at Grand Mira, who was married to Ann Gillis. One of his sons, Angus, lives on the old homestead. The daughters of Donald McLellan (blacksmith) are, Catherine, who was married to the late Lauchlin Gillis; Ann, married to Alexander McDonald of Salmon River, and Mary, who was married to Hugh Gillis, now living at Sydney. Vincent collected the songs composed by his father, who had courted the muse of poetry in a considerable extent. He composed in Gaelic. Some of them give evidence of the composer having a good knowledge of Gaelic poetry and of his having one, at least, of the qualities of a poet—imagination of a vivid kind. It is not surprising that the quiet and gentle beauty of the Mira should be the place of residence of two of the best songsters of the Scot in the New World. Angus Campbell seemed to have been one of the sweetest singers that Gaelic poetry could ever claim. He was a musician himself and it only required an effort of little out of the ordinary to move him to set his lyre in order and the result was an overflow of rhyme, rhyming easily and jingling merrily, full of light and care-repelling humor. There is hardly a trace of satire or ill-humor in any of his songs. Unfortunately, his songs are not yet in book form nor even published, and we seldom meet anyone, even in the place where he lived, who knows more than a few of his songs. He was at his best when he interpreted the feelings of one of the lower animals, such as a cow or a horse or the bear, who used to prowl around the sheep pens by night and steal the fattest ewe for his supper. It would seem that he could compose the most cutting satire, if he wished, but there are but few, perhaps only one, such attempts preserved in the memory of the people at this date. He was asked one time whether he thought

the gift of song was brought over from Scotland to America. He answered, "Certainly it exists here in America, but there is no one who appreciates a good poem in America. In Scotland the bard received a sovereign or even a guinea for an ordinary song, and then he could afford to forget even the ordinary cares of life while he was composing a much better one." A genius lives on sympathy, let it be but the sympathy of a few if it be deep and constant. Macaulay says of Johnson that when every other sympathy was withdrawn from him he went to his humble quarters on Fleet Street and lived for days with his servants, who knew how to sympathize with him. Both Campbell and McLellan were much admired and the people of the place speak kindly of them. With the Celtic revival so much in vogue it should not be a difficult matter to get out in book form the songs of these two bards. In book form they would live for a while, at least; but we have on occasions to travel miles in order to get a complete song of Angus Campbell's.

McPHEES.

Archie McPhee came to Grand Mira, about 55 years ago, from North Side East Bay. He was married to Mary McDonald and had sons, Hugh, died two years ago at North Side East Bay; John, died unmarried. The daughters were Mary, married in Boston to Nelson Howard, and died in Glace Bay, whither she had come after the death of her husband; Catherine died in Sydney a few years ago; Ann, married to Joseph McKinnon at East Bay, and died in Boston, where she had gone to visit two sons who carried on business there but the remains were interred at East Bay cemetery. Three others died young.

Archie McPhee was the second time married to Catherine McInnis and had sons, from the second marriage, Michael, at New Waterford, and Angus, at Grand Mira. The daughters were, Ann, married to Henry Thomas and died last year; Sarah, married to Robert Thomas of North Shore, who is also dead; Margaret, who died young; Elizabeth, at Grand Mira, and Mary, living in Sydney. The above Archie McPhee died at Grand Mira about 44 years ago, and his second wife died in 1901.

McINNIS.

The McInnis came from what was called the Gulf Shore, Antigonish County, to Grand Mira. The first was Angus McInnis, married to Mary Campbell, and had sons, Donald, who was married to Mary Campbell of North Side East Bay, with issue four sons living and one daughter, Mrs. John Porrier; John, mar-

ried first to Flora McDougall, and had sons, Donald, in Sydney, married to Catherine McDonald, and has a family of seven, all living in Sydney excepting Mrs. Joe Gillis, Grand Mira; John, married to Margaret Gillis of East Bay, she is married again to Alex. McDonald, now living at Glace Bay. John McInnis and Margaret Gillis had sons, Angus, married in Sydney, and Joe, out west. Angus, son of John McInnis, was drowned at sea. The daughters of John McInnis were Mary, living at Grand Mira; Margaret, died in Boston; Ann, who was married in Boston and died there; Mary Ann, married in Halifax to a Mr. Ingram. John McInnis was married the second time to Teresa McAskill and had one son, James, who is living at Grand Mira.

Andrew McInnis, brother of Donald and John McInnis, was married first to Elizabeth McKinnon of Grand Mira, and had sons, Angus, John, Joe and Hugh, all in the United States. The daughters were Elizabeth, married to Dan McDonald of Sydney; Mary was married in Boston; Mary Ann also married in Boston and is dead. Andrew McInnis was married the second time to Catherine Gillis and both are dead. There was no issue to the second marriage.

