



# Report of the CGUS Nominating Committee



## Greetings to the Clan Grant Family:

The nomination and election process of Clan Grant-US is underway. As chair of the Nominating Committee, I would like to fill you in on the details so that you will understand what we are doing to help find and support excellent leadership for Clan Grant.

In order to adhere to the CGUS Bylaws, the following offices are up for election this year: President, Treasurer and 2 Members-at-Large.

The newly elected officers will begin their service at the Annual General Meeting of Clan Grant-US. This year's AGM will be held on October 17, 2020 at the Stone Mountain Highland Games, just outside of At-

lanta, Georgia.

Our timeline is as follows: \* Three months prior to the AGM (July 17, 2020) – Nominating Committee reports its slate of nominees to the Secretary.

\* 75 days prior to the AGM (August 3, 2020) - Nominees from the general membership must be submitted to the Secretary. (Any five Active Members may submit a nomination for any elective office. Such nominations shall be transmitted to the Secretary, in writing, not later than 75 days prior to the AGM. All nominations must show the consent of the nominee.)

\* 60 days prior to the AGM (August 18, 2020)

*Continued on page 4*



**The Clan Grant Society - USA is a member of  
The Council of Scottish Clans and Associations, Inc.**

The society shall publish a clan quarterly named *Craigellachie*. *Craigellachie* shall be used to promote the interests of the clan, the cultivation of a spirit of kin and fellowship and social intercourse amongst the society's members. Further, *Craigellachie* shall serve as the official publication of the society and shall be the primary vehicle for giving the members official notice of meetings, elections, Board and Officer actions.



# President's Message!

Happy Birthday, too, to all of you enjoying your special day during this spring and summer season!



Happy Birthday to all of you enjoying your special day during this summer season.

Now is a time in this nation, as well as worldwide, that we remember our families and our Clan members.

Sadly, I am hearing Scottish Games and Festivals are either being cancelled or being rescheduled for later in the season. As we social distance, those of us who have internet access can use this opportunity to review our web page: <https://www.clangrant-us.org>

If you have problems getting into the members only section, email Jeff Click: [jclick@msn.com](mailto:jclick@msn.com)

You can review all the issues of *Craigellachie* that have been published. I also recommend you visit the Clan Grant web page from the UK: <https://www.clangrant.org>

Take the time to contact your family members and friends, if for no other reason than just to check how they are doing. It is sad that many of us fail to ask our parents about their lives until it is too late. How did mom and dad meet? What funny things do they remember about their lives? When and why did they join the Clan Grant Society-USA?

The following is dedicated to our editor, Beth Gay Freeman. (Wow, Doc! Thank you! Tom and I both **LOVE** puns.)

1. Ratio of an igloo's circumference to its diameter = Eskimo Pi.
2. 2000 pounds of Chinese Soup = Won ton



3. 1 millionth of a mouthwash = 1 microscope
4. Time between slipping on a peel and smacking the pagement = 1 bananosecond
5. Weight an evangelist carries with God = 1 billigram
6. Time it takes to sail 220 yards at 1 nautical mile per hour = 1 Knotfurlong
7. 365.25 days of drinking low-calorie beer = 1 Lite year
8. 16.5 feet in the Twilight Zone = 1 Rod Serling

9. Half of a large intestine = 1 semicolon
10. 1,000,000 aches = 1 megahurtz
11. Basic unit of laryngitis = 1 hoarsepower
12. Shortest distance between two jokes = a straight line
13. 2000 mockingbirds = two kilomockingbirds
14. 1 kilogram of falling figs = 1 Fig Newton
15. 1000 cc's of wet socks = 1 literhosen
16. 8 nickels = 2 paradimes



*And, from Beth & Tom back to Doc: Where do cows go on a first date?*

*To the moooooooooooooovies.*

Be careful. Be safe. Be healthy!

All of you take care and remember your Clan is concerned about you.

Stand Fast

Dr. Bill Grant, Ph.D.

President Clan Grant Society-USA

**Remember, you don't just have a family, you have a Clan. Clan Grant!**



## Our Clan Chief



Sir James Srant of Srant,  
Lord Srathspay

## Tasty Masks



*Your editor's dear and old-time friend, Hal Thompson, sent along these maybe not so useful, but surely very tasty masks, for use mostly at the breakfast table!*

## LIVING IN AN RV

Clan Grant Veep and Webmaster, Jeff Click and his wife are living in their RV!

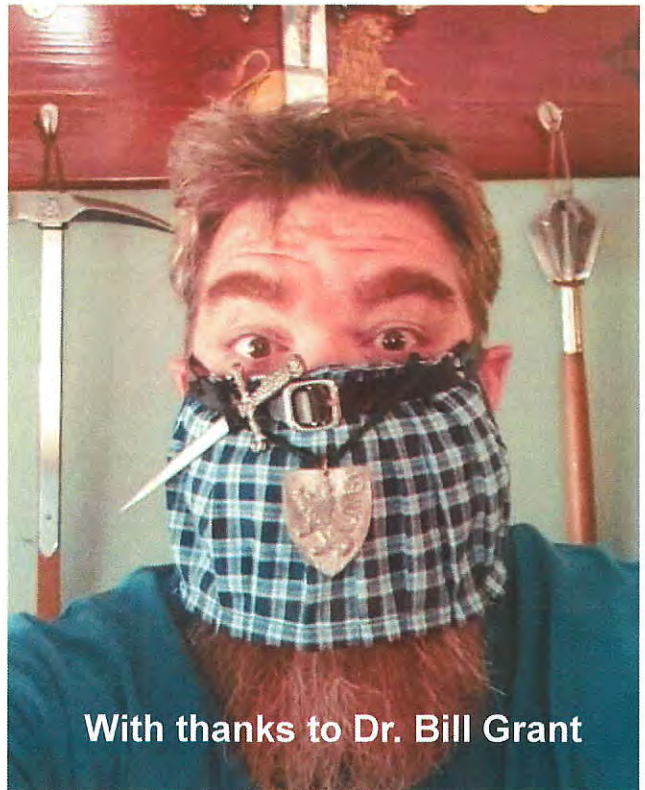
His forwarding address is:

7720 NE Hwy 99

Ste. D PMB 805

Vancouver, Washington 98665

Phones & Email are the same.



With thanks to Dr. Bill Grant



Schedule of Remaining  
Clan Grant  
Society - USA  
2020  
Board Meetings  
July  
& October

If you have any items you wish  
for the CGS Board to discuss,  
please contact a  
Board Member  
prior to the meeting.

**Nominating Committee**, *continued from page 1*

- Secretary must send a ballot to each CGUS member (either electronically or by regular mail with a return envelope).

\* 45 days prior to the AGM (September 2, 2020) - All completed ballots must be received by the Secretary.

\* 30 days prior to the AGM (September 17, 2020) - Results of the election are to be presented to the President.

\* 25 days prior to the AGM (September 22, 2020) - The President will notify the candidates of the results of the election.

After this election, the next election (which, according to the CGUS Bylaws, are to be held in even numbered years) will be scheduled for 2022.

I hope this article has helped to demonstrate to you how our leadership is selected. My hope is that many of you will desire to take an active part in working to advance the mission and goals of Clan Grant.

Remember: **IT IS GREAT TO BE A GRANT!**

Robert C. (Bob) Grant,

Chaplain Clan Grant Society – USA

2020 Nominating Committee Chair



## The Golden Telephone

*With thanks to Robert C. "Bob" Grant*

An American decided to write a book about famous churches around the world, so he bought a plane ticket and took a trip to Rome.

On his first day he was inside a church taking photographs when he noticed a golden telephone mounted on the wall with a sign that read \$10,000 per call. The American, being intrigued, asked a priest who was strolling by what the telephone was used for.

The priest replied that it was a direct line to heaven and that for \$10,000 you could talk to God.

The American thanked the priest and went along his way.

Next stop was in Moscow. There, at a very large cathedral, he saw the same golden telephone with the same sign under it. He wondered if this was the same kind of telephone he saw in Rome and he asked a nearby nun what its purpose was.

She told him that it was a direct line to heaven and that for \$10,000 he could talk to God.

'O.K., thank you,' said the American.

He then traveled to France, Israel, Germany and Brazil. In every church he saw the same golden telephone with a '\$10,000 per call' sign under it.

