

Newcastle Family History Society Inc

The Scottish Special Interest Group Newsletter

Caledonian

No 5

Lamas 2024

Failte!

Welcome to this Lamas Newsletter!

The Nomadic Scott

This edition of *Caledonian* is dedicated to the Scottish people who, in the Nineteenth Century, left their homeland to cross oceans in the hope of establishing a better life in a foreign land. Included is suggested reading and viewing on the topic. Our recurring feature on Scottish clans focuses on the Duncan family, then Kirstie Carrick writes of an early example of a Scottish diaspora that she found, unexpectedly, while holidaying in the mountains of Italy. Finally, Lea Harris provides a different angle with a story about her need, in common with many Scottish descendants, to retrace the footsteps of her ancestors: a return to the land the Romans named Caledonia.

#1 Robert Louis Stevenson



Robert Louis Stevenson's house, Vailima, now a museum dedicated to the memory of the Scottish writer who fought for the rights of the Samoan people against the colonial powers, England, Germany and America.

After showing little interest in the Engineering and Law courses offered at Edinburgh University that were the preferred choice of his parents, Thomas and Margaret, Robert Louis Stevenson (RLS) spent the rest of his life travelling and writing. He trekked through the Cevennes Mountains, a journey that produced the pioneering classic, *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*, then married an American divorcee 10 years older than himself. With her by his side he produced, in his early 30's, his most famous works: *Treasure Island*, *Strange Case of Dr Jackal and Mr Hyde* and *Kidnapped*. And he published his volume of poetry, *A Child's Garden of Verses* which is loved by adults and children from generation to generation.

Afflicted since childhood by a deteriorating chest condition, in 1890 he chartered a schooner, setting out to explore the tropical islands of the southern seas. Sick and exhausted, he finally reached Samoa where he bought land in the shadow of Mount Vaea. Here he built a home, calling it Vailima, "place of the five streams."

Over time, RLS gathered around himself the remnants of family shown in the photograph below: his mother, Margaret, in the widows weeds she wore, complainingly, for the duration of her life in the tropics. Sitting beside her is Stevenson next to his wife, Fanny Osbourne who is wearing a loose smock called a Mother Hubbard that flowed around the body, freed from the restrictions of a corset. Beside her, seemingly defiant, with his direct gaze into the camera, a parrot on his shoulder and an abandonment of European dress, is her son, Lloyd Osbourne, leaning casually against a verandah post. Seated in the front are Belle Osbourne (Fanny's daughter), with her husband, Joe Strong, to her left and her son, Austin, to her right.



Each night the family dressed for a formal meal, unshod feet the only exception to the European dress code. Native Samoan servants, the males dressed in tartan kilts, prepared and served the meal. Fulfilling the patriarchal role bequeathed to him by his Presbyterian childhood, RLS led those seated at the table in prayer before they ate.

In spite of haemorrhaging lungs that confined him to bed for long periods of time, Stevenson wrote prolifically to support his mixed race, multi generational household. It

is estimated that he wrote 700,000 words in the four years of life left to him. His family and faithful Samoan staff supported him, in return; Fanny supervising the servants working in the gardens, his step daughter, Belle, acting as his amanuensis and her brother, Lloyd, returning to former residences in Scotland and Bournemouth to organise the packing of the heavy wooden furniture, linen, china, silver, lead crystal and documents, destined to travel by ship to the large cool rooms of Vailima.

While living in Samoa RSL longed for the country that he'd never see again. From his top floor window he watched for the steamers arriving in Apia Harbour, bringing news from friends and colleagues he'd left behind. Eagerly, he'd ride his horse, Jack, to the wharf so that he could read the letters and write his replies in time for the vessel's departure the next day.

At times he wrote about the, "creeping things of the past:" his family history.

"From the thirteenth century onwards," he begins, in *Records of a Family of Engineers*, "the name, under the various guises of Stevinstoun, Stevenson, Stevensonne, Stenesone and Stevinsounne, spread across Scotland. From the mouth of the Firth of Forth to the mouth of the Firth of Clyde. Four times at least it occurs as a place-name."

