

Winter 2025-26

NEWSLETTER OF THE CLAN GRANT SOCIETY-USA

CRAIGELLAchie



Shown above is the Clan Grant plant badge: the pine sprig



From the Editor

This year Clan Grant USA has new elected President in the person of Frederic Grant V of Washington State, and I would like to recognize Dr. Bill and Lena Grant of Texas for their many years of service as Clan President, and Secretary respectively. Even before their service in these capacities they held other positions as needed and even cranked out the *Craigellachie* Newsletter themselves for a great while - wow. The dedication of this power couple is contagious. What a fine example of clan spirit and volunteerism! Thank you on behalf of the whole clan - we have big shoes to fill.

Aaron "Hammer" Grant - Editor in Chief

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The purpose of this quarterly is to promote the interests of Clan Grant, the cultivation of a spirit of kin and fellowship, and social intercourse amongst 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, and Board and Officer actions.

From the President of Clan Grant USA



Greetings Clan Grant Society USA Members!

It is with honor and pleasure that I accept this role as your new president of the Clan Grant Society USA. I have a lot of energy and ideas to bring to our society and hope to improve our overall membership experience. At this year's AGM all present showed appreciation for Dr. William Grant, our previous president, and thanked him for his past 10+ years of dedicated service. I also acknowledged my ongoing gratitude and recognition to all our current officers for their support and patience as we transition on to the next era of the Clan Grant Society USA.

This past August my wife and I ventured to Grantown-on-Spey for the Clan Grant International Gathering. There, we met with Sir Michael Grant of Grant, Lord Strathspey; as well as many other Grants from around the world and discussed ways of increasing global relations within the clan. I believe that the next few years will bring more unity, improved communications, and stronger identity for our clan.

Looking forward, I plan to work with our editor to get our next Craigellachie newsletter out to you by late December. This will be fully digital for now until we transition to a new printer, so if you are a member please make sure that we have your email on file. [You can expect the newsletter every third Wednesday of the third month of each yearly quarter.](#) I also hope to improve overall communications within our society and keep you up to date on everything within the society and its new developments. Lastly, I will endeavor to improve our membership experience and modernize procedures to keep us unified.

Clan Grant is a proud and enduring family that celebrates a shared ancestry, rich traditions, and lasting spirit. We have a prosperous and prominent past that has lasted the test of time, but as significant as our history has been, let us not forget that we are still living it. I believe it is important to acknowledge our current accomplishments!

Stand Fast, Craigellachie!
Frederic James Grant V

Seventh elected President Clan Grant Society - USA
 US Representative of the Chief of Clan Grant





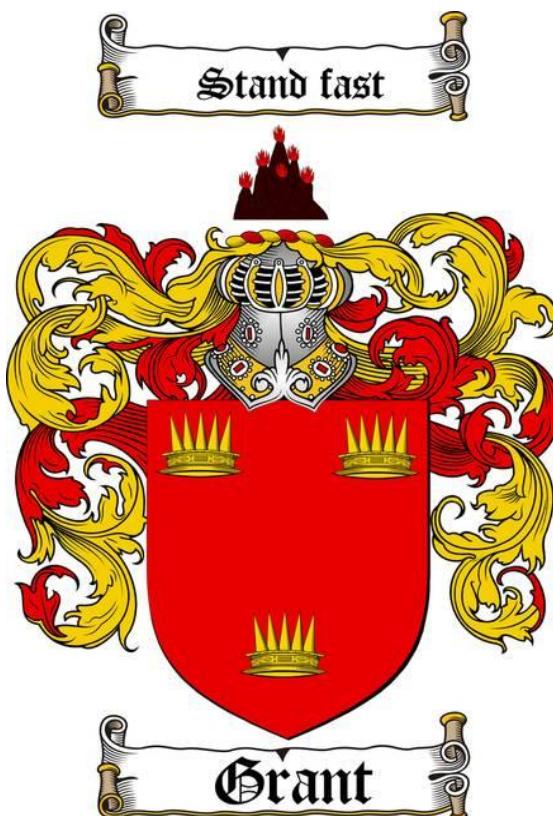
Clan Grant Newsletter

We are a great clan with a proud history. There are many Grant families in the USA that do not know their Scottish history or that they are part of a clan. When our society was formed, we committed to embrace the following...

Literature - including publication of Scottish or Gaelic literature.

Charitable - such as helping Clansmen or dependents of Clansmen in distress.

Historical - especially as may be related to Clan Grant (or its various branches).



Educational - such as financial assistance to deserving students, establishment of a fellowship in Scottish literature or music, grants to schools or colleges, and support of the Clan Grant Educational and Charitable Trust.

Cultural - such as encouraging the perpetuation of Highland dress traditions and customs, promoting Highland Games in the United States, and supporting the Clan Grant Center in Scotland.

Social and Recreation - promoting friendship, goodwill, and clanship among members of the Clan.

Clan Grant Society Membership Application

New [] Renewal Membership # _____
 Name _____ DOB _____
 2nd Adult [If family membership] _____ DOB _____
 Street _____ APT _____
 City _____ State _____ ZIP _____
 Home Phone _____ Cell Phone _____
 Email _____
 2nd Adult Email [If family membership] _____

To save money we send our *Craigellachie Newsletter* by Email.

[] Check here if you want to receive a paper copy (additional fees may apply)

Dues (please circle)

Individual (single voting adult): **\$20 1-yr \$40 2-yr \$55 3-yr \$400 Life Member**

Family (Two voting adults, same address): **\$35 1-yr \$70 2-yr \$100 30yr \$700 Life Member**

NOTE: Membership runs from January 1st through December 31st. New members joining after June 30th will pay half of the listed amount for the current year of membership, and the full amount upon renewal the following January.

Donations

Clan Grant Center Fund:\$_____

Scholarship Fund:\$_____

Total: \$_____ Check#:_____

Make all checks payable to: Clan Grant Society

Mail to: Clan Grant Society, 6640 Arena Rd, Ozark, AR 72949-248

The International Clan Gathering was held:

AUGUST 3rd - 10th in Abernathy, SCOTLAND 2025



Quite possibly the earliest known photo of a Clan Grant gathering.

Family and tenants of the Seafield Estate around the year 1900.