McCORMICKS.

Angus McCormick and Malcolm McCormick were the pioneers of that name. Malcolm took smallpox just as the vessel which was to take the McCormicks and McPhees out to America was ready to embark. He came out ten years afterwards and was then married to Mary Gillis, who died five years ago at Grand Mira. Malcolm McCormick had no family, he lived at French Road, where he died many years ago.

Angus McCormick was married to Mary McPhee and had sons, Angus, at Grand Mira (Lewis Bay West), married to Catherine McKinnon, a native of Margaree, Inverness County; John, living at French Road, married to Catherine McLean, who is dead; Donald, living at French Road, married first to Margaret McLean and the second time to Mary McLeod. John (og), married to Catherine McDonald and living at French Road; Joseph, Stephen, died in New York some years ago. He lived there for many years and carried on very successfully a real estate business. He left a widow and three of a family.

The daughters of Angus McCormick were Ann, married to Alexander Curry; Jane, married to John Black, and Mary, who died of paralysis when about 20 years of age. John McCormick (Angus' son) had two sons, Angus and Joe Vincent, both living out west. The daughters are Mrs. McDougall, Whitey Pier;

Maria, married to James Gillis, living in Sydney, and Mary Ann, living in Halifax and married to a Mr. McLean.

Donald McCormick (Angus' son) had three sons of the first marriage, Allan, married to Rachael McDonald of French Road, (they live at Bridgeport); Stephen and John Edward in Sydney. His daughters are Catherine, married to Murdock McPhee, formerly of French Road. They live at Glace Bay. Ann, married to Malcolm McMillan at Bridgeport, and Mary Ann at home.

Joseph McCormick (Angus' son) had three sons and three daughters. One daughter, Christy, is married to Dan McIsaac. They live in Sydney. The other daughters, Mary and Johanna, are in Boston. Angus, the architect, made a correspondence course in all the subjects useful to a mechanic, and spent a year, after taking his diploma, at St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish. He is a striking example of a young man who uses every moment of spare time in self-improving. The other sons of Joseph McCormick are John and Stephen at home.

Angus McCormick lives at Lewis Bay West, Grand Mira, with his wife, who is still living, and a daughter, Mary, who married Angus McKinnon (Captain). They have a family of five boys and one girl. One of their boys, John Joe McKinnon, is teaching school in his native section, Lewis Bay West.

John McCormick (og) has two daughters, Agnes, who was married first to Angus McIntyre of Bridgeport. She had one daughter, who lives with her. She was married a second time to Archie McLeod of Sydney, who was also married to Helen Tobin, and had one boy, whom, when he was dying, he left to the care of his second wife. This little boy is now living at Grand Mira. She is married a third time to Donald McIntyre of French Road, who was also married before to Sarah McPherson of Broad Cove, Inverness County. The other daughter of John McCormick, Mary Ann, is married to John McDonald of Upper Grand Mira, they live at Whitney Pier, C. B. The sons are Angus, Donald, Stephen, Alexander and Malcolm, all at home.

Another of the McCormicks went to Ireland at the same time that his brothers came to America. Catherine, a sister, remained in Scotland, was married and had six sons, but the name of her husband cannot be ascertained now. While the brothers lived she used to write to them. Margaret McCormick, an aunt of Angus and Malcolm, also came out to America. Since Malcolm, being ill with smallpox and unable to travel, had his passage paid, it was decided that she take his place. She was never married but lived with her brothers. This was the only family of McCormicks who came to Grand Mira, but they have contribut-

ed considerably to the wellbeing of the parish. Four of Angus' sons and two daughters remained in the place and made very comfortable homes for themselves. Angus went out to Caledonia to clear away the forests and make a home. He tells how the first winter, he had to build a log house, and how, when the time for digging his potatoes came around, he feared that the bear, which devoured quite a quantity of the potatoes of his neighbors, would come his way, too. He soon learned that bruin had been mortally wounded by a shot which was directed at him by one Donald McDougall. Men with the courage and energy of these pioneers are much needed in these days when the cry is loudly raised which places production side by side with patriotism.

McMILLAN.

In the year 1841 came to Upper Grand Mira Rory and John McMillan together with their sisters Ann and Flora. John McMillan is still living, he being 94 years old. Rory died April, 1915, at the age of 89 years. Ann McMillan, who was married to Alexander Curry, died three years ago; she was about 90 years old when she died. A brother of Angus McMillan, the father of this McMillan family, settled in Judique, his name being John, whose descendants are living there yet. One of John's daughters, Mary, was married to Hugh Walker, the father of Archie and the late Neil Walker, and Margaret, living in Sydney.

WALKERS.