This work remains incomplete.

Robert Louis Stevenson died of a stroke on December 3rd, 1894. The Samoan people bore their Tusilata, (story teller) on their shoulders to the top of Mount Vaea. His tomb is inscribed with the following poem which he wrote in 1880:

Requiem

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie
Glad did I live and gladly die
And laid me down with a will
This be the grave you gave for me
Here lies where he longed to be
Home is the sailor home from the sea
And the hunter home from the hill.



At Vailima: Austin's desk in the school room where RLS home tutored his step grandson.



Replica of RSL's bed. He did much of his writing in his sick bed.



The pool at the base of Mount Vaea, fed by a mountain stream, where Stevenson and his family escaped from the tropical heat.

Famous Robert Louis Stevenson Quotes



We are all travellers in the wilderness of this world, and the best we can find in our travels is an honest friend. RLS (holding white hat) and Lloyd Osbourne (left) aboard The Equator headed for the Gilbert Islands.



Wine is
bottled poetry



You think dogs will not be in heaven?
I tell you they will be there before any of us.



Make up your mind to be
happy. Learn to find
pleasure in simple things.



To travel hopefully is a better thing than to
arrive. Celebrity Solstice berths in Apia Harbour.



There are no foreign lands. It is the
traveller only who is foreign. Music at
Faleolo International Airport.

Foreign Lands

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And see the sky's blue looking glass
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land
where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

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from *A Child's Garden of Verses*
By R. L. Stevenson



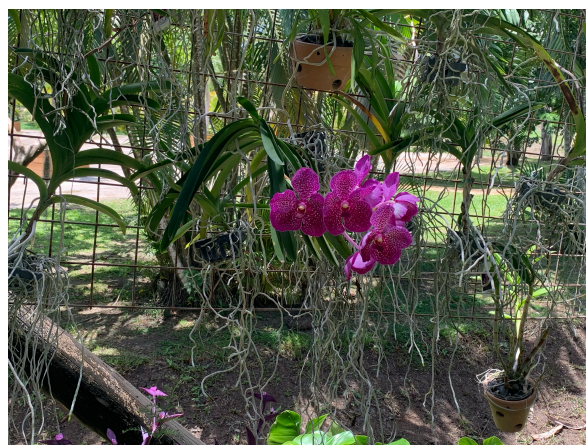
#2 The Burness family of Fiji.

My research indicates that almost everyone named Burness around the world is likely descended from a common ancestor in Kincardineshire, Scotland...the surnames Burness, Burns, Burnside, Burnhouse, etc are all generally considered to have similar origins from the word “burn”, which is a small stream in Scotland and northern England. - Burness family historian, John Burness. (Canada)

What do you do when the skeletons have rattled their bones, shaken off the dust and emerged, reluctantly, from their closets? What do you do when brick walls lie in piles of rubble, when family secrets are out, photographs restored and biographies written? When the tree is so loaded with fruit the branches are creaking?

For the Burnesses of Fiji, the solution was simple. Led by direct descendent, Don Burness, they decided to honour their Scottish pioneer ancestors through the preservation of their home and artifacts. Our young tour guide, Stephen Henry, explains that he left his calling as a member of the Fiji Representative Squash Team and is come to help his grandmother, Aileen Burness run History and Garden tours at South Sea Orchids, the family estate. Grandfather Don has passed and Grandma needs help.

We arrive by bus and are greeted by a group of young Fijian women wearing fresh pink and yellow frangipani blossoms in their dark curly hair. Their smiles are broad and white. They have prepared refreshments of sandwiches, slices and hot tea and coffee for which we are grateful, seated in a



Above: Dendrobium orchid grown at South Sea Orchids. **Below:** Don Burness



shaded reception area among the orchids. Aileen explains that she runs programs for indigenous women, teaching them life skills from which they generate income to support their families.