The Clan Grant International Gathering was held from August 3rd to August 10th, 2025, in Grantown-on-Spey, Scotland. This is a time when members of Clan Grant from around the world come together to celebrate their shared heritage. The event, organized by the Clan Grant Society UK, featured several activities including a welcome reception at the Clan Grant Centre, a formal clan dinner, and participation in the Abernethy Highland Games.

My wife, Victoria, and I arrived on August 8th and made our way to the Grantown Museum, where we were greeted by Duncan Grant, an exceptionally delightful man who kindly told us about the museum and provided directions to notable sites around town. The museum itself was fascinating and showcased an extensive history of Clan Grant. It was clear that a great deal of love and care had gone into its creation and upkeep.

Afterward, we drove to the property line of Castle Grant and were able to view it from a distance. The new owners had graciously allowed a group of Grants to visit the property a few days earlier, although the interior remained off limits due to ongoing renovations. Victoria and I took a quick photo before heading back to town to enjoy some haggis and drinks.



all gathered just outside the games to we lined up, the clouds parted and bands began to play. We stepped forward extraordinary spectacle. In that moment, I

The next morning, August 9th, we drove down the road to the Abernethy Highland Games, where we were amazed to find thousands of people in attendance. There were games for both competitors and families, some unlike any I had seen at highland gatherings in the United States. To my surprise, Clan Grant was the only clan tent present, thanks to a long-standing relationship and the fact that the event takes place in "Grant Country." Upon entering, we were warmly welcomed by Tim Atkins, Chair of the Clan Grant Society UK, and Troy Grant, President of the Clan Grant Society Australia.

Sir
of



Michael Grant of Grant, Lord Strathspey, the 34th hereditary chief Clan Grant, soon arrived, and we prepare for our grand march. As sunlight broke through as the pipe in unison, and it was an felt deeply proud to be a Grant.



Following the ceremony, we returned to change into our evening attire for the formal banquet. The dinner was elegant, with everyone dressed in their finest. Victoria and I were honored to sit at the Chief's table, where we enjoyed wine, a delicious meal, and warm conversation. When Sir Michael rose to speak, he stood as a distinguished yet youthful and spirited gentleman, filled with optimism for the future of Clan Grant. We concluded the evening with a magnificent standing toast to Clan Grant, "Stand Fast, Craigellachie!"

-Frederic James Grant V, President Clan Grant Society USA

The 2025 Clan Grant Annual General Meeting

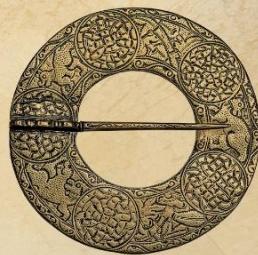


On Saturday, October 18th, Grants, septs, and friends gathered at the Stone Mountain Highland Games in Georgia for the 48th annual Clan Grant Society USA AGM. Bagpipes were playing, people were laughing, and amid all the excitement, members congregated under the Clan Grant tent around 2 p.m. (14:00) as Dr. Bill Grant, the 6th President of the Clan Grant Society USA, turned on his microphone and began to address the crowd. During his final time hosting, he reviewed the officers' reports and, at the conclusion of the meeting, inaugurated Frederic James Grant V as the new President of the Clan Grant Society USA.

As the 7th President of the Clan Grant Society USA, Frederic Grant thanked Dr. Bill Grant for his ten years of leadership. He also expressed his appreciation to the current officers for volunteering their time and effort over the years. Victoria Grant was then appointed by acclamation as the new CGS-USA Secretary. From there, Fred shared his promising plans to help carry Clan Grant forward and expressed his eagerness to get started. After the meeting concluded, members and friends alike gathered in front of the tent for a celebratory group photo.

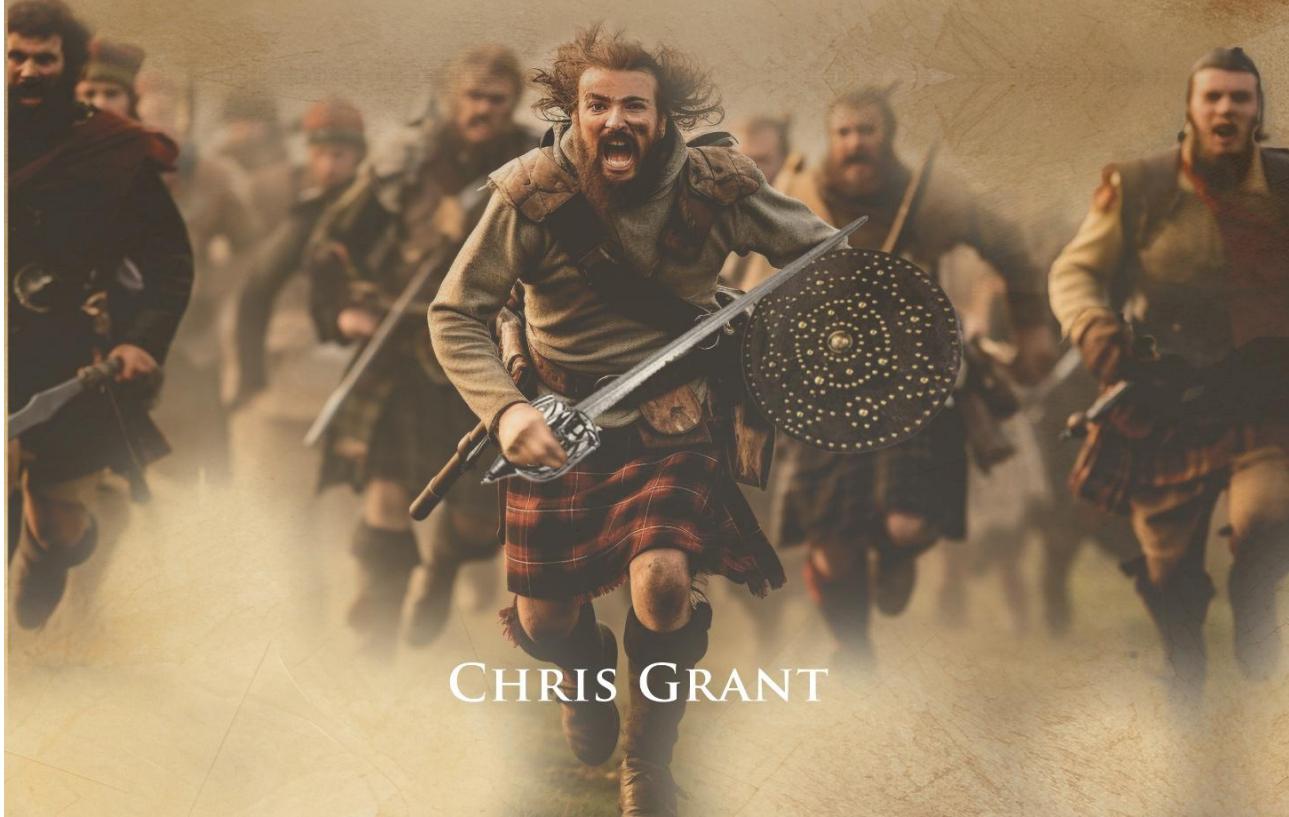
AND, if you've never been to the Stone Mountain Highland games, mark your calendar. IT IS the greatest Scottish festival in America in a beautiful highland setting. Use the QR code above to get started.