The American finally decided to travel to Scotland to see if the Scots had the same phone. He arrived in Grantown-on-Spey, and again, in the church there was the same golden telephone, but this time, the sign under it read '20p per call.'

*Continued on page 6*



## The Clan Grant Society UK

20<sup>th</sup> March 2020

Estate Office  
Monymusk  
Inverurie  
AB51 7HL

Dear Fellow Members and Visitors

As you know the world is trying to deal with a pandemic which inevitably will affect us all in different ways. Here in Scotland things are getting more serious, gatherings of more than 500 people at a time have been cancelled by the government and social isolation is being actively encouraged to slow the spread of the virus. No doubt similar restrictions are being implemented in your own countries.

With many countries now restricting movement both ways through their borders for the foreseeable future it is not realistic to go ahead with our planned International Gathering which we had hoped so much to hold this year.

Obviously, this is a huge disappointment for us all as we have been very much looking forward to this time. We thought it wisest to confirm our intention to cancel this year's event as early as possible so that you could adjust your plans accordingly and get in touch with your travel insurance companies etc. if you need to.

A lot of work and money has gone into the preparations so far and your committee members are doing what they can to sort out all the complicated unscrambling that has to be done. This means asking for you to be patient and wait until we have any further useful information. As you can imagine, the situation is extremely fluid at the moment and when things are clearer, we will be in touch again.

We will be posting this letter and any further information as it occurs, on both our websites at [www.clangrant.org](http://www.clangrant.org) and [www.clangrantvisitors.org](http://www.clangrantvisitors.org)

With best wishes from The Chief and the Gathering Committee,

Fiona Grant  
Chairman  
Clan Grant Society UK



# The Legacy of Ludovic Grant

Clan Grant member Jerry A. Maddox

This is a non-fiction biography about Ludovic Grant, Gentleman, born near Fyvie Castle, Aberdeenshire Scotland, in 1688.

As a Jacobite warrior in 1715, he was captured along with one thousand five hundred Scottish Highlanders at Preston, England, and imprisoned at Chester Castle for six months.

His trial resulted in banishment to Charles Town, South Carolina in 1716.

After serving as an indentured servant for seven years, he became a licensed trader with the Cherokee Indians in Tennessee and married a full-blood Cherokee woman.

His letters to Governor Glenn of South Carolina from 1751-1756, preserved in the

South Carolina Archives, served to alert colonial authorities of affairs in the Cherokee Nation and French aggression in the colonies.

As the ancestor of thousands of mixed-blood Cherokees, his legacy has continued to this day throughout the Cherokee Nation and America. Through his marriage and marriages of his three mixed-blood granddaughters in English and Scottish colonists, his legacy has resulted in heritage to those who trace their roots to a man who left his country for a new life in America

three hundred years ago.

The Legacy of Ludovic Grant is available from Author House ([www.authorhouse.com](http://www.authorhouse.com)). Hardcover, \$28.99 and softcover \$18.99. CALL 1-888-280-7715 for further information.



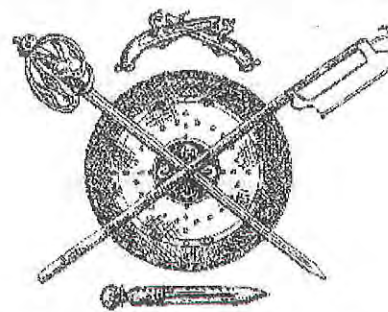
---

**The Golden Telephone**, *continued from page 4*



The American was surprised so he asked the priest about the sign. 'Reverend, I've traveled all over the world and I've seen this same golden telephone in many churches. I'm told that it is a direct line to Heaven, but everywhere I went, the price was \$10,000 per call. Why is it so cheap here?'

The priest smiled and answered, 'You're in Grantown-on-Spey now Lad, - it's only a local call'.



Jerry A. Maddox has written, in addition to *The Legacy of Ludovic Grant: Caradoc Against the Saxons; Lucy and the Governor; The Beginning of American Independence; and From Salacoa to Tahlequah and Song of the Ogeechee: A Story of the Old South*. He lives in Atlanta, Georgia.



# An important read for all Grants!

## *Memoirs of a Highland Lady*

The Autobiography of Elizabeth Grant of  
Rothiemurchus  
afterwards Mrs Smith of Baltiboy's 1797-1830

The Highland lady was a clanswoman of the Rothiemurchus Grants, and is therefore of special interest to American readers, since it was from that same branch of the ancient Scottish family that Gen. Ulysses S. Grant claimed descent.

You will find in the next pages almost the entire first chapter of this most fascinating story.

There are twenty-two chapters in all. They are FREE at:



<https://www.electricscotland.com/history/highlandlady/index.htm>

With many thanks to Alastair McIntyre and [electricscotland.com](http://www.electricscotland.com).



## It really pays to be very, very careful!

I went to the liquor store yesterday on my bicycle, bought a fifth of Glenmorangie and put it in the bicycle basket.

As I was about to leave, I thought to myself that if I fell off the bicycle, the bottle would break.

So I drank all the scotch before I cycled home.

Turned out to be a very good decision, because I fell off my bicycle seven times before I got to my house.

Again, many thanks to friend, Hal Thompson!



# *Memoirs of a Highland Lady*

Chapter I. 1797-1803 With thanks to electricscotland.com

---

*The Autobiography of Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus  
afterwards Mrs Smith of Baltiboys 1797-1830*

---

*The Highland lady was a clanswoman of the Rothiemurchus Grants, and is therefore of special interest to American readers, since it was from that same branch of the ancient Scottish family that Gen. Ulysses S. Grant claimed descent.*

I was born on the 7th of May 1797, of a Sunday evening, at No. 6 (north side) of Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, in my father's own lately built house, and I am the eldest of the five children he and my mother reared to maturity.

My parents had married young; my father wanted a few weeks of twenty-two and my mother a very few of twenty-one when they went together for better or worse. My poor mother!

They were married on the 2nd of August 1796, in the church of the little village of Houghton-le-Spring, in the county of Durham. I have no genealogical tree of either family at hand, so not liking to trust to memory in particulars of this nature, I must be content with stating that my father was descended not very remotely from the Chief of the Clan Grant, and that these cadets of that great house having been provided for handsomely in the way of property, and having also been generally men of abilities in their rude times, had connected themselves well in marriage, and held rather a high position among the lesser barons of their wild country.

My mother was also of ancient birth, the Ironsides having held their small estate near Houghton-le-Spring from the times of our early Norman kings, the cross they wear for arms having been won in the holy wars; the tradition in the family indeed carried back their origin to the Saxon era to which their name belongs, and it may be so, for Saxon remains abound in that part of England.

My parents met in Glasgow in their dancing days, and there formed an attachment which lasted to the very close of their long lives through many troubles, many checks, and many changes; but they did not marry immediately, my father at the period



The Author

of their first acquaintance not being exactly his own master. His childhood had been passed strangely without any fixed plan, and in various homes under widely different systems, but with the certain future of wealth and station if he lived. The beautiful plain of Rothiemurchus, with its lakes and rivers and forest and mountain glens, offered in those old days but a few cleared sunny patches fit for

*Continued on page 9*



tillage; black cattle were its staple products; its real wealth, its timber, was unthought of so that as its sons multiplied the laird of the period felt some difficulty in maintaining them; the result in the generation to which my grandfather, Dr William Grant, belonged, was that he with a younger brother, and a set of half-uncles much about their own age, were all shoved off about the world to scramble through it as they best could with little but their good blood to help them. The fortunes of this set of adventurers were various; some fared well, others worse, but all who survived returned to end their days where they began them, for no change of circumstances can change the heart of a Highlander; faithful to the impressions of his youth wherever he may have wandered, whatever may have befallen him, to his own hills he must return in his old age, if only to lay his bones beneath the heather; at least it was so in my grandfather's day, for he died at the Doune, [The name of the house on the Rothiemurchus estate.] still but the laird's brother, surrounded by his relations. He had prospered in his struggle for independence, beginning his medical studies at Aberdeen and pursuing them through several of the continental hospitals, remaining some time at Leyden and then fixing in London, where he got into good practice; turned author so successfully that one of his works, a treatise on fever, was translated into both French and German; and then married an heiress of the name of Raper of a very respectable and highly talented family.