Stephen then extends an invitation to join him in the house, now a museum in memory of the first Burness settlers who arrived in Fiji from Scotland in 1864. To begin, he points out an interesting architectural feature; the house has an inner shell intended to deflect Fiji's tropical heat. Early settlers wore Victorian clothing in their new environment.

We enter the large cool living room: see natural wooden floorboards, soft carpets, sofas covered in elegant tapestry, large standing vases filled with palms.

Stephen tells stories of his early settler family. He points to an English oak piano imported into Fiji via Tasmania in 1901, an organ imported from America via New Zealand almost 200 years ago, a tiny sewing chair (early settler women were small) and a treadle sewing machine on which four generations of children's clothing were sewn. Around the walls are photographs, drawings and paintings of the early settlers and of the Fijian people who were part of their community. Fijian artifacts are displayed on traditional tapa backgrounds.

The artist who painted the portrait of Harriet Wilkinson (right), he explains, travelled by sailing ship from New Zealand to Suva and then crossed mountainous terrain on horseback to capture the likeness of his great great Scottish grandmother.

The museum at South Sea Orchids offers tourists a revelation of life in the early years of European occupation in Fiji, when British colonists used the land to plant cotton, then sugar cane. The estate became a flora culture business in 1987. The process of colonisation was brutal, with blood spilt on both sides.

South Sea Orchid estate now emanates an atmosphere of peace and harmony, the Burness family and the native women using the land in ways that are beneficial to all.



Early settler Burness family in Victorian costume.
Photograph taken in 1901.

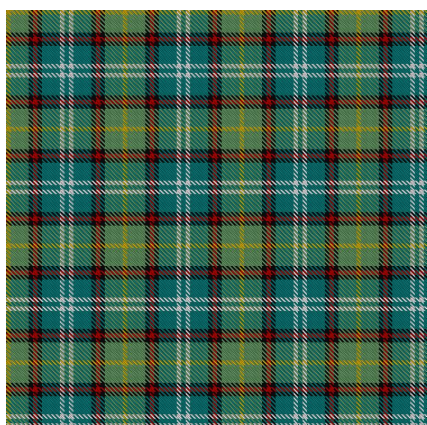


I visited Fiji on a Royal Princess cruise.

#3 The Tartan in New Zealand



Flag of Dunedin. The sailing ship represents the first settlers.



- **Symbolism: Dunedin tartan.**

- Small white stripes represent the first 2 settler ships.
- The blue stripes represent the sea.
- The green for new pastures.
- The gold for the crops that the settlers would grow.
- The red for blood ties left behind.
- The black for sadness for loved ones missed.

In the 19th Century Scots left home in increasing numbers seeking a better, or a different, life. Some took the climate cure, believing that it would heal their haemorrhaging lungs. Such was the case of Robert Louis Stevenson. And a different kind of illness was, at the time, gripping the western world : gold fever. Unimaginable wealth was to be won, the emigres believed, on the goldfields of California, then at Ballarat in Victoria and then later, when earlier fields were exhausted, at Hokitita, in the southwestern corner of the South Island of New Zealand.

Yet another group, at first consisting of only two boatloads, 300 people in all, left Scotland in 1847, aboard the John Wycliffe and the Philip Laing, taking with them their Protestant work ethic, their Bibles, their prayer books, their hymn books and their staunchly held beliefs in education for all, intending to establish on the other side of the world a New Geneva, (or a new Edinburgh) at a place similar to the land they'd departed; a cold expanse of country called Otago, to the east of Hokitita, with snow capped mountains to the rear and a restless blue grey ocean to the fore, reaching out as far as the Antarctic.



Photograph of a painting depicting the arrival of the Philip Laing at Port Chalmers 15 April, 1848, with the John Wycliffe at anchor.
Original at Otago Settlers Museum.

Led by Captain William Cargill and the Reverend Thomas Burns, they were protesting at state interference in church affairs.