Book of the Quarter



THE JACOBITE GRANTS OF URQUHART & GLENMORISTON

THEIR STORY IN THE REBELLION OF 1745



CHRIS GRANT

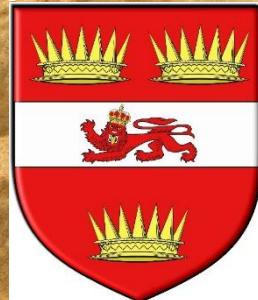
The Grants of Urquhart and Glenmoriston and what befell them in the weeks that followed the Battle of Culloden hold a puzzling spot in the history of the 1745 rebellion, which has been mentioned in literally hundreds of books over the years. What truly led to these men being hunted down, deceived and betrayed before being treacherously and dishonourably handed over to the Duke of Cumberland in Inverness by the head of their own clan?

This book explains in detail the sequence of events that ultimately led to their betrayal by Ludovick Grant, where they became sacrificial lambs for the murky conduct of their fellow Grant Clansmen in Strathspey, which had immediately attracted the displeasure of King George in faraway London. After their betrayal, these men had to endure ten months of imprisonment in the stinking, disease-ridden prison hulks at Tilbury Fort on the River Thames, existing in conditions which prematurely ended the lives of many of them. Following their incarceration, the surviving men were eventually transported as indentured slaves to the Caribbean island of Barbados, where many more succumbed to death from tropical diseases to which their bodies had no resistance to. Only a very lucky few in the decade that followed would enjoy the good fortune of surviving their grim ordeals and eventually making their way back to their homes and families and their native glens. This is their story, in which the facts are brought to life for the first time since the events occurred two hundred and eighty years ago.

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/Grants.Glenurquhart/>

For more information and/or to order a copy of the book, please contact Chris Grant on 078 99950974 or email corrimony1746@gmail.com

The proceeds from the sale of this book will go toward the future care and maintenance of Cnocan Burraidh.



Grant of Shewglie



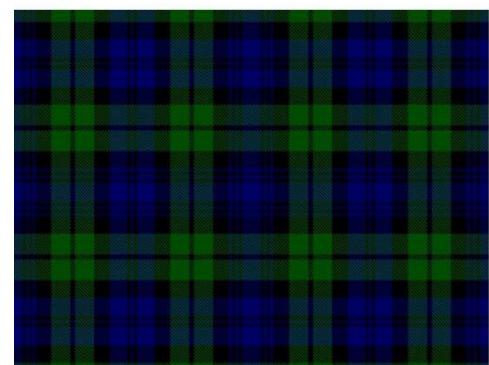
Here are allied families and septs of Clan Grant:

Allan, Allen, Bisset(t), Bowie, Buie, Gilroy, MaccAllan,
M(a)cgilroy, M(a)cilroy, McKerran, M(a)cKiaran, M(a)cKessock,
Pratt, Suttie.



Clan Grant Tartan - Plate XIX
by James Grant, Edinburgh - 1886

Official Clan Tartans



Grant Hunting Tartan - Black Watch
42nd Highland Regiment - 1725

LOUD AND SHARP

Lin Robinson, FSA Scot

Of course, everyone knows that

the Highland warrior was bold, deadly and awfully prickly. But how much of that is a true reflection of his martial ardor and just what was it that made the Highland warrior someone to be feared?

Who were these men and how were they armed?

The idea that all Highlanders were fully armed at any point in time, especially by the Rebellion of 1745 - 46 is erroneous. The economy of the Highlands, for the average Highlander, was subsistence farming. By the mid- 18s century the Highland population was among the poorest in Europe and certainly did not favorably compare to that of the Lowlands of Scotland, England, Wales and, to some extent, the land. The full complement of weapons expected to be used by the "front rank Highlander," musket, sword, one or more pistols, dirk and targe, were expensive. It was difficult for poor tenant farmers to afford all that hardware. By 1745, it had been twenty-six years since the last Jacobite rising of 1719 - a relatively small affair - and much of the population had settled into a life of peace which did not require maintaining a personal arsenal. The exceptions to this were the chiefs, their kin and their "tacksmen."

Tacksmen were managers of clan chiefs' estates. They were close associates of the chief and many were related by blood. Their duties involved the active management of the agricultural activities on the estate; a major function was the letting of parcels to the tenants, who actually did the cultivation. The tacksmen exercised strict control over these matters and set the rents for the tenants. The tacksmen themselves received long term leases on the clan lands at nominal cost and made their profits by leasing tracts at an inflated cost, to the tenants. They seldom farmed their tracts and had the option to use their tenants for such things as road and structure building, pulling the poorest farmers off the land to serve the tacksman's requirements. The primary obligation of the tacksman was military service to the chief, although this also extended down to the tenants and even the "cotters," who could be called out to fight as well. At any rate, the tacksmen became relatively wealthy by virtue of the "run - rig" system, and they were the ones who could afford to be trained and equipped to fight for the chief. They, along with the sons and other close relatives of the chief formed the front-rank Highlanders, often serving as the officers of the clan regiment.

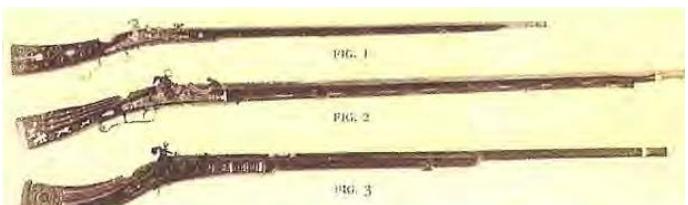
The Equipment

As stated above, there were several weapons needed to join the front rank of the clan regiment. I will take those one by one as we outfit our Gaelic warrior.