They were for some years—twelve, I think—childless, then came my father, and four years afterwards his only sister, my aunt Mrs Frere, at whose birth her mother died. Good Mrs Sophy Williams, my father's attendant, *bonne* or nursery governess, soon removed with both her charges to their grandfather Raper's country-house at Twyford, near Bishop's Stortford, where they remained till his death. My aunt was then adopted by other Raper



relations, and my father went back to his father, who just at that time was retiring from his profession. In due course he accompanied the Doctor to Rothiemurchus, and on his death, which happened shortly and very suddenly, his uncle Rothie took entire charge of his heir. The summers were passed at Inverdrue, [A small house on the property.] the winters at Elgin, and a succession of tutors—queer men enough, by their pupil's account of them—were engaged to superintend the studies of this wilful boy and a whole host of cousins, who helped to spoil him. This plan not exactly answering, one country school after another was tried, and at last the High School of Edinburgh, where his time wore away till the period of college arrived. He was sent to Glasgow with the intention of being prepared for the bar; there he met my mother she was on a visit to her elder sister, Mrs Leitch, a very beautiful woman, the wife of one of the principal merchants of that eminently mercantile city.

My mother's education had been a very simple matter. She had grown up healthy and happy in her own village among a crowd of brothers and sisters, and cousins amounting to a multitude, learning the mere rudiments of knowledge from the village school-mistress, catching up stray bits of better things from the lessons of her brothers, and enjoying any chance gaiety that now and then wakened up the quiet but very sociable neighbourhood. My grandfather Ironside was a clergyman, rector of an adjoining parish, curate of his own, and with his little private income might have done more for his children had he not had so many of them, and been besides a man of rather expensively hospitable habits. My aunt Leitch's marriage opened the world to the family, and my mother's engagement to my father was the first result.

As I have mentioned, the marriage was deferred a while, and before it took place both the bride's father and the bridegroom's uncle died. My

*Continued on page 10*



**Memoirs of a Highland Lady**, *continued from page 9*

grandfather Ironside had been so long helplessly paralytic, that his death was really a release from a very pitiable existence. My uncle Rothie died suddenly in the full vigour of a green old age. He was found in his study, leaning back in his chair, a corpse, with his large Bible open before him. This event altered my father's position, it enabled him to marry when he liked, and it would have released him from his legal studies had he been inclined to give them up; but besides that he thought a knowledge of law necessary to the usefulness of a country gentleman, he really liked the profession; and the French Revolution, in the startling shake it had given to the aristocracy of all Europe while it was annihilating its own, had made it a fashion for all men to provide themselves with some means of earning a future livelihood, should the torrent of democracy reach to other lands. He therefore, during the year of mourning requisite on both sides, took a lodging in Edinburgh, where he gave a succession of bachelor entertainments, got through his law trials, and then, to make sure of the fidelity of his attachment, went over to Ireland with an Irish college friend, and made a gay tour through Cork, Limerick, and Wicklow before appearing at Houghton. My mother expected him, but she had not thought herself justified in formally announcing this; she had therefore to meet some frowns for having rejected noble and wealthy suitors, for the sake of him who was considered to have been trifling with her, and whom she must have loved for himself alone—for mind and manner only—as neither he nor she had any idea of the extent of his inheritance, and in person he was not handsome.

On their marriage my parents settled in Edinburgh, which was to be their home, and where my father had purchased one of the only three houses then finished in Charlotte Square. Here he was to pursue his profession, spending the summer vacations either on the beautiful Highland property, or in travels which were sometimes to

extend to the south of England, a pretty estate in Hertfordshire having fallen to him just at this time by the death of his uncle Raper.

The house at Thorley Hall was so small as to be inconvenient, but its furniture was valuable; a fine library, some good pictures, portfolios of prints, and all sorts of philosophical instruments formed part of it, all of which were removed to the Doune. The land was worth about £1200 a year. The rents of Rothiemurchus were small, not more than £800, but the timber was beginning to be marketable; three or four thousand a year could easily have been cut out of that extensive forest for ever, and hardly

have been missed. My grandfather Grant had left his son £10,000 in ready money, and my aunt Frere inherited her mother's fortune, so that life began well with these happy young people. To assist in the spending of what was then a fine income, there were numberless relations on both sides to bring gay spirits, a good deal of talent, a good deal of beauty, with healthy appetites to the hospitable board where they were so welcome. Bachelor friends, too, were not wanting, and as at that time gentlemen seldom reappeared in the drawing-room

after dinner, they made, as the wine merchant thought, excellent use of their freedom from ladies' society.

My memory, however, does not go back to these scenes, it is very indistinct as to all that happened before I was four years old. I remember nothing of Edinburgh but a certain waggon full of black sacks which represented coals, which I vainly attempted to pull or push up some steps in the garden, and which I think was taken from me for crying, so that its possession must have been very near my baby heart when the impression was so vivid. I have a dreamy recollection of beating a boy in a red jacket who was playing with me, and of shutting up another in some cupboard, while I vent about with his drum which he had refused me. My

*Continued on page 11*





**Memoirs of a Highland Lady**, *continued from page 10*

victims were my regular companions, the children of the houses on each side of us; the red jacket was the present Sir George Sinclair, agricultural Sir John's eldest son, and the drum boy was poor little Johnny Redfearn, who died at five years of age, to the abiding grief of his parents; he was the last survivor of their once well-filled nursery. Beyond this, I have no remembrance of Charlotte Square, which, considering that I was but three years and a half old when we left it for ever, is not surprising.

Of the Highlands, that dear home of all our young hearts, I have more perfect glimmerings. My father and mother had spent there the summer following my birth, and I fancy the winter also, and the next summer, at the end of which, in September, my brother William was born. I had been named Elizabeth after my two grandmothers and two aunts, one of each side, Mrs Leitch and Mrs Frere. William Patrick was called after both grandfathers, and my great-uncle Rothie, whom my father had immediately succeeded. He was christened by the Presbyterian parson, and nursed by my mother, so that perhaps that nursing winter was the one they all spent at the Doune, with my two aunts, Mrs Frere and Mrs Bourne, then Lissy Grant and Mary Ironside, for company.

It was when I was weaned there had come a tall randy kind of woman from Forres, a "Meg Merrilies," to take care of me; our much-loved Betty Glass in those days, Betty Campbell afterwards when she married the grieve. She had William from his birth, and to test the strength of the young heir, she gave him, before she washed him, a spoonful of gin in Highland fashion, which medicine he survived to my great sorrow; for spoiled as I had been, the darling of so many, I so much disliked the arrival of this brother near the throne, that I very early tried to make away with him. One day that I had been left alone in his room before his dressing time I seized his clothes, which had been all stitched together and laid upon the bed ready to

put on him, and carrying the bundle to the fire tried to throw it on the flaming peats, saying with all the spite of a baby not a year and a half old, "Dere! burn! nassy sing!" which exclamation brought in an aunt, horror-struck. But all this is hearsay. Of my own impressions I have a clear recollection of some West Indian seeds, pretty, red and shiny, with black spots on them, sweet-smelling beans, and a variety of small shells, all of which were kept in a lower drawer of a japanned dressing-table in my mother's room, for the purpose, it appeared to me, of my playing with them.

I recollect also the bookcases in my father's study, a set of steps by which he used to reach the upper shelves, and up which I used to climb in terror, not of a fall, but of being set in the corner as a punishment• fox-tail for dusting, and a dark place in the wall where the peats were kept, so that I think while my mother was taken up with her baby boy I must have been the companion of my father.

I remember building materials lying about, an old woman with a wooden leg warning me from some mischief, and a lady in a blue gown assisting me to play see-saw, she and I sitting on the ends of a plank laid across a trestle, and a clapping of hands around answering my laughter. I have also a painful remembrance of a very tearful parting from our dear Betty, who declined accompanying us when we left the Doune.

All these clearer visions of the past must relate to a summer spent in the Highlands after the birth of my sister Jane, which took place in Edinburgh in the month of June of the year 1800. I do not imagine we ever returned to Charlotte Square afterwards.

My mother nursed Jane herself, and Betty, unassisted, took charge of us all three. Our nursery at the Doune was the room at the head of the backstairs my mother afterwards took for her own; it

*Continued on page 12*





had two windows looking towards Inverdrue, a fire on the hearth, two wooden cribs made by Donald Maclean, a cot cradle, a press bed for Betty into which we all of us scrambled every morning, a creeper apiece for William and me, and a low table of suitable height on which our porridge was set in the mornings. I hated mine, and Betty used to strew brown sugar over it to make it more palatable. She washed us well, dressed us after a fashion, set us to look at pictures while she tidied the room, and then set off out of doors, where she kept us all day. We were a great deal in the fields with John Campbell the grieve, and we talked to everybody we met, and Betty sang to us and told us fairy tales, and made rush crowns for us, and kept us as happy as I wish all children were. I don't feel that I remember all these details, there is just an idea of some of them fixed by after-allusions.