Fast forward to the early 21st Century. It is a sight the first settlers would never have believed: cruise ships, some 15 storeys high, accommodating over 4,000 passengers and staff, gliding through the oceans, rivers and fjords around the islands of New Zealand.

At Dunedin some travellers alight to undertake shore excursions, walking the narrow, steep thoroughfares planned by the settler patriarchs. Their ears tune in to the Scottish brogue, still spoken, as if Billy Connolly were their tour guide and their eyes alight on the poet Robbie Burns, in statue form, seated on a plinth in the town square.

They see coppery mops of curly hair and folds of tartan cloth swinging from the hips of both lads and lassies. The mullioned windows of the shops in the Octagon, the centre of town, remind them, perhaps, of a previous visit to Edinburgh, in Scotland, as will the haggis burgers and Angus steaks, washed down with a wee dram of Dalwhinnie whisky served in the restaurants.

Some wander further afield, to visit the Toitu Otago Settlers Museum, where, it is possible, they will meet Miss Janet Grahame Caroline Macadam, (above), a member of the Scottish engineering family that revolutionised road building in the 19th Century. The oil portrait was painted in Glasgow and handed down through the family. Janet remained a spinster throughout her life, but lived close to her half sister, Jane Todd and her 9 nieces and nephews at Anderson's Bay, Otago.

Tourists who visit Dunedin on their trip to New Zealand don't forget it. They remember the cold and, after being saturated in English culture at Christchurch, Māori culture at Rotorua and the stunningly beautiful film sites of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* on both the North and South Islands, Dunedin is a stark, unexpected, unforgettable Scottish treat.



Lanarch Castle, Dunedin.

The Piano

Written and directed by Jane Campion

First released 1993.



In the opening frames of *The Piano* Jane Campion, writer, director and producer, invites us to consider the position of Woman in a patriarchal society. As Ada McGraw looks out through the fingers covering her steady brown eyes, we wonder why her eyes are shielded and at the meaning behind the gold wedding ring in the foreground. Her hair, smoothly coiled in plaits arranged around her ears and her black bonnet and dress suggest that she is a widow of the upper class, yet she has no power over her life: she is sent, with her child, from the family estate in Scotland to New Zealand where an arranged marriage awaits. The fact that she is mute apparently renders her unmariagable in her homeland and the child, Flora's, parentage is a mystery.

She is deposited like a parcel, with her piano, her child, her chickens, teacups and linen onto a beach. The roiling grey breakers swamping all that she owns suggest the emotional turmoil that is to come when her future husband, Alistair Stewart and the man who will become her lover (George Baines) arrive to assist her up the mountain to the frontier settlement that will be her home.

This film is about the isolation that the first settlers experienced in New Zealand and how their culture was eroded by distance with the motherland. It shows how Maori culture, in turn, was corroded by contact with the Europeans. The film is heavy with symbolism from both Māori and European culture.

Feminist themes emerge as Ada fights patriarchal beliefs and asserts her will, choosing for herself who she will share her life with. Stewart offers a traditional patriarchal family life. He cannot understand Ada's rejection of the only ideology he knows, a nuclear family supported by religion, the law and violence if he thinks necessary. In contrast, George Baines, a Scot "gone native," seduces, then rejects her, claiming he has turned her into a whore. The sound track moves into dischord, the cinematography reflects a dark, bleak world. Everyone in this enclosed society knows everyone else's business. There seems to be no escape, no privacy. Jokes about cuckolding and close ups of sneering faces convey the fractures appearing in this microcosm of frontier life.

Ada and her only possession, the piano, are damaged and mutilated in the struggle. She must choose between life and death.

Morality Warning: full frontal nudity and sex scenes.

Awards: In 1994 *The Piano* won 3 Academy Awards.