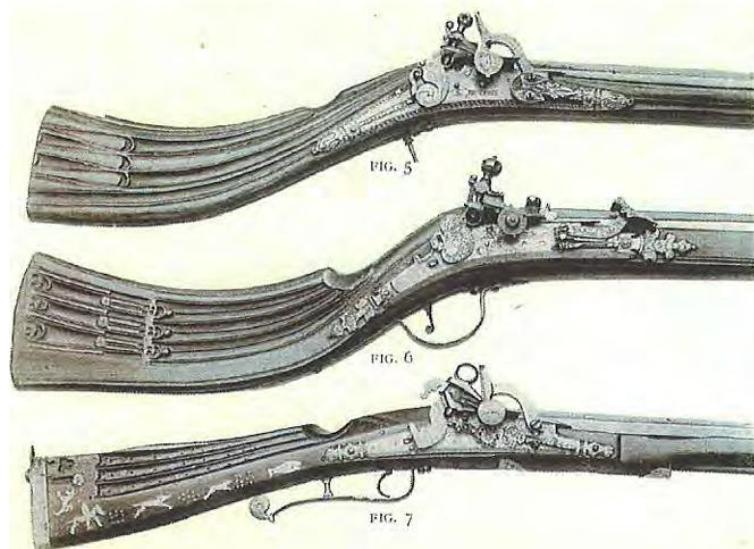
The Long Firearm

The long gun, if one was owned at all, was likely to be a surplus musket, smuggled into the Highlands in contravention of any of the numerous "disarming acts" passed after the failures of earlier Jacobite rebellions. French muskets were popular as were various Spanish firearms, in more plentiful supply after 1779 - the rebellion supported by Spain; The English tried very hard, and were largely successful, to keep British military arms out of the Highlands. Of course, there were many fowling pieces in use as well and they could double for a military weapon as needed. Nearly all these weapons were smoothbores. Hunting was a close-range affair in Scotland and remains so to this day. It



was important to stalk your prey and get close enough to be sure of a kill. In fact, hunting is still refined to as "stalking" in Scotland. Firearms making in Scotland was not a large industry and concentrated on pistols rather than long arms.

However, there were a few smiths building the Scottish National Long Gun, a very distinctive and quite beautiful arm. The problem was volume, and it appears that there were never many made. Only 28 of these guns survive to this day. They were probably much more expensive than surplus arms and were, in fact, art pieces as much as weapons. Interestingly 13 of the remaining 28 are from the former



Seafield collection, which was in the Grant family armory for some 300 years, according to Claude Blair. The defeat of General John Cope's army at the Battle of Prestonpans resulted in the capture of quite a number of British stands of arms but ammunition remained a problem.



The Pistol

The earliest firearms produced in Scotland were pistols, AKA "dags." In the 16th century, pistols sometimes sported stocks made of Brazilwood and walnut but very quickly the all-metal pistol came on the scene. It is these pistols which are most often associated with Scotland. The Scottish pistol went through various stages of development



architecturally. Charles Whitelaw, an early twentieth century expert, classified and dated these firearms based primarily on the shape of the butt. Earliest known were the "fish tail" butts, followed by "lemon" butts, "heart" butts, "scroll" or "ramshorn" butts, and finally the "lobe" butt. In fact, these guns were not as clearly defined as the names indicate and there was an overlap at times. A common denominator was the gun lock used by the Scottish makers. From the 16th century up to and including the early 18th century the preferred lock was a snaphaunce.

The snaphaunce, believed to have been a Dutch invention, was complicated and prone to mechanical problems yet the Scots clung to them until long after the "French" lock had come into common use elsewhere. By the early 18th century the "Highland" lock had superseded the snaphaunce. However, while it eliminated some of the problems with the original snaphaunce locks, it was still a form of snaphaunce. These guns were made of thin sheets of brass, iron or bronze, hammered into shape over an iron form and forge welded or soldered together. Elaborate engraving is frequently found on these pistols.

 mechanical problems yet the Scots clung to them until long after the "French" lock had



The Dirk



The dirk was the most commonly owned weapon in the Highlands. Most were long bladed with relatively short grips. Blade length ranged from less than twelve to more than twenty inches in length. Dirks were stabbing weapons, but the cutting edge was also honed to razor sharpness. Made all over Scotland, they reached full development about the time of Culloden, with metal bindings on the grips, which were frequently carved in a knotwork design although there were many other styles as well.



The Sword

While there were many types of swords in use in Scotland, the basket hilted broad or back sword was most often associated with Highland fighters. The blades were mostly imported from

Europe and in particular from the area around Solingen Germany. Broadswords were double edged while backswords had only one cutting edge. First produced in the early 16th century the hilts - which were made by Scottish hammermen in Stirling, Glasgow, Edinburgh and elsewhere - were what made them so distinct. Covering the hand on three sides, the hilts lent themselves nicely to ornate decorations and creative designs.



The Targe



The targe, a round wooden shield covered with leather and decorated with tacks and metal plates, was not a weapon but still was a vital part of the Highlanders' kit. Usually equipped with a long metal spike which attached to the center of the 18 - 24-inch shield, the targe was an anachronism by its last use in 1746. Often described as bullet proof there are strong reasons to doubt that claim. Even so, it was effective in single combat and to some extent when fighting against infantry formations as well.

The Highland Charge

For all the weaponry with which they were ideally equipped, the Highland fighter had one main tactic in which to use them - the Highland Charge. The charge, which was a headlong assault on the enemy, was reminiscent of the tactics used by Celtic warriors as far back as Roman times. By 1746 it operated as follows. The Highland force attempted to be first at the location selected for the battle. When successful they always tried to occupy the highest ground in the immediate area. The battlefield selected would hopefully be clear of trees and brush, with solid ground and few, if any dips or vales to slow or impede the assault. Holding the high ground increased the impact of the attack.

Once the opponents had arrived at the site, the Highlanders began the psychological warfare part of their tactics. The pipers played their "fight songs," individuals and small groups made feints toward the enemy lines and occasional long-distance shots were fired.

At some point, the actual assault was launched. The clan regiments attempted to stay together, at least initially, but eyewitness accounts generally agree that order was not maintained for long. Terms such as "cloud" and "wedge" have been used to describe the formation of Highlanders as they raced toward the enemy. Command and control of the attack was problematic.