In the winter of 1802, after a season of all blank, I wake up in a gloomy house in London in Bury Place; there were no aunts, no Betty, a cross nurse, Mrs Day, who took us to walk somewhere where there was gravel, and nothing and nobody to play with; the few objects round us new and disagreeable. William and Jane were kept in great order by Mrs Day. William she bullied. Jane she was fond of; everybody was fond of Jane, she was always so good; me she did not like, I was so self-willed. I therefore gave her very little of my company, but spent most of my time with Mrs Lynch, my mother's maid, an Englishwoman who had been with us some time, engaged in London soon after my mother's marriage when they first visited Thorley Hall. Mrs Lynch taught me to sew, for I was always very fond of my needle and my scissors too. I shaped and cut out and stitched up my doll's clothes from very early days. I used to read to her too, she was so good-natured! I fancy my aunts had taught me to read, though I do not remember this or them up to this date.

My books had gaudy paper backs, red, and

green, and all manner of colours, with dashes of gold dabbled on, in size vigesimo quartos, paper coarse, printing black, and the contents enchanting; *Puss in Boots, Riquet with the Tuft, Blue Beard, Cinderella, The Genii and the Fisherman*; and in a plain marble cover on finer paper, full of prints, a small history of Rome, where one print so shocked me—Tullia in her car riding over the body of her father—that I never would open that classic page again.

It is here in Bury Place that the first distinct notion of the appearance of my parents presents itself; I see my father in his study at a table writing; a little sallow man without any remarkable feature, his hair all drawn back over his head, powdered and tied in a queue with a great bow of black ribbon. He has on drab - coloured stocking pantaloons and little boots up to the knee, from the two-pointed front of which dangles a tassel. The last Duke of Gloucester wore the very dittoes, stocking pantaloons and all, when we saw him in the year 1832 at Cheltenham. Strange, as this figure rises before my mental eye, it is one which always produces recollections of happiness, for my father's voice was the herald of joy to us children, he was the king of all our romping plays, had always something agreeable to say, and even when too much



occupied to attend to us, would refuse our petitioning faces with a kindness and an air of truthful regret so sympathetic that he gave us nearly as much pleasure as if he could have assented. There was a charm in his manner I have never known any one of any age or station capable of resisting, and which my dear sister Mary inherited. My mother, though accounted such a handsome person, impresses my memory much less agreeably. A very small mouth, dark hair curling all over her head in a bush close to her eyes, white shapeless gowns, apparently bundled up near the chin without any waist visible, her form extended on the sofa, a book in her hands, and a resident nervous

*Continued on page 13*



headache which precluded her from enduring noise, is the early recollection that remains with me concerning her. She had probably been ill in Bury Place, which had contributed to make our residence there so melancholy.

The reason for our removal from Edinburgh to London was my father's having determined on giving up the Scotch for the English bar. Why, with his large fortune, and plenty to do both on his Highland and his Hertfordshire properties, he should have followed any profession but that of managing them, nobody could very well tell; but as his wish was to be a great lawyer, some of his dear friends, in whose way he stood in Edinburgh, easily persuaded him that his abilities were too superior to be frittered away in a mere provincial town, and that Westminster Hall was the only sphere for such talents—the road to St Stephen's!

the fit arena for display! I have often thought my poor mother's headaches had something to do with all these mistakes of her young, much-loved husband. She had certainly, as far as I remember, very little of his company, only just during dinner, and for the little while he sat to drink his wine afterwards. William and I always came to them at that time, and when my mother went up to the drawing-room to make the tea we two went on further to bed. Though so young, we were always sent upstairs by ourselves

to our nursery at the top of the house in the dark; that is, we had no candle, but a glimmering of light fell in rays on the windings of the crooked stairs from a lamp on some landing above. On the small gallery on the second floor, which we had to pass on our ascent to our attics, there stood a big hair trunk into which I had often seen Mrs Lynch dive for various necessaries required in her needlework. Poor William, who was kept in the nursery by Mrs Day, and who during his periodical descents and ascents seldom looked beyond his own two little feet, which he had some difficulty in placing and pulling up and down after him while she was tug-

ging him along by whichever unfortunate arm she happened to have hold of, had never noticed in the sunlight this object, which appearing large and dark in the gloomy evenings, and feeling rough to the touch, he took for a wild beast, the wolf, in fact, which had eaten Red Riding Hood. He began at first to shrink, and then to shudder, and then to stop, till soon I could not get him past the trunk at all. Our delay being noticed by Mrs Day, that enlightened person, on being informed of the cause, took upon herself to put an end to all such nonsense in a summary manner. She shook me out of the way, and well thumped poor William. The next night the terrors of the journey and his probable warm reception at the end of it so worked upon the poor child's mind that he became quite nervous long before his bedtime, and this sort of agony increased

so much in the course of a day or two that my father noticed it; but as we kept our secret faithfully our misery continued a little longer, till my father, certain there was something wrong, followed us as hand and hand we very slowly withdrew. He found William stifling his sobs and trembling in every limb some steps below the fatal landing, and I, with my arm round him, kissing him and trying to encourage him to proceed. My father called for lights, and without a word of anger or mockery showed his boy the true nature of this object

of dread. He was led gently to it, to look at it, feel it, sit on it, see it opened, not only then, but in the morning; and though we had still to go to bed by ourselves, the drawing-room door was henceforward left open till our little steps were heard no more.

About this time, that is, during the course of the two years which followed our arrival in London, various perceptions dawned on my young mind to which I can prefix no date, neither can I remember the order in which I learned them. My aunt Lissy became known to me. She had lived

*Continued on page 14*





aunt Lissy became known to me. She had lived generally with my father since his marriage; it was her home; but though she was the lady in the blue gown, I have no distinct idea of her before this, when she returned from some visit she had been paying and brought to Jane and me a pretty basket each. Mine went to bed with me, was settled at my feet that I might see it the first thing in the morning. I see it now, as plainly as then, an oval open basket of fine straw, not by any means small, and with a handle apparently tied on by two knots of blue ribbon.

In the summer of this year we must have gone to Tunbridge Wells, for I remember perfectly a house near the common there where we were allowed to run about all day, and where to our delight we found some heather which we greeted as an old friend. I recollect too a green paper on the walls of the room in which I slept covered all over with sprigs in a regular pattern, that it amused me extremely to wake up in the morning and fall a-counting. In the autumn we must have gone to Eastbourne, for I remember the seashore, splashing my feet into the cool green water in the little pools between the rocks, picking up seaweed, star-fish, and jelly blobs, and filling my dear basket with quantities of shells. At some inn on our way to or from one of these places, while we little people were at our bread-and-milk supper at one table, and the elders at their dinner at another, we were all startled by the sounds of a beautiful voice outside, clear and sweet and tuneful, singing "Over the mountains and over the moors, Hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn." It was one of the fashionable ballads of the day out of a favourite farce—"No song no supper," I think, and not inappropriate to the condition of the poor creature who was wandering about singing it. My father opened the window and threw out "some charity," when the "kind gentlefoiks" were rewarded by another verse which enabled me to pick up the air, and it became my favourite for many a month to come, piped in a



childish treble very unlike the silvery tones I had learned it from.