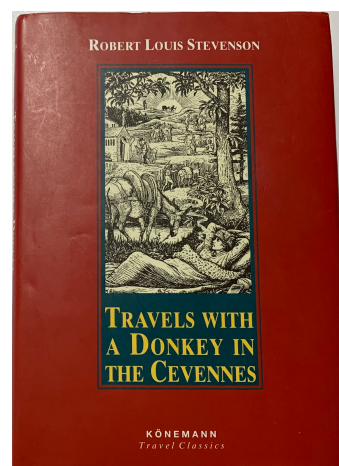
- Best Actress: Holly Hunter as Ada
- Best Supporting Actress: Anna Paquin as Flora Anna was the youngest best ever to win an academy award.
- Jane Campion: Best Screenplay

Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes

Robert Louis Stevenson

First published 1879

Imagine hiking through a wilderness for 12 days without mobile phone, GPS, camera or reliable map; only a compass to assist in reaching your destination and the advice of peasants who, for fun, send you along the wrong path. Your companion a female pack donkey who wilfully disobeys instruction and who attracts the attention of amorous male donkeys. No holiday snaps, no selfies. Just memories sketched in a notebook.



In spite of the above differences to our twenty first century methods of travel, Stevenson did not complain when in 1878 he undertook a solo journey in The Cevennes, a mountainous region in southern France. At least not in the journal he wrote as he struggled to meet destinations before the darkness of night set in, battled the forces of Nature and dealt with the peasantry who saw him as an object of ridicule, carrying the knapsack on his own back to relieve his she-ass of her load.

Travel invigorated him and relieved the pain of his bronchial lungs. Through his narrative he shows the commonality of travellers, past and present. His wit and self deprecating humour give this traveller's tale warmth and universal appeal.

Stevenson's story of how he and Modestine, his ass, gradually came to understand each other in order to proceed in harmony together is a tender love story. The human traveller has overpacked, leading to a comical chain of events where the load needs adjustment. Eventually useless clutter is discarded, including an egg whisk, "dear to [his] heart." It seems that only the self designed double sleeping bag with waterproof outer covering and lining of blue sheep's wool is an essential. What contemporary traveller has not had a similar experience?

Similarly, Stevenson hit what is now called, "rock bottom" half way through the journey. Lost, the weather turning dark, he reports, "The failing light, the waning colour, the naked, unhomely, stony country through which I was travelling, threw me into some despondency..." Frustrated, his shoulder cut and his arm aching from beating Modestine who was experiencing her own dark mood, the breaking point arrived when the load slipped, scattering his possessions over the road. In despair, our Scottish nomad aborted the planned camp where he envisioned becoming the victim of bandits or wolves and sought refuge in a warm auberge (inn) where a stiff drink in company with his fellow man restored his soul, rested and rejuvenated his body, in preparation for the days ahead. Sound slightly familiar?

In *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes* Stevenson rejoices in the opportunities that the nomadic life offers. He recounts immersion in Nature, where, a true Romantic, his soul rejoices in epiphanic views of waterfalls, dawns, sunsets, mountains and forests of chestnut trees. He reports invigorating conversations with people from all walks of life, and rests in unusual places, for example, a religious house called Our Lady of The Snows, where he partook in the hospitality of a silent order of priests.

He is like John Bunyan, writer of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, whom he references, and other iconic travel writers in our rich literary history.

A Scottish Village in Italy

Kirstie Carrick



The museum, , Comune Di Gurro

At the April meeting of the Scottish Ancestors special interest group, I presented a short talk on a discovery I made while travelling in Italy in March (2024). I was in Italy for a few free days between my Arctic adventures and an archaeology tour in the Bay of Naples. I met up with an Italian friend, who decided to take me into the mountains to show me a surprise. It was a lovely clear day but only about 10 C, with snow on the Alps. We drove along a deep valley with a stream down below the road. We passed some villages high on the sides of the valley, where the slope flattened a bit. The houses built along a contour and all with a church tower standing above the roofs. As we progressed the valley got narrower and the road twisted round the hillsides, then we turned onto an even smaller side road.