Hugh and Alexander Walker were married, coming from South Uist, Scotland. The former, as stated elsewhere, to Mary McMillan and the latter to Mary McDonald.

Hugh had a family of sons, John, John (og), Archie, still living; Neil, died April, 1914; Donald, Rory. Two others, Peter and Angus, dying in infancy. The daughters were, Ann, died a few years ago (unmarried); Mary, second wife of Rory Curry, and Margaret, widow of the late Alexander Campbell, still living at the Shipyard, Sydney.

Alexander Walker had sons John and John (og), who were drowned about 1864 while fishing off Forchu; Dougald, who left home and was not heard from since many years; and had daughters, Margaret, married to Alexander McArthur; Catherine, married to Angus Campbell, the poet, and still living at Glace Bay; Mary, who was married to John Gillis, Victoria Bridge, died September, 1914, at the age of 89 years, and Ann, wife of James McDonald, still living at Upper Grand Mira.

APPENDIX

CAMPBELL.

James Campbell was married first to Ann McEachern. They were married on the way out to America at Tobair Mhoire (Mary's well). He had sons, Rory, Alexander, Hugh, John, who was drowned with the Walker boys off Forchu, and Donald, who died young, and one daughter, Margaret, married to John McMillan of East Bay, and still living in Sydney. James Campbell was married the second time to Effie, widow of Angus McDonald, and had sons, Neil, who died two years ago; John, still living at Upper Grand Mira, and Mary, married to Donald McMillan, and still living at Whitney Pier.

Donald Curry, the progenitor of all the Currys at Upper Grand Mira and Victoria Bridge, came out to America in 1833, and had sons, Donald (og), John (og), who died of plurisy at the age of 27, and Alexander.

Donald (og) Curry was married to Penny McCormick, whose people live at present at Belfry, and had sons, Rory, who died about six years ago; Hugh, who died last year; Alex., still living at Upper Grand Mira; Donald, who died young, and John, who carried on an extensive business in Halifax and some of whose family are still living there. The daughters were Mary, who was married to Angus McKinnon of Framboise, died five years ago, and Sarah, married to Rory Campbell, mother of D. R. Campbell, of Campbell & Sutherland, Sydney. She is living in Sydney.

Alexander Curry, brother to the above, was married to Ann McMillan, and had issue John, still living at Upper Grand Mira; Allan, who lived at Halifax; Donald, who died young; Kate, who is also dead, and Mary, still living at Upper Grand Mira.

John Curry, brother of the above, was married to Sarah McKinnon, who is still living at Upper Grand Mira with her two sons, John and Donald (teacher). Mary, the only daughter of John Curry and Sarah McKinnon, is married to John Gillis (Martin). They live at Lewis Bay West, Grand Mira, and have a family of three boys and one girl, all living at home.

GILLIS (DUNCAN MARTIN).

Duncan Gillis (Martin) with a large family came from Scotland direct to Grand Mira. He had a brother, Archie, at what is now called Ben Eoin, who had come to America several years before, and he had another brother James, whose descendants are at S. W. Margaree, Inverness County. (James himself never came to America).

Duncan Gillis had sons, Donald, who was married to Mary

McDonald when he came to this country and had several of a family born in Scotland, two of them, John and Alex, having died at the age of over 80 years, not long ago. The other sons of Duncan Gillis (Martin) were, James, John, Angus, Donald (og), Hugh, Archie, Alex, and Martin. Duncan Gillis was married the second time to Margaret McDonald, of South River, Antigonish County, and some of her relatives live at Beech Hill in the same county.

(1) Donald Gillis, son of Duncan Martin, had sons, besides Alex. and John, Archie at Caledonia; James, who died some years ago at Meadows Road; Duncan M., who represented Grand Mira district as municipal councillor for many years and who died July, 1914; Allen, who died in 1913, and Angus at North Sydney. The daughters were, Margaret, married to Angus Gillis; Mary, married to Ranold Gillis, and still living at Victoria Bridge; Catherine, married to the late Ranold McDougall of North Side, and is still living; Ann, married to the late Donald Gillis of Caledonia, and is still living; Isabell, married to Andrew McDougall, both she and her husband are still living at Grand Mira North.

(2) Angus Gillis (Duncan Martin) had sons, Ranold, the architect, who did quite an extensive business in woodwork in Sydney and at present at Canso with the 94th Regiment; Duncan, in partnership with him, died two or three years ago. He was married twice and had a large family. One of his daughters who was Sister St. Margaret of the Congregation de Notre Dame, died a few years ago at Montreal. The daughters of Angus Gillis were Mrs. Black, who died in Sydney a few years ago; Mrs. Alexander McDonald, still living in Sydney; Mrs. James Gillis, mother of Rev. J. A. M. Gillis, P. P., Mulgrave; Margaret and Flora, who died in Sydney.