William and I were taken to see a ruin near Eastbourne, and what was called the field of Battle Abbey, and my mother, in that sack of a white gown with a little hat stuck round with bows of ribbon on one side of her head, showed us the spot where brave King Harold fell, for she was a Saxon in name and feeling, and in her historical lessons she never omitted the scanty praise she could now and then bestow faithfully on the race she gloried in descending from. It is curious that I have no recollection of learning anything from anybody except this, by chance as it were, though I have understood I was a little wonder, my aunts having amused themselves in making a sort of show of me. I read well at three years old, had long ballads off by heart, counted miraculously, danced heel and toe, the Highland fling, and Highland shuffle, and sang, perched upon the table, ever so many Scotch songs, "Tommying soo ze eye" and such like, to the amusement of the partial assembly. I fancy I was indebted to aunt Mary for these higher accomplishments; counting I know my aunt Lissy taught me, with a general notion of the four first rules of arith-

metic by the help of little bags of beans, which were kept in one of the compartments of an immense box full of all sorts of tangible helps to knowledge. My further progress might have been checked had my father and mother been so unwise as to carry out an intention they frequently reverted to: that of going over from Eastbourne to France. The short peace with France had been signed early in the year. I can remember the illuminations in London on account of it. On a clear day the French coast was distinctly visible through a telescope from Eastbourne, and so many fishing-boats came over with cheap poultry, eggs, and other market wares that people were quite bit with a wish to make so short a voyage. Some that did never re-

*Continued on page 15*



turned, war having been declared again, and Buonaparte retaining all travellers unlucky enough to have trusted themselves to his ill-temper.

Before Christmas we were established in the tall house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which continued for ten years to be the principal home of the family. 1803 therefore saw us settled in this new abode, where our fine, airy nurseries, though reached at the expense of a weary climb, were a delightful change from the gloom of Bury Place. We had the Square to play in, were allowed to run about there without a maid, and soon made acquaintance with plenty of children as well pleased with new companions as ourselves. From this time our town life was never an unhappy one. In the winter my aunt Mary, who had been away, returned with aunt Fanny, my mother's only other unmarried sister. They remained some months, which we children liked. Aunt Mary was dearly loved by us all; she knew how to manage us, could amuse without letting us plague her—an art poor aunt Fanny did not understand so well. My mother's youngest brother, my uncle Edward, who was pursuing his studies at Woolwich with the intention of proceeding to India, spent his vacations frequently with us. Besides these there were Highland cousins innumerable, who, on their periodical flights from the wild hills where they could find nothing, to the broad world where they never failed to gather plenty if they lived, were sure of a resting-place with my father on their passage. It was a strange household for London, this hotel for all relations. We were playthings for every one, and perhaps a little more made of than was good for all of us.

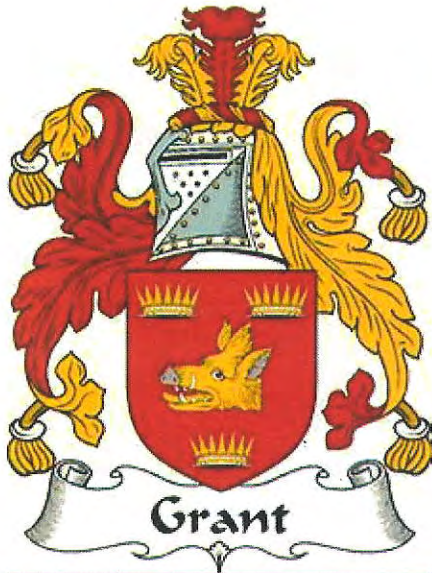
Amongst other indulgences this spring I was taken twice to the play, and once to Sadler's Wells with William. The first play was "The Caravan." John Kemble acted in it; the lover, and a very lugubrious one he seemed to be. The actor that delighted me was a dog, a real Newfoundland trained to leap into a cataract and bring dripping out of the water, real water, a doll representing a child which

had spoken in the scene a few minutes before, and had then appeared to be dropped by a lady in distress while flying across a plank up at the top of the stage, the only bridge across the torrent. They could not persuade me the doll was not the real child: I thought it dead, drowned, and cried and sobbed so violently I was hardly to be pacified,—not till all the audience had been attracted by the noise. The other play was "The Busy Body." Banister in all sorts of scrapes, doing mischief continually from over-officiousness, hid in a chimney, discovered when least welcome, etc., a collection of contretemps that fidgeted and annoyed much more than they amused me. The horsemanship with the tumblers, rope dancers, etc., frightened me. William, little as he was, was in ecstasies.



In the month of May of this year, 1803, on the 21st, in the evening, my sister Mary was born. From this point I date all my perfect recollections; all that happened stands clearly before me now at the end of a long life as if that one event had wakened up a sleeping intellect. It was indeed a matter of moment to me, for in some way the new baby and I were thrown upon each other from her birth. Jane was so engrossingly the pet of my mother and the companion of my brother, that she was less my associate than the mere difference in our ages warranted. My father was always busy, my mother generally ill, William, the heir, was the child of consequence to all the family connections, more noticed, of course, by them than either of us his sisters. I was not romp enough for him, so that he did not seek me unless Jane was out of the way; therefore when my aunts were away I was often lonely. The baby just suited me for a playmate, to watch her, amuse her, help to attend upon her, and by and by to work for her and teach her, were my delight, and as I was six years old when she was born, I was quite a little mother to her, preferring her infinitely to the dolls which had hitherto chiefly occupied me.

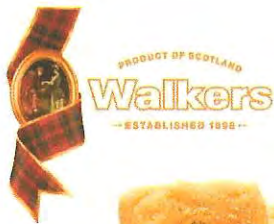




# A SCOTTISH BLESSING

THESE THINGS I WARMLY WISH FOR YOU:  
 SOMEONE TO LOVE, SOME WORK TO DO,  
 A BIT O'SUN, A BIT O'CHEER,  
 AND A GUARDIAN ANGEL ALWAYS NEAR.

Given to your editor by Angus McBryde



The Finest Shortbread  
 comes from Scotland.

*(Taste Walkers and you'll know why)*



120 years of family dedication to baking pure  
 butter shortbread is what makes Walkers

*The World's Finest Shortbread*

Walkers Shortbread is proud to have been granted a Royal Warrant of  
 Appointment from Her Majesty The Queen for the supply of Shortbread.



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
 HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
 SHORTBREAD & BAKED SANDWICHES  
 WALKERS SHORTBREAD LTD. ABERDEEN





# COCKTAILS



## OLD FASHIONED

- 2 parts Glenfiddich 14 Year Old Bourbon Barrel Reserve
- ¼ part Demerara syrup (1:1)
- 2 dashes peach bitters
- Grapefruit twist to garnish

**GLASSWARE:** Double Rocks Glass

**INSTRUCTIONS:** In a double rocks glass, add the Demerara syrup and bitters. Add the Glenfiddich 14 Year Old Bourbon Barrel Reserve, then ice (preferably one large cube) and stir. Garnish with a grapefruit twist.

**DEMERARA SYRUP (1:1)** Combine equal parts hot water and Demerara sugar or brown sugar. Stir and cool.



## MALT JULEP

- 2 parts Glenfiddich 14 Year Old Bourbon Barrel Reserve
- ¼ part simple syrup
- 2 dashes of Angostura Bitters
- Mint leaves to garnish

**GLASSWARE:** Traditional Julep Cup

**INSTRUCTIONS:** Pour Glenfiddich 14 Year Old Bourbon Barrel Reserve and simple syrup into a traditional julep cup. Fill with crushed ice and garnish with mint sprigs.



## THE GILLY FIX

- 1 part Glenfiddich 14 Year Old Bourbon Barrel Reserve
- ¼ part Flor de Cana 7 Year Rum
- ½ part peach brandy
- ¾ part fresh lemon juice
- ¾ part simple syrup
- Lemon wheel to garnish

**GLASSWARE:** Double Rocks Glass

**INSTRUCTIONS:** Shake all ingredients except the lemon wheel over ice. Strain into a double rocks glass. Fill with crushed ice. Garnish by placing the lemon wheel between the edge of the glass and the ice.



## THE BROON DERBY

- 2 parts Glenfiddich 14 Year Old Bourbon Barrel Reserve
- 1 part fresh grapefruit juice
- ½ part honey syrup
- Grapefruit twist to garnish

**GLASSWARE:** Coupe

**INSTRUCTIONS:** Shake Glenfiddich 14 Year Bourbon Barrel Reserve, grapefruit juice and honey syrup over ice. Strain into a coupe. Express a grapefruit twist over the cocktail and drop in.

**HONEY SYRUP:** Combine 2 parts honey and 1 part hot water and stir to combine.



## THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

- 2 parts Glenfiddich 14 Year Old Bourbon Barrel Reserve
- ½ part Drambuie
- ½ part dry vermouth
- ¼ part maraschino liqueur
- 2 dashes fig bitters
- Brandied cherries to garnish

**GLASSWARE:** Coupe

**INSTRUCTIONS:** Combine ingredients and stir over ice. Strain into a coupe. Garnish with brandied cherries.



## THE LEATHERBACK

- 1½ parts Glenfiddich 14 Year Old Bourbon Barrel Reserve
- 1 part straight apple brandy
- ½ part yellow chartreuse

**GLASSWARE:** Double Rocks Glass

**INSTRUCTIONS:** Combine all ingredients in a mixing glass over ice and stir. Strain into a double rocks glass over one large ice cube. No garnish.