We were driving towards one of the villages perched on a hillside, seemingly a fairly typical Italian village. It has a rather intriguing welcome sign on the outskirts of the village. The large sign indicated that this was the Comune di Gurro. Benvenuti – Welcome, it read, above a rendition of the Scottish saltire and below it the words ‘The Lost Clan’. Clearly there is some connection with Scotland!

The road ended in the village square, or should I say, piazza. Opposite the Church, rather disappointingly modern looking, was a Museum, apparently built up against the bell tower. Naturally we went inside. On prominent display was a front page of a British newspaper (the Daily Record) which told the story.

The villagers claim that they are all descended from a group of Scottish mercenaries who had fought in the Battle of Pavia in 1525 for the French. The French side lost and King Francis I was captured. The King had a Scottish Guard. Perhaps it was these men who decided to walk home before the rest of the army decided it was their fault that the King had been captured. However, the local story is that the Scots got stuck here in the Alps when winter snows arrived, and they had to wait until spring before they could move on. The tradition is that when spring finally arrived, they had made themselves at home and decided to stay. The article suggests that the men raided other local villages to carry off some wives. It adds that the village is so remote that the Italian Government only became aware of its existence in 1900! The only access was a muddy track, until the road was built in the 20th century. The article also reported that the villagers celebrate their Scottish heritage each year with parades and festivities – unfortunately not while I was there. There is a claim that there are about 800 words of Gaelic origin in the local dialect, and villagers’ names are somewhat Scottish, the example given is ‘Donaldo’.

The museum exhibits included, among the usual farm implements and household items, several examples of clothing with some resemblance to tartan. The museum information

says that the local women wear tartan-like underskirts. There were also some modern examples of tartan, including a mannequin wearing a kilt. Also on display was a paper titled 'The Lost Clan, Sant'Andrea Degli Scozzesi of Gurro Novara, Italy' written by a Scottish anthropologist, shown on the cover as: Lt-Colonel Gayre of Gayre and Nigg, Baron of Lochoreshyre, Knight Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy, M.A., D.Pol Sc., D. Phil, D. Sc. An impressive list of titles. The paper was about the likely origins of the Scottish traditions in the village. However, on finding an entry on him in Wikipedia I am not so sure of his qualifications – apparently he was not a Clan Chief, in fact there was no such Clan as Garye, and his family line supplied to Burkes Peerage was not independently verifiable. Nonetheless the paper is prominently displayed in the Museum and is taken as support for the villager's Scottish roots.

Having looked around the museum, we explored the village, which has no roads just narrow alley-ways and lots of steps. One building had the Scottish flag painted on a wall. The café in the piazza, where we had some refreshment, is called Ciccolo Degli Scozzesi, roughly translated as Circle of Scots.

While appearing quite remote up in the hills (it is reported to be at 810 metres of altitude and population about 330) Gurro, is about a 30 minute drive from Lake Maggiore, and near the border with Switzerland. It was lovely to visit this quaint little corner of Italy with a claim to Scotland in its heritage. It would be really interesting to look at DNA ethnicity



Matching tartan: Kirstie in the museum at Gurro. Love the matching tartan, Kirstie!



Scottish memorabilia in the Museum at Gurro, Italy.

Deer Abbey

Deer Abbey was founded in 1219 by William Conwy, the Earl of Buchanan. 15 Cistercian monks stayed within these walls at any one time. In the 900's they wrote the Book of Deer, the earliest written Scottish Gaelic yet discovered. The Abbey was not in religious use after the Protestant Reformation of 1560. The Fergusons of Pafour used stones from the Abbey to build a walled garden and a family mausoleum. In 1926 it came into the care of the State, run by Historic Environment, Scotland.