At musket-shot distance from the enemy, the charge halted suddenly, and those with long guns put them to the shoulder and fired a single shot then discarded them. There are no contemporary explanations of how the order was given, if any, to do this. The distance was ordinarily 50-60 yards, the effective range of the average musket. The Highlander then drew his

sword and dirk and, covering himself with this targe, swooped down on the enemy.

When they reached the enemy line, facing conventionally trained and equipped soldiers, the Highlander stooped slightly, raising his shield to contact the bayoneted musket and toss it aside. Then he attempted to stab his defenseless opponent with the dirk, held in his left hand, while attacking the soldier to his right with his sword. If the Highlander could cut through his initial opponents and get into the line, developing a rhythm with sword and dirk, he was capable of doing severe damage to an opponent.

Most descriptions of the Highland Charge come from witnesses to attacks on conventional opponents. It is probable that when Highlander met Highlander, things happened differently. It is most likely that individuals broke out of the formations and engaged in individual combat.

One enduring myth is that when the Highlanders reached pistol-shot distance from the enemy, they drew their handguns, fired, then threw them at their opponents. This idea seems to stem from the fact that most Highland pistols were made of metal. There is nothing in contemporary literature to support this. Indeed, there are several problems with the idea: 1) since he has a sword in one hand and a dirk in the other, how does the fighter draw his pistol? 2) throwing the pistol can damage or at least disable it if the flint comes out of the cock. 3) pistols were expensive! 4) if the attack goes badly, you probably are not going to find your pistols. 5) throwing away your handgun(s) deprives you of defensive firearms if you need to retreat. 6) the Highland dag was hollow and quite light, meaning it was not going to do much damage if thrown. Interesting story but highly unlikely.

The Highland Charge, during "the 45" was completely successful at Prestonpans and Falkirk but failed at Culloden. It was an ancient and somewhat primitive tactic which, while it would cause the average green British recruit to drop his musket and run, failed against better-led opponents equipped with muskets mounted with ring bayonets and trained to keep up unrelenting volley fire.

About the Author

Lin Robinson, FSA Scot, is a native of Lumberton in Robeson County, North Carolina. He grew up in Fayetteville, North Carolina, formerly Cross Creek and Campbelltown. These two locales are heavily populated with descendants of the Cape Fear Highlanders. Members of his own family, MacKinnons and MacAulays, were among these immigrants. Lin is a life member of the Clan Gunn Society of North America, the Clan Gunn Society (UK), and the Clan MacKinnon Society. He serves as UK Liaison Officer for the North American Society and the US Liaison Officer and Honorary Vice President for the UK Society. He is also a member of the Sovereign Military Order of the Temple of Jerusalem - Knights Templar - and has served as Prior of the Priory of St. Thomas d Becket. He is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

Lin is a graduate of East Carolina University with a degree in Business Administration. Following school, he spent four years in the US Air Force, serving in the Philippines, Thailand, and on Guam. He returned to the States and spent two years at Malmstrom AFB in Montana.

Following his service, Lin began 39-year career in barking, retiring in 2012. For fourteen years, he and his wife Blannie also owned and operated Bold Blades, a Scottish-themed business selling swords, dirks, armor, and clan crest blazer badges, among other items.

Lin began writing for *The Highlander* in the early 2000s, with 15+ articles being published by the magazine. He also has provided articles to various other publications. He has authored three books and several monographs to date. All these works have concentrated on Scottish history with emphasis on military tactics and weaponry.

When he is not writing, Lin enjoys hunting and target shooting, including using long range black powder cartridge rifles. The Robinsons live in southwestern North Carolina "between the Revolutionary War battlefields of Kings Mountain and Cowpens. They have a son, daughter-in-law, and grandson.



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6640 Arena Road
Ozark, AR 72949

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Clan Grant Games Support	50.00		
Donate to our Society	10.00		
Scholarship Fund	10.00		
Books*			
History of Clan Grant	35.00		
The Birth of the Modern Highlands	30.00		
Flags and Banners*			
Clan Grant Society - USA 3x5 Flag	65.00		
Total			

*Includes free shipping

Enclosed, check for \$ _____

Name: _____

Street Address: _____

City/State/Zip Code: _____



THANK YOU!



Clan Grant Elected & Appointed Officers

OFFICE	OFFICER	ADDRESS	E-MAIL	PHONE
President	Frederic Grant	Lake Forest Park, Washington.	Presidentclangrant.usa@gmail.com	404-295-2952
Vice President	Paul D. Grant	14650 Kogan Dr. Woodbridge, VA 22193	paulwhenhome@gmail.com	703-593-2864
Secretary	Victoria Grant	Lake Forest Park, Washington.	Secretaryclangrant.usa@gmail.com	678-682-4071
Treasurer	Karen Cook	6640 Arena Rd, Ozark AR 72949-2481	kjc429@gmail.com	479-466-3582
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Clan Minstrel, Colin Grant-Adams
cgaceltic@glasgow-ky.com

Clan Grant Needs a Webmaster and Social Media Marketer

Do you have a son or daughter looking to get started in social media marketing? If so, we have created a new volunteer position: Social Media Marketer.

Social Media Marketer (New Role):

Operate Clan Grant Society USA's social media accounts including but not limited to: TikTok, YouTube, Facebook, and Instagram. **Description:** Make at least one social media post on each account per month. Post any news requests from officers and members and report to Clan President for post approvals.

Webmaster (New Role):

Our current Webmaster is moving to Spain, and we wish him well on his new ventures abroad! In the meantime, we are looking for a new Webmaster to begin immediately to make the transition smooth and seamless. We will be transferring our website to **WIX** for ease of operation. **Description:** Fully operate website **and** membership access in tandem with membership and treasury secretaries.

No experience required! Contact Fred Grant: presidentclangrant.usa@gmail.com (404)295-2952

LOOKING FOR CLAN GRANT in your STATE?