**DISCLAIMER:** Cocktail prep and serve for each cocktail is suggested by Glenfiddich Brand Ambassador Allan Roth to ensure the best results. We encourage you to play around with the cocktails and ingredients to create your own versions.

**GREAT COCKTAILS START WITH RESPONSIBLE MEASURING.**



# 99 year-old Scotsman raises £12 million and 90 year-old Scotswoman has raised £10,500 so far for Scottish NHS

A 90-year-old woman who is climbing the equivalent of a Highland mountain on her staircase has exceeded her target to raise £10,000 for the NHS and a hospice.

Margaret Payne plans to climb the height of Suilven - 2,398ft - by making 282 trips upstairs.

She said 99-year-old veteran Captain Tom Moore, who has raised more than £12 million for the NHS through a charity garden walk, inspired her to take on the climb.

Mrs Payne started the challenge on Easter Sunday and expects it will take her around two months to complete.

Mrs Payne had raised £1,800 by Wednesday but by 10pm on Thursday it had exceeded £10,500.

The challenge is her way of saying thank you to NHS and hospice staff who took care of her late husband, Jim.

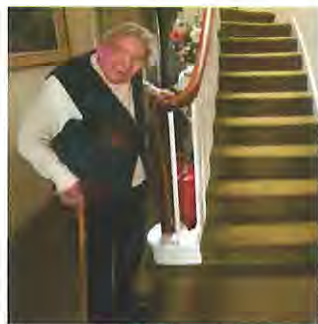
She said: "I think it's amazing, I wasn't expecting anything like it - 10,000 thank yous.

"I think it's brilliant of them all and I feel the NHS really deserve it.

"They have been amazing, each day they are risking their lives."

Mrs Payne added:

"My husband died at Christmas, and the NHS were absolutely wonderful. So it was a way of saying



thank you."

After seeing the efforts of Capt Moore, Mrs Payne was inspired to do something to give back to health staff.

Mrs Payne, who lives in Ardvar, Sutherland, said she was never a hillwalker, having lived with knee problems since she was 12.

Her true passion was fishing and she said she would walk miles to reach the best spots.

"I do walk around the garden, every nice day", Mrs Payne said.

"I'm always afraid of being blown over now so when it's windy I daren't go.

"Our house stands rather high, facing the prevailing winds so it asks for it a bit."

Mrs Payne takes on the stair-climbing challenge several times throughout the day, starting in the morning once she is ready and finishing in the late afternoon.

Nicky McArthur, her daughter, believes that the fresh air of north-west Scotland has helped keep her mother healthy, adding: "Mum is still incredibly active.

"She is an avid reader and crossword-doer. I think part of it is just staying interested in life."



---

You can donate to Mrs Payne's challenge at [uk.virginmoneygiving.com/fundraiser-display/showROFundraiserPageuk.virginmoneygiving.com/MargaretPayneArdvar-SuilvenChallenge](https://uk.virginmoneygiving.com/fundraiser-display/showROFundraiserPageuk.virginmoneygiving.com/MargaretPayneArdvar-SuilvenChallenge)

---

Both Margaret Payne and Captain Tom Moore are raising funds to support the National Health Service in Scotland during the coronavirus crisis.



# Elected & Appointed Officers Clan Grant Society, USA

Official Clan Grant Society-USA, Inc. Address: 414 Carrsbrook Dr. Charlottesville, VA 22901

## **ELECTED OFFICERS**

President	Dr. Bill Grant, Ph.D.	<a href="mailto:academicdad@yahoo.com">academicdad@yahoo.com</a>	757-617-1652
Vice President	Jeff Click	<a href="mailto:jclick@msn.com">jclick@msn.com</a>	<b>303-513-1178</b>
Secretary	Lena Grant	<a href="mailto:lenagrants@gmail.com">lenagrants@gmail.com</a>	757-617-0625
Treasurer	Karen Cook	<a href="mailto:Kjc429@gmail.com">Kjc429@gmail.com</a>	479-466-3582
Member at Large	Jeniphrr Grant	<a href="mailto:Jeniphrr.grant@gmail.com">Jeniphrr.grant@gmail.com</a>	609-864-4615
Member at Large	Jim Grant	<a href="mailto:Uncle.duck@verizon.net">Uncle.duck@verizon.net</a>	302-378-9090
Member at Large	Stephen E. Grant	<a href="mailto:grantsna@cox.net">grantsna@cox.net</a>	760-207-2389

## **APPOINTED OFFICERS**

Assistant Secretary	Judith Lyn Parsons	<a href="mailto:judi@parsonage.net">judi@parsonage.net</a>	434-973-5409
Craigellachie Editor	Beth Gay Freeman	<a href="mailto:bethscribble@aol.com">bethscribble@aol.com</a>	706-839-3881
Chaplain	Robert C. Grant	<a href="mailto:Rgrant9094@aol.com">Rgrant9094@aol.com</a>	770-380-4537
Genealogist	Ann Scherzinger	<a href="mailto:Scherz12@hotmail.com">Scherz12@hotmail.com</a>	360-635-4312
Membership Secretary	Rand Allan	<a href="mailto:rballan@san.rr.com">rballan@san.rr.com</a>	858-454-3846
Webmaster	Jeff Click	<a href="mailto:jclick@msn.com">jclick@msn.com</a>	360-635-4312
Clan Piper	Edward A Grant-Smith	<a href="mailto:Edasmith1960@charter.net">Edasmith1960@charter.net</a>	731-363-5897
Official Minstrel	Colin Grant-Adams	<a href="mailto:cgaceltic@glasgow-ky.com">cgaceltic@glasgow-ky.com</a>	270-479-0062
Acting Quartermaster	Dr. Bill Grant, Ph.D.	<a href="mailto:academicdad@yahoo.com">academicdad@yahoo.com</a>	757-617-1652

The Clan Grant Society – USA was founded in 1977 by George & Lucille Grant, by the authority of Sir Patrick Grant of Grant (1912 – 1992), The Right Honorable Lord Strathspey, Baronet of Nova Scotia, 32<sup>nd</sup> Hereditary Chief of Clan Grant. It continues under the authority of Sir James Grant of Grant, The Right Honorary Lord Strathspey, Baronet of Nova Scotia, 33<sup>rd</sup> Hereditary Chief of Clan Grant.

Past Presidents: Howard Parsons, 1998-2002; C. David Grant, 2002 – 2006; Dr. Christopher Pratt, 2006 – 2008; Rand Allan, 2008 – 2013; Jeniphrr Grant, 2013 – 2015.

**It's great to  
be a Grant!**





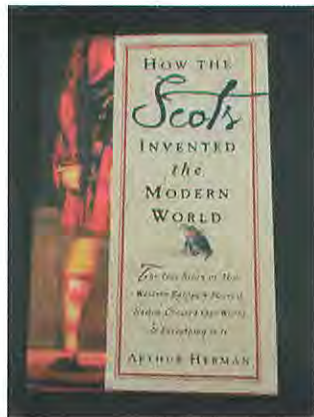
# I am a Scot!

Ellie Barna

I first became interested in genealogy a few years ago – unfortunately, this happened after everyone who could answer my questions had passed away, as happens to many of us. Back in late 2013, Ancestry.com was having a sale on its DNA test, so my husband and I both purchased kits and sent them in. Back then, their algorithms were not quite as well-honed as they are now, so my results reflected what I thought I knew about my origins, with Ireland being the biggest percentage and the rather vague “Great Britain” next.

In the Spring of 2017, my husband and I were planning a trip to Wales and Scotland. We have some dear friends who live in Wales, and the four of us planned to travel together to Scotland to visit some of the Speyside distilleries.

My husband was celebrating his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday and he especially loves Speyside Scotch! Our friends purchased the plane tickets and made the hotel reservations, and it was up to me to plan the itinerary for our visit.