(3) Alexander Gillis (Duncan Martin) had sons, Lauchlin, who died in Sydney a few years ago and whose widow and family are still there; John, who is living at Grand Mira; Ranold, who died at Grand Mira, and whose widow and son and daughter still live there. The daughters were Catherine, married to Donald Gillis, Grand Mira; Elizabeth, married to James C. McDonald, Salmon River; Margaret, married to Donald McLeod, formerly of North Shore, but at present at Louisburg; Ann, married to John McLeod, still living at Glace Bay, and Mary, unmarried, and living in Sydney.

(4) John Gillis (Duncan Martin) had sons, (a) Lauchlin, who died September, 1912, at Grand Mira. Lauchlin was married first to Mary McDonald of Salmon River, and had a family of two boys and two girls. He was married the second time to

Catherine McLellan and had a family of three sons and five daughters. His second wife is still living at Grand Mira with her son, Archie. (b) James, son of John Gillis (Duncan Martin), was married to Flora McDonald of Salmon River, and had a family of three sons and six daughters. (c) Alexander, a son of John Gillis (Duncan Martin), was married to Isabell McDougall. He died many years ago at Grand Mira North. He had a large family, the greater number of them are living in the parish. Donald Gillis, son of John, died when young. The daughters of John Gillis (Duncan Martin) were, Mary, married to the late Allan McDonald, Salmon River, and still living there; Catherine, married to Donald McDonald, a brother to Allan, (both are dead); Margaret, married to Duncan Gillis (tailor), they died at Glace Bay a few years ago; Ann, married to Donald McEachern of Grand Mira. They both died at Grand Mira many years ago.

(5) Donald Gillis (og) (Duncan Martin) was married to Ann McDonald of Salmon River, and had sons, Angus and Duncan, both married in Sydney; James, in Halifax; John and Martin at Grand Mira. The daughters are, Margaret, married to Donald McKinon, Framboise; Mary Ann, married to Angus Gillis in Sydney.

(6) Hugh Gillis (Duncan Martin) was married to Ann Gillis and had one son, Duncan, living in Sydney, married to a Coady. The daughters are, Mary, married to John J. Gillis, Grand Mira North; Margaret, who was married to Duncan L. McDougall of Grand Mira North, died a few years ago; James, married to Donald McArthur, and living in Sydney; Flora, married to Peter Kingsley, and living in Sydney.

Catherine, a daughter of Duncan Gillis (Martin) of the first marriage, was married to Rory Cameron, formerly of Grand Narrows, C. B. Many years ago they moved to Cheticamp, Inverness County, where their descendants still live. They had sons, James and Duncan, and several daughters.

(7) James Gillis (Duncan Martin) was married to Ann Cameron, sister of Rory Cameron above mentioned. They lived at North Side, East Bay. They had sons, John, Angus and Duncan. The daughters were, Mary and Catherine, unmarried; Margaret, married to Michael Bryden. James Gillis died at East Bay.

(8) Martin Gillis, son of Duncan Martin, lived at Upper Grand Mira, and was married to Catherine McAskill of East Bay, and had sons, John, living at Lewis Bay West, Grand Mira; Angus, died in Sydney; Hugh, a school teacher, also died in Sydney. (The families of both these are living in Sydney).

Duncan lived in Boston where he occupied the position of book-keeper many years and was married there and had a large family who are doing well. One of whom, I am told, is studying for the holy priesthood. Martin, living at Grand Mira. The daughters of Martin Gillis were, Ann, married to John McDonald, Lewis Bay West; Teresa, married to Angus McDonald, who with their family live in Sydney; Catherine, married to Andrew Mc-Innis, as stated elsewhere; Margaret and Isabelle are still living on the old homestead. Angus Gillis (Martin) was married to Margaret McNeil of Grand Narrows. She is still living in Sydney with her daughters, Agnes, Mary and Catherine.

(9) The 9th son to be mentioned by us of Duncan Gillis (Martin) was married in Halifax.

Perhaps there were not many families immigrated to any part of America who did more for the community into which they moved than Duncan Martin's. The six sons who remained in Grand Mira as well as the daughters brought up large families, and till lately their descendants were remaining in the parish. They cleared away the forests and their sons took up new tracts of land later on in their turn till they became a prosperous and contented people. Perhaps, if the younger people had the pride of family that the older had, one should still find them clearing away the forests, of which there is still a good deal, and making homes for themselves and keeping up the traditions of the good family name they bear. Peoples, like nations, will be contented and happy as long as they have the ambition to be leaders in some things that go towards making an excellent and morally good people or nation. After that decay sets in.