LOCATION - STATE	POINT of CONTACT	E-MAIL	PHONE
Fairhill, Maryland	Richard Grant	richardpgrant@comcast.net	856-582-4653
Mid-Maryland	R. Steven Grant		410-255-6841
Ligonier, Pennsylvania	Will Kenyon	willkenyon@aol.com	814-571-7570
Greenville, South Carolina	Fred Wood	fred@bmc-controla.com	864-498-0296
Loon Mtn, Vermont	Lysle Grant	odengrant@msn.com	603-330-0155
Stone Mtn, Georgia Blairsville, Georgia	Gary Grant	garym_grant@yahoo.com	770-585-9346
Ventura, Orange, and San Diego County, Southern California	Rand Allan	rballan@protonmail.com	619-540-3846
Scottish Games, Virginia	Paul Grant	paulwhenhome@gmail.com	703-593-2864
Moab, Utah	Robert Grant	bob_grant@comcast.net	801-631-6790
Salado, Arlington San Antonio, Texas	Carl Allen	pastorcarl07@gmail.com	214-918-4458
Grandfather Mtn, North Carolina	Pruitt Allen	pruityallen@hotmail.com	240-271-2389
Upper East Tennessee Celtic Society	George James	tubageorge@hotmail.com	830-460-0628
South Dakota	Aaron "Hammer" Grant	a.mg006@yahoo.com	585-404-1036
Washington State	Jeniphr Grant	jeniphr@yahoo.com	609-864-4615

A list of Clan Grant Commissioners is available at our website: clangrant-us.org



Have a story to tell and want it to be in our newsletter?
Contact the editor at: a.mg006@yahoo.com

IT'S GREAT to be a GRANT!

Castle Grant

The Greatest Armory in Northern Scotland

by

A.M. Grant - Editor

A photograph from the Grantown Museum archives showing part of the interior of Castle Grant, the former seat of the Chiefs of the Clan Grant and the Earls of Seafield, located 2.3 km northeast of Grantown on Spey. In this image, swords, pistols, rifles, bayonets, pikes and other weaponry are seen displayed on the walls and ceiling. A great deal of this collection, which is now housed in Scottish museums, dates from the time of the Napoleonic Wars. Sir James Grant, who established the planned village of Grantown on Spey in 1765, also held the position of Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire. Sir James raised and equipped a number of regiments in the area, including the Strathspey Fencible Regiment (raised in



1793), the 97th Regiment of Foot and the Inverness-shire Volunteers (raised in 1794) and the Inverness-shire Militia (raised in 1802).

Little did the author know that he took a photograph of the last remaining basket-hilt when he visited Castle Grant twenty-five years ago. Here, a young Mr. Grant, who was about to go to Marine Corps boot camp, stands in front of the very fireplace in the picture from 1919 above. There are no coincidences.



Castle Grant was sold by the Grant family in 1983 and has since remained in private ownership. In his book, 'A History of Clan Grant', Donald Patrick Trevor Grant, the 32nd Chief of the Clan Grant, describes a visit he made to Castle Grant in 1919, aged seven:

"We were taken around by Colonel Grant Smith, the Strathspey 'estate factor' who had collected us from the Grant Arms hotel where we were staying. The castle entrance hall and walls were covered with weapons of all types - cannons, muskets, guns, pistols, claymores, broad swords, armor and saddle furniture, sporting guns, blunderbusses, rifles, pikes, and targes, etc. Many of these were the weapons provided by Sir James Grant for his 'Company of Fencibles', which he raised with his own money in 1793, in support of King George III, when a Napoleonic invasion was threatened. The armory and the uniforms which were stored in the attics were considered to be one of the greatest and most unusual private collections existing. Hanging from the ceiling on the stair wells were a number of very old flags sewn on netting to keep them together. Leaning on a right-hand stair-post was a length of timber about the size of a short railway sleeper. I was told that this was the laird's 'hanging beam', used when Grant was a regality. On the first floor in the left wing were the drawing room and the library, and at the back, stretching across the castle, was the dining room. All the walls were, of course, hung with a great many portraits of the Chief's family and of other Grants.

In the drawing room I saw Comyn's skull on a writing desk. Nearby, at the end of the room, was the Byfield organ, 15ft. High and 7ft. Wide, which had been given to Sir James Grant by Queen Anne, together with some special glass dishes, as a token for his agreeing to give up the name and arms of Colquhoun of Luss."

The Seafield Collection at Fort George

On display in the cavernous Grand Magazine is the Seafield Collection of 18th-century armaments and military equipment. The Grand Magazine was begun in 1757 as a storage area for up to 2,500 barrels of gunpowder. Within this huge space is a collection of weapons and other military accoutrements issued to regiments by Sir James Grant (1738-1811).



Grant became clan chief in 1773 and served as an MP for Inverness-shire and later as Lord Lieutenant. During both the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars Grant raised and equipped his own regiments, issuing arms to the men under his command at his own expense.

When the regiments were stood down in 1810, the soldier's muskets, pikes, and swords were

stored in Castle Grant, along with knapsacks and shoe-buckles. Everything else was sold off. The weapons lay at Castle Grant for over 160 years until the death of the Dowager Countess of Seafield in 1978. The Collection is now owned by the National Museum of Scotland but is on long-term loan to Fort George. It is remarkable to see row upon row of 18th-century weapons stacked neatly in the Grand Magazine's vaulted chambers.

Here is Fort George jutting into Moray Firth at Adersier.

Housed here is the incredible 18th-century armory originally kept at Castle Grant, belonging to militia and regiments raised by Sir James Grant. Notables are 190 "India" pattern muskets and 134 pikes, and rare pieces such as ammunition, pouches, and haversacks.



Information extracted from 'Exploring Scotland's Heritage: The Highlands', (1995). <http://canmore.org.uk/event/1039062> & www.clangrantaus.com

Daddy's Cannon

A True Story of Providence

A.M. Grant - Editor

1777 was a desperate year for the American cause just like the year before it, and George Washington, Commanding General of the Continental Army wanted to make a last-ditch effort to outsmart and outmaneuver the British who had just taken the American Capital at Philadelphia. Fall was in full color in Pennsylvania, and it would not be long before the enlistments expired of over half his army. It would have to be a Trenton victory all over again; just enough to keep his men motivated to sign-up for another year. It wasn't about re-taking Philadelphia, which he had to do, it was about trapping half the British Army who had split from the capital to catch the Americans. Just twenty miles north of the capital, Washington planned an ambitious four-pronged assault to attack the British unawares, a double-envelopment - to the dismay of his generals, and if successful the Battle of Germantown would be a decisive blow that might force a treaty. It was to be the last battle of 1777. ‘



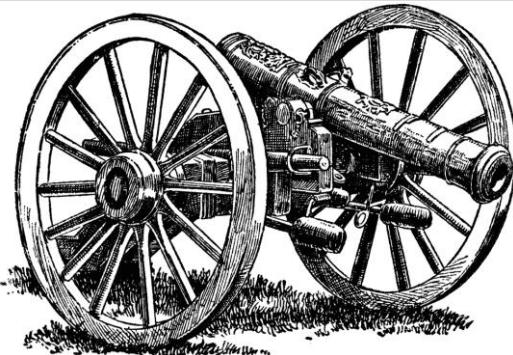
The morning fog changed everything. It was a fog so thick that no one could see fifty yards ahead, and by the time the sky hinted at sunrise, a bloody contest was all but decided. Before the advancing rebels, a small British artillery detachment was asleep. An English guard was dosing until he heard the crack of a twig. Shadows - hundreds of shadows. He blinked hard. In a second there was no doubt. “To Arms! To Arms!!”