At around the same time, I purchased what looked to be an interesting book at our church's Spring rummage sale, for the bargain price of \$1: *How the Scots Invented the Modern World* by Arthur Herman. I started reading the book shortly after I purchased it, and when I got to page 105, I got a big surprise: “Norman feudalism intermingled with Celtic tribal tradition, creating a hybrid: the clan, headed by a chief with his tenants living on a war-time footing. Many of these Normal knights and their descendants, such as Fraser, Drummond,

Montgomery, Grant, and Sinclair, became heads of clans.”

**GRANT?!?!?!?**

My mother's maiden name is Grant!

Of course, I had heard of Ulysses S. Grant, but I was pretty sure I was not related to him. And

then there's Hugh Grant, but he's English... There weren't many relatives on my mother's father's side of the family where we lived in Central New York, and there was certainly never any mention of us being of Scottish descent. I wonder if any of them even knew!

I then started looking around on the internet to see what I could find about Clan Grant, and I was thrilled to learn that by sheer coincidence, we were already planning to go to Grant Country on our visit to Scotland! I also found this Society and joined right away.

Unfortunately, all of the Celtic festivals in the Maryland area had already taken place, so I had to wait until 2018 to experience those. I was fortunate to have someone as welcoming and knowledgeable as Steve Grant at our clan tent to greet me and my husband.

Through Ancestry.com, I have been able to trace my Grant line back to John Grant, born in 1726 in Kincardine; his son, also named John Grant, was born on the Isle of Jersey in 1753 and served in the Revolutionary War in Massachusetts. Through my first cousin once removed Orrin Grant, I am participating in the Grant Project on Family



*Ellie and David Barna*

*Continued on page 22*





## ORDER FORM

Include your check and mail to

Clan Grant Society-USA  
 6640 Arena Road  
 Ozark AR 72949

ITEM	Price per unit	Number of units	Total
<b>DONATIONS</b>			
Clan Grant Center Fund	\$10.00		
Clan Grant Games Support	\$50.00		
Donate to our Society	\$10.00		
Scholarship Fund	\$10.00		
<b>Books *</b>			
History of Clan Grant	\$35.00		
The Birth of the Modern Highlands	\$30.00		
<b>Pins and Note Cards*</b>			
Clan Grant Pin	\$7.00		
Note Cards 5	\$10.00		
Note Cards 10	\$15.00		
<b>Total</b>			

\* includes free shipping

Enclosed, check for \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_





**I am a Scot!** *Continued from page 20*

Tree DNA but, so far, our connection to any of the known Grant lines has not been determined.

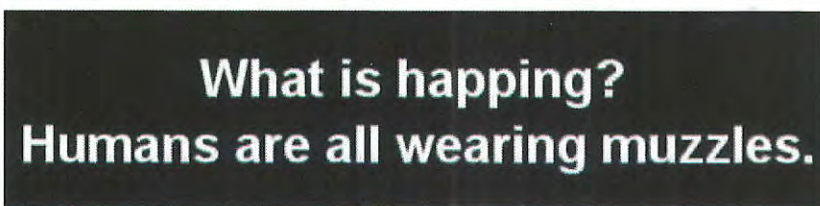
Our trip to Scotland in 2017 included a Loch Ness Cruise to Urquhart Castle, a visit to Grantown-on-Spey and the museum there, a delicious lunch in Dufftown (including haggis) and tastings at two Grant-associated distilleries: Glenfarclas and Glen Grant. I definitely felt the thrill of being in my ancestral homeland. I hope to go back again someday but who knows what the future will bring?



*Above: A "Grant" road sign in Grantown-on-Spey and below: Grant Tower at Urquhart Castle!*



*Above: The Scottish flag at Urquhart Castle. Below: at Glen Grant.*





# Some of our ancestors



John Charles Ogilvy-Grant, 7<sup>th</sup> Earl of Seafield (1815 – 1881), styled Viscount Reidhaven from 1840 to 1853, was a Scottish nobleman.

Seafield was the eldest son of Francis William Ogilvy-Grant, 6<sup>th</sup> Earl of Seafield and Mary Ann Dunn.

From 1853 until 1858 he sat in the House of Lords as a Scottish Representative Peer.

The latter year he was created Baron Strathspey of Strathspey in the Counties of Inverness & Moray in the Peerage of the United Kingdom.



John Grant, 6<sup>th</sup> of Freuchie is the son of John Grant, 5<sup>th</sup> of Freuchie and Lady Lilius Murray.

He married Mary Ogilvy, daughter of Walter Ogilvy, 1<sup>st</sup> Lord Ogilvy of Deskford. He died in 1637.

John Grant, 6<sup>th</sup> of Freuchie lived at Multen, Scotland. He lived at Freuchie Castle. Child of John Grant, 6<sup>th</sup> of Freuchie was Mary Ogilvy.



# Clan Grant Notecards! The perfect any occasion gift.

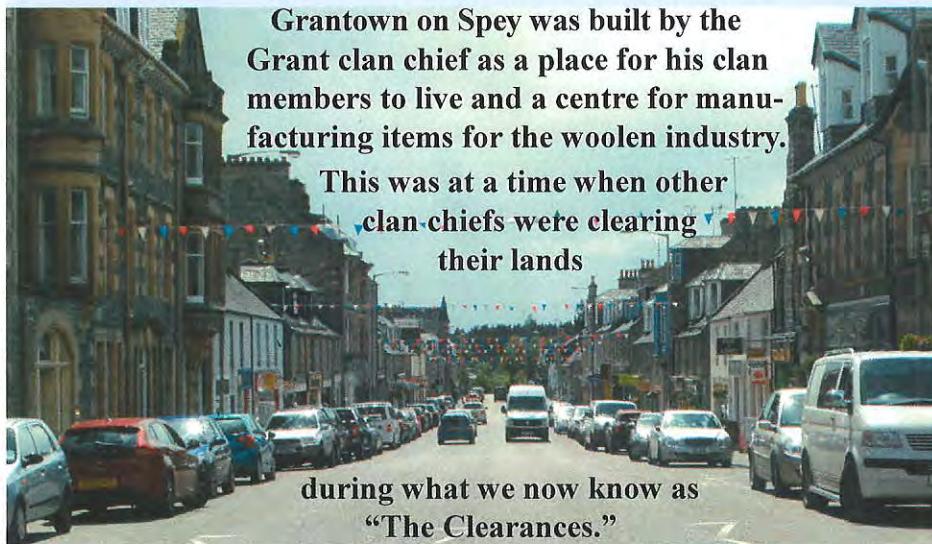


Help us build the **Greg Grant Educational Fund** by purchasing either 5 cards with envelopes for \$10.00 or 10 cards with envelopes for \$15.00. All proceeds go to the Educational Fund.

Send your check to Clan Grant Society-USA, 6640 Arena Road Ozark AR 72949. Include a note indicating the quantity ordered, your name and the address to which you wish your order shipped.

Thank you for supporting your Clan and those who need educational assistance.

## Downtown Grantown on Spey, Scotland



Grantown on Spey was built by the Grant clan chief as a place for his clan members to live and a centre for manufacturing items for the woolen industry.

This was at a time when other clan-chiefs were clearing their lands

during what we now know as "The Clearances."

Clan Grant  
Society-USA  
member

If you receive an email from "Clan Grant Society-USA"

[marketing@clangrant-US.org](mailto:marketing@clangrant-US.org)

It is official and from your Clan.

Most likely, it is the link to open the latest *Craigellachie*, our quarterly newsletter.