Clan Duncan

Clan Motto

Disce Pate
(learn to endure)



Clan War Cry

Garg'n Uair Dhuisgear
(Fierce when roused)

- Duncan is one of the oldest names in Scotland.
- Variants of the name are: Duncansor, Duncane, Dunkinson, Dunken and Donkin.
- Duncan was originally a Christian name.
- In about 1120 AD the Dunraida Celtic Scotii, from Ireland, colonised the West coast of Scotland, bringing the name with them.
- The name appears in the 11th Century in the Book of Deer, the earliest Gaelic Scots writing, written by the Christian monks of the Abbey of Deer in Aberdeenshire. My 3X great grandfather, John Duncan, was born in Aberdeenshire.
- William Shakespeare drew on historic records of King Duncan and the conflict between himself and his cousins, Thirfinn the Mighty, Macbeth and his wife, Queen Gruoch, for his play, *Macbeth*. (see below)

...Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know;
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland, which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness like stars shall shine
On all deserters.

Macbeth, Act 1, Scene 4

Returning to the Roots



Bon voyage: Ken and Lea Harris set to walk in their ancestors' footsteps.

By Lea Harris

No amount of online research and viewing of digital photos can trump actually walking the streets, visiting the churches and seeing the villages or farms where our ancestors grew up, were baptised, married or buried. My husband Ken and I have been fortunate to have done this previously in England and Ireland. Now we are excited to be tracing our ancestors' footsteps in Scotland. We both have Scottish ancestry.

Ken's family hails from Boleskine, a parish in the county of Inverness-shire; and Kintail, a parish in the county of Ross and Cromarty. **Donald McRae**, born in 1796 in Boleskine, married **Elizabeth Moffat**, born in 1807 in Achandrean/Auchindrean, Kintail. Their marriage took place on 29 December 1829 in Fort Augustus, Boleskine.

My family comes from the counties of Ayrshire (Ardrossan, Beith, Kilmaurs, Kilwinning, Loudoun, Newmilns); Lanarkshire (Blythswood, Milton); and Argyllshire (Craignish, Barichbeyan, Kilninver & Kilmelford). Too many individual names to mention but **Borland** and **Stevenson** from Ayrshire and Lanarkshire; and **McLarty** and **McKechnie** from Argyllshire.

Until a few months ago I must admit that I was rather ignorant about the history and geography of most places in Scotland. With our trip looming, I felt it was time to do some serious research into our families. No point travelling around Scotland with no preparation

lol. Wow have I found a lot of information and have been absolutely in awe of the help I have received from various people and groups in Scotland along with our very own Scottish SIG. Some of those who have helped me have been:

- The Highland FHS in Inverness (unfortunately now not operating due to lack of volunteers) who put me in touch with a wonderful Scottish researcher by the name of Graeme Mackenzie. He has not charged me anything for any of the information he has provided along with tips of where to further my research. We are going to visit him while we are there and gift him with something (haven't yet decided what lol).
- The Glasgow and West of Scotland FHS (I joined their Society) where a researcher by the name of James Oakes happily provided me with a photo of the minister's manse where my 2x great grandparents were married and a photo of the church Rev Dr Norman McLeod ministered at; copies of maps and census information; as well as set up a SharePoint folder on their website for me.
- North Ayrshire Council Bereavement Services who provided me with information on the lair numbers of ancestors buried in the New Dalry Cemetery. As my ancestors' graves do not have headstones, they also gave me instructions as how to locate the lairs on their online map.
- A lovely distant family member on the Borland/Stevenson line who I found through Ancestry – she grew up in the Kilwinning area and has been a wealth of information
- I subscribed to the *British Newspaper Archive* thanks to our Su Carter where I have found a number of relevant newspaper articles.
- I have bought many credits with *ScotlandsPeople* and downloaded numerous certificates, wills and census information.

So, armed with a folder full of certificates, censuses, maps, letters and spreadsheets, we are now ready to explore towns, villages, farms, churches and cemeteries, walking in our ancestors' footsteps.



The next edition of *Caledonian* will be released for Martinmas, on November 28, 2004.

We hope you enjoy this third issue of *Caledonian* and look forward to your continuing interest.

The Scottish Special Interest Group would like to receive your stories to include in *Caledonian*. Please send your contribution to:

kenandmaree@gmail.com

Bye the nou