The whole morning exploded. American lead riddled the hopeless encampment. Soldiers jumped from a dead sleep, without shirts, pants, ammunition boxes, or even powdered wigs. The ghost army was upon them, tents knocked over and bayoneted, buttstocks crushing skulls of the slow to wake. The half-naked were in full rout. The British left the precious artillery and were running for their lives. Men fell in full retreat all the way to the door - to the only place they could go; the stone mansion a hundred yards away. “Fall back! Fall back!!”

Out of the darkness rose a great victorious shout. The whole valley heard it. Heads poked out of shutters, soldiers jumped in tents miles away, and horses bolted out of a deep sleep. The distant crack of crossfire awoke the rest of the British regiment scattered across the valley who retorted with bugles and the bellow of officers kicking men awake. The Americans had complete surprise, and with luck would continue to push on.

English blood paved the way to the Cliveden House. In moments the last British soldier dove in and bolted the door. The soldiers took cover and lay about the wood floors reloading. Many wounded crawled to the windows, and in seconds American rifles smashed in windows. The two-story stone house was surrounded, and if it had not been for British discipline, the Americans would have killed them all. The tedious ramming of powder and ball took only a minute, but it was long enough for the Americans to throw in torches, and between fire men stomped out the flames any way they could.





DOWN!" Someone cried, and the stone wall exploded into a thousand deadly splinters. The Americans shouted for joy.

Astride his horse watching from a distance, Washington knew the gain was finite. The Cliveden House and its hundred desperate redcoats were nothing compared to the 9,000 lining up just out of sight. The whole valley had been roused, and it would not be long before the advantage was lost. The General ordered a few hundred to stay and pound the defenders and the rest of the 11,000 Americans marched on - thousands of shadows disappeared into the thick fog. Soon a crossfire was heard, then deep shouts from officers, then horses and screaming. The bugles and drums on both sides attempted order, but what could men do when they could scarce see each other much less kill the enemy? Rifles were wantonly fired for the sake of returning fire. Nearly 20,000 men marched by divisions of 1,000 back and forth when they thought they heard the enemy to only discover they were bearing down on friends. For hours, friendly fire was everywhere, and even when the sun came up, the fog remained like God had demanded lives be saved. All this George Washington heard and could not see, and every dispatch rider returned with news of confusion and chaos.

But the brave house before him stood. After a hundred steel cannonballs it kept the defenders safe, who retorted between the bombardment with accurate fire of their own. American losses were mounting fast. Every piece of furniture inside the place was jammed to the doors, to the windows and walls absorbing the awful shock of cannon-fire. For nearly *five hours* before dawn to 10 a.m., the stubborn British resistance held at the mansion, and everywhere Washington planned to rout the enemy was impossibly chaotic and the surprise was lost. Hearing the battle as it was, and not how he wished it to be, the Commander-in-Chief made the call. The retreat was sounded, and every division caught up in the fog was on its own. The bloody stalemate of October 4th ended with an American retreat; but not before something strange happened near the Cliveden House.



Link to the authors
award-winning memoir
"Taking Baghdad."

The two captured cannons pounding the stone house were a prize indeed. But when the retreat was sounded, and men emerged from the fog running for their lives, it was obvious the cannons could not stay. If they fell back into British hands, they would be used upon the retreating Americans. At the same time, moving a cannon is *very* slow especially when it has *hundreds* of heavy cannonballs, black powder barrels, ordinance carriages, special horses, tack for the special horses, rods to load and clean the barrel, and many other spare parts; AND there were two of them. It was simply too much to do in too little time. Normally on a hasty retreat, a huge load of powder and 2 cannonballs would be stuffed down the bore, and the touchhole lit. The pressure would be so much the barrel would explode, splitting the cannon so it could never be used again. However, the supply of gunpowder in the Continental Army was so low in 1777 that it was unthinkable to waste it where one barrel could supply thousand shots out of flintlock rifles. When one American began dumping powder down the barrel to destroy it, an officer stopped him, "what are you doing?!"

"We got to spike the cannon, sir!"

"Oh no you don't! We need all the powder we can get!" Thinking fast, the officer spotted a large well

not far away. "You there! Get a powder barrel in the hands of every man you can find! You men get over here and help me push! In seconds there were a dozen men pushing the cannon, hauling the ordinance carriage, and running off with powder kegs. The beautiful baby-blue wood and black-iron ordinance was quickly upon the well. The men did not need to be told what to do. Six strong men straddled, unlimbered, and lifted the cannon to the mouth of the well and tipped it in. Down sixty feet of stone it clanked like a cast-iron bell at dinnertime. The water exploded below, but it was not the end. Every single cannonball was also tossed in, the precious trunnion caps and pins, the iron water buckets, the spare axle, the ramrods, every piece of iron and even the special hobnails disappeared into the deep. There, next to the well was left an empty cannon carriage and little else. The Americans wasted no time disappearing into a fog that was just lifting on a smoky battlefield.

The battle of Germantown was over, and the fog abated proving the battle was a bloody stalemate. Out of the battered stone house the beleaguered redcoats stumbled, each collapsing heavily after five hours of hard fighting. There was only one cannon left that had just been used to kill them, and the remains of another near a well. A few British faces peered into the stone-walled darkness. There was no way it could be recovered, and no one cared to try.



Daddy never asked God for anything frivolous. He prayed and asked God to help his family, friends, and even strangers. He prayed for everything: Christians and non-Christians, elected representatives, people he liked, and even people he didn't like. He prayed for mercy, grace, and understanding. He prayed for wisdom and even remembered his prayers on the battlefield. But of all this, he never prayed and asked God for anything "just because." Daddy was convinced that God had much more important things to do than give him a fun present.