*We go through a lot of effort and expense to provide you this quarterly newsletter.*

*Please open the email and click on the link!*

Dr Bill Grant,  
Ph.D.,  
FSA Scot

President Clan  
Grant Society-  
USA



# Clan Grant Society - USA

## Festival Commissioners

Month	First Day	Second Day	Size of Games	Scottish Games and Festivals	Games Commissioner
4	5		large	San Antonio Highland Games and Celtic Music Festival	Carl Allen
4	27		medium	Celtic Gathering of Southern MD:	R Steven Grant
5	11	12	medium	Arlington TX: TEXAS SCOTTISH FESTIVAL & HIGHLAND GAMES	Carl Allen
5	18		large	Fair Hill Scottish Games Elkton MD:	Richard Grant
5	25	26	Large	Greenville SC Gallabre Scottish Games	Fred Wood
5	25	26	Large	Scottish Fest Costa Mesa CA	Rand Allan
6	1	2	medium	Glasgow KY Highland Games	George James
6	1		medium	Garrett County Highland Fest	R Steven Grant
6	1		Large	Utah Scottish Festival and Highland Games	Bob Grant
6	8	9	small	Blairsville GA Scottish Festival & Highland Games	Gary Grant
6	15	16	small	Taste of Scotland Franklin NC	Robert C Grant
6	16		medium	Mid Maryland Celtic Festival, MD	R Steven Grant
6	22		Large	Tacoma Highland Games, WA	Jeniphr Grant
6	22	23	medium	San Diego Scottish Highland Games	Rand Allan
7	1		Large	Pacific Northwest Highland Games, Enumclaw, WA	Jeniphr Grant
7	13	14	large	Grandfather Mountain, NC Highland Games	Pruitt Young Allen
7	13	14	small	Payson Scottish Festival	Bob Grant
7	20		medium	Portland Highland Games	Jeff Click
8	3	4	small	Monterey CA	Amanda Hazan-Sanchez
8	17		medium	Topsham Maine	Lysle Grant
8	24		medium	Quechee Scottish Festival, VT	Lysle Grant
8	31	1-Sep	large	Virginia Scottish Games	Paul D. Grant
8	31	1-Sep	large	Pleasanton CA: Highland Games	Amanda Hazan-Sanchez
9	1		medium	Ligonier PA	Will Kenyon
9	8	9	small	McMinnville Scottish Games	Jeff Click
9	13	14	small	Upper East Tennessee Celtic Soc	George James
9	21	22	medium	Loon Mt New Hampshire	Lysle Grant
10	5		medium	Felton CA	Amanda Hazan-Sanchez
10	12	13	large	Seaside Games Ventura CA	Rand Allan
10	13	13	small	Kitfest	Phoebe Pennypacker
10	19	20	large	Stone Mt Georgia Highland games	Gary Grant
10	26		medium	Central Virginia	Howard Parsons
10			medium	Tyler Scottish Festival	Carl Allen
11	1	2	large	Charleston SC Highland Games	Fred Wood
11	2	3	medium	Mohab Celtic Festival, Scots on the Rocks	Bob Grant
11	9	10	medium	Salado Scottish Gathering and Highland Games	Carl Allen



Home of the World's First Tartan Database

# HOUSE of TARTAN®

[www.houseoftartan.com](http://www.houseoftartan.com)

Visit the clan's dedicated online shop.  
Every purchase makes a contribution to the clan.

CLAN GRANT'S  
TARTAN PARTNERS

NEW!

COMING IN NOVEMBER:

Luxury 100% Lambswool Travel Rug  
in Grant Tartan. Limited Inventory.



*Thank you, Grant and Sons*

*LTD Distillery!*

The *Craigellachie* is the publication of the Clan Grant Society.

We are delighted that William Grant and Sons LTD Distillery, the makers of Grant's Scotch, are sponsoring *Craigellachie* now. Thank you, William Grant & Sons!



## COCKSPUR

*Heraldic Services & Graphic Design*

[trf@cockspurherald.com](mailto:trf@cockspurherald.com)

706-839-3881

*Bespoke custom heraldic work in any size, any medium*

# YOU!



## COULD BE ONE OF US!

**Allied Families & Septs  
of Clan Grant**

Allan • Allen • Bisset(t) • Bowie

Buie • Gilroy • MaccAllan

M(a)cgilroy • M(a)cilroy

McKerran • M(a)cKieran

M(a)cKessock • Pratt • Suttie

**IT'S GREAT TO BE A**

# GRANT!

[www.clangrant-us.org](http://www.clangrant-us.org)



# Just a wee bit of Clan Grant history

Clan Grant is a Highland Scottish clan that inhabited land in Northern Scotland since 1316, although the clan is known to have existed farther back than that. During the various times of personal financial hardship in Scotland (particularly in the aftermath of the Jacobite rebellions), many Grants moved elsewhere, mostly across the former British Empire including Canada, the United States of America, Australia, and New Zealand. In the present, Grants live in a large number of nations in most parts of the world - an important faction of the Scottish diaspora.

Clan tradition is that the Grants are descended from King Alpin of Dál Riata. However little is recorded about the clan from before the 13th century. The earliest recorded members by contemporary evidence may include Thomas Grant, merchant of the King of Scotland, who retired from his post as visor of York Castle on 2<sup>nd</sup> January 1252.

Sir Laurence le Grant, Sheriff of Inverness, who “rendered accounts to the Scottish Exchequer in 1263 and 1266.

Richard le Grant, Chancellor of the diocese of Lincoln, who was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury in 1229.

William le Graunt, was said by Henry III of England to have traveled to Scotland with Alexander III of Scotland.

Members of Clan Grant have owned land in Strathspey at least since 1316, most likely in Stratherrick, to the east of Loch Ness. In 1316, John Grant of Inverallan sold his land to John le Grant, who was the father of Patrick le Grant, Lord of Stratherrick. The clan’s lands in Stratherrick

would later become controlled by Clan Fraser.

During the Wars of Scottish Independence, Clan Grant were supporters of William Wallace and fought at the Battle of Dunbar in 1296 where both Randolph and John le Grant were captured and imprisoned for a time.

The Clan Grant later supported King Robert the Bruce and it was this support that secured their landholdings in Strathspey upon Bruce’s ascent to the throne.

The taking of Castle Grant, 14<sup>th</sup> century; which was originally a Comyn Clan stronghold. Clan traditions tell us that the castle was taken from the Comyns by a combined force of the Grants and MacGregors.

The next available reference is of Duncan le

Grant in 1434 and, later, Sir Duncan Grant of Freuchie (Castle Grant), who inherited land in Dulnain Valley in upper Speyside from his mother, Matilda of Glencarnie. Her family had partially owned it since 1180 when Richard I of England gave Kinveachy (approximately ten miles southwest of Castle Grant) to Gilbert, 3<sup>rd</sup> Earl of Strathearn.

By the late 16<sup>th</sup> century, Clan Grant became an important clan in the Scottish Highlands. During this period, the clan’s actions resulted in the murder of the Earl of Moray and the defeat of the Earl of Argyll at the Battle of Glenlivet in 1594. The Chief of Clan Grant ordered his men to retreat as soon as the action began. This treacherous move led to the defeat of Clan Campbell of Argyll.

*We’ll visit this again next time with the Grants in the 17th century and the Scottish Civil War.*







**WILLIAM GRANT & SONS**  
INDEPENDENT FAMILY DISTILLERS SINCE 1887

**DISTILLER OF THE YEAR**

ISC 2005, 2006, 2008, 2009; IWSC 2010, 2011, 2013

*Handcrafted at*  
**THE BALVENIE®**  
*Distillery, Banffshire*

## The Balvenie Caribbean Cask, Aged 14 Years

### The Most Handcrafted Single Malt

The Balvenie is a unique range of single malts created by David Stewart, The Balvenie Malt Master. Each has its own unique taste, but each is rich, luxuriously smooth and underpinned by the distinctively honeyed character of The Balvenie.

The exceptional quality of The Balvenie is attributable to the unique craftsmanship retained by The Balvenie Distillery. Nowhere else will you find a distillery that still grows its own barley, malts in its own traditional floor malting, employs a team of coopers to tend its casks, a coppersmith to maintain its stills and has in its service the most experienced Malt Master in Scotland.

Whisky enthusiasts in the U.S. can now enjoy the new Balvenie Caribbean Cask – an intense 14-year-old rum finish single malt. The Balvenie Malt Master David Stewart, had this to say of this marque, launched in October 2010, “We’ve found that many years maturation in traditional oak whisky casks followed by a few months of rum cask maturation complements The Balvenie single malt very well, and this expression is a beautifully rounded 14-year-old whisky that combines traditional Balvenie vanilla notes with rich toffee, a hint of fruit and a warm, lingering finish.”

### Tasting Notes

**NOSE:** Rich, sweet and creamy toffee on the nose combines with fresh fruit notes

**TASTE:** Rounded with vanilla and sweet oak notes, with a fruity character that develops with time

**FINISH:** Soft and lingering

### Awards and Accolades

- 2013 Gold, International Wine & Spirit Competition
- 2015 Gold Outstanding, International Wine & Spirit Competition

### Product Features

- A unique new single malt featuring rum cask finishing.
- Created by maturing The Balvenie first in second-fill traditional oak whisky casks before transferring the whisky to casks previously used to mature Caribbean rum.
- Bottled at 43% ABV.