But that changed one day when he saw a real Civil War cannon for sale. It was *thousands* of dollars, and it was beautiful with a baby-blue, wooden carriage and a fully functional barrel from 1863 ready to fire. He contacted the owner and found he was the first person to inquire: it would be his if he could find enough money. Money

was the real problem, and daddy had a family to take care of, so when he came up short, there was only one more thing to do. Daddy asked God for the first thing he every *really* wanted. He prayed:

Sir, this is not like me. It isn't something I need at all, it's just something I'd like to have for no other reason than to just have. So, may I have this Civil War cannon? I very much want it if you don't mind, and I need more money to get it. Amen.

Daddy was confident God approved his request, it just felt right. But weeks passed, and the money wasn't available. "If it's going to happen, it will be God and **not** me, after all, 'it's just because,'" he said. Almost a month later the cannon from 1863 was sold to someone else, and he knew there would never be another like it. It was one of those once-in-a-lifetime opportunities that would not come again. Daddy was disappointed, "I was just so sure God would give it to me...after all it's the only fun thing I have ever really asked for myself." Yet, daddy understood it *was* a frivolous request. His family, money, and *many* other things were more important than a cannon, and though he was a little disappointed, he did not hate God for it, he did not resent God for it. But he did wonder what it would have been like to have a *real* old cannon; he did wonder why his only request was not granted.

When the boy was five, everything changed. 1987 was the year his family split in two, and his earliest memories were not happy ones. Yet, a few hundred miles away in Germantown, Pennsylvania, something was happening that was part of a big plan much larger than a boy and his family. Before the boy became a Christain, before the boy became a marine, even before the boy became a daddy; God was honoring a request that would not come for another thirty years, and the little boy had no idea.

See, God exists outside space and time. He may move through it, with it, and be apart from it anytime He wishes. He is everywhere all at once, even in one's innermost thoughts - which ought to be sobering to anyone. But for human beings who are stuck in space and time, we are not given to understand the full measure of Divine Providence - Gods great plan for all of us. The fact is that He can create the most unlikely event and use it however He wants: He can take a whole prayer and grant it any way he wants, which means though it may seem that God does not grant a wish, or that He may not be listening; He *is* listening, and he **does** desire to give good gifts to those who believe in Him. He can take a single prayer and turn it into a whole story, which is exactly what was going to happen even before the boy knew any of it; God knew daddy before daddy knew himself. Outside space and time, God is no doubt smiling as daddy writes it all down.



Scan to see the cannon fire!

Miracle one: The Reading Railroad was laying tracks through Germantown in 1987 when the engineers hit a concrete mass. **Ten feet to the left or right and it would not have been discovered.** According to the map, the mass wasn't supposed to be there, but then again it was common to dig up things in Pennsylvania that had been buried for centuries. Not only was Germantown a Revolutionary War battlefield, it was also home to Native Americans well before 1777. So, when something historical is found, a whole team from the state comes in and evaluates the find.

Miracle two: Strangely, this **is not** what happened. It was railroad policy to dig up anomalies, and when the dozer pushed over the concrete, it was discovered that it was the cap of an old, stone-lined well. It was full of trash - full to the brim. The railroad engineers decided **not** to call state authorities and proceeded to dig it out anyway. Now, for a track to be safe, the ground below must be properly filled with packed earth - *not* trash. After a few feet, the workers found that the well just kept going and a decision had to be made.

Miracle three: They decided to do the job **right**. Instead of filling in the top few feet with earth and calling it good, they brought in a big crane with a claw big enough to fit in the well. Claw-fulls of trash were pulled up and put aside, and even when the trash got obviously older, the state authorities were still not notified.

Miracle four: The crane was at least sixty feet in the well, and *still* pulling up garbage. The engineers, instead of calling it quits and filling it all in with earth, decided to keep going. Where most would have stopped because the rail above would be perfectly safe with a sixty-foot filled in well – these men did not. They were going all the way to the bottom.

Miracle five: Something came up that was never supposed to see the light of day again. Eighty feet down the crane pulled up a clay mass (the bottom) and when they put it in the trailer to be hauled away, a worker stopped it. There was something jutting out the wet clay. In short order, a large cannon was discovered with 90 cannonballs, two trunnion caps, and a rusted mass of metal that disintegrated when touched. When it was all laid out in front of them, the workers each took a cannonball, and *still* the state was not notified. The cannon, and everything with it was carried off. The well was then filled with solid earth, and the whole event in 1987 was forgotten like none of it ever happened.

Miracle six, and perhaps the most significant, the cannon was dumped in the well in the first place.

Thirty-five years later, daddy all but forgot about the cannon he did not get, but sometimes still wondered about it. He was determined not to nag his Creator, so he didn't. He went about life NOT asking God for frivolous things, and it did not bother him. After all, he had so much to be thankful for; and that was enough for him. Now he was forty years old. A long trip had been made since the boy in 1987, and after a war and a few other scrapes daddy was honored just to be alive and happy. Yet God did not forget the prayer many years earlier.

Miracle seven: Daddy just happened to be part of a group of cannon enthusiasts, and while he was with them, he happened to spot a picture of a special cannon. It was just a picture, and he nearly looked past it when he had another look. He saw the raised seal of King George II and asked about it. He discovered the owner was about to send it to an auction but was willing to hold off if daddy wanted to see it. Of course he did. He didn't know the man was about to sell his whole collection of Revolutionary War stuff, and this special cannon caught daddy's eye at *exactly* the right time.



Link to this and other great stories.

You see, if God had given the Civil War cannon to daddy, he never would have been able to save for **this** one. And this one is *very* special. One of a kind and fully functional. It is the last one like it on earth, and God planned it that way far before the Americans dumped it down a well in 1777, far before it was cast in Scotland in 1710 - to beginnings that will forever be obscure to those stuck in space and time. And when daddy heard the story about *how* it was found, the full picture came into view that even though God may say *no* to one thing, it doesn't mean he is not preparing another. God may close one door, but it does not mean he is not opening another.

All things happen in God's time, not ours. And though it may only seem a rusty cannon where one may glance at and move on, it is a story of miracles, battle, a wish, faith and Providence that make up perfect timing, and His greatest gifts.

“To have faith is to believe in what you do not see, the reward of this faith; is to see what you believe.”